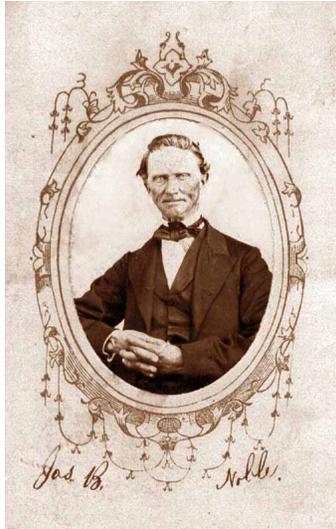


A Nobleman In Israel

by Hazel Noble Boyack

Additions by Robert V Noble



Into the fabric of this brief life sketch of Joseph Bates Noble is woven a history of devotion and courage. We glimpse at the triumphs and the sorrows of that early period when the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was being established again in our beloved land, America.

Light and Shadows played upon the actors of this great modern drama. Valiancy and high sense of duty were brought to the fore.

In the woven tapestry of life dedicated to Pioneering in the Gospel Ideals and colonizing in this great western wilderness, bright and somber threads are interwoven in such sequence, that when the final scene closes, the main actor is found deserving the caption,

"A Nobleman In Israel"

TO THE NUMEROUS POSTERITY OF JOSEPH BATES NOBLE, THIS BOOK IS HUMBLY DEDICATED.

Preface

While living on the beautiful old Noble homestead in Alpine, Arizona, a Compelling desire was born to know more about my Noble forebearers, Especially those who had followed the famous Old Emigrant Trail to Salt Lake Valley in 1847 and in subsequent years.

Pioneering in difficult and forbidding locals of the early west had become a heritage and tradition in our family. Both father and mother, in early childhood, had trekked over the Old Mormon Trail to the Salt Lake Valley in 1847 and 1862 respectively. After their marriage they had been called by President Brigham Young to assist in colonizing the areas of Bountiful, & Kanab, Utah and later St. Johns, Arizona.

It was in the peaceful mountain valley of Alpine that a permanent home was finally established. Around the family hearthstone at night, these beloved parents would gather their numerous brood, and by the flickering firelight they would relate stirring events of those last days in Nauvoo; the hurried exodus across the ice clogged Mississippi River, and many other memorable happenings that transpired around the prairie campfires as the journeyed west.

A sword, bearing the date of 1837 on the handle and encased in a well-worn scabbard, was the focal point for a thrilling story (to be told later) of the Prophet Joseph Smith and Joseph Bates Noble.

In company my devoted and patient husband, Archie R. Boyack, we have traveled each mile of the Old Trail (as nearly as possible) out of the historic Winter Quarters, Nebraska, the along the winding course of the historic North Platte River in Nebraska to Old Fort Laramie, Wyoming. From this point we journeyed west over the challenging and picturesque terrain of high plateaus and mountain passes of Wyoming into the Salt Lake Valley. Favorite campsites were sought out and many nights were spent on prairies to get the feel and atmosphere of those devoted migrating Mormon pioneers.

Along many stretches of this famous trail deep ruts were cut in the prairie sod and along sandstone ridges by heavily laden pioneer wagons. Many of these ruts are plainly visible today. Almost as if a wagon caravan had passed over them yesterday.

Several pictures of famous landmarks and deeply worn ruts have been made part of this biography. May these reminders of visual reminders of that historic thirteen-hundred-mile trek, and this brief history of the privations and hardships cheerfully endured, to establish the restored Gospel in the west, stand as a challenge to us, their Noble descendants. May our heritage be a firmer loyalty to Gospel ideals, a deeper devotion to our valiant Pioneer forebearers, who, in their magnificent accomplishments, gave to all.

To the following persons I am indebted for information they contributed on the life history of their grandmothers; Ora Egan Simmons, granddaughter of Sylvia Mecham Noble; Hattie Walton Heninger, granddaughter of Julia Rozetta Thurston Noble; Irene Noble Rowan, granddaughter of Mary Adeline Beman Noble; Gwenevere Miner Hickman, great granddaughter of Mary Ann Washburn Noble Whiting.

The material for the brief sketches of three wives of Joseph B. Noble: Sarah B. Alley Noble, Susan Hammond Ashby Noble, and Millicent London Noble, has been gleaned from historical records and genealogical data. No biographical material was available for Jane Wallace Noble, Hannah Kerr Noble, Sarah Wallace Noble, And Catherine Wallace Noble.

To the following people I express my gratitude for correcting the manuscript and giving helpful suggestions in its compilation; Dr. Le Grande Noble, Utah State University, Dr. Harold Glen Clark, Brigham Young University, and my daughter, Mrs. Dean (Virginia) B. Bagley of Salt Lake City, Utah.

H.N.B.

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Chapter 1

Ancestry

On a rugged and picturesque shore line in Old New England stood the beautiful city of Boston, Massachusetts. Founded by our Pilgrim Fathers, the city crowned the landscape on a peninsula in the heart of Massachusetts Bay. Its Location was ideal, the Majestic harbor stretching out from the almost limitless shore of the turbulent Atlantic.

Boston stood as a beacon on the coastline of what was then primitive America. Behind this romantic and fascinating city lay primeval forests, crystal streams and lakes, interlaced amid wide and fertile acres of the new land, all this yet untouched by the hand of man.

Vessels sought out the newly found seaport, bringing with them their treasures from the far-flung ports of the world. People from the old countries of Europe heard many tales of this inviting new land, and by the thousands they boarded vessels and set sail for its shores. In the hearts and minds of these immigrant-folk were visions of high adventure and new found freedom. Thus was gathered to America in those early years a God loving and fearless people, willing to give their all in the establishment of a new world for the priceless freedom they found in this virgin land. From this humble beginning, the great slumbering giant that was to become our America to stir.

On a vessel sailing from England early in the seventeenth century was a lad named Thomas Noble, immigrant ancestor on the Noble line. This courageous youth had caught the spirit of adventure. Apparently he was the only one of his family to immigrate to America in those early years. This was not unusual during this period. Children of humble families, especially where there were other brothers and sisters, often left the Old World and came to this new land to better their circumstances and to find a more abundant way of life.

Scanty indeed is the information regarding the English ancestry of Thomas Noble, except that he was a tailor by trade. His ship landed in Boston harbor, and in that city he made his home for a period of time

In the early 1650's Thomas moved to Westfield Massachusetts. On Nov. 1st 1660 He married Hannah Warriner, daughter of William and Joanna Scanton (Searle). Ten children were born to this union. A note from the records of Westfield makes this comment. "Thomas Noble, who acquired lands in Westfield where he died in 1704, and from whom descended some of the best men of that town."

One of the sons of Thomas and Hannah was Matthew. He chose for his wife Hannah Dewey, daughter of the famous Admiral George Dewey. One of the sons of Matthew and Hannah was christened Obadiah. His bride came from Sheffield, Massachusetts, and was Mary Callender Bosworth.

In the generation from Thomas Noble was a son of Obadiah named Ezekial. His wife, Eunice Turner, also came from Sheffield. To this couple was born a son chosen to bear his father's name. Young Ezekiel found his faithful companion, Theodocia Bates, daughter of Joseph Bates and Sarah Ann Deming, in Egremont, Berkshire Co, Massachusetts. The area in which these five generations of the Noble family was the heart of colonial life and culture.

In the hamlet of Egremont, the family of Ezekial and Theodocia Bates Noble made their home for a period of years. The nearby countryside was Interspersed by farm and forest, and presented a challenge to the new homebuilders. Like themselves, their neighbors were poor, but very industrious and thrifty. In the unpretentious Noble home, the family gathered around the large open fireplace, the glowing embers fed by pine knots from the nearby forests. The frugal meal was prepared either over the red-hot coals, or in a kettle that hung from a hook in the chimney.

The family library of that period consisted of the Bible, an almanac, and perhaps one or two books. Daily reading of the scriptures was a pattern of living in the Noble home, and the need of prayer for daily guidance was stressed. Into this happy and harmonious atmosphere the first son of Ezekial and Theodocia was born on Jan. 14 1810. The child was christened Joseph Bates Noble, the hero of our story. His early childhood was spent in Egremont.

When the lad was five years old his parents moved to Penfield, Monroe Co., New York. In this locality young Joseph Bates grew to early manhood. Ten other children were born into this happy family circle. The parents also adopted a lovely little child named Susan, A daughter of Eunice, sister of Joseph Bates. At age of fourteen years, young Joseph Bates went to work to assist in the support of his father's family.

Chapter 2

Character Glimpses

The first employment that came to Joseph Bates Noble, then fourteen years of age, was working for a Mr. Nelson Fullom at \$5.00 per month. With the money earned he bought a cow for his father and clothes for himself. From this time on until he was eighteen years old, young Joseph was away from home, gainfully employed. His employer was very kind to the lad. He raised his wages because of his faithfulness and industry, and gave him many presents. During the winter season Joseph attended school.

From a journal or diary kept by young Joseph Bates. we gain valuable information regarding his activities from childhood up to the year 1834, the period covered by the diary. He relates: " At age of eighteen I went to live with one Harrison A. Fairchild. At the end of the year I then hired to Mr. Tomilson for one year. I had been able, by my good attention to business, to give good satisfaction, I had never had a word of difficulty with any man during this time. I gave considerable to my father. I took delight in helping my father and in seeing him comfortable as to the things of the of the world. I did not do as many did at my age, spend a great deal of time to no value. My mind was so directed or led that I enjoyed myself best when I was in situation to help my father's family. The steady course I took gave them great confidence in me, and I had their confidence and blessing.

I continued to work as a miller. By this time I began to get some Knowledge of business, and my wages were[raised] accordingly. I will say here that I became acquainted with a man by the name of Eber Wilcox while I was in the employ of Mr. Fairchild. Eber Wilcox had the oversight of the mill as a miller. The mill was conveyed into our hands. At the expiration of the year Mr. Wilcox and myself went to Avon, Livingston Co., N.Y., and hired to a Mr. McMillon to tend mill. Mr. Wilcox had [made] \$26.00 per month, I made \$1800 per month.

During this time I had been attentive to my father and family. I took up for them seventy acres of land in Genesee Co. town of Sheldon and built a log house. Sixteen by twenty, and assisted in moving my father's family to the above mentioned place. I also helped them to clear off, the same season, three acres of heavily timbered land that was put into wheat. My father's health was quite poor owing to a fall he received the winter before. I bought for him three cows and many other things necessary for his comfort."

In the meantime , in upper N.Y. State, momentous events were taking shape, providing the background for one of the greatest religious dramas of all time. Throughout the centuries an All Wise Providence had kept a watchful eye over this choice and dedicated land, America. Wise and learned men had been raised up to establish this American Government, the greatest concept of liberty and freedom ever known to mankind, all for the hour when the Gospel of Jesus Christ would be restored again to the earth.

Not only had the stage been set in this area rich in historical lore, but God had touched the heart and trained the mind of the main actor, the boy prophet, Joseph Smith. Through this choice Seer of Cumorah, "A marvelous work and a wonder" was to be brought forth and the infant Church was to bear the name of it founder, "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." This organization was effected on the 6th Apr 1830, in the Whitmer home in Fayette, Seneca Co. N.Y., by six Charter Members; the Prophet Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Hyrum Smith, Peter Whitmer Jr., David Whitmer, and Samuel H. Smith.

The Gospel had been given again to the earth when thoughtful men and women were ready to receive Truth. It was a period of independent thinking, a searching for answers to many religious questions. When humble missionaries went forth into this fertile field, they had a new note in their message. They recounted the thrilling saga of the Gospel restored; God had spoken again to his children by revelation, they told their listeners. The keys of the priesthood had been given again to men in this day. These facts struck a responsive chord in the hearts of many people. Strong and

valiant ones were brought into the Gospel net, men and women of such spiritual commitments that they were able to stand up and meet head-on the challenging situations that later beset the Church.

In the little hamlet where Joseph Bates Noble lived the people had been untouched by the rising tide of interest in the new religion and "Joe Smith's Golden Bible," until one day there came to this area, three missionaries. The message they brought was to change the entire course of the life young Noble. In his diary he relates his experiences as follows: "Sometime in the fall of 1832 I heard for the first time the Gospel preached by Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. I said in my heart, 'that is Truth' for according to spirit that was in me, for I was a person that thought much about the things of God, and often meditated and wondered in my heart, and I had felt and asked myself this question, 'Where are the people of God? Where are they that exercise the faith before him that our Fathers did?' I had from the age of twelve years, often felt after the God of my fathers, and had from time to time obtained by whisperings of His spirit, a testimony of my acceptance with Him. I had a proud heart, and from the good attention I gave to what was put in my care, I gained confidence of all. I took pride in endeavoring to excel and in minding my own business.

I was baptized in the fall of 1832 (by Brigham Young) as was also Eber Wilcox and some four or five others. We bore our testimony in favor of the work God had commenced in these last days by revealing to Joseph Smith the keys of the Holy Priesthood, Authorizing him to build up the Kingdom on the earth.

In the summer of 1833, I went to Kirtland, Ohio, to visit the Prophet Joseph Smith, for I had as yet never seen him. It was a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. When I arrived in Kirtland I went to the home of Joseph Smith and told him I had come to stay in the place for a few days. He was going to work in the hayfield and invited me to go with him. I stayed nine days in the place and worked with the Prophet Joseph six days.

During my stay in Kirtland Brother Brigham Young came from Canada to Kirtland. We had some four or five interesting meetings. The power of God was poured out upon us so that we spoke in other tongues and prophesied as the spirit gave utterance. Much good instruction was given by President Joseph Smith.

I left Kirtland sometime in the forepart of Jul in company with Brigham Young and Edmond Bolesey. We went to Fairport, about twelve miles, and there went on board a steamship for Buffalo. It was soon found out that we were Mormons (so called), and an elderly man, who at some time previous had been acquainted with Brother Bosley, came to us and wished a private interview. He pretended that he was anxious to know the Truth and embrace it. We were at a public house he had invited us to, and in the upper room, Brother Young and myself alone. He asked Bro. Young many questions. Bro. Young explained to him the coming forth of this work, how the Lord had his angels to communicate his will to his servant Joseph Smith.

While they were conversing, I discovered there was no light in him. I said to Bro. Young, 'This man does not see the situation of the world.' He exclaimed in rage, 'I do, I do. Do I not see sinners going down the road to perdition?' He then told Bro. Young that he wanted him to take a quantity of poison he had prepared for him, saying that if it did not kill him, he would believe his testimony.

The Stranger was very mad when he saw that he could not accomplish the thing he had set out to do, and he threatened us with a mob if we did not leave the city straightway. But for some cause he was not able to bring the mob upon us."

Chapter 3

Zion's Camp

During the intervening months between 1831 and 1833 important events were taking place in Kirtland, Ohio where the Church had been commanded to gather. Word had been given out by Pres. Smith that a temple, the first such structure in this dispensation, was to be erected. The Saints were poor in worldly goods, but blessed with unity and brotherhood. In early June 1833, the first load of stone was hauled and ground broken for this sacred structure.

Simultaneously with these efforts in Kirtland, historic events were transpiring in Missouri. By revelation the Lord had pointed out to Joseph Smith that the place the place would be known where the New Zion was to rise in this choice land, America. Consequently, in Jun 1831. a Party of brethren consisting of the Prophet, Sidney Rigdon, Martin Harris, Edward Partridge and others, left for Missouri. Shortly after their arrival there the Lord fulfilled his promise to Joseph Smith, and the future New Zion was made known to him.

Standing on the site of Independence, Missouri Aug 2 1831 Sidney Rigdon dedicated the land for the gathering of the Saints. On Aug 3 the Prophet Joseph dedicated the Temple Site. It was a moment of great rejoicing among those present.

This newly dedicated land lay on fertile, rolling prairies of western Missouri, spreading out like "a sea of meadows and decorated with a growth of flowers so gorgeous and grand as to exceed description. In close proximity was the peaceful presence of the mighty Mississippi River.

Already settlers, chiefly from the mountain regions of the south were occupying large tracts of this land. A small log court house, erected in 1827 stood a little east of the Temple site. Unfortunately (as the Saints were to learn), Western Missouri lay on the fringe of civilization in those early years, and many wishing to evade the law had made this their gathering place.

The first Saints to arrive were members of the Colesville Branch from Thompson, Ohio. They settled in Kaw Township. now a part of Kansas City, Missouri. Into this setting came other Latter-day Saints eager to purchase lands, build homes, and establish industries. The beliefs of the Saints in the Restored Gospel, plus their thrift and industry aroused

at once the enmity and hatred of the "old settlers". It was but a short time until angry mobs, to the number of about five hundred men, demanded the Mormons leave Jackson Co.

This demand was a severe blow to the Church members who had gathered at Independence. Their faith and determination could not be easily shaken. The same day that the mob in Jackson Co. issued the order for the Saints to leave, Jul 23 1833 The cornerstone of the Kirtland Temple was laid. Thus despite the challenging situations faced by the Saints of this period, the Lord's work moved steadily forward.

The situation in Jackson Co. demanded attention. As the year 1834 dawned, Pres. Joseph Smith issued a call for five hundred volunteers to go to Missouri and help mediate the difficulties. Joseph Bates Noble was one of the two hundred that answered the call. The contemplated trek would test the marchers' faith, endurance and loyalty to the cause. But these foot soldiers, known as Zion's Camp, were choice Men of Israel. The March began May 1834 (Joseph B. Noble Diary gives to us an interesting pen picture of this historic event.)

In the spring of 1834 I settled up my business because there was a proclamation made by the servants of God that the strength of His House was needed to go to Missouri and redeem Zion. I accordingly volunteered, bid farewell to my fathers family and all my acquaintances for the season, and started the May 1. I arrived in Kirtland May 6 found the Company had left. They were in Wooster that night, a distant of fifty Miles. I hired a bro. Johnson to take me with a horse and buggy to Wooster that night, which he did. We arrived about 9 o'clock in the evening. I called at a public

house in that evening and found by inquiry that a company of Mormons had come in that evening on their way to Missouri. My heart leaped for joy. I went to where they were. They were glad to see me, especially Eber Wilcox. About two days from Wooster we overtook the rest of the company. We had two hundred and five in all.

We organized ourselves into companies of tens, fifties, and Hundreds. Much instruction was received from Pres. Joseph Smith from time to time as Circumstances would permit. We traveled, for the most part, through an old settled country. Considerable excitement prevailed. Many questions were asked with regard to our motives and what we intended to do. We answered them as we thought best, or as we were instructed from time to time.

Pres. Smith would have us travel with our arms on and then without. We did not travel on Sundays. We stopped and held meetings. The Lord blessed us in a marvelous manner. We could see and feel his care over us. by his might and power we were preserved. If any were taken sick on the way, they were administered to and soon well. Pres. Smith received the word of the Lord saying our offerings were accepted and compared it to that of Abraham. Many hearts rejoiced when we heard this."

Within this camp of Israel, however, during the long march to Missouri, the frailties of human nature asserted themselves. Jarrings, disputations and jealousies arose among men. Jun 3 the Prophet Joseph Smith called the camp together. He mounted a wagon wheel and told the men he would deliver a prophecy. "The Lord had revealed to him," Said the Prophet, "that a scourge would come upon the Camp in consequence of the fractious and unruly spirits that appeared among them. Still if they would repent and humble themselves before the Lord, the scourge, in a measure might be turned away."

Joseph Bates continued in his diary: "We thought it (the scourge) would come from our enemies who were threatening continually, but behold the cholera came upon us in mighty power, and fourteen of our best men fell and I myself narrowly escaped with my life. It was my lot to assist in taking care of four of them in one small room until they were dead. Bro. Wilcox was one of the four I mentioned taking care of until they were buried. Never in my life did I feel to Mourn as on this occasion. I was sensible that a strong cord of friendship bound us together, but I did not know that our hearts were so completely knit together as I found they were. The circumstances under which we were placed made it the more trying.

I, then, at the request of Bros. Young and Kimball, went with them to the home of Peter Whitmer, in the village of Liberty, about two and a half miles from our last encampment. There I was violently seized with the cholera. In this situation I lay forty hours. My voice and hearing almost left me. While in this condition, Bros. Brigham Young, Joseph Young, Heber, C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, and Peter Whitmer, with some three or four others, prayed for me. I was lying on the floor. The formed a ring around me.

While praying for me in this situation, the veil became very thin between me and my God, and I noticed things that I had never thought of before. Such were the blessings of God upon me that I nearly had an open vision. Through the faith of my brethren that was exercised for me, I got up, and with their help put on my clothes. In two days I started back for the Ohio wit Lyman Johnson, Sylvester Smith, Luke Johnson, Zebedee Coltrin, Zerubbabel Snow and two or three others. Never had I experienced such manifestations of the blessings of God as at this time. I continued to gain strength very fast so that in six or seven days I could do my portion of the walking, as we had but one baggage wagon."

Added light is given on this serious illness of Bro. Noble in the Times and Seasons of that period: "It was with great exertions that his life was preserved, and that by the application of cold water being drawn out of the well and poured upon him daily and hourly. Bro. Noble's life was yet despaired of, BUT HE WAS RESOLUTE AND NOTHING WOULD SATISFY HIM BUT TO RETURN HOME."

Chapter 4

Romance And Marriage

Prior to the Journey of Zion's Camp into Missouri, Joseph B. Noble had met a lovely young lady by the name of Mary Adeline Beman, of Avon, Livingston Co, N.Y. She was one of the daughters of Alvah and Sally(Sarah) Burtt's Beman. This fine Christian family had been connected with early events of the Church. Parley P. Pratt, in his Autobiography, states "Father Beman and his interesting family were acquainted with the work during the time that the Book of Mormon was being translated."

While serving in New York as a Missionary, Bro. Pratt further relates: "Among those whose hospitality we shared in the vicinity (Genesco) was Old Father Beman and his interesting family. He was a good singer, as were his three daughters. We were edified and comforted in their society, and were deeply interested in hearing the old gentleman and Bro. Joseph converse on their acquaintance and history. He (Beman) had assisted him to preserve the plates of the Book of Mormon from the enemy, and had at one time had them concealed under his own Hearth."

Note (reference is made of the Beman family at this point because of the Important roles these fine women played in the early events of the Church. They were to be the Vanguard of Latter-day Saint women to the west. Mary Adeline became the wife of Joseph Bates Noble Sep 11 1834, at Avon, Livingstone Co., N.Y. Louisa Beman became the first plural wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith Apr 5 1841, at Nauvoo, Illinois, After the Prophet's death she married President Brigham Young at Winter Quarters, Jan 14 1847, and bore to him four sons,(two sets of twins), Joseph and Hyrum, Alma and Alva. Artemesa, the youngest daughter of the Alvah Beman's married Apostle Erastus Snow. These loyal and devoted sisters were among the first Pioneer women to arrive in the Salt Lake Valley.)

From the diary of lovely Mary Adeline come some interesting facts regarding her meeting with Joseph Bates Noble: " I taught school the next two years at Avon, Livingston Co. N.Y., and it was at this place that I became acquainted with Joseph Bates Noble. The first time I ever saw him I felt an attachment to him that I had never felt for any other man, upon so short an acquaintance. I did not expect at this time to ever be united to Mr. Noble, still it would have been a matter of my choice, could I have been permitted to have made it. But I unbosomed my feelings to no one and held sacred the feelings of my heart. trusting in the Lord and believing He would rule all things for my good and for the Glory of God.

About this time Joseph Bates Noble was baptized into the Mormon Church as it was called. His course of conduct and conversation was very highly gratifying to me. He was a person of good habits, good principles, and a fine, intelligent young man. In his society I was very happy".

After the historic trek with Zion's Camp into Missouri, Mr. Noble returned to Kirtland. from there he hastily made his way to the home of his sweetheart at Avon, N.Y. Of this happy occasion he relates:" I found Mr. Beman and family all well. They welcomed my return, especially my dear Mary, whose heart, like the sun, beat for joy. I told her what my calculations were. As soon as I could I wished to return to Kirtland, Ohio. I had agreed with Joseph Coe to attend his mill for \$300.00 a year, a house and lot and firewood Sweepings of the mill. She was willing to have her lot cast with mine, although at this time was not a Mormon, or had been baptized.

I made my wishes known to her parents. They gave their consent, and the time was set for our marriage. The whole family connections invited to attend. We were married 5 PM Sep. 11 1834. A large, commodious room was overflowing. We had an excellent supper and pleasant interviews with our friends. However the thought of our leaving their society and moving away to Ohio was sorrowful, for as yet the family was closely settled down together. So it had been for a number of years,

They had been in the practice of coming together twice a year for a feast. But now the scene was about to be changed. One of the girls was about to break the tie. They made me several offers if I would settle down among them, but I knew that my eyes had seen the light that had shone forth in the West, and I was determined to follow it."

Chapter 5

The Light In The West

The closing months of 1834 found the Saints devoted and diligent in their labors on the Kirtland Temple. Economic stress was keenly felt among them, but each one gave of his or her mite in the work, food, clothing or money, the magnificent structure slowly rose to completion.

During this period a School of the Prophets was organized in Kirtland, and Joseph Bates Noble attended. Among other subjects taught was a course in Hebrew under the tutor ship of a Mr. Joshua Sexias, of Hudson, Ohio. The progress made by the members of this class was remarkable, and since been recognized as one of the very first classes in adult education to be conducted in our country.

The requirements for joining this school were: The applicant must be obedient to the covenants of the gospel, and labor in behalf of his fellows for the salvation of their souls. The preaching of the Gospel, then, was a requirement made of those who desired to join this school. The book used by Bro. Noble in this school is a prized heirloom in the Noble family and bears the date of 1832.

To all those who had made the trek with Zion's Camp to Missouri in 1834, President Joseph Smith issued a call for them to assemble on Feb 14 1835. The first meeting of the camp members resulted in the organization of Quorum of Twelve Apostles. Grandfather was a witness to this event. Later in the same month, Feb. 28 a second meeting was called and the First Quorum of Seventy was chosen. Joseph Bates Noble was called and ordained to be a member of this group. From his diary, we read: "About this time the Lord manifested to Pres. Joseph Smith to call a Quorum of Seventy and ordain them out of the members of Zion's Camp. I was called on a mission the Spring after this ordination, but was released and set attending and repairing a mill at Willoughby, Ohio.

In the Spring of 1836, I, in company with about forty others, was again called on a mission. I again made preparations to go. As we were about ready to start, A learned man by the name of Sexias, came to Kirtland to teach a Hebrew class and other languages if wanted. Pres. Joseph Smith called the Elders together and said it was a favorable opportunity to get a knowledge of the Hebrew and other languages, and the hand of God was in it. We went to school the next six months. I obtained considerable information of the Hebrew and Chaldea Language, so I could read and translate well."

The Kirtland Temple was nearing completion and the Saints were looking forward with eagerness to the day when it would be dedicated. Sun. Mar. 27 1836, their dreams were to be realized. Between five and six hundred people assembled at the Temple before the doors were opened, at 9 AM. The Prophet Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon and Oliver Cowdrey seated the congregation. Between nine hundred and one thousand people were crowded into the main auditorium. An overflow meeting was held in a nearby school house. Even then many were unable to gain admittance at either meeting.

At 9 AM President Sidney Rigdon stepped forward to conduct this historic gathering. After the dedicatory prayer was read by the Prophet Joseph Smith, many heavenly manifestations were witnessed by the assembled Saints. A bright light rested upon the Temple, angels were seen by many, and the Holy Spirit, like the sound of a mighty rushing wind, filled the building. Some arose and prophesied. The Kirtland Temple which stood resplendently beautiful that Spring day in mar. 1836 had been accepted by the Lord.

Unfortunately, the wonderful spirit of peace and brotherhood manifested at the Temple's Dedication was not long to endure. During the closing months of 1836 serious financial difficulty became wide spread through out the nation. In early Nov. of the same year some of the Kirtland brethren met and drew up Articles of Agreement preparatory to organizing a banking institution known as the Kirtland Safety Society bank notes were refused by other institutions. Speculation in land and property was widespread.

Out of the difficult situation in Kirtland arose a spirit of fault-finding and dissention. Apostasy reared its ugly head. It was a dark and trying hour for those who stood at the head of the Church. Every influence was brought to bear upon those who would be faithful, to renounce The Prophet Joseph and the Church. Out of din and sting of apostate Accusations came the voice of those who remained loyal. Jan 2 1837, several brethren, among whom was Joseph Bates Noble, came forward and pledged their assistance to help liquidate outstanding notes of the Society.

In this troubled atmosphere many sought the peace found within the walls of the Temple. To this sacred edifice they retired for prayer and Supplication. It was the night Apr 4 1837 that Joseph B. Noble, together with Wilford Woodruff and G.W. Meeks, spent the night in prayer in the Kirtland Temple.

Again on Apr 7 1837 we gleaned from the journal of Wilford Woodruff the following account: "I went up to the House of the Lord with Elders Milton Holmes and Joseph B. Noble. We were afterwards joined by an aged father in Israel, by the name of Freeman Nickerson, who was very faithful and a man of much prayer. When we entered the House of the Lord, we entered one of the stands within the veil and fell upon our knees, but the evil one strove against us with much power and temptation and at one time I was driven from my stand. We had great cause to be united in heart for we had traveled together one thousand miles for the redemption of Zion. At this time we offered to lay down our lives and our offerings were accepted as was Abraham's. We fell upon our knees and cried mightily unto the Lord, and the evil one departed and the Spirit of God within us was like a fire shut up in our bones, and many great things were shown unto us by the Holy Ghost, and manifested by prophecy and revelation.

In the immediate months ahead, Bro. Noble was busy doing missionary work in southern Ohio. He had a righteous and compelling desire to be a successful missionary and to spread the good tidings of the restored Church. This was one outstanding virtues and callings of this good man.

Chapter 6

Light And Shadows In Missouri

Springtime had returned again in Kirtland, the little hamlet nestled near the rippling shoreline of beautiful Lake Erie. The countryside was a rich tapestry of green, interspersed with spring flowers of many and varied hues. The short period spent in this area by the Latter-day Saints had written a dramatic chapter in history of the Restored Church. Evil days had fallen upon the area. The Church leaders had been forced to flee because of persecution by their enemies. But few remained, and these were chiefly members of the First Quorum of Seventies and their families.

During the early months of 1838, a meeting of the Seventies was called in the Kirtland Temple. Plans were discussed for the movement of the body of Saints to Far West, Missouri. A constitution was drawn up and accepted by the members. Joseph B. Noble listed seven members of his family, including his wife's people, the Beman family, ready for the journey. On the morning of Jul. 6 the Company took up their line of march to the West.

The Kirtland Camp, as they were called, consisted of five hundred and twenty-nine souls. These people made a dramatic and history making march of one thousand miles to Far West. The weather was hot and dry, and many of the members did much complaining because of difficulties. Others became ill, but were speedily healed. The Sabbath Day was strictly observed and meetings for worship were held along the way.

In late Sep. members of the Camp learned of the serious difficulties facing the Saints in Missouri, and the evil actions of Governor Lilburn W. Boggs. Oct 3 The Camp arrived at Ambrosial Creek, Missouri, where they were welcomed and visited by the Prophet, Sidney Rigdon, Hyrum Smith and Brigham Young. That evening one of the brethren living in the place said: "brethren, your long and tedious Journey in now ended; you are now on the public square of Adam-ondi-Aham. This is the place where Adam blessed his posterity, where they rose up and called him Michael, the Prince. the Archangel, and he being full of the Holy Ghost, predicted what should befall his posterity to the last generation."

The members of Kirtland Camp received a joyful welcome by the Saints in vicinity of Far West, but otherwise they had marched into a situation of sorrow and difficulty. Many settlements were in a state of siege by the Missouri mob, Joseph B. Noble took an active part in the defense of Far West until forced to give up his arms to the enemy. Through deception and trickery many Church leaders were imprisoned. Then came the infamous extermination order of Gov. Lilburn W. Boggs, issued Oct 27 1838. There was nothing the Saints could do but flee the State of Missouri in the depths of winter.

Quincy, Ill. Just across the Mississippi River, became a refuge for these homeless folk. Here they were kindly received. The Noble family made a short stay in Quincy, after which they settled in Montrose, Lee Co. Iowa. In the meantime the Prophet Joseph and several other brethren, who had been taken prisoners in the Fall of 1838, were now confined in the jail at Liberty, Missouri.

Mar 15 1839 Joseph Smith wrote a lengthy petition, addressed to the Honorable Judge Tompkin or to any of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Missouri. This petition(written from the prison dungeon at Liberty) related the injustices of the brethren being confined in prison, their sufferings and privations, that it was unlawful and tyrannical, etc. Five men signed to this petition: Alanson Ripley, Heber C. Kimball, Joseph B. Noble, Joseph Smith Jr. and William Huntington.

Shortly after the escape of the Prophet and his brethren from Liberty Jail Apr. 1839, a conference of the Saints was called at Quincy, Ill. Even in this dark hour, when the Saints were scattered and homeless, the missionary work was to move ahead. Some of the

quorum of Seventy were chosen to accompany the Apostles to England. Joseph Bates Noble heard his name read third on the list.

The misfortunes in Missouri had landed the Latter-day Saints in a horseshoe bend of the majestic Mississippi River on the Ill. side Commerce, Ill. was a marshy, uninviting spot and would yield to cultivation and beauty only by incessant and heavy toil. But this Mormon band was noted for their industry, thrift, and know how in reclaiming undesirable locations and making them habitable.

In this swampy marshland and in the heat of the summer of 1839, sickness seized upon these good people. Many hundreds were afflicted. Jul. 22 1839 was a memorable day in Commerce. Joseph Smith arose from his sick bed and began to administer to those who were ill. Immediately they were healed. He and his party then crossed the river to Montrose, Iowa. (Joseph Bates Noble relates this interesting event in his own words.)

"We soon commenced to move our families up the river about 50 miles to a place called Commerce, later Nauvoo. Quite a number of us crossed the Mississippi River to the Iowa side to avail ourselves of some log cabins that had formerly been used as barracks for soldiers, at a place called Montrose. (The town of Montrose was formerly called "Mount of Roses" because of many wild roses growing on the nearby hillsides. Later the name was contracted to Montrose.)

"Our exposure during the previous winter caused a great deal of sickness. I and some of my Family were attacked with billous fever. I think I can safely say that one half of the whole people had more or less sickness and many died. Two of my children were buried, and I was nigh unto death. So low was I that my wife asked me in tears if I was dying.

At this time, bro. Elijah Fordham, a next door neighbor to me, was very sick. Indeed, they were preparing clothes for his burial. In this trying hour the Holy Ghost was poured out upon the Prophet Joseph Smith, and he, with Bro.'s Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Parley P. Pratt and others, came to Bro. Fordham's house and commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to arise and walk. He immediately jumped from his dying bed, Kicked off the drafts from his feet, and came into my house, following the brethren, and shouting, leaping and praising God with all his might.

Pres. Smith, while leading the way to my bed, made this remark; ' Bro. Noble, you have been too long with me to lie here.' As soon as I saw him the tears of joy burst from my eyes. In a moment he was at my bedside, and took me by the hand. Without waiting for the other brethren to get to my bed, he commanded me in the name of Jesus Christ, to arise and walk. I arose, and while putting on my cloths I fainted. When I regained consciousness, I was on the bed, and Joseph was standing close to me.

As soon as my eyes met his he said, 'wherefore didst thou doubt?' and again commanded me to rise.

While he was speaking I felt the healing virtue flowing through every part of my system. I immediately arose and walked, rejoicing and praising the Lord with all my heart, for his blessings resting upon me, by which I was made whole.

Bro. Fordham was more active and stronger than I was. He never sat down in my house, but as soon as Bro. Joseph had given directions to my wife concerning some nourishment for me , he left with the rest of the brethren. They went and administered to others who were sick and called them up in a similar manner."

The noble family remained in Montrose for a period of two years. During this time Joseph Bates was sustained as first counselor to Bishop Elias Smith. Here also ha was commissioned as second Lieutenant in the Iowa Militia.

CHAPTER 7

Beautiful Nauvoo

The word "Nauvoo" symbolizes to every Latter-day Saint an achievement that has no parallel in the proud annals of our country. When the Mormon people, plundered all their worldly possessions, rested their weary feet on this mosquito infested bog, with little except industry, initiative and a sublime faith in their God, they gave to the world an example of what these virtues can accomplish. In a very short time the term, "Nauvoo, The beautiful," was heard everywhere. A liberal charter was granted to Nauvoo by the legislature of Illinois, Dec 16 1840.

Into this rapidly growing little city the Noble family moved in early 1841. Here they were to have many challenging and long remembered experiences. Perhaps one of the most important events of this period was Bro. Noble's association with the Prophet in performing the first Plural marriage in the Church.

One day in the early Spring of 1841, the Prophet Joseph Smith came to Grandfather and said, "Brother Noble, I want you to assist me in carrying out the divine commandment of plural marriage." Accordingly on Apr 5 1841, somewhere in the city of Nauvoo, the two men and Louisa Beman repaired to a secluded spot. A stump of a tree was used as an altar. Here in solemn ceremony, Elder Noble Seales his wife's sister, Louisa Beman, to Joseph Smith, the Prophet giving the form of the ceremony and Brother Noble repeating it after him. Thus on that bright April day in Nauvoo, Illinois, was consummated the first plural marriage in this dispensation. Louisa Beman was a choice young lady, coming from Avon, Livingston Co. New York. She had been reared in a fine Christian home by goodly Parents, a home of refinement and culture, and had attended the best schools of the period. Louisa Beman Smith kept sacred in her heart the memory of this April day in Nauvoo, and was loyal and true to the Prophet until his death.

The following notarized affidavit might be of interest to the posterity of Grandfather Noble. It is found in the Church Historical records page 221, and is a testimony written by Joseph B. Noble in the Territory of Utah, Salt Lake Co. It reads as follows: "Be it remembered, that on this 26 day of June, 1869, Personally appeared before me, James Jack, Notary Public, in and for said County, Joseph Bates Noble, who was by me sworn in due form of law and upon his oath, saith that in the fall of 1840, Joseph Smith taught him the principle of Celestial Marriage, or Plurality of wives; That the said Joseph declared that he had received a revelation from God on the subject, and the Angel of the Lord had commanded him to move forward in the said order of marriage; and farther, that the said Joseph Smith requested Him (Joseph Bates Noble) to step forward and assist him in carrying out said principal, saying' In revelation this is you, I have placed my life in your hands. therefore, do not in an evil hour, betray me to my enemies.'

Subscribed and sworn to by the said Joseph Bates Noble, the day and the year first above mentioned,

Signed: Joseph B. Noble

Jas. Jack, Notary"

When Article of Incorporation were drawn up for the city of Nauvoo, the Mormon people were given the privilege of organizing a military unit known as the Nauvoo Legion. Grandfather enlisted in this fine organization and was appointed by Governor Ford as Quartermaster Sergeant. He also served as one of the bodyguards to Lieutenant General Joseph Smith. The sword that sergeant Noble used in this military organization was brought across the Plains by him in 1847, and is now in possession of Delbert Noble family of Bountiful, Utah.

Nauvoo, The Beautiful, made rapid progress. The liberal charter given it by the State of Illinois cheered the hearts of the Saints who had so recently been evicted from Missouri. The industry of the people in reclaiming land, building fine homes, and establishing industries, was everywhere a matter of comment. As a result of vigorous missionary efforts, both at home and abroad, hundreds of converts were gathered to this inviting spot. Many new wards were organized. Grandfather was called as a Bishop to preside over the Nauvoo Fifth Ward, The Ward in which the Prophet Joseph and his family lived

On Aug. 16 1842 while the Prophet Joseph Smith was reflecting on the kindness and love of his many and devoted friends, and how they had served faithfully and well under the most trying and difficult circumstances, he wrote as

follows: " They are men of noble stature of noble hands, and of noble deeds, possessing noble and daring and giant hearts and souls. There is a Brother Joseph Bates Noble also, I would call up in remembrance before the Lord."

On Apr. 5 1843, Elder Noble took as his plural wife. Sarah B. Alley, daughter of John and Mercy Buffum Alley. of Nauvoo. A year later this good woman bore to her husband a son, Named George Omner. This little babe had the distinction of being the first child born of a polygamous union in the church.

Sarah Alley Noble proved to be a faithful and devoted Latter-day Saint. She started with the Pioneer Caravan in Feb 1846, but the journey across the Iowa Trail was too demanding on her strength. She died in Winter Quarters on Jan 1 1847, and was laid to rest in now beautiful cemetery at Florence, Nebraska. On the heavy copper plaque that lists the names of those who lost their lives during that difficult period is inscribed: "Sarah Noble, Age 27 years."

Sep 8 1843 Joseph Noble married a fine young lady , the name of Mary Ann Washburn, daughter of Abraham and Tamer Washburn, also of Nauvoo. This young girl was born of goodly parents. She receiver her endowments in the Nauvoo Temple and a short time later was sealed to her husband. Her first child, a daughter, was born at Winter Quarters, Nebraska.

Mary Ann came to the Salt Lake Valley in 1848 with her father's family. They were members of Captain Musser's Company. Five children, two daughters and three sons were born to Joseph Bates and Mary Washburn Noble. Only one child, a son, grew to maturity. Later on discontent and unhappiness arose between the parents and they were divorced. Today the numerous posterity of this fine family are a devoted and valiant people in the church.

During the latter part of Jan. 1844 the Latter-day Saints decided that the political situation of the day demanded some special action on their part. Accordingly, they resolved to put up the name of their beloved leader, Joseph Smith, on an independent electoral ticket, as a candidate for the President of the United States. They also determined to use every honorable means to secure his election.

Many Elders in the church were called to go out and present the views of their candidate on the powers and policies of general Government. Joseph B. Noble was sent to New York State. While there he also had the opportunity of meeting his father's family and preaching the Gospel to them.

In Nauvoo and the vicinity, dark and ominous forebodings were on the posting winds. Enemies of the Church had demanded that Joseph and Hyrum be sent to Carthage to stand trial for trumped-up charges their enemies had made against them. The Governor of the State of Illinois Thomas Ford, vouchsafed for their safety. A story heard around the hearthstone of the Noble family and one that has become legend regarding this event is as follows: "On that fateful day June 1844, when Joseph Smith party left for Carthage, his faithful friend Joseph Bates, rode with them. A few miles out of Nauvoo, Bro. Noble became ill. He and the Prophet rode together into a small ravine near the road. Here Joseph Bates was to part with his beloved leader for the last time. There had been a deep tie cemented by trial and hardship. The trek of Zion's Camp, The Kirtland scenes, Far West, Liberty Jail, Nauvoo, and the plural marriage covenant. The faith that Joseph Smith had put in the integrity and faithfulness of Grandfather never, never had been betrayed.

Joseph told Bro. Noble to return to Nauvoo and take a note he had written to his family. After a parting handclasp, the Prophet gave to him his sword telling him to take it as a token of their friendship. Grandfather brought this sword, together with the one he had used in the Nauvoo Legion, to the Salt Lake Valley in 1847. It was a prized relic in his life for almost fifty three years. Shortly before his death in 1900 he presented this sword to his eldest son, Edward Alvah Noble, my father, who in turn gave it to his eldest son, Charles Leslie Noble, Alpine Arizona. A few years ago the Noble family presented this sword to the Church Museum as a historical relic.

The following miscellaneous items were gleaned from the pages of the Times and Seasons, a Publication of the Nauvoo Period: "Oct 8 1844, President Brigham Young proceeded to select men from the High Priests Quorum , to go abroad in all congressional Districts of the United States and preside over the branches of the Church. Among the eighty-five brethren chosen, J.B. Noble was ninth on the list

Nov 7 1844, President Brigham Young together with Elders John Taylor, and George A. Smith visited the Trustees, Afterwards visited at the home of Bro. Joseph Bates Noble's with Elder Amasa M. Lyman, Sis. Olive Frost and others

Mar 20 1845 Pres. Brigham Young with Heber C. Kimball called Elder Willard Richards in Nauvoo and found him and his clerk engaged in History. Thence they proceeded to the Temple. In the evening Pres. Young attended prayer Meeting at Bro. Joseph B. Noble's."

The fall and early Winter of 1845 and 1846 found the Saints exerting all their energies in hurried preparations for the great western exodus from Illinois. An air of sadness pervaded the atmosphere in the city of Joseph. Was it not the

pride and joy of the Saints? They had seen it rise from the marshy bog lands of Commerce to the largest city in Illinois. And the Temple, that magnificent structure, which was unexcelled in any western area for beauty and design. Atop a small that swept up from the rivers edge, it stood resplendent in the bright winter sunshine. Had not its walls risen to completion amid threats of mobs and the eventual martyrdom of their beloved leaders, Joseph and Hyrum! Now all must be left behind, and a new home sought far beyond the confines of civilization. But these Saints had already been tried in crucible of adversity, and they would meet this new challenge with the same fortitude and faith.

Dec 10 1845, the first Endowments were given to the Saints in Nauvoo, in the Temple. Many hundreds crowded into this sacred edifice to avail themselves of these rites. From them they would draw a fresh source of strength for the challenging life that lay ahead along the great western Trail. Grandfather and Grandmother Noble received their endowments Dec 15 1845 and the sealing ordinance was preformed for them Jan 23 1846.

Chapter 8

Westward Into The Wilderness

The time had come when the Mormon people must leave Nauvoo. In almost every dooryard stood wagons over which had been stretched heavy new canvas tops. For many months to come these wagons would serve as homes for the families as they journeyed West. Into these "Prairie Schooners" would be packed flour, corn, wheat, dried vegetables, sea biscuit, clothing, heavy bedding and a few relics. and the foot heaters. No pioneer going into this frigid weather Feb. 1846 would forget this indispensable item!

The Noble home in Nauvoo stood beside the main highway that to the river. This road the Pioneers used in getting their loaded wagons, herds of cattle, etc., to the river's edge, ready to be ferried across the icy stream. Day after day heavily-laden wagons lumbered by, making a crunching sound on the icy roadway. Children, bundled in winter clothing, peered out from under the heavy canvas, a look of excitement and bewilderment

on their faces.

Before leaving his home in Nauvoo, Bro. Noble made a call to the home of Lucy Mack Smith, mother of the Prophet. He carried in his pocket a deed to a house and lot that he owned in Nauvoo, valued at \$1200.00. He pressed the deed into her hands as a parting gift.

Feb. 1846 would be a month long to be remembered in the annual of Church Hist. Already the city of Nauvoo was assuming the appearance of being deserted. Stirring emotions welled up in the hearts of Joseph Bates and Mary Adeline Noble ,as they packed the last articles into heavily loaded wagons. For five years this beautiful city had been their home. Here two children had been born to them, and one little mound made in a cemetery. But the "light in the west" the powerful magnet of the restored Gospel they had embraced, helped, as with thousands of others, to make the yoke easy and the burden light.

The first campsite on the western trail was Sugar Creek, nine miles from Nauvoo City. Here the advanced companies were to rendezvous for a short period. The wooded area along the creek lessened somewhat the "bite" of the bitter north wind. The thermometer registered below zero. The ground was frozen and snow covered. At this new campsite the snow was soon cleared away and huge fires were built in the open spaces. People huddled around the fires warming their numbed hands and feet

Hundreds of families, with their aged and infirm and small children, were bivouacked in wagons, tents and makeshift shelters of many kinds. A humble repast was warmed over open fires. From several milk cows that had been tethered to the wagons milk was provided for the small children. Foot heaters were brought into the use and tucked between the stiff bedding in the sub-zero weather.

As the shadows of the night cloaked the winter landscape in this newly made camp of Israel, people gathered around the camp fires and soon strains of favorite hymns filled the air. Then all heads were bowed in prayer to their God in whom these exiles had put their trust and keeping. A sweet peace entered their hearts and with it a firm resolve: that with Gods help, and the strength and valor of their own hearts, they would free themselves from the tyranny of the mob rule, Journey westward and there build a new Zion in the heart of the mighty Rockies.

Mar. 1 dawned upon a busy scene. It was time to move to another camp site. Four hundred heavily-laden wagons moved out in a north westerly direction. A short mile from Sugar Creek was a small hill. Here the wagon trains would pause, and the occupants would take one final look back at their beloved Nauvoo, their comfortable homes and the magnificent Temple with its glittering spire. Seldom was there a dry eye in the company, but the march must go on. All eyes were turned westward. before them lay the undulating prairies of Iowa. The wagons lumbered down the slope and headed into the great wilderness that was then the early west.

The Mormon Pioneers formed an industrial column as the traveled across Iowa Territory. Men and boys went far afield to get work and replenish the dwindling food supply. Trinkets were traded for flour, honey, corn, or a fresh ox. William Pitts' brass band proved a lucrative source of income to the Camp. They gave concerts in villages along the way and

received in return food or money. One day members of the band split one hundred and thirty rails and traded them to farmers for corn. Another group husked one hundred bushels of corn for every fourth bushel and the fodder. Everybody added his mite to assist in any way they could in this winter migration.

the Iowa Trail tested the mettle of everyone. Each day was a struggle with the elements. After the frigid winter weather came the cold spring rains. These beat upon the canvas coverings of the wagons, soaking the occupants, their bedding and supplies. For days no fires could be built, no restful sleep at night. The country side became a veritable bog. Sickness and death stalked through the camps of these dauntless exiles.

But these Mormon pioneers were not disheartened by their hardships. They possessed a rare type and faith and courage. It was their mainstay as they sat by the beds of sick and dying. It was the source of their strength in trying days of travel and by flickering campfires at night. "The Saints never wept when they remembered Zion, for they had taken Zion with them."

At Richardson's Point, J. B. Noble reported that the Spencer Bro.'s Orson and Daniel and their families, were ten miles back and that Orson's son wife, Catherine was critically ill. A few days later this good woman passed away.

The following thoughts came from the pen of Dr. W. E. Woodward regarding the Mormon migration: " They were inspired by the thought of the departure of their children of Israel from Egypt in search of the Promised Land. Were not the Mormons the new Israelites? And was not Brigham Young a reincarnation of Moses? Like the Israelites of that ancient time, They carried with the precious word of God. It was the most dramatic emigration of a body of people that had ever occurred in our history."

Chapter 9

A Magic City Rises By The Mighty Missouri

Along the line of march in the Iowa Territory the famous Mormon Battalion was mustered into service to aid in the war against Mexico. The loss of five hundred men from the Pioneer band would prohibit Pres. Young from sending an exploring party into the Great Basin that year. Permission was given to the Mormons by the Government to settle on the Pottawattomie Indian lands near the river for a season. And so on the banks of the mighty Missouri River the magic city of the plains called Winter Quarters began to rise. Such industry and planning as these people put into building of this temporary refuge in the wilderness! An approximated one thousand homes were built, most of them of logs. A few were made of willows, with a combination of straw and sod. Others made a livable home by making large cuts in the hillside, and with the skillful use of sod and willows were able to keep out of the cold.

Pres. Brigham Young, master pioneer that he was, deplored idleness of any nature. If the manpower of the Camp had finished their homes, there were public buildings to be constructed; a meeting house for worship, work shops, blacksmith shops and grist-mill, so that the people might grind their own wheat and corn. Willow baskets, chairs, etc., could be made and sold for money, or produce taken in return.

Oct 24 1846, Pres. Young met with High Council members in Col. Rockwood's tent. The New city had been divided into wards. A list of Bishops was read. Joseph B. Noble was chosen to preside over the Thirteenth Ward. These good leaders were told to see the people, number them, and find out how many could be put to making willow baskets. If houses the Bishops needed help, they could appoint counselors. Bro. Noble chose one counselor Abraham Washburn, his father in law.

The difficult Iowa to Winter Quarters had made heavy physical demands upon the Pioneers band. Continued and prolonged want and lack of vegetables in the diet made the Saints a prey to scurvy and malaria. These maladies swept through the camp like a scythe, taking a toll of some six hundred lives before winter's end. At the home of Bishop and Is. Noble a little child, named Hiram Brigham, died Nov. 6, 1846. This little son of eighteen months was tenderly laid to rest in the cemetery atop the hill overlooking Winter Quarters. One by one the Joseph B. Noble family had buried six of their seven children. Only one child now remained, little Alvah, age six years.

The memorable year 1847 dawned bright and clear on the Camp of Israel by the banks of the Missouri River. It would be a year of destiny in the lives of these homeless exiles. From the rank and file of their would be chosen the famous Mormon Vanguard Company, men and women who would pilot the way to the Great Basin and there locate their homes. Thousand would follow and augment their numbers, and a new Zion would begin to flourish somewhere in the Rocky Mountain area.

On Mon. Jan. 25, 1847, Brigham Young met with the group who were being organized to make the westward journey, and the following appointments were made: Jedediah M. Grant, Edward Hunter, and Willard Snow as captains of hundreds; Jacob Gates, Erastus Snow, Ira Eldrege, James Cummings, Joseph B. Noble, Benjamin Clapp, Benjamin Brown, and Charles Bird as captains of fifty. These men were instructed to take names and fill up their companies. Everything was to be in readiness for the journey.

The Vanguard Company moved out of Winter Quarters in early Apr. 1847. There were one hundred forty men, three women and two children in a caravan of seventy-two heavily-laden wagons. This famous company would break a new trail along the north side of the Platte River as far west as Old Fort Laramie. This new road, Said Brigham Young, would enable the Companies that were to come later to have better grass for their teams and livestock, also avoid the traffic on the south side of the Trail. Thus Mormonism began to unfold itself on the great Western frontier, and "Zion building" began in earnest.

Jun 21, the Jedediah M. Grant Company, with Joseph B. Noble as captain of fifty, was on the march, Captain Noble listed his immediate family as follows; Mary A. Noble, his wife, age 37 years, Edward A Noble, age 6 years, Ann Noble, age 5 years, and George Noble, age 4 years. There was rejoicing and laughter in the ranks of this Pioneer Caravan. The beautiful Platte Valley was a pleasant place to travel, except there was no wood. "Buffalo chips' had to be

substituted, which served well. Over the grassy, untimbered stretches thousands of buffalo grazed on the lush grasses; hence, fresh meat was always available. Famous landmarks also marked the route of travel. To the south of the Trail stood Court House and Jail Rock, so named by earlier emigrants along the Trail.

A little further West arose that proud sentinel of the Valley, Chimney Rock, with its upthrust of solid rock silhouetted against the western sky. The Old Emigrant Trail wound its way a short distance from this landmark and then turned in a northwesterly direction to Scottsbluff.

After leaving this landmark, the chief point of interest was Old Fort Laramie, located near the junction of the North Platt and Laramie Rivers. This early western outpost stood beside the Trail and gave help and succor to emigrant trains as they made their way into this western wilderness. Here flour, bacon, sugar, and other necessary commodities could be purchased. Fresh oxen were available to replace travel worn cattle. Blacksmithing could be done, and much needed rest obtained from the arduous Journey. Fort Laramie was indeed a haven on the American frontier!

The Trail beyond Fort Laramie became rougher and more difficult. In the far distance stood another well known landmark, Laramie Peak, beckoning the caravan onward. Somewhere along those rough, uneven stretches, probably not too far West of Fort Laramie, Grandmother Noble gave birth to a baby daughter Aug 12, 1847. She was named Eliza Theodocia. This tiny pioneer seemed to flourish as the youngest member of the train.

For the next few pages of this biography, I am indebted to Carter E. Grant, of Salt Lake City, Grandson of Jedediah Morgan and Susan Noble Grant, for this splendid story he has written about the Journey of this Pioneer band across the difficult terrain west of Fort Laramie. This story, "Robbed by Wolves," was first published in the Relief Society Magazine Jul. 1928, and with the kind permission of Mr. Grant is again reproduced here.

Chapter 10

Robbed By The Wolves

A True Story

By Carter E. Grant

One hundred and twenty five miles westward from Fort Laramie, where the North Platte River swings off due south, the Oregon Trail takes a southwesterly line across alkali flats toward Independence Rock on the Sweetwater River, some eight hundred thirty eight miles from Independence, Missouri, and one hundred miles from South Pass.

On this "no man's" land of rumpled wastes and deceiving distances, our story opens. Jedediah M. Grant's huge Company was now in the very heat of their one thousand mile trek toward unknown place to which Brigham Young had headed his earlier Company, Jun. Jul. and Aug. could each tell a grim story of the long days of summer travel.

For the first time the Rockies could be seen rising out of distance. Toward them this caravan was bound. Into their very midst this people would go, seeking an abode 'neath towering peaks where their inspired Prophet had declared, "This is the Place."

This second exodus was a modern Israel. A string of wagons numbering five hundred eighty, drawn by too thousand two hundred thirteen oxen and one hundred twenty horses. Herded along with all were eight hundred eighty seven cows, three hundred fifty eight sheep. Fastened to the wagons were coops containing seven hundred sixteen chickens and thirty-five hogs. Somewhat mixed in with this medley of beating sheep and lowing oxen, neighing steeds and bawling cows, were one thousand five hundred fifty three human souls, men, women and children, all doing their level best to enjoy the scorching scenery and scant rations.

Although there were many divisions in the organization for travel, captains and supervisors, still upon chief leaders rested the problems of constant worry and generalship. As most of the pilgrims, tanned and tired, trudged tediously in step with the toiling teams, too jaded to travel far or fast, the progress at its best proved to be slow.

My Grandmother, Susan Noble, who later became the wife of Pres. Jedediah Morgan Grant, was then a happy, black-eyed miss of fifteen summers. Her Bro. Joseph Bates Noble, had been one of the bodyguard to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and Susan, as a child, had sat upon the Prophet's Knee many times and listened with burning interest to the wonderful statements regarding Zion and its future. More than once she had carried secret messages from the prophet after he had written them and pinned them in the fold of her dress, saying, "Susan, carry this to Hyrum. Guard it with your life." Well, here she was in this company. I will give you first-hand the story as she told it to us children many times. (Note: Grandmother died when I was about thirty years of age, so my information is not childish Memory.)

We shall not go back to Nauvoo or Winter Quarters, even but start right here in the first week of Sep. 1847. Oh, (she would exclaim) the water was terrible. It was enough to kill us all; man and beast. Even to this day, as I think of it, I am carried backward to those days on the plains. We didn't blame the travelers ahead of us very much, for we could do little better for those who were to follow us, but we did, how ever, drag all the dead animals away from the camping places.

"how we boys and girls worked day after day to keep our cows and sheep from taking too big a drink at one time of this blackish water. The weather was so hot and the thirst of the animals so increased by the salty dust that in spite of our poundings and pleadings they would gorge themselves and the almost immediately get sick.

"An epidemic of cholera had broken out, spreading first among the animals and then attacking the people, especially the children. As the days passed on and the conditions grew better, the malady increased in severity. I remembered one afternoon when our best cow stretched out and died. This was the first of our animals to go. All through the camp, oxen, horses, sheep, pigs and even chickens were affected. As the human sick list grew, greater loads were added to the weary cattle.

"But hope was before us. The Sweetwater River was only a day or so ahead This was a clear, sparkling stream running eastward from the Rockies. As our wagons was close to Capt. Grants, I remembered how worried he was and how he prayed at our evening meetings that the animals and the people would be spared to reach our new home in the

mountains. But I guess he didn't pray much harder than some of the women folks, for they had charge of a number of the outfits, hitching and unhitching the oxen and waiting on the sick as well. You see, their husbands and older sons, having left the year before with the Mormon Battalion, were now in the southwest helping to bring into the Union the land toward which we were headed.

As I was saying, we were close to Capt. Grant. His wife Caroline, was exceptionally kind to me, inviting me often to fix our supper with her. Then in the evening as I helped tend Is. Grant's two little girls, Caroline, two years, and Margaret, Six months, I was regularly charmed with Bro. Grant's talks, many of which were from his experiences with the Prophet Joseph. At times as he spoke he seemed so filled with the inspiration of heaven that all present were filled with the emotions of testimony.

We young people often had a chance to express our own feelings in these little meetings around the prairie campfires. Oh, children, you do not know how happy we were, even during those severest days of hardest trials. As young as I was, I knew the Gospel had been restored. More than once I heard Joseph Smith declare that our Heavenly Father and his Son Jesus, the resurrected Savior, had come and talked with him. To this day this testimony has never left me. And when I am gone I want you to tell this to your children and grandchildren.

"In spite of all our faith and prayers," said Grandmother, "While we were in the salertus country several children died. Think of holding a little short service, moving forward and leaving a fresh mound in the dim distance. Mothers' hearts were almost broken at such trials.

"Sorrows now visited our Captain's wagon. Sister Grant had not been very well for several days. Little Margaret became sick with the cholera, and by sundown she was seized by violent spasms, I was so worried I stayed close by the wagon while I took care of Caddie as we called the other child. As night came on Margaret grew worse. About midnight I was sent to my bed, but later, as I looked out, I could see the parents, accompanied by Is. Snow and Ritter and Bro., and Is. Noble working with the child by the fire on the sheltered side of the wagon.

The hot weather had brought on a thunderstorm, the first one for days. A wind was springing from the west, driving loose clay dust before it. In a few moments the downpour was upon us. The fires were out -- forced out and everyone hurried for the shelter. Several tents were toppled over and almost blown away, while the drenched occupants, in their night clothing, raced for the wagons.

The next morning when I awoke the sun was shining brightly on my wagon cover. Margaret flashed immediately into my mind. I quickly sat up. No one else had been to bed in our wagon. I was ashamed I had gone to sleep. Outside I could hear low voices and learned that we were to move to Sweetwater

River before breakfast. Just then, from the wagon next to ours, I heard Caddie calling, half lonesome like for her mother. I was only half dressed, but scrambling out I stood for a moment looking about the from the wagon tongue. One quick glance and I read part of the sorrow the night before had left behind. Over on the side of a rolling clay hill, about a stone's throw away and half surrounded by people, principle women, was a new little mound. Nearer me the men were busy in the slippery clay hitching up the cattle for moving.

"Just as the darkness flees before the morning dawning, so our griefs were turned, all of a sudden, to the greatest unexpected joy unexperienced on the whole trip. About noon Sep. 8, messengers from another world, there came riding into camp from the West a number of the Quorum of the Twelve, with Brigham Young at the head. they had found us a home by and inland sea, they declared, and were on their way to Winter Quarters to lead out a general movement in early spring..

"For two days the Brethren stayed with us, holding meetings and giving instructions. Then one morning we had some Indian trouble. While we were off guard a dashing band of mounted Indians rushed down upon our horses, uttering long, shrill cries which stampeded about fifty of our animals, and hurried them off toward the North Platte. More than two hundred of our horseman followed, including part of our visiting brethren, for about twenty of their horses were in the stolen band. Only five of the animals were recovered.

"The Trail from here to South Pass, a hundred miles or so, was all up grade, but after this splendid rest we moved forward rapidly. Our soaring spirits were soon to return, however.. In just a few days mountain fever had confined a great number to their wagons. It was with difficulty that the sick could ride forward at all, for the roads were but trails, rough and difficult. Brigham Young had warned us that at the first signs of mountain sickness we were to use plenty of composition, cayenne and vegetable pills. These were to assist in breaking the fever. Brigham Young told us of his

sickness, of the distressing pain that throbbed in his head, and at the same time the trouble had started in his back and in various joints of the body. When the fever ceased, cold chills were followed by hot flashes that tended to make him almost mad with pain. Brigham Young declared he was delirious for most of two days, and that was the reason he had to follow into the Valley two days behind the foremost of the trail breakers.

"Sister Grant, full of faith and hopeful determination, fought off the first signs of the fever, but as she was weakened by the effects of cholera and deep sorrow, back it came with alarming consequences. It was with difficulty that we traveled at all. Friday night it was decided that part of the camp was to lay over Saturday, as well as Sunday, that the others should move forward, and during Saturday, as they progressed, make the roads better. By Monday we were sure that all would be on their way again.

"As Sister Grant's condition became rather critical Saturday, she and her bed were gently transferred to a tent that was set up nearby. Sunday brought a higher fever and complete delirium. For the first Sunday on our long journey there was no singing, preaching or music heard in camp. These were replaced by fasting and prayer for Caroline's recovery. As your Grandfather was a very sympathetic man, this grief, added to the worry and sorrow of the past, was almost more than he could bear. Sisters Ritter and Snow and the menfolk always stayed close at hand rendering assistance whenever possible..

During the evening of Sunday, as I sat near the fire at the tent door with little Caddie on my lap, I noticed carefully the language expressed in the eyes of the attendants. Later on, when the child went to sleep, I was quietly taking her toward my wagon to tuck her away from the cool mountain air when Sister Snow caught up to me, and as she handed me a shawl she exclaimed excitedly, 'No don't take her away' Not until then did it really dawn upon me that there seemed to be no hope. Wrapping the shawl about me and the sleeping child, I sat waiting in silence.

"About midnight, Sister Grant rallied a little and whispered, 'Susan- Caddie'...in a moment we were both by the bed, While Caddie kissed her mamma and tried to huddle into the covers. Sister Grant looked at us knowingly. then as she contentedly closed her eyes again and seemed to be sinking, I heard her whisper to Jedediah, 'All is well, all is well. Please take me to the Valley, Jeddy.-- Get Margaret-- Bring her--to me!' Bro. Grant answered tenderly and meaningfully as he sobbed with sorrow, 'Yes yes, Caroline. I'll do my best.'

During the night the sisters prepared the body for burial in the very best manner possible and the brethren made a box from one of the top beds of the wagon, and with the first dawn of daylight we were hurrying toward the Valley, which was reached three days later, on the evening of the 29th. Here the whole Camp was thrown into sorrow, as Caroline had been with the Church almost from the beginning. The services were held that evening, and the next morning the first white woman to be buried in the Valley was quietly laid to rest.(Southeast of pioneer Fort.)

"After two or three days resting, Jedediah and Joseph Bates Noble made ready to fulfil the remainder of Caroline's request. Back they would go through long, dangerous canyons, over hills and mountains, back to Sweetwater, past Independence rock and out to that lonely little mound. The child should be brought to it mother.. 'Yes yes Caroline I'll do my best.

Little did they realize as they began that long journey how sad would be the ending. 'At Bear River,' as Uncle Bates has often told it, 'Again we camped. As we sat there alone at night by a little campfire in the very heart of the Rockies, after mediating in silence for some time, Brother Jedediah turned and requested, 'Brother Bates, lets have a hymn or so.' After a number had been sung, Jedediah said, 'Now sing "God moves In A Mysterious Way, His Wonders To Perform." As we finished, Brother Grant sat with bowed head for some time, then he looked up and glowing with his former inspiration which I had not seen upon him for some time, declared in a firm voice that always characterized his unwavering testimony, 'Bates, God has made it plain. The joy of paradise where my wife and baby are together, Seems to be upon me tonight. For some wise purpose they have been released from the earth struggles into which you and I have been plunged. They are many, many times happier than we can possibly be here. This camping ground should be the saddest of all places to me, but this night it seems to be close under heaven.

"As Jedediah spoke," says Joseph B. Noble, "There vibrated into my bosom a feeling that comes only under the inspiration of heaven. Then we knelt in prayer, Bro. Grant being mouth. It seemed to me to no living soul could have listened to his words and doubted that he talked with his Father in Heaven, doubted that the Gospel of Jesus Christ had been restored, and that Joseph Smith was divinely chosen; doubted that Caroline and Margaret were with them in Celestial Glory. This incident was enough to have converted me had I been the least bit of a 'doubting Thomas.'

"Early the next morning we were on our Journey. Generally we chatted, at other times we rode silently forward. In those moments I often wondered if we would find the little mound as we left it. It was not the Indians I feared so much

as the prairie wolves. Once or twice during those days Jedediah dropped a word or two that also showed his anxiety. Our apprehensions were multiplied at our camp the first night in Sweet-water. Here the graves left by the Oregon Companies had been ruthlessly pilfered.

"Another day or so we were at the end of our journey eastward, as we intended to make it back to the Sweetwater for night. We stopped our wagon on the trail of the Salteratus camping grounds, where just a month previous a terrible night had been spent in a driving thunderstorm.

"We now stepped forward, carrying the box and shovels. A few paces from the little grave we stopped, set down our things, and stood with eyes fixed before us. Neither tried to speak. An ugly hole replaced the small mound, and so recently had the wolves departed that every sign was fresh before us. I dared not to raise my eyes to look at Jedediah. From the way I felt I could but guess his feelings. Like statues of the wilderness, we stood, grown to the spot, each fully realizing that nothing could be done.

"After several minuets of silent tears, we quietly withdrew, carrying away only that which we had brought. Then as we silently rode westward again, there seemed to echo in my soul from the a distant tent in the mountains--'All is well, all is well. Take me to the Valley, Jeddy--Get Margaret--bring her to me.' Then the a earnest, sad reply, 'Yes, yes, Caroline. I'll do my best, I'll do my best.'"

Chapter 11

An Ensign In The West

Joseph B. Noble must have been a successful Capt. of his Pioneer Band consisting of 171 persons on the westward journey. When this company was met by members of the returning Vanguard on Sep. 3rd, they reported that Bro. Nobles' Company was moving along in good order, not being so bad off for teams as some of the other groups. They had not lost any animals due to Indian raids, the night guards being vigilant and careful. At their campsite on Quaking Aspen Creek, a small tributary of the Sweetwater, Sep. 8th, a light snow had fallen, but as the day wore on it became warmer and the snow melted away. About the middle of the afternoon the companies of Jedediah M. Grant and Willard Snow joined with Bro. Noble's Company.

Oct 2, 1847, after picking their way carefully through rugged canyon defiles, the Pioneer Caravan emerged into beautiful Salt Lake Valley. What this day must have meant to these travel-worn Saints! Here before their eyes lay the valley beautiful, a long stretch of land sweeping up to the foothills. Merging into the western horizon lay the placid waters of the Great Salt Lake, dotted here and there with islands that reared their rocky heads out of salt waters. The words of the ancient Hebrew Prophet, Isaiah, rang in their ears with new meaning. This was their new home, "in the tops of the mountains and exalted above the hills." Here their Prophet leader, Brigham Young, had spoken these words, "This is the Place," and in the immediate years ahead as they put their hands to the plow a complete fulfillment of those ancient and modern predictions would be made, The wilderness and solitary places shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

The Trail's end did not mean the end of their problems by any means. Food was hard to get. Other indispensable items were scanty and scarce. Roots, or anything of an edible nature, had to be substituted and shelter of some form had to be provided before winter set in. Grandfather built three houses in the North Fort for his families. The late fall rains played havoc with dirt roofs. Umbrellas had to be brought into use to protect occupants and their possessions from the storms.

Sunday Nov. 7, 1847, the High Council of Great Salt City met and the subject of Bishops was discussed, Pres. John Smith of the Salt Lake Stake thought that five Bishops would be enough and that addition to the North Fort should constitute one Ward. Again Bro. Noble was called to preside as a Bishop. In 1849, Great Salt Lake City was divided into nineteen wards. Edward Hunter was chosen Bishop of the thirteenth Ward, And Elder Noble was one of his counselors. These Brethren served in this capacity until the entire Bishopric was changed and Bro. Hunter became presiding Bishop of the church.

Jul. 31 1849, Mary Beman Noble gave birth to her ninth child, a son Benjamin. This child was one of three children of Joseph and Mary Noble to grow to maturity.

Pioneering a new home in the Salt Lake Valley was demanding and challenging task. The frail body of Grandmother Noble could not withstand the hardships. She passed away Feb. 14th 1851, a woman of just forty one years old. Her funeral was held in the Old Bowery in Salt Lake City Feb. 16, 1851 at 2 p.m.; Pres. Brigham Young preached the funeral sermon of this devoted pioneer mother. Her three children were taken into the home of Susan Hammond Ashby Noble, a capable and devoted mother and one of the wives of Joseph Bates Noble.

In the meantime J B Noble had become quite successful as a gardener and stock-raiser. He was also interested in the milling business, a result of early boyhood training. He was among the first to hold land in bountiful, having purchased some acreage as early as 1848. This area was then known as "Sessions Settlement".

In the many and varied activities of Joseph B. Noble's life none were quite so dear to his heart as missionary service to his Church. To assist in spreading the message of the restored gospel was a righteous and a compelling desire of his life. Again and again he was called to this work. For a period of forty years he labored, intermittently, in all parts of Utah Territory, in eastern United States and in England, for the building up of the Lord's work. General Conference Held in Salt Lake City Oct 8 1855, he was called as missionary in the Utah Territory. Elder Erastus Snow wrote the editor of the "Deseret News" Jan 1857, saying "We met at Parowan Elders G. B. Wallace and J. B. Noble, fellow missionaries to the southern district, who proceeded us, and whose labors had already made a strong impression on the people of this country." This mission was to be served in Iron and Washington Counties, where the people had started

to drift from the correct principles of living the Gospel according to information furnish in the journals of Joseph Bates Noble and Erastus Snow.

Fitting into the process of Colonial expansion and betterment in the Salt Lake Valley was an organization known as the "Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society." Even though the Pioneers had been in the Valley but nine years, they were forward looking for the best in Promoting the arts of domestic industry and production of articles in the new Territory. The Organization was incorporated. They were to hold annual exhibitions at Great Salt Lake City, or some other place or places. Agricultural, livestock and domestically manufactured articles were to be exhibited, all for the purpose of stimulating the people in industrial pursuits.

Much credit is given this organization for many fairs, both state and local, also for the building of Deseret Gardens at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. This is said to be the first Experiment Farm in the West. Orders were sent to all parts of the country, even foreign lands, for trees, choice seeds, even cattle, that Utah might have the best.

Money prizes for the Fairs ranged from fifty cents to three dollars. Diplomas were given. The owners prized these greatly. Some of the articles exhibited were: best dozen squash, best sole leather, best cultivated farm, best ten acres of potatoes, best woolen hose, best assortment of straw hats, etc.

The first Territorial Fair was held as early as 1858 in the Deseret Store, located on the present site of the Hotel Utah. This historic show-house was the home of the organization. Joseph B. Noble took a very active part in this work. From the pages of the "Deseret News" dated Jan. 14, 1860, comes the following item: On motion of Mr. Erastus Snow, a vote was tendered to the Board for their past labors... On motion of Joseph B. Noble, Wm. C. Staines was unanimously elected as Director."

During this period in the mid 1850's there had come into the life of Joseph B. Noble a happy bright-eyed young lady known to her family and friends as Julia Rozetta Thurston. Her family had emigrated to Utah in 1847 and was listed in the Jedediah M. Grant Company. Julia's family had settled in Centerville and here this lovely young girl grew to womanhood in a family atmosphere of industry and devotion to the Church.

It seemed she had always known Bishop Joseph Bates Noble. When he asked her to share his life in the Patriarchal order of marriage, she accepted. They were married Jan. 15, 1856 in Salt Lake City. Four children were born to them, three daughters and a son. Later, challenging hardships came to Julia. Discontent and unhappiness arose in her heart, which later in her being divorced from her husband.

A few years later their differences were reconciled and Julia was remarried to Joseph B. Noble in the Logan Temple. Today, the numerous descendants of this good woman and her husband are faithful and devoted Latter-day Saints.

Chapter 12

A Home Site In Bountiful

In Jan. 1857, Joseph B. Noble was married to Sylvia Loretta Mecham, a lovely daughter of Joseph and Hannah Tyler Mecham of Salt Lake City. They made their home in this locality until 1862, then with their two daughters, Susan and Elnora, they moved to Bountiful, Davis Co., Utah. The three children of Mary Beman Noble, Edward, Eliza and Benjamin, were also taken into this home by Loretta Noble. This good woman gave to them love, kindness and good care.

Bountiful was an ideal spot for gardening and fruit-raising, the rich, fertile soil producing bounteous yields in many crops. Here Joseph Bates Noble would have an opportunity to show his skill in agriculture, which he did most successfully. Here, also he was called to serve as a High Councilman, When Davis Stake of Zion was organized.

One outstanding characteristic of the Noble home during this period was the friendliness and welcome accord to all those who came to visit at the home. Many General Authorities of the Church and prominent people of the Territory were made welcome.

Life on the Noble farm was one of industry and thrift. At one time ten acres of this fertile acreage was planted with many varieties of fruit. One year Joseph B. Noble was awarded a cider mill as a prize for Exhibiting the greatest variety of fruit grown. After that hundreds of gallons of vinegar was made on the Noble homestead. During the fruit harvest season, cellars, bins, pits, and sheds were filled with apples. Grand-father also owned one of the first molasses mills in Davis Co., and he produced two or three hundred gallons of this product each season.

To read today about this beautiful and productive farm in Bountiful, during the harvest season, the activities sound like a modern welfare project. Fruit was hauled by wagonload, and women of the neighborhood would come and spend days peeling peaches. These were preserved in large vats which were used for molasses-making. thus the neighborhood would be supplied with preserves from the Noble farm. Here also wool was scoured and spun into yarn, then knit into stockings and gloves for the entire family.

Another thing in which Joseph B. Noble took great pride was his horses. He was a lover of good horse-flesh, and his animals were the best in the community. Their sire had been purchased by the Church and kept on Church Island, located in the Great Salt Lake. Bro. Noble also owned some fine sleighs and had the first sleigh-bells in Utah Territory. In appearance Grandfather Noble was stately and dignified, and of commanding influence. He often wore a cape about his shoulders, which added to his distinguished mien. He was of average height (five feet eight inches), slight in weight, and very athletic. Some of his favorite reminiscences were of wrestling with the Prophet Joseph Smith and indulging in other athletic activities with him. On one occasion Joseph Bates excelled in a contest where he had to carry a barrel of flour up eighteen flights of stairs. Step-dancing was also one of his hobbies in those early years. His favorite beverage was a glass of freshly churned buttermilk.

Oct 10 1864, Zion's Camp Festival was given in the Social Hall in Salt Lake City, and the following account was published in the "Deseret News" of that date: " the members of Zion's Camp met in the Social Hall Monday at 1 p.m., at the insistence of President Brigham Young. This was the first meeting of this body of veterans in thirty years, and it was truly an interesting occasion.

"Each man as he entered came to the clerk, Bro. Thomas Bullock, and reported his residence... The audience sang a hymn which was a great favorite with the Camp during their toilsome journeying for the redemption of Zion in 1831, 'Hark, Listen to the trumpeters.' The President went around and shook hands with each of these honored and brave men... Pres. Young, Kimball, and Hyde, each in his order, lifted up their hands toward heaven and blessed the members of Zion's Camp and other invited guests, in the name of the Lord."

Nov 16 1864, is reported the results of a hurricane that visited Davis and Weber Counties and did great damage in those areas to houses and property. In Bountiful the meeting house had the south side of the roof blown off and not a shingle or board of the sheeting remained. Anson Call's dwelling house was unroofed and the north wing of J. B. Noble's home did not fare any better. In addition to these houses, it is estimated that at least one-fourth of all the feed such as hay and corn fodder, etc., was scattered over the region 'round about by that dreadful storm.

Oct. 10, 1866 the members of Zion's Camp were called together for another festival at the request of Pres. Brigham Young. The following account was reported in the "Deseret News". " The members of Zion's Camp were invited to gather together in Social Hall for a reunion. An interesting feast known as Zion's Camp Festival was arranged in Great Salt Lake City... A hymn, 'Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken,' was sung after which Elder John Taylor offered prayer. about 3 p.m. a bounteous feast was partaken of, provided by Bishop Hunter and his counselors, L. W. Hardy, and Jesse C. Little. Much interesting conversation, mingled with frequent contrasts of the bounties now enjoyed by the Saints, compared with the privations endured by that devoted Band, who, trusting in God, and under the Leadership of the Prophet, offered themselves and went up for the redemption of Zion, making the journey of some two thousand miles on foot, with blood oozing from their feet as they journeyed on their weary way...

"Elder Orson Hyde addressed those present expressing his thankfulness to see so many once more with whom he had traveled in Zion's Camp... Many times they had lain down at night, worn out and supperless and apprehensive that their enemies might pounce upon them before morning. But the Lord was with them and they passed through threatened danger unscathed. He briefly traced the progress of the Church from then, when the whole strength of the Lord's house could muster but a little over two hundred men,. Now the Saints occupied a Territory with cities and settlements stretching over a country five hundred miles in extent."

May 6, 1868 the "Deseret Evening News" stated ' We have been favored with the perusal of a letter from Edward A. Noble, written from Chittenham, England, to his father, Joseph B. Noble, of Bountiful. The writer is on a mission to Britain, and manifests in his correspondence the possession of much trust and confidence in the Lord, with a vivid remembrance of the teachings from his father before being called to his mission."

One of the recorded statements of Bro. Joseph B. Noble, given Jan 22, 1869, was to the effect that he performed the first marriage ceremony to the Patriarchal order of marriage, ever performed in this dispensation, by sealing Louisa Beman to Joseph Smith on the fifth day of April 1841.

Again from the pages of the "Deseret News" Mar. 12 1869. comes the following item: Bro. William Thurgold, writing from Bountiful, informs us that a Cooperative Institution had been formed in Bountiful and would commence business in a few days. Bro. Stoker was elected Pres. and William Brown as Vice Pres.. Ansol Call, William Atkinson, Daniel Carter, Joseph B. Noble and Edwin Pace constitute the board of directors."

Chapter 13

Continued Missionary Labors

Missionary service in the Latter-day Saint Church has always been one of its distinguishing features, since the day of the Church's organization Apr. 1830. To male members holding the Priesthood, the call to give two or more years of his life in the mission field is looked upon as a great privilege and a blessing. The expense of this service is cheerfully borne by the family or perchance the missionary himself.

To Joseph Bates Noble came repeated calls to serve as a missionary, and this he realized one of the righteous desires of his heart. Oct. 1871, a missionary meeting was held in the Church Historian's Office in Salt Lake City. Elders Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, and Franklin D. Richards preached to the Elders. A large number of brethren were called at this Oct. Conference. Joseph B. Noble was appointed to labor in the eastern part of the United States. His assignment took him to the states of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan, and Iowa. Unfortunately, no first-hand information is available as to the success of this mission, except while in New York he had the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to many of his relatives.

Shortly after Bro. Noble's return from the East he was called again to serve as a missionary in Utah Territory. From Tooele City, May 31, comes this note to the "Deseret News"... We have been favored with a visit from Elders Orson Pratt, J. B. Noble, and James Ure, and much valuable instruction given to the people...

"Friday morning they proceeded to Pine Canyon settlement and held one meeting, after which they repaired to Grantsville for the purpose of holding meetings on Saturday and Sunday... I am safe in saying that a great many have been benefited by the sermons and lectures delivered during the period of him (Bro. Pratt) and Elder Noble, and I feel in behalf of the brethren of this place, as well as in other settlements, to extend a hearty thanks to these brethren for their visit, and hope we will soon be favored with another."

The last official missionary call that came to Joseph Bates Noble was in Jun. 1877. He was now in his sixty eighth year. The destination for this service was England. Hurried preparations were made for an early departure to this field of labor. From the "Millennial Star" published in England Jun 25 1877 the following announcement appeared: "Arrivals: The S. S. Montana, which left New York on the 12th, arrived in Mersey Jun 22, with the missionaries who had mostly left Salt Lake City Jun 6 for Europe. Sixteen brethren were included as missionaries. Appointments were made and in but a short time the majority were on their way to their locations. Early Jun 23 all were gone...to improve the magnificent opportunities of the summer, in preaching the Gospel to those who sit in darkness and in the valley of the shadow of death... the field is ripe and whether the world knows it or not, it needs salvation now as much as at any period in its history. Now is a favorable time for men to begin to seek it. Elders Joseph B. Noble, John Cook, and E.W. Street were appointed to labor in the London Conference."

Almost from the first moment of Elder Noble's arrival in London Ill-ness seized upon this good man. The damp, foggy atmosphere affected his lungs. It was with great difficulty he was able to perform his labors. Although of strong and resolute will, as the summer of 1877 wore on he became better. The "Millennial Star" Oct 1877, carried the following announcement: "Released do to sickness Elder Joseph B. Noble from the London Conference to return Oct. 17 1877. the steamship Idaho, with one hundred and fifty souls, among whom were twelve returning Elders, sailed from England on Oct 17, 1877. The Company, though small, being the last of the season, was a very lively one, a proportion being young persons, among whom were excellent singers."

After Bro. Nobles return home from England, he was able to give more time and thought to the care of his families. The healthful, dry climate of Utah soon restored him to his former health and strength. This story is told of Joseph Bates Noble when he was seventy five years. While riding in a farm wagon one day, he stepped lightly down and went skipping away. As he did so he said to his sons, "Well, boys, if you can do that when you are seventy five, you will do well."

Perhaps one reason for his liveness and activity of body was his love of walking He could outdo any of his friends in this activity when he was eighty three. It was not uncommon for him to walk to Farmington, a distance of eight miles, to attend meetings.

It was in 1852 that the First Presidency of the Church announced the practice of polygamy in the Latter day Saint Church as a revealed and sacred principle of the Restored Gospel. From the moment of this announcement, severe persecution beset the leaders of the Church and other brethren who had embraced this principle. At Quarterly Conference held in Centerville, Davis Co., Utah, Joseph B. Noble addressed the gathering. He gave a brief history of his association with Joseph Smith, and quoted the Prophet's statement on the matter. He concluded his remarks with a firm testimony as to the truthfulness of the doctrine.

There can be no doubt that Grandfather was fully converted to the righteousness of this doctrine. As we glance in retrospect at this era in the Valley, there can be no doubt that it was a period of challenge for all concerned. The necessities of life were garnered only by incessant and heavy toil and by the united efforts of all. The financial demands upon the head of so large a patriarchal household must have been great indeed.

Through the years Bro. Noble had married seven fine women. He was the father of thirty one children by six wives. Not at any time did this large family live under one roof. In handling the many problems that would naturally arise, Grandfather may not have been as patient, tactful and understanding as he could have been. Whatever the difficulties were, unhappiness and discontent arose in his family, and two of his wives chose to live apart from him, and were eventually divorced.

How difficult for us of this later generation to judge with complete fairness the actions of our forebears. Nor are we called upon to pass judgement. That is the prerogative of the Great Judge of us all. In the light of the passing years however, our love and admiration for this great man his many worthy descendants grows.

Whatever the foibles of Joseph Bates Noble were, or the human weak-nesses of his wives, they attempted to live a high and holy commandment given by God. Who can say how we might have fared, given the same circumstances under which they lived their lives together. We are humbled by this thought and brought nearer and dearer to this great man and his families, and to God.

Chapter 14

Closing Scenes

Temple building in the Church began with the Prophet Joseph during those early years in Kirtland, Ohio. During the Missouri period, two others were projected in the middle west, and a fourth one, the beautiful structure reared in Nauvoo, Illinois, was completed. When the Latter day Saints came West this important work continued. Under the dynamic leadership of Brigham Young, temple building made rapid progressing the Rocky Mountains. The St. George temple was dedicated Apr. 6 1877, May 1888 the Manti Temple was dedicated. Elder Noble, who had received his endowments and sealings in the Nauvoo Temple, who was present at the time of the St. George ceremonies, was asked to be one of the principle speakers May 21 1888 at the Manti Temple, when that beautiful structure was dedicated to the Lord.

In the closing years of Joseph Bates Noble's life, another project of compelling interest came into his life, that of genealogy work. During the 1880's a gentleman from Massachusetts by the name of Boltwood began compiling a book on the Noble genealogy. The interests and efforts of this good man reached out to descendents on the Noble lines in Utah and surrounding territories. Grandfather Noble responded generously to the call to assist in compiling this record. He contributed much historical and valuable data to the contents of this book. He was also active in Temple ordinance work and devoted much time to this work. The clothing he used is now in the hands of the John W. Simmons family in Salt Lake City.

(note: In the spring of 1953, plans were made for a meeting of the descendents of Joseph Bates Noble, our beloved ancestor. Consequently, Apr. 3 1953 in the Thirteenth Ward Chapel Salt Lake City a large group of his posterity assembled. This first gathering of this large family had an historic setting, for in this locale Joseph B. Noble had served as first counselor to Bishop Edward Hunter in 1849, two years after his arrival in Salt Lake Valley. A fine representation of his families were present. Before the evening was over, the first Noble Family Genealogical Organization was formed, honoring our Utah Pioneer of 1847.

The officers chosen to head this family group were: Hazel Noble Boyack, Cheyenne, Wyoming, Pres.; Dr. Harold Glen Clark, Provo, Utah, First Vice Pres.; Dr. LeGrande Noble, Logan, Utah, Sec. and Treas.. As Temple Chairman, Irene Noble Rowan, Provo, Utah; Assistants Ora Simmons, Salt Lake City, Hattie Walton Heninger, Salt Lake City, and Gwenevere Miner Hickman, Magna, Utah.

The first project outlined by the officers of this organization was: To collect family group sheets of all descendents of Joseph Bates Noble. Today (although a few of his families have not as yet been put on records) there are two large binders listing approximately two thousand descendents that have been recorded.

The second objective was: To have an expert genealogist put on family group sheets the eight thousand recorded name in the Noble Genealogy, the work which Grandfather had given his full support and much time, and to have ordinance work completed in the Temples.

Today Sep 1961, this project is almost complete. All of the names have been recorded on family group sheets and put in the Index Bureau for clearing. Approximately seven thousand names have had baptisms, endowments, and sealings done for them. The remaining one thousand will be completed in a short time. The Noble family organization is proud of the work of its members.

A bigger work for the future lies ahead. in allied lines. Although re-search work has been done on all the lines we have undertaken to date, there are still many others. Our Motto, "Don't give up" should, in the future , yield to the Noble Family Organization a rich harvest of names. May these wonderful people, who are a part and parcel of this family group, with Dr. Harold Glen Clark now at the head, give to it through the coming years their full devotion and support.)

Jul 25 1887 Pres. John Taylor passed away in Kaysville, Utah. The funeral for this great and heroic man was held in the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City Jul 29. As one of the five speakers Bro. Noble paid tribute to his life and work and accomplishments.

The last official call that came to Joseph B. Noble was that of Patriarch in the Church. He was called to this office Jun 13 1897 and set apart by Joseph F. Smith. Through the years< Bro. Noble had filled all positions that had come to him in his life with honor and integrity, and as a tried and true veteran of the Restored Church.

The years were adding up in the life of this pioneer bro. and busy years they had been! He knew first hand the toil and struggle necessary to redeem this arid western land. He and his children had helped turn the first prairie sod in the valley, to plant and to reap, to build bridges and canals and roads, to assist in establishing schools and industries. He was ,a man of great energy and gave unstintingly of his strength and vitality to the noble cause of pioneering and the building up of Zion in the heart of the great West.

As a humble Church member, Joseph Bates Noble loved the Lord. He loved Missionary work with all his heart, and to it he gave a major portion of his life. He has left to a numerous posterity a royal legacy; that of faith industry and dedication to the cause of truth.

Patriarch Joseph Bates Noble passed away Aug 17 1900, age 91, at the home of his daughter, Eliza Noble Dalrymple, at Wardboro, Bear Lake Co. Idaho.

Aug 20 1900 the follow article in the Deseret News: " Aged Pioneer Laid to Rest at West Bountiful."

"Mr. Noble succumbed to old age, having borne the heat of ninety summers. He was one of the oldest members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, having been personally acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith. He was the father of the first child born in polygamy in this dispensation, and father of thirty children, nineteen of whom are still living.

"He was an honest, upright man and goes down to his grave at the end of life, full of years and integrity."

In Later years the body of this valiant Pioneer was brought to Salt Lake City and interred beside his wife Mary Beman Noble, she who shared his life and companionship in the epic march from Kirtland, Ohio, to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. In silence and shade of the beautiful Salt Lake Cemetery they rest together in peace.

Chapter 15

Brief Life Sketches Of The Wives Of Joseph Bates Noble

Life sketch of Mary Adeline Beman Noble

The founding of the Restored Church in this, last Gospel Dispensation, called forth a special kind of faith, devotion and courage in the early woman of Mormondom. To all those who followed the paths of the Saints from New York to Kirtland, Ohio; to Far West, Missouri; to Nauvoo, Illinois, and eventually to the Rocky Mountains: this epic journey entailed long periods of privation and hardship; bearing of children along the line of march, battling the elements, sickness and difficulties almost too great to bear. These experiences characterized the life and labors of my beloved grandmother, Mary Adeline Beman Noble

Born in Livonia, Livingston Co., New York Oct 19 1810, Mary Adeline was the sixth child in a family of eight children which consisted of two bro. and five sisters. No record is available of the five older members of this fine family. Her two younger sisters, Louisa and Artemesia, however were to play leading roles in the great drama of the Churches westward movement.

The parents of Mary Adeline, Alvah and Sally(or Sarah) Burtts Beman were prosperous farmers. They gave to their children every educational advantage of the period. Their home life was one of culture and refinement and the headquarters for Mormon Missionaries as they traveled to and from in this portion of New York state.

A few lines from the diary of lovely Mary Adeline gives us a pen picture of her girlhood.

"The earliest part of my life I spent in attending school. I did not like most of the children, idle away my time, but my time was devoted to my books. At the age of ten and twelve, I had a very good understanding of grammar and geography. At the age of fourteen I boarded out and attended a select school... The summer season my time was employed in domestic affairs of my father's family.

"During this time, I spent six months in a very interesting and select School, for six weeks I attended a grammar school at the close of which I, with one other person, received a recommend stating that we were well qualified to teach any school. In the Spring, when I was eighteen, I commenced teaching school...

"The next season I taught school in the neighborhood of my father's. This was in 1833. In the Fall and Winter of the same year I commenced keeping company wit Mr. Noble."

It was sometime in early Spring 1834 that the Prophet Joseph Smith came to New York in the interest of Zion's Camp movement. The Prophet Stayed at the Beman home. In Mary's diary she records her impressions of this great man, and in doing so she reveals the deep spirituality of her nature.

"In the spring of 1834, Bro. Joseph Smith came from Kirtland, Ohio, to my father's. This was the first time I had ever beheld a prophet of the Lord, and I can truly say at first sight I had a testimony within my own bosom that he was a chosen of God to bring a great work in the last days. His society I prized, his conversation was neat and divine to me... Never did I hear preaching sound so glorious to me as that did. I realized it was the Truth from Heaven, for I had a testimony of it myself.

After making the adventurous trek with Zion's Camp to Missouri in 1834, Joseph B. Noble returned to New York to claim his sweetheart, Mary Adeline. They were married Sep. 14 1834, at the home of her parents, in Avon, New York. Shortly afterwards they left for Kirtland, Ohio, to make their home. A year later a baby daughter, named Meriam, was born to them. This little child lived but a short time. To comfort his wife in her loss, Joseph Bates went to the home of his parents in New York and brought back a lovely little adopted child, named Susan, daughter of his sister, Eunice, This happy little child helped to ease the ache in the heart of Mary. Susan was reared to womanhood in the Noble home.

The Noble family made their home in Kirtland and vicinity until 1838. They were witnesses to the glorious events connected with the dedication of the Kirtland Temple. Here a second child, a son named Joseph Heber, was born to them. Early in 1838, the Kirtland Camp was organized principally for the removal of the members of The Seventies Quorum and their families.

The eventful march of this group (529 souls) began in early Jul. 1838. Mary Adeline was expecting her third child. At Huntsville, Missouri, Aug 20, another son, named Nephi was born. The hot, sultry weather made it hard on both mother and child. Eleven days after the birth, Mary Noble held this little babe in her arms for the last time. Somewhere along the line of march a little mound marked the route of travel. Mary Beman Noble's faith and conviction in the Gospel gave her the comfort and strength in this hour of sorrow.

After many long and tedious days, the Noble family arrived at Far West in early Oct. The entire area in Davis County was under siege by the mob which in the eviction of the Mormon people from the state of Missouri in the fall and winter of 1838-1839.

The bleak winter winds, insufficient food, caused severe suffering and much illness. The Noble family took refuge in some abandoned log barracks at Montrose, Iowa. Under these difficult circumstances another child was born to Mary Adeline. This frail little daughter lived but one day, and the tiny form was buried in the cemetery at Montrose, Iowa.

For two Years the Noble family lived in Montrose, just across the river from the rapidly growing city of Nauvoo, Illinois. In Feb. a fifth child, a son named Edward Alvah, was born. To preserve his life during the cold winter weather the mother wrapped him in a roll of cotton batting for the first few weeks. This child grew and flourished and was a great source of joy to his parents, who lost so many of their family. Sometime during the year 1841 the Noble family moved to Nauvoo, Where a choice site for a home had been purchased not far from the majestic Mississippi River.

The five year stay in beautiful Nauvoo City was an eventful period in the life of Mary Adeline Noble. Here she made many fine and choice friends.

She was of a refined and quiet nature, modest and charming in manner. As an excellent conversationalist, and her choice use of the English language, she met people easily and well. But her home and her family was scene of her triumphs. Here she exemplified the beautiful in wifehood and motherhood.

It was during this period also that Mary gave her consent to the marriage of her husband to two good and noble women, Sarah B. Alley and Mary Washburn, both of Nauvoo Mary Adeline brought an understanding heart into the patriarchal order of her husband's family. In the meantime two other children were born to her, Mary Adelia and Hyrum Brigham.

During her residence in Nauvoo, Mary Adeline kept a journal. Many significant entries were made by her friends. One of particular importance was made by Elder Wilford Woodruff, who personalized his autograph with a testimony on two pages of the journal.

A few lines from this testimony might be of interest to the readers: "... The Prophets and Apostles and all inspired men of God in every age of a theocratical government have looked and spoke and written respecting this generation with feelings of deepest interest. In 1830, the stone began to roll... It will continue to be propelled by the arm of Jehovah until the Kingdom fills the whole earth and Israel is gathered and Babylon falls and Christ reigns with his Saints...

"But before Zion becomes the joy of the whole earth, and the glory and Knowledge of God covers the earth as the waters do the deep, great tribulations will be felt by the inhabitants of the earth. Sword, famine, earthquakes, pestilence, hail, horrible tempests and fire will carry woe in it march. They that have riches will be as though they had none. All confidence of nations, countries, cities, villages and people will depart ... Judgements will begin at the house of God. Behold, O reader, the signs of the times. Seek meekness... See that no man takes thy crown. Trim thy lamp. Behold, the Bridegroom cometh. Go ye out to meet Him. May 17 1837 W. Woodruff."

Other important entries were from the pens of Eliza R. Snow, Sarah Kimball, Louise F. Whitney, and others.

When the great western exodus was imminent, Mary and her family entered into it with energy and good planning. Louisa Beman Smith, wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Journeyed West with the Noble family. Here again on this historic Journey, Mary B. Noble would be called to exhibit her patient endurance to hardship and intelligent conception to duty. The demands of this journey into the wilderness brought out the deep spirituality of her nature until it shone forth like a polished gem in the hands of an artist.

The winter 1846-1847 was spent at Winter Quarters, Nebraska. It was a trying and difficult period for the Saints. Here an infant son, Hiram Brigham, sickened and died Nov 6 1846. Today one might read his name inscribed with many

others, in this historic cemetery at Florence, Neb. It reads: "Hirum Brigham Noble , Age eighteen months." Out of a family of seven, now only one remained, Edward Alvah, age six years. In the autograph album of Mary A. Noble these few lines are found written to this child buried at Winter Quarters. It Follows:

*"My little Hiram, fare thee well,
There is no one your place can fill,
Your Lovely eyes, your golden hair,
Fast in my heart is in stamped there.
Beloved, you lived, beloved, you died,
Your father's joy, your mother's pride,
Beloved by all who did you see,
Sleep on my son, I'll patient be.*

*Yes, little Hiram, lovely one,
Rest in peace, 'till the trump shall sound,
Then thou shalt rise, shake off the dust,
And there be numbered with the Dust.*

Jun. 1847, was an eventful month at Winter Quarters. A great caravan of pioneer wagons headed West into the sunset along the route the route of the Old Oregon Trail. All in all it was a pleasant journey over the grass covered prairies of the beautiful Platte Valley. On the caravan moved toward Fort Laramie, the only spot in this great western wilderness, besides Fort Bridger, where supplies and help could be found.

Mary Adeline Noble was expecting her eighth child. Somewhere along the Trail, west of Fort Laramie, a little Daughter was born. She was christened Eliza Theodocia.

The dust laden pioneer wagons of Joseph and Mary Noble arrived in the Salt Lake Valley Oct 2 1847. This epic, history making journey at last was at an end! Before them lay a new challenge__ building a new home in the mountain valley of Utah.

The last child born to Mary and Joseph Noble was Jul. 31, 1849 in Salt Lake City. Little Benjamin was strong, healthy baby, and one of the three children of Mary Beman Noble to grow to maturity.

Pioneering a new home in the Valley was rugged and difficult task. The frail body of Grandmother could not withstand the heavy demands made upon her. Feb. 14, 1851, Mary Adeline Beman Noble passed away, a woman just forty one years of age. Her funeral was held in the Old Bowery, and Pres. Brigham Young preached the funeral sermon. The body of this valiant pioneer mother was laid to rest in the Salt Lake Cemetery. Her three Children were taken into the home of one of Joseph B. Noble's other wives.

Mary Adeline Noble possessed a rare type of faith and trust in her Heavenly Father. The Restored Gospel and her beloved family was her all. She faced up to the challenges of hardship and privation with a stoicism unexcelled. Her devotion and her understanding heart toward her husband in his life of many difficult problems; her tender , loving manner toward her family and friends, set her apart as one of the choice spirits of the earth.

Today, the numerous descendants of this "blue ribbon pioneer mother" arise and call her blessed.

To my beloved grandmother, Mary Adeline Beman Noble, and the other valiant women who bore her husband's name and trekked along the Old Trail to the West, this short Poem is humbly dedicated.

A Tribute:

*We salute you! Women of those early years,
Who struggled westward o'er the prairie sod,
Faithful to yor trust, you kept
Your courage high, sublime your Faith in God.
With plodding caravans you led the way,
Unyielding to the heat, the dust, the rain,
A frontier land demanded heavy toll
Of you who came to conquer, to reclaim.*

*Devoted, staunch, unsung Pioneers you,
Your bodies sorely taxed by heavy toil,
Bore, in travel, a child along the way
No force your visioned destiny could fil.
Where once the sovereign clumps old sage brush grew,
Proud cities, highways, mark the course today,
Where hunger, sickness, death, stalked hand in hand
Church spires rise, their silent tributes pay.
We honor you, Heroines of these early years,
And humbly offer now the homage due,
For courage, faith and strength to carry on.
We've reaped our cherished heritage from you.
H. N. Boyack*

Sarah B. Alley Noble

Sarah B. Alley was born Oct. 17, 1819 at Lynn, Essex Co., Massachusetts. She was the daughter of John and Mercy(or Marcy) Buffum Alley and was the eleventh child in a family of thirteen children. No information is available regarding the life of these good people in their home state of Massachusetts, or of the early girlhood of Sarah. We do know they moved to Nauvoo in the early period of the city's history.

In the Documentary History of the church, vol. 5, pg. 385, we read of the baptism of Sarah by the Prophet Joseph. Apr 5, 1843 Sarah Alley became the first plural wife of Joseph Bates Noble. About a year later this good woman gave birth to a son, George Omner Noble. This babe had the distinction of being the first child born of a polygamous union in this dispensation.

During those trying and dramatic days of Jan and Feb 1846 when every Latter-day Saint was eager to leave Nauvoo and escape the threats and demands of the mob, the Saints flocked to the Temple to receive their Endowments. Sarah Noble was among this faithful group. She was endowed Jan. 6 1846 in the Nauvoo Temple. She started west with the Saints in Feb 1846, And arrived at the site of Winter Quarters in the early fall of the same year.

The Demands of this hard journey across the Territory of Iowa made serious inroad on the health of this young woman. In the early winter of 1846 she became stricken with a serious illness that pervaded the Camp of Israel. Jan 1, 1847, she passed away and was buried atop a beautiful hill overlooking the course of the mighty Missouri. Here in this silent spot some six hundred other graves were made during those trying months at Winter Quarters. Her name is inscribed on the massive copper plaque that lists the names of those who gave their lives for the cause of the Gospel. It reads "Sarah Noble, age 27 years."

Sarah Alley Noble was a mild, lovely young woman, devoted to her family and to her Church, and one of the valiant women of early Mormondom.

Mary Ann Washburn Noble Whiting

By her granddaughter, Gwenevere Miner Hickman

Mary Ann Washburn became the third wife of Joseph Bates Noble in Nauvoo, Illinois, Sep. 8, 1843. Mary Ann was born of goodly parents. Her father was Abraham Washburn, son of Daniel Washburn of Mt. Pleasant, New York and Ann Wright Washburn of Bedford Co., New York.

Abraham Washburn married Tamer, his father's first cousin and daughter of Jesse and Susannah Tompkins Washburn of Mt. Pleasant, Westchester Co., New York. In the book, "Biographies of Pioneer Men" it tells that nine children were born to this union.

After marriage in Nauvoo, Mary Ann received her Endowments in the Nauvoo Temple Jan. 6, 1846. Later in the month she was sealed to Joseph Bates Noble, Jan 23, 1846 by Heber C. Kimball.

The first child, A little daughter, named Mary Elizabeth, was born in Nebraska Territory, as parents were enroute west. Mary Ann and her small child and her parents, emigrated to the Utah valley in 1848 in Capt. Mussers Company. After her arrival in the valley her second child, Tamer, was born in Deseret, Utah Territory Aug. 28 1849, but this little babe lived but two weeks.

Mary Ann's third child, Joseph Bates Noble Jr. was born three years later Oct. 19 1853 in Salt Lake City, and was the only member of her family to grow to Maturity. (He married Mary Etta Curtis and became the father of twelve children, ten of them living to rear families of their own).

The fourth child and second son Named Hyrum, was born on the Jun 11, 1855, In Salt lake City but this child lived four days. A fifth child Alfred, was born to this couple but the date of birth is not recorded. Dec 1855> little Mary Elizabeth, the first child added to Mary and Joseph Bates in Nebraska Territory, passed away. This added to Mary Anns's grief and mounting Hardships. She returned to her father's home taking her boy Joseph with her. Because of the difficulty between the parents, Joseph took the name of Washburn his middle name and he was known as Joseph Washburn Noble for the rest of his life.(however this was not a legal change so he now is recorded as Joseph Bates (Washburn) Noble Jr. on the church records).

What the trouble between Mary Ann and her husband is not recorded, or are we in any position to say or judge what happened. Two years after the death of her little girl, Mary Ann was sealed to Edwin Whiting, a good friend of the Washburn family, This took place in the Salt Lake Endowment House Apr 20 1857. She bore Edwin Whiting two children Daniel Abraham and Monroe Finch.

Grandmother Whiting, as we called her, did very fine hand sewing, especially on Temple clothes for herself and others. Her stitchings were unexcelled. She was known to be one of the best housekeepers. She died Oct. 10, 1882, a woman just fifty four years old, and was buried in Springville, Utah. She had many serious trials and hardships in her life. These are the word of Mary Whiting Smith, granddaughter of Mary Ann Washburn by Edwin Whiting.

Susan Hammond Ashby Noble

In Marblehead, Mass. lived the family of Edward and Rebecca Flack Hammond. One of the children of this fine family was a daughter named Susan. This lovely lady grew to womanhood in the town of her birth. The ancestors of Susan had been among the earliest settlers of Maine. Her family had given to Susan a fine heritage.

Susan met and married Nathaniel Ashby and became parents of a large worthy family. The Ashes were converted to Mormonism by Elder Erastus Snow who was then laboring as a missionary in the Eastern States. The Ashby family moved to Nauvoo, Ill. in 1843.

During the early 1840's the Nauvoo Temple was being rushed to completion. The Ashby family gave generously of their substance toward this wonderful cause. Susan had woven two rugs, one with a wreath of roses and one with a basket of flowers. These, together with a beautiful Brussels carpet, went into the Nauvoo Temple.

When the great western exodus began the Nathaniel Ashby's were among that devoted band that started West. Soon after leaving Nauvoo Nathaniel Ashby died on the plains near Bonaparte, Iowa. The family of this good man continued on to Winter Quarters where they met Joseph Bates Noble. They were married Mar 3, 1847.

Susan and family remained in Winter Quarters during the Winter and Spring of 1847-48. Jun 1848 Susan and her children started West and traveled in Erastus Snow's company to the Salt Lake Valley. On arrival they were met by Joseph B. Noble and taken into one of his homes in the North Fort. Here they were kindly received by Mary Noble and here the Ashby family lived for some time.

Nov 9, 1849, a daughter named Louisa Adeline was born to Susan and Joseph Bates Noble. This child grew to womanhood and later married Rodney Badger of Salt Lake City.

Feb 1851 when Mary Beman Noble died, Susan Ashby Noble took into her home the three motherless children of Mary and gave to them loving care. But Susan was not to live long herself. She passed away May 16, 1851, in Salt Lake City. The life of this good woman was an example of devotion and sacrifice to her family and to the Gospel she embraced. (Susan and J. B. Noble were married for Time Only).

Millicent London Noble

The marriage of Joseph B. Noble and Millicent London was solemnized Jun. 12, 1853, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Very little is known of her life except she was converted to the Gospel in eastern United States and emigrated to Utah. She was a faithful and devoted Latter-day Saint.

She was born Dec. 22, 1805. No children were born of this marriage.

Sketch of Julia Rozetta Thurston Noble

by Hattie Walton Heninger

In a clearing among the trees of a forest on the Western Reserve in Seneca Co., Ohio, was a log cabin around which children were playing. Autumn of that year blew in cold and a storm beat down through the curling smoke of the chimney, when a baby wail announced the arrival of Julia Rosetta. that was Nov. 21. 1841. her parents were Thomas Jefferson and Rozetta (Bull) Thurston.

Julia was only three years old when a stirring coincidence brought the Thurstons face to face with "Mormonism." They read in blazing head-lines across the newspapers of Ohio of the assassination of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and were astounded. Was it possible that such a crime could be committed in America, this boasted land of liberty? The press comments, alive with detail, stirred them with a deep sense of injustice at what they felt was murder without a lawful trial committed by an armed and blackened mob. Thomas Thurston said to his wife, "Rozetta, there must be something behind this and I mean to improve the first opportunity I have to investigate the matter." He did. He invited the elders to his home and many midnight hours of discussion were spent with them. Thomas and Rozetta were bible students of long standing whose daily custom was scripture reading before the evening prayer. Their hearts, thus attuned, were warmed with joy in the message the elders gave. Baptism soon followed and the whole family, except Julia and the baby, were baptized on the same day. (Oral story by Julia) In 1845 they sold out everything and moved to Nauvoo.

There in that darkened hour of church history Thomas J. Thurston used his money for the benefit of the poor. He built corn cribs and bought up much of the cheap corn selling at 25 cents a bushel and invited the poor in public meeting to come and help themselves. When the bins were lowered, he refilled them.

Julia faintly remembered Nauvoo and the distress of the people in the Mormon exodus. She did not realize that she was one of 20,000 people being driven from their homes for their belief in God. But fear, cold, and crackling ice under horses' hoofs in crossing the frozen Mississippi River Feb. 1846 registered a lasting impression.

On their way to the West, crossing the windy plains of Iowa, the Thurston wagons came to a stop. The stop was on Soap Creek in Van Buren Co. and the day was Jun. 1. The children played in the sunshine and hours later Julia was boosted into the wagon and there in her mothers arms was the face of a tiny baby sister. That baby born in a Prairie Schooner grew up to be Hulda Cordelia Smith and we owe her a debt of gratitude for the family history she recorded, some of which are guiding thoughts in this article.

Julia's memory of Winter Quarters was of loneliness and hunger. Her parents left her with the older brothers and sisters while they went back to Ohio to collect the money due them on the sale of their property. The log cabins they built had thatched roofs. In the winter they were covered with snow and when the spring sunshine melted the snow, the soaked roofs leaked muddy water on their bedding and food stuff. The dried peas, beans, corn, and fruit became water soaked and moldy. Their flour gave out and they had to parch the corn and grind it in a hand turned coffee mill. Corn meal "mush" has had a moldy memory for Julia ever since.

That winter a disease they called "black canker," swept through the city leaving many newly made mounds in the cemetery. On the way home the Thurstons heard at every camping ground of this dreadful disease. Reports were that it was taking hundreds of lives. Anxiety for their children were grave. When near Winter Quarters they went to cemetery out-side of town and studied every headstone before going to their children. The home coming found all well except Julia who was thin and pale from the plague and short rations.

The Thurstons traveled with the Jedediah M. Grant company to Salt lake arriving Oct. 1847. Mother Thurston drove a team all the way across that desert waste when often only 10 or 15 miles were made in a day. Julia said there was a little pig in a box strapped under the wagon and a cow bellowing on a leash behind. She said, "Mother snatched her babies from death when a Buffalo Stampede crashed through the camp turning hearts cold with fear and breaking the tongue of mother's wagon." When the trip was ended they drove their teams inside the fort in Salt Lake City and lived in their covered wagons through the winter. A bowery was their first place of worship and first civic center too.

Julia's memory of her girlhood home in Centerville was a friendly fireplace, the dim glow of tallow candles, her father's voice reading aloud the Bible, the magic fun of matching wits with multiplication tables and contests in spelling, knitting always while they learned. The spinning wheel was her mother's pride and weaving a specialty which Pres.

Brigham Young appraised as beautiful. He gave her 100 pounds of wool to weave on shares. It was then Julia really learned to card, spin, and weave.

Julia had always known Bishop Joseph Bates Noble and it seemed destiny marked them for companions. In obedience to the higher law of marriage she became his plural wife Jan 15 1856.

Historical events in the church history brightened and darkened their lives as time moved on. The coming of Johnston's Army drove them from their home with thousands of others they were camped in the crudest kind of shelters some where south of Salt Lake City. It was under these circumstances far from a home, this sixteen year old mother gave birth to her first baby. With help of friendly mothers this birthday experience, bitter at the time, turned out fairly well and the baby, Josephine, grew lovelier day by day. Julia saw suffering, distress, poverty, privation and neighbors dressed in rags, She saw clothing made of guuuy sacks, worn out tent canvas, rag carpets and any thing that would shed the cold Mar. winds. They welcomed spring, the green herbs, the sego lily roots and when mushrooms sprang up in abundance some said it seemed like "manna from heaven."

When the war clouds cleared away the people led by Pres. Brigham Young moved back to Salt Lake City and the counties North. Julia's second child, Harriet, who became the writer's mother...was born in Salt Lake City in 1860.

Other clouds hung heavy over the plural marriage families and Bishop Noble took Julia and her little daughters to Morgan to live. Her third child, Sarah Maria, and later her son Charles were born in hiding at Milton. Anxiety, her children, an afflicted son, poverty, lonesome mingled with sorrow and the unknown future of marriage relations were dark moments in her life. Discontent crept deep in Julia's heart and finally divorce seemed the only thing she could do.

Her second husband was Jacob Arthurs who owned and operated a saw mill at Hardscrabble. He built a log cabin there for Julia and Benjamin Davis and family lived with them. Hardscrabble canyon is four miles above "Devils Gate." It was known as Arthurs' Canyon. There was a swift running creek in the canyon and three years after their marriage, their tiny daughter, Elizabeth, was drowned in it angry waters. Other children were born in the canyon. Another lost his life in the same river in the same river. It was the 13 year old son of Benjamin Davis. The morning it happened, Julia had gone with Mrs. Davis and the children to gather greens across the river. It had swollen high with spring thaws. The boy cut down a sapling in full leaf and in dragging it through the water on the single plank foot bridge he was over balanced with his leafy weight and fell in . Julia ran for help stumbling over slippery ruts on the canyon road to Walton's Mill. Danie Walton quickly closed the mill and called all hands out to help. Andrew and Ossion Walton made grappling hooks but it was three weeks before they found the little body. (Told by Emma Walton Proter, a witness).

As the years went by and the timber line gradually receded, logging was more difficult and making a living really was a hardscrabble. Mr. Arthurs tried his luck in Park City and elsewhere before he made a decision to "seek a fortune" in Alaska. He left Julia and the children before her son Peter Franklin was born in 1878. Whether misfortune or death came to him, Julia did not know. She never heard from him again. (fam. Rec. of Elizabeth (Arthur) Gibby.)

Julia married her third husband , Samuel Cowan, in a pretty setting in her sister Caroline Fry's home in Ogden. It was Christmas day in 1881. She pioneered with him in freighting days of Montana. In Butte, a baby son William was born and died at the lovable age of fifteen months. Ida their next child, was born in Billings and she lived only nineteen months. Julia was living in Helena , a widow in 1888 when her daughter Harriet persuaded her to bring her little ones Lizzie and Eddie and live in Scofield.

Julia was youthful and hide and seek, played with the children on moonlight nights was exciting when grandma was "it." She won the love of her family and friends with a sunny disposition, one that withstood in every way, the crucial test of life and the loss of six of her twelve children. Julia's daughter, Sarah, said her mother was revealed to her father, Joseph Bates Noble, in the Logan Temple and that her picture was taken the same day. We have the Picture. (Nolan P. Olsen recorder.)

She was true to herself and proved an undying faith in the gospel when she sought rebaptism. The ceremony was performed in Scofield Jul 6 1889 by William G. Morgan (f Utah. pt. 11). She was a visiting teacher in the Relief Society, a Sunday School teacher, ward choir member and a temple worker in the Logan Temple. The evening of her life was spent with her daughter, Elizabeth Gibby in Roy, Utah where she died Dec 26 1916. She was buried in the Thurston family plot at Morgan, Utah.

A Brief Life Sketch Of Loretta Mecham Noble

By Her Granddaughter, Ora Egan Simmons

Sylvia Loretta was the daughter of Joseph Mecham and Hannah Ladd Tyler Mecham. She was born Jan. 4, 1838 in Delaware, Mercer Co., Pennsylvania. Her Grandfather was with the Saints in Kirtland, Ohio, Independence, Missouri, and Nauvoo, Illinois. Very little has been recorded of their experiences, but the fact that they were there and remained faithful, speaks volumes for their characters and physical endurance.

Sylvia Loretta's father was one of the body guard of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He also had the great privilege of receiving his endowments in the Nauvoo Temple Feb 7, 1846.

The mother of Sylvia Loretta passed away at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Dec 7, 1846, and was buried under a big tree. Loretta only eight years old but she remembered all her life seeing her mother laid away in the ground. Ten children were left, the baby being only three years old.

Joseph Mecham and family remained at Council Bluffs until Spring of 1852. Here they built the first log house. They were requested by Brigham Young to stay at this place and plant crops for the emigrant Saints as they made their way to the Valley. "Rettie" as she was called by her family and friends, helped her father tend traps as he was a trapper as well as a farmer. She used to tell how frightened she was of the snakes on the river bank.

The Mecham family arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in 1852. They later moved to Pine Canyon and Etee City, Tooele Co. Utah. For a while they lived in a log house with a dirt roof. At one time the whole family was down with the measles. A heavy rainstorm came up and the roof gave away. Some of the children ran outside in their night clothes bare feet but received no bad effects from the exposure.

At first the family did not have a stove. They banked coals on the bricks in front of the fireplace, put dough in the baking Kettle or skillet, then back on the coals to cook. A dish of beef tallow with a lighted cord or twisted rag was all they for light for ten years. They would warm a board in the fireplace, take it outside and stand upon it while they chopped wood. They slept on straw ticks, went barefooted and bare headed at times during the winter months, and were indoors five or six months when the weather was severe.

But industry and cheerfulness was the keynote of these Pioneer families. They made their clothing from sheep wool, Harvested the wheat with a cradle and threshed it with a club.

Loretta's immediate family consisted of her father, her stepmother Aunt Libbie and older brothers and sisters. It was while Loretta lived in Salt Lake City that she met Joseph Bates Noble. They were married Jan. 4, 1857, five years after her arrival in the Valley. At the time of her marriage she was nineteen years old. Joseph and Loretta made their residence on 4th East in Salt Lake City. Here two little daughters were born to them Susan Vilate and Elnora.

In 1962 Joseph B. Noble moved his wife and children to Bountiful, Davis Co., Utah, then called Sessions Settlement. Here the family and probably the three children of Mary Adeline Beman Noble, who had passed away in 1851, lived in a two room adobe house which was built on the farm. Ben Noble, the youngest of Mary's children, doing the carpenter work. Later the large adobe house was built in West Bountiful.

Life on the Noble farm typified industry and good planning. One year Joseph B. Noble won a cider mill as a prize for the greatest variety of fruit grown on ten acres. After that hundreds of gallons of molasses was made. The children stripped the cane, the men hauled it and two or three hundred gallons of molasses was made. Wool was cut from the pelts, scoured and spun. Hose were made for the whole family. Loretta often Knit a whole sock while traveling from bountiful to Salt Lake City by ox team. She was a fine seamstress, making all the clothes for the family. She was also an expert at the spinning wheel and wove the cloth used for the family clothing. "Rettie" was hard working, devoted, Prayerful wife and mother. She was also known as an excellent cook.

Sylvia Loretta became the mother of eleven children: Susan Vilte, Elnora, Bates Mecham, Mary Beatrice, Erastus Alma, Artemesia, Frank Mecham, Loretta Sylcia, William Wallace, Joseph Parley and Zina Pearl. She was 76 years of age. She was laid to rest in the family plot at Bountiful, Utah.

Tamma, The Mother Of Marriette Curtis, The Wife Of Joseph Bates Noble Jr.

Later known as Joseph Washburn Noble.

The following is taken from the Autobiography of Tamma Durfee: "my father's name was Edmond Durfee, He was born in Rode Island Oct 3 1788. My mother was born Jun 6 1788. Her name was Lanna Pickle. I was born in the State of New York, Madison Co. Town of Lenos, Mar 6 1813 and lived there until I was nine years old, and then we moved to Oswego county. Father bought some land, built a house, made a small farm and worked at his trade that was mostly carpenter and millwright. We lived there until the 1st of Jun 1820 and bought more land. There were many maple trees on it and we made lots of maple sugar. Then father wanted to go west so he sold out and started for Ohio... We went to Huron county and went to work to make a home and the next winter, 1831 we heard about the Mormons and the gold Bible. The next spring Solomon Hancock came in and joined with us, The Methodists and Campbellites and he would preach in our meeting. This was in Apr 1831 and my father Edmond Durfee was baptized about the middle of May. My mother and sister Martha and brother Edmond Durfee was baptized about the first of June by Solomon Hancock.

" I was a Mormon in belief but was not baptized until Dec 1831, and will tell you the reason I was not baptized. I was keeping company with a good young man, as I thought, and I was told he said he would not have a Mormon wife; so I waited until after I was married. I went to Mormon meetings and sometimes to the Methodist "till the 9th of Aug 1831, when I was married to Albert Miner. Afterwards we got along first rate and we went to meetings to one place and sometimes to the Mormons, "til Dec 1831, When my father was going on a mission to the State of New York and He baptized me before going. Albert was baptized the first of Feb 1832.

My oldest daughter Polly was born May 1 1832. Father Sold his farm and all his possessions and started for Kirtland, Ohio on the first day of May 1833. We bought a farm and built us some houses and prepared to live there. My husband helped to haul stone every Saturday for a long time to build the Temple. My oldest boy was born Oct 22 1833. We named him Orson. On the 4th day of Jun 1835 I had a son born. We called him Moroni and Joseph Smith blessed him. They were still building the Temple. I had a girl born Jun 18 1836. We called her Silva. I had a boy born Sep 26 1837 we Called Mormon... That fall Albert had a sick spell. The last of Jan he got better so he could ride in a sleigh on a bed and I held the umbrella over him, and with two children on my lap, we went 80 miles from Kirtland to Huron county New London, Where Albert's" folks lived. Albert got better there in May. Albert went back to Kirtland and sold his farm. We started for Far West about the middle of Jun 1838 Silva died about the first of Oct 1838..."

Albert Miner, wife and five children got to Missouri the first of Sep 1838 and lived on Log Creek, six from Far West, but due to further persecutions they crossed over to Quincy and went up the river to a place called Lima. The story continues: "While a t Lima I had a girl born Jan 12 1840 and we called her Matilda. We stayed there one year from the next Sep and got along the best we could. I had a boy born Sep 7 1841 and called him Alva L. The next spring we sold out and my husband bought a place four miles east of the temple in Nauvoo... we lived there where we could go to meeting and back at night. I had a boy born Jun 12 1843. We called him Don C. We were there in 1844 when Joseph and Hyrum were martyred. The Nauvoo Temple was completed, then the mobs became violent again. They did kill several and drive them from Lima. They shot my father Edmond Durfee and killed him instantly on the night of Nov 19 1845...The men from Nauvoo got their teams and started for Lima. They traveled all night and day to get the families that had been turned out of doors. My husband was one that traveled all night and day to get the families that had been turn out of doors. He took a chill and was sick a long time.

On Mar 5 1846 I had a girl born and called her Melissa. The mob gathered every little while and threatened all the time how they would drive out the Mormons. At last a great many left, not knowing where they were going to hunt a place in the wilderness beyond the Rocky Mountains. The first of May we moved to town, and sold our place for a yoke of cattle and a wagon thinking to start on in two or three weeks, but the mob gathered every week on the public square close to our house...

During the time of the exodus from Nauvoo, Melissa Miner died at the age of seven months. The Miners then went on to Iowaville where they stayed through the winter and where Albert found work hauling and running a ferry boat.

"When my baby died I took sick and never sat up only to have my bed made for four months. My husband thought of moving to Bluffs but a good many came back to get work so he cut and put up some for his stock and then said he would go back to Ohio to see all his folks. He started afoot to the Mississippi River alone, short of means... He was gone ten weeks... He came home very unwell and being gone so long he was homesick and tired and had walked in the rain all day.

"Polly was now fourteen years old and took care of the family of nine and waited on me while I was sick and while her father was gone. Not feeling very well when he came home he thought he would feel better after he rested but he grew worse. He would try to work a half day and go to bed the other half. He came home about May 17 1847. He would be first better then worse till at last he dropped of suddenly. That was a hard blow for we thought he was getting better. I, and the children, thought a better man never lived, a kind good- natured, free hearted, industrious man. He won friends and was genius at doing anything he saw anyone else do. Alma, and the little boys said, "which way shall we go? We will not know the way." Albert was born in New York mar w1 1809 in Jefferson county. His father's name was Asel Miner. His mother's name, Sylvia Monson.

"As Polly and Orson were the oldest, they had to take the lead and go and plan. Albert, my husband died Jan 3 1848. He had been so anxious to go to the Bluffs and keep up with the church, so my children and myself went to work and got things together and the next Jul 1848, came to Council Bluffs. We stayed there two years and got things together to come to the valley.

"I, and my five boys and two girls, started with one hundred wagons Jun 10 1850. We traveled across the plains with ox teams. We had many a hard struggle although got along much better than we anticipated. The first of Sept. we landed in Salt Lake without any home or anyone to hunt us one. We were very lonesome indeed. We stayed with Father and Mother Wilcox two weeks, when Enos Curtis came along and said he would furnish me and my children a home. That was what we needed for it was coming winter. We were married Oct 20 1850. We lived on the Jordan the first winter and I, and my children, all had erysipelas in the throat and my oldest boy, Orson, died with it on Mar 5 1851. He had driven the team across the plains foe me and he was a kind and good natured a boy as ever lived. The next April we moved to Springville, got a farm and a place to build. We got along first rate. We had gone into wilderness trying to build up the Kingdom. On Oct 18 1851, I had a girl born and called her Clarissa Curtis. We lived there and the boys grew and Enos Curtis, my husband, his boys and mine all worked together raising wheat and grain and the stock paid their tithing. I had a girl born Feb 23 1853. We called her Belinda Curtis. the next spring Enos went to Iron County with Brigham Young and company.... In 1855 I Had a pair of twin girls naming one Adelia and one Amelia.

The next spring my husband complained of not feeling well but kept on working for a while till at last he gave up. After a time he began to take something and thought he was better, then he got worse. He lived until the first day of Jun 1856, when he passed away just like going to sleep. Myself, and four boys and three little girls, were left to keep house. We still lived in Springville City, farmed and raised our wheat and stock and paid out tithing. I raised the little girls all but one. She took sick and died before her father died. She was Adelia. one of the twins

" In 1857 I Married John Curtis at April Conference and I had a girl born Jan 16 1858, Called her Arriette, I had five boys and four girls by Albert Miner, Four girls by Enos Curtis and one girl by John Curtis. Belinda Curtis died Nov 17 1873. We still lived in Springville.

I have passed through all the hardships and drivings and burnings and mobbings and threatings and have been with the Saints in all persecutions from Huron county to Kirtland and from Kirtland to Missouri back to Illinois and then across the desert. I write this that my children may have a little idea of what their parents passed through. I hope my children will appreciate these lines for I do feel highly honored to be numbered with the Latter-day saints...".

On Jan 30 1885 Tamma Durfee Miner passed away at the age of nearly seventy-two years leaving a large posterity. By life of virtue and unflinching integrity she endeared herself to all. Jos. W. Noble

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