

History of Mother:

Hannah Lawrence DuFosee

Son: Anthony Charles DuFosee, Jr.

Daughter: Hannah Sophia DuFosee (Smith)

Son-in-law: William Smith

Natives of England

1862 Pioneers of Utah

Compiled and Written by

Rozella Gater Liddle

Granddaughter of

William and Hannah Sophia DuFosee Smith

and

Great-granddaughter of Anthony Charles and

Hannah Lawrence DuFosee

Acknowledgement

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Other Sources

L.D.S. Church Historians Office

Old Diaries

Book from Public Library

Obituary Office in L.M.S. Church Office Building

Old Pioneer's Book, Volume XXII

Travel Log

Boat Number:	117
Date of Sailing:	May 6, 1862
Port of Sailing:	Liverpool, England
Name of Ship:	S. S. Manchester
Leader of Company:	J. D. T. McAllister
Total Number of Souls:	376
Place of Landing:	New York
Transportation:	Railroad to Nebraska
Outfitting Station:	Florence, Nebraska
Date of Departure:	August 8, 1862
Captain of Company:	Henry W. Miller
Total of Souls:	Approximately 665
Number of wagons:	Sixty
Arrival in Salt Lake:	October 17, 1862

Hannah Lawrence DuFossee, mother; Anthony Charles DuFossee, Jr., son; and her daughter hannah Schia DuFossee (Smith), and her husband William Smith are all natives of England. 1862 pioneers to Utah.

Hannah Lawrence DuFossee was born April 16, 1801 in Stapleford, England, daughter of Charles Lawrence and Elizabeth Waters.

Little is known of her early life. She met Anthony Charles DuFossee who was born December 13, 1794, probably in Kitzminster, Wiltshire, England, he was the son of Anthony and Ann Surman DuFossee who was married April 13, 1789. Anthony Charles DuFossee was also the great-grandson of Anthony DuFossee, who invented the first carpet weaving machine.

Hannah Lawrence and Anthony Charles DuFossee were married (date unknown) and moved to salisbury, Wiltshire, England; where like every other family had their ups and downs in raising a family of six children.

To this reunion six children were born:

Sarah Jane born March 12, 1827 Married Richard Gater

Died November 16, 1885

Elizabeth Ann born Sept. 19, 1829 Married twice Dudley

Died ? Died in Australia

Hannah Sophia born March 8, 1835 Married William Smith

Died August 21, 1914

William George born February 8, 1830

Died premature

Alfred James born no date Died as an infant

Anthony Charles, Jr Born August 20, 1845 Died in San Francisco California
abj. 1920

The family were Quakers (religion before unknown). They later joined the Methodist Church and was very active and staunch in it.

The father and husband was a candle maker and died August 6, 1854 in Salisbury, Wiltshire, England.

The great-grandfather of the above children was the inventor who came from France and set up his carpet weaving machine first in Wilton, Wiltshire, England where he wove the first rug (which is the Wilton). He also made velvet cloth and carpet. Later on he built the second machine in Ketzminster where he died.

The DuFossee family were one of the prominent families in manufacturing of textiles, rugs, and carpets of England. He came from France with the Ninth Lord of Pembroke who lived with them for a number of years in Wilton. (There is more detail in the back of the history).

Some years later L.D.S. missionaries had been visiting the home ~~for~~ for sometime hoping to bring the family into the church and about 1861 or 1862, they joined the church, which changed their lives. Only three of the family joined, Hannah Lawrence DuFossee, Anthony Charles DuFossee, Jr., and Hannah Sophia DuFossee (Smith), they left the Methodist Church. These missionaries were; William Budge of Logan, Utah, William Yates of Lehi, Utah, and Charles R. Savage a Salt Lake Photographer. Through these missionaries they met another family named Smith, who later became related.

Hannah Sophia DuFossee (Smith) was born March 8, 1835 a daughter of Anthony Charles DuFossee, Sr. and Hannah Lawrence in Salisbury, Wiltshire, England. She was one of the family of six children being the middle one. Nothing is known of her childhood life but as a young girl, she went and worked for a lady Mrs. 2 as a housemaid or as was known then as a scullery maid, and stayed there until she caught the cholera from her employer. The doctors were scared and wouldn't come near a person if they could help it for fear of catching it. This lady had the doctor, who

2
prescribed medicine, which I understand was colored black, she took this medicine and died. At least they thought she was dead and buried her. A few days later some grave robbers broke into her grave to obtain her valuable jewelry and rings, they sawed her fingers in order to remove them causing the blood to flow freely, she stirred and sat up scaring the men away and climbed out and walked home with her hand bleeding, surprising everyone. This lady lived to be a very elderly lady.

Grandmother was a very sick person and the same doctor prescribed the very same kind of medicine he did for the lady. Grandmother didn't like to take any thing especially medicine- and was skeptical about this medicine, for one thing it was dark or black in color and wouldn't take it, also knowing what had happened to her employer.

She grew weaker as the time passed, one day she craved for cherries and kept asking for them, so her father asked the doctor about it. He said, "No, cherries or any kind of fruit, it would make her worse." But her father couldn't stand it any longer to have her begging for cherries, so he went out and found some and have them to her. She ate them and began to feel better. The next morning the color began to return to her face and the doctor arrived, looked at her and asked her, "How do you feel?" She replied, "Very well, thank you." She would say this every morning. He was puzzled but didn't say anything until this one time. Then he asked about the medicine he had prescribed and when it was shown him, he threw up his hands and stalked out of the house never to return. She was getting stronger as the time went by but could never return to her job as a housemaid. She asked for employment with a tailor, where the work was lighter, and she could sit down. She was seventeen when she went in as an apprentice to learn the trade. At times, it would be very tiresome or tedious. At first she started on something very simple, learned to do it to perfection before she was allowed to go on to the next step or phrase and so on until she could complete a whole garment to perfection. Nothing left the shop unless it was perfect in sewing, filling, color and style to fit the individual. Then if you wish you may join the Tailor's Guild or go into partnership. She stayed at this shop (name not known) until she was married at the age of twenty-seven years.

To serve apprenticeship it would take anywhere from one to five years. It depends on how fast the person learns and his interest. Some never got beyond the third step or phrase while others go on to complete the garment to perfection.

There were no sewing machines at the time when grandmother started and everything was done by hand. It wasn't until about 1860 or a little before when the sewing machines began to make its appearance in the shops. They were glad for the change as their fingers would be covered with callouses because of the needles and to keep them smooth they filed their fingers with emery boards which was kept close by for that purpose. It is not known whether grandmother ever joined the Guild or thought about a partnership.

William Smith was born November 12, 1841 in Steepleashton, England to Thomas W. Smith and Alice Long. He was the youngest of six boys. His family were members of the Letter-Day-Saints Church for a number of years. When he was eight years old he was baptized on June 5, 1849, at Birmingham, England by Elder Clinton.

Not much was known of his early childhood days, for he was a very quiet man and didn't talk much about the past for he would say, "It's passed and gone why talk about it."

He learned a trade of that as a wheelright or a repairman to repair and maintain carriage wheels including all kinds, mostly carriages. He went through the same slow process from simple beginning and going up step by step or phase until he was able to complete a wheel to the satisfaction of his instructor. He stayed in this trade until he was married at the age of twenty-one years.

When he was eleven years old his father died and at the age of sixteen his mother passed away. After the death of his parents he lived with his older brothers and at times stayed with an uncle.

The family was well acquainted with the missionaries of the Latter-Day-Saints Church for they would visit them often. They were Bishop William Budge of Logan, Utah, (part of his life history was printed in the Deseret News Church Section June 7, 1953) William Yates of Lehi, and Charles R. Savage of Salt Lake, the pioneer photographer.

These same missionaries knew the DuFosse family. They introduced the two families especially Hannah Sophia DuFosse and William Smith.

They began to see each other and grandmother was always neat and clean when she greeted him no matter what time of day.

Here is an incident she often told about grandfather before they were married. If I wasn't up when he came in the early morning, William would come upstairs to find me, But I was always dressed." These were the things for which he admired her. She Always had her face washed and her hair combed and was dressed before breakfast.

In this family Saturday night was bath night and it would take place in the bedrooms which was situated on the second floor no matter what kind of weather, hot or cold, it was taken and into bed. During the coldest weather a covered pan of hot ashes would be placed in the bed to get it warm.

Eight years after the death of the husband and father, the daughter, Hannah Sophia being twenty-seven years and William Smith Twenty-one years were married in Salisbury, Wiltshire, England, April 23, 1862, and together with her mother and brother Charles Anthony, Jr., left their home for Liverpool to sail to America, they left on April 24, 1862.

Arriving Monday, May 5th they went aboard and spent the rest of the day getting ready to sail. That night between one and two A. M. Thursday morning they left dock and was towed out into Mersey River where they cast anchor and waiting for the government officers to arrive, which they did about noon. That evening President George C. Cannon and his counselors Amasa M. Lyman and Charles C. Rich held a meeting of good cheer, with prayers and all received blessing of safety and happiness. Leaving that night May 6, 1862 for America on S.S.(sailing Ship) Manchester under Command of Captain Trask and presiding Elder John D. T. McAllister and his counselors Samuel Adams and Mark Barnes.

Arriving in New York making their way toward Utah without delay; arriving in Florence, Nebraska, they spent five weeks there waiting for wagons in which to cross the plains. Finally the wagon train started its long trek across the plains under the command of Captain Henry Miller who seemed to be very cruel. Everyone was anxious and tired and half the time was sick.

Every night when the company made camp and everthing was quiet, he would yell in an unearthly loud voice, "A mad woman never dies." It made everone superstitious of him. As the train would travel along someone being really tired would try and sneak into a wagon, but practically every time was caught. He would not allow anyone to ride except in case of emergency. If caught he would pull them out leaving them either standing, sitting, or lying on the side of the road. After resting they would walk and try to catch up with the train, arriving late at night or not at all. He thought more of the oxen and the horses than he did of the human beings, they were forced along as if they were slaves. The animals had to be in first class conditions upon reaching the valley, but he did not seem to care whether the people did or not.

The folks were forced to walk practically all the way, her mother being an elderly lady and was in ill health and sick from being overly tired was placed in the wagon but was caught and pulled out. she sat down by the side of the road Grandfather was going to stay with her until she was rested and then (bul

follow, but was forced to leave her here. When night fell and under cover of darkness, he left camp and went back for her. Aiding her to walk or carrying her part of the way arriving in camp and was put in the wagon. In the morning many questions were asked.

As all teen-age boys of seventeen who like adventure and who doesn't, as the wagon train proceed along the trail, Charles would go ahead to see what the country looked like for he was interested. Then one day after one of his side trips he returned to camp and said. "My how those Mormon men can swear," he was greatly shocked.

Too tired and hungry, the biggest part of the time not feeling good, it was mighty hard to travel. They tired to reach the valley but could not make it. Stopping in city canyon (now known as Parleys Canyon) at a Fork, later named in remembrance of Grandfather Smith (Smith's Fork) (now known as Mountair) on five acres on October 12, 1862.

When grandfather Smith and Grandmother and the rest of the company arrived in the valley, they were very much disappointed to see such a barren desolate looking place, which they had come to, to make their home. They expected a much better place. According to the missionaries who talked about Salt Lake, it was a wonderful place and such. Salt Lake had everthing and they wouldn't be sorry that they came. Grandmother remarked about their arrival quite often.

Grandfather built a one room log cabin. The chairs were made from logs cut lengthwise through the center and pegs placed in the rounding side used as legs. The table was made the same as the chairs but larger and had four legs. The beds were brought with them across the plains. A fireplace was built at one end and iron kettle were used and everthing that was eaten was cooked in these kettles whether it was boiled, baked or fried hanging over the fire.

While living there they raised nearly all of their food. Potatoes did especially well and the majority of them grew very large or larger than a man's foot and were very delicious. Many a meal only one potato was used and at times some was left over.

Uncle William and Aunt Alice was born in this home. Uncle William DuFosse Smith was born September 9, 1863 and lived to thirty-eight months. His death as an accidental death. One day he wanted to look out of the window (the window was high) he climbed upon one of the peg leg chairs, losing his balance he fell striking his chin on the window ~~with~~ sill causing him to fall backwards, triking the back of his head on the rough table, causing him to hemorrhage and die in a few minutes. He died on November 3, 1866, and was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

Aunt Lize Sophia DuFosse was born January 5, 1866 her husband was Duncan Finley Park, He died on January 10, 1937. Alice passed away on February 23, 1953. She had lived in Mill Creek Ward ever since coming down from the canyon except a few months in Sugarhouse.

In the early spring of 1866 a wash-out happened about three or four blocks down the canyon from the cabin and grandmother decided to go and take the children down to see what damage was done. First she mixed a large batch of bread, left it and her mother to watch it and left for the wash out. After she had gone a buck Indian and his squaw came to the door demanding bread, she told them, "I don't have any." The buck then threatened her by pointing to his gun at her and shouted, "you lie-you lie- you lie." (three times. She was scared and showed them the bread box and the bread which was to be baked. They grunted in Indian style and turned and left.

Some days later the folks passed a cabin farther down the canyon which was surrounded by a deep and a wide ditch which had at the time over flowed its banks. Some Indians were trying to find a place to cross over to get to the cabin where three little children all under six years of age were alone and scared. No damage was done as far as known.

Great-grandmother DuFossee had not been feeling very good for sometime, having an attack of asthma, then the Indian scare and to top it off came down with bronchitis resulting in her death on May 2, 1866, and was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

After grandfather had been living in the canyon for sometime Uncle John and Aunt Ann Fair came and lived with them for several months. They later went to Ogden to live.

They left their canyon home for Salt Lake after the two had passed away, stopping at Sugarhouse and resided there until the fall of 1867 in a little two room adobe house on the west side of twelfth east north of twenty-first south st.

Moving from there to a place in Mill Creek Ward (later Wilford Ward, Now Hillcrest Ward) on ninth east north of thirty-third south. Hillcrest warehouse was built in the old apple orchard on the ten acres on east side of the street. This land was purchased from Mr. Harris with clothing, horses, oxen, and a little cash. Later they acquired the fifteen acres across the street on the west with products and cash. On the ten acres at the time of the purchase there was a two room adobe house. Later grandfather built a two story frame house. In these two houses four more children were born.

Elizabeth Jane DuFossee was born on February 13, 1868, and Died December 8, 1934 and was buried December 11, 1934 in Avon Cemetery. She left a husband, a 1869 pioneer and six children. She married Edward Austin Knowles, he died -----

Hannah D. was born on April 10, 1870 She was the widow of widow of James Samuel Ellicock NMI Blake who passed away on November 8, 1936. She passed away July 15, 1946.

Lavania D. Was born on March 24, 1874 and died September 17, 1879 during a diptheria epidemic and was buried in Elysian Gardens.

Louisa DuFossee was born on December 11, 1877, wife of Herbert Gater who passed away on October 20, 1942 and she continued to live on part of the original estate of her father until she died June 21, 1955 and was buried in the Elysian Gardens.

The frame house wasn't exactly what they wanted and the foundation wasn't just as it should be and in 1889 they built a five room brick home.

Grandfather 7 grandmother had their ups and downs- sickness and sorrow but they would pray and each would help the others. Here is an incident that Aunt Alice remembers (as she told it to her children) when she was about 12 years old, Grandfather couldn't find work to help out throught the winter. There was nothing to eat except frozen squash and potatoes, at times didn't know where their next meal was coming from. They prayed for help, just then a neighbor came in and saw the condition they were in and saw to it that they were provided with food.

To make things harder a diptheria epidemic hit the valley in 1879 being the second one. Aunt Lavania caught the disease and died Sept. 17, 1879. Mother was a very small child not yer two years old and she also had the disease, and they thought they were going to lose her, they claimed a long peice (presuming) mucus colored back came from her throat and that was what saved her life.

She also had typhoid fever and erysipelas also she lost all her beautiful long hair. It never was the same again.

Grandmother, when in town and happened to see some material, she would purchase it in order to have it on hand, so when anyone needed something new, she would have the material to make it. Whether it was slip, pants, dresses, coats, suits, or etc.. Grandmother, was thrifty. She would purchase these pieces of material either from Z.C.M.I. or Mr. Cohn of Cohn Dry Goods Co. or from Mr. Auerbach the original owner of the present Auerbach Co. Grandmother was well acquainted with them.

All male members were required to join the Nauvoo Legion and the drilling school were established in ease to get places. Salt Lake or Westch Division were held

either at the Temple Block or on the city Hall ground (City & County Bldg.) up until 1870. It took two years to dismiss the men from the Nauvoo Legion to the State Militia and in 1900 the National Guard took over. The orders for drilling was sent either by relatives, friends, or neighbors to the time and place. They would drill once a week and take turns on watch or guard duty against Indians. Mother remembers seeing grandfather picking up his gun and stating either he was going on guard or drill. According to the law grandfather was still a member of the State Militia when he went on his mission. Grandmother wasn't so active in church work but grandfather was. They went to Fast Meeting and Sacrament Meeting, grandfather took care of his duties and was secretary in Y.M.M.I.A. in Mill Creek Ward (5th East and 39th South) at the time he went on his mission leaving Sept 23, 1898, having charge of the Birmingham District, his native land. Returning home Oct 6, 1900.

During his period of absence grandmother, mother, and Aunt Hannah and her four oldest children lived together for ~~their~~ their father and husband were also away on a mission. Grandmother always had butter and egg customers in town and would deliver her produce to them. Mother often went with her, for they had a certain horse who was nervous and wouldn't stand still and would not wait like the others, but had to be kept on the move. Mother would drive her in the buggy around and around while grandmother did her delivering, stopping only ~~kinglong~~ long enough for grandmother to get in or out as the case may be and then drive on. They use to go at least once a week unless a special order came and then they would make a special trip.

After coming home from his mission the following fall he decided to pick apples and placed a tall ladder against the tree, climbed it and proceeded to pick the fruit, evidently he must have moved to reach and the ladder slipped and fell and he at the same time grabbed the limb and clung to it calling for help. Mother ran out and found him hanging by his arms, she lifted the ladder back up, he climbed down and didn't seem to be hurt. Later on he complained something was bothering him and also it was hurting, a few days later he died of a heart attack of Oct 10, 1901.

So Successfully did he cultivate the twenty-five acres that at his death he was able to leave his widow in comfortable circumstance with a fine brick home (1889 splendid orchard and shade trees.

He was one of the prominent and influential citizens in the Mill Creek Ward and who through-out his life time was one of its most valuable members as well as an active worker in the Latter-Day Saints Church.

He In political life he was not a member of either of the dominant parties but preferred to maintain an independent position and vote for the men he judged best fitted for the position.

At his home and in his work he was known as a consistent Christian and who followed with care the principles of the golden rule.

The reputation which he made throughout his life for integrity and honesty and fair dealing and broadmindedness had won for him the confidence and esteem not only of the members of the church but also of the people of Salt Lake Valley without regard to religious belief or political affiliations.

Mountair

After grandfather left the canyon, logs were drug out of the fork and this kept up until about 1900. When Parker Pratt and his brother started a resort and called it "Old Iron Chair" resort. It had a hotel which held close to a hundred persons and ten or twelve cabins (~~the~~ lower part of a lumber, top part was of tent.) They would rent for five to six dollars per week. They were doing a very good

business, and so had a four horse stage coach services as well as a stage to meet the train heading for Park City. They later were financially embarrassed so lost everything. Mr. Nephi Hansen, who furnished the lumber to build the resort and W. H. Richard (Bishop Richard) who had charge of the logging, started another resort and named it Mountair on account of the pure, fresh air, but never finished it, but formed a cooperation to save the water rights so Salt Lake City could not get it. The fork contained sixty-four acres and all are privately owned and each owner must own one share of the stock.

The stream that is running through the property is called Smith's Fork.

Anthony Charles DuFosse, Jr. eventually went to Chili as a mining engineer and when he returned to the United States he settled in San Francisco, Calif. and married a Catholic widow and had a family of five children and two stepchildren:

Elibabeth

Charles

Loretta

Eddy ?/

Joseph

The step-children's names are not known.

If I remember right I believe his wife's name was Ann---. She was a very jealous person, for when grandmother Smith went to San Francisco to see her brother which she hadn't seen for a good many years, she called grandmother everything she could lay her tongue on, and wouldn't let her enter the house or see her brother. She never saw her brother again after he left Salt Lake. She came back from California feeling very badly. So when my father came to this country she told him about it and how she was treated and asked him to see if he would try to see

Charles while he was in KMMIX San Francisco. Father had thought he would go to Australia and visit the islands which he did.

He left in the year 1898 for San Francisco, and ~~we~~ went to visit Uncle Charley and his wife and family. They treated him as if he was a king or someone very important not knowing of his religion. He wrote and told grandmother everything, which made her feel a little better. On his trip to Australia he visited the Hawaiian Islands, Phillipines Islands, Tahiti, The Solomons, Tasmania, New Zealand and landed in Bismark, Australia, he was to try and find Aunt Elizabeth Ann (Grandmother Smith's sister) who had left home without telling anyone until she arrived and sent only a card home stating where she was. My father never found her, but found traces of her. She had married a man named Dudley and had a family, he died and she remarried but he couldn't find out who it was. He advertised for her and went through countless records everyplace he went, but never found her. Everyone was hoping he would.

Written Insert

By Hannah Dora Blake Cox (granddaughter)

Grandfather Smith was a quiet man as I remember him, but kindhearted, we children loved him dearly; but still we loved grandmother too, but still a little frightened of her, she was very strict in everything. When either grandparent spoke to us to do something we left whatever we were doing and obeyed on a run. We were not allowed to say, "What," when called by either; we always had to say, "Yes."

If I remember right grandmother was short woman about five foot maybe one or two inches, her eyes were a pretty blue; hair was brown. As a child it seemed to me she was the boss.

Grandfather was six foot four inches tall with merry twinkling brown eyes, black wavy hair.

My brother James and I used to tag grandfather about the small farm of twenty-five acres, which was well taken care of. We helped him, too, although we were only seven and five years old.

Grandfather went on a mission to England in September. My father James Samuel Ellicock ~~Ellicock~~ Blake (adopted name) in the June before went on a mission to the Southern States. Mother (Hannah DuFosse Smith) and we four older children, went from Hinckley, Utah to stay with grandmother and Aunt Louie (the four children were: Hannah Dora, seven years old; James Smith, five years old; Pearl May, two and half years old; Lois Liberty, eleven months old.)

Grandfather used to sell vegetables and some honey (he kept several hives of bees) to people in town; and James and I always went along.

I'll never forget the time grandfather sold some Irish Potatoes to a lady; the next time grandfather went to her home, she told him she wanted some more vegetables, but she didn't want any more of those sick potatoes (Irish Potatoes have yellow and blue streaks in them.) "Why," said the lady, "They have yellow and blue places in them and I know they are sick to be looking like that." She was sold another kind of Potato that wasn't sick. Grandfather sure got a kick out of this. Grandfather used a buckboard and one horse to take his produce to town. I always like to hear the horse's hooves beat on the brick-laid street in town.

The first time I ever saw a large balloon in the air, grandfather was cutting is ripe wheat; he stopped long enough to tell us about how it was made, its use and everything about it.

Grandfather had a nice orchard, part was on the West side of the street, and part was on the east side of the street where the fine brick home and clean yards and barn and field were; a clear creek of water from the mountains run along the north of the farm. We children were not allowed to go near it unless a grown-up was near, also we were never to go barefooted when grandmother was around.

Grandfather had an apple press for making cider James and I helped gather the apples, even climbing trees (a little way up) and pick apples and throw them down to either mother or Aunt Louie who would catch them and put them into baskets. One tree we were in had a humming birds nest. It was such a tiny thing and the two eggs were white and about the size of a pea. We kept track of that nest believe me.

We helped wash the apples and took the stems out and the blossom ends off; and all the blemishes out and helped put them in the press and we were allowed to turn the wheel which cut up the apples before they went into the press. They were put into the press and then the juice would run into crockery jars, which when full,

the juice was poured into wooden barrels. The rest went into boxes to be fed to the pigs, cows, and horses.

The latter part of September (before grandfather went on his mission) he was getting his corn (stalks and ears, too) when it got too late to get the ~~last~~ last load in; so he says, "I'll get it up tomorrow afternoon," (this was Saturday.)

So Sunday afternoon in place of going to Sacrament Meeting he harnessed his team and hooked them to the wagon; (the corn was on the west side of the road north of the orchard). He had to cut some, too. He had a scythe to cut it with. when it was nearly all cut he decided to load it on the wagon and told me to get upon the corn and then kneel down so I wouldn't fall off when the horses pulled the wagon. I got upon the corn. Low and behold as I knelt down a large black and yellow bumble bee backed up and stung me on my left knee, I told grandfather so he got up on the load and pulled off the gee and killed it. Just then he heard James let out a piercing scream, and started to run for the house, grandfather got down and ran after the screaming boy. Just then mother and Aunt Louie, who had been to Sacrament Meeting were going through the gate and saw James and took him into the house. James had picked up the scythe grandfather had laid down for a moment to help me with the bee. James in trying to cut the corn stalks had also cut off his little finger on his left hand, except for a small piece of skin and the top part of his finger was hanging down on this. Mother and Aunt Louie and Grandmother cleaned and put the top on and wrapped the finger putting a splint on each side. Grandfather said he was to be ~~in~~ blamed for both accidents, said something about this would be the first and last time he would work on Sunday.

I was not able to kneel down for several weeks my knee was swollen so bad.

I remember attending a meeting of some kind - it may have been a conference with grandfather. Anyway it was held in the Tabernacle. We sat in the center row of benches near the front. I sat staring up to the rostrum (where the authorities of the Church sat) Grandfather noticed me and asked me whom I was staring at, I pointed my finger, saying, "That man with a funny beard on his face." Grandfather said, "You mustn't point your finger at people. that man is Wilford Woodruff, President of our Church."

The Carpet Maker

Traditions has it that the first carpets were introduced into England by the returning crusaders who brought back with them magnificent Eastern rugs Queen Eleanor of Castile brought several rugs from Spain.

Merchants from Eastern markets as Persia, Egypt, and Southern France would go to Northern Europe, to England & Scotland bartering the rugs off for much need supplies, especially wool.

For in the early days only the Nobles & well-to-do people could afford the carpets. & rugs. The rugs were used only as curtains, draperis, wall hangings & table runners. (scarfs)

For the floors at that time of Nobles, as the well-to-do people wasn't any different than the ordinary average family or the all houses for they covered them with rushes, or straw or nothing, changed at either regular or irregular intervals according to the cleanliness & general out look of the inhabitants, for they slept, spit, or even relieved nature on the floor and not think anything of it.

It was thought to do such a thing as to lay beautiful rugs and carpets on the floor was immoral or committing a terrible crime.

But as years pass by a general refinement set in and the people began to think about cleanliness and beauty. They began to study these beautiful, magnificent carpets and rugs that was brought there by the foreign merchants and also began to think about their floors and how soft a rug feels. They decided that time had come to try their hand at rug and carpet making. Directing all of their time & energies studying the magnificent examples, style, designs and expermenting with dyes, styles, et. showing they were really in earnest. In 1671 the ninth Earl of Pembroke went to France as a purchaser & visited some of the French carpet factories & talked to members. He was to return to England with two top French Carpet weavers, not knowing how to bring them into England without causing trouble and it may cause a penalty. He smuggle two top men in wine barrels which was to act as instructors to the people of England.

Anthony DuVosee & Peter Jemaule were also at the same time transporting skilled men the same way from France. These artists & craftsmen were to teach the people the full process of rug making from selecting of wool, dying designing, styles to a complete rug.

Men & women began to weave rugs & carpets for their own homes but later were making rugs for folks in surrounding area. A entirely New industry gradually developed in the Southern Area with Wilton & Axminster rising supreme. The making of carpets was so successful in Wilton that the factory was named Wilton Royal Carpet Factory & received its protective charter in the year of 1701 & soon abandoned cloth weaving entirely (velvet) The cut pile was developed at Wilton somewhere between 1740-1750 though quite ondependently. Hand tuffing was devised at Axminster. It was upon these two distentive style that the whole English tradition was founded. So fine was the workmanship that brought them into fashion that the craftsman achieved a world wide reputation second only to that enjoyed by some of the Eastern Markets such as the persians. Axminster & Wilton are famous words or names denoting beautiful long wearing & best buy.

The majority of carpets & rugs are made by machines, still the Axminster rug are most expensive for they are hand woven by women & girls the same way as they did in the 18th century, many centures back, foreign countries such as Persia, Egypt & others. In the real Axminster is where they display their geatest skill, sometimes

taking as long as a week to weave but nine inches & knotting around 3,000,000 different pieces of wool to their warp in making some of their elaborate style rugs. Such carpets are some of the finest in the world, are made in a single peice, to the style, shape and size suited to the individual requirements.

For a good many years Wilton was the only place which made rugs after Axminster closed its doors and took their machinery- ect to wilton which has been active all along.

But today Wilton tops it with ~~XXXX~~ Scotland, Yorkshire, & Kidderminster, Axminster is again flourishing factory & continuing their wonderful work.