Francillo Durfee/Durfey
Mariam Jones Cynthia Harrington Elias Bowen

Preface

This history is offered in an attempt to help the descendants of Francillo Durfee\Durfey have a better idea of the eventful life and the great sacrifices and trials of this outstanding man and his wives. There are several excellent short histories of Francillo and his family. So far we have not found any information written by Francillo himself, but he is mentioned frequently in the journals of his contemporaries and in several books. It has also been possible to place the family during specific events in Church History.

"Durfee," "Durfey," "Durffy" and other spellings have been used interchangeably from the time of the immigrant ancestors. During this time period, people spelled phonetically, and it is not uncommon to find various spellings of the same name. The spelling of each particular document has been retained. The Jarvis Johnson and Bowen family histories refer to Francillo as "Frank." While this may have been the name by which his family knew him, the other histories and references list him as "Francillo." Any discrepancies found between the various histories will be noted and the supporting arguments for each case presented. (Any corrections or additions to this manuscript, whether typographical or informational, will be greatly appreciated. Email: durffam@atcnet.net).

Introduction

Francillo was a remarkable man who lived through a turbulent time in history. As his Puritan and Quaker ancestors some two hundred years earlier, Francillo left his home and family in search of religious freedom, helping to carve a new civilization out of the wilderness. Though he lived only fifty eight years, his life was full of demanding challenges and exciting adventure. His wives, Mariam Jones and Cynthia Harrington Bowen, each shared a separate part of his life. Both were courageous women who sacrificed much for the gospel they had embraced, and they willingly supported their husband in his responsibilities. The influence of Cynthia's first husband, Elias Bowen, also had a great impact in the lives of the two families, now joined.

Early Life

Francillo was born 17 May 1812, the youngest of nine children born to Ebenezer and Sarah Newton Durfee. Ebenezer, a veteran of the Revolutionary War, was twenty-five when he married nineteen year old Sarah in Ellington, Tolland, Connecticut. Their first five children (Polly, Sally, Prosper, Ebenezer Jr., and Lorinda) were born in Ellington. About 1796, Jedediah, Ebenezer's older brother, moved west to the frontier settlement of Lincoln, Addison, Vermont, and enticed Ebenezer and Sarah to join him. In 1801, Ebenezer, Asa Meader, and Nathan Hoag "located in the east part of the town, calling their settlement 'Elder Hill,' on account of the abundant quantities of sweet elders which grew there. Their wives came the following spring" (History of Lincoln County).
Their son, Milo, was born about the time Sarah joined Ebenezer in Lincoln. Two years later, seven-year-old Lorinda died. Between 1806 and 1812, three other children, Melinda, Dennis, and Francillo, were born. Francillo's oldest sister was nearly twenty years older than him, and his youngest brother Dennis was four years older, so Francillo was closer in age to his nieces and nephews than to most of his siblings (Ebenezer Durfee Family Group Sheet).

Lincoln, Addison, Vermont

Lincoln was located in the Green Mountains of Vermont. For all its beauty, the settlement was isolated and undeveloped and its climate harsh. The first several years were difficult ones for the pioneers. Middlebury, the nearest town, was twenty miles away over undeveloped roads; everything had to be freighted in and out with drags or sleds. The winters were long with much snow, and the growing season was very short. In 1816, it froze every month, with a deep snow falling on the sixth of June. The crops were a failure, and the families were worried about how they would be able to get supplies for the winter. The men and boys worked long hours felling the red elm trees which grew in great abundance, burning them and leaching the ashes for potash to sell in Boston and other markets. They used the money to buy much needed supplies. Ebenezer was a cooper, or barrel maker, and he and his sons made most of the barrels for the potash. Francillo learned the skill from his father and would later sustain his family by working as a cooper. The woods were thick with game, especially deer, rabbits, and partridges. All of the men and boys, including Francillo, became expert at using the flint-lock musket. It was said that "a sight at the deer at a reasonable distance was sure death to him" (History of Lincoln).

The women were no less hardy and hard working. The following story was recorded about Sarah, but no date was given.

> Mrs. Ebenezer Durfey being very anxious to assist her husband in the support of the family through the winter, wove for a man in Ferrisburgh thirty-two yards of cloth in a hand-loom, putting in and beating up the filling thread by thread, for one bushel of rye. She went on horseback to Ferrisburgh to deliver the cloth and get the rye, carrying with her an infant only six months old, and came home by a grist-mill in Starksboro to get it ground. The miller, learning how hard she had labored for it, and how very small the pay for the labor, ground it without taking toll (History of Lincoln, p. 4).

The settlers made improvements in their town; one of the first was the building of a small log schoolhouse which was located near the graveyard. One history indicated that Francillo's Aunt Olive was the first teacher there, but the records show that Olive was his cousin, the daughter of Jedediah, and not his aunt (L.D.S. Family). Francillo attended school there, receiving "a good education for those days" (Marble). His favorite sport was ice skating on Lake Champlain (Marble). The lake was about twenty five miles away from Lincoln. Such a distance over undeveloped roads seems too far for Francillo to have traveled just to ice skate. Ebenezer moved to Westport, New York (a town on the southwestern point of Lake Champlain) when Francillo was about 19 years old, and he may have referred to that time as "being a boy". He also liked to skate on the New Haven River (Marble).

Francillo and Mariam

Francillo married Mariam Jones on 4 May 1831, just thirteen days before his nineteenth birthday. Mariam was nearly twenty-two. She was born 29 August 1809 in Pittsfield, Rockingham, New Hampshire. Unfortunately, little is known about Mariam outside of her birth and death dates. We don't even know her actual name as there are several variations listed, including Miriam, Marion and Mariana. She was probably named after her father's aunt, Miriam Jones Barton (John Jones

Family Group Sheet) but her granddaughter, Alice Durfee Rice, and Francillo Jr.'s granddaughters recorded her name as Mariam. Mariam was the seventh of either ten or eleven children born to Joseph and Ruth Peasley or Peaslee Jones. (Information on their family group sheet is not complete.) Joseph and Ruth were married in Pittsfield and lived there until about 1804 when they moved to Hillsboro County, New Hampshire, for about three years before returning to Pittsfield. Mariam's ancestors on both sides were early settlers in New England (Family Group Sheets). Her grandfather, Jacob Jones, was a Quaker and well known in New England as an expert clock builder (History of Pittsfield). Her father, Joseph, learned the trade from his father. At some point after their children were born, Joseph and Ruth moved to Lincoln, Vermont, but there is no record as to when they came or how long they stayed (Kevin Durfee, p. 3).

Francillo and Mariam set up housekeeping in Lincoln. Francillo probably supported the family by farming and working as a cooper (Kevin, p. 4). Their first child, Myron Bushnell, was born there on 22 December 1832. Henry Dennison was born on 6 September 1833, in Westport, Essex, New York. Westport was about 40 miles from Lincoln, and many people had moved there for employment in the rapidly developing iron industry (Kevin, p. 4). Ebenezer had moved there in about 1831. By 1835, Francillo and Mariam had returned to Lincoln where Richard James was born on the ninth of June. He died just seven months later (2 January 1836). James Madison was born in Lincoln on 10 January 1837, just a year after the death of Richard James. Their first daughter, Marion Braidfoot, was born on 10 May 1839, in Bristol, a town about five miles from Lincoln (Francillo Durfee Family Group Sheet).

Conversion and Joining with the Saints

In 1840 Sisson Chase, a missionary of the newly established Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, arrived in Lincoln. He converted many members in that area, baptizing Francillo and Mariam in that same year. Several of Francillo's family also joined the church at that time, including his sister Melinda and her husband, Josephus Hatch, their children and several members of Josephus' family. Lucina Roberts, the daughter of Francillo's oldest sister Polly was baptized, as well as Francillo's cousins, Royal and William R., sons of Jedediah Durfee. Some of the children of his uncle, Joseph Durfee, may also have been baptized (IGI, Ancestral File, Infobases Family History Suite, Internet Correspondence with Sandra Nolan).

Francillo was ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood on 5 June 1841 by Sisson Chase (Latter Day Saint Family, p. 19). In the summer of 1842, Sisson Chase led the "Vermont Party" of newly converted Saints, including the Durfees, to Nauvoo, Illinois, the gathering place of the early Church members.

Nauvoo

On 1 October 1842, about the time Francillo and his family entered Nauvoo, the Times and Seasons published the following description of the city:

For three or four miles up the river and about the same distance back in the country, Nauvoo presents a city of gardens, ornamented with dwellings, and a population of 14 or 15,000 people. Two steam mills have been put in operation this season and many other buildings for mechanical labor (qtd. By Kevin, p.6)

Jacob Scott, a convert from Canada, described the conditions in Nauvoo during the Durfee's first winter there:

> We had a long and cold winter, pretty good sleighing for months. Great preparations are made, and making to prosecute with ardour the temple and Nauvoo House. Land prices in Nauvoo are rising fourfold (for the saints are gathering so fast from different states, and Europe.) Provisions are very cheap. The city, and the country around it is swarming with the saints (qtd by Kevin Durfee, p. 6).

Nehole, a famous lecturer and traveler of the time, wrote of his visit to Nauvoo in the Salem Advertiser:

> I sought in vain for anything that bore the marks of immorality, but was both astonished and highly pleased at my ill success. I saw no gloomy countenance; all were cheerful, polite, and industrious (qtd. By Kevin Durfee, p. 6).

Francillo and his family lived in the eastern portion of the city, near the outskirts of town. Some early family group sheets show them as living in Golden's Point, about 10 miles south of Nauvoo. Golden's Point was established by members of the Church in 1842. (josephsmithpapers.com/places-goldens-point). Francillo was a member of the Third Municipal Ward of the Church (Kevin, p. 7) and ordained an elder in the 6th Quorum of Seventies on 9 Apr 1844 by President Joseph Young (Latter Day Saint Family, p. 19). Records show that he paid $18.00 of city taxes for the years 1842-1844. Eight dollars of the tax were for one cow, and the remaining ten dollars for other properties, such as furniture or tools of the trade. He signed several city petitions requesting improvements to streets and other facilities (Kevin Durfee, p.7).

Francillo and Mariam received their Patriarchal Blessings while in Nauvoo. (Punctuation and spelling are retained.)

> Blessing
> Given by Hyrum Smith at Nauvoo, Ill,
> March 6th 1843
>
> The Patriarchal Blessing of Miriam Durfey, daughter of Joseph and Ruth Jones, born in Pittsfield, Rockingham County, New Hampshire August 29th 1809. Sister Miriam I lay my hands upon your head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth and place and seal a blessing upon you that the desires of your heart may in part be realized, behold you are blessed and shall be numbered with the blessed, and shall have a name and a place with the sanctified when your days of trial shall have ended, and in the days of your probation your calling and election shall be made sure and the past shall suffice and in future prosperity shall begin and spring up round about you, that your heart may be fully satisfied of the bounties received by the hand that hath sustained you in the days of your perils and of weakness. The same to begin not far hence both in your house in your habitations even unto the field and unto the flocks and in basket and in store and in the labor of your hands and in health which shall spring up around about you, and in the spirit and by the spirit and its communion in dream, in visions, in fellowship in communion with the saints, also, henceforth, if your faith fail not as it now is and you shall be blest also in the benefits derived from the Priesthood; and from your inheritance and the blessings

unto your Children, and the name that shall be had in honour until the latest generation shall be received and had in common with your husband being an heir of promise and to the same inheritance. And you shall be blessed with days and years to be multiplied upon your head if you will but ask and they shall be given you. Now I seal you unto eternal life to come forth in the celestial at the sounding of the first trump. Even so, Amen. James Sloan, clerk

The Patriarchal blessing of Francillo Durfey, son of Ebenezer and Sarah Durfey, born in Lincoln, Addison Co. Vermont May 17, 1812

Brother Francillo I lay my hands upon your head, in the name and by the authority given me of Jesus Christ, to bestow upon you a blessing which is called Patriarchal and in unison with the promises obtained by faith in the days of your ancient fathers, the same cometh unto you in your days, in honour to the lineal descent, wherein the Priesthood is your right, being of the seed and lineage of the tribe of Manassah, therefore, I bless you with that seal of promise in that connection wherein you are to receive your inheritance, & the honour of your eternal felicity, through which you are to receive your Priesthood & the numbering of your posterity when you shall be called unto the genealogy which are written in the Chronicles of your brethren & you shall be blest with the Holy Priesthood, with its gifts & graces in due time being attended with its divine honours, even unto its fulness & shall go forth & come forth from places unto places & shall prosper in the way, & shall save yourself & your house & your fathers house that remain from this untoward generation, & shall redeem wherein redemption remaineth in the day of redemption according to the power of your Priesthood, and shall come up in your testimony, & receive the anointing which is a seal of the Priesthood & as a preperation for your burial, a seal as the Lord's anointed & an inducement according to the calling wherein you may be chosen to stand upon Mount Zion in the New Jerusalem & you shall be blessed in your avocations Spiritually & Temporally, never the less you are not exempt from the days of your tribulation. These are the promises for you and your children after you & by them shall your name be perpetuated & as to your days & years & your inheritance as touching your days of probation shall be according to your faith, never the less they shall be many. These blessings I seal upon your head even so Amen.
Given by Hyrum Smith at Nauvoo, Ill. March 6, 1843 James Sloan, Clerk

Persecution

Their peace was short lived; Francillo, Mariam and their family were soon caught up in the tragic events surrounding the martyrdom of the Prophet and Hyrum. In his later years, Francillo told of seeing the prophet draw his sword, declaring that he would "spill every drop of blood in his body before he would see the Saints persecuted" (Marble). On June 27, 1844, the prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were martyred in the Carthage Jail, a few miles from Nauvoo. The Durfees lined the streets with the thousands of other mourners to watch the procession which carried the bodies back to Nauvoo. "Many were weeping and visibly distressed; there was a sense of hopelessness and deep sorrow as they watched the horsemen and the two wagons move along the

street between the rows of mourners" (Kevin, p. 8). Francillo and Mariam were among the "living stream" of grieving saints who entered the Mansion House to view the bodies and pay their respects.

Conditions continued to deteriorate in Nauvoo. Those who had supposed the deaths of Joseph and Hyrum would put an end to the Church became alarmed when it seemed to become even stronger. Thousands more Saints poured into the city, and work on the temple progressed at a frantic pace. Governor Thomas Ford lamented that "the murder of the Smiths, instead of putting an end to...the Mormons...only bound them together closer than ever...(giving) them new confidence in their faith" (Iowa, p. 35). Anti-Mormon sentiment increased, and threats of violence were everywhere. The Bloomington Herald reported, "Not content with the inhuman murder of the two Smiths, the anti-Mormons still thirst for blood and are supposed to be laying plans for driving them from the country, or destroying their lives and property" (Iowa, p. 35). Mobocrats petitioned the governor to expel the Mormons from Illinois, and Ford warned the leaders that it would "be good policy for your people to move to some far distant country...I do not foresee the time when you will be permitted to enjoy quiet." Four hundred men were assigned to protect the temple from attack, and no stranger was allowed to come close to the temple (Iowa, pp. 35-36).

On 18 March 1845 a second daughter was born to Francillo and Mariam. They named her Emma. All around them hostilities increased, and the mobbers became more violent. Bathsheba Smith, living in Nauvoo, wrote of the persecution of the Saints in the outlying areas.

> Not content with the cruel wrongs inflicted, our persecutors continually annoyed us, but not withstanding this, rapid progress was made on the temple and Nauvoo House until September 1845, when the mob burned one hundred and seventy-five houses belonging to our people in Hancock County...The people who had their houses burned fled into Nauvoo for shelter (Iowa, p. 38).

Francillo's home was one of those burned. He was gone for supplies when mobbers turned Mariam and the children out of their home and burned their cabin. Mariam, still weak from Emma's birth, caught pneumonia and died on 27 September 1845. She was just thirty-six years old. Her grieving husband was left with five motherless children ranging in age from six months to thirteen years old. Her gravesite is unknown (Histories of Francillo Durfee). Carol Ann Bessire, a descendant of Francillo, reported that during a visit to Nauvoo, her niece tried to find Mariam's grave. Mariam is listed as being buried in the Nauvoo Cemetery, but many of the headstones had been piled up on the perimeter of the cemetery, making it impossible to know exactly where she was buried. (Bessire, 2005).

Exodus

The deadliness of the September attacks made it clear to the Church leaders that they would have to leave Nauvoo the next spring. They began to make preparations for an orderly exodus, appointing company captains and dividing the people into groups for travel. They set up assembly lines for the building of 3,500 wagons, advertised for a thousand yoke of oxen, and offered to exchange over twenty thousand acres of farm land for supplies or money for the journey. The leaders anticipated having to move between 15,000 and 16,000 Saints (Iowa, p. 39).

Even as they prepared for the journey west, the Saints labored faithfully on their temple, hoping to be able to receive their endowments before leaving Nauvoo. On 12 January 1846 Brigham Young recorded,

> One hundred and fourty-three persons received their endowments in the temple. I have given myself up entirely to the work of the Lord in the Temple, night and day, not taking more than four hours sleep, upon an average per day, and going home but once a week (qtd. by Kevin, p. 9).

Francillo was one of those who received their endowments that day (Family Group Sheets and Histories).

The already impossible situation worsened. The mobocrats who had been so anxious to expel the Saints from Illinois now accused the Mormons of being traitors who were heading into western territory to set up a rival nation. Governor Ford encouraged the circulation of rumors, later explaining that he hoped it would panic the Mormons and force them to leave Illinois more quickly. Everywhere were stories of federal and state troops being deployed to stop the Saints from leaving Nauvoo, that anti-Mormons were planning to steal their wagons and supplies, and that the members of the Twelve Apostles were going to be captured and imprisoned. The Twelve felt that it was essential for the Saints to begin their removal from Nauvoo immediately, and so the exodus began on 4 February 1846. Brigham Young welcomed any who wanted to go with that first group, stressing that people shouldn't worry if they weren't with the first company. Those who could manage to go left Nauvoo. No one went with their assigned companies, and many family groups were split apart (Iowa, pp. xvi, 39). Francillo and his family left with that first group (Marble). It is possible that his sister Melinda and niece Lucina and their families accompanied them (Various histories in LDS Family History Suite 2).

Camp of Israel

The suffering people camped in the freezing cold and snow for nearly a month. Some of the wagons returned briefly to Nauvoo. Bathsheba Smith described the scene in her journal:

> We left a comfortable home, we took with us clothing, bedding, and provisions, leaving everything else. It would be vain to describe how we traveled through snow, wind and rain (qtd. By Kevin, p. 10).

On March 1, the "Camp of Israel," as the Winter Exodus of about 3,000 Saints was called, left their encampment on the western bank of the Mississippi River. An advance group of about one hundred pioneers had been sent ahead to improve roads and bridges, locate campsites, and collect firewood (Iowa, p. xvii). Francillo's sentiments upon leaving with the Camp of Israel must have echoed those of Luman Shurtliff.

> We crossed the Mississippi and camped on Devil Creek. From here we took a westerly direction without regard to road or path. Our way led through a prairie country, and as we passed along I carried a heavy heart....This place was endeared to me for the sweet association I had enjoyed with the Prophet, patriarch, and the apostles of the most high. Here I was leaving the body of my dear wife..., never to

> behold those places again in the flesh. I turned my back to the West and took a last look at the Nauvoo Temple and its surroundings and bade them goodbye forever (Iowa, p. 7).

Because it was winter, the Camp traveled along the Missouri border so that they could obtain supplies and feed for their animals by working for the Missouri settlers. Their only destination at that time was "west". The mud was a constant problem, and some days they made very little progress. On about May 20th, they came "onto the Old Mormon Trail," later named the "Missouri Trace," which had been the route of the Saints as they had fled from Missouri to Nauvoo only eight years before. Exiled again, the Saints followed the Missouri Trace for a number of miles. The crossing of the Chariton River on 22 Mary 1846 was a difficult trial for the weary Saints.

It was four rods wide and two feet deep, but it was rising due to the rains. Steep slippery banks on both sides made the crossing even more difficult. The company needed all day to do it. "We had to let the teams down into the Chariton River by ropes and also helped them up again by the same means," wrote William Clayton on March 22. "I spent the day helping the teams till I was so sore and tired I could scarcely walk" (Iowa, p. xvii).

Camping on a hilltop just above the river, the Camp of Israel was bogged down by bad weather until the first of April. Hosea Stout wrote, "We filled the ridge with our tents and wagons for perhaps half a mile." Eliza R. Snow wrote, "The Ground was clay soil, and the mud of our street and about our fires, in our tents, etc. is indescribable." Once they were able to travel, the leaders determined that they would continue along the Missouri-Iowa border and cross the Missouri River at Bank's Ferry, just about St. Joseph, Missouri (Iowa, p. xix).

Using short, hard pushes, and hampered down by bogs of knee-deep mud, the Camp of Israel crawled along the terribly muddy prairies to Locust Creek...three miles above the Missouri border. Hosea Stout wrote,

> The road was the worst that I have yet witnessed. Up hill & down through the sloughs on spouty oak ridges and deep marshes, raining hard, the creek rising, the horses would sometimes sink to their bellies. On the ridges, teams stall going down hill."

They double-teamed some wagons and left many others stuck in the mud to be retrieved later. (Iowa, p. xx).

By April 12, the camp leaders decided that the resources of the Saints were too strained for them to continue on to the Rockies as they had planned. They decided to change course and head northwest toward Council Bluffs to establish a temporary farm settlement along the way. The prairie grasses began to grow, the mud cleared up, and rattlesnakes appeared in abundance (Iowa, p. xx). Groups of Saints were left at Garden Grove and Mt. Pisgah to garner their supplies and establish farm communities as way stations for the Saints who were yet to come. Others were sent back with teams and wagons to help the Saints, especially the poor, who were still in Nauvoo make the journey. At Mt. Pisgah, the Church leaders knelt together in prayer out on the prairie..., after which they returned to the camp with 'renewed assurance that the Lord was with us and were

comforted". Brigham Young and a company of fifty started out on 1 June 1846 with various companies leaving one after the other for several days. By June 13, many of the weary travelers had reached the Council Bluffs area and began to set up camps on both sides of Mosquito Creek (Iowa, p. xxi).

By this time, the Saints were scattered in makeshift camps from Nauvoo to Council Bluffs, Iowa, most of the people in dire circumstances. The Potawatomi Indian agent had refused their request to winter on the tribal lands east of the Missouri River and the situation was becoming desperate (Pioneer, Summer, p. 14).

Bits of information indicate that Francillo and his motherless children had continued on to Council Bluffs from Mt. Pisgah. It is probable that Francillo, Melissa, Lucina, and other members of the family were all living near each other.

Mormon Battalion

The hopeless situation had prompted Brigham Young to write to Jesse Little, calling him on a mission to Washington D.C., requesting any help that the government might give the beleaguered people. Colonel Thomas Kane, a friend of the Mormon people, arranged a meeting between Elder Little and President Polk (Pioneer, p. 17). The Mexican War had just begun, and President Polk was eager to have a detachment of American soldiers in California to protect the claim of the United States. It was decided that they would offer aid to the Mormons by enlisting 500 of their men "with a view to attach them to our country and prevent them from taking part against us". (Mormon Battalion, p. 6). Under the direction of Colonel Kearney, Captain James Allen was sent to make the offer to the Mormon leaders. He met with Wilford Woodruff who had been passing through Mt. Pisgah on his way west. Brother Woodruff gave the Captain permission to address the Saints. His message was not well received. Hosea Stout expressed the feelings of most of the Mormons when he wrote in his journal:

> I confess that I was glad to learn of the war against the United States and was in hopes that it might never end until they were entirely destroyed for they had driven us into the wilderness and was now laughing at our calamities....We were all indignant at this requisition and only looked on it as a plot laid to bring trouble on us as a people. For in the event that we did not comply with the requisition we supposed they would now make a protest to denounce us as enemies to our country and if we did comply that they would have the 500 of our men in their power to be destroyed as they had done our leaders at Carthage (Pioneer, p. 14).

Captain Allen continued on to Council Bluffs to put his request before Brigham Young and the other leaders. Wilford Woodruff sent a dispatch to forewarn the president, giving the leaders two days to counsel and pray about their decision before Captain Allen arrived. They recognized that "enlisting Mormons into the United States military would insure the migrating Saints a place to stay on the Indian lands, secure a stock of guns, provide much needed capital and give the pioneers the opportunity of being (the first) settlers in a new land" (Pioneer, p. 15).

Within twenty days of Allen's arrival, four hundred and fifty Mormon men had been mustered into the United States Army for a period of one to two years. Messengers had been sent back along the

trail to Mt. Pisgah, Garden Grove, and even Nauvoo, informing them of the need for volunteers. Many of them did not reach Council Bluffs in time to join the Battalion, but their manpower strengthened the Camp and they built homes and planted crops, helping to shelter and feed the families of the Battalion members (Pioneer, p. 16). Fifty more men were enlisted within the next few days, making five companies of about 100 men each, plus several servants and the wives and families of some of the men. Many of the women were to serve as laundresses for the companies. The men were marched eight miles south to Peter Sarpy's trading post on the Missouri River where they were issued their gear and supplies. Most of the men returned to their families for the few days remaining to them (Pioneer, p. 16).

Francillo Durphy is listed in the Mormon Battalion Roster as a member of Company C, under the command of James Brown, Captain. Jarvis Johnson, the sixteen year old grandson of Francillo's oldest sister Polly was also in Company C. Francillo was about the age of Jarvis' deceased father, and the two of them became very close. Jarvis' granddaughter, Esta Webb Brown, wrote about Jarvis joining the Mormon Battalion in his life history.

> Those who knew him (Jarvis) heard him say that he had to stretch as high as he could so he would be tall enough to go (with the Battalion). At maturity he stood six feet. Why this boy of tender age wished to go with the Batalion is not known, what is known is that he had a great love for a man Francello Durffy whom he called Uncle Frank. I'm not sure this man was really his uncle, but mother said she was almost sure he was. It was this man he followed in to the Mormon Batalion, in fact he followed him more or less all his life. Grandfather was a man with the capacity of great love, and just such a love he must of had for this man, Francello Durffy (Jarvis Johnson, p. 1).

On July 18, a grand "Mormon Battalion Farewell Ball" was held. Thomas Kane recorded:

> ...a more merry dancing rout I have never seen, though the company went without refreshments, and their ballroom was of the most primitive....(The dancing continued until sundown, when) Silence was then called, and a well cultivated mezzo-soprano voice, belonging to a young lady with fair face and dark eyes, gave with quartette accompaniment a little song...touching to all earthly wanderers: '"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept, we wept when we remembered Zion." There was danger of some expression of feeling when the song was over, for it had begun to draw tears! But breaking the quiet with his hard voice, an Elder asked the blessings of heaven on all who, with purity of heart and brotherhood of spirit had mingled in that society, and then all dispersed, hastening to cover from the falling dews (Pioneer, p. 17).

A steam boat which had been promised to Captain Allen didn't come, so the soldiers set out on foot on Tuesday, 21 July 1846. A morning downpour had soaked their packs and clothing, and they had left most of their rations with their families (Pioneer, p. 17).

It must have been hard for Francillo to leave his five motherless children and embark upon this expedition. Myron was 14, Henry Dennison, almost 13, James Madison, 9, Miriam, 7, and Emma,

just over a year old. He may have left his children in the care of his sister, Melinda, or Jarvis' mother, Lucina, or some of their Lincoln neighbors.

On July 30, Andrew Shupe recorded that the men of the Battalion were camping in a grove of trees when a terrible wind came up. As trees were being blown over everywhere, the men herded their animals to safety. No men were injured, but an ox was killed. The next day, the men traveled through Weston, Missouri, and the people there were "astonished at the good order in the ranks" (qtd. By Kevin, p. 12).

To their dismay, Captain Allen became ill and died just a month into their journey. He had been well liked and had treated the men honestly, so his death was greatly mourned. Captain Allen had promised that "there would be no officer in the Battalion, except himself, only from among our own people," and in the event of his death, Jefferson Hunt, captain of Company A, would assume command. This was important to the men of the Battalion, since their officers had been called by Brigham Young through inspiration. Instead, A.J. Smith, First Lieutenant, 1st Dragoon, took over command until the Battalion reached Santa Fe. Colonel Philip St. George Cooke then took charge of the Battalion, under orders of Colonel Kearney (Mormon Battalion, p. 15-16).

The trek was arduous; the plains were sandy, with no timber and very little water. They traveled some two hundred miles up a dry stream bed which was about a half mile wide. Nathaniel V. Jones of Company D noted:

> Sept. 23--The valley continued as before and it was certainly the most singular place I ever saw. The water in the bed of the valley sinks to the depth of two or three feet, which you easily obtain by digging for it, sufficient for stock or camping purposes, although it has a sulphurous and salty taste, which is very unpleasant. The sand is also covered with a thin coat of sulphur and salt....It was the most doleful looking place I ever saw. It seemed as if it was cursed above all other. It reminded me of the Dead Sea, the sunken places of Sodom and Gomorrah, or the sunken cities of the Lamanites, for certainly it was cursed. The buffalo and game disdained to crop the verdure that skirted its forsaken borders (Mormon Battalion, p. 17).

Francillo and Jarvis were assigned as scouts and hunters for their company. Jarvis' granddaughter recorded the following:

> Before embarking on this long march the men had been set apart by Brigham Young for different jobs in looking out for their needs. Jarvis and Uncle Frank, along with others, were set apart as scouts for meat and other foods that might be along the way. Grandfather told his children many stores about this time, but the one he remembered best was this bear story.
>
> One day as he and Uncle Frank were scouting and were weary from a long hard day. They came face to face with a great grizzly bear. Having but one bullet each in their guns, and knowing it could mean death for both if they shot and missed, and too weary to run, they sent a silent prayer to their Father in Heaven, and both fired

> killing the bear. What has made this a most faith promoting story to us, his grandchildren, is that strange as it may seem, but a proven fact, when they dressed the bear both bulletts were found in the heart. A double prayer answered in such a way as to give to man a knowledge that God was with them when they needed Him most (Jarvis Johnson, p.2).

Pueblo, Colorado

En route to Santa Fe, the Battalion met William Crosby, one of the Mississippi Saints, somewhere near the crossing of the Arkansas River. This group of forty three Mormon pioneers had joined the church in Mississippi, and traveled west, hoping to intercept or at least follow the main body of Saints to their stopping place. When they reached Fort Laramie, they discovered that the Saints were wintering in Council Bluffs, Iowa. John Renshaw, a trapper, advised the Saints to travel to Pueblo where they could get supplies and stay comfortably through the winter, and he guided them there. Pueblo, a trading post established in 1842 by an American and his Spanish wife, had rapidly become a prosperous settlement. Its inhabitants were raising large herds of cattle and had crops of grains, potatoes, oats, watermelons, pumpkins, and vegetables. The Mississippi Saints settled a short distance from the existing settlement, and immediately began to build log houses and plant crops. Several of the men, including William Crosby, returned to Mississippi to bring family members who had been left behind (Women of the Battalion, p. 10).

Many of the battalion members had become very ill. Aside from the hardships of the march, the army doctor had been forcing medicine upon the men; his cure turned out to be a mixture of calomel and arsenic (Mormom Battalion, p. 20). Upon learning of the favorable conditions in Pueblo, the officers determined to send a detachment of some of the ailing Battalion members, several women, and most of the children. The “Higgins” or “Arkansas” detachment left the main group in September 1846.

The remaining members of the Battalion continued on to Santa Fe. Many more soldiers had become very ill, and it was determined that the sick battalion members as well as the remaining women and children would also be sent to Pueblo. Eighty six Battalion members along with twenty women and their children left Santa Fe on October 18, under the leadership of James Brown, commander of Company C. Francillo and Jarvis were part of this group, though it is not known if they were ill or chosen by Captain Brown, their company commander and Francillo’s friend, to go along to help. They arrived in Pueblo on 15 November 1846. A third group of sick soldiers, the “Willis” or “Rio Grande” Detachment, was sent to Pueblo in November, suffering great hardships along the way. Many of the soldiers in each detachment became well as soon as they were out of the doctor”s so called care, but others died along the trail.

Andrew Shupe, a fellow member of Company C, documented several events along the trail to Pueblo:

> October 9th: In the evening we were marched to the upper end of the city (Santa Fe) and camped. They hauled us fodder and wood at this place. The command was given to Captain Cook through Carney (General Kearney) and he took command of the Battalion and said that the women that belonged to the Battalion could not go across the mountains this winter, which caused some feelings of regret. Cooke

> said that he could not take wagons across the mountains and they would have to pack their baggage on mules. So he agreed to send all the sick men and the women to the Arkansas River, a place called Parbelo (Pueblo), and the company was organized and Captain Brown at the head. All the men that had wives was to go with them to Pueblo to winter. Some well men were to go with them to guard and take care of them. So I was selected to go with Captain Brown and the remainder was to go on for California. So we were to march on the 17th of October, but we did not get our provisions that day. We started on Sunday, the 18th, and marched 7 miles and camped. While we were at the Santa Fe on the 16th, we got pay for our services, one month and a half, which was ten dollars and sixteen (sixty) cents. We got $2.60 in cash and the balance was in checks. The money I got, I paid some debts, that I owed the soldiers and the check was eight dollars, according to what the officers told me and two dollars of that was to pay for a wagon, that we bought at the Bluffs to haul our knapsacks and 50 cents that I gave to John D. Lee for to pay him for his time and trouble in coming to take our money to the Bluffs, and then $5 and fifty cents was left, which I sent to my family (Shupe).

The weather was rainy and cold, with some snow at night. At least two men died during the trek, "in the triumph of faith, (but) hating to be buried in the wilderness (Shupe). On November 12, a sudden gust of wind blew a campfire out of bounds, starting a large grass fire. Shupe reported that they "had to carry water to put it out, and it took all the men to stop it at this place."

The men immediately "built houses between the homes of the Mississippi Saints. Those who were ill were the first to be given homes. They also built a large building for the purpose of holding their meetings and socials. Some of the Battalion men were assigned to hunt for wild game. The skins of these animals were used to outfit the men in clothing and covering for their feet" (Women, p. 11).

Some disagreement arose when many of the enlisted men accused the officers of "abusing their authority, and using religious doctrine to support questionable practices" (Family History Suite 2). Some of the men wrote expressive signs around their doors or composed poetry critical of the situation. William Karchner wrote that the soldiers had "placed over their doors signs for sport. Over Durfee's door was the picture of a Auger with words "Foolskillers Office"...I found them witty and talented: (qtd. By Kevin, p. 13).

Andrew Shupe, Francillo, and two others received permission to go hunting. On 3 May 1847, Andrew recorded, "Durfee killed two deer." On May 9, he wrote, "Durfee and myself rode ten miles up the creek and come to some of our boys that was hunting. We killed a small deer and gave it to them." The next day, Andrew wrote, "We are in sight of a very high peak of the mountains. This is called Pikes Peak." The following day they returned to Pueblo (Shupe).

Resuming the Journey

On 24 May 1847, the Battalion members, the women and children, and some of the Mississippi Saints left Pueblo, rejoining the Oregon Trail at Fort Laramie. On the 11th of June, they met Amasa M. Lyman and other Church officials on their way west from Winter Quarters, "bringing letters

from friends and families, also counsel from President Brigham Young and news of the travels and destination of the Church" (Mormon Battalion, p. 104, History of Francillo Durfey).

Sometime during the journey, Francillo and two other Battalion members were confronted by a band of Sioux Indian warriors. As the Indians began to encircle the three men, "Francillo rode out to meet them, held up his hand, and began to talk. When he got through, the Indians rode up, shook hands with them, and rode away, and Francillo never knew a word that he had said. He had talked with them in tongues" (Marble, p. 3).

During the first week of July, several horses were stolen from the camp; Francillo, Andrew Shupe, and ten other men were sent to find them. On July 4, the searchers came to the Green River in Wyoming, unaware that Brigham Young's party was camped just four miles from them. The Battalion men continued on, coming to a ferry. There they met Brigham Young who was sending five men of his company back along the trail to assist other groups of Saints who were coming behind. Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards as well as other Church leaders were with him. The twelve Battalion members joined Brigham Young's group (Deseret News).

Andrew Shupe recorded, "We was then escorted to their camp with President Brigham Young at the head. As we came into camp we received three cheers and a hosannah to God and the Lamb. This was a joyful meeting" (Shupe).

Addition of these men to camp raised the total of men, women and children in the company to 159. No celebration was held because it was the Sabbath, but George A. Smith rode to the nearby mountains and gathered a large supply of snow. This was mixed with sugar to make ice cream (Church News).

(Beth Durfey Marble's history of Francillo indicates that he entered the valley with the other Pueblo Battalion members on 29 July 1847.)

Howard Egan, a member of Brigham Young's group, entered the valley late in the afternoon of July twenty fourth. He found the men already turning water out of the creeks and readying ground to plant. Cabins and the Bowery for public meetings were also being put up that day (Howard Egan History). Francillo opened with prayer the first meeting held in the Old Bowery (Marble, p. 2). He was rebaptized on 8 Aug 1847 by S.H. Goddard and confirmed by Albert Carrington (Latter Day Saint Family, p. 19). Joseph Fielding Smith explained the ordinance of rebaptism as practiced by the early pioneers:

> There were various reasons for this action on the part of President Young and the leading brethren. They stated that it was for the "renewal of their covenants." They came into the valley rejoicing after many trials and untold hardships from a land where they had been subject to mob violence and dictation on the part of enemies who denied to them the privilege guaranteed in the Constitution of our land, to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. After their arrival in this western land, they were free from molestation, and in humility they approached the Lord, not because of transgression, but because of thankfulness for their deliverance from wicked enemies, and knowing no better way to express their gratitude decided

> to make covenant with the Lord that from that time forward they would serve him and keep his commandments. As a token of this covenant they entered the water and were baptized and confirmed, renewing their covenants and obligations as members of the Church (Doctrines of Salvation, p. 333).

Return to Council Bluffs

On 16 August 1847, Francillo left Salt Lake for Council Bluffs with a group of Battalion members and others who were given the assignment by Brigham Young to assist the Saints in their journey west. The company consisted of 71 men, 33 wagons, 14 mules, 16 horses, and 97 yoke of oxen. Francillo was one of the men who had a mule to ride. He was a member of the Fourth Ten, which had three wagons. "Those who have horses to ride (were given the responsibility to) lead the way and fix the road where it needs it, look for camping places, drive the loose cattle and hunt for camp" (Pioneer Heritage CD). Andrew Shupe recorded:

> We being out of meat, Durfee and myself went to hunt some game. Late in the evening we came across some buffalo and killed two. We had to lay by them all night, and in the morning we packed our horses with meat and rode back to camp.

(Two days later)

> We got up early and found that our mules were missing. They had been cut loose with a knife and we found one Indian knife nearby. I lost four mules, Little lost three, Babcock three, Baden one, and Durfee one (Shupe).

On another hunting trip, Francillo and his companion were caught in a buffalo stampede. They got off their horses and began shooting, parting the stampede enough that the animals passed by on each side of them (Marble, p.3).

The company arrived in Council Bluffs late in October of 1847. It had been about sixteen months since Francillo had left his children there to join the ranks of the Mormon Battalion. Conditions in Council Bluffs were terrible.

What a sorry place Winter Quarters became for the disheartened and downtrodden Saints. There was a lack of proper food along the marshy waters, and disease decimated the run-down pioneers. In true gallows humor, the Saints dubbed the Missouri Bottoms "Misery Bottoms." While there was enough salted meat for all, the lack of fresh vegetables proved true the LDS Word of Wisdom tenet to eat meat sparingly. Diseases of malnutrition raged throughout the settlements. George Q. Cannon described the ailment: "The want of vegetables, and the poor diet to which they were confined, had the effect to produce scurvy, or "blackleg," as it was called there. The limbs would swell, become black and the flesh be very sore. There was much suffering and many deaths from this disease." Brigham Young's nephew, John Ray Young, was a child of 10 at Winter Quarters. He later wrote of it: "Our house was near to the burying ground, and I can recall the small mournful trains that so often passed our door. I remember how poor and shameful our habitual diet was...and the scurvy was making such inroads among us that it looked as if all might be sleeping on the hill before spring" (Winter Quarters, pp. 12-13).

Francillo didn't stay long in Council Bluffs. The next spring (1848) he helped guide a group of Saints to the Salt Lake Valley, again leaving his children in the care of others. His obituary states, "He returned to meet the pioneers on the Grand River, and traveled with them to Salt Lake Valley. In the fall he returned with President Brigham Young to Council Bluffs; he arrived again in Salt Lake Valley with his family in 1849" (Deseret Weekly News, vol. 20, p. 7, qtd. by Earl). Beth Marble indicated that he made four trips across the plains (p. 3).

Ebenezer died on 18 April 1847 in Westport, New York. His last will and testament gives a glimpse into his feelings about his son, daughter, and grandchildren who had left Vermont five years earlier, sacrificing all for the gospel.

> I, Ebenezer Durfey of Westport in the County of Essex and state of New York, being now of great age but of sound and disposing mind and memory and being desirous to make the best provision in my power and support and comfort of my well beloved wife Abigail Durfey (his second wife) and such of my children and those of the said Abigail as have not already been provided for to the extent of our limited means or gone to places so distant as to render any remainder of my little property & estate of no pecuniary advantage to them--have thought it best to make and accordingly do make this my last will and testament (Film 3663331--Westport, Essex Co., New York).

Cynthia Harrington and Elias Bowen

Somewhere in the thousands of suffering exiles, the family of Elias and Cynthia Harrington Bowen made their way out of Nauvoo and started on the long and miserable trail to Iowa. They also had lost their home and all of their belongings to the mob's burning, and had very little to travel with (Elias Bowen).

This was the third forced exodus for Cynthia and Elias, and the fourth move they had made for the Gospel they had chosen to embrace. Cynthia Harrington had been born in Shaftsbury, Bennington, Vermont, on 30 November 1811. She was the youngest of several children, mostly boys, born to William Harrington and Elizabeth Hawley. Like Francillo, there was a break of several years between her and her siblings (IGI). On 20 December 1829, Cynthia married Elias Bowen, the son of neighbors James and Rhoda Potter Bowen. The couple set up housekeeping in Shaftsbury, a community only about fifty miles from Lincoln where Francillo and Mariam were living. They were also just a short distance from Norwitch, Vermont, where Joseph Smith's parents lived. Their first two sons, Casey Potter and Jonathan Slocum, were born there in the early 1830's (Bowen Family History).

Elias joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on 9 June 1830, about two months after the Church was organized; he was twenty one years old and had been married just eight months. The Bowen Family History indicates that Elias joined the Church in New York. They speculate that the young husband may have gone to New York to obtain work building the canals, and was introduced to the Church there. Cynthia was baptized on 6 July 1834, nearly four years after her husband, but it isn't known if that is her original baptismal date or a rebaptism (Bowen Family). Upon his return to Shaftsbury, Elias became instrumental in helping spread the news of the gospel. A young missionary by the name of Brigham Young "was preaching the Gospel in

Vermont and was wearing a quilt or shawl for a cloak. Elias Bowen gave Brigham Young a coat which he wore all the time he was on his mission" (Conversion of Elias Bowen).

Sometime before 1837, the Bowens gathered with the Saints in Ohio, living in Newbury, Ohio, about nine miles from Kirtland. Elias worked with other Church members in the building of the Kirtland Temple. Their son, Joseph Leonard, was born there on 5 July 1837 (Bowen Family History). The Saints were soon driven from Kirtland, seeking refuge with another community of Saints which had been established in Missouri. Cynthia and Elias joined about five hundred other Saints in a "trek that took the entire Summer of 1838" (Elias Bowen). Their son, Norman, was born somewhere along the trail, and to their dismay, the young couple realized that their baby was blind. In 1838, the Extermination Order was issued by Governor Boggs, and the family quickly found themselves banished from another home. Their journey from Missouri to Nauvoo was filled with deprivation and hardship, and the Bowens were relieved to find a place of refuge. They built a home, and Elias again helped with the building of the temple. Their only daughter, Rhoda, was born about 1840, and they named her after Elias' mother. Brigham Young, by then President of the Twelve Apostles, had an opportunity to visit with his old friends from Vermont.

> (President Young commented on) their lovely family and especially mentioning what a handsome boy Norman was. He then asked what was wrong with his eyes, and upon being told that he had been blind since birth, he asked if they would like him to have a blessing. They readily agreed and he lay his hands upon the head of the boy and gave him a wonderful blessing. From that time on he was able to see for the first time in his life (Bowen Family History, p. 1).

Summer Exodus

As near as can be determined, Cynthia and Elias left Nauvoo during the "Summer Exodus" of about 10,000 Saints. Unlike the Camp of Israel, these people generally traveled in small clusters of wagons made up of groups of relatives or friends. Sometimes there were as few as two wagons, and generally not more than twenty four in each company (Iowa, p. 61). They seemed to just have started west, making their own trails, probably trying to find alternate routes which offered feed for their animals. While most groups went through Iowa, Cynthia and Elias apparently followed the Missouri border across the entire state. They were probably heading for Bank's Ferry above St. Joseph, Missouri, where Brigham Young had originally intended to cross the Missouri River.

Those leaving with the Winter Exodus had struggled through the mud and rain. The resulting puddles and swamps became a breeding ground for swarms of mosquitoes which spread terrible disease throughout the camps of those in the Summer Exodus. About twelve miles west of St. Joseph, nearly at the end of their journey, Elias and some of the children became ill with "the fever." Joseph and Rhoda, just young children, carried water in lard pails from a spring some distance from their camp all one night, so that Cynthia could bathe and put cold packs on the heads of her sick family to break their fever. The children recovered, but Elias became steadily worse. Before morning, he died. His young sons began to prepare his grave. Several hours had elapsed when Elias suddenly awoke, saying that the "Lord has permitted him to stay with them for three more days" (Bowen Family History, Elias Bowen). He told them that "he would like to remain with them through their journey, but he was not permitted to do so, for he was needed on the other side" (Conversion of Elias Bowen). He bore a powerful witness of the truthfulness of the gospel,

testifying that it was "as true as the Heavens and Earth stands" (Bowen Family History). He counseled Cynthia not to tell her family about his death. Her family was quite "well to do," and he was afraid that her brothers would come to Missouri for her and the children and take them back to Vermont. He was adamant that his children should "be with the body of the Church". On the third day, he died and was buried in the "desert about twelve miles west of St. Joseph, Missouri" (Elias Bowen).

It is a tribute to Cynthia's testimony and strength of character that she followed Elias' counsel, choosing the hardship and trials which were to follow over the comfortable life that must have been waiting in Vermont. The family had very little to live on, nearly all their possessions having been lost in Nauvoo and their food and resources depleted during the hard journey from Illinois. Cynthia found employment on a large ranch near St. Joseph. She cooked for the ranch hands, and the older boys did odd jobs (Elias Bowen).

Francillo and Cynthia

After some time, a company of Saints apparently passed through St. Joseph on their way west. Cynthia made plans to join the group, but she and the children hadn't been able to save sufficient money to make the trek. The kindly rancher for whom they had been working advanced them the money necessary to pay their way. Jonathan and Casey Potter were old enough to sign on as teamsters. They were finally able to make it to Council Bluffs. Somehow, Cynthia and Francillo met, and they were married there 15 February 1849, possibly by Brigham Young. Several of the histories indicate that they were married in Salt Lake City, but evidence shows that they were married before they left Iowa. It is not known if Francillo and Cynthia knew each other already, but they had a lot in common besides their devotion to the gospel They had both lost their spouses from the persecution, and they shared common roots in Vermont.

Francillo, Cynthia, and their newly combined family made ready to make the move to Utah. They joined the Silas Richards company, the third company to cross the plains that year, leaving Kanesville, Iowa, on 10 July 1849. Augustus A. Farnham was captain of their group of ten. The journey brought more heartache as Cynthia and Elias' only daughter Rhoda died during the crossing, and was buried in an unmarked grave somewhere along the trail. Cynthia and all of her children except Rhoda are listed on the camp roster under the Durfey surname, apparently for ease in keeping track of the members of the company. The boys seem to have resumed the use of the Bowen name as soon as they arrived in Utah. Francillo's two little girls, Emma and Marion (written as Moroni) are also listed with Francillo's family group, but his sons, Myron Bushnell, Henry Dennison, and James Madison are not listed with the company. The roster may not have been complete, or the boys may have come across the plains with other members of the family or as teamsters.

(Note: James Madison and his wife, Tryphina Malinda Butts, stayed in Monrovia (Monona),Iowa, and seem to have been affiliated with the Reorganized Church. They and several of their neighbors came to Almo, Idaho, about 1880. Many of them moved to Hagerman, Idaho, where there has been a large Reorganized Congregation—info from Jeanette Durfee Babbitt and Kathleen Durfee. The 1880 Census shows Malinda and her children in Iowa. James is not listed so may have been in Idaho. This needs to be researched. Malinda and some of her children are buried in the Almo Cemetery).

The company "split up and traveled mostly as Tens" after it overtook the George A. Smith Company. The "Tens" arrived in Salt Lake the middle of October 1849 (History, Iowa). Francillo and Cynthia immediately traveled on to Ogden to make their home. Several circumstances suggest that Francillo may have prearranged with his friend, Captain James Brown of the Mormon Battalion, to settle there.

Weber Valley

On 9 August 1847, just days after Brigham Young's company reached Salt Lake, a group of scouts was sent north to explore the Weber valley. There is no record as to whether Francillo or James Brown were in that group, but it is a good possibility. The scouts found that Miles Goodyear and his partner, Mr. Wells, had established a small fort, Fort Buenaventura, on the Weber River. They had purchased the log buildings and corrals which were stockaded with pickets from a man named Crow who had left for Fort Hall. Mr. Wells was tending a small garden of vegetables, including corn, which was of great interest to the Mormons. If corn would grow in that area, then anything else that they wanted to raise would likely do well. Goodyear, feeling confined by the "nearness" of his new neighbors in Salt Lake and eager for a good profit, offered to sell his holdings for about $2000. The Church leaders were anxious to obtain the property, not only to provide productive land for the many Saints who were en route to Utah, but to prevent Gentiles from settling the area and causing the much persecuted people more grief. However, they could not gather enough money to make the purchase (Weber County, Our Pioneer Heritage, p. 119).

Captain Brown's wife and family had come with him on the Battalion trek, so he had no need to return to Council Bluffs with Francillo's party. In August 1847, James, his son Jesse, and several other men, including Sam Brannan, left the Salt Lake Valley for California in order to collect the money the government owed the Pueblo Detachment. Their route took them through the Weber valley. They stopped at Fort Buenaventura, and James approached Goodyear again about buying his holdings. It was late fall when James, Jesse, and two other men started the long and hazardous journey back to Salt Lake City over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. In addition to the large sum of money he had collected in Battalion wages, James carried four bushels of wheat, corn and other seeds on pack horses.

A light snow fell and it was very cold. They ran out of provisions, spent three days on the desert without water, and subsisted the last three days of their journey on soup made from the leather of their saddles and a lean crow. They arrived in Salt Lake City the first of December, almost starved and so weak they could travel no farther. They had refused to eat the grain realizing that it was needed for seed and that the lives of so many would depend on the harvest reaped from this seed (Mormon Battalion, p. 100).

James had stopped again at Fort Buenaventura as they returned home, persuading Miles and Andrew Goodyear to accompany him to the Mormon Camp. James convinced the members of the Church's High Council that they should use part of the money that he had brought back from California to purchase Goodyear's land. A group of Church leaders journeyed to the area for a closer look, and the deal was concluded shortly (Weber County, p. 121). Captain Brown paid Goodyear "3000 Spanish doubloons, approximately $2000,...and obtained 75 head of cattle, 75 goats, 6 horses and 12 sheep" as well as a cabin and a few outbuildings. James and his family

moved there early in 1848 (Mormon Battalion, p. 100). Note--In September 1863, James was operating a molasses mill near the Weber River when his sleeve caught in the cogs of the mill and caught his arm, nearly tearing it off. He died three years later at the age of sixty two (Mormon Battalion, p. 100).

Immediately upon his return from Council Bluffs in the fall of 1849, Francillo and Cynthia joined James in the Weber Valley. David Moore, George and Frederick Barker, and Robert Porter and their families came as well, "making some twenty-three persons in all." A few more settlers came in November (David Moore, Ogden).

The winter of 1849-50 was severe with deep snow. Several head of cattle and sheep died during the winter. On 1 February 1850, a son, Francillo Jr., was born to Francillo and Cynthia.

Francillo Jr.'s daughter related:

> I have heard my father say if he had been born the night before there would not have been enough grease in the house to make a light. But the day he was born, Francillo killed a deer up in the foothills, and grandmother rendered the grease; by braiding a rag and dipping it in the grease, she made a light by which he was born that evening (Marble).

About eighty five families of Shoshoni and fifty to sixty families of Utes were camped on the Weber River, just a short distance from the tiny settlement. Neighbors Ann Bligh Barker and Frederick Barker were blessed with the gift of tongues. Several times they spoke to the Indians in their own language and eased potential problems (Jane Barker Durfee, wife of Henry Dennison Durfee). Although they had no trouble with the Indians at that time, the pioneers organized a militia that February with C.C. Canfield, Captain, and F. Durfey, Lieutenant, and some thirty five men, including twelve emigrants on their way to California. When spring came, the Shoshoni moved on to their hunting grounds, but the Utes stayed, suffering several deaths from measles. The melting snow flooded the area, washing out two bridges that James Brown had built, and forcing the settlers to move to higher ground. A heavy snowstorm hit on April 16th, with the snow staying on the ground for several days, making the pioneers late in getting their crops in. The first of June, droves of crickets moved in from the mountains, destroying their precious crops. As in Salt Lake, seagulls swooped in, eating the crickets and saving the grain (David Moore; Weber County).

Jane Barker Durfee, future wife of Henry Dennison, told the following story about her mother, Ann Bligh Barker, and the miraculous rescue of their crops.

> We had very hard times when we first came to the valley...we planted our grain all we had and had to depend on it for our bread we were living on corn meal wild berries and segos did not get much milk or eggs we also had wild game at times so we planted garden had potatoes corn and all we could when the grain was all headed out we saw the crickets comming they were so thick it was like a cloud passing before the sun.

> mother pleaded with the men to go to the grain Patch and try and scare them but they were discoureged and would not so mother said come Harriet and Jane let us take tin pans and a blancket and try and scare them. by the time we got to the field they were begining to settle down on the grain we went through drumming on the pans and dragging the blanket but they did not go for all we ran back and forth.
>
> we were still drumming on the pans when we noticed that Mother was standin still and we heard her Praying in tongues and we to stood still as she Prayed the crickets began to rise off the wheat and soon not a cricket was left on the wheat and we watched them fly down to the Lake and they never came back Mother raised 6 hundred bushels that year on that Patch (Jane Barker)

June brought droves of gold seekers through Ogden, anxious to replenish their dwindling supplies and using the ferry to cross the Ogden River. David Moore recorded:

> The Barker families, F. Durfey and myself and some others, lived on boiled milk, wheat and butter for about six or eight weeks with the exception of wheat--or corn that we ground in coffee mills. The emigrants were rushing the ferries so we could not get a team over until the rush slackened up somewhat, then we each sent a few bushels of wheat by a team to Neuff's mill, seven miles south of Salt Lake City (Moore).

Governor Young had counseled the settlers in the outlying communities to "concentrate in towns for safety and to build walls about their settlements" (Enduring Legacy, p. 399). The pioneers had been forced out of Fort Buenaventura by the flooding waters their first spring there, and had built three new forts in that area: Mound Fort, Brown's Fort, and Farr's Fort. (Bingham's Fort was at Francillo's family lived at Mound Fort, building a cabin and out buildings as well as helping construct the fortifications.

> It enclosed the district from the present Twelfth street to Ninth Street, and from the west side of what is now Washington Boulevard (State Road) to the west face of what was known as the mound....This had formerly been an old Indian Burial Ground. A spring located in the center of the fort furnished water for culinary purposes....The west slope of the mound was very steep. With a small amount of work, it was cut down to present a precipitous face about ten feet high. To strengthen the west side still further, a breastwork, perhaps three feet high, was erected along the top of the mound. From behind that fortification, a rifleman could observe the surrounding country; and in case of an Indian attack, he would be in an advantageous position. A mud wall nine feet high, three feet wide at its base and sixteen inches wide at the top, was built around the other three sides of the enclosure (Enduring Legacy, p. 412).

Another source claims that the mud wall and other fortifications were never completed (Pioneer Heritage).

In 1851, Ogden City was incorporated, becoming the second recognized settlement in Utah. Francillo was one of four aldermen elected to supervise the affairs of the city. In 1853, he was listed as a member of the sixth quorum of the Seventy, with meetings being held the first Sunday of each month at Jacob Peart's house in Salt Lake City (Kevin, p. 63).
The colonization of the Wasatch valleys by the Mormons, combined with the passage of tens of thousands of California bound emigrants, began to affect the hunting and food gathering activities of the local Indians. Chief Walker and his Ute warriors began causing much trouble in Utah County and other nearby settlements. While there were no serious conflicts in Ogden, the stresses between the Indians and the settlers grew, and some potentially dangerous situations arose. The Indians became more aggressive, often walking into the pioneer's houses and demanding food and beeves, or stealing them by night. Several very serious confrontations were avoided because certain of the pioneers were blessed with the gift of tongues, speaking to the Indians in their own language. The pioneers had no idea what they were saying, but the Indians understood and the danger was averted (Jane Barker Durfee).

On one occasion, Little Soldier had killed a Bannock Indian man and his wife, taking captive the woman's little sister. He rode into Mound Fort with the little girl who had been brutally mistreated. She escaped from her captors, hiding in Ann Bligh Barker's cabin. Ann refused to return the child. After about a month, the whole tribe returned, surrounding the cabin and threatening to kill the entire family if they did not let the little girl, Roda, go. Finally President Farr, the local church authority, intervened, insisting that the danger to the community was too great and that Roda must be returned to Little Soldier. The Indian immediately began beating the child and cutting her back with knives. Two young girls, Harriet Barker and Louvia Bronson, ran to her aid, grabbing her by the hands and pulling her to safety. The Indians, impressed by the bravery of the little girls, left them alone. A short time later, Roda's brother came to get her; on the way back home, he met Little Soldier and traded Roda to Little Soldier for some horses. The Indians began raiding the farms, and were afraid that the little girl would testify against them. They decided to burn her at the stake, sending her out with the other children to gather sticks for the fire. Little Soldier's wife, Needra, went with them, crowding the little girl close to the Weber River where she helped Roda make her escape. The girl found her way back to the Barker home. The next day, the whole tribe came for Roda. Frederick Barker, Ann's husband, tried to reason with them but the Indians were very angry at her escape and determined to kill her.

All at once (Frederick) began talking in their language. They got so still you could hear a pin drop. He yanked Little Soldier's gun away from him and pointed North, East, South and West. He talked a long time and when he was done every Indian jumped from their horse and shook hands with him and said, "He no talk, Great Spirit talk, Great Spirit heep mad if we hurt squaw." Then they left (Jane Barker Durfee).

Another time, outside help was required to protect Francillo and his neighbors. One September night in 1850, Urban Stewart, a new settler in the area, heard a noise in his corn. Grabbing his gun, he fired at the sound, killing Terikee, chief of the Weber band. Chief Terikee had been very friendly with the Mormons. His band was heading northward, but Terikee and his family had tarried in the valley to bid good-bye to President Lorin Farr. As they camped that night near Stewart's farm, their ponies got away and into Stewart's corn. Terikee was innocently retrieving his horses when Stewart killed him.

Stewart panicked when he found out what he had done and headed for help from his nearest neighbor, David Moore. David "rebuked" Stewart and refused to hide him. Stewart went from neighbor to neighbor, telling them what had happened, begging them to shelter him. The pioneers were terrified because they knew the Indians would exact revenge for their chief's death, and felt that if Stewart remained in the area, they would all be in great danger. He reached President Farr's home about two o'clock in the morning. President Farr told him to "escape and hide if he desired to save his scalp" and promised Stewart that he and the others would attempt to protect his family. Stewart found safety in a camp of emigrants who left for Salt Lake at day break.

Early the next morning President Farr sent ten or twelve men to gather the cattle which were grazing some distance from Mound Fort. Farr and David Moore rode to James Brown's fort to warn them of the impending danger, and David was then dispatched to Salt Lake to request aid from Governor Young. David encountered Little Soldier's band on the way, and explained to them the terrible thing that had happened. Little Soldier became very angry, fired his rifle close over David's head, and demanded that the Mormons turn Stewart over to them.

David finally convinced Little Soldier that the settlers were not harboring Stewart and that they were also extremely upset about the killing. Little Soldier finally promised that they would not attack Mound Fort until they had received word from "Big Chief"--Governor Young. David continued on to Salt Lake City, and within a few hours, a hundred fifty men had been organized and were riding to the Weber valley. They reached Brown's Fort early the next morning with the intent of "overtaking the Indians and making an amicable settlement with them" (Moore).

Terikee's son had witnessed his father's murder and quickly overtook his father's band who were camped near present day Brigham City. They "rode furiously back with the intent of destroying the settlement in Weber County." The warriors came across those who had been sent out to gather the cattle, and, in a skirmish, killed Mr. Campbell, a non Mormon who was wintering in the Weber valley before heading on to California. Daniel Wells, the leader of the approaching militia, sent an old mountain man, Barney Ward, to talk to the Indians and promise negotiations with the tribe about their lands (Shoshoni Frontier, p. 38).

When the Indians realized the size of the approaching militia, they gathered the Chief's body and retreated north along the Bear River. The soldiers pursued them for about forty miles, returning to Brown's Fort confident that their actions had alleviated any threat to the community. General Horace Eldredge, in his final report to Wells, wrote "We found some of their seeds on the road which they had spilled and would not take time to gather. It is my opinion that they are satisfied. They have had blood for blood. Campbell for Terikee, and will return to their tribe contented." They, however, warned emigrants along the way of impending danger and encouraged them to take extra precautions (Shoshoni Frontier, p. 38).

Later that winter, Terikee's band returned, setting up camp about ten miles from the forts. The Indians began to kill and steal cattle and generally terrorize the settlers. David Moore, with a company of about sixty five militia men, surrounded the camp, taking them captive. The two sides signed a treaty, requiring restitution for stolen horses and cattle, and eventually the pioneers demanded that the Indians give up their weapons (DUP History of Weber County, p. 119).

Once hostilities with the Indians ceased, the pioneers settled into a peaceful life, improving their farms, building their communities, and filling their responsibilities in the gospel. Cynthia and Francillo both received patriarchal blessings during this time. (Cynthia and Elias may have had earlier blessings that we have not located.)

Great Salt Lake City--February 9, 1852

> A blessing by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Cynthia Durfey, daughter of William and Elizabeth Harrington, born November 21, 1812 (incorrect, born 30 November 1811), (Shaftsbury), Bennington Co., State of Vermont
> Sister beloved of the Lord, in the name of Jesus of Nazereth, I place my hands upon thy head & seal upon you a fathers blessing, even all the blessings of the everlasting Priesthood which was sealed upon the children of Joseph in common with thy companion, giving you power to heal the sick in thine house & to drive the destroyer from thy habitation to preserve the lives of thy children. They will grow very healthy, become mighty in Israel & spred forth upon the mountains like Jacob & be saviors on Mount Zion. It is thy privilege to save thy fathers house with the help of thy companion and friends & bring them up in the first reserection back to the days of Noah & on to where they died in the Gospel that there shall not be a broken link in the chain from the days of rightious Abel to the dispensation of the fullness of times. Thou shalt be satisfied with ones portions and have all thy companions blessings sealed upon him & I seal the same upon thee & upon thy children for ever and ever,
> Amen.
> John Smith -- Patriarch

Great Salt Lake City February 9, 1852
A blessing by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Francillo, son of Ebenezer and Sara (Newton) Durfey, born May 17, 1812 Addison County, State of Vermont

> Beloved brother, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth I place my hands upon thy head and seal upon you a patriarchal or father's blessing; even all the blessings of the everlasting priesthood that was sealed upon Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob and upon the children of Joseph in the land of Egypt, for this is thy lineage, and thy name shall be had in honorable remembrance in the Church through thy posterity from generation to generation.
>
> Thou shalt be blessed in thy basket and in thy store. Thou shalt have an inheritance in the land of Zion, a very great plantation. Thou shalt have all kinds of beast and carriages, shall have servants and handmaidens that will delight to obey thy voice. Thou shalt pass through afflictions and not be troubled. Thou shalt not be beset by the hand of the destroyer. Thou shalt have the ministering of angels which shall teach you great wisdom. Finally, thou shalt have the riches of eternal life. Thy posterity shall be numerous almost as the stars of heaven. You shall live, if you

> desire it, to see the winding up scene of this generation and bring thy father's house to a knowledge of salvation and be satisfied with life forever. Even so Amen.

Tragedy struck the family in 1853. Cynthia's fifteen year old son, Norman Bowen, and another young man had signed on a cattle drive from Salt Lake to California.

> ...Somewhere in the Nevada desert, they were not needed any more and were dismissed. They started to return home and somehow became lost, and because they were starving, they ate some red berries and became very sick. The friend threw up what he had eaten, but Norman was not so lucky. He is supposed to have died there on the desert in Nevada. Someone came along and picked up the other fellow and brought him back to Utah. He then told this story to Norman's mother. Some of the family believed that Norman didn't die but went onto California, but...Grandma and Grandpa (Cynthia and Francillo) did not believe this, they believed the young man had told Grandma the truth (Bowen Family History).

On February 6 and 7, 1855, the First General Festival of the Mormon Battalion was held in the Social Hall in Salt Lake City. The First Presidency and all the members of the Mormon Battalion and their families who could attend enjoyed an evening of music, entertainment, and "the best delicacies and luxuries the country afforded" (Gardner). After the dignitaries spoke, the members of the Battalion were asked to respond. Francillo is recorded as saying:

> I wish to present one of the blest of the Mormon Battalion. There are but very few that know me now, I presume, owing to the great change that has taken place in me since we were in the service of the United States. For there is now more health and strength and nerve in me than there was at that time or ever before. You all know I was a peaky-faced, scrawny kind of a man and when we were about to leave the Bluffs, I was told I would never see California. But thank the Lord, I have been and returned and am now full of life and spirit, and feel that I am one of the blest of the Lord in every respect (Gardner, p. 10).

Salmon River Mission

Two months later, in April 1855, Francillo, Cynthia, and their family joined the many Church members attending conference in Salt Lake. Brigham Young announced over the pulpit the names of twenty seven men from along the Wasatch Front who were called to "an extended mission among the Flathead Indians" (Pioneer Heritage, p. 143). Francillo and some of his friends and neighbors from Ogden, including David Moore and Gilbert Belnap, were among those chosen to go. Brigham Young later explained their mission:

> To settle among the Flathead, Bannock or Shoshone Indians, or anywhere that the tribes would receive them, and there teach the Indians the principles of civilization; teach them to cease their savage customs and to live in peace with each other and with the whites; to cease their roving habits and to settle down; also to teach them how to build houses and homes; in fact, to do all they could to better the conditions of these fallen people, and bring them to a better life (Our Pioneer Heritage, p. 144).

The missionaries were instructed to take enough provisions to last them a year so that they would not be a burden to the Indians. They were told to be honest and upright in all their dealings with the people, and that if they would "labor in humility for the redemption of these people and always have their welfare at heart God would bless them and crown their labors with success" (Our Pioneer Heritage, p. 144).

The men were given about five weeks to prepare. They had no idea where they were going or how long it would be before they could return for their families. Cynthia was left with fourteen year old Marion, ten year old Emma, and five year old Francillo Jr. Their older sons from both marriages were apparently living nearby and must have helped care for Cynthia and the younger children. In the midst of their preparations, Francillo and Cynthia traveled to Salt Lake City, where, at 5:45 p.m. on 4 May 1855 they were sealed by President Brigham Young (Gardener, p. 12). The ceremony must have been a personal one as Brigham Young had known Cynthia since her husband, Elias, had befriended him as a young missionary in Vermont, and had subsequently shared with them the persecutions of Kirkland, Missouri, and Nauvoo. He had known Francillo personally since (if not before) Francillo and the other "Battalion Boys" had met up with Brigham's party at Green River.

(There are numerous articles and journals detailing the events of the Salmon River Mission. Since most of them are not dated by year, and each deals with particular events important to the writer, the information is often confusing. Original entries are included as much as possible, and, hopefully, they are interpreted correctly).

> On May 18, 1855, having taken farewell of their families, these twenty-seven men started out into the wilderness to make a home with the Indians of the northern hills and valleys. They traveled northward through what is now Brigham City, at that time entirely unsettled, thence along the eastern base of the mountains, crossing Bear River a little northwest of where Collinston is now located. They had to make roads as they went along, to build bridges, or ford the rivers and creeks as best they could. Up to the time of reaching the Malad Valley an organization had not been effected, except that Thomas S. Smith had been appointed president of the party. A day's journey after ferrying across Bear River, they met the company of missionaries bound for Nevada, under Orson Hyde. Here they stopped and completed their organization, with Francillo Durfee, captain, David Moore, secretary....Their outfit consisted of thirteen wagons with two yoke of cattle to each wagon, and a few cows. The party was divided into messes, five or six members to a mess, each member of which had his particular duty to perform...After being thus organized they parted with the company bound for the west and resumed their journey northeasterly, reaching the Bannock range of mountains in five or six days. Crossing this range they continued their journey close to the point where Pocatello is now located (Pioneer Heritage, p. 144).

When the company reached the Portneuf River, they were unable to find a suitable ford. They found an old boat on the river bank, and sent men to Fort Hall, about ten miles away, for caulking tools. George Washington Hill reported:

> "We were encamped on the Portneuf River about five miles from the fort (Fort Hall) when...I discovered some Indians coming directly towards us. It seemed to me that I knew them and I told the boys who were with me, 'there come some of my children and I am going to baptize them' (Hill). Another missionary, Pleasant Green Taylor, recorded that "President Young had promised us that the Lamanites would come to meet us and insist on us baptizing them." As the Indians came closer, Pleasant Green was surprised that "they did not hesitate a moment but plunged into the water and swam their horses across both rivers (the Snake and Portneuf) and came and remained with us overnight" (Green). Israel Justus Clark wrote: "Brother George W. Hill had preached and explained the Book of Mormon to the Indians and on the 30th they came to camp and Brother Hill baptized three of them. Their names were Warahoop, Iockick, and Chemi" (Clark).

The missionaries crossed Ross' Fork and the Blackfoot River, following up the Snake River which they also crossed once, until they reached Idaho Falls, then named Eagle Rock. Israel Justus Clark recorded on June 1st:

> This morning the camp made a general move to cross the Snake River. After a hard day of labor we got across with our wagons and teams. In swimming our cattle some of them swam and some would not. Our Indian Brethren helped us and then bade us farewell. We camped one mile from the river (Clark).

The hardest part of their journey--crossing the lava beds--lay ahead. The missionaries were totally unprepared for the hardships they would face.

Turning northwestward, on leaving Snake River, they reached Market Lake, passing it on the east and then crossed the lava beds. It was on the 6th or 7th of June that they left Market Lake, camping that evening at what was known as Muddy Lake. This was no more than a shallow depression in the country filled with water from the winter snows. At this time of the year it was almost dry and what water remained was thick and of a creamy tint, absolutely unfit for man or beast. In consequence they had no water that night and left the following morning without breakfast, hoping to reach a creek the willows of which, it was reported by two of the brethren, could be seen about an hour's travel ahead. What they had seen, however, proved to be a mirage. They traveled a distance of twenty-five miles until late in the afternoon; they were almost perishing from thirst. Some of the cattle had already given out and had been left on the road. When almost driven to despair, they reached the foothills of the mountains and came upon a stream. After they had satisfied themselves, water was sent back to the cattle which had been abandoned, and they were saved; thus they narrowly escaped one of the greatest dangers on their trip. They named this stream Spring Creek...(it) is now known in that section as Little Lost River, as the stream disappears in the desert. Along this stream they traveled for a distance of sixty miles on a gradual ascent until the top of the Salmon range was reached, at the headwaters of the east fork of the Salmon River. A day's journey down the valley, they met a noted Indian chief and his family (Our Pioneer Heritage, p. 146).

On June 12, Israel Clark recorded:

> Rock-I-Rue, the Bannock chief, came a day and a half to meet us (75 miles), and wanted Brother Smith to come and live on his land. (June 13) The camp moved across a large branch of the Salmon River and camped in a grove of dry cottonwood. The brethren went to look at the country. They found plenty of timber and some good land. The Bannock chief is in camp, also his family (Clark).

Francillo, President Thomas Smith, David Moore, and B.F. Cummings were the brethren who "went to look at the country" (Moore). They traveled some fifteen to twenty miles up the Salmon River. On June 15, the thirtieth day of travel, they chose the site for their settlement. According to David Moore's odometer, they had traveled 333 miles from Ogden, and 370 miles from Salt Lake City. Thomas Day, who came the next year, described their location.

> On the north...was the majestic, pine laden Bitterroot Mountain: and just to the south and west flowed the clear beautiful stream called the Salmon River. To the south extended a lovely valley of oblong shape dotted with the farms of the missionaries, and the cottonwoods and undergrowth incident to a well-watered naturally fertile country (Day, p.2).

Because of the nature of their mission and their reception by the Indians, the missionaries recalled the Book of Mormon mission of the Sons of Mosiah to the Lamanites. Francillo moved that their settlement be called after the great Lamanite King, Limhi, and the others agreed (Moore, Salmon River, p. 10). The name, Limhi, was later changed to Lemhi by the non-Mormon pioneers who later resettled the valley.

There has been much speculation as to why the missionaries did not settle somewhere along the Snake or Portneuf River. In fact, during his visit to the Salmon River Mission, Brigham Young would question the wisdom of traveling so far from the protection of the Church (Our Pioneer Heritage, p. 175). The missionaries may have felt that the small groups of Indians which they had encountered along the way did not meet Brigham Young's criteria for establishing a mission. These Indians undoubtedly told the missionaries that there were a large number of Nez Perce, Shoshoni, and Bannock Indians gathered for their annual salmon fishing. Probably the most appropriate answer, however, is that the missionaries were following the promptings of the spirit in making such an important decision. This is reflected in the writings of George Washington Hill, a neighbor of Francillo's from Ogden and the one of the company who had previously learned to speak a little of the Indian language. George wrote:

> As we approached the Salmon River the (Bannock) chief and myself made a treaty between ourselves, each agreeing what we would do to preserve peace and friendship between us, the chief telling me that the Father, meaning the Great Spirit, had told him the white men were coming to his country and he must meet them and welcome them; he must hear them and maintain friendly relations with them. He wanted, now, to make a treaty that would be lasting (Hill).

The Indians from all three tribes welcomed the missionaries. Pleasant Green Taylor wrote that "the following day after our arrival at that place some 500 Lamanites came to our camp and were very friendly. Many fathers among them brought their daughters and desired us to marry them....When

they found we would not take their daughters they departed" (Taylor). Later Brigham Young explained that some of the men should have married the Indian daughters, "he, knowing that if we should take this course it would have the effect of uniting us and causing them to remain our friends." At that point, a few of the men did take Indian wives (Taylor). Brigham Madsen, a University of Utah Professor, writes that Chief Le Grand Coquin of the local Bannock and Shoshoni tribe expressed the wish that the Mormons would show his people how to farm because the traders were not allowed to sell the Indians ammunition any more so they could not hunt. They hoped the missionaries could help them learn how to survive with the changes in their lifestyle (Shoshoni Frontier, p. 39).

In true Latter Day Saint fashion, the missionaries began to carve out another home in the wilderness. They immediately began to build a fort and houses for safety and shelter. David Moore reported that "it was being built of 12 foot Cottonwood timbers set 3 feet in the Ground. Some parts of the ditch are extremely hard to dig. It being Gravel firmly cemented with a White Cement a Man has a hard Job to dig 2 rods per day" (Moore, p. 10). Another missionary who came later that fall wrote:

> (The Fort) was about twenty rods square. The pallisade was built of logs sixteen feet long standing on end and close together. It had one gate on the east side, and one on the west. The colonizers built their houses of logs, on the inside of the fort. Bastions were built at each corner....As soon as the fort was built and the men were in safety they began to break up land and plant crops. They put in peas, potatoes, turnips and other vegetables. Some of the men brought an irrigation ditch from the creek coming from the east side of the valley to the crop which they had planted. Some of the men herded the cattle and kept guard.
>
> The men built a large room in which they held their church meetings, erected a flag pole from which they flew the American flag, and dug a well in the middle of the fort (L.W. Shurtleff).

Later a stock enclosure was added onto the palisade. The cottonwood logs of the palisade formed one side of the enclosure, with the other three walls being made of adobe. The walls were about six to eight feet tall and in a pyramid shape, with the base about four feet thick narrowing to about a foot thick at the top (Description and picture shown on the Fort Limhi Memorial at Tendoy, Idaho)..

(Note: Our family visited Fort Limhi in August 1999. It is located in Tendoy, Lemhi, Idaho, a town consisting of a small store/gas station/ post office, and a one room school. The MuleShu Ranch owns the fort site, and graciously gave us permission to explore. Little remains to mark the dramatic events that occurred here nearly one hundred and forty years ago. About sixty to eighty feet of the adobe wall is still visible, but most of it has crumbled to about two feet in height. Perhaps thirty to forty feet of the structure is still about four to five feet high. It, too, is crumbling, and a shelter has been erected to preserve it. The wall is a mixture of clay with fist size or smaller rocks. David Moore's description of "gravel firmly cemented with a white cement" is apt. Two rock monuments have been erected inside the enclosure; one marks the first irrigation project in Idaho and the other explains a little about the Fort. The beautiful Lemhi River, thick with tall cottonwood

trees, runs about a quarter mile to the west through the neatly kept homestead. A small bluff rises on the east, just across the gravel road from the fort. Another large rock monument on the top of the bluff shows a depiction of the fort, lists the names of the missionaries, and gives a history of the mission. Nearby, a barbed wire fence encloses a small cemetery which the owner of the store claims was started by the Mormons. The Lemhi valley stretches generally north and south between the tall, nearly treeless mountain ranges; its narrow width is covered with lush meadows and lines of cottonwood and willow trees. Janis Clark Durfee.)

The missionaries and Indians reciprocated in the sharing of skills and knowledge. A few days after their arrival, one of the chiefs approached George Hill, asking if the missionaries could take their teams and get some large timbers to build a fish trap. The Indians would do the wicker work, and they would all share in the catch of fish. After the trap was finished, the chief told Brother Hill that he should come early in the morning to fish because the Indians were hungry.

> When we got there, there were about fifty Indians waiting on the bank of the river for me to come. The chief chided me for being late, saying the Indians were very hungry and were not allowed to catch anything until I had caught the first fish. The chief and I fixed our hooks and stepped out on the platform, the chief waiting for me to catch the first before he was allowed to catch any. I had a large pole, about 12 feet long, for my fish pole with a hook about four inches across and a socket to run my pole into with a piece of lariat tied to my hook in such a manner as to allow my hook to pull off my pole and then the fish would hang by the lariat and could not break my pole.
>
> The bull pen, as I called it, was full of fish, some of them three to four feet in length...I made a grab at one and caught him in the side, but he was so large and heavy, and I jerked so hard, that I tore him for very nigh a foot. My hook came out so suddenly that the end of my pole caught an Indian that was standing behind me right by the side of his nose and knocked him down as dead, to all appearance, as if a cannon ball had struck him. In my excitement I did not know I had hit anything, but as I was fixing my hook to try again the chief said to me, “Look at that Indian you have killed.” I looked and saw him lying there, sure enough. I asked the chief what killed him; he said I hit him in the eye...I felt of his pulse but he had none, so I went to work chafing him but seemingly to no purpose for some time. Finally he came to and I went back to my fishing. Brother Cummings was very uneasy and kept insisting that we must go...I told the chief when the Indian got smart (well) enough to tell him to come up and I would make him some presents, as I did not want to hurt him and did not want him to feel bad...In three or four days after this the Indian came to see me and I gave him some presents, and the Indians being about to start to the buffalo country, I advised him to stay with us, telling him I would take care of him until he was well...as the bones were all broken clear through his head. He thought he could stand it, but he could not, and died after a few days out (Hill).

Since their calling was to bring the principles of both civilization and salvation to the Indians, the missionaries made a great effort to become friends with the Indians and to teach them how to plant

and harvest. They found the Nez Perce Indians to be honorable and pleasurable to deal with, but struggled with the Bannock and Shoshoni Indians. George Washington Hill recorded:

> We had a great many Nez Perce visit us that summer, and they all took quite a liking to me. There was one in particular, named Clark (a half-breed son of Clark, of the Clark and Lewis journey) with bright red hair, blue eyes, and as thin skin as you would see on any man. He always called me his "Little Brother" because I was the same complexion he was and he was a little older. He would come and stay with me when they were there and took all the pains imaginable to teach me the Nez Perce language.
>
> Quite late in the fall Indians began to come in for winter quarters. There was one came in that had a very sick little girl. The Indians I had baptized on the way out told him that we administered to the sick, anointing them and praying over them, so he came after me to go and administer to her. I told him we did not make a practice of administering to people that did not belong to the Church, and if we went and administered to her and she got well, we would expect him to be baptized. He said that was a bargain. So I took Brothers Cummings and Moore and went out to their camp and administered to the child who was burning up, as it were, with fever, and before we took our hands of her head the sweat broke out in great drops all over her face and she was well at once.
>
> The following Sunday there was quite a crowd of Indians at our meeting and after we got through the president called upon me to preach to them, which I tried to do in my weak way, telling them if they believed, we would baptize them if they wanted it. They all cried out, "I do!" "I do!" all over the crowd. So we went to the water and I baptized fifty six (Hill).

The missionaries faced many challenges besides dealing with the Indians. There was much sickness and several serious injuries which occurred in the camp during their first few weeks there. Then, on 29 July 1855, David Moore records: "The Grasshoppers or locusts are upon us in vast numbers and are eating all our Garden to the Ground" (Moore, p. 10). This disaster was made the worse because the Indians expected the missionaries to share their supplies with them. It soon became obvious to the missionaries that their food was not going to last as long as they had hoped. Francillo was among the first group of men to return to Salt Lake in August 1855, with orders to "return as soon as possible" (Heart Throbs of the West, p. 315). The men apparently separated and David Moore's group traveling a short distance behind found a note left on Antelope Creek on the headwaters of the Salmon River, some fifty miles from Limhi. Written on the back of a pervious note, it read "Aug. 14--passed here at 3 p.m. All well. F. Durfey."

Moore's group shortly caught up with the others, and David noted, "Capt Durfey and D. Moore killed some young ducks which was prepared for a general mess in the morning...On the suggestion of D. Moore, Capt Durfey thought it best to explore the route up the Portneuf and appointed D. Moore and E. Lish to make a trip through that route" (Moore, pp. 11-12).

The journey was difficult and hurried for the men were eager to see their families, and those remaining behind at the fort were anxious to receive word from home as well as the much needed supplies. Israel Clark, who was among those sent back to Utah, reported: "Sept. 3rd--This day threshed out four bushels of oats, all the fall grain I harvested from fourteen and one-half acres of land. I was visited by Francillo Durfee, received council about moving our families to Fort Limhi and the gathering of wheat and flour to take with us" (Clark).

Francillo, David Moore, Charles McGary, and Israel J. Clark brought their families back to Fort Limhi with them, arriving there on 19 November 1855. Their wives were the first white women in that part of the country. Francillo brought "three or four children" (Pioneer Heritage), which must have included Emma, Marion, and Francillo Jr. They brought twelve wagons "laden with supplies of wheat, corn and other seeds and several hundred pounds of flour" (Heart Throbs, p. 315). Even those supplies did not meet the needs of both the missionaries and the Indians, and another group was sent for supplies during the winter; their journey was hazardous and filled with great suffering. The mission continued to grow; several different groups of missionaries returned to their homes in Utah at various times to bring back supplies and were accompanied on their return by other newly called missionaries. There were so many journeys made between Limhi and Salt Lake City that "it was a veritable highway" (Shoshoni Frontier, p. 38).

Even though all the missionaries were good and honorable members of the Church, problems and hard feelings arose. On Friday, 6 July 1855, two of the brethren were appointed to "act as teachers" visiting all of the camp members. They discovered that Isaac Shepherd and George R. Grant had revived an old feud, and were nursing hard feelings towards each other. " Acouncil of six" was chosen the next day to settle the difficulty, with Francillo being one of the mediators. On Sunday, all but three of the brethren were rebaptized, and they administered the Sacrament (Moore, p. 7). Later in the mission, Isaac Shepherd had more problems, this time with the leaders, especially B.F. Cummings who was the acting president of the mission while President Smith had returned home briefly.

> Feb. 2nd. It continues warm and fine. This morning I (Israel Clark) went to see G.F. Cummings, our president, concerning some remarks made by him on Sunday evening concerning me. The remarks I had made were these: "It is the duty of every man to know for himself concerning himself and his duty to God and his brethren." He had made the remark in effect that it was a man's duty to do as he was told and that I had a bad spirit, and several other expressions that were not agreeable to my feelings. After some talk he felt satisfied...(I.J. Clark).

Problems continued to escalate. President Cummings would chastise one brother for an action, then sanction another to do the same thing. He was also indecisive in some serious dealings with the Indians. The brethren came to dislike him greatly, and a meeting was held to put Brother Cummings out as president.

> (Francillo) listened to all they had to say, then he stood up and said, "Brethren, where do you get your authority to put Brother Cummings out? We can't put him out, that has to come from the head of the church." After the meeting Brother Cummings said, "Brother Durfey, you are the last man I thought would stand up for

> me." (Francillo) replied, "Don't fool yourself, it's not you but the Priesthood you hold that I defend" (Marble, p. 5).

The settlers spent the winter making their homes more livable and working with the Indians, learning the language, and trying to fortify their new converts. The Indians again converged upon the fort, expecting to be fed by the missionaries, and further depleting their scanty supplies. One winter (probably 1857), smallpox broke out among the Indians who were encamped near the fort. The missionaries woke one morning to discover that the Indians had left during the night, leaving the body of a squaw in one of the lodges. The missionaries struggled, trying to decide what should be done. Finally three volunteers decided that they would bury the body. Thankfully, they were protected and no smallpox broke out in the fort (Day).

Spring of 1856 found the men and women of the fort eagerly planting a large crop of "peas, potatoes, garden vegetables and a large field of wheat" in anticipation of a good harvest (Shurtliff). The young plants grew rapidly in the fertile irrigated soil, and it looked to be a successful year. Then one morning, in a repeat of the previous year, a hoard of grasshoppers settled upon the fields, and despite all their efforts, by the second day, not a stalk of green was standing anywhere (Day). Jacob Miller described their battle with the insects:

> ...beginning with June 2nd commenced fighting grasshoppers which continued to the 23rd. Grasshoppers were very thick. We tried to head them off the crops with water ditches. We caught them morning and evening with sacks. We dug holes in the grain 4 to 8 rods apart and drove them into the holes with brush, 5 to 10 men forming a circle to drive them in and then bury them, sometimes a peck of them in a hole--two such sets working part of the time. They destroyed most of the crop and on the 28th of July a company of 14, with 13 teams, started back to the settlements (Salt Lake) for seed grain, provisions, etc. (Miller).

There was so little to eat at the fort that the envoys were reluctant to even eat breakfast the morning of their departure. Their friends insisted that they share some of the food. On their third day out, a mountaineer discovered the half starved travelers and directed them to Fort Hall where he had cached a sack of flour (Day). Miller, one of those remaining at Fort Limhi, recorded: "August 11th Began gleaning the smutty wheat the grasshoppers had left, cut it with a butcher knife, threshed it with a stick, washed the smut off in a tub, dried it in a bake oven, ground it in a coffee mill, baked it--bran included--and had bread once more. And oh! What a treat!" (Miller).

Brigham Young's Visit

The winter passed, and on 8 May 1857, Brigham Young and a group of 142 people arrived at Fort Limhi to inspect the mission. An express had been sent ahead, making a 200 mile journey in about 3 days, to alert the missionaries of their approaching visitors. The missionaries set to work improving the road through the Narrows and generally cleaning the fort. It snowed six inches the morning of the group's arrival. Among the visitors were Francillo's good friends, Captain James Brown from the Mormon Battalion, and Lorin Farr, President of Mound Fort. President Young expressed his concern at the location of the settlement. He had apparently anticipated that the missionaries would settle somewhere nearer the Snake River, and was anxious because it would be hard to send help that great distance if problems arose in the mission. He also felt that the fort

was situated too close to a knoll which could provide the Indian means to fire arrows into the fort. He also wondered why the missionaries had not married Indian wives, since the unions would serve to strengthen ties between the two peoples (Hill, Green). He promised that he would send more missionaries to strengthen the mission, and then blessed the fort. He commended the settlers on the cleanliness and the general appearance of the fort. He also had Daniel Wells organize a militia with Thomas Smith as Colonel and David Moore as Lieutenant. By the time his entourage left, the settlers felt encouraged and blessed by his visit (Our Pioneer Heritage).

The settlers began building another fort and more houses some four to five miles below (north) of the original fort for safety and to accommodate new groups of missionaries. A bumper crop was raised that year, and the community land was divided into individual farms (Day). A grist mill was set up, and the community was becoming more self sufficient. The settlers had a herd of close to three hundred head of cattle. Several of the men also married Indian wives.

During the spring of 1857, the Durfees were in Mound Fort. They may have returned with President Young's company. Henry Dennison's new bride, Jane Barker Durfee, lived with his stepmother during that spring and summer while Den was called to ride with the Pony Express (Jane). In October 1857, Francillo, Cynthia, and their children are listed among the missionaries heading for the Salmon River Mission. Cynthia's two sons, Joseph and Jonathan Bowen, and Jonathan's wife, Adele, had also received a call to Salmon River and accompanied their parents there (Our Pioneer Heritage). A group of "boys" from the fort learned of their approach, and met them at the headwaters of the Salmon River, easing their passage into the valley (Pioneer Heritage).

The winter began peacefully. A bountiful harvest of about 2500 bushel or wheat had been gathered, and the settlers spent most of their time thrashing the grain in threshing pits run by oxen and grinding the grain in their newly constructed grist mill. Because of the wear on the grist stone as it ground the grain, the flour was gritty, but the missionaries were pleased with their first successful crop and their ability to process it.

Johnston's Army

That year, President Buchanan had sent Johnston's Army to Utah to replace Brigham Young as governor. He had received biased reports that the Mormons were in rebellion against the United States and were inciting the Indians against the local Indian agents. The Mormon leaders, receiving reports that the Army was coming to take over their government and persecute the Saints once more, determined that they would not be driven from another home. They sent a militia to harass and delay the advance of the army. The army was bogged down that winter in Wyoming, with many of their supply wagons burned. Visits to the Wasatch Front during the fall had brought back news of the invasion, and the missionaries worried for the safety of their loved ones in Utah, never dreaming that its effects on the Salmon River Mission would be far more serious. The army, short on supplies because of forays by the territorial militia, had heard of the large herd of cattle on the Salmon River and offered to buy any animals that the mountaineers or Indians would bring them.

After the first few months at Fort Limhi, the settlers had felt comfortable with the Indians and moved freely among them, but that winter (1857), the missionaries began to sense a change in attitude. The Shoshoni and Bannock Indians were becoming increasingly hostile to the missionaries for several reasons. The missionaries had developed a good relationship with the Nez

Perce Indians, and the Shoshoni and Bannock Indians accused them of showing favoritism, even though the missionaries tried to be careful to offer the same opportunities to both groups. The mountaineers or mountain men, led by John Powell, came to the Limhi valley from Johnston's camp. They convinced the Shoshoni-Bannocks that the Mormons were exploiting them, and assured them that Johnston would pay a lot of money for any cattle that the Indians could deliver.

Hostilities Increase

On 21 December 1857, forty lodges of Shoshones arrived at the fort. They were treated kindly and fed by the missionaries. They left the next day. On December 26, a band of Nez Perce Indians came to the fort looking for stolen horses which they claimed had been taken by the visiting Shoshonis. The missionaries fed the Nez Perce, and allowed them to lock their horses in the fort's corrals. This offended a group of neighboring Bannocks who had apparently intended to steal the horses during the night. The next day, a Shoshoni Indian rode into the fort on a stolen Nez Perce horse, creating a confrontation between the two groups. The trouble was smoothed over, the Indians smoked the peace pipe, and the Nez Perce Indians left. The next day, the Bannock and Shoshoni Indians angrily reported that the Nez Perce had returned, stealing fifty or sixty of their horses. They blamed the missionaries for their loss, since they had allowed the Nez Perce use of their corrals but had not offered it to the Bannocks and Shoshonis. The missionaries were very frustrated because they would have allowed the use of the corrals had the Indians asked, but mostly they doubted that the theft had actually occurred. Two days later, the Indians tried to persuade the Indian wife of one of the missionaries to go with them; when she refused, they kidnapped her (Pioneer Heritage).

On 13 January 1858, the herders discovered that some of their cattle were missing. They pursued the Indians for over twenty miles, and found the Indians enjoying the meat from one of the stolen steers. They demanded a horse as pay for the stolen cattle, causing those who had dealt with the Indians before to worry; they realized that the Indians would simply steal a horse in return.

About the middle of January, Pleasant Green Taylor had a dream which he interpreted as inspiration. In the dream, "a dark cloud, small but very black and with lightning rapidity, rose in the north and came directly to the fort, after which it turned and took an easterly direction, settling down in quietude." Feeling uneasy, he reported the dream to his brothers who were living in the lower fort, and suggested that they bring their families to the upper fort. President Smith tried to calm the growing fears, but gave orders for all the families living at the lower fort to move into the upper fort for safety (Taylor).

For almost a month, things seemed peaceful and the colonizers went about their daily routines. In fact, on 1 February 1858, Francillo Jr.'s eighth birthday, Francillo cut a hole in the ice on the Limhi River and baptized his son. Francillo Jr. carried the tradition through his family, claiming that his children would never have to wonder who baptized them and when (Cynthia Durfey Earl).

John Owens, the Indian Agent in the Bitterroot Valley in the Flathead country, learned that a volunteer officer in Johnston's army was actively seeking recruits among the mountaineers to attack the fort and carry off the cattle. He met with the leaders of some thirty mountaineers who were about to volunteer and persuaded them that the mission was doing a lot of good among the

Indians and that they should drop their planned attack. He also wrote to David Moore, secretary of the mission, warning the settlement of the danger.

On February 7, a large band of Shoshoni arrived at the fort on their way to fight the Nez Perce. They demanded that they be given food and shelter, and to the missionaries' great relief, they left the next day. Two days later, President Smith's favorite horse was stolen, and a company recovered the animal after an eighty mile chase.

On February 24, a message was received from John W. Powell, one of the mountaineers who had been instrumental in poisoning the Indians against the Mormons. He realized that the Indians were going beyond what the mountaineers had planned, and warned the Mormons that the situation was very dangerous. Still, their relationships with the Indians had been so amiable that no one anticipated that the Indians would do much more than "attempt to carry off some of the cattle and the necessary precautions were not taken" (Our Pioneer Heritage).

Attack

February 25, 1858, was a "fine, sunny day" and the missionaries were busy with their daily duties. Fountain Welch, Andrew Quigley, and Orson H. Rose had taken the herd of "two hundred thirty five cattle and thirty one ponies" (Our Pioneer Heritage, p. 159) to graze on the nearby hills at about seven that morning. President Smith and two others had gone into the mountains with their teams, and others had gone down to the lower fort to haul in hay which had been stacked in the fields during the summer. Francillo and his stepsons, Jonathan and Joseph, were plowing in the fields (Heart Throbs, vol 7, p. 574--The boys are listed as Brown, not Bowen). Only nine men, along with the women and children, remained at the fort, repairing the houses and readying for another day of threshing grain. About 9 o'clock, someone at the fort noticed a large group of Indians moving suspiciously towards the herd which was grazing about two miles away. An alarm was sounded, and David Moore, first lieutenant of the militia, dispatched the available men to help the herders keep the cattle from stampeding. George McBride, apparently a rather hot headed man about 32 years old, came "tearing into the fort in great excitement, armed himself, jumped on his horse and was riding out, loudly declaring what he would do the Indians." David ordered him to settle down and join the group (Pioneer Heritage, p. 158). The Indians reached the herd first and began to drive off the cattle. Fountain Welch was trying to round up the cattle when the Indians began to fire at him.

He was completely taken by surprise when they began shooting, and before he could escape he was shot in the small of the back and fell while running away. When the Indians came up to him and lifted his head by the hair he though this scalp was gone, and it was all he could do to prevent betraying himself. He feigned death so well, even when the Indians stripped him and applied a whip to his body to see if life remained, that they rode off without scalping him, thinking him dead, as they considered him a coward who was fleeing at the time of his death. When Andrew Quigley saw Welch fall he ran up a little mountain but was shot through the shoulder as he reached the top and fell. One of the Indians broke a hole in his skull with a gun barrel and left him for dead. Orson Rose, the third herder, dropped into the heavy sage brush at the sound of firing. Here the Indians could not pass with their horses, and while they riddled the brush with a hail of bullets, Rose escaped unhurt. He lay close until evening when he made his way to the fort (Pioneer Heritage, p. 158).

As the ten men from the fort reached the knoll, George McBride went ahead to scout the situation. When he reached the top, he "waved his hat around his head a few times, a veritable challenge, uttered a yell, and rode down among the Indians where he immediately met his death, being shot through the arms and body" (Pioneer Heritage). The other men, following behind, heard Fountain Welch's faint cries for help, picked him up and quickly returned to the fort.

Thomas Smith and E. Barnard were cutting wood about eight miles away. They heard the gunfire and headed immediately for the fort. Their path crossed that of the Indians who were driving away the cattle, and President Smith was wounded, a ball passing through his hat, another grazing his arm, a third cutting his suspender and wounding his horse.

On the opposite side of the fort, another tragedy had been enacted. The men who were hauling up the hay had been attacked, their teams taken from them, and their hay and wagons set on fire (Day). The Indians, riding with their bodies concealed behind their horses, shot at the unsuspecting men, killing James Miller outright. Several others were wounded, but the men scattered, hiding in the underbrush along the river banks and sneaking into the fort as they could, most having to wait until dark. H.V. Shurtliff had been wounded in the arm, and as he stole along the water's edge, his dog followed, yapping whenever he lost sight of his master in the deep underbrush (Pioneer Heritage, p. 159).

The men who had gathered in the fort made several forays to find their missing friends. They recovered the dead bodies of Miller and McBride, and also rescued the badly wounded Quigley. Joseph Bowen went out with one group. His grandson recorded:

> Hen Gates was out in the foothills when some Indians jumped him, shooting and wounding him. Several men went out to bring him in. Grandpa was one of these men, and when they found him, Grandpa spoke to him, he said, "My Gosh Joe is that you? I thought it was the Indians coming to scalp me." They made a litter out of their coats and two sticks and carried him back to the fort, by some watching for Indians, while others carried him to the next ridge (Bowen, p. 22).

On February 28, three days after the attack, President Smith called a meeting to discuss what should be done. Some of the missionaries felt that they should immediately abandon the fort and return home. Others felt it was their duty to remain until they were released by Brigham Young. Considering Francillo's attitude towards obeying priesthood authority, he probably sided with the latter group. They finally decided to remain at the fort, but send a dispatch to President Young, informing him of the danger. E. Barnard and B.H. Watts were chosen because they seemed the most capable of making the dangerous journey. Their horses were shod, provisions gathered, and the dispatch sewn in the lining of a coat. Late that night, the two men furtively left the fort. To those inside the walls, the sound of the horses' hooves seemed to echo, and they waited breathlessly, fearing the Indians would hear the horses and kill the two men. Their prayers were answered, and Barnard and Watts made it away. The settlers stationed guards and spent their days "building bastions, strengthening the fort, digging holes in which to cache their wheat and other provisions, in standing guard, and relieving each other every four hours" (Day). Thomas Day declared that the "dazzling snow made this a hard duty and eyesight of the sentinels was injured,

in some cases permanently. They also suffered much from cold, but the watch was kept unbroken for a month" (Day). Pleasant Green Taylor stated:

> Five hundred Indians well provided with implements of war, together with their skill, compared with 30 men anxious for the protection of their families, is no comparison. Sythes were straightened with handles attached and these were to be used if the Indians attempted to climb over the walls....There we stood with sythe in hand, ready to cut down like new mown hay those to whom we had come to preach the Gospel. The Indians would stand off at a distance with a scalp perched high on a pole, as if to say "You shall be served likewise." The women were energetic, and helped in every blessed way they could (Taylor).

Joseph Bowen's grandson recorded:

> One night when Grandpa (Joseph) was in one of the lookout towers, and Hen Gates was in the other, it was a bright moonlight night and Grandpa saw an Indian coming up the road through the brush. He woke Grandpa Durfey because he was the captain, and he also could speak the Indian language. After talking to the Indian, they found he was from a different tribe, and knew nothing of the trouble they were having with the Indians, so they let him in. This Indian went out three different nights and brought back cattle that had been stolen by the Indians, but after that he was afraid to go out any more for fear he would be caught (Bowen, p. 2).

The blacksmith began constructing a howitzer, made of "iron staves bound together by wagon-tie bands." Several "friendly"Indians had camped near the fort, and the missionaries "did not scruple in their wonderful description of this gun." When they test fired the gun, however, it "disappeared...Not a piece the weight of a pound could be found." They had been careful to fire it from inside a log bastion, however, so no one was hurt (Pioneer Heritage, p. 161).

Several of the Indians, including "Old Dad" who had been a herder at the mission, came to the fort as delegates of the Shoshoni. They brought a few cattle back to the fort, but the missionaries didn't trust them and reported more threats of aggression. On March 4, a fast meeting was held outside so that those on watch could participate. Action was taken to excommunicate all but one of the Indians who had been baptized.

The missionaries waited apprehensively, knowing it would be some time before they could be sure their messengers had made it to Salt Lake. Meanwhile, there was much to be done. They continued working on the fort, threshing and caching the wheat, and repairing their wagons in case they should receive word to abandon the fort. They also organized groups of armed men to take the few cattle and horses which had been returned to water outside the fort. Francillo Jr. had vivid memories of this trying time. His daughter recorded:

> I have heard my father tell of many times he would climb on the fort wall, look through the gun holes and pray for his father's life during the Indian raids. He said it might have had a lasting effect up my life had not my father gathered his family around him and explained that the Indians were not to blame, that while the

> missionaries were trying to make friends with them and teach them the gospel, to the Indians they were only trespassing on their hunting grounds (Marble).

Rescue

Barnard and Watts had been chosen as the dispatch because they were the "most experienced mountaineers and guides." They must have been very capable to have been chosen out of such an able group of men as the missionaries. The trip to Salt Lake was grueling and taxed every bit of their skill. After leaving the fort, the two men "waded a stream of water a distance of five miles" to avoid being tracked, crossing to the west in hopes of evading any Indians. The snow was deep and the weather was bitter. One of the horses hurt its leg, greatly slowing their progress since Barnard was lame, having suffered from problems with his feet since the early days of the mission. Barnard rode the sound horse, while Watts plowed through the snow, leading the lame animal. Their provisions ran out, leaving them without food for forty-eight hours. Exhausted, they reached a small fort on the headwaters of the Malad where they secured fresh horses and food. They made the rest of the trip in two days (Family History Suite II). By March Th?, word of the disaster was spreading throughout the nearby communities. Jacob Miller, who had recently returned to Farmington from Fort Limhi, recorded:

> Just as the students were passing at the close of my school, Ebin Robinson rode up hurriedly and informed me that Ezra Barnard and Baldwin Watts had come from Fort Limhi with news that Indians had attacked the herdsmen, driven off the stock, killed my brother, James, and George McBride, and wounded several…
>
> A general excitement followed, not knowing what other disaster may follow. Most of the teams at the fort were taken with the herd; teams and guard were necessary to move the missionaries home. Orders were sent for those nearest, Weber and Box Elder counties, to furnish 150 D. Haight and 50 men were called from Davis Co.; a hurrying of horses from the range, preparing baggage wagons others. I rang my school bell and called to the children to come back and get their with supplies, etc., and in two days from the call the company was underway, Ebin Robinson and myself of the number...a heavy rain set in and we reached Ogden completely drenched (Miller).men, Colonel Andrew Cunningham in charge, to hasten to the scene of trouble, and failing to get the number, Horton Henry Dennnison was among the rescuers, probably in the lead group with Cunningham. The weather was harsh, and the going was rough.
>
> (March) 17th Snowing all last night and continuing today. Sleeping on the ground in the snow, which had piled on our beds so that we had to shake it off, it got so heavy....We had a stampede of the horses, but as each of the guard was holding his saddle horse by the lariat while it was grazing, stampede was soon checked. Progress today very tedious getting over the mountain. Wind with the storm had covered the trail of Cunningham's company which had passed the day before. Calvary breaking road for baggage wagons were soon sent back to dismount and load their horses from the wagons to lighten up, and reaching top of divide, there were a number of ravines to cross which were so filled with drifting snow that the

> horses were walking up to their sides in snow, and wagons to the axles. We had to unload, carry the loads on our backs across the ravines, and tying ropes to the sides of the wagon, and some 20 or more men who could stand on the packed snow of last winter would aid the wallowing horses to pull the empty wagons through the ravines, while the other men would be holding 6 or more horses each, and others moving the baggage forward on their shoulders, others at the wheels and boxes of the wagons, and others cheering and aiding the wallowing horses of two or three wagons hitched to one empty wagon to move a few rods and, resting, try, try again. What a scene for a photographer! (Miller).

Cunningham sent an express of ten men, including Barnard, to assure those at the fort that help was coming and to deliver messages from their families and friends. As they were coming down the canyon at the head of Little Salmon River, the men could see the sentinel fires of Indians who were guarding the pass. The men decided to "run the gauntlet rather than turn back. Putting spurs to their horses they passed the guard-fires while the sentinel, excited and taken by surprise, shouted to the camp in an attempt to arouse his companions. The express could hear the noise and shouting but passed out of hearing and into safety as fast as their horses could carry them" (Our Pioneer Heritage, p.162).

They reached the safety of the fort on Sunday, the twenty-first day of March. Two days later, Cunningham's company of one hundred arrived with much needed food and supplies. "There was joy and thanksgiving beyond description. The intense strain to which the brethren and their families had been put for a month past was removed and everywhere were signs of the relief brought by the expedition sent out by President Young whose instructions were to abandon the mission and come home" (Our Pioneer Heritage, p. 162).

Cunningham immediately sent an express of ten men to Salt Lake, carrying letters to the worried families and friends in Utah. Barnard was again a member of the express, his third trip across the three hundred thirty mile expanse in a month. Cunningham met with the Shoshoni, having a peace smoke and explaining to the Indians that the missionaries were leaving and arranging for safe passage out of the valley. A group of eighty men went down the river, gathering up a few of the cattle and horses that remained. Captain Haight's company of fifty arrived on March 25th. Preparations were soon completed for the journey home. About two thousand bushel of grain had been cached at the fort, and was left to the Indians. Most of the men had lost nearly everything they owned. "Out of thirty-five head of cattle (Francillo) trailed three hundred and thirty-three miles, he returned with only one cow whose calf was too weak to travel. She escaped the Indians and came back for it" (Marble).

Jacob Miller had intended to bring his brother James' body back for burial, but decided it was unwise. James and George McBride had both been buried inside the fort and stock had been fed over the graves to mask them from the Indians (Miller). Several of the missionaries, especially Andrew Quigley, were still in critical condition. Both Quigley and Fountain Welch lived and went on to help settle new communities in Cache Valley. Quigley's history states that he died twenty three years later, from "complications from injuries received" during the Salmon River Mission, but he had been able to raise his family despite his terrible head injuries (L.D.S. Family History Suite II).

Fort Limhi Abandoned

On Sunday, 28 March 1858 Fort Limhi was officially abandoned. The company traveled fourteen miles that day in deep snow. In many places the men had to attach lariats to the wagons and help the teams pull the wagons through the snowy ravines. Miller recorded "In crossing the divide there was almost a repetition of the 17th. Rain and snow and wind for several days--all snow on the divide, drifts almost impassable; wet and shivering, hands numb, while carrying portions of loads and pulling at wagons, etc." (Miller). Two babies were born in these terrible conditions. The suffering of the injured and infirm must have been tremendous.

On April 5th, they passed Blackfoot, relieved to be out of danger. To their horror, they discovered that the express had been attacked by hostile Indians. Miller wrote:

> Passing up the Bannock I was in the vanguard when I saw an object on the south side of the stream which we found, on approaching, was the nude dead body of Bailey Lake, one of the express. Camping and reconnoitering, indications showed that an engagement had occurred between the express and Indians. Farther up the stream a horse and mule were killed, saddle, bridle and some clothing left (Miller).

Thomas Day expressed the shock the company felt. "This was so sudden and unexpected that it created a sensation and seemed a greater shock than the first outbreak, now it seemed as if danger was passed and they had reached halfway home." A wagon was emptied, and Bailey's body was placed in it. As they crossed the divide the next morning, the men packed his body in snow so that it could be returned to his wife and two young daughters for burial (Day). Brigham Young later asked Bailey's friend and fellow missionary, Pleasant Green Taylor, to take Bailey's young widow as his plural wife and raise his children (Family History Suite II).

> The company arrived in Salt Lake on the 15th of April and thence went south following the tide of the people who had gone in that direction to avoid the threatened onslaught of the army. But matters were compromised; danger was averted; the government reconciled; peace restored to the peace-loving inhabitants of Utah; but the Salmon River Indian Mission was never resumed (Day).

Upon his return from the rescue mission, Henry Dennison and his family left their home and possessions in Ogden, staying at Sugar Creek, nine miles outside of Payson (Henry Dennison). It is very likely that Francillo and Cynthia and the Bowen sons went there too. After the crisis was averted, they all returned to Ogden for a few months.

Cache Valley

In 1856, twenty five settlers had entered the Cache Valley, establishing Maughan's Fort (now Wellsville), the first permanent settlement in the valley. The next spring, an exploration party from the North Ogden area stopped at Maughan's Fort. They and several of their neighbors were feeling that the Weber valley was becoming "overcrowded" and were hoping to move to the northern mountain valley in search of a better home. The explorers returned home with glowing reports of the land nestled in the foothills of the northeastern mountains, and many of the North Ogden residents began to make plans to make the move. Their plans were cut short as news reached Utah of the approach of Johnston's Army and the Saints abandoned the northern settlements. Upon their

return to North Ogden, Francillo and Cynthia joined their neighbors in gathering food, seeds, animals, and equipment for their move to Cache Valley. In May of 1859, they reached their new home. They stayed the first night at Maughn's Fort, then journeyed across the valley to a nice spring on the eastern foothills (Bowen Family History, p.2). Jonathan and his wife, Joseph and Potter Bowen were also among the company (Providence). Henry Dennison and Jane moved there the next year (Henry Dennison).

The new settlement which the pioneers named Spring Creek grew quickly. Several of the citizens were so excited about their new home that they returned to Salt Lake City to meet incoming wagon trains, encouraging many of their immigrating countrymen to continue on to Spring Creek. In November, Apostle Orson Hyde and Ezra T. Benson visited the Cache Valley which now boasted several new settlements. They organized a ward in Spring Creek, calling a bishop to replace the presiding elder who had been officiating. Orson Hyde looked over the beautiful valley, and noting the progress made by the settlers in just a few short months, suggested that the name "Spring Creek" was "too common and undignified" for such a "providential and lovely" community, and suggest that the town be named "Providence" (Providence, p. 33-34).

The first year was full of challenges for the new settlers. The families lived in their wagon boxes until log homes with dirt roofs or dugouts could be constructed. Following Brigham Young's counsel, they built their homes close together for protection and social structure and marked their streets in the typical Mormon blocks. A fort was begun, but never finished, since the threat of Indian attack became remote. A log school and church house were soon completed. Gardens and "limited patches of potatoes, turnips, corn, wheat, sugar cane, peas and beans" were planted, but there wasn't a lot of food for the coming year.

The women hated to build fires every morning, so they would look out the door upon arising, notice whose chimney was smoking, and hurry down the street to borrow a starting of fire.
By Spring of 1860, few families, if any, had enough food to satisfy their hunger. The main diet in all of the homes was corn mush, supplemented by thistles, sego bulbs, and bread roots, gathered by the women and children in the meadows and on the hillsides, where they grew plentifully. Flour was almost a luxury, not only because of the scarcity of wheat, but also because of the lack of milling facilities (Providence, p. 23).

Francillo, who had been a hunter both as a boy and on the Battalion march, probably kept his family in meat whenever possible.

Francillo Jr. told his daughter, Beth Marble, that his father had been blessed with the gift of healing.

> ...his father told him he never laid hands on a sick person's head that he didn't know himself whether the person would live or not. At one time (Francillo) was up in Providence Canyon getting out logs for his trade as a cooper, when a messenger came for him saying his mother (Cynthia) was very ill. He went home, held (Cynthia's) hand, and said: "In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to be made whole." She was restored to health (Marble).

The Bowen Family History adds a tender insight to this incident.

> One day when Grandma was very sick, Grandpa Durfey was away, and many of the neighbors had come and were standing around the bed, the room was full, and from all appearances she had passed on. Grandpa came home and pushed his way through the people and went up to her bed and commanded her in the name of Israel God to rise; she opened her eyes and said, "Oh, Daddy, have you come?"

The Bowen History continues:

> Another example of the type person Grandpa Durfey was, is the story Dad tells, that one time he told his son Frank, Jr. to go outside and get a real good willow and bring it to him. When Frank did this, he was thinking that his father was going to use it on him, but instead he told Frank to use it on him (the father). At first Frank couldn't hit him hard, but his father insisted, saying he had done something wrong and needed to be punished. Uncle Frank said that was an awful hard thing to have to do (Bowen Family History, p.2).

An interesting story involving Francillo and Cynthia occurred in 1861. Some time earlier, an Indian attack led by Chief Bear Hunter near Fort Hall in Idaho had wiped out an entire wagon train. A young boy and his two sisters were taken captive by the Indians. The young girls died of starvation near the "Goos Creek Mountains" in Idaho, probably the Goose Creek Range south of Oakley, Idaho. The stories vary slightly, but apparently the children's uncle had come from Oregon, desperately trying to find them. General Patrick Conner, an Army Indian fighter for whom Conner Creek near Almo, Idaho, is named, determined to find the children, tracking Chief Bear Hunter to his hiding spot in the mouth of Dry Pole Canyon near Providence. A fierce battle ensued; after several of his braves were killed, Chief Bear Hunter surrendered. General Conner brought the Chief to Providence, locking him up in Francillo's chicken coop. The Chief refused to tell the soldiers anything about the missing boy until Conner threatened to have him shot. As the soldiers raised their guns, Bear Hunter disclosed the boy's location. Soldiers were dispatched, and shortly brought the child to Providence. One story claims that the settlers were upset upon seeing the child; his hair was long and black, his skin darkened. They were certain that he was not the missing boy. An older brother who had escaped from the Indians and had come to Providence with the soldiers, asked the school teacher to give the child a book. The child read sentence after sentence, thus proving his identity. The child was reunited with his uncle and Chief Bear Hunter was permitted to move his tribe into the Bear River area north of Preston (Providence, p. 19).

Another version claims that the child had light hair and blue eyes and was "bedaubed with paints like an Indian and acted like a regular little savage when given into our possession, fighting, kicking and scratching when the paint was washed from him to determine his white descent" (Providence, p. 19).

Brigham D. Madsen, a Professor Emeritus of History at the University of Utah, maintains that the rescued chid was in reality "the half breed son of a French mountaineer and a sister of Chief Washakie. Although he had yellow hair and blue eyes, he could not speak any English and was a full member of the Northwestern Shoshoni nation" (Shoshoni, p. 173). Another possibility is that the boy was Nick Wilson who was herding sheep out of Grantsville when Indians promised him a

pony if he were to go with them. Nick was adopted by Washakie's mother and lived with the tribe for two years. Settlers discovered the boy was white and demanded that he be returned to his birth family (The White Indian Boy by Nick Wilson.)

As soon as Conner and his troops left Providence, a strong force of Indians collected near the town whose strength was less than 100. They charged that the settlers had sheltered and fed the troops, thus betraying their promises of friendship towards the Indians. About seventy men from Logan rode to the aid of their sister community. The Indians, seeing the size of the militia, sued for peace talks, demanding two beeves and a large quantity of flour as a peace offering. Colonel Ezra T. Benson of the Utah Militia (also an apostle of the Church) and Bishop Peter Maughan of Maughan's Fort, considered that the safest and cheapest solution, and delivered the food to the Indians. Within weeks of the confrontation, Chief Bear Hunter and more than 200 of his people were slaughtered by General Conner and his California volunteers in the Battle of Bear River, about twelve miles north of Franklin, Idaho (Providence, ed. 2, p. 19).

Through hard work and perseverance, the little community began to prosper. The Spring Creek didn't have enough water to irrigate the acres which were needed to sustain the families, so a survey was made, and groups of men worked night and day with pick and shovel to complete the Blacksmith Fork Lower Ditch, bring water from the Blacksmith Fork River. Two years later, the Upper Canal was hand dug, bringing in more water from the River. By 1862, the third year of the settlement, thousands of bushels of wheat, oats and barley were harvested. Tithing records indicated that 2000 bushels of wheat were turned in for tithing that year (Providence, p. 27). As the cattle herds began to increase, a town herder would blow his cowhorn every morning at sunrise, alerting the people to have their cows milked and into the street so that they could be driven to the Church pasture across the Blacksmith Fork River. Young stock and dry cattle of the community were herded across the Bear River on the west side of the Cache Valley (Providence, p. 26). Joseph Bowen was called to be one of the minute men who guarded the "lives and property of the settlers," and helped herd and guard the cattle from marauding Indians for over five years (Bowen, p.3).

Beaver Dam

Within a few years, Francillo began to expand his cattle herd into the Beaver Dam area in the northwestern part of the valley where there was ample feed to be found on the low rolling hills. Francillo and Cynthia's children were all married and in need of land and a home. Most of the land in Cache Valley had already been taken up, so the family decided that the beautiful little valley with its creek and lush mountain grass would make a good home. In the spring of 1868, Francillo and Cynthia and their married children, Henry Dennison, Casey Potter Bowen, and Joseph L. Bowen, made the move. Crandel Dunn and Henry Miller, neighbors in Providence, moved with them. "They enclosed a small field containing approximately seventy two acres and then proceeded to make a ditch in which to carry water to their land for irrigation purposes. The water was taken out of Bear Creek which wended its way through the flat" (History of Box Elder County). Francillo had two busy years building up his new community; it was at least the seventh time that he had carved a homestead out of the wilderness. Then, in 1870, he suffered what seems to have been a stroke.

Death

Cynthia Durfey Earl, Francillo Jr.'s daughter, recorded the events surrounding Francillo's death.

> He sent for father (Francillo Jr.) and ask him if he would move over to Beaver Dam with his mother and take care of her as she was getting old. This father did, grandfather petitioned the Lord to grant him one more year of life and was granted just exactly one year to the day and hour. The morning of February 15, 1871 father took the team of oxen and went over on the Logan River to get willows to build a fence to keep the oxen out of the corn. Wire or boards were not available in those days. He had chopped about half a load of willows when he said an awful feeling came over him and he started to cry. He had a strong feeling something was wrong at home. When the strength came back to his body, he washed his face in the river and was preparing to go home when his brother came on horseback and said grandfather had passed away with a heart attack. Father and grandfather were so close that father said he was sure his fathers spirit had come to him as soon as he died, and that was why he knew something was wrong at home (Francillo Jr., p. 2).

Francillo died on February 15, 1871, in Beaver Dam and was buried in the Providence, Utah, cemetery. His grave, on the northwestern edge of the cemetery, is marked by a small modern gray tombstone and a Mormon Battalion plaque. His obituary, printed in the Deseret Weekly News, misstates his death date, but contains much interesting information.

> At Beaver Dam, Bear River North: Box Elder county, Feb. 17, 1871 of paralysis, Francillo Durfey, aged 58 years and 9 months. Deceased was born in the town of Addison, Lincoln, Vermont, May 17th 1812. He received the gospel in January, 1840, and gathered with the Saints to Nauvoo in the Fall of 1842. In the winter and early part of 1846, his lot was cast with the first camp of Zion, while struggling through the wilds of Iowa, seeking an asylum in the West. He arrived at Council Bluffs that Spring; then joined the Mormon Battalion and went as far as Pueblo, and staid to take care of the sick. From there he returned and met the Pioneers on Grand River, and traveled with them to Salt Lake Valley. In the fall he returned with Pres. B. Young to Council Bluffs; he arrived again in Salt Lake Valley with his family in 1849. He settled at Ogden, and remained till he was called on a mission to Salmon River, where he remained till the mission was broken up. From there he went to Cache County to live, and was one of its earliest settlers. In all the trials and difficulties that he underwent with the people of God, his integrity to the cause did not in the least abate. Many times he made the Saints rejoice and lift up their heads when he bore his testimony to the truth. He has gone to receive the reward of his labors. He leaves a large family to mourn his loss (The Deseret Weekly News, Vol. 20, p. 7).

Several members of the family besides Francillo Jr. lived in Beaver Dam at some point. Cynthia gave Joseph "six acres and 12 hours of water" to get him to move close to her (Bowen, p. 3). Some of Francillo's older sons also lived there for a time. After Francillo's death, his nephew Jarvis Johnson who had served with Francillo in the Mormon Battalion left his carpentry business in

Brigham City and moved to Beaver Dam. He died soon after, leaving a young family, so he may have moved there so that his widow would have family nearby.

Beaver Dam continued to grow. The settlers found that the side hills and rolling plains were ideal for dry farming. In the early 1870's, the Utah Northern Railroad Company established a station on the hill just south of Beaver Ward connecting the settlement with Salt Lake Valley on the west and south and Cache Valley on the east and north, bringing even more settlers.

Francillo Jr. and his wife Margaret must have moved into Francillo's home as they cared for Cynthia, but the arrangements were hard on everyone involved. Francillo Jr.'s mother and young wife "were so much alike in disposition and so far apart in years, both wanting to be boss that (Francillo Jr.) was continually between the two acting as peacemaker" (Marble). Within a few months, a baby girl was born to Francillo Jr. and Margaret. Two weeks later, Margaret caught pneumonia and died, leaving the sixty year old grandmother to care for the tiny baby, Maggie. Francillo Jr. remarried some time later. His new wife, Sara Findley, was mild and soft spoken. She and Cynthia got along very well. A daughter, Ida, was shortly born to Francillo Jr. and Sara, but the child lived only a year, dying of scarlet fever. Little Maggie survived the scarlet fever, but died three weeks later from "membraneous croup" (Marble).

> In July 1873, Grandma (Cynthia) had the sealing done to be sealed to Elias Bowen, she also had Grandpa's (Elias) baptism redone because it was an incomplete date. Jonathan took her to Salt Lake to the Endowment House to do this, and he stood proxy for his father. Dad says he remembers them telling about her worrying about things at home most of the way down there, so to get her to relax and stop worrying, he turned the team around and headed back home. She asked where he was going, and he told her that since she was worrying so much he thought she would rather go back home. She said, "Oh! No, I didn't mean that." So of course he again turned around an continued to Salt Lake, probably without much more worry, if any (Bowen, p.3).

On 2 November 1883, Cynthia Harrington Bowen Durfey died at home in the arms of her son, Francillo Jr. She had seen the death of two husbands, two children, a daughter-in-law, and at least two granddaughters whom she had helped raise. She had been a stalwart and faithful member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints through all the persecutions and hardships of the early days of the Church. She was buried in the Providence Cemetery by the side of her husband, Francillo.

The patriarchal promises made to Francillo, Mariam, Cynthia and Elias have been fulfilled. Though they were "not exempt from their days of tribulation," their names are truly "perpetuated and had in honor until the latest generation. Their children have become might in Israel and spread forth upon the mountains like Jacob." Their sacrifices were not made in vain.

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Find this history on genealogybyjan.com, almoidaho.org and familysearch.org. We would appreciate any corrections or additions. We would also like to include histories of Francillo's children, as well as his ancestors. Please contact me if you can help with corrections, information, or histories! We would like this to be as complete and correct as possible.

Much thanks goes to Ruth Wake, Springville, Utah. She spent many hours researching sources, translating the handwriting of the Patriarchal blessings, and proofreading and correcting the original manuscript. It had to be retyped, so any errors that were missed in this copy aren't Ruth's fault. She'll just have to catch them all over again!

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