

DAVID WHITE AND MARTHA COLLINS ROGERS

David White Rogers, son of Samuel Rogers and Hannah Sinclair, was born October 4, 1787 in Morristown, Merrimac County, New Hampshire. His birth was synonymous with the birth of our United States of America. Just four months before, the Constitutional Convention had convened in Philadelphia. George Washington became President of the fledgling country just before David's second birthday.

The Revolutionary War had ended in 1783. David's Father hired someone to serve in the Revolutionary War in his place because his parents were ill or disabled and he, being one of their two living children, cared for them. Samuel's father Nathaniel and Grandfather Reverend John Rogers spent most of their lives in Boxford, Mass., where Reverend John Rogers was the first ordained minister. David's Mother Hannah was born in Boxford.

Samuel Rogers married Hannah in Morristown (now Franconia), New Hampshire, November 14, 1782. He was a farmer, as were ninety percent of the men in the new union. He moved west and took up land on what was then the frontier.

The Rogers' first child was born just across the New Hampshire border at Bradford, Vermont. The next three, including David White, were born back in Franconia. The family moved to upstate Vermont in 1787, lived there five years, then moved to St. Cermand, east of Missisquoi Bay in Quebec Province, Lower Canada. They were living in Stanbridge, Quebec, when Hannah, David's mother, died February 19, 1804. The oldest of the ten children was 22 years old, the youngest was six, and David, the 4th child, was almost 17. Two years later Samuel married Mrs. Elfreda Joy. Three children were born to this union.

Martha Collins was born August 22, 1793 in Berkshire, Vermont, 25 miles from Lake Champlain and 5 miles from the Canadian border. She was the daughter of Ebenezer Collins and Ann Stowe. Her Father fought for three and a half years in the Revolutionary War. She was proud of her Grandfather Manasseh Stowe who was of the House of Stowe in English history. We don't know how she met David, but he was most likely living just over the Canadian border near Vermont. They were married December 5, 1811.

David built a cabin in a little clearing on the north shore of Lake Champlain in Canada, a beautiful large lake that stretches southward, dividing Vermont and New York. Green forests fringed the miles of shoreline. Beaver, mink, and ermine were plentiful there, and David had a trap line along the shore which he tended in a small rowboat. It is likely he sold furs to the Northwest Trading Company headquartered in Montreal, Canada, less than 30 miles northwest of their home.

July 5, 1813, "Monday morning at three o'clock" according to David's handwritten records, a daughter was born whom they named Susanna Mehetible after two of David's sisters. A son, Edward William Rogers was born December 5, 1814, but only lived nine months.

The war of 1812 came to their doorstep in 1814 with the Battle of Lake Champlain. At this time many American men living over the border in Canada were forced to fight with the British against their countrymen, but David eluded the recruiters. The battle took place on the lake, near Plattsburg. For miles around, the volleys could be heard as a heated battle took place. The British surrendered after destruction of their fleet by the US Navy.

Charles Addison was born July 28, 1816; and Amelia Ann was born April 21, 1818 in Queenstown, Quebec, Canada. David refers to it as "upper Canada". For a time the family lived in a clearing now known as Roger's Rock.

NEW YORK

Sometime in 1820 David moved his family to Pompret, on the Western border of New York State, a distance of 250 miles. Roads were very poor, being little more than tracks through the wilderness, so it must have been quite an undertaking. About that time John Jacob Astor obtained a monopoly on the fur trade in America and this may have affected David's trapping business. Ross Ramson was born in their new home February 11, 1821.

In 1825 David received the following letter from his brother Samuel, addressed to David W. Rogers, Pompret, state of New York, Chautaugua County.

Jan. 28, 1825

Dear Brother,

Not having heard from you for a long time my anxiety to hear from you compels me to undertake to open some communication with you, and inquire for your welfare and likewise for Father and all my brothers and sisters and inquire about my friends in your acquaintance. I wish you to wright (sic) me as soon as you can conveniently, and inform me of your circumstances and all of our friends in that part of the country. I have not heard from Father for about three years. I know not whether he is still living or not. If he is living I wish you to show this to him and inform him of my anxiety to hear from him. My negligence in wrighting (sic) is not from the want of an anxious and tender feeling for my parents. It is to be attributed to other cases. Therefore I hope they will overlook them. I often hear from ----(?) friend to the east. By what I learn they are all well. Brother James came to my house two years ago. He gave me information of all our family and where they lived. He staid (sic) here nine months. He left here a year and 1/2 ago and promised to wright (sic) but I have not heard from him since. The last that I heard from him he went aboard a boat to go up the St. Lawrence River with only one man. He had not far from \$100.00 in cash when he left this place. I think it very strange that he hasn't wrote to me before now. If he's been in your knowlege I wish you to inform him that I have not heard from him since he left, and I feel very much concerned about him.

I can give very little account of myself that would be of use to you. We have six children. Their names and particulars I suppose you have, so I must conclude at this time by informing you that we are all well at present and hope you are all well. My wife and children send their love to you and your children. Please to accept this in lew of what I should wright (sic) while I ----(?) myself your most affectionate and loving brother.

Samuel Rogers Jr.
Fort Covington, N.Y.

The Rogers next move was a few miles up the shores of Lake Erie to Dunkirk where they lived eight years. Four more children were born during that time: Glezen Fillmore, December 2, 1822; Hester Ann, March 23, 1825; Caroline, March 26, 1827; and David, July 7, 1829.

The summer Hester was born, the family traveled to Ticonderoga in upstate New York, a distance of over 300 miles from their home in Dunkirk. They may have lived there a short time; however they were back in Dunkirk by March of 1827.

Their daughter Susanna says they were in Ticonderoga the summer of 1825 when LaFayette, the Revolutionary war hero came to visit.

A banner was stretched across the street with the words "Welcome LaFayette" outlined in flowers; and every soul in the town who could move or be moved turned out to meet the 68 year old Frenchman.

The Rogers family all were there: David; Martha; Susanna, age 12; Charles, age 9; Amelia, age 7; Ross, age 4; Gleezen Filmore, age 2; and baby Hester. The patriot came up to the little group, kissed Hester, shook hands with the adults, and gallantly bowed and kissed Susanna's hand.

Gleason Fillmore died December 23, 1825, at age two years and 21 days according to a handwritten record by David. Among Susanna's papers was a tribute to him, probably written by David's brother Samuel to console the grief-stricken family.

Gleason Fillmore was his name
 Lovely and beautiful his frame
 Engaging countenance and mild
 Loves own beloved child.
 Eternal bliss he now has found
 No more to dwell on lower ground.

From the blest regions of Love
 In mercy an angel come down
 Led his Spirit to worlds above
 Lest in sin he might be drowned
 May we with love and awe adore
 O Lord thy goodness and thy grace
 Redeemed by thy love and power
 Even now he's gone to see thy face.

Caroline describes Dunkirk. "It always seems to me that I can remember the house where I was born, even though I was only three when we moved away from there. In my mind I can see a house with windows overlooking a lake, standing close to a high bank with the water running many feet below, and boats sailing on the water. Fruit trees grew around the house. One thing I remember very vividly before I was three: The children of the family took me to school with them one day, and I suppose I ran around and disturbed the school. The teacher called me to her and taking hold of my ear with one hand, and a pen knife in the other, she said she would cut off my ear."

Charles wrote poignantly of their home on Lake Erie. "Nothing conveys greater emotions in the heart of absent friends than the thoughts of bygone days when we dwelt together in the peaceful

and endearing shades of our father's house with our own dear brothers and sisters around, with no cares to bother or perplex us and with nothing to molest or make us afraid. Those are the days never to be forgotten and days which we never can enjoy again, but this memory will ever be dear to me. Were I a boy again on the shore of the deep blue Lake Erie, I should not wish for change."

Ross Ramson says, "I can well remember many circumstances of my childhood home in Dunkirk: such as playing with neighbor children in the meadow along the banks of a small stream that ran a few yards from our home; fishing and bathing in Lake Erie; and going to school."

"In the fall of 1830 my Mother received letters from my Father who was in the city of New York, requesting her to come to him with all the family: Susanna, Charles, Amelia, Hester, Caroline, David and myself. At this time my Mother was almost destitute of means; however she set about the task with the energy that always characterized her in overcoming obstacles.

"I can well remember the journey although I was only nine years old. Neighbors came out to the wagon to bid us a last farewell. Some were so affected they wept with sorrow, for my Mother was greatly beloved by all who knew her. We carried our luggage in a borrowed wagon, while we drove the livestock and trudged along 45 miles to the city of Buffalo, New York. "There we boarded a canal boat, one of those that took on freight as well as passengers."

It must have been a difficult journey with seven children, the youngest only a year old. Canal boats traveled one and a half miles an hour, traveling day and night, and were pulled by mules walking on the bank. Passengers had only a few feet of allotted space to carry their baggage, store bedding and food for the trip, eat and sleep.

Ross says they traveled by canal boat 363 miles to Troy, N.Y., where they boarded a towboat of the Swift Line. "On this boat my mother was abused by one of the collectors of passage money and he threatened to put us off. Mother had arranged to pay passage when we reached New York, using our baggage for collateral. It was finally worked out and we arrived in New York. Our baggage remained on the boat as security for our passage money.

"When the boat got near enough to the landing, my brother Charles and I jumped on shore and started in search of my father. At that time I had a very vague idea of the city, and I soon found myself lost in a wilderness of houses. From the foot of Water Street we walked up that thoroughfare to the Battery and up Washington Street to Cortlandt.

"There was an alarm of fire, and for the first time in my life I saw a fire engine. I thought it was the strangest sight I had ever seen. The engine was highly ornamented and drawn by about forty men, two abreast, each man holding to the rope attached to the front axle. Each wore a broad brimmed stout leather hat with a large front piece painted with the number of the engine. The men were going down Cortlandt Street at the rate of about 8 miles per hour. As they whizzed past me I began to think I was in danger of my life. Because my brother was five years older than me (fourteen), I trusted him to pilot us through the living mass that thronged the street. We walked up Broadway to Exchange Street, then to New York Street and number 34. My brother pointed to my father's sign, ROGERS AND SON HOUSE CARPENTERS AND JOINERS. The building was one of those old steep tile roofed Dutch buildings. The first story was occupied by a hackney coachman stable. The second was a hay loft, and the third was a low roofed garret where my Father lived.

"We found him cooking his supper of salt mackerel and a boiled sweet potato over a wood shavings fire. He was surprised to see us as we weren't expected till later. We soon started back to where mother was anxiously awaiting us. Father procured a cartman." Delivery carts were driven

by white smocked cartmen, who were the terror of all because of the speed at which they traveled the congested streets. New York City streets were described as chaotic, full of carriages, buggies and horses, with few traffic rules. Policemen were on hand to arrest anyone going over five miles an hour and untangle traffic when the flow came to a dead halt. The air was filled with the groan of thousands of iron rimmed wheels and the strike of iron horseshoes upon the cobbled and paved streets.

Ross continues his narrative. "It was after dark when we left the boat. We started up the street, not knowing where we would find a house, but we were lucky to find one to rent on New York Street, not far from the shop. By ten o'clock we were as well off as thousands of others who had never been outside the city.

"It was the custom in New York to change our hire houses on the first day of May. We lived first in New York Street, second in Market Street, third at Water Street, fourth at 29 Washington Street, Mulberry Street, Jane Street, and lastly at the corner of Spring and Greenwich Streets."

Many of the houses had cisterns, but most of the people carried water from the free pumps on almost every street corner. It was saline water, "physic" in effect. Those who could afford it had better tasting water hauled from Collect Pond in the North part of the city, a favorite fishing and swimming hole. The best pump water was at the corner of Pearl Street and Park Row. It was carried in hogsheads, sold for a penny a gallon, and made more palatable by lacing it with drams from a grogshop--there was one shop for every thirty male citizens.

Caroline tells us: "The next thing that made a great impression on my mind was going to my father's bedroom one day as he was sick. The first thing that met my eyes was the doctor bleeding him and some person holding a white bowl to catch the blood. I was almost frightened to death. I thought they were killing him. I had never seen anything like that before, although it was common practice for father to be bled for the severe headaches he was subject to. I have heard my mother say that father had over sixty scars on his arms where he had been bled. In later years father was much opposed to bleeding. He practiced medicine himself and never bled a patient unless it was actually necessary.

I remember the death of my little sister Maria October 23, 1832, at nine and a half months old. She was the first dead person I ever saw. (Her brother David Preston died in December of that year at three and a half years of age.)

"We were living on the banks of the Hudson River near the docks. Steamers landed at the docks all the time. It was exciting. I remember one day looking over the railing into the river. There I saw the body of a dead man which had floated up to the docks all bloated, an unsightly thing to behold. Some men in a boat were trying to get the body aboard. I became frightened and ran away.

The Rogers family probably shopped at Washington Market, a large open area with every kind of food and produce imaginable. It had been serving the people in the city for two centuries and stood where the World Trade Center was built.

"The year 1832 was the great Cholera year in New York City, when the dead wagons were going night and day carrying the dead to the graves. (Four thousand died during June.) My mother was very sick that year with Typhus fever. She used to call us children to her every day to inquire how we felt. 'Does your head ache? Do you feel sick anywhere?' She was so afraid we would catch cholera. The doctors forbade the people from eating melons or fruit of any kind. However, my

father didn't believe fruits would hurt us. Charles told my mother they had never eaten so many melons in one season in their lives. Melons were so cheap anyone could get them very easily.

"I remember my sister Susanna taking my dress off me to keep me from running off to play with a little friend of mine. That saved her a great deal of trouble chasing after me to bring me home again.

"In 1833 we moved to a large house on the Battery at #1 Water Street and Castle Gardens. My sister and I used to take great pleasure in walking around Battery Park and sitting on the benches under the trees and also watching the ships land."

Drifters were allowed to sleep in Battery Park. They were mostly street musicians, including Italian organ grinders, and street vendors. From stands, carts, or newspapers spread on the ground these people sold watches, jewelry, cigars or sweets.

New Year's Eve, the Fourth of July and Halloween were occasions for disorder in New York City. Drinking crowds ranged up and down streets singing loudly and stealing shop signs. New Years Eve a crowd at the Bowery made noise with pots and pans, horns, whistles, drums and rattles. People threw missiles filled with flour and lime at a grog shop on Hester Street, beat up the watchman and surged across Cortlandt then down Broadway breaking up barrels and boxes. A crowd of 4,000 arrived at South Ferry at one AM, tried to tear up the iron fence at the Battery, overturned carts and broke windows until dawn.

The Rogers operated a boarding house on the Battery. Their children were sent to the best schools New York had to offer. The family was deeply religious, attending the Methodist Church with Reverend Fitch Reed. In Sunday School the children memorized whole chapters of the New Testament.

Henry Clay was born October 19, 1833. From his name we assume that David voted for Henry Clay against Pres. Andrew Jackson in the 1832 elections. (Women weren't allowed to vote.)

In October of 1833, an Italian political exile by the name of Benedetto Sangiovanni came to the boarding house and rented a room. He had been Captain of the Provincial Guards in Italy under Napoleon, and escaped with a price on his head after the Battle of Waterloo. David was very impressed with him. Even though he was 52 and Susanna only 20, David encouraged his daughter to accept Benedetto's proposal of marriage. The couple was married November 5, 1833 and moved to Tallahassee, Florida.

Slavery was abolished in the state of New York, but slavery and anti-slavery riots were common. In July of 1834, five days of rioting took place on Spring Street. Unruly mobs smashed doors, windows, and destroyed much property.

The following letter was received by David from his father Samuel in early 1834.

My Dear Son,

Hearing nothing from you since your letter by W.L. Farnham dated November 7, I now address you and inform you I have enjoyed better health than I could reasonably expect through the cold season thus far. I have cut my winter wood and done considerable other labor.

Your brother Samuel came here in the forepart of Nov. and went from this (place) to George in Pierpoint, Ohio. He returned here on the 11th inst. and has gone home. He has bought a small farm in Pierpoint and intends to move his family as

soon as the season and his circumstances will allow. He is involved and under necessity to sell where he lives or rent his place on the best terms he can.

Your lost sister Rebecca came here the last week in November, the last day of the month, returned in the steamboat to Buffalo and took her passage on the Canal. She wrote me on the 13th of December and stated she had just arrived in N.Y. and there being a vessel bound to the southern climate where her residence is, she engaged passage for home immediately and had no time to spare there. She could not even call on you.

(On her way here) she left_____and came to N.Y. in a ship and being seasick she stayed in the city a fortnight and knew not that you lived there until she arrived in St. Cermand at her sister Susannah's. After visiting her and her sister Hannah, she went by way of Montreal to Samuel's; he having gone before to his country. She came by steamboat to Niagra and came by land to see me, the season being so far advanced she only stayed with me two days. Her residence is near the Mexican Territory. She had lived there or near there three years, but is not settled for life and intends removing again to some other place, yet to her unknown. Her children except Hannah live with her. Hannah is married and gone to some part of the Northern country, to her (Rebecca) unknown.

George's wife is yet unable to labor or attend to the family concerns and is not likely to recover. The rest of the family are blest with good health. My situation remains uncertain and disagreeable. I have to look for a new residence in April. We are yet blest with health and have been enabled to procure a comfortable subsistence thus far. We have, however, very little aforehand, and the prospect is dark and dull. I expected from what you wrote me that I should have received another letter from you long before this.

The English family and the box you mentioned I have heard no more of. I hope you will not fail to write me soon and let me know how you are prospered etc.

Receive this my son,
From your loving Papa and friend. (74 years old)

My love, I wish to be remembered to Martha and the children....

Kindness and Love,

When fancy leads the way

Now afar we are to stray.

Caroline says, "In 1834 my Father moved again. This time it was across the Hudson River at a place called Caldwell's Landing. It was just opposite Peckskill, a town on the other side of the Hudson River. We could see West Point from our house. The house was an old Revolutionary War era building with three verandas running around the house, one above the other. Many old historic places were in the near vicinity, and a tavern (hotel) was next door. Our house was a large roomy

edifice standing on the banks of the River very near the shore, a lovely place indeed." She further describes it in verse:

MY OLD HOME ON THE HUDSON RIVER

Oh that home on the hillside, I look back with pleasure
To dear ones once gathered within its wide halls.
My father, my mother, my sisters and brothers,
What a picture of comfort the memory recalls.

And that bright rolling river, the beautiful Hudson
Where often at evening while gliding along,
On it's blue sparkling waters, in childish enjoyment
We made the air echo with music and song.

How oft' with my playmates in childish abandon
I've roamed through the valleys new pleasures to find.
The murmuring streamlets, the birds singing gaily
Would chase all the gloom and the care from my mind.

Oh those cool shady grapevines, and swings we made in them
Now come to my mind with those memories dear.
How we played there at evening, our tasks then all ended
With naught but sweet pleasure.....with never a care.

Oh that bright rolling river, that home on the hillside
With vine covered porches, now come to my view,
And the green grassy meadow, where often at twilight
I gathered the daisies, all wet with the dew.

The old cherished home with the trees on the hilltop
And the brickyard, how plainly it all comes to view,
And the wide spreading chestnuts, the children we played with,
It seems that but yesterday I was there too.

That dear cherished homestead! How often at evening
We talked o'r our pleasures and each had a share.
In the parlor we gathered, with ne'er a chair vacant
And bowed 'round the alter in family prayer.

And our father invoking the blessings of heaven
To rest on his household, his girls and his boys,
For the blessings of health, for our food and our raiment
And thanked Him for all of our manifold joys.

Oh, I ne'er can forget it, the garden, the orchard
 With the wide spreading appletrees, shady and sweet.
 Though years have passed by, and my hair it is silvered,
 That home on the hillside, is a memory sweet.

The dear cherished neighbors, those friends of my childhood,
 I see them all now, though the years that have flown
 Have made my step weary, my eyes dull and heavy
 And I sit here at twilight, a musing alone."

Ross says, "Father engaged in brickmaking. This enterprise proved unsuccessful, but Father worked at making ox yokes and axe handles to fill a contract for one of the South American markets. Caldwell was a pleasant place, and although we lived there but a short time, I formed a strong attachment for the place. I came near losing my life some six times while living there, three times from high winds on the river and three times from air holes in the ice."

In the spring of 1835 the family moved back to New York and settled into a home on Jane Street. Caroline says they were living there at the time of the big fire and also the flour riots.

December 16th and 17th, 1835, during thirteen below zero weather, thirteen acres of buildings (19 blocks, 674 buildings) in the central commercial and financial district were destroyed by fire. The city had 64 fire companies of 26 men each, but they were so competitive they ended up fighting among themselves more than fighting the fire. Water lines were frozen so it had to be brought from a distance.

After the fires were put out crowds came to loot. Banks suspended operations, insurance companies couldn't pay claims, and businesses couldn't be rebuilt. People were out of work. Prices rose as commodities became scarce. Flour rose to \$12. a barrel and bread became scarce.

By 1837 there was a full fledged panic. February second, crowds of hungry people were told flour was being hoarded by the plutocrats. Angry, they attacked a large wheat and flour warehouse on Washington St. between Dey and Cortlandt. Barrels and sacks of the precious flour were thrown out windows, the contents filling the street two feet high in places. Five hundred barrels of flour and 1,000 barrels of wheat were squandered in this way. When the deed was done, they headed east and repeated the assault at another storehouse, emptying out 30 barrels flour and 100 bushels of wheat. The next day flour rose to \$13.00 a barrel.

THE NEW RELIGION

Ross tells us, "Father dreamed that he was taken by a guide to a point where he was shown a terrible swift destruction which seemed to embrace the whole face of the land. He was told by the guide that he would learn more about this terrible event when he was fifty years of age."

In late July 1837, Parley P. Pratt arrived in New York City on a mission for the LDS Church. At that time there were bitter feelings against the Mormons. Reverend Reed had preached against them, and David had forbidden his wife to have anything to do with them.

The Rogers moved to 515 Greenwich St. on the corner of Spring St. in the fall of 1837. Ross says his father had a shop on Varick Street where he manufactured cabinet furniture.

Parley P. Pratt wrote: "Of all the places in which the English language is spoken, I found New York to be the most difficult to access the minds of the people. From July to January we preached, advertised, printed, published, testified, visited, talked, prayed, and wept in vain. Elijah Fordham and I had baptized six members and organized a little branch who met in a small upper room in Goerck Street.

"We had retired there with our few members to hold a last prayer meeting as I was about to take leave for New Orleans. We had prayed all around in turn, when on a sudden the room was filled with the Holy Spirit. We began to speak in tongues and prophesy. Many marvelous things were manifested which I cannot write; but the principal burden of the prophesying was concerning our mission in New York.

"The Lord said He had heard our prayers, beheld our labors, diligence, and long suffering toward that city. We should tarry in the city for the Lord had many people in that city, and He had now come by the power of His Holy Spirit to gather them into His fold. His angels should go before us. His Spirit should give the people visions and dreams concerning us and the work of the Lord: From that very day we should have money to pay our debts with the publishers, and crowds to hear us. There should be more doors open for preaching than we could fill. We should know that the Almighty could open a door and no man could shut it."

David was walking home from church, heard a meeting in progress at a building where he and some friends used to hold meetings, and stopped to listen. He was impressed with what he heard. At the end of the meeting the speaker asked if anyone present wished to say something. David bore testimony that he knew what they had said was the truth. When he sat down somebody asked, "Do you know who these men are?"

David said, "No."

"They are Mormons," replied the man.

Ross says, "At the close of the meeting one of the speakers announced that they would leave the city the next day as they seemed to be making no headway with their work; whereupon David arose and invited them to come and hold services at his home and announced that he thought there were many in the city who would like to hear their message."

David obtained a copy of the Book of Mormon, determined to know the truth. He was a class leader in the Methodist Church and could not give up his religion very easily. Shutting himself in his room he studied the new book and the Bible, fasted, and prayed for three days.

Caroline describes what happened. "My father did not come to his breakfast one morning. To find the reason, I went to his bedroom. There I saw my father by the side of the bed on his knees, so I shut the door carefully and went away. Every little while I returned to look through the door to see if father was still there. After four days he came out and told us 'The room was a blaze of light as the noonday sun. I saw Joseph Smith sitting at a stand in the corner of the room with a Book of Mormon in his hand.' Father described the man he saw in his room to Parley P. Pratt, who said he could not have described the prophet any better himself."

Ross tells about Martha's experience. "Mother dreamed that she was in the midst of a heavy washing when she heard a knock at the door. Rather vexed, she opened it and found two men professing to be ministers of the gospel, and asking to see her husband, as they had a message of great importance to deliver. One was large and dark with a pleasant, intelligent countenance, while the other was a small man but very earnest. She did not remember their message but was impressed that it was of great worth.

"It had passed from her mind when one morning while engaged in a heavy washing, she was disturbed by a knock at the door. Rather impatiently she left her work and went to the door. To her surprise she recognized the two men of her dream. They asked for her husband. She informed them he was away from home and would not return until nightfall; so they promised to return in the evening, saying they had a message of great importance for him." The men were Parley P. Pratt and Elijah Fordham. She was convinced that they had the truth.

Ross continues, "When the Elders visited our home Father was in his 50th year of age. His dream was fulfilled." (When he read the Book of Mormon account of the destruction on this continent at the time of the crucifixion, he understood his dream.)

Parley says, "There was in this meeting (previously spoken of) a man named David Rogers whose heart was touched. He, being a chairmaker, fitted up a large room and seated it with the chairs of his warehouse, and invited us to preach in the same. The room was crowded. He then joined with one of our members who was a joiner, and rented a small place, and seated it for a regular place of meeting; this was generally crowded. It was not three weeks from the delivery of the prophecies in the upper room till we had fifteen preaching places in the city, all of which were filled to overflowing."

Branch meetings were held three times on Sunday and once during the week. December 19, 1837, David, Martha, Charles, (according to Ross but not on other records), Ross, Amelia and Hester were baptized in the East River, approximately 2 miles from their home. It was a cold day. Sidewalks were covered with mud and snow, soaking their shoes, socks and feet. Rain and snow fell on the little group as the ordinances were performed, then they went to Brother Coxes' house nearby to change out of wet clothes.

Parley told Martha, "If you never turn a stranger from your door hungry, you will never want for bread." This was literally fulfilled years later during the Utah grasshopper war of 1855.

Wilford Woodruff tells of his first trip to New York in his Journal entry of May 18, 1838.

"This is the first time mine eyes beheld the great city of New York, the largest city in America and the fourth largest upon the globe, Population 300,000. We spent several hours traveling in the midst of this great city in search of some of the Saints. We finally found a Brother David W. Rogers and his household who were Saints dwelling on Greenwich Street, corner of Spring Street, # 515. We truly rejoiced to find a Saint in the midst of such a city. We dined with these friends.

"We met at early candlelight on Varick Street to hold a meeting. There had been about one hundred baptized and many of them were present. I arose and addressed the Saints and the Spirit of God rested upon me. The Saints were noble and strong in God. We spent the night with Brother Rogers."

"May 19th the market was a peculiar scene to me. It put me in mind of the merchandise of Babylon that John the Revelator spoke of. The market was one universal mass of human beings crowded together purchasing food, which contained every variety of Meat, fish and vegetable. The scenery was interesting to pass through. The streets were illuminated for miles by gas lights.

"May 20, Sunday I accompanied the brethren to the place of meeting in Varick Street between Vandall and Carlton which is the stated place of preaching for the Saints. Elder Pratt called upon me to preach to the people. The Spirit of God rested upon us. At noon we dined with Brother Harderbrook in Carlton Street. Brother David W. Rogers dined with us. Brother Rogers was an interesting man. He had been a Methodist for several years but had been looking for greater things than the Churches of the day possessed. Brother Rogers was a teacher among the Saints. He was a true and literal descendant of John Rogers who was burnt at the stake, the sixth generation from Reverend Rogers.... After meeting in company with Brothers Fordham and Rogers I walked to Father Pratt's....I felt to rejoice that the City of New York was producing such Saints."

During 1838, a hymnal compiled by D. W. Rogers was printed by C. Vinton of New York. A copy of this is on microfilm at the BYU Family History Library.

September 1, 1838 Ross married Helen M. Curtis, also a convert to the faith. The Rogers were preparing to join the main body of the saints in Missouri. Helen's parents urged Ross to go along and prepare a home for his new bride before she joined him.

By this time Charles had moved out on his own and was living in New Bedford, Massachusetts, where he made his home for a number of years.

WESTWARD JOURNEY

September 11, 1838, the family left New York to join the Saints in Missouri. The bulk of their household goods was sent by water to Richmond's Landing in Missouri. They rode with Wandle Mace, their former Branch President, his wife and three children. Caroline says, "Our family consisted of Father, Mother and five children (Ross, Amelia, Hester, Caroline and Henry Clay). Sometimes we stopped at hotels as we traveled through the country and bought what we wanted to eat already cooked. When the weather was warm and pleasant, we would go into the woods and hunt a good place to camp. Father would cut some forked sticks and drive them into the ground and spread blankets and quilts over them to make a comfortable place to sleep. In the morning we were up bright and early, and as soon as breakfast was over, we were off on our journey again. The fall of the year was very pleasant to us children. We had been kept so closed in while in the city, that we were delighted with the trip. The forests on each side of the road, the beech trees loaded with nuts, the wintergreen trees with their bright green leaves and berries so red, all these were magnificent to behold."

Brother Mace describes the trip: "I had three good horses, a wide track wagon with projecting sides and a good cover. We traveled across New Jersey over rough mountainous country and crossed the Delaware River at Eastown,

Pennsylvania. We camped at this place, and put a brake on my wagon. My horses had become badly galled in traveling over rough road without a brake.

"We then drove through Easttown in a southwest direction to reach the national road. We crossed Conahagig Creek. Here was a toll gate at the foot of the Allegheny Mountains. We ascended this mountain over several spurs, till we reached the summit, and down the other side over a splendid macadamized road (layers of compacted broken stone)."

We return to Caroline's narrative. "One day we were going down the side of the mountain just above Wheeling, Virginia. We stopped to get a good view of the surroundings. We could see Pittsburg in the distance with its clouds of smoke surrounding it. Just as we were coming down we saw a boy with a load of paw paws. They were a novelty to us and I don't think any of us liked them.

"My brother Ross had been with us until we reached the little town of Pleasant Gardens. There he took a notion he would go no further. He took his clothes from the wagon, got a job in a cabinet shop where he made good wages and stayed there. In time he was able to earn enough to go back to his wife."

Wandle Mace wrote, "The last spur brought us to Wheeling, West Virginia on the Ohio River. We crossed over the river and passed through Zanesville and Columbus, Ohio and traveled to Indianapolis, Indiana. We crossed the river into Illinois and camped on the edge of the Grand Prairie. Ahead of us we could see nothing but sky and land covered with rich grass. We crossed the prairie, taking all day before we reached any timber, then we camped at a small settlement. At this place we heard of difficulties in Missouri."

"The next day we traveled through Springfield and on to Quincy. We camped on the bank of the Mississippi River. It was the coldest night we had experienced. We arrived the 11th of November, 1838, two months after leaving New York. Snow fell through the night and the next morning ice was running in the river so we couldn't cross. We thought it best to hire a house in Quincy and wait for the weather to moderate. We then moved into a house and soon learned mobs had come against the Saints in Missouri and they were fleeing. It was a sorrowful sight to see a people turned out of homes in the dead of winter, little babies and aged and sick all turned out without mercy. Joseph Smith and many of the Brethren were in prison, including Parley P. Pratt.

"I was chosen as one of a committee of eleven to look after the poor. David Rogers was in charge of the commissary. Our house was used as a committee house. Outside stairs lead to the upper room which was used for religious meetings. Many were glad to find shelter there from the storms. Many nights the floors upstairs and down, and in the basement were covered with beds so closely it was impossible to step without walking on someone's bed. Some who stayed with us were: Joseph Young and family, John Taylor and Israel Barlowe.

"One cold blustery morning 14 or 15 families were camped on the river bottoms across the river in a most miserable condition. They tried to make shelter

from the wind by placing poles in the ground and putting a sheet over. The poor children hovered over a little fire trying to get warm, but the wind blew snow about them so they received little comfort from it. They were out of provisions and poorly clad, some barefoot. We were able to get donations of food, clothing and bedding and one of the brothers volunteered to make the dangerous journey between floating ice in a canoe to deliver them. When the water was safer we brought the refugees across.

"Dr. Galland wrote a letter to David proposing the Saints buy his land and settle in the Commerce area. A committee was formed to check the land. David Rogers and I were among those chosen. After we returned a meeting was held in the committee house where D.W. Rogers gave information respecting the land. (He gave a favorable report about the Commerce area and the Iowa Territory across the river as being suitable for a "resting place" for the saints. The land could be purchased for two dollars an acre and no interest charge.) The committee couldn't agree so we wrote a letter to the Prophet Joseph Smith (and sent it) by the hand of David Rogers."

March 17, 1839 at Far West the following was written in Journal History of the Church: "Brother D.W. Rogers from Quincy, Illinois made known the proceedings of the brethren in Quincy in relation to settling Iowa Territory. He read a letter written to him by Isaac Galland on the subject of land, presented power of attorney given to him by Bishop Partridge to dispose of Church lands in Jackson County, and also some lots in Far West. We then presented a copy of the proceedings of a council held in Quincy on the ninth which was read, after which Brother Rogers explained things relative to said meeting. Charles Bird was appointed to accompany Brother Rogers to Jackson County to assist in the sale of lands."

David wrote the following letter to the Brethren in Quincy, reporting on the above trip to Missouri.

"When the Saints were crossing the Mississippi River in their exodus from the State of Missouri, I was appointed by the authorities of the Church who had crossed over, as one of a committee of three to reconnoiter the upper river country in the state of Illinois and the then territory of Iowa, in order to ascertain if there was any chance for the Saints to find shelter from the inclemency of the season. Brother S Bent and Brother Israel Barlow were to be my colleagues. Brother Bent was taken sick a few hours after we started, and returned home. Barlowe and myself went on nine days in our exploration and found in the towns of upper and lower Commerce about forty empty dwellings, for which we made conditional arrangements. We then crossed over the great "Father of Waters" into the Territory of Iowa and there we found the barracks of the old Fort Des Moine, erected during the Black Hawk War, with accommodations for about forty or fifty families. We then found Dr. Isaac Galland who proved to have possession of the buildings and a right to sell 20,000 acres of land known as the "Half Breed Reservation", formerly belonging to the Sac and Fox nations of Indians; and he also proposed his terms of sale. After obtaining this information and documents showing what we had done and what could be done in that direction,

we returned to Quincy, where a conference was called and we made our report. After it had been deliberated on for a while, it was decided that an express with the papers be sent to Joseph Smith who was then in Liberty Jail in Missouri. After several fruitless attempts were made to obtain a person from among the Saints who had come out of Missouri, Bishop Partridge came to me and asked me if I would accept the appointment. Although I had heard of the threats that the Jackson folks had made against the Mormons if they should come there to sell or take possession of their lands, I was not intimidated and replied, "If it is the will of the Lord and the decision of His servants who have the authority to appoint, endow me with the power, and let me have your faith and prayers; I will go and do the business or be found dead trying.

"Accordingly, the necessary power of attorney and directions were written out and on the tenth day of March, 1839, I left Quincy, Illinois for Missouri. On the 15th I arrived at Far West where there was a committee appointed to assist the brethren in disposing of their property and making up their outfits preparatory to leaving the state. The committee thought I ought to have some person with me and sent Brother Charles Bird who was acquainted in Jackson County. We left Far West on the 20th, I having visited the brethren in Richmond Jail in the meantime. On the 21st we visited the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Liberty Jail. I made my report of the up-river mission and delivered to him the documents and papers sent by the authorities in Quincy. Having received his sanction and blessing, we crossed over the river into Jackson County and went to the city of Independence, a distance of some 20 miles. We put up at the City Hotel, then kept by Spotwood Knowland. The next morning we went to the recorder's office and got my power of attorney registered, and paid up all the taxes that had accumulated on the land for the five years past. We then advertized the several plots of land for sale. Just at this time, a young man by the name of Mason from Kentucky, arrived in town in search of a place to locate a farm. Seeing the notice he came to me and wished to see the land. I showed him the largest pieces and he made choice of a quarter section known as the Whitmer farm, and paid me \$700. in cash and a horse, saddle and bridle worth \$100.

"The next morning, as Brother Bird and I were crossing the public square, we met a posse of about forty men, who on coming up to us, opened to the right and left and formed a hollow square, with us inside. On looking around, I saw the people on every side coming until the crowd would have numbered some three hundred. One of the posse, a tall slim man by the name of James King (brother of Thomas King , sheriff of Jackson County) informed me that I must deliver up to them the money and property for which I had sold the land, and that I must leave the county before sunset or I would be a dead man, as I could not remain another night in Jackson County and live. 'And', said he, 'We mean what we say and you need not presume anything else.'

"After a pause of about one minute I observed: 'you have pronounced sentence upon me. Can I be allowed the privilege granted to condemned criminals in courts of law? They are asked if they have any cause to show why the sentence of the law should not be executed upon them.'

"He said he had no objection to my saying a few words, but would not hear any long preamble. Several of his party sang out, 'Let him speak. Let him speak.'

"He said, 'Say on.'

"I commenced by saying, 'A few years ago, the God of Israel sent a few of His servants to settle in Jackson County. They came forth, and in conformity with the laws of the United States and the State of Missouri, they made selections and entered some twenty thousand acres upon which they settled some 1,400 souls in the space of three years. At that time the people of the

county arose and drove those servants of God from their homes and from the county in violation of all law. Those servants of God then settled in other counties, and subsequently were driven from the state under the exterminating order of Governor Boggs. Among those servants of God there were some very old, some cripples, some sick, some widows and many orphan children who are destitute of means to convey themselves out of the state. The Lord will not that they should be exterminated. Therefore the God of Israel has ordered that the lands from which his servants were first driven shall be sold and the means used in helping those helpless ones out of the state. I am sent here to perform that business, and in the name of Israel's God and by His power, I shall accomplish the work. In no way can I be prevented, only by committing wilful, cold-blooded murder. If anyone present is prepared for that, now is the best time you can ever have. In the blaze of this beautiful morning sun and in the presence of this large concourse of witnesses, the honor and glory of the deed may descend to the latest posterity. That is all I wish to say.'

"On looking around I saw nothing of Brother Bird. Soon the people began to leave and I was alone, without anyone near enough to speak to. I went about my business and sold all the land I was authorized to sell, except six acres of prairie lying alone. The amount it all sold for was \$2,700.

"On my way from Jackson County, I stopped a few days at Far West, and while there, Lael Maynard, an apostate, swore out an attachment for some \$360. and levied on five yoke of oxen, three horses and a wagon, and some \$300. worth of dry goods. In order to have the use of the property to help the brethren out of the state, I paid the amount in money.

"Just at that time Joseph Smith, the Prophet was taken from Liberty Jail to another county for trial, and sent Brother Ripley from there to Far West for cash. The committee saw fit to take \$150. of the money I had collected and send it to him. Soon after, the Prophet and his fellow prisoners left their keepers and went to Illinois.

"I spent 40 days in Missouri altogether. About 100 miles from Far West on my way home, I saw Sheriff Brasfield, who had the Prophet in charge when he escaped. The sheriff had a posse with him and while he was acquainting me with the particulars of his prisoner's escape and how they stole two of his horses, one of his posse said, 'He would have stolen more if they had had more money.' The Sheriff was a fiddler and had a fiddle in his hand at the time. He said to me, 'When you see Smith, tell him for me if I ever find him I will play him the tune Ole Joe Smith'. He began passing the horsehair over the catgut saying 'That's it.'

"On my way out of the state I met Brigham Young and several more of the twelve on their way to Far West to lay the corner stone of the temple. I let Brother Young have 12 dollars cash.

"When I left Far West I brought the family of Parley P. Pratt, Brigham Young's wife's mother (Sister Angel) and daughter Caroline and Sister Mosley. When I came to the Mississippi, the water was so high that I had to go several miles down the river to find a place where the bottom lands along the river were not overflowing and where there was a ferry to cross; There on the Illinois side was a large slough to ford where the water came up to the wagon bed. When I drove up the bank out of the water, I looked back and saw something in the water about the middle of the slough which I thought was a bundle of clothes which had fallen off the wagon. I called out, 'There is something lost off in the water.'

"Sister Pratt cried out, 'It is Mary Ann!' I jumped from the wagon and sprang into the water and brought her out. She was nearly drowned but we brought her to again. In the meantime, my

horse, being somewhat spirited, took to the timbers and ran foul of the trees and stopped until we were ready to start. From there we went on to the city of Quincy without further trouble.

"This is a truthful account of the transactions and occurrences of the mission to Jackson County Mo. and the business done."

Attest:

D.W.Rogers

Parley P Pratt tells his version of the above incident:

"My brother Orson came to visit me at the prison and brought a letter from my wife, by which I learned that she and the children made their escape from Far West to Quincy by the aid of David Rogers. During this journey they were much exposed to hardships and trouble, having to camp by the way, in company with other women and children who were in like condition.

"On crossing a swollen stream, Mrs. Pratt had left the carriage to cross a foot bridge, leaving the children to ride through it. She had just crossed over and turned to look back, when she discovered a girl's bonnet floating down the stream; and as the carriage rose the bank she saw our 6 year old daughter was missing from the carriage. The next moment she saw her floating down the swift current. She gave the alarm to Mr. Rogers, the driver, who instantly dropped the reins and sprang after her into the stream.

"At this instant the horses, being high spirited and active, began to run, and would probably have dashed themselves and the carriage, goods, and other children to pieces but for the timely interference of a large prong of a tree, which caught the carriage with such a strong hold that all was brought to a standstill. In the meantime Mr. Rogers succeeded in rescuing the child and bringing her safely to shore. She had pitched head first out of the carriage into the water. One of the wheels ran over her and crushed her into the mud at the bottom of the stream. As the wheel rolled over her she caught the spokes with her hands and it brought her to the surface where she was rescued. Her thighs were injured and nearly broken. After a wearisome journey and various dangers, they at length arrived at Quincy."

David returned from Missouri the middle of April. His family was relieved to have him back safely. The Prophet Joseph had made his escape and was back among the Saints in Quincy. General Conference was held in the Presbyterian campgrounds outside of town. For the first time the Rogers heard the Prophet give a major address.

Council meetings were held upstairs in the house occupied by the Mace and Rogers families. In the minutes of a Council meeting held in Quincy April 24, 1839, we find the following:

"President Joseph Smith Jr. was called to the chair. Resolved sixth: that Brother Rogers receive some money to remunerate him for his services in transacting business for the Church in Missouri." (David donated the money to help remove the poor from Missouri, as noted in History of the Church Vol. 3:323.)

MONTROSE

In late Spring, the Rogers family moved to Montrose, Iowa, across the river from Commerce. They, along with other Saints were allowed to move into log barracks previously occupied by U.S. soldiers. Each room was 14 feet square and sometimes housed more than one family. They were drafty, never having been plastered, and doors didn't shut properly, allowing entrance of skunks and other small animals. Caroline said the barracks ran along the north, west, and south sides of town. The Mississippi River bordered Montrose on the East. Willford Woodruff said the barracks consisted of 12 blocks of buildings with 75 rooms.

Under the date of May 30, he wrote,

"The spirit of mobocracy increases in Montrose. A member of the mob was walking in front of my house (in the barracks) with sword drawn. Others were riding horseback with flags crying 'Out! Mormons are despised.', and threatening us."

One of their neighbors, Joseph Noble, secured permission from the owner to plow a plot of ground nearby. While he was planting, a group of outlaws armed with sticks grabbed his horse by the bit and ordered him off the property. Some ruffians also burned the stables belonging to the barracks so the Saints couldn't use them.

Caroline says, "Brigham Young lived in one of the barracks, just south of us, and John Taylor was in the room just north of ours. Others living there were Erastus Snow, Wilford Woodruff, Orson Pratt, A.O. Smoot, Jacob Yates, Bates Noble, Elijah Fordham, the Pattens, Cahoons, Kingsburys, and hundreds of others. I remember the day the Prophet came over the Mississippi River with a number of the Brethren to heal the sick. He had been sick in Nauvoo. He called upon the sick in the name of the Lord to arise and walk and they were healed. At Montrose a number were healed in a like manner."

September 14th, 1839, Brigham left on his mission to England. He was so ill he could hardly walk. He left his family sick and a baby only 10 days old. John Taylor also left his family in the barracks next to the Rogers while he served his mission. Heber C. Kimball and Wilford Woodruff who accompanied Brother Young would be instrumental in converting the Roger's daughter Susanna, who was at that time living in London England. They sent a letter to her with Brother Pratt telling of their conversion and asking her to receive the missionaries.

Caroline tells us "In those days there was no Sunday meetings to go to on that side of the Mississippi River but everyone was eager to go to Nauvoo to meetings which were held in a grove on the hill near where the Temple was afterwards built. They did not stay at home for rain or anything else. We used to cross the river in all kinds of boats. The river was between one and a half or two miles wide in the summertime. In the winter we went on the ice in sleighs and wagons or on foot. I have walked over the river many a time."

John Taylor's wife Leonora (a sister of George Q. Cannon) says, " Sister Young, Amelia Rogers and I walked over the river from Montrose to Nauvoo. The way we had to walk was three miles. There was a great number of our Lamanite Brethren going before us; amongst them was Black Hawk's son and two sons-in-law. His son can speak English. They were dressed very fine with bells on their legs, and feathers on their heads.

Caroline continues, "We never tired of going to meetings in those days, and we often heard the Prophet preach and also his brother the Patriarch. Joseph's voice could thrill you as no other voice would." The Saints sat on split log benches, bricks or quilts with little protection from the elements in order to hear their leader. Meetings lasted most of the day but the Prophet's listeners never wearied of his discourse, laughing one moment and weeping the next.

According to Journal History, three charges were brought against D. W. Rogers during the April conference of 1840 by one of the members. Saturday, April 6, he was accused of compiling a hymn book and selling it, writing a private letter to New York which cast reflections on the character of John P. Greene, and administering medicine unskillfully with bad effect. Brother Rogers wasn't present that day, so the case was postponed till the next day (Sunday).

Joseph Smith said in History of the Church, In our meeting) "It was resolved that a new edition of the Hymn Book be published immediately and that the one published by D W. Rogers be utterly discarded....Charges having been preferred against Brother Rogers, it was agreed the case be handed over to the High Council." In Volume 4:106 we read, "Brother Rogers case was called up. After observations, and explanations, it was resolved he be forgiven and the hand of fellowship be continued toward him."

The hymnbook in question was the one published in New York in 1938 by David, when he saw the need in their worship services. He used Emma's preface and 49 out of 89 of her hymns.

A year later Benjamin C. Ellsworth published a hymnal using Emma's preface and 66 of her hymns and 39 from David's book; but escaped condemnation.

While on his mission in England, Brigham Young printed 3,000 hymn books, because Emma's edition hadn't been ready when he left Nauvoo. He, also, was rebuked by the Prophet.

In September of 1841 Amelia, the Rogers 23-year-old daughter, married Lewis Telle, descendant of William Tell, and a member of the church who lived in Nauvoo. He had been married before, and had a daughter 11 years old and a son 9 years of age.

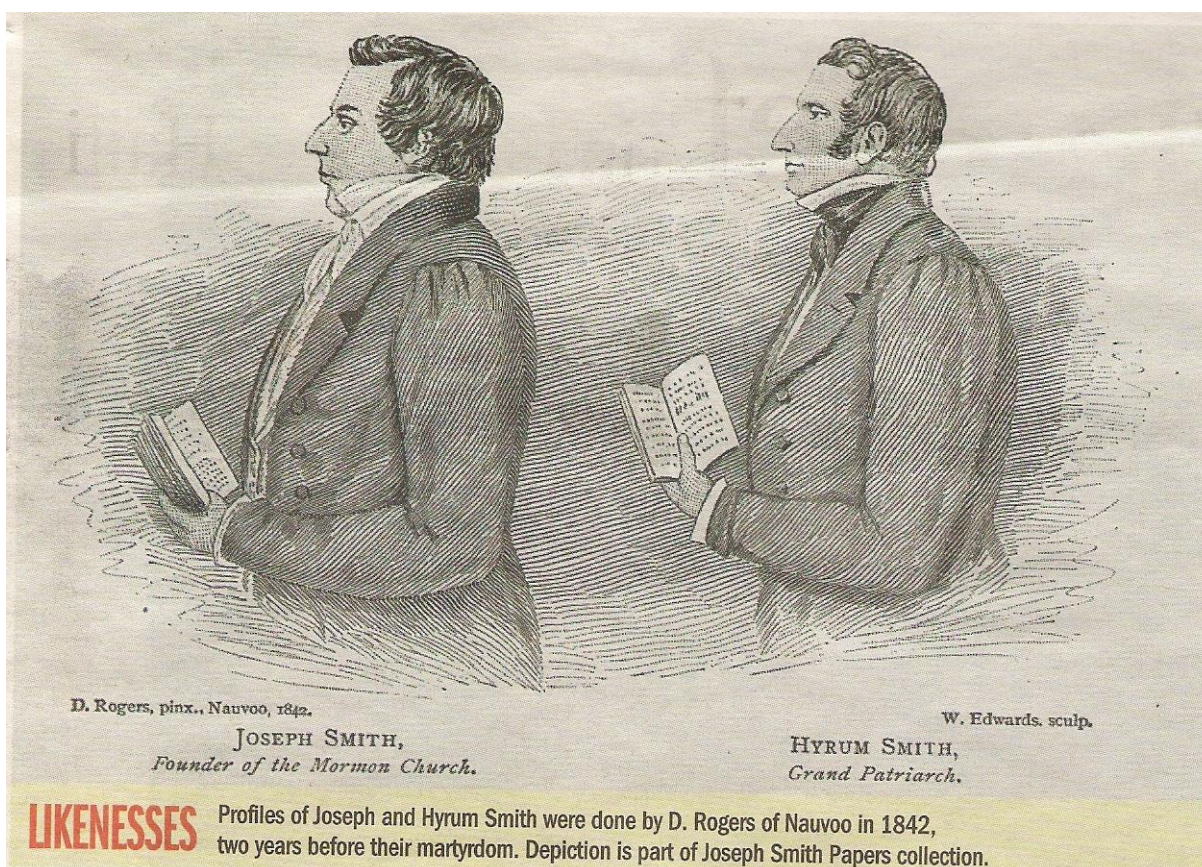
David and family were a part of building up Nauvoo. They saw it rise from a swamp to become a beautiful city of 20,000 people, with over 200 businesses of all kinds. They read excerpts of revelations and the translation of the Book of Abraham in the Times and Seasons. They took part in barn raisings, quilting bees, corn husking bees, hay rack rides, pie suppers and dances.

The Prophet Joseph Smith in his History of the Church Vol. 5, page 153, says,

"Wednesday, September 7, (1842) Elders Adams and Rogers late of New York brought me several letters--one from Willard Richards." Pages 164-5 record, "September 12, Monday, at home with Brother Adams and Rogers all day. Friday the 16th--at home with Brother Rogers who was painting my likeness. Saturday I was at home with Brother Rogers who continued to paint my portrait. Monday the 19th and Tues. the 20th with Brother Rogers painting at my house."

David painted several portraits, most of them profiles. One was made into an engraving. At the present time (1993) two of his paintings are hanging in the Church History Museum, one of Joseph, and the other of Joseph and Hyrum together.

The photo below was taken from the Church News October 25, 2008



The Nauvoo stake had ten wards and a Bishop was assigned to each. The Rogers were members of the Nauvoo first ward and David was a member of the Seventies Quorum. He took his turn one day in every ten days with his ward brethren working on the Nauvoo Temple. By November of 1841 the basement was completed and baptisms for the dead were being done in the temporary wood font. In April of 1843 the walls had risen to 20 feet and conference was held inside the uncompleted building.

Caroline says, speaking of the Prophet, "His Missouri enemies were thirsting for his blood. They followed him by night and day, hardly giving him time to eat enough to sustain life. I well remember when Joseph was hiding at Brother Hancock's. He lived just back of Montrose on the bluff, as it was called. Of course it was whispered around where he was, but everyone did not know it." The Rogers rejoiced with the other Saints when the Missouri Writ was dismissed in 1843 and the Prophet came out of hiding. Joseph was placed on the shoulders of friends and carried into a cheering crowd. The street was lit up with a barrel of burning tar, toasts were given in his honor, and the Nauvoo Brass band furnished several selections.

Nauvoo staged celebrations that could not be duplicated in any other city in Illinois. Independence Day was no exception. Special excursion boats from distant towns unloaded passengers at the wharf and anchored nearby. The guests numbering close to a thousand were greeted by the firing of cannons, then escorted by two companies of the Nauvoo Legion to the grove where they were welcomed by the Prophet. The services were opened by prayer. Vocal and

instrumental music followed, after which a patriotic oration was given. The Brass Band and Legion paraded before the 15,000 spectators. At the head of the parade rode the Prophet in full military regalia mounted on his favorite horse Charley, a beautiful black gelding.

David's Daughter Amelia writes in a letter sent to her sister Susanna (living in London England) in 1843, "Father is making brick this summer and expects to build a house this side of the River (Nauvoo) this fall". He owned three lots in Nauvoo close to Joseph Smith's property, one back of where the Mansion House is located, near the river. One of these lots was purchased in 1844 according to land records; but daughter Caroline says he didn't build in Nauvoo till later. As you face the Mansion House, you can see the foundation of David's house across the street to your left. It is currently owned by the Reorganized Church.

On a Sabbath morning late in July of 1843, the Prophet gave a sermon on "The Restoration of all Things." In it he hinted that the patriarchal or plural order of marriage as practiced by the ancients would again be established. This doctrine tested the faith of the Saints as no other sacrifice yet made by them. At first there was shock and disbelief, then through prayer and fasting more and more of the Latter Day Saints accepted this principle. The leaders of the church were commanded to take other wives, while the general membership was given time to grow into the principle.

Many were disaffected. Splinter groups formed calling Joseph a fallen Prophet. Others left the church and Nauvoo. The Prophet advised the Saints to move from outlying settlements into Nauvoo to strengthen the church. The mobs boasted that they would drive all the Mormons into Nauvoo, then drive them all into the Mississippi River.

Mail came twice a week to Nauvoo. Sidney Rigdon was postmaster and received and sorted mail in his kitchen. Martha wrote a letter to her daughter Susanna in London Nov. 18, 1843 while she was in Nauvoo with Amelia helping with a new baby boy.

Beloved Daughter,

Having so favorable an opportunity to write, I gladly improve it to let you know that we are still doing well, although it has been very long since I have seen you, yet I have not forgotten you. You are present to my thoughts every day, every hour. It is the greatest earthly enjoyment that I have to hear from you and your son.

The presents you sent by Elder Hyde were gratefully and thankfully received. The shawl was the very thing that I stood in need of. Altho we're so far separated and the mountains rise and the ocean rolls between us, I do not despair of seeing you someday in Nauvoo. I suppose you would be glad to hear some of the particulars respecting the family.

Our family is quite small. Amelia is living in Nauvoo. Addison Charles is in New Bedford. He is alive and well. He wrote to us last summer that he was coming out here but have not heard from him for more than a year. Hester and Caroline live at home. Hester is very tall. She is the largest of the family at age 18. Caroline is 16. She is as tall as Amelia. Henry is small but is smart and active. He often speaks about you and your little boy. We wish you were here. He has a lock of his hair braided to send you, but I have not got it with me.

We have yet to receive a letter from Albert Rogers. They have removed to the state of Illinois 20 miles away. Grandmother and Mary are with them.

My dear child, try to persuade your husband to come and see us. You can come by way of New Orleans. It will not be very _____(illegible)___ or expensive. He would be delighted with the country. I doubt not he would make up his mind to settle here if he should come.

Brother and Sister Kimball were here for a few days since. They inquired very affectionately for you. I often see Brother Woodruff. He always speaks of you.

Do not fail to write. We often write but you do not receive all the letters. Now I must close by sending my love and best wishes for you and yours. Your dear little boy, I often think of him. I would like to kiss him.

From your own affectionate mother,
Martha Rogers

June 27, 1844 Joseph and Hyrum were murdered at Carthage by an armed mob. Caroline tells of the effect the martyrdom had on the family: "I know they were Prophets of God and that they sealed their testimonies with their blood. I saw their gory clothes all soaked with their blood and I saw their bodies as they lay in their coffins side by side; a sorrowful sight for the Saints--the sorrowing mother, the heartbroken wives, and the weeping children--I never wish to see such another sight. All Israel mourned as they never mourned before and as they have never mourned since. Very few eyes closed that night."

Word was brought in after the martyrdom that the mob was coming to exterminate all Mormons. Men guarded the city all night, while women and children prepared for flight. All feared for their lives, particularly the remaining nine apostles.

The apostates from the church made many attempts to annoy and irritate the Saints. False accusations, law suits and threats were made to influence the public mind against them. Reports of preparation for war by their enemies came to Nauvoo from Warsaw and Carthage. Arms and ammunition were being sent to the mob from Missouri. David was among those assigned to guard duty in the city.

The Rogers were disappointed when Charles didn't join them in Nauvoo after many promises to do so. They received word from him the last of 1844 telling of his visit with Wilford Woodruff when he was on his way to England. Brother Woodruff offered to take a letter from him to his sister Susanna in England. Charles says, "I am a married man and have a little blue eyed daughter who I have named Martha for our mother. My wife is named Rebecca and is the daughter of Reuben Keene of Fair Haven, Mass.; and I hope the time may come when we shall all meet in the land of peace and happiness in the cause of God, altho it received a dreadful blow in the deaths of the Prophet and Patriarch."

In the spring of 1845 the Rogers' son Ross Ramson, moved to Nauvoo with his wife Helen, two-year-old daughter Emily, and baby Joseph. A son David had died earlier at one year of age. Ross helped in David's cabinet and wheelwright shop.

Work on the temple continued under the direction of Brigham Young in spite of threats from their enemies. Saturday May 24, 1845 at 6:00 a.m. the Saints gathered to witness the laying of

the capstone. It was placed on the southeast corner by President Brigham Young. The Nauvoo Band provided music for the occasion. Fervent prayers were offered petitioning for Heavenly Father's protection so they could finish the temple and receive their endowments before being forced to leave. Shouts of Hosanna came from thousands of assembled Saints. Officers were waiting to take Brigham Young captive, but he escaped during the closing song.

In September of 1845, mobs burned outlying settlements. Sheriff Backenstos tried to drive off the mob and as a result his life was threatened. A group led by Frank Worrill (guard at the Carthage Jail when the Prophet was murdered) set up an ambush to kill the sheriff. Porter Rockwell shot Worrill in the skirmish. The law tried to capture Rockwell and church leaders for that and other trumped up charges. The Church promised to move the following spring if they would be left alone to sell property and procure supplies for the journey west.

There is an interesting excerpt from the Times and Seasons in the Journal History of the Church Dec 1, 1845, regarding William Smith's (the Prophet's brother) anti-Mormon activities.

"We received an advertizement of his lectures in St Louis at 12 1/2 cents admittance. We have been aware of his designs and intentions a long time since, by a bombastical letter written to Brother David Rogers in this city, saying the western boys would soon be among the Yankees and then we might look out for black ducks, for they always fly in the fall of the year."

Preparations were already being made for a journey into the West. Leaders conferred with explorers such as Thomas Kane and studied maps of California Territory. Wagon shops sprang up all over Nauvoo and anyone with experience was pressed into service. Caroline says her father built and repaired wagons until after the main body of Saints had been driven out. No doubt Ross was also engaged as wheelwright. To speed up production the timber was cut and hauled into the city green. Hub, spoke and fellow timber were boiled in salt and water, other parts were kiln dried. The Masonic Hall, Arsenal, and nearly every shop in town were employed in making wagons. It is estimated that there was one shop for every hundred people. Teams were sent to all parts of the country to purchase iron. Wheelwrights and blacksmiths were busy day and night preparing for their departure westward. During 1845-1846 12,000 wagons were made.

October 29, 1845 Hester married George Beebe, 14 years her senior. He had been among the Saints expelled from Missouri. He was dragged out of his house at midnight and with guns pointed at his chest was beaten with clubs and whips. The mob then unroofed thirteen houses in the area known as Whitmer Branch.

December 14, 18 year old Caroline married 23 year old Aaron Daniels. He was a son of Sheffield Daniels whose family was among the first Saints to join the church.

In spite of promises to the contrary, mobs continued their depredations and church leaders had to go in hiding to escape being thrown in prison. Governor Ford sent a letter stating his intent to bring in the U.S. Army to subdue Nauvoo, arrest the leaders, and prevent the Mormons from going west.

Work on the temple continued as speedily as possible under the circumstances. The roof was finished in October. The attic story was dedicated November 30, 1845. Soon afterward endowments were given to the leadership of the church, and then the worthy members of the church were called in by quorums. By the end of the year 1,000 Saints had received their endowments. To

do this the leaders and temple officiators worked day and night. Brigham Young says he only got four hours of sleep a night. Sisters stayed up late washing temple clothing to speed up the work.

January 5, 1846, David and Martha Rogers received their endowments in the Nauvoo temple, and were waiting their turn to be sealed, when on February 3, Brigham Young told the Saints he had done all the Temple work they had time for. Everyone should go home and prepare to leave.

He packed his wagons and started out, then noticed a large crowd waiting in front of the Temple. He had compassion on them, delayed his departure for two days, and performed endowments and sealings for the waiting Saints. February 5, David and Martha were sealed together for eternity. On this same day David was set apart as Senior President of the 34th Quorum of the Seventies by President Joseph Young.

The temple work came to a halt after a total of 5,615 Saints had been endowed.

DRIVEN OUT

February 12, 1846, Brigham Young and a company of Saints crossed the Mississippi and set up camp at Sugar Creek, seven miles away from Nauvoo. He asked David to stay and build wagons for the fleeing Saints; so he and Ross with their families remained, afraid that any moment the mobs would come in.

In early spring, Hester and Caroline left with their husbands, in two wagons owned by George. They were piled with both family's household goods and supplies, driven by George and Aaron. It must have been a sad farewell, not knowing when or where they would see their family again.

Saints were scattered out all over the Iowa prairie. The two couples traveled until they reached Raccoon Fork on the DesMoine River where the present city of DesMoine now stands. George wanted to stop for a year, but the ladies wanted to continue on and join the Saints. In spite of all their pleading, the men decided to go up the river and settle. They found good land 15 miles up from Raccoon Forks, built houses and planted crops.

By mid March, 2,000 Saints had left Nauvoo. More followed in April and May. The temple was dedicated publicly May 1, 1846. During this time period the David Rogers family and Ross's family left Nauvoo and started west. David left a newly completed house in Nauvoo as he couldn't sell it. The mob also took some of his oxen for beef. Ross and Helen had a new baby girl named Helen, as well as two-year-old Joseph and four-year-old Emily. They stopped to winter at Oskaloosa, about 30 miles southeast of DesMoine, then remained, building cabins and planting crops. They had written a letter to their son Charles Addison December 20, 1845, but he didn't receive it in New Bedford, Massachusetts until June 19, 1846. He had intended to join the family in Nauvoo, but now lost contact with them.

In order to earn enough money, Amelia's husband took his family and went to St. Louis to get work, being a house carpenter and work being scarce in Nauvoo at that time. Their daughter Martha was born there May 28. According to Caroline, "Mr Telle was quite sick in St. Louis and when he was some better, the doctor advised him to return home, which he did (sometime after September of 1846). He was very weak, took a relapse and was sick again. It (1847) was a very hot summer and my sister was not well either (pregnant). Nauvoo at that time was a very lawless place to live in. Almost every night some house was broken into and robbed of money, if there was any.

The people were in constant fear of their lives. Mr. Telle brought home his pay in gold and Amelia told him that she was afraid they might be robbed. He said intruders would find him ready for them if they came. When he went to bed he put the loaded gun at the head of his bed.

"The late July night being very warm, Amelia got out of bed and went out in the garden to cool off. When she opened the door to go back to bed, Mr. Telle awakened from sleep and hearing the noise, thought someone was breaking into the house. He grabbed his gun and fired, shooting Amelia in the chest. The doctor didn't think she would live until morning, but she rallied. The ball came out her back near her spine. As she commenced to get better she refused to let her family know, wanting to save them worry. She lived four months then relapsed and died Dec. 29, 1847. On her death-bed she made her husband promise to let her mother have their little baby girl named Martha (born while she was trying to recover from the gunshot wound)."

Amelia's friend Emma Smith spent many long hours caring for her during her illness. After Mr. Telle's death in 1856, she took care of the two sons, ages nine and ten, until they were old enough to be on their own.

Caroline continues, "The next spring I engaged my passage with a couple of neighbors by the name of Houser and Hulett who were going to Keokuk for goods. I started with my 17 month old baby boy on what seemed a very big undertaking, camping out by the roadside or in a farmhouse, sometimes rough roads, rain or shine, sometimes quite sick. My daughter Martha was born a few months after I returned home.

"My sister Hester had lost her baby at 17 months. She asked mother to let her take two-year-old Martha Telle and raise her in the place left vacant by her own little Martha.

November 22, 1848, a daughter was born to Ross and Helen who they also named Martha in honor of his mother. In 1849 Ross left his family to go to the gold fields in California. He got as far as Council Bluffs, Iowa, and found his sister Susanna there in destitute circumstances. She had joined the Church in London, England; and in 1846, she returned to America with her eleven-year-old son. Unable to find her family, she had remained in St. Louis for a year. During that time she married William Pickett as his second wife. Weak in the faith, William and his first wife Agnes C. Smith (widow of the Prophet's brother Don Carlos) refused to join the Saints in Winter Quarters as they were counseled to do. Susanna traveled to Winter Quarters alone, where their son Horatio was born six months later. When Indian agents forced the Saints out, she left her dugout in Winter Quarters and moved across the river to Kaneshville, or Council Bluffs as it was then called. She had been stranded for over a year and had no idea where her family was. She hadn't seen them for fourteen years. Ross turned his wagon around and took Susanna and her children back to Oskaloosa where she was finally reunited with her family.

Caroline finally persuaded her husband to go west. They sold out and left for the Salt Lake Valley in the spring of 1850 with their two children.

In the Spring of 1851, David's, Ross's and Susanna's families started for the Rocky Mountains. They traveled as far as the DesMoine River, found it flooding and impossible to cross, and decided to stay with Hester in Polk City until the following year. Ross and family continued their journey as soon as the river was passable.

In 1852 the Rogers and Pickett families left Oskaloosa, traveled through Western Missouri in wagons pulled by ox teams, and reached Council Bluffs the last part of May. June second, they left the Bluffs in an independent company led by Joseph Kelting. They traveled five miles above the city, then crossed the Missouri River on an old flat boat and swam the stock across.

Susanna's oldest son, G. G. R. Sangovanni, describes the trip: "Our next camp was on the Elkhorn River. The next morning three Pawnee Indians stampeded our horses and mules, but grandfather and one of the teamsters were on the alert, and catching two horses that had ropes on, mounted them and started for camp. The other animals followed, the Indians making no resistance.

"Buffalo by the hundreds were in sight many times by the roadside. One hot afternoon an immense herd came down from the north after water.[We were on the North side of the Platte river). Then we did have fun. When a buffalo is thirsty he doesn't stop for anything, just like some men, prohibition won't stop them. Our train came very near a stampede. We had to hold our teams about half an hour until the immense herd passed. Men that were loose-handed fired many shots among them, and three bucks were killed. After a week or two the cattle and horses got accustomed to them so they were not afraid. Great herds of antelope were continually in sight. There is no finer meat in world than fat antelope.

"Great features of the plains, after one got about 200 miles West of the Missouri river, were trading posts kept by 'squaw men.' These were Canadian French. Previous to the great immigration crossing the plains to Utah, California, and Oregon, they followed trapping. After the trail was established, many of them would camp along the side of the road where there was good water and grass. Along came the gold seeker with an ox or a cow, feet worn out. If the man had any money he would give his tender-footed ox and \$100 for a fresh animal. The 'squaw man' would doctor the tender feet; turn the animal to grass, and in about a week's time it could walk without limping. Filled full of wet grass and water it was ready for another swap. By the time it had crossed a rocky piece of road it would be as lame as ever. Then his new owner, having probably no more loose change, would be forced to leave him by the wayside.

"Then comes the blacksmith shop, 'prices moderate'. Shoeing one yoke oxen, \$50; shoeing horse, \$15; set one wagon tire, \$10. If you wanted to buy a sack of flour - \$50 a hundredweight. Whiskey at home was 15 cents a gallon, on the plains, \$2 a pint.

"On July 3rd we camped three miles below Fort Laramie. We remained over the Fourth to celebrate America's greatest day. Our journey was just half completed. We counted over one hundred immigrant camps in sight. Large herds of buffalo and antelope could be seen in the distance.

"Leaving here the road begins to get rough. We are nearing the 'Rockies'. When we arrive at Devil's Gate we find another 'squaw-man' camp. Many people don't know what a squaw-man is like. He may have sprung from a good family, but my! how he has fallen. His costume consists of a greasy slouch hat, long hair and beard 'a la Buffalo Bill', an old dirty overshirt and buckskin pants, a butcher knife and revolver in his belt, and moccasins on his feet. Then here's the handsome bride - red lady of the forest, with a herd of red headed papooses running around without any fig leaves on. The squaw is robed in a dirty old buckskin gown, with perhaps a few beads worked on it. All stand in front of their skin lodge gazing at the passer-by.

"We began meeting Mormons returning from Salt Lake to help expected friends. It was not long until we left the Sweet Water River, and found ourselves going up an easy rising smooth grade. Pretty soon we met a four-horse team loaded with provisions. My grandfather asked the driver, 'Will you please tell me how far it is to the South Pass?' The answer came suddenly: 'You be right hon 'im'.

"This was a fine fur country. All the canyons from the Eastern side of the Rockies to the Wasatch Range, and north and south put forth a fine variety: beaver, otter, mink, marten, wolves and fox.

"Twenty-five miles from Salt Lake City (August 12) we met two of my uncles with a treat for us: new potatoes, cabbages, green corn, turnips, and some fine, fresh churned butter. The supper we had that evening tasted better than any other meal I ever ate in my life. The next day we had a task - climbing the Big Mountain, four miles steady pull. That night we camped at Mountain Dell, twelve miles from Salt Lake.

"Next day being our last drive, we rose early and crossed the Little Mountain. At the mouth of Emigration Canyon we beheld a grand panorama: the Great Salt Lake Valley with the big lake in the background; a tract of ground dotted with some little adobe houses, a few newly planted trees; and all else sagebrush and high mountains as far as the eye could reach."

Horatio, who was four years old at the time, says, "The wide streets lined with sunflowers and the small rudely built timber and adobe houses impressed me as evidence of peace and comfort even though the Saints were in poverty."

They were made welcome at the home of Caroline and Aaron at the lower end of Emigration Street (now 4th South) across the street from what later became the Denver and Rio Grande Train Station. Caroline says of their arrival, "In the fall my father, mother, sister and brother came from the States. It was a time of rejoicing for me. I had not seen them for over two years."

PROVO

Soon after their arrival David, now 65 years of age, moved his family to Provo to colonize. Caroline describes the area as being nothing more than sagebrush flats at the time. Ross was already established there with his family, and had built a sawmill on the Provo River.

During that winter, Caroline, Aaron and their children moved there also; then Aaron left his family while he went to the "gold fields" in California. Susanna and her sons stayed in the Salt Lake home where she taught school.

Jim Bridger had warned President Brigham Young not to settle in the Provo area because it was the home of the Ute Indians led by Chief Walker. Early explorers such as Parley P. Pratt spoke highly of the beautiful mountains and streams in the Provo area; the lush meadow grass and large clear water lake. By 1849 it was considered safe to send the Church cattle there to range. Thirty families were called to build a fort and settle near the Provo River. Many difficulties were experienced with the Indians through 1851.

By 1852 when the Rogers settled there, relations had improved enough that the pioneers were farming and building homes outside the Fort. Provo was divided into four wards. The Rogers belonged to the First Ward in the south east part of town. This included the area from Center Street south to Utah Lake and from 4th East to 4th west. Meetings were held at Bishop Jonathan O. Duke's residence until 1861 when an adobe building was completed. David resumed his position as Senior President of the Seventy soon after they reached Provo.

Businesses of all types were flourishing, from hotels to tailor shops. Ross and a partner had started a cabinet shop and advertised in the Deseret News, "Fine chairs made from Box elder

wood." Until Ross moved he served as an elected Provo City councilman. He helped pass an ordinance requiring all male citizens to work two days a year improving and building roads in the area.

David was listed in the Federal Census as being a farmer; but he also worked in the cabinet shop, worked as a wheelwright, and managed Ross's sawmill when he was called to Parowan. According to the census, he had a household of three.

In the summer of 1853 two separate incidents occurred which precipitated the Walker Indian War. Indians were begging food from Sister Young when a brave accidentally shot his companion then blamed it on the Whites. In Springville, Sister Ivie was trading flour for a fish brought by a squaw, when an Indian Brave, unsatisfied with the terms, began beating her. Brother Ivie intervened and a fight ensued. The Indian died later from a blow to the head. The Utes became angry and began stealing cattle and making preparations to come against the whites.

The pioneers moved back into the two forts; the original one near the Provo River and Sowiette Fort on 5th West and 5th North. The settlers tried to appease the Indians by serving them a picnic on 5th West and Center Street, where the Pioneer Park is now located. The men roasted three steers, the women made three barrels of biscuit dough, churned butter, and cooked squash for the Indians, but it had little effect. Indians still ran off their stock and murdered two young boys who were herding cattle in Cedar Valley about thirty miles northeast of Provo.

In 1854, the grasshoppers ate what little crops the people could plant. There was a great deal of hunger and suffering. Fish were plentiful, however. Dried and salted, they kept the Saints from starving during the winter. During the grasshopper war, flour was selling for \$30 a hundred pounds. The Rogers were out of flour but only had a \$5 gold piece. David took it to the mill to purchase what he could. The miller gave him 100 pounds of flour for it. That is the nearest they came to being without bread. It brought to their minds the promise made by Parley P. Pratt after their baptism.

The last part of 1854, the Rogers finally heard from Charles, when he wrote to Susanna in Salt Lake. At that time David was staying with her, preparing to leave on a mission.

Dear Sister,

I had given up all hope of again learning anything (of my kindred), for I have written to all places where I thought I could get information of any of you without receiving any satisfactory knowlege. No one coming from Salt Lake that I have seen knew of or had heard of any of you except Orson Pratt, and all he could tell me was that he had seen one of my sisters, which one he could not tell, about eight months before he left the valley. He could tell nothing about any one of our family except that one of my sisters had been accidentally killed, which one or how she was killed he could not inform me. You see by this that I was as much in the dark as any of you. I knew not where a single soul of you could be found, indeed I supposed that at least our dear Father and Mother must ere this have sank beneath the oppressions and persecutions that came upon them at the time of the last exodus of the Mormons from Nauvoo, and it seems to me almost impossible that they can even now be alive and well. What a remarkable family ours is--ever moving from place to place--

restless, restless as the Arab of the desert. I do not believe there is one of us--father, mother, sisters, brothers--but what would be a stranger in the place they were born in. Some impulse seems to move us onward, onward, like the wandering Jew. I should not be surprised to hear of some of the family "settling", no, they never settle anywhere--going to China, Australia, Jerusalem or the interior of Africa. The last letter from you was from London 3,000 miles east of here. Now I get one 4,000 miles to the west of me. There must be some strong impulsive moving principle, whether it is faith, fanaticism or delusion, instability or whatever it may be I cannot tell--carrying our family about forever. I never feel at home anywhere. My mind is never contented and never was, nor do I believe it ever will be. Wherever I go, there is still the finger pointing and a voice exclaiming "Onward", and I propose to our family that when our coat of arms is adopted that our motto be the above word.

Had Father remained in Iowa, I should have been with him before now, but there seems to be a kind of fatality in the matter whenever I have attempted to start for the west. Some unexpected obstacle always has prevented me, and if I should come, not one of you would know me--my features have entirely altered and my whole general appearance is so different that you have no remembrance of me that would help you, and I have not any idea but what all of you have altered to the same extent. Mother, I am satisfied, I should know for I have seen her in dreams so often that I know exactly how she looks. Yes, indeed, in the spirit she has come to me, and I have seen her whitened hair and bent form, her withered cheek with its patient, meek and careworn expression....

In 1855 Chief Walker died. His brother Arropene became leader of the Utes and made peace with the whites. The Walker War was over. The Saints were able to leave the forts and plant more crops, but again the grasshoppers devoured them. In August, during the worst of the famine a hard white substance appeared on the leaves of young cottonwood trees in the river bottoms. The settlers shook or rinsed it into tubs of hot water, boiled it down, and dried it into brown colored crystals looking and tasting like maple sugar. It was reported they made 3,400 pounds before the substance stopped coming.

The following letter was written to Martha by David while on his mission.

Lockport

June

18,1855

Dearly Beloved Wife,

It is with no small degree of pleasure and satisfaction that I devote a portion of my time in writing to you that you may know where I am and how it is with me. I pray every day that our Father in Heaven may bless us and all that pertains to us and that His felicity and care may be upon us and keep us and bring us to the enjoyment of each other's society again in the midst of the family.

I have wrote to you and Henry every month and sometimes to both, but have not had any from you or anyone since I left home. I wrote you in April from Buffalo

Grove and let you know when I left Polk city. I have not heard from Hester since. I have been on the move nearly all the time since.

I have found my sister Mary. Her husband's name is Thomas Chapman. She has five children. My brother Albert is living in Iowa. (half sister and brother?)

Sally Ann (his sister) lives in Illinois. Her husband's name is Walter Smith Burgess. (He then goes on listing numerous relatives he has found.)

About the last thing that Elizabeth said to me was, when you write to Mother (Martha) tell her I want to see her much and I pray we may live to be all at home again. She was very afraid she would get none of her children to go with her back to the valley.

I have written to Addison and Hester to write me at Sandusky City; and expect to find letters there. I hope you will write, and have Henry write. I did expect he would have written by the March mail at which time I received five numbers of the news. They are sent regularly to George Beebe. I wish to be told about what is going on in Provo and all through the valleys, the crops and improvements, city wide. Let me know about Ross and his concerns if you can't get him to write to his Father. Kiss the babies. Tell them Grandpapa's not forgot them. Tell the Grandbabies I want some of them sweet kisses. There is none found here.

I hope you let Susanna know when you hear from me. I have written to her twice but not heard from her at all. I did not mention that she wrote to Hester. I wish to be remembered to all our friends and neighbors.

Aunt Caty (Martha's sister ?) thinks she would like to go home with me if she thought she could stand the journey. She has got a good home and I think a good son to live with, and I think Sally Ann's got a good man and a very pretty family.

Joseph's (Collins, Martha's brother?) son Henry is 16 years old and five feet eleven inches high bare foot. Joseph's property is worth about \$2,000.

Mariah West, your sister died ten years ago next Nov...Her children are living in Wisconsin except Hannah who lives in Pennsylvania.

(Family) Connections in this vicinity are all well and as a whole appear to be doing well. They are not all rich yet, but they expect to be 'ere long. They have very little idea of embracing the Gospel except Mary. She believed before she heard the first sermon, but is not quite ready to be baptized.

Your father and mother both lived in this place and also Louisa and Saphronia. They're all buried in the city burying ground. Your folks were all very glad to see me and inquired very particularly about you and all the family.

I have been tracting about among the congregation 30 days and have been at least 700 miles altogether by railroad, steamboat and stages, and now I expect to find Phoebe and my brothers and their families. The spring has been very backward here and dry. The produce is very reasonable. Wheat \$1.50, Corn goes at 50 cents, potatoes are \$1 here and \$2 in Keokuk. I have enjoyed very good health all the time since I left home.

Tell Henry to be as economical and prudent as ever in the use of time and everything he has the management of, bearing in mind that God helps them that

helps themselves. As I am so far away and know not that I shall ever be any nearer, and as you are on the premises and I think competent to manage, I only throw out a hint or two that will be of general application.

May you be blessed of Israel's God is my prayer for you
As ever your own,
D.W. Rogers

Following is part of a letter he wrote to Susanna.

Baffalo, New York
July 21, 1855

Dearly Beloved Daughter,

....I received your kind and instructive letter of Mar. 29....I would not refrain from shedding tears of joy to know that my prayers were heard and that you were blessed of the Lord and enabled to rejoice in your state of destitution and want. I do pray that you may still be blessed in body and mind, in basket and stone and in all that pertains to you and yours; that your boys may continue to be a comfort and help to you and so conduct themselves that the Lord will bless them in all they put their hands to do whether it is to work in the canyon, build houses, make adobes, or go to school. I pray that our Father in Heaven in the name of His Son will bless you all, both in and over all things, even so, Amen.

I have been traveling since the 12th of April in search of our relatives. Your uncle Lamont, my oldest brother, lives in Ashtabula, Ohio. He is in very easy circumstances and has an interesting family, three sons and five daughters. I should be glad if you would write to some of them. They would be well pleased to receive a letter from a Rogers relative. They are wholly ignorant of the thing called Mormonism, though they read something purporting to be an expose of it in almost every newspaper. If you should write to them, direct it to Miss Clarissa Rogers, Ashtabula. She has promised me she would answer promptly. If you please keep up a correspondence I think there might be good done thereby. They might ask many questions that would lead to investigation and the acknowledging of the truth.

What the people really want to know or inquire about is how many wives Brigham Young has got, as if that was of more importance than learning the principles of life and salvation.

Please direct your letters to Polk City and I shall keep Hester and Charles posted as to my whereabouts. Addison (Charles) has moved to Iowa and also James Boshard that left home with him when he started his voyage around the world. Addison has a very interesting family, one daughter and two sons. I was pleased with the appearance of his wife....

I was much displeased to learn from a letter that Mother had not heard from me since I left home and did not know I had left the city of G.S.L., notwithstanding I wrote seven letters home before that time. I wish you would be so good as to write and let her know I left your city last fall and to date have written 11 letters to her and Henry, and intend to write one each and every month.

Farewell for now,
D. W. Rogers

October 19, 1856, Henry Clay married Emma Higbee, daughter of Isaac Higbee, one of prominent citizens of Provo.

The Deseret News of August 16, 1857 reports: "Brother Bowman informs us that Elder Jesse B Martin's wagon Company was traveling on the north side of the Platte and was 26 miles below Laramie on the third of this month. They had lost 11 head of cattle by a stampede but were pursuing their journey at the rate of 15 miles per day. Elders Charles R Dane, David W. Rogers and James Carrigan were in Elder Martin's Company, returning from their missions."

At that time Johnston's army was also traveling toward Utah. In another account it was reported that the Jesse Martin company passed soldiers and government supply wagons who were on their way to "put down the Mormon rebellion".

The Deseret News of October 6, 1857 reports the minutes of the semi-annual conference of the church: "Elder David W. Rogers spoke in brief of his mission to Canada."

There was much business to take care of after David's return. He had married an older lady by the name of Elizabeth Anderson Banks in 1853. It was the feeling of early day church members that unattached women could only be exalted by being sealed to worthy men. They also needed men to take care of their interests, as the following letter written to Brigham Young by David indicates.

Respected President Young
Dear sir;

Myself and family are well and we feel thankful to our Father in Heaven for this and for all the blessings we do enjoy. We feel to realize and acknowledge His hand in all things. I would inform you of a small item of my business. I have a farm of thirty acres, and wish to inquire of you whether it would be wisdom for me to build on the premises in order to secure presumption when the land comes into market.

I would also inform you that while I was absent on my Canada mission, Chester Snyder got possession of five acres of my lands, and when he parted with his wife he gave her a deed of the whole. She has sold the five acres to Abraham Conover for \$50.00. It cost me more than that, besides I paid Snyder for farming it.

Another thing I would ask by the request of my wife Elizabeth, (better known to you by Sister Anderson the Sweed (sic) woman.) She had a very good cow that was taken by the Bishop and sent out to the corral there in Echo Canyon for beef a year ago last fall. As she has not yet received anything for the cow she wishes me to ask you if there is any prospects of her being paid. While she lived at Payson she had two heifers and they were taken and sent to Salt Lake Valley without her knowledge. When she went for them there was ten dollars charged on them and they kept one for the herding. Another heifer was taken at Provo and turned out on a military debt, all in her absence and without her knowledge or consent. She wished you might know the facts. Please reply as soon as convenient. Remember us to Sister Young and family.

Respectfully yours,
David W. Rogers

The Provo Saints were finally recovering from the famine when they received word that Johnston's army was on its' way to Utah. In the spring of 1858, thousands of people from the northern settlements streamed into Utah Valley. The roads were full of immigrants, wagons, and livestock. Existing homes were crowded with all the refugees they would hold. Susanna's son G. G. R. Sangiovanni moved his mother, her husband James Keate, and Horatio down to safety with the Rogers. They had left their home ready to burn if the army should attack.

Tent and wagon villages sprung up north and east of town. Shelters were made of everything available; dugouts, even willows and brush. Temporary log quarters were built in the town square to house Brigham Young's families. Wheat was stored in a large tent in the center.

The herds of cattle ate all the feed off the benches, then fared poorly. The heat became unbearable in the rude shelters. Flies and snakes added to their discomfort by day; and the howls of coyotes kept them awake at night.

With Colonel Kane as mediator, problems were worked out between the Mormons and President Buchanan. The first of July, families began returning to their homes in Salt Lake.

In 1860, Charles and at least part of his family finally made it to Provo. He had told Susanna in a previous letter:

"I have at last concluded that come (to Utah) I will, if I wheel a barrow all the way; and considering the great possibility that exists of my being something to the Kingdom and to my relatives, I think it is my duty to write. I do so in the fervent hope that the anniversary of this writing may be celebrated with you in the Vallies. I much fear that I may leave a part of my family behind me for at present there is no hope that my wife will come with me and no doubt she will claim a share of the children. But wife or no wife, children or no children, I feel that the time for me to come is now.

"Brother Beebe (Hester's husband) is growing richer by day but whether there is left enough salt in him to save him in the Kingdom is doubtful. Hester and family are anxious to come to the Church and Brother Beebe may ultimately come.

He talks that way at present." (They did come in 1859, but George became dissatisfied and took his family back to the states a year later.)

Charles did eventually come to Utah with two daughters and his son Ross. Unfortunately the young boy took ill and died. He was buried in the Provo Cemetery in the Rogers plot, the only member of Charles' family to stay in Provo. Charles in his grief left Utah and returned to the East.

Pioneering a new land was difficult, but David was equipped to handle any emergency. Henry Clay's children David John, Isaac Higbee, and Hester Caroline give us the following information: He was an all around handy man. Sometimes he was called "Doctor" as he often helped people out in sickness. He was also independent. At one time he accidentally chopped off his big toe. Using a needle and thread he calmly sewed it back on. It healed crooked so he cut it off again and restitched it.

On another occasion he was up in the hills cutting trees with two boys and nearly severed his foot at the ankle. He sent one boy for the doctor and told the other to keep pouring water on the foot. Under no circumstances was the boy to allow the doctor to cut off his foot; even if he died. The doctor was to sew the foot on and make sure it was straight. He lost consciousness, but the boy kept his promise. When the doctor said there was no use trying to save the foot, the boy insisted he sew it on. He did so and the foot healed fine.

While working at the sawmill he broke his leg. With the help of some of his men he set it himself and put on wooden splints.

The 1860 census gives the following information about David, then 73 years old. He had a household of two, a real wealth of \$300, and a personal wealth of \$150. I suspect his real wealth, however; was his family.

In November of 1861, Susanna and family left their home in Salt Lake and stopped in Provo to visit her parents on their way to St. George. James Keate and his two families had been called on a colonizing mission there. With Susanna leaving, all the Rogers children and their families except Caroline lived a long distance away.

David was 78 years old in 1865 when he married Ellen Bennett Darnby, widow of Edward Darnby who had a young son Edward." David and Ellen were sealed in the Endowment House May 24, 1867. Five children were born to them, but only two, Martha Ellen and David Bennett Rogers lived to maturity. Ellen died Feb 6, 1889 in Idaho, but is buried in the Provo City Cemetery near David.

In 1869, at age 80, David was elected a member of the managing board of the Utah County Agricultural and Manufacturing Society.

In 1872, two deceased sisters were sealed to David in the Endowment House after he received the following letter from their brother.

Richmond City
October 18, 1871

Brother Rogers, Dear Sir:

Your letter came to hand in due time. Andrew has gone North, therefore I take the liberty to reply to your letter. I was at conference from Thursday noon till Sunday

noon but did not see you, all tho I heard of you. I would of been glad to of seen you and talked over old times and linned (sic) something about circumstances of my Father.

And so to the point. I understand that you asked Mother for Julia, my youngest sister, and that she gave you no answer, but afterwards gave consent. I understand that Lydia was heard to say that she wished to belong to the same man that Julia did. This is the business which Andrew and myself wished to see you about.

I do not know whether Andrew or myself will go down there this Fall or not, altho Andrew has been very anxious to go there for the last year. I wish you would write and let us know your mind. Andrew will be at home in three weeks.

Lydia Allen, born June 5, 1827, Thursday, State of New York.

Julia Allen, born June 8, 1844, Saturday, State of Illinois.

Charles H Allen

According to a May 31, 1873 journal excerpt of Elder Wilford Woodruff, President Brigham Young, Elder John W. Young, and he preached at a meeting in Provo. At the close of the meeting David Rogers was ordained a Patriarch. During David's blessing Brother Woodruff stated that David was a lineal descendant of John Rogers the martyr who was burned at the stake in London in 1554.

In 1876, Hester, George and their nine living children finally came to Utah to stay and settled in the Provo area. Martha Telle, Amelia's daughter, married George Q. Cannon as a plural wife.

David was very concerned about the salvation of all their relatives. After the St. George Temple was dedicated, David enlisted Susanna's help to see that all his and Martha's relatives had their temple work done. This work was new to the Church and no specific guidelines had been set up. Caroline was also involved in temple work for deceased relatives. The following letter from Susanna to Caroline in Provo gives us a glimpse of their shared work.

"I suppose there are many of Father's and Mother's cousins that might be done for (temple work), and I want you to do for any that you like. None of Mother's sisters have been sealed. When Father was here (in St. George), he wanted to have Aunt Phoebe and Maria sealed to him, but according to the teachings we have I knew that would not be right, and I knew Aunt Phoebe wouldn't want him. I knew Uncle Petty was a good man, He was not religious and that was the bone of contention between them. She was a shouting Methodist."

David remained active all his life. He was a member of the 34th Quorum of the Seventy for 34 years and 4 months. He served as Senior President of that Quorum for 27 years, till age 86.

In the fall of 1876, at age 89, he rode horseback as far as Springville with Henry Clay and family who were traveling to Arizona. Returning to his cabinet shop in Provo, he found a wood

plane he felt sure his son would need. Mounting his horse, he rode back to Springville taking the plane. The last the family saw of him he was riding back to Provo, the horse on a fast trot.

He wrote the following letter to Susanna in St. George when he was 93 years old. The handwriting is shaky, as if it took much effort to write.

May, 3, 1881

My Dearly and ever loved daughter Susanna,

Your favored of the 11th was just received after dark. I have just finished reading it and will try to write something you will accept as a reply. It will not do to judge my health by my writing. That depends on the efficacy I make in learning to write with both hands at once. I could not write at all without holding my right hand with my left. I am really glad to learn you are blessed with health, as also Horatio, wife and children. I hope he has recovered from the effects of his cold. Tell him he has my prayers for every blessing his condition may require. Mother's health remains the same as it has for two years. (Hester was caring for her in her home).

You mentioned about going to Arizona. If you are going along in the company I would not hesitate a moment. But as it is, it looks rather hazardous. I think it might be a good move for Horatio, especially if Father Johnson goes. I have heard that George Dunsford, Ross's son, with his family were going this season. If Horatio and you would conclude to go I might assist you a little, say about a hundred or two.

I have not worked any since the first day of June. The pain in my ankle has left entirely.

Sometime in the forepart of the winter one evening the Seventy brethren came to see how I was and found me in great misery. I could hardly talk to them and had been taken (ill) several days and nights. I couldn't sleep, eat or talk. They didn't like to leave me in such misery and asked would I not like to have them administer to me. I said, 'Indeed I would if you have faith.' They asked if I had any consecrated oil. As they got through, the pain left me and never returned.

Provo
August 12, 1881

Ever Dear and Beloved Daughter,

Your very welcome letter has come and finds me about as I have been for several weeks past, able to sit up in bed and could write a little but now I have lost the use of my right hand. Cannot hold a pen so I am trying to do something I do not make out much and hope you will be able to read enough to see how it is with me. I cannot write with my left hand at all. I have tried. You will have to take the will for the deed. I do not suffer much pain. My appatite (sic) is improving. I sleep better nights than I did. I hope you will write often and if you do not learn that I am worse

then I am better.----Remember me to all. I would like to see them great grand children.----There are many things I wish I could write you.

Farewell. May Israel's God bless us in all things is my dayly (sic) prayer,
Amen.

D.W. Rogers

Martha died June 18, 1881 at age 89. David followed her September 21, 1881, almost 94 years of age. They were the parents of 11 children, 71 grandchildren, and numerous other descendants.

David's life encompassed many milestones in history. During his lifetime, a new little nation of thirteen bickering states populated by three million people on the Eastern Seaboard became a strong United States of America stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. With thirty-eight states and fifty million people it was one of the richest and most powerful nations on the earth at the time of his death.

During David's lifetime the first twenty U.S presidents served their country, ending with James Garfield. Washington D.C. was established as the national Capitol and the White House was built. America survived Indian uprisings, the war of 1812, the French Revolution and resulting turmoil in Europe, the Civil War, the war with Mexico, and the ongoing skirmishes with Jean LaFitte and the Barbary Pirates based in Algiers.

Transportation changed from stage coach and wagon to steamship and railroad; commerce went from hand made items to factory produced fabrics, paper, sugar, rubber. Advances in medicine included smallpox vaccinations, anesthesia, and surgery.

He saw the advent of new inventions such as the iron plow (which farmers were at first afraid to use saying it might poison the ground); clocks, the cotton gin, telegraph and telephone, muskets with interchangeable parts, then revolvers; barbed wire fencing, the stove for heating and cooking, lead pencils, bicycles, the sewing machine, phonograph, camera, and electric light.

Fashions changed from the powdering of men's hair tied in back with a black ribbon, and breeches; to galluses (suspenders), shoes made specifically for the right and left feet, and long pants.

Of all this progress he observed and participated in, none came close in importance to the Restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ on the earth in his lifetime. His testimony of its truthfulness never wavered, and he did all in his power to share its truths with friends and relatives, and to pass that heritage down to his descendants. David and Martha left a legacy of faith, courage and industry to those of us who followed after them.

A brief sketch of their children who lived to adulthood:

Susanna and her two sons helped settle St. George. She adopted an Indian girl and raised her to maturity. Later she was a temple worker in the St. George Temple. She died Jan 19, 1905.

Charles returned to the East. It is unlikely his six children stayed in the Church. He spent his last days in the National Soldier's Home in Virginia. He wrote a letter to his nephew Joseph Knight in 1890 stating he was only "part Mormon".

Amelia's husband remained in Nauvoo with their two sons. When he died in January of 1856, Emma Smith took the boys, ages nine and ten, into her home until they were old enough to be on their own. Daughter Martha became George Q. Cannon's sixth plural wife, and bore him nine children.

After leaving Provo, Ross and his family settled in Wanship, Summit County. His wife Helen died there, and he married Cynthia Eldridge of Lehi. He helped settle Parowan, then Beaver, being the first to plant wheat in the new settlement. He went in the same company as Henry Clay to Maricopa, Arizona where he helped engineer the first irrigation system. He had 26 children. He died in 1897, in Arizona, 76 years old.

Hester had 11 children. She cared for her parents in their old age at her home in Provo. Her husband died in 1881, as well as both her parents. She died in 1885 at sixty years of age.

Caroline went through many trials. Four of her 11 children died before reaching adulthood. Her husband Aaron married another wife then apostatized, telling her he would get all their children away from the Church. He was only successful with two of their sons. Their daughter Caddie became a physician. Caroline later became a plural wife of Abraham O Smoot and did much genealogy and temple work. She died March 14, 1915, at 88 years of age.

Henry Clay was called by Brigham Young to be co-leader of the 84 pioneers who settled Maricopa Arizona in 1877. He was overseer for construction of the canal and settlement. He had seen the area in a dream before they left Provo. His main responsibility there, however, was as a missionary to the Lamanites. He had many interesting and faith promoting experiences, and was much loved by them. He served as first counselor to three stake presidents, and was a member of the Arizona legislature in 1893. He and his wife had 11 children. He died in 1902 at age 69.

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