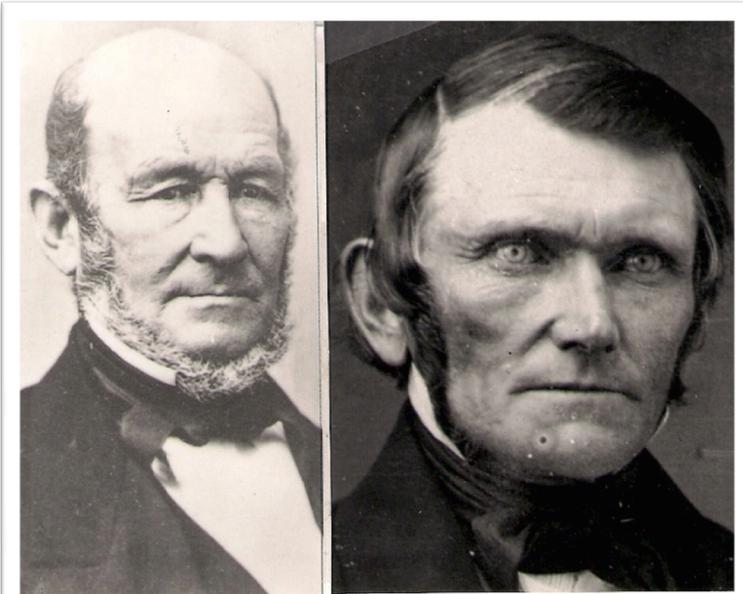


explained the difficult situation at home, he advised her to pray and follow her conscience in the matter, but said nothing about the key in her dream.

The following week Susanna heard the Mormons preach again at Tabernacle Square. When Sangiovanni asked where they had been, five-year-old Guglielmo told him about the American missionaries. Benedetto was very angry, and showed Susanna newspaper accounts about the Americans.

"Mormonites propose to plunder innocent people in the neighborhoods. Many families of our acquaintance have been left in abject poverty after following these shysters. Mormon preachers took some of our best people and sailed for America. They have never been heard of since."



Heber C. Kimball and Wilford Woodruff

In late September of 1840, Heber C. Kimball and George A. Smith came to the Sangiovanni home and delivered a letter to Susanna from her parents. Parley P. Pratt had carried it from Montrose, and because he was laboring in Preston, he gave it to the other missionaries to deliver. (Later, after he brought his wife back to England, the couple visited with Susanna.)

In the letter, the Rogers told of their conversion to the Gospel by Parley P. Pratt, and asked Susanna to listen to the missionaries. She again expressed her interest in the new religion and explained her husband's attitude.

The missionaries left their address with her along with a flyer giving the time and place of meetings. Beginning October 25 the little branch was to meet at Barnett's Academy, 57 King Square on Goswell Road, two miles from Susanna's residence. Meetings were held Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and twice on Sunday, 3 p.m. and 6:30 p.m.

Elder Kimball wrote a letter to David Rogers in Montrose, addressing the letter "Lee County, Iowa Territory, North America, In care of Samuel Mulliner." He used phonetic spelling, which I preserve here.

Dear Brother,

Elder Smith and I went to see your daughter in London. I felt grateful to see her as one of our country women. She seemed glad to see us and we were with them. She told us that she should be baptized the first opportunity that presents itself. She is interested in this cause. I am in Manchester at this time with Elder Richards, B. Young, and P. Pratt, G. A. Smith, W. Woodruff and H. Clark, and R. Hedlock. They are well and in good spirits. The work of the Lord is rolling on in this land. You will see by the 6 number of the stamps as that will give you the account of the number that has been added. I shall go back to London soon if the Lord will. I have got to

go to Liverpool with Elder Young to do some buisness. From thence we shall go to Preston from thence to Manchester then I shall go to London. Some one of us will be there next Sabbath. We shall move our paper to London soon. All things go well at present. My love to all inquiring friends. Remember me to your wife and family. You will hear from us soon. I shall go to see your daughter when I return to the city. Elder Cortur (Carter?) is waiting on this....(?)

I am your Brother in Christ,

H. C. Kimball

Benedetto was sick during much of the winter, and because he was confined to the house, Susanna was also. Most of her contact with the church came about through letters and visits from the missionaries. She wrote to the Elders for information on any subject that she didn't understand, and they answered. A letter she wrote December 3, 1840, however, was for a different purpose.

Dear Sir,

Mr. Sangiovanni called on Mr. Pistrucci to consult him about the paintings. At first he said he could not do them for less than 3 pounds each but at last he said he would paint the four for ten pounds which was the verry (sic) least he could do them for and pay himself-and I do not think that you will find an artist of any note in London that would do them and do them well for less- I thought it best to let you know his terms because if you should conclude to have them done before you leave town there will be no time to lose and if you decided upon haveing (sic) them done it will be necessary for you to take your sittings in the morning- let us know the day before you are comeing (sic) that we may make arrangements acordingly (sic). Anyway I hope you will call to see us as often as you can make it convenient.

I cannot express how I long for an opportunity of attending your meetings. I cantnt write more now. When you write me privately direct to Mrs. Glashier (live-in helper?) at this number. (This explains how she received mail without Benedetto knowing.)

Yours truly

S.M. Sangiovanni

Heber C. Kimball wrote to George A. Smith December 12, reporting on the work in London and saying he received a letter from Mrs. Sangiovanni. "She longs to get with us to be baptized. She inquired for you." In his diary he mentions receiving a letter from her January 5, 15, 21 and 30, also February 6. He wrote "Mrs. Sangivanah" letters on January 15 and 21, and February 11, noting it in his journal.

The missionaries made several visits to the Sangiovanni home, attempting to persuade Benedetto to allow his wife to be baptized. They had to be extremely tactful. Benedetto enjoyed telling of his former exploits, and by showing an interest, the Elders made themselves welcome visitors. Wilford Woodruff, in his journal dated October 21, 1940, states:

"We walked from St. Lukes to Nassau St. Middlesex Hospital. We called upon Mr. B. Sangiovanni, sculptor and modeler, number 23 Nassau St, whose wife was the

daughter of David W. Rogers of New York, late of Montrose. She inquired much about her father's family. They treated us kindly. He is an Italian. He was an officer under Murat of Naples but fled from his country with many other Neapolitan officers at the time Murat was deposed. After taking some refreshment with them we walked through Regent Street (five blocks from Sangiovanni's home) which for wealth, splendor and magnificence is not surpassed in London and probably not in the world. It would be impossible to describe the richness, splendor and cost of the merchandise of every name and nature through this street."

"December 26th, Saturday. I walked to Mr. Sangiovanni, 23 Nassau St. We found him quite unwell. We dined with him and his wife. The dinner was composed of Italian Macaroni, beef, plum puddings, nut cakes, porter, wine, oranges and etc. We spent quite a pleasant evening in conversing with Mrs. Susanna M. Sangiovanni concerning the Gospel and the Kingdom of God. She received our testimony and desires to be baptized with all her heart. She conversed much about her father's family and friends in America. We spoke of our wives and children which we had been long separated from."

Heber C. Kimball, in his diary, tells of visiting the Sangiovanis December 22 and 28, and then describes their December 26 visit.

"The afternoon went to Mr. Sangiovanni and took dinner with them. Had an Italian dish. Had everything that the heart could wish. Mr. Sangiovanni was quite sick. We got home at eight in the evening and also took tea with them."

The following letter was written by Susanna to Elder Heber C Kimball, January 6, 1841, and speaks of the emotional turmoil she was experiencing in her marriage, and her thwarted desires to join the church.

Dear Brother,

I again take up my pen to intrude upon your precious time without waiting to know if it would be acceptable or not. I hope and trust you have not taken offence (sic)- I am so low spirited and so beset on every side that I hardly know who, where or what I am. Everything seems against me more than ever - but I have been so long used to crosses and disappointments that they seem quite natural. I do not look for or expect anything else. For about two months last, things seemed to be taking a more favourable (sic) course and I fondly hoped a change was taking place in Mr. S ('s) mind but alas that is not the case for he will not listen to anything of a religious nature and he has said decidedly that he does not believe in the Bible or revealed religion at all, and it seems now that nothing short of a miracle can cause a change in his sentiments - but I will not despair. All things are possible with God and all things are in His hands and oh I pray the Almighty to grant me patience and resignation, and a more submissive mind under all His dealings, and I can feel now with full confidence to cast my all into the hands of a just God, trusting that if I but do the best I can, all this will go right. You know they say in the world that it is the darkest before the dawn of day. Perhaps it may prove so with me. Sometimes I think that I study Mr. S. pleasure more than I should for I am often obliged to do things that go against my conscience for the sake of peace and quiet, and I feel as

though I could sacrifice almost everything for the sake of peace. Whether I do right or (w)rong in so doing, I know not.

The other night I dreamed of visiting my father. I thought you and some others of the Elders were at his house. I thought that you and Father had a long conversation together, after which Father came where I was sitting and took me by the hand and said, "O my dear daughter, I am verry (sic) sorry to hear you have been so long delayed uniting with the Church." I said, "If Mr. Kimble (sic) has informed you that I have not been baptized, he has also doubtless told you the reason." He said, "Yes". I said, "As I am situated what could I do? Is not my duty to be subject unto my husband?" He said, "Yes, to a certain extent, but not upon a subject of so much importance as that upon which the salvation a Soul depends. It must be the devil put it in your head to think you ought to wait for the consent of your husband, but now you are here I shall not let you depart until you have been baptized, so prepare yourself as soon as you like." I thought I went to make some preparations and just as all was ready I awoke. Oh, that I could for one moment feel as I dreamed of feeling! I felt all humility and contrition. My whole soul was drawn out in prayer and praise to the Almighty. Oh, I felt happy happy unspeakably happy! When you write to Father or see him, I hope you will not say anything to make him think that I'm not happy with Mr. S. He thinks I am happy and contented and I should be very sorry if anything was said to cause him to think otherwise. Before you came here Father wrote me that you were going forth like the apostles of old and he begged of me if you should come here to entertain you, and introduce you to such of my friends who were able and willing to do the same. It has grieved me very much that I have not been able to render you the least assistance in any way whatsoever but it is not for want of a desire to do so, for Heaven is my witness how gladly I would do it if it was in my power. When you return to Father, if he should question you on the subject turn it off in some way as not to inculcate Mr. S.

My poor boy is much...(illegible) as when you saw him. I gave him some binau...(?) medicine which has done good at other times, but it has little or no effect so I left it off and committed him into the hands of the Almighty. I pray and trust it may be His will to spare him and give him health. For this last two weeks I have scarcely been able to get a minute to myself to read or write. I feel very thankful to you for the encouragement you endeavor to give me in your letters and also for your kind prayers and wishes for me and mine and also for the explanations (sic) you gave which were quite clear and sattisfatory (sic). The only returns I can make is to say may the Lord reward you. I long to hear from you and hear how the cause prospers. Pray come and see us next week when you go to take your sittings at Mr. Pistrucci's. Do not stay away on account of what I wrote you for I can assure you there is no occasion to. I am afraid you have wanted your Book of Covenants. I would have sent it but I could not get any one to go to you I could trust. I expected that the young lady you saw here would have attended your meeting last Sunday and the Sunday before, but she said she could not get out in time.

Give my love and best wishes to Mrs. Copeland and ask her to come and see me as often as she can. I can assure you the greatest pleasure and gratification I have enjoyed since I left my own beloved country and kindred has been in the acquaintance with you and Mrs. Copeland. If I am deprived of that privilege I shall

feel almost like a lonely and lost soul in the world. Give my love and best wishes to Mr. Woodruff and accept the same for yourself.

From your unworthy sister,

S.M.R.

(The Mrs. Copeland she speaks of was Elizabeth, the wife of Dr. William Copeland, a prominent physician in London. This couple was baptized January 12, 1841, and gave much needed assistance to the early missionaries.)

Brother Woodruff says, "January 15, I spent the day in writing. In the evening we went to the Bath and baptized three members of Brother Morgan's household (probably Susanna's friend Elizabeth, husband Benjamin, and oldest daughter.) and confirmed them. Elder K. baptized them. Mrs. Sangiovanni made both of us a present of a nice silk handkerchief. She feels bad because her husband will not let her be baptized."

Elder Kimball describes the same day. "In the morning I finished one letter to Mrs. Sangivanah. Went to Mr. Sangiovanni. Got there half past eleven, stayed 25 minutes. Gave her the letter, and received one. She gave me two silk handkerchiefs, one for me the other to Elder Woodruff. We felt to say in the name of the Lord, (gave her a blessing?) she shall receive an hundred-fold in this life and Eternal Life which is to come. We also ask Thee O Lord in the name of Jesus Christ to open her way that she may obey Thy Gospel and be gathered to Zion with Thy People and let us see it and Thy Name shall have all the glory amen and amen.

"January 22. This morning my cold is still bad. ---I was detained til three in the afternoon then I went and made Mr. Sangiovanni a visit. Had a good time. Got back to my lodgings at seven in the evening."

Wilford Woodruff continues, "January 30th Brother Kimball received a letter from Sister Susanna Sangiovanni who spoke of a lady that saw us there (at church) and heard our testimony and was now believing. She made us a present of two silk handkerchiefs.

"February 2... we next called upon Mr. Sangiovanni. A young lady by the name of Miss Elizabeth Coleman made Elder Kimball and myself each a present of a nice silk handkerchief and 2/6 in money. Mrs. Susanna Sangiovanni did the same and also Sister Elizabeth Morgan gave each of us a handkerchief."

Benedetto allowed the Elders in his home and played the gracious host to these friends of his in-laws, wanting them to carry a favorable impression home to the Rogers in Montrose. After the visitors left, he vented his anger on Susanna, belittling her newfound faith and her love of the scriptures. It was a high price to pay, as the following letter to Heber c. Kimball shows.

Friday evening

(February 6, 1841)

Dear Brother,

I don't feel as though it would be of any use for me to try to come to your meetings for my faith is very weak, and I have no courage at all, or at least not enough. I know it would not be very difficult to accomplish, but I am fearful for I know too well what the consequence would be if found out. It would be impossible for me to come without the child (5 1/2 years), and you see there would be a risk in bringing him for he would be sure to tell. If I could get out without him, I would not hesitate a moment, but I cannot. Mr. S. would not let me out without the child if he knew it, and since Elizabeth's mother has been in the Publick (sic) House (for they keep a publick (sic) house in Tottenham Court Road called the Bedford Head) he has not permitted me to visit her, so I cannot leave the child with her. I know not what to do. I cannot devise any means to bring it about. I am certain you have not the least idea how cautious I am obliged to be. So I suppose I must give it up for the present. I don't think it is right for me to wish for it, for I feel as though if it was the will of the almighty there would be a way opened without my running any risks. I am sorry you are going to leave London so soon for I had cherished a hope that a way would open for me before you left, but if it cannot be, I must submit and say thy will O God be done. I should like very much to receive the ordinance from your hand. I know not for why, but that has been my desire since I first saw you. I have always felt to talk freer with you than with either of the others I have seen, in fact, the first time I saw you, I felt to converse with you with as much freedom as if you had been an old acquaintance or a relative. I feel very thankfull (sic) to you for your kindnesses to me and for the interest you take in the wellfare (sic) of me and mine. I hope you will not ceace (sic) to pray for me that I may be kept unspotted from the world, humble, holy, watchfull (sic) and prayerful ever in the discharge of my duty, and that Mr. S. may be brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ and that our child may be restored to health.

I hope you will write me as often as you can for it will be a comfort for me to hear from you now and then and hear how the good cause prospers. I shall ask Elizabeth when I see her again if the letters may be directed to her. I am very sorry the publication of the Star is to be discontinued.

Saturday morning

I have just been thinking, if it is as cold tomorrow as it is today, I will try to get out with the child. I don't know as I shall succeed, but if I do I will come directly to you. I shall come to your lodgings for I have forgotten where the chapel is. If I come, I shall be there about eleven or a little past. Aid me by your prayers.

Your unworthy sister in Christ,

Susanna M.S.



Public baths where Susanna was hantized

It took courage to slip quietly out of the house Sunday morning, February 7, on the pretext of taking a walk. After a brisk hour and a half hike through the cold and fog, Susanna reached the missionaries' quarters at 42 Ironmonger Street. From there it was only half a block to the public baths on the corner of Ironmonger and Radnor Streets. The Elders paid an entrance fee for one of the private baths, then baptized her a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Both Elders Kimball and Woodruff describe the ceremony, but Brother Woodruff's account is more detailed.

"This was an interesting day on some accounts. We spent the forenoon by going to the bath and we baptized Mrs. Susanna M. Sangiovanni. Elder Kimball baptized her, and I never saw a person baptized in London that did my soul more good than to see her go forward in the ordinance of baptism. She is the daughter of David W. Rogers of Montrose. She has an Italian for a husband who is a very jealous man and an unbeliever in the Bible or any of the word of God, and he would not grant her any religious privileges, but she had a little leisure time (free from her husband) and came three miles this cold morning to be baptized. After we baptized her we laid hands upon her and confirmed and blessed her. Sister Susanna returned home rejoicing in the Lord with her whole heart."

She felt doubly blessed on arriving home, to find her husband was gone, and afterward showed no suspicions regarding her morning's activities. This well-kept secret warmed and sustained her through many future emotional upheavals.

It was one of the last baptisms Heber C. Kimball performed before leaving for America. At that time there was threat of war between the U.S. and Great Britain over the Oregon Territory. Most of the missionaries were hurrying to complete their work (including the printing of 500 copies of the book of Mormon) and return home to safety. The British Saints were concerned that they might be cut off from the headquarters of the Church. All who could were immigrating as quickly as possible. Susanna longed to go with them.

February 14, the London Conference was organized, with 24-year-old Lorenzo Snow as President. There were 46 members, among them Susanna and her friends the Copelands, Elizabeth Coleman, the Morgans, and the Mitchells. President Snow told the Saints,

"I want your prayers, as the powers of darkness are great in this city. I shall soon be left alone assisted only by those who are infants in the Kingdom."

February 16, Elder Woodruff writes, "I walked in company with Elders Kimball and Snow to Mr. Sangiovanni and took tea with him for the last time. We returned to our meeting and met with the Church for the last time." The Elders left London four days later.

The expected war between the two countries didn't materialize. By August church membership in London had grown to over 200 in spite of large groups immigrating. The Millennial Star was full of accounts of ships leaving and letters from Saints who had arrived in Nauvoo, extolling the virtues of the new land. It was the fervent desire of those remaining in England to join them as soon as passage money could be saved.

In Susanna's papers was a Millennial Star containing a letter written by Hyrum Smith, urging the Saints in Nauvoo to complete the Baptismal font and do baptisms for the dead. He finished with this statement:

"Therefore tarry not in any place whatever, but come forth unto this place from all the world, until it is filled up and polished and sanctified according to my word, saith the Lord, come ye forth from the ends of the earth, that I may hide you from my indignation that shall scourge the wicked."

## IX. LETTERS FROM HOME

"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Prov. 25:25

It took approximately two months for letters to cross the ocean. Letters were paid according to the number of lines when they left New York, and cost twenty-five cents on receiving them. If they weren't picked up in eight days they were sent to the dead letter office in London. The postal service to London was considered expensive and unreliable so whenever possible family letters were delivered by acquaintances traveling there. Charles describes their problems trying to keep in touch.

"I suppose my letters never reached you as yours have never come to me, so we are even handed as concerns letter writing. You cannot blame me for I assure you that I am not so unfeeling toward you to neglect answering your letters for it's my general custom to answer a letter within 24 hours after it's received."

The following letters are in chronological order.

New Bedford  
September 22, 1842

Dear Susanna,

Taking an opportunity of writing to you by a friend who is to start for London today, I improve it with great pleasure as I seldom have an opportunity of writing to you with the certainty of it reaching you.

I am at present in good health and might enjoy the world as happily as most people do, only that I have not seen any of our family since 1837 and I need not tell you that our natures are so constituted that when separated from our kindred and early companions we are unhappy. We do not seem to live--only stay as it were--dead while alive.

Since I saw you last in 1834 on board that ship which carried you from our shores eight years ago (is it possible?), my life has been like an April sky, one of continual change. I have roamed far from my native land, visited distant climes, transversed the earth and the sea. I have seen the nations that lie in darkness and the wonders of life in the mighty deep. Am I the better for it? No, no. Were I a boy again on the shore of the deep blue Lake Erie, innocent, simple headed, and honest, I should not wish for change. I have thought for pleasure abroad in the world I have drank the cup of the world wandering pleasure seeker to the very dregs. It is bitter as gall. It's as deceitful as a land pirate sign that lures the lost mariner and his tempest tossed ship to destruction. The world holds out false lights to lead us to destruction. We follow and when too late we repent and strike a quicksand.

But enough of this at present. I am a little gloomy. At this time my affairs of the heart are unimaginable. I cannot give you any information from home. I do not know whether our folks are dead or alive and well, or whether sick or not. They

have stopped writing for some cause; but I intend soon to learn now on my way west, and hope to see home and friends again, but we will miss you when we meet. There will be a blank place that no one else can fill; but I hope the time will come when we shall all see each other's face again and meet in Zion's fair city, no more to part.

There has been another attempt to persecute the Saints by the villainous Judas John C Bennett, a prejudiced Scoundrel of the deepest die. But it has proved a total failure. A mob dare not attack the city now. They are too well provided with means of defense and will support law and order.

There is the greatest excitement in this land at this time. All New England is in commotion, occasioned by the doctrines of a certain new sect called the Millerites who positively believe that the Messiah will come April 23, 1863. They hold immense camp meetings all through the land. I attended one last evening when they had from 12 to 14,000 persons. The preachers were vehement to the greatest degree and the people excited beyond measure. Men, women and negroes pretend to have the "staying power" which knocked them down insensible. There is all manner of humbug, idolatry, blasphemy, covetness, and rascality...a person has got to keep both eyes open and both ears shut... Mormonism so called steadily increases and gathers on every hand firm and true friends and zealous advocates.

I saw Elder George Adams in Boston June last, who told me that he had seen you and that Mr. Sangiovanni was sick. He said you were comfortably situated, but it was thought he would hardly get well again. If anything of the kind should happen you must write and I will come over if I can for you if there is none of the brethren coming out that you can come with.

I think of nothing more at present only my respects to Mr. Sangiovanni and kiss my little nephew for me.

Yours with affection

Charles A. Rogers

Sister, farewell, but not forever.  
Bound with the cords of grace  
Time's rolling stream will bring thee over  
To Zion's glorious resting place.

The George Adams spoken of above served a mission in England and had visited in Susanna's home. Unfortunately, after five years membership in the Church he apostatized, going with John C Bennett, and later ending up with the Strangites.

New Bedford,  
October 20, 1843

Dear Sister,

Having the opportunity of sending a letter by the politeness of Mr. Barlow who is starting upon a journey to Europe and will visit England first, I improve it

with great pleasure in order that you may be assured that I have not forgotten you altho long distant and far absent.

Nothing would be more gratifying to me than to once more have the pleasure of seeing you. Nothing conveys greater emotions in the heart of absent friends than the thoughts of by gone 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. How different is the cold friendship of an unfeeling world to the real sympathies which brothers and sisters feel for each other while they dwell together in the house of their youth. And how true it is that we never know what we lose when we leave the home and scenes of childhood days to seek for happiness in the world's vast wilderness, for we may seek for it till our sight dims with age and our heads are grey, yet we find only disappointments and vexation....

I have no news that will be of interest to you and will close by recommending to your favorable nature Brother Barlow who will probably bring this letter to you. Any favor you can confer upon him will be duly appreciated. I wish you to write to me when you get this. I am in good health and wish to be remembered as your friend and brother.

Charles A. Rogers

When Reuben Hedlock came from Nauvoo to preside over the London Conference in December of 1843, he brought Susanna letters from her mother and her sister Amelia, who had married Lewis Telle in 1841 and was living in Nauvoo. At the time the letters were written, Martha was in Nauvoo visiting with Amelia.

June 11, 1843

Beloved Daughter,

Having so favorable an oppertunity (sic) to write, I gladly improve it to let you know that we are still alive and well, although it has been so long since I have seen you, yet I have not forgotten you. You are presant (sic) to my thoughts evry (sic) day & almost evry (sic) hour. It is the greatest earthly enjoyment that I have to hear from you & your dear little son & your husband. The presants (sic) you sent by Elder Hyde were gratefully and thankfully received. The shawl was the verry (sic) thing that I stood in need of. Altho we are so far seperated (sic) & the mountains rise & the ocean rolls between us, I do not despair of seeing you some day in Nauvoo. I suppose you would be glad to hear some of the particulars respecting the family--our family at presant (sic) is quite small. Amelia lives in Nauvoo & Addison (Charles) & Ross are not--so you see there is but few of us to gather. We have heard from Addison by a person that has just come from Newbedford (sic) He is alive & well & he wrote to us last summer that he was comeing (sic) out here but he has not got here. We have been expecting Ross out here but have not heard from him for more than a year.

(Ross had started west from New York with the family to make a home for his new bride before she arrived. Halfway to their destination he changed his mind and went back to his wife in New York, promising to bring her back with him as soon as he could earn enough money.)

Hester and Caroline live at home. Hester is very tall. She is the largest of the family. She was 18 yrs old in march last--& Caroline is 16 as large as Amelia. Henry is small but is smart and active. He often speaks about you & 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 just received a letter from Albert Rogers. They have removed to the state of Illinois about 200 miles from here. Grandmother & Mary are with them. Mary is married & has a son about a year old.--most of my relations have removed to this state but I have not seen any of them yet. Grandpa Collins is still living & his eyesight has returned to him. Aunt Phebe lives in Ohio at corribst (sic) & was well. Sophronia is married & lives in Cleaveland (sic). She has 2 children the last account. I do not know what her name is.--My dear child try & perswade (sic) your husband to come & see us. You can come by way of New Orleans & it will not be very tedious nor 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 called here a few days since. They inquired very affectionately for you. I often see Brother K. 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 & best wishes for you & yours. Your dear little boy I often think of him & would like to kiss him.

From your ever affectionate mother,  
Martha Rogers

My Beloved sister I gladly improve a few moments in writing that you may know that I remember you. My health & that of the rest of my family is good. My family numbers 5. I have 2 of Mr. T(elle's) children, a girl 13 yrs & a boy 11 & a litle (sic) son of my own about 7 months old. He is a smart active little fellow & looks like me.

This place is building up very fast. People are comeing (sic) from all parts of the United States and other places. The temple is building and slowly the walls are 12 or 14 feet high. Times are hard here as well as in other places but provisions are plent(iful). We expect to send this by brother Hedlock & he will tell you how the work is getting on in this place.

I have seen Sister P. Pratt. She thot (sic) of you & says you look like me. She said to see you in a distant land seemed like being right back to our house. She is well & has a young daughter 2 or 3 yrs old.

Father's folks still live in Montrose. Father is making brick this summer & expects to build a big house on this side of the river this fall and move over. They (keep) cows, horses & hens to live verry (sic) comfortable. If you could be with us once in a while I fear we would be almost too happy. Mother often speaks of you & says o dear, shall we ever see Susanna again?

The present (sic) you sent by Elder H(yde) was much played with. We should like to send you some token of remembrance but have nothink (sic) nice to send to London.

I have not room to say more. Kiss your little boy. Tell him his ante (sic) wants him to come & see her. Give my love to Mr. S. Mother wishes to be remembered in a very particular manner to your husband.

Mr. Telle joins with me in sending his love and best wishes to you and yours. Do not fail to write often.

From your sister Amelia Telle

David added a postscript.

"Henry Clay says he wants you to come home to this place with your boy and all your family so that you can stay as long as we stay, because he has not seen you for so long. If you can come you must."

Guglielmo was baptized without his father's knowledge in 1844 at age nine, by Richard Margett. Susanna and her son are listed on Church records as members of the London conference (District), Theobald Road Branch, presided over by William Benson. There were 180 members, but only five held the Melchizedek Priesthood. The small chapel was furnished with a curtain, a desk, pulpit and chairs. Collection boxes were set in a conspicuous place for donations to the poor and the missionaries. Sometimes, but not always, the sacrament was passed to the congregation. The chapel was located a little over a mile east of the Sangiovanni home. Occasionally Susanna could get away from Benedetto and attend what was called prayer and preaching meetings.

In September of 1844 word reached the Saints in England that the Prophet Joseph had been murdered by an armed mob. President Reuben Hedlock assured the Saints that all was well in the Church and would continue the same.

The following January, Elder Elisha H. Davis traveled to London and told the Saints that Wilford Woodruff had arrived in Liverpool and would visit them later. He delivered letters to Susanna that Elder Woodruff had brought from America, one from Heber C Kimball in Nauvoo, and one from her brother Charles.

Nauvoo, August the 24, 1844

My Dear Sister Susanna,

I received a letter from you in answer to the one I wrote you, and was glad to hear from you. You still feel yourself bound, but let me tell you the time will soon come when you will be set free if you should desire liberty more than pleasure; for the Gospel is the Gospel of liberty. I have told you many things that at first looked as though it was impossible to be brought about, but at last it was fulfilled. All things are possible with God. My dear Sister I have many things I would be glad to tell you but I have not time to write it; and I could not if I should try. If I could see you face to face I could tell you in a way that you might understand. Susanna, permit me to speak to you through Elder Woodruff. Whatever he shall be led to speak to you will be right in the sight of God. He can tell you all things about...and him. I am well, and family. I saw your sister (probably Amelia) a few days ago sitting by her window. I asked her if she was well. She says yes. I asked her if she had got a letter from you...illegible....

I am as ever your Brother in Christ. Excuse me for this short line but my heart is good and my friendship is true for time and for Eternity.

Heber C. Kimball

November 26, 1844

Dear Sister,

I write to you at this time by the hand of Wilford Woodruff to assure you I have not forgotten you altho ten years and more have passed into forgetfulness; at least many incidents connected with our past are forgotten in the lapse of time since we last saw each other. Still, your memory of me and our early home can not be more vivid than is mine of you and bygone days. Indeed your remembrance lives with me in all my recollections of home when we, the two eldest of the family in our western home spent our first remembered days together. We little thought of the changes which the past few years have brought to pass, our families scattered abroad as wide as the world, the ocean with her eternal wall separating us a thousand leagues; the home of our youth now the abode of others and our names forgotten in the place of our nativity. Yet such is the fact and in it we see the mutability of human affairs. We see the hopelessness of all human places for happiness--but enough on this subject. No doubt you see it the same as I do.

I learned news from the west by Elder Woodruff. All things are quiet there now and likely to continue to be. The last letter I have had from any of the family was the one you sent me last fall which I got in the winter.

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. 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....

You must give my best respect to my brother-in-law, your husband and to your dear little son. Tell him to write his Uncle Charles when you write.

Respectfully,  
Your brother Charles

Mr. B. Sangiovanni  
Dear Sir;

I write to you to tender my best respects and wishes for your health and prosperity and to assure you of my request for you and desire to see you; and if you do not come to this country in a short time, I hope to visit England in the course of two years, and shall be happy to see you and make you a visit. May you walk in the way of wisdom and be crowned with health and happiness.

From your brother and sincere friend,

Charles A. Rogers

Elders Woodruff, Clark, and Jones spent some time in Liverpool strengthening the Church. While there he wrote the following letter:

April 22, 1845

Dear Sister Sangiovanni,

I have long desired to see you and have conversations with you concerning the cause of God in which you are engaged. I have not forgotten the acquaintance I had with you in London. As I was asked to be in that city again in the course of a few weeks, I hope I may be favored with an interview with you again. I rejoice that you continue in the Faith. When I left Nauvoo I saw Brother Kimball. He sent a letter to you by me which he wished me to deliver in person. I will put it with this in the hands of Elder Davis. He says it will go safe to you.

I saw your brother in New Bedford. He sent a letter to you which I forwarded to you on my arrival, which I hope you got.

Many things have transpired since I last saw you, in the progress of the Kingdom of God, of much interest; and some scenes of horror--the death of Joseph and Hyrum was much lamented, but the power of God has increased in the Church. Joseph had more of the power of God with him during the last seven months (of his life) especially in the endowment of the temple, than ever before. He was aware he was going to be taken. The work is in a prosperous situation in America at the present time. Nauvoo is building up fast. The Temple will be finished this fall, it is expected, and the endowment commenced.

I saw your father a short time before I left Nauvoo, but he did not know at the time I was coming to England and didn't send any word. I have not seen your mother for a period of time, but they are well as far as I know.

Nauvoo is getting to be a great city. It would do you good to attend a meeting in that place. I pray this may be your lot someday. The twelve are organizing the United States into districts or conferences like England. Parley P. Pratt is appointed to the presidency of the Eastern States. Charles is in New York. The work is progressing throughout America. Elder Kimball, I expect, will spend his time at present with President Young in Nauvoo. He sent his best respects to you.

I hope you will be sustained through life in all of your trials and troubles and that you may have great comfort to your day in all things. I feel you have a wise member in the Church in London in Elder Davis. He is by my side waiting to return to London next week. I hope you will be enabled to maintain your faith while you live for the reward at the end of the sail. I feel much interest in the welfare of the Saints, especially such a situation as you are in; but be of good cheer Dear Sister. Your day of deliverance will come when you can join the society of the Saints. Remember me in your prayers as you will be in mine.

I am now printing the Doctrine and Covenants and shall be in London as soon as they are out to get the copyright secured. I trust I shall then see you.

But I must close. I wish to bring Mrs. Woodruff to London with me but I shall not be able to do so at this time. She would like to see you as she is well acquainted with your people. She sends her respects to you.

Your Brother in the Lord,

Wilford Woodruff

It was five weeks before Elder Woodruff arrived in London. Benedetto had become increasingly moody and controlling, refusing to allow Susanna's LDS friends in their home, and forbidding her to attend Church meetings. Occasionally she was able to make contact with friends during her customary early morning walks, and found out the first part of June that the apostle was in the city. He says on June 10,

"I took one of my long London rambles today. I arose at 5 o'clock. Took a walk of about one mile to take the morning air. It was a hot clear morning. On my return I found Sister Susanna Sangiovanni with her little boy had called in her morning's walk to see us. She inquired about her father's family and Saints in Nauvoo. Seemed very anxious to get there. Before she left I laid my hands upon her head and left a blessing with her. I walked with her on her return home about a mile. She sent her respects to Mrs. Woodruff (still in Liverpool), and inquired about Brothers Kimball and G.A. Smith, as she was formerly acquainted with them."

During a conference of the Saints, Brother Woodruff asked for donations for the Saints in Cheltenham who had suffered outrage from a violent mob. He also gave the British Saints the opportunity and responsibility of providing a bell for the Nauvoo Temple, then in the final stages of completion. Brother Woodruff mentions in his journal receiving a letter from Susanna June 12th, and on June 13th says,

"We had a visit from Mrs. Sangiovanni and her little boy a little time in the morning's walk.

"June 17th, found some friends who had called to take a walk with us to show us the city, among whom was Sister Mary Ann Mitchell, an intimate friend of Sister Sangiovanni. Her father and mother came to spend the evening.

"June 18th, we had a visit a few moments this morning from Sister Sangiovanni. She brought us a regular built Johnny-cake made out of American Indian cornmeal for our breakfast. Gave me a new stock and Mrs. Woodruff a silk work bag made out of a dress of hers. Sister Mary Ann Mitchell made Susan (his daughter) a present of a box of toys." Later he speaks of Sister Mitchell taking her blind mother to a meeting with them.

June 22nd, he met with the Saints in London for the last time. A testimony meeting was held in the morning, and in the afternoon at a highly advertised meeting, he preached a "funeral sermon on the death of Joseph and Hyrum". A large crowd filled the hall and paid the "strictest attention" to his words. When he traveled back to Liverpool, Susanna felt as if all her hope was leaving with him.

Benedetto suffered increasing pain from his rheumatism as damp fall weather approached, and decided to move his family to Brighton for the winter. They traveled by train 55 miles to the fashionable resort on the southeast coast of England. Large numbers of Londoners were there, many who were royal and political exiles as well as the cream of English society. They rented posh five-story flats and seemed to have nothing better to do than stroll along the sea wall and esplanade that extended for miles along the coast.

The mood of the jolly vacationers was the direct opposite of what Susanna felt. To her it was a winter of constant complaints and angry accusations, a winter of loneliness away from the Church and her friends, a winter of utter desolation.

Bad news awaited her when they returned to London in March. The Saints in Nauvoo had been driven from their homes in the midst of winter and were suffering from sickness, inadequate shelter and food. She had no word on how her family was faring. Wilford Woodruff had been called home to help with the exodus.

The British Saints were counseled to stay there until Church authorities knew where to send them. Suggestions had been made to send them to the West Coast or even Vancouver Island, Canada. It was the general opinion that if the Saints ended up in the Rocky Mountains, those emigrating would have to be directed around the Cape.

Spring and summer passed without any noticeable improvement in Sangiovanni's health or temperament. He expected Susanna to be at his beck and call every moment he was home. In September he began making plans to return to Brighton. Susanna was full of apprehension.

Relieved that her husband had left on one of his trips, she sat down to read the Book of Mormon with Guglielmo. They were interrupted by the unexpected sounds of Benedetto's carriage returning. Quickly she slipped the precious book back into its hiding place, and by the time Benedetto had climbed the stairs, she was sitting calmly embroidering. He set his keys on the table and began hurriedly rummaging through his papers. Finding the ones he had forgotten, he hastily retraced his steps and left in the carriage.

The keys still sat on the table. Could these be the keys that Elder Kimball had spoken of in her dream several years before? She stared at them a moment and then out the window at the dust of the vanishing carriage. With breathless haste she took them, went downstairs and through the hall to a door her husband and companions often entered but she was not allowed to. Trying several keys, and finally finding one to fit the lock, she found herself at the head of a stairway. Halfway down was a shelf on which stood a chest of dark wood, unlocked. She opened it and found a veritable treasure revealed in the dim light. There were moneybags, bundles of papers and a heap of golden coins, several of which Susanna placed in her apron pocket. Hastily she closed the chest and returned to her room upstairs.

She had just emptied the coins into a drawer, replaced the keys, and was sitting innocently in her chair when Sangiovanni returned in a livid rage. "Have you taken my keys?" he said, glaring at her.

"What keys, Benedetto?" she asked, calmly meeting his gaze. Recovering his keys from the table where he had dropped them, he turned to scowl at her again before leaving in the waiting carriage.

She looked at the coins, her passport to freedom. There was no way of knowing how long he would be gone. It could be hours or days. There was no time to waste. Quickly she packed the few belongings they would be able to take, and walked with her son to the Mitchell's home. Mary Ann agreed to take care of the luggage until her friend could arrange passage to America.

When they heard her story, Elders Davis and Hedlock gave her instructions on how to take the train to Liverpool, and buy passage on a ship to America. She would have to travel on her own, as no Church-sponsored ships were crossing the ocean at that time. They wrote out a recommend for her to Church authorities in America certifying her membership. Susanna kept that recommend all her life. Only the first part is still readable.

"This certifies that Susanna S. is a member in full fellowship in the London Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints. Our sister is hereby recommended to the ..." (faded out)

Feeling not the least bit guilty, Susanna used the gold to pay their train fare, board and room in Liverpool, and passage to America. Tickets cost approximately \$50 from Liverpool to New Orleans for Susanna and \$40 for Guglielmo. There was enough left over for steamship tickets up the Mississippi to St. Louis, which cost \$2.75 for adults and half fare for children.

Susanna protected her son from the knowledge that they were running away from his father. She told him that his father went back to Brighton and died there in 1846. (I can find no death date for him in England. Perhaps he went back to Italy.)

Susanna's friend Mary Ann Mitchell, who had been baptized in 1842, wrote a farewell poem to her.

LINES ADDRESSED TO SISTER SUSANNAH S.

'Tis fond affection linked my heart to thee  
 By strong and tender ties of sisterhood  
 Bound by the cord of genuine love, 'tis free  
 From cunning craft, which marks the worldling rude.  
 I love thee truly, fondly wish thee blest  
 Without the seeking shafts of keen neglect  
 As some have aimed, attired in treachery's best,  
 Whose hearts were false with flattery decked.  
 The melting teardrops from my eyelid steals  
 While on the theme I dwell, but ah 'tis past.  
 Then linger not, for so my bosom feels  
 That 'tis even now by sorrow's cloud o'er cast.  
 Some boldly think we have no grief to bear  
 Because with silent lips we quaff the cup;  
 Some think in sorrows' lot we have no share  
 Because with smiling lips, we drink it up.  
 But ah, we have the thorny path to tread,  
 O yes, we have to bear our daily cross  
 To climb our rugged Alps by duty led;  
 Be chastened by his rod and cleansed from dross.  
 But tho we may be plunged in ills and care,  
 And stern impression that may shade our brow,  
 Tho' tapped on rising billows of despair,  
 Yet to be shipwrecked, God will not allow.  
 Temptation's wind may blow across our path;  
 Scenes may unfold which fancy cannot paint;  
 Hope's gleam may dim, by keen misfortune's blast;  
 But tell me, can a noble spirit faint?  
 Faint did I say? The word escaped my lips.  
 It cannot be while on His arm we lean  
 Who is Almighty, for He ever keeps  
 The humble souls who firmly trust in Him.  
 O may we of that happy number be  
 Who breathe "amen" to God's most Holy will;  
 Who with submission bow at Heaven's decree  
 And bid the rude tumultuous thots be still.

Thou art my own dear friend, and happy, I,  
    To have so good, so noble friend to love.  
O in thy shining virtues may I lie,  
    Then dwell with thee in lovely worlds above.  
Accept the pure effusions of my soul,  
    Accept the fondest beatings of my heart,  
And then dear friend, when time shall cease to roll,  
    Will dwell in constant love, no more to part.  
May Heaven's choicest blessings on thee rest;  
    O may thy future years be crowned with peace;  
May this be thine, I'll wish thee ever blest;  
    And smile to see thy blessings still increase.

By a friend - Mary Ann Mitchell

At that time Mary Ann was 24 years old, 8 years younger than Susanna. They never expected to see each other again, as her parents probably weren't able to afford passage. However, the following October 25, Mary Ann married Elisha H. Davis, an L.D.S. missionary, and immigrated to America. They were at Mt. Pisgah, Iowa in 1848, then in other settlements in Iowa till 1852. Records show they were in Salt Lake by 1854, and then moved to Lehi in 1858.

## X. AMERICA AT LAST

"Council in the heart of man  
is like deep water." Prov. 20:5

Full of anticipation and the hope of being reunited with her parents and the Church in America, Susanna and her son left England, embarking from Liverpool September 16, 1846, on the Boston sailing vessel Ashland, under Captain Williams, who was also ship physician.

This was not a Church-chartered ship. Church immigration had been suspended. On a Church-sponsored ship Susanna would have had better food, and the benefit of daily meetings with the Saints.

On the Ashland most of the passengers hung curtains around their berths for privacy. The space allowed for baggage was 10 cubic feet, and it was necessary to fasten their trunks down so they wouldn't become flying missiles when the ship rocked. Immigrants were told to bring a claw hammer, a few ten penny nails and cord for that purpose. Anything not needed during the voyage was stored in the hold.

During the seven-week passage, Susanna had ample time to ponder her future. She was now free to worship openly without fear of Benedetto's jealous rages, but how would she provide for herself and son? Up until that time Benedetto had earned the money, paid the bills, and taken care of their material needs. Now it was up to her. A woman could earn a little money sewing, teaching children, or working as household help, but would it be enough? If she found a good job, she could make a dollar a day but how would she care for Guglielmo? Her parents would help--if she could find them.

It seems appropriate here to include one of her favorite poems found in her personal papers after her death.

### EN VOYAGE

Whichever the way the wind doth blow  
Some heart is glad to have it so.  
Then blow it east and blow it west,  
The wind that blows that wind is best.  
My little craft sails not alone,  
A thousand fleets from every zone  
Are out upon a thousand seas.  
What blows for one a favoring breeze  
Might dash another with the shock  
Of doom upon some hidden rock.  
And so I do not dare to pray  
For winds that waft me on my way,  
But leave it to a higher will  
To stay or speed me, trusting still  
That all is well and sure that He  
That launched my bark will sail with me  
Thru' storm and calm, and will not fail  
Whatever breezes might prevail  
To lead me, every peril past

Within His shelt'ring haven at last.  
 So whatever way the wind doth blow,  
 My heart is glad to have it so.  
 Then blow it east or blow it west,  
 The wind that blows that wind is best.

The ship reached New Orleans in November. There the immigrants had to go through customs, and it took several days to get baggage unloaded then loaded again on a steamship going upriver. The Europeans saw for the first time large crews of Negroes carrying heavy loads, and witnessed the buying and selling of slaves.

The passengers were cautioned before leaving the ship to beware of swindlers and also to be very careful in the use of fresh meat and vegetables, as they could cause sickness to persons who had been living some weeks upon sea fare. In the city there were street restaurants kept by Frenchmen who served moderate meals for five cents. It must have been a treat to find such tempting fare.

As they sailed to St Louis (at eight miles per hour), they passed plantations and river towns. Culinary water was dipped from the river and allowed to set before they drank it. Waste food and garbage was simply thrown overboard. When it was known that some of the passengers were Mormons, they were annoyed and persecuted in towns along the way.

Traveling day and night, it took over a week to reach Saint Louis, 1200 miles to the north. From there important water and land routes led to the new land beyond the Missouri. It was a major river port, a thriving city where immigrants stopped over to work and obtain outfits, or traded for cattle and supplies to sustain them on their journey west.

When the Sangiovannis arrived in late November, a large L.D.S. branch of over 400 members was in existence there, with Joseph Stratton as Branch President. The travelers were informed that Brigham Young and the main company of Saints were preparing to winter in the Council Bluffs area, but it was too late in the season to join them. Church leaders traveled between St. Louis and the Pioneer camp, obtaining supplies and exchanging information; however none of them knew the whereabouts of the David Rogers family. Many of the branch members in St. Louis had been expelled during the Nauvoo war six weeks before, but all they could tell Susanna was that her father and Mother had left a newly built home in Nauvoo before the mobs attacked the city.

Unknown to Susanna, her sister Amelia and family had been living in St. Louis during the summer but had returned to their home in Nauvoo in October after hostilities had ceased, both she and her husband being too ill to travel west.

Branch leaders rented most of the Mound Hotel to serve as temporary housing for newcomers. There was nothing for Susanna to do but find work and more permanent quarters then wait until spring. While attending branch meetings, she became acquainted with William Pickett.

## XI. WILLIAM PICKETT

"Be thou valiant for me and  
fight the Lord's battles."  
I Sam. 18:17

William Pickett was born November 2, 1816 son of John Pickett and Mehitable Crowell. When he was a year old the family emigrated from Yorkshire, England to Fort Cumberland, Nova Scotia with 16-year-old James, 7-year-old John, 5-year-old Margaret, and William. He became a lawyer, very much interested in the politics of the day. He practiced law in Mobile, Alabama and Saint Louis; then went to Nauvoo on assignment as a newspaper correspondent to write a report on the "Mormon problem". He became sympathetic to their cause and joined the "New Citizens" in defending the city. He was known as William Pickett esq., landowner, lawyer and public officer, occasionally commuting to his newspaper office in St. Louis.

It was there William Pickett saw the published order dated June 3, 1846 from Secretary of War W.L. Marcy to Colonel Kearney regarding the calling of recruits from the Mormons to fight in the war with Mexico. He wrote a letter to Brigham Young in Winter Quarters detailing the contents of the orders, so they knew what to expect before Captain Allen arrived in the Mormon Camp.

According to Journal History of the Church, William Pickett played a prominent part in the Battle of Nauvoo. In June of 1846, a committee from Carthage was formed to determine why all the Mormons had not yet left Nauvoo. They requested the new citizens to send a delegation of nine men to meet with nine "Regulators" from Carthage. The new citizens informed them they wanted nothing to do with anti-Mormons.

The next day an armed force prepared to march to Nauvoo. The new citizens quickly agreed to send the requested nine delegates to the company assembled within four miles of Nauvoo.

William Pickett and eight other new citizens came out of Nauvoo to confer with the Regulators. They were informed that the armed mob planned to march into Nauvoo to see whether the Mormons were leaving. The new citizens stated that no armed force without legal authority would be allowed to enter the city.

The anti-Mormons countered with the ultimatum that thirty of the hostile company would visit the city without arms and satisfy themselves that the Mormons were leaving; and that three of them would stay in Nauvoo at the new citizen's expense until the Mormons were removed. The new citizens also rejected that proposition and the meeting broke up.

William Pickett and William Clifford were appointed delegates to Accomis and Brown Counties to find out whether the citizens there sanctioned the mob actions. On Wednesday the 16<sup>th</sup> they met with the citizens of Quincy and reported on affairs in Nauvoo. Quincy politicians, being apprehensive that their interests would suffer, adjourned the meeting.

A large force assembled at Golden Point, joined by soldiers recruited for the war with Mexico, causing considerable excitement at Nauvoo. One citizen said, "Every day we expected the mob to advance and attack the city. July first, spies were sent out to see if they were still camped there. They found no one. A heavy thunderstorm had come up during the night, drenching the mob and their gun powder."

The new citizens were threatened that if they did not join the anti-Mormons, they would be forced to flee the state or be killed. July 4th the mob lynched (whipped or tarred and feathered)

some of the brethren in Nauvoo. The Regulators forbid any Nauvoo citizen from going outside the city limits.

July 11, a group of citizens went 12 miles from Nauvoo to the Davis farm to harvest much needed wheat. They worked all day, spent the night, and prepared to finish on Saturday morning. About 9 a.m. 12 men were spotted on the west side of the field. Fifty more came from the east armed with rifles, pistols, muskets, and bayonets. James Huntsman waved his white handkerchief. The Regulators surrounded the harvesters and took their arms. Some of the men were forced to lie in a ditch with their chests on the bank while they received twenty lashes. Four men, Phineas Young, Richard Ballentine, James Standing and James Herring, were kidnapped while coming to their rescue.

William Pickett was a member of the posse who pursued the mob and got close enough to fire. One of the horses fell and the rider was taken prisoner. He told them a mob of 100 planned to ambush the posse in a thicket just below the bridge. At that moment some of the mobbers came out of hiding. The prisoner began to cry and said if the posse advanced they would all be killed.

Cutler and Anderson ordered the posse into two divisions. Half the men were ordered into the brush on the right side of the road, William Pickett and his men on the left. Pickett's division was to advance while the prisoner was taken back to the baggage wagon. The mob, seeing this, began to retreat.

At the peril of his life, Anderson informed the mob that he had writs he would serve, and gave them two minutes to come out of the brush. Francis Higbee placed himself in the middle of the road and ordered the posse to halt. Anderson ordered them to advance until they were within 30 yards. The mob brought their rifles up threatening to exterminate the whole group if the posse arrested any man. Anderson replied that if a single shot was fired, he would put every man to the sword.

The Nauvoo infantry was brought up quickly. Their wagons made a great noise and frightened the mob who were uncertain about the number coming against them. Rights were read, fifteen mobbers were arrested, and the prisoners taken toward Nauvoo. Anderson forced Spellman, one of the mob, to take him where the kidnapped men were. He led him a half-mile upriver through a wooded area. Phineas' wagon, Ballentine's horses, a barrel of flour and a trunk were found, but the men were gone.

Meanwhile, July 16, at the "Camp of Israel" on the plains of Iowa, Jesse Little presented to the council a paper entitled "A concise view of the policy of the L.D.S in reference to their emigration to California", from William Pickett esq."

The captured Regulators had to appear in court in Quincy. There, Judge Purple discharged them. The Sheriff of McConough County arrested William Pickett, William Anderson and Edwin R. Cutler on a charge of false imprisonment of the 15 mobbers.

Sheriff Lawson took them to Macomb, where they were met by one hundred men who denounced them and threatened violence. At night a drunken crowd came to the part of the house they occupied and threatened to kill everyone there from Nauvoo. Six well-armed men were selected to guard the staircase, which prevented any further disturbance.

At court the crowd spoke loudly, preventing the accused and their witnesses and counsel from being heard. For this conduct they received soothing admonitions from the court. Anderson, Cutler and Pickett returned to Nauvoo with their friends, having been bound over to appear at circuit court.

In the meantime the four captives still in the hands of the mob feared they would be killed any moment. They were moved from place to place to evade the posse. Often guns were held to their heads and threats made. Their captors even attempted to poison them. Finally, after two weeks of being held hostage, much of the time without food or rest, they escaped to Nauvoo.

1846 being election year in Nauvoo, Almon Babbitt, William Pickett, and former Sheriff Jacob Backenstos were appointed clerks of the election, hoping they could put a stop to the intrigue being carried out by the Democratic party of the state. As soon as elections were over, the clerks and poll books were taken to Almon Babbitt's house and locked in the upper room, Almon keeping the key. Clerks were instructed to write in names of the dead and less prominent people who had gone west. Backenstos wanted to make the election sure and borrowed names from both sides of the Atlantic, which occupied most of the night. Notwithstanding this, the opposition party beat them in the count by a majority of several hundred by the same villainous game. William Pickett stated the clerks weren't allowed to go to Carthage until the returns were made, a ruse to put off his court date.

Officers entered Nauvoo to serve writs on William Clifford, James E. Furness and William Pickett. William Pickett, a man who knew no fear, knew that the officers had a writ for him. Seeing them enter a store where he was sitting, he instantly arose to his feet, and before they had time to serve the writ, he drew a pistol and said, "I hope God will strike me dead if I don't shoot the man that serves a writ to me!" The men retreated.

Mr. Pickett refused to obey the writ because he had been informed that the regulators intended to shoot him from a hiding place along the road to Green Plains. He offered to go before any justice of their choice in Warsaw or Carthage and meet all the writs they issued against him, but aid he wasn't morally or legally bound to place himself in the hands of those whose known object was to murder him.

August 7, the mob gathered at Col. William's house in Green Plains a few miles from Nauvoo where court was to be held. Capt. Clifford and Mr. Furness started for Green Plains with counsel and witnesses; however, at Warsaw, Clifford became so ill he could go no further. Mr. Furnace was taken by Col. Roosevelt on another road, having heard that one hundred fifty mobbers were lying in wait for them on the main road. The rest of the party continued.

A short distance from Green Plains, they were suddenly accosted by a large body of men coming out in the road from adjoining thickets, demanding Clifford, Furness and Pickett. They were furious at not getting the prisoners into their hands.

Ten days later, Mr. Pickett quietly slipped out of Nauvoo after dark and traveled to a distant part of the county near the Missouri border to the home of Justice Banks who had issued the writ against him, arriving at 6 a.m. Mr. Banks came to the door in his night shirt and refused to help William, stating his family was asleep and he didn't wish to disturb them. Mr. Pickett said that he had come a long distance through a lawless neighborhood who were thirsting for his blood, and that he wanted to get the business completed before the regulators should hear of his absence from Nauvoo.

Mr. Banks said he knew nothing about the business, that he merely signed the writs, alleging they were brought to him completed just as he was leaving home for a few days.

Mr. Pickett then suggested the liability the justice had incurred in such poor administration of his office, but offered to waive any formality and give bond if he would receive it. If he refused, William would proceed against him for dereliction of official duty in giving his name to writs prepared by the mob.

Banks still refused to take Pickett's recognizance. At Pickett's insistence they went to Justice George Walker. After hearing them out he took Banks aside and conferred with him, then stated to Mr. Pickett, that Esq. Banks could be ready to take recognizance at 10 o'clock at the Walker residence. Banks left and Pickett remained at Justice Walker's house till half past 11 without hearing from Banks.

William and his friends next went to Warsaw to publicly explain his efforts to post bail. By that means they hoped to avoid giving the mob an excuse to enter Nauvoo with an armed posse on

the pretext of arresting him. As they reached the city, the mob immediately surrounded them and threatened violence.

Four men certified they had accompanied Pickett to Justice Banks. Col. Levi Williams told Mr. Pickett that he cared nothing about arresting anybody; that they were turning out to exterminate Mormons from the earth. He said when he did go to Nauvoo he would take no prisoners. The mob shouted in fiendish exultation.

Later, when Major McAuley was apprehended with Phineas Young's rifle in his possession, William Pickett and others instantly recognized the stock. He took the rifle and returned it to its rightful owner. Witnesses accused William Pickett of theft.

As conditions worsened, Nauvoo citizens petitioned Governor Ford for protection. August 24, he dispatched Major Parker with ten men and authority to accept volunteers. Shortly after this, Parker was replaced by Major Clifford.

Thomas Brockman assumed command of the Carthage guerrillas, a force of over 800 men equipped with six pieces of cannon. This army prepared to lay siege to Nauvoo, took up positions on the south side of Mulholland one mile east of town, and ordered the city to surrender.

Nauvoo citizens rallied around Major Clifford to defend the city. A couple of steamboat shafts were converted into makeshift cannons and mounted behind barricades on the north side of Mulholland facing the Carthage forces. All but two exploded or misfired.

Spontaneous firing began, and then on September 12 the mob advanced to the outskirts of the city amid cannonading on both sides. William Pickett led what was called the "Kill Devil Company" composed of a few unorganized insubordinates that fought pretty much on their own. When Esq. Wells saw them retreating before the advance of the mob he directed Pickett to a position in front of the volunteer lines, told him to hold it. Pickett complied and the Squire rallied the retreating Kill Devils by calling out repeatedly "Why, who wouldn't follow Pickett!" After an hour and a half of fighting, the mob retreated.

On the 13th the attacking forces advanced in a solid column in an attempt to rout the city's defenders. The Mormons retired into the buildings and fired from the windows. The contest lasted less than two hours because the anti-Mormons, ran out of powder and withdrew.

September 14, after some firing of small arms by the sharpshooters on both sides, Leonard L. Randell, William Pickett, and Joe Lathrop crawled up near the mob camp and fired. Three of the anti-Mormons were wounded in the attack.

The little band of 100 brethren and new citizens made a brave stand against the mob numbering near 1,000, but couldn't hold out against them. To save lives they agreed to negotiate. The Quincy committee came to Nauvoo September 16 to mediate. The treaty of Nauvoo was signed, promising protection to the Saints as they left the city. One stipulation of the treaty was that William Pickett should not remain in the city. He was given an hour to leave, while the others were given until the following day, September 17 at 3 o'clock.

As many of the Saints who could, left immediately. They knew only too well what would happen when the mob forces entered the city the next day. A long line of tents, wagons, cattle, etc., with numerous sick, elderly, widows, and orphans spread along both sides of the Mississippi. Three or four flatboats crossed the river numerous times carrying the refugees to safety.

Brother Wandle Mace describes the night. "We drove through Montrose passing by the excited crowds, traveled about two miles and camped under the bluffs. A little while after dark, Brother William Pickett reached our camp in a disguise. He had fled from Nauvoo bringing the news that the Trustees of the Church had made a treaty with the mob for the surrender of the city and its immediate evacuation by the remnant of the Saints. Brother Pickett remained with us all night. We made him a bed in our tent and conversed very late into the night

upon our situation. We could hear the mobocrats celebrating the desecration of the temple with whoops and shrieks, beating drums and ringing the bell.

We retired to bed but not to sleep; all through the night he rolled and tossed upon the bed, cursing the mob and everyone who had brought about the surrender of Nauvoo. He moaned and swore, 'God damn their souls to Hell. They have done with pen, ink and paper what they couldn't do with gunpowder!' He breakfasted with us next morning and we separated, to see each other no more."

Tuesday October, 6, Almon Babbitt and William Pickett arrived at Winter Quarters and delivered newspapers from various parts of the union, 44 letters from the post office, and 22 letters from the Nauvoo post office to be paid for or returned. Babbitt told the pioneers, "The mobs got most of Nauvoo, and defaced the temple. Only one store is open. Many of the poor have gone to Burlington and Saint Louis. We can sell church property for \$125,000."

William Pickett stayed at Winter Quarters at least two weeks. I believe he was baptized during this time. A patriarchal blessing was given to him by John Smith October 19, 1846, "in the Camp of Israel, Winter Quarters":

"Brother William, by virtue of the Priesthood, in the name of Jesus Christ, I place my hands upon thy head, and seal upon thee the blessing of a father: for this is thy right according to the order and laws established in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Inasmuch as thou hast obeyed the Gospel in times of trouble, not regarding the rage of the enemy, neither the popular clamor of a wicked world, the Lord thy God is well pleased, and has blessings in store for thee--even all the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and inasmuch as thou art obedient at all times to the commandments of the Lord no good thing shall be withheld from thee. And no man shall excel thee in power, in wisdom, and in understanding in the House of Israel, for the Lord hath appointed thee to a great work: and inasmuch as thou hast not been ashamed to take upon thee the name of Christ before all thine enemies, no enemy shall ever prevail against thee. But thou shalt prevail against them and the Lord hath appointed thee to a great work on the earth. Thou shalt be a ruler in the House of Israel, clothed with all the power of the Priesthood in due time. Thy mind shall expand like Enoch of old to comprehend and understand the laws by which the Most High governs his vast dominion and be endowed with power to survey the works of the Most High. In due time thou shalt be able to govern the works of thine own hands as the Most High governs his, for thou shalt raise up a posterity who shall be mighty in the earth. The Lord shall give thee a companion to comfort thy heart and to assist thee in all thy labors--sons and daughters that shall be equal to any in the House of Israel. Thy name shall be handed down to posterity from generation to generation till time shall be no more, and thy posterity shall be as numerous as the sands upon the sea shore. And thou shalt see the day when the Saints shall be settled in peace and thou shalt be rewarded double for all thy toils and all thy labor; and thy losses shall be made up to thee an hundred-fold. Thou shalt be satisfied with the riches of the earth, and the riches of eternity shall not be withheld from thee.--For verily inasmuch as thou art obedient, and endure in faith to the end, thou shall possess every desire of thine heart, and not a word of this blessing shall fail--for thou art of the blood of Benjamin and I seal Benjamin's portion upon thee. Even so, Amen."

After William left Winter Quarters, he traveled with Dr. Sprague back to St. Louis then on to the Nauvoo area to check out the situation there. The following letter was written November 7, 1846:

Pres. Brigham Young

Dear Brother: I arrived here on Tuesday last, being the tenth day from the camp, in company with the Dr. on his way to St. Louis. The trip was made through with speed and safety.

On our way here we learned that another change of administration had taken place in Nauvoo, and when we reached the river I found it to be dry to a partial extent. After the mob had had complete possession of the city for five or six weeks, then Governor Ford became suddenly valiant, and about a week ago marched into Nauvoo at the head of about one hundred and fifty troops from Springfield. His presence has done no good to any party, but certainly harm to us, as I think it will impede the sale of property. The mob leaders have been in Nauvoo ever since his arrival and during all of yesterday. Ford was on a spree with the most notorious villains of the state, and on last evening attended a supper given by the mob leaders who are now in Nauvoo, in honor of his arrival in the city. They are his daily companions, and drinking with them from groggery to groggery is his only occupation at present.

I went over to the city on Tuesday evening last, but I could not stay long. At about late bedtime, they sent an express to Carthage and brought the sheriff with a parcel of writs to arrest me by daylight the next morning. I crossed the river to this place where I have remained ever since. I would not have remained an hour here, but I find that by a few days detention I can conduct a termination of the bail business I told you of in McDonough County, Illinois. I have got a change of venue in all the cases and am now out of this trouble. Otherwise I should have had to remain somewhere about here until about the first of May next, or else cause one or two of my friends to suffer.

Dr. Sprague is now in St. Louis, and expected to be detained there about a week. Coles, I suppose, is at Keokuk. I am to pay him five dollars for my passage, and intended to hand the amount over to the Dr. for him on my arrival at St. Louis, as I can command funds there. My detention here is longer than I expected, and I am afraid that the Dr. will be back to Keokuk, and be ready to return before I can get down. If such should be the case, I will remit the amount to him inclosed (sic) in a letter to you at Huntsneker's Ferry as soon as I reach St. Louis in a few days.

The U.S. army has gained another great victory under General Taylor at Monterey, which you will doubtless see detailed in some of the papers. On the 19th of August last, Com. Stockton of the Pacific squadron took possession of the whole of California in the name of the United States, and in his proclamation styles himself "Governor" etc of the whole of the Mexican Territory of the Pacific. Gen. Kearney took possession of Santa Fe in the same way without any opposition on the 25th of August.

The General was waiting for the arrival of the Mormon Battalion to organize a force to go on to California from Santa Fe. The express from Santa Fe met the "Battalion" on the Cimeron some time in September last, on their way to Santa Fe. There had been considerable sickness among the "Battalion" but no

deaths; they are most likely, ere this, on their route to California....I will keep you advised of anything important.

Yours sincerely,  
William Pickett

## XII. SAINT LOUIS

"He bindeth up the waters  
in His thick clouds." Job 26:8

William Pickett was a member of the Saint Louis Lyceum, an organization of male Church members devoted to the study of the gospel and adult education. This lasted four months, October of 1846 through January 1847, though William wasn't with them during October. The seventy members paid dues of ten cents monthly, met twice weekly in the basement of the old Methodist Church, and took turns giving 30-minute talks. One of the subjects studied was plural marriage.

Agnes Moulton Coolbraith Smith was a member of the St. Louis Branch in August of 1846, having left Nauvoo before the mobs came into the city. She was the widow of the Prophet's brother Don Carlos Smith, and had passed through many trials. In Missouri, she barely escaped from their burning home with her two babies, and forded an icy river just ahead of the mob. In Nauvoo her husband died of pneumonia, their second daughter died, and then while Agnes was enduring this personal loss, the murders of Joseph and Hyrum took place.

William Pickett and Agnes Coolbraith Smith were married early in 1847. (William was 6 years younger than she was just as Don Carlos had been.) Agnes' oldest daughter Agnes was eight years old, and her youngest, Josephine Donna, was five. By mid-June she was enduring the physical and emotional strains of pregnancy.

About that time, William took a second wife, Susanna M. Rogers Sangiovanni. Agnes, like her sister-in-law Emma Smith, was extremely opposed to polygamy, and would never have consented to sharing her husband with another wife. We can safely assume that William married Susanna without his wife's knowledge.

It was very important for every woman to be sealed to a good man who would get her to the highest degree of the Celestial Kingdom. William Pickett seemed a likely candidate, giving sweet promises of eternal bliss to a lonely, destitute woman. To Susanna he was the best prospect in St. Louis—a member of the Church, well educated, with high connections in the city and in the Church. His Nauvoo exploits were impressive, showing his courage and loyalty to the Saints. Former acquaintances from Nauvoo spoke highly of him. At 31 years of age, he was young and vigorous, an immense contrast to her first husband, who was sixty-five years of age when Susanna last saw him.

To support his families, William worked as a printer on the Saint Louis Republican. The two wives lived in separate houses in separate LDS Branches. Although there were six branches, they met together for Sunday services at the rented Concert Hall on the west side of Market Street between Second and Third Streets.

We can only imagine the problems this marriage would have brought for Susanna. She had to keep her marital relationship a secret from neighbors, Church members, and probably from her twelve-year-old son. She and Guglielmo went to meetings alone, and watched William arrive and escort his wife and daughters to the women's side of the chapel. After the services, he might shake Susanna's hand along with other members of the congregation before taking his first family home.

During 1847, Mormons were arriving daily from Europe, at times bringing the total number of Saints in St Louis to 1,500 plus. Those who could afford them were procuring outfits and continuing their journey to Winter Quarters. St Louis was designated as a gathering place for the

Saints until they could join the main body of the Church on the Missouri. A Conference or District had been established there in February with Nathaniel Felt as President. In the summer, President Felt received a letter from Brigham Young urging the polygamous families to move to Winter Quarters before anti-Mormons got wind of them. Out-going President Stratton had reported that there were two in the city when he left (and that didn't include the Picketts). The leaders were concerned for their safety, and worried they would jeopardize the safety of the other Saints by remaining.

Susanna had a fervent desire to join the main body of the Church in Winter Quarters. Agnes wished to stay in the comfort of her home in St. Louis, determined to avoid the hardships and persecutions she had previously endured with the Saints. Matters came to a head the last of September when Susanna discovered she was pregnant. Their secret would soon be out. Neighbors would consider her an immoral woman. After four months of marriage and empty promises, William quickly made arrangements to send her to Winter Quarters before the pregnancy began to show.

Feeling abandoned and bitter towards the man who had professed love to her only a few months before callously rejecting her, she joined the Preston Thomas family bound for Winter Quarters. The Thomas couple had four children, two of them grown. In October of 1847, they traveled by flat-bottomed steamboat on the Missouri River to St. Joseph on the western border of Missouri, which was then a rendezvous for trappers and fur traders from the Yellowstone area. There they were fitted out with a sturdy wagon, ox team, and supplies for the last 140 miles of the journey.

Six inches of snow covered the ground as they left St. Joseph. It was hard to make out the road, hardly more than a rough trail over the prairie. They traveled in snow a foot deep in some places, camping in the open, making a large log fire to keep them warm. Beds were placed close together on ground scraped bare of snow, stakes driven at the corners then the wagon cover was placed over them for shelter. Many nights the temperature dipped below zero. Breakfast consisted of "Johnny cake", a few slices of bacon and black coffee.

Occasionally they would see a farm house, and sometimes get a little corn for the oxen. It was necessary to walk most of the way. This must have been particularly difficult for Susanna, as she was four months pregnant by the time they arrived at Winter Quarters.

### XIII. WINTER QUARTERS

"If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." John 7:37

They arrived at the Missouri River bank opposite Winter Quarters during the first week of December. No ferry was needed for crossing the river, as it was spanned with a good substantial ice bridge. The travelers were greeted warmly by many whom they had known back in London, and taken in by friends until they could find housing. The Apostles had recently returned to their families in Winter Quarters from the Great Salt Lake Trek of 1847, after an eight-month absence. Among them were Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff, Brigham Young, and George A Smith whom Susanna had known in London.

Authorities were concerned, on arriving back on the Missouri, about the abuses that had occurred in the practice of polygamy during their absence. Some who thought themselves authorized were performing marriages without permission. Others abused priesthood authority by trying to take unfair advantage of the situation. No plural marriage should have been performed without the permission of President Young or his designee, or without the permission of the first wife. Brigham Young condemned men for

“Killing an innocent ignorant female, telling her she could not be saved without a man; then go to some clod head of an elder and get him to say their ceremony, all done without the knowledge or counsel of the authority of this church.”

The leaders, when they found out about Susanna’s experience, annulled the marriage between her and William Pickett. To have been so gullible must have caused her great embarrassment and distress.

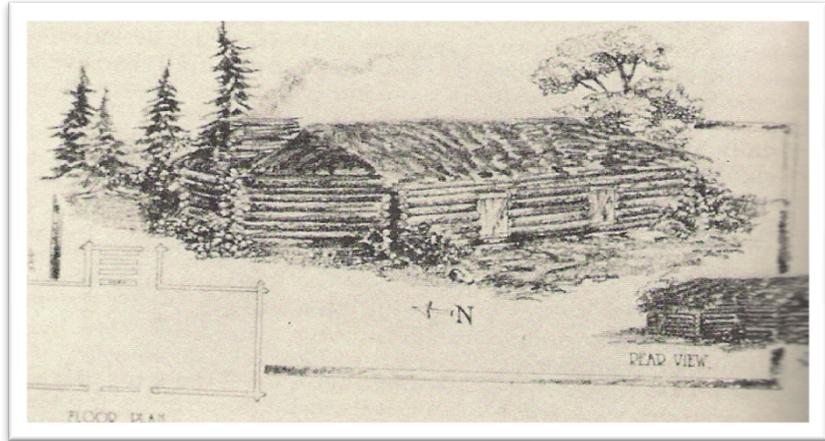
Hoping to find her parents, Susanna questioned every traveler who might know their whereabouts, with no success. Besides the members in St. Louis, there were 4,000 in Winter Quarters, 1,900 in the Salt Lake Valley, and thousands scattered all along the prairies of Iowa and Missouri. It seemed impossible to find the Rogers.

Winter Quarters was a beautiful, well-laid-out city built on a plateau overlooking the Missouri River. Twenty-two wards were organized under the direction of the High Council, one ward for each five-acre block. There was a gristmill, stores, approximately 700 cabins, 150 dugouts, and a stockade to keep out marauding bands of Indians.

The dugouts were made by digging a cave in the hillside, covering the front with willows and mud, and constructing a chimney out of prairie sod cut with a shovel into brick sized pieces. A blanket served as a door. Inside, a fireplace was made of pounded clay. The small room had a dirt floor. It was this type of structure Susanna found for a home, probably vacated by a family who had gone to the “Valley”. There was no privately owned land. The Saints were allowed to live on Indian lands temporarily.

At the time of Susanna’s arrival, a larger meeting house called the Kanesville Log Tabernacle was under construction across the river. Completed in three weeks, it was 60 by 40 feet and held 1,000 people. A large fireplace was built at the west end, and next to it a recessed area held the pulpit and clerk’s bench.

A Jubilee Conference convened there December 24, 25, and 26. The Saints divided into three groups so each could attend one day. Meetings included sermons from the apostles, singing, and dancing. On Monday December 27, over a thousand men and women crowded the new building to participate in a historic day for the Church, the reestablishment of the First



Presidency. The afternoon meeting began with the singing of "Come Come Ye Saints", accompanied by the Winter Quarters band. After three or four speakers, Brigham Young was officially sustained by the membership of the Church as Prophet and President. Heber C. Kimball was sustained as First Counselor, with Willard Richards as Second Counselor.

Susanna and her son celebrated Christmas by attending Conference, and by feasting on a turkey from the timber along the river bottoms where they were plentiful. It was cooked over the fire and served with cornbread.

The population of Winter Quarters was predominately women, due to the large number of men away in the Mormon Battalion and on missions. Consequently, Susanna had the association of many who understood her plight. Ward worship services were held each Sunday in their separate schoolhouses or homes. Larger gatherings were held in the open bowery in the center of the city, weather permitting, and frequently lasted several hours. Worshipers were called to meetings by the clanging of the Nauvoo Temple Bell. Women seldom, if ever, spoke or prayed in the meetings.

It was a long harsh winter. The wind howled down the chimney, blowing sparks onto their clothes and smoke in their eyes. Often when she went outside, Susanna's skirts would freeze stiff about her ankles and rattle as she moved. When it rained, water came down the chimney, put out the fire, and turned the floor into mud. Water also seeped through the willow roof in rivulets of muddy water. With very little ventilation, the air in the dugout became damp and stuffy. Food was scarce, and Susanna was filled with despair; alone, without any means of support, and a baby on the way.

There was a great deal of sickness in the camp, and many deaths from "Black Canker" (Pellagra), caused by a deficiency of fruits and vegetables in their diet. Wheat flour was scarce. The main staple was cornmeal, from which they made mush or bread, with very little to go with it.

Guglielmo had to carry water a quarter of a mile. It was also a challenge for the twelve-year-old to find and carry enough wood to keep the fire burning. Because the Missouri River was muddy, Susanna scrubbed their laundry on a washboard and rinsed it in a creek a mile away, then with her son's help, carried the wet clothes back to dry.

Guglielmo was fascinated when a large number of Omaha Indians visited Winter Quarters in March. They brought moccasins and axes to trade for meat and corn. A month later, when the grass was green on the hills surrounding the town, one hundred Pawnees camped by the Dance Hall and swarmed all over town hooting and yelling. Guards were posted around the Church herd and people were ordered from their farms into the city. During the night one could hear the guard call out the hours, "\_\_\_ O'clock and "All is well."

In the city, all was business and bustle in preparation for the long journey west. Immigrants poured into Winter Quarters by wagon and steamer to join the companies heading for the Great Basin. Other wagons continued to roll out of town to the rendezvous six miles away.

April 4, returning missionaries brought newspapers and letters from the East. A news item of interest to Susanna concerned Louis Napoleon whom she had met at the Rossetti home in London. French revolutionaries had succeeded in driving French King Louis Phillippe from the throne and Louis Napoleon was elected president. (Four years later he overthrew his own government and proclaimed himself Emperor Napoleon III). He had made previous unsuccessful attempts to take over the throne in 1836 and 1840, and Susanna had suspected Benedetto of giving him assistance.

Another news item of interest to Susanna was Ezra Taft Benson's report from St. Louis. "Brother Pickett has been blessed with fruits of the nuptial consequences. Two fine sons at one birth--wife and children doing well."

Horatio Pickett was born to Susanna, May 10, 1848. At that time May storms were at their worst. When he was just four days old, Susanna, who was alone in the dugout save for a very young girl, was obliged to get out of her confinement bed and bail water out of their lodging to keep it from coming up to her bed. In spite of her efforts, everything was wet, her bedding, her clothing, and the wood needed to build a fire. The terrific storm slashed wagon covers to pieces, damaged many of the buildings, and flattened crops.

Did William Pickett know of the birth of his son? He still had some contact with Church leaders in Winter Quarters, as shown by the following certificate sent to Brigham Young June 11, 1848.

"I hereby certify that Windsor Lyons of Iowa called upon me in St. Louis and told me that the Whig Central Committee of Iowa had authorized \$100, for printing paper and stationary for the use of anyone establishing a paper in Pottawatamie County. I selected the articles required to be shipped to the Bluffs at the first opportunity. Bros. Scott and Wooley being in town, I thought they would be most suitable to take charge of same."

The streets continued to be thronged with wagons departing for the west. Winter Quarters began to look desolate, empty, and forsaken. May 26, Brigham Young left with a company of 1,220 Pioneers for the Valley. May 29, Heber C. Kimball and a company of 662 departed. In June Willard Richards left with 200 wagons. Susanna longed to go to the Valley with them but didn't have the means. There were tearful farewells as she saw old friends leave, not knowing when she would see them again.

The Saints who couldn't go to the valley were compelled by the Bureau of Indian Affairs to leave their homes and farms and move back across the river to Kaneshville (later Council Bluffs). October 1, 1848, two hundred families were ferried across the Missouri River to begin in a new place, building homes and preparing for the winter. Horatio was less than five months old and Guglielmo was thirteen years of age when Susanna moved their few belongings back across the Missouri.

From the log tabernacle on Harmony Street near Indian Creek, the town grew rapidly in each direction. It was described as a scrubby town of 80-100 log cabins situated three miles from the Missouri River in a deep hollow. The business center of town developed on Indian Creek.

During this time another epidemic was taking away Saints by the hundreds. Missionaries from many of the splinter groups were proselyting in the Mormon settlements, taking advantage of the discouraging conditions there. It was said that by the time Brigham Young got the Saints to the Valley, the spiritually weak had apostatized.

#### XIV. POLITICS ON THE PRAIRIE

"They have forsaken the fountain of  
living waters and hewed them out cisterns  
that can hold no water." Jer. 2:13

Because 1848 was an election year, the large number of Mormons camped on the Missouri could make a substantial difference in the outcome of the election. Consequently they were wooed by Democrats and Whigs alike. The Saints were advised not to get involved in politics or take sides with either political party. Church leaders had little confidence in either. The Democrats had been the party of Thomas Ford, Lilburn Boggs, Thomas Benton and Martin Van Buren, so there was great Mormon sentiment against them. Orson Hyde told the brethren confidentially that it would be in their best interests to vote Whig. He was concerned that Democrat and anti-Mormon John Fremont would be elected Governor of California Territory, which took in the area west of the Rocky Mountains.

William Pickett was a Whig in Nauvoo, but changed parties to suit his political aspirations, as the following October second excerpt from Journal History shows.

"William Pickett accompanied Almon Babbitt to this place (Council Bluffs) to see the presiding elders. Elder Benson was gone, having left yesterday morning. The first company was within a day's ride of Elkhorn, but no effort was made to overtake them. His business was to see if the vote here would be Democratic. If so, Pickett would be appointed an organizing sheriff as Babbitt considered him a Democrat of the purest water. Babbitt said if the county proved Democratic he could be appointed to some office that would assure him of getting a living at Uncle Sam's expense in California, Oregon or elsewhere west of the Rocky Mountains. In actuality Pickett (and Babbitt) is a Whig in Democrat's clothing.

"The commissioner at Monroe County organized two precincts: Kaneshville (Council Bluffs) and Pisgah. Notices were posted and judges of the election were appointed without our (the voters) knowledge. Pickett was mixed up with Democrats in all their maneuvers and very likely the cause of it

October 5 the following letter was written from the log tabernacle in Kaneshville by Josiah Merritt to Brigham Young in the Valley:

"The Primary election was held. Five hundred twenty three votes were cast (men only) and only thirty-three were Democratic. Brother Sloan, one of the clerks, together with William Pickett went out to return the votes. The clerk refused to receive them. Brother Pickett made a speech charging Gen. Dodge with offering a bribe to influence the Mormon vote for the Democrats.

"Next, William Pickett was appointed organizing sheriff by Judge Carlton pursuant to the statute and he filed his bond and took the oath of office. Zachery Taylor and Millard Fillmore are on the Whig ticket. Martin Van Buren and John Adams are for the Abolitionists. I perceive some indiscretion with William Pickett

and also with the Democratic clerks, but you will have to judge. The county is organized. I had to do it as Pickett is gone."

A letter written October 7, 1848, to Brigham Young gives another version:

"Management of the (primary) election was given to William Pickett, who came up, set off precincts, posted notices, and present officers were chosen by the people. After the Primary election Mr. Townsend and his fellows came to town to shout over the Mormon votes, charging Orson Hyde who was in the East and William Pickett with barbering the Mormon vote. They left that night with their feathers crooked and heads held low. Our August election returns were rejected. The Democrats denounced us, and will try to prohibit our participating in the November election."

The Mormons cast 491 Whig votes to 32 Democratic; However, vote counting irregularities conveniently omitted the Mormon vote and assured a Democratic victory in the County.

William Pickett, Agnes, and family traveled to Salt Lake and were in the valley early in 1852. The March Journal History states:

"A code commission was formed and Elias Smith, William Pickett and Albert Carrington Esqs. were appointed to fill said commission; but nothing was done until after adjournment of the session when Pickett threw up his commission and left the territory, creating a vacancy."

As an example of their work, the Code Commission passed a law in 1851-52 saying it was unlawful to use with disrespect the name of Deity. Lawbreakers were subject to a fine of \$2-10 or 1-5 day's hard labor on public roads.

In 1852 William and Agnes Pickett with her two daughters and their twin sons Don Carlos and William, traveled to California where he tried gold mining in Marysville, was snowed in at the diggings and the family almost starved.

He began practicing law in San Francisco, but their home was robbed and burned. They moved to San Bernadino, which had been settled by 500 Mormons. His stepdaughters were much in demand at the LDS young people's social affairs, but William's law practice suffered because the member's disputes were settled by church leaders. He became embittered against the Church. In 1857 Journal History says,

"Utahn's letters are being stolen and published by newspapers back East doctored up, with a tirade of false accusations and abuse. This brazen impudence is only equaled by one William Pickett, who with his wife has been endeavoring to make himself a little notoriety by prosecuting the polygamists at San Bernadino." (The Saints were called back to Salt Lake soon after this, because of the approach of Johnston's army.)

The Picketts decided to begin a new life in Los Angeles and never divulge the fact that they had been Mormons. They lived there for a time, then the family moved back to San Francisco with the oldest daughter (who later became poet laureate of California) to escape her abusive ex-husband. The man had come to the Pickett home threatening them with a gun, and William attacked him with an ax, almost severing his wrist.

William Pickett had an extensive law library that he allowed others to use, but his practice went downhill because he was inclined to be overly aggressive in court. He spent two years in Oregon away from his wife "printing a paper", then tried gold mining again in the mountains of

Sacramento. He never returned. A grave has been found with the name Bill Pickett on a crude marker. It may be William. Agnes was left a widow again and endured more sickness and poverty.

## XV. THE REUNION

"Let them be planted in the land  
of Zion with their families." D&C 57:14

January of 1849, Elder Orson Hyde who presided over the Mormons East of the Missouri, counseled the Saints to forget past trails and grudges so they could go on to a happier future. One of Susanna's favorite poems indicates her feelings during this difficult time.

### THE BETTER LAND

I hear them speak of a better land,  
Thou callst its children a happy band.  
Mother, oh where is that radiant shore?  
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows  
And the fireflies gleam thru the myrtle boughs?

Not there, not there, my child.

Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?  
Or midst the green isles of glittering seas  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze?  
And strange bright birds on their starry wings  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?

Not there, not there, my child.

Is it far away in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'r sands of gold?  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine?  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral stream  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,  
Ear hath not heard its deep tones of joy.  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,  
Sorrow and death may not enter there.  
Time doth not breath on its fadeless bloom,  
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb.  
It is there, it is there, my child.

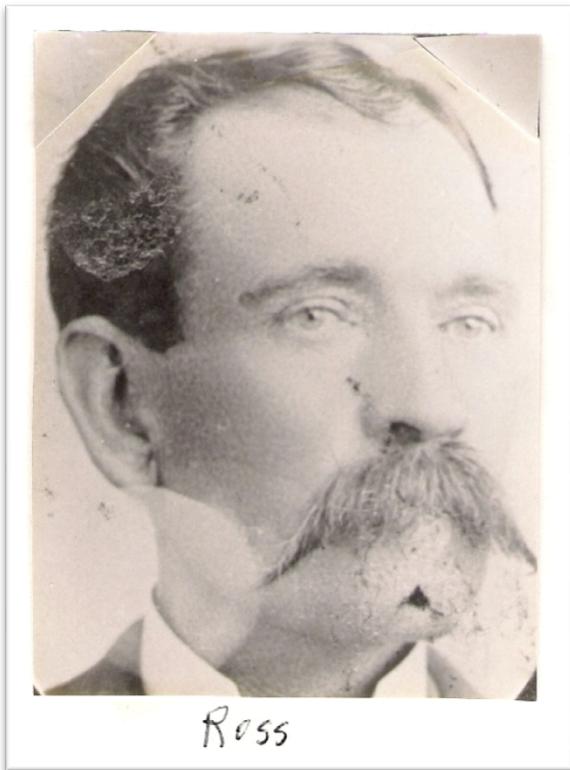
Guglielmo says, "Times were hard during the winter. Then came the great Spring of '49, never to be forgotten. As soon as spring opened, here they came--all colors and sizes (gold seekers). They were generally well equipped for the journey, only too heavily laden and well armed for those days. The percussion cap had just come in, consequently many of the old time flint locks were to be seen. 'Pepper-box' revolvers were stuck in belts alongside of a long butcher knife. Guns were muzzle loaders."

Because of the California-bound travelers, Kanessville's economy boomed. Tent villages circled the town. Long lines of wagons and vast herds of horses and oxen moved into the area each day. Ferries were kept busy crossing them to the west side of the River. Prices rose ten times over on many food items. For example, Corn increased from 20 cents a bushel to \$3. Even at that price there was great demand for all the produce the Saints could raise.

In groups of men thronging the streets and businesses, and from their camps, one could hear strains of the popular new Stephen Foster song,

"Oh Susanna, oh don't you cry for me.  
For I'm goin to 'Californy' with my banjo on my knee."

Susanna and Guglielmo were out weeding their little garden plot one hot June morning while Horatio slept. One of the travelers watched them intently as he walked up the dusty street toward them. To their surprise he turned at their walk and called out, "Susanna!" In an instant he was embracing his long lost sister and becoming acquainted with her sons.



Ross had grown from a gangly thirteen-year-old when Susanna had last seen him, to a stocky 28-year-old married man. He was on his way to seek his fortune in the "gold fields" of California. While in the Mormon community he had looked up Church leaders, who told him about his sister and family. Ross immediately changed his plans and took them in his wagon on the two-week trip back to the Rogers' homestead in Oskaloosa, Madison Township, Polk County, Iowa.

There, Susanna and her boys were reunited with her parents, youngest brother Henry Clay, and Ross Ramson's family. For the first time David and Martha met their grandsons, fourteen-year-old Guglielmo, and fifteen-month-old Horatio. Susanna became acquainted with

Ross's wife Helen and their four children, ranging in age from seven years to nine months. Henry Clay, only a baby when Susanna left home, was a young man of sixteen.

Her two sisters Hester and Caroline were now married women with children. They and their husbands lived 30 miles away on neighboring farms ten miles above Des Moines in what was first known as Raccoon Forks, but later became Polk City, Iowa.

Susanna learned of the tragic shooting death of her sister Amelia that took place in July of 1847. Unable to sleep, Amelia had gone outside their home in Nauvoo for some cool air during the

night. Her husband, mistaking her for a burglar, shot her in the chest as she came back in the door. She didn't want to worry her parents, believing she was recovering, so they weren't notified. The Prophet's widow, Emma Smith, cared for her until her death four months later. The baby, Martha Telle, was raised by Hester who had lost a baby girl the same age. Mr. Telle took the two boys.

What a time the Rogers must have had sharing their experiences of the previous fifteen years, especially those connected with the new religion!

In July of 1839, David had been walking home from church, when he heard a meeting in progress 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? They are Mormons." (Parley P. Pratt and Elijah Fordham).

There was much anti-Mormon sentiment in his neighborhood, but David obtained a copy of the Book of Mormon, determined to know the truth. Shutting himself in his room he studied the new book and the Bible, fasted, and prayed for three days. After that time he came out and told the family, "The room was ablaze with 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." He described the man he saw in his room to Parley P. Pratt, who said he could not have described the prophet any better himself.

Martha had 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 until one morning while doing her laundry, she was disturbed by a knock at the door. To her surprise, it was the two men of her dream, Parley P. Pratt and Elijah Fordham. They asked for her husband. She informed them he was away from home and would not return until nightfall. They promised to return in the evening, saying they had a message of great importance for him. She was convinced that they had the truth.

David brought chairs from his warehouse and placed them in a large room of his home for meetings, which were well attended. He then joined with one of the members and rented a small room, filling it with chairs for a regular place of worship. This was generally crowded. They had no hymnbooks, so David compiled one and had it published. (He was later censored for doing so without permission).

On December 19, 1837, the Rogers Family was baptized in the East River by Parley P Pratt. Later, Wilford Woodruff visited the Saints in New York and stayed with the Rogers. In his journal he expressed appreciation for such good Saints.

In September of 1838 the family left New York to join the Saints in Missouri. Their household goods were sent by water to Richmond's Landing in Missouri. They traveled by wagon over the new Cumberland Gap road to Quincy, Ohio.

When they reached Quincy in November, they found that the Saints had been expelled from the state and were straggling back in the cold of winter with little warm clothing or food. David was in charge of the commissary, which contained donated goods to help them. They and their traveling companions, the Mace family, rented a large home in Quincy, which became known as the Council House, where many Church meetings were held, and many homeless Saints were sheltered.

David was a member of the committee of three chosen to check out the Commerce area as a possible gathering place for the Church. He and Isaac Barlowe spent nine days exploring the area and gave Church leaders a positive report. It was decided to send the letter from the seller, Isaac Galland, and David Roger's written report to the Prophet in the Liberty Jail in Missouri. David accepted the appointment from Bishop Edward Partridge to take the papers to the Prophet in the

Liberty Jail, to sell Mormon lands in Jackson County, and to obtain money to transport the poor members to safety, even though he knew the mobs had threatened to kill any Mormon who came to sell or take possession of the lands.

In five days he had reached Far West, where he made a report to the brethren still there, then went to Liberty Jail to see the Prophet and deliver the papers.

Receiving his sanction, David and Charles Bird crossed over the river into Jackson County and went to Independence. David registered his power of attorney, paid up all the taxes that had accumulated on the land for the past five years, and then advertised several plots of land for sale. He sold the Whitmer farm for \$700 cash and a horse, saddle and bridle worth \$100.

The next morning as they were crossing the public square, a posse of forty men surrounded them. Soon, a crowd of 300 people had joined the group. One of the posse informed David that he must deliver up to them the money and property and leave the county before sunset or he would be a dead man.

David said, "You have pronounced sentence upon me. Can I be allowed the privilege granted to condemned criminals in courts of law?"

David rehearsed how the Saints had settled on the land and subsequently been driven out, and how the poor, the old, the cripples, widows and orphans needed the money to convey them out of the state. He said, "I am sent here to perform God's 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 willful, cold blooded murder." He yanked open his coat and vest, baring his bosom. "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." The people began to slink away, and before long David was alone. He sold all the land he was authorized to sell, receiving \$2,700.

David stopped for a few days in Far West. An apostate swore out an attachment for \$360 and placed a lien on five yoke of oxen, three horses, a wagon, and \$300 worth of dry goods. To save the property for the brethren traveling out of the state, David paid the money.

While traveling back to Quincy, he saw Sheriff Brasfield with a posse looking for the Prophet Joseph, who had escaped jail. Brasfield said, as he passed a bow over the strings of a fiddle he was holding, "When you see Smith, tell him for me if I ever find him I will play him the tune 'Old Joe Smith'" (to the tune of Old Black Joe).

David brought the family of Parley P. Pratt from Far West to Quincy. The Mississippi River was flooding and they had to travel several miles down river to find a ferry. There was a large slough to cross where the water came up to the wagon-bed. As David was driving up the bank out of the water, he could see something in the water that looked like a bundle of clothes.

Sister Pratt cried out, "It is Mary Ann!"

David jumped out of the wagon into the water and brought the six-year-old out. The horse, being high spirited, took to the timbers and would have dashed all to pieces, but was caught on a large prong of a tree and brought to a standstill.

The Rogers family moved to Montrose in 1839, where they lived in an old abandoned army barracks with many other Saints, including Brigham Young, Orson Pratt, John Taylor, Erastus Snow, and Wilford Woodruff.

Martha told Susanna what it was like to cross the river and attend meetings in the grove near the temple, what it was like to hear the Prophet and his brother Hyrum speak; the thrill of hearing truth upon truth revealed from their lips.

David told about his experience in the Prophet's home while he painted his likeness in oils, and later painted his brother Hyrum. (Those paintings now hang in the Church History Museum

west of Temple Square. Another painting by David of Joseph and Emma together is now owned by the Reorganized Church.)

They told of the persecutions heaped upon their leader, and the despair when he and Hyrum were murdered in cold blood. They would never forget the "gory clothes all soaked with blood", the two brothers side by side as thousands filed past their caskets, the sorrowing mother, the heartbroken wives and weeping children.

They told of working day and night to complete the temple before they were driven out, the music and hosannas at the dedication after the attic story was completed and the joy of receiving their temple ordinances. Martha and David received their endowments January 5, 1846, and were sealed February 5, in the Nauvoo Temple.

In the last few months of 1845, David and Ross were assigned to build wagons as fast as possible. Wagon shops were everywhere in homes and businesses. Guards were stationed around the city to protect the Saints from bands of ruffians.

The Rogers family stayed in Nauvoo while David and Ross worked on wagons until most of the Saints had left the city. In the spring Ross and his family left to join the Saints in Iowa. David and Martha traveled to Iowa later, just ahead of the mob, leaving a newly completed home east of the Mansion House. The mob broke down the door of their house, took household goods, and also took some of their oxen for beef.

Susanna shared her experiences in England, St. Louis, and Winter Quarters, grateful that at long last, she and her boys were in a real home surrounded by loved ones, and with plenty of food to eat.

## XVI. WESTWARD BOUND

"My soul thirsteth after Thee  
as a thirsty land." Psalms 143:6

Caroline, with her husband and two children, traveled to the valley in 1851, giving birth to her third child soon after they arrived. David, Martha, Henry Clay; and Ross, Susanna and their families started West in the spring of 1851. They found the Des Moine River flooding and the water too high to cross. It was necessary to wait another year. Hester, her husband George Bebee, and two little girls were still in Raccoon Forks, thirty miles away, so they stayed there until the following spring. Ross continued west later in the season, reaching the Salt Lake Valley safely that fall. By then he had changed his mind about going to the "Gold Fields".

In 1852, the David Rogers family with Susanna and sons, started out again, traveling by ox team and wagons across Missouri, arriving at Council Bluffs the last of May. June 2, they started west in an independent company led by Joseph Kelting. The company crossed the Missouri on an old flat boat and swam the stock across.

One of their first camps was on the Elkhorn River. Early in the morning, three Pawnee Indians stampeded the horses and mules. David and one of the teamsters pursued and caught two of the horses by their ropes, mounted them, and rode toward camp. The other animals followed, and the Indians rode away. The pioneers watched for Indians all day as they traveled, expecting trouble at any moment, but they reached the next camp safely.

Herds of buffalo were a common sight. One hot afternoon, as they were traveling along the north side of the Platte River, an immense herd of buffalo came from the north, heading for the water. The wagon train came near a stampede. It was necessary to hold the teams for half an hour until the herd had passed by them. The men fired many shots into the herd, killing three bulls that provided several meals for the group. Their diet was also supplemented with prairie chicken, grouse, rabbits, and antelope.

The pioneers followed the Platte River westward, crossing and re-crossing it several times. Sagebrush fires illuminated the night skies. The howling of coyotes and wolves sometimes kept them awake till long after dark. Storms always seemed the worst at night, when wind gusts occasionally threatened to blow the covers off the wagons. At those times, flashes of lightening and peals of thunder made sleep impossible.

The camp was awake by five a.m., caring for animals, cooking breakfast, packing away bedrolls, and preparing for the day's trek. They walked most of the way, through burning heat and up steep hills, plagued by clouds of mosquitoes, thirst, and fatigue. It was desolate country, yet it was a golden road leading to the Promised Land, away from the United States, mobocracy and persecution.

Saturdays they stopped to wash, cook, and make necessary repairs. When possible they bathed in the cool rivers, women under cover of darkness, and the men in the daylight. On Sunday mornings men came to church in clean hickory shirts, and the women in clean starched sunbonnets and dresses. When possible, they sat on makeshift log benches under the shade of a tree and worshipped together.

Guglielmo tells us, "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 migration 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."

On July 3, the company reached Fort Laramie and camped three miles below, their trip now half over. They remained over the Fourth to celebrate Independence Day. Over a hundred immigrant camps spread around the Fort. Large herds of buffalo and antelope roamed within view of the travelers.

From there the road began to get rough as they approached the Rocky Mountains. At Devil's Gate they passed another "squawman" camp. According to Guglielmo, "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 passerby."

As they left the Sweetwater River and began climbing an easy gentle grade, they met Mormons returning from Salt Lake to help expected friends. David asked the driver of a four-horse team loaded with provisions, "Will you please tell me how far it is to the South Pass?"

The answer came suddenly: "You be right hon' im." The company had climbed so gradually they weren't aware they were on the continental divide, 7,750 feet in elevation, where all the streams on the west ran toward the Pacific and the ones they had passed ran toward the Atlantic. South Pass is a broad passageway between the Wind River Range on the north and Antelope Hills on the south, sloping gently down to the Green River Valley, a high altitude desert.

Traveling through sixty miles of desert, they reached the Green River and the ferry run by "half-breeds". The crossing was uneventful, but the fare was unreasonably high. (Wyoming Highway 28 now crosses the river over a bridge built near that site.)

After another week's travel over dry, rabbit-brush-covered desert, they reached Fort Bridger. Upright logs shaved to a sharp point on the top formed a wall around two enclosures, surrounded by a green oasis of trees and grass.

They continued west to the Bear River and from there to Echo Canyon, with towering rock walls to the north and rolling hills of equal height on the south. As they crossed the Weber River and started south, they could see for the first time the distant snow capped Wasatch Mountains spreading across the western horizon. What a forbidding prospect for the travel-worn emigrants! After all the distance they had covered, they still had to climb over rugged mountains and through deep canyons with jaded teams and broken-down wagons before reaching their destination.

Traveling south for two days, and believing they were almost through the mountains, they drew up onto Heartbreak Ridge. Much to their dismay they beheld still ahead of them mountains that loomed far greater in height and ruggedness than those they had just climbed through.

They followed Main Canyon southwest, making a steep climb up on Broad hill, and following it down to East Creek Canyon (at the north end of the present-day East Canyon Reservoir).

To Guglielmo, it was an exciting adventure. He was impressed with the sparkling streams and the large variety of animals near them: beaver, otter, mink, marten, wolves and fox.

Twenty-five miles out of Salt Lake, on Mormon Flat, the Rogers were met by Ross and Caroline's husband, Aaron Daniels, with fresh provisions. Dinner that evening was better than any

they had ever tasted: new potatoes, cabbage, ears of corn, turnips, and some fine fresh churned butter.

The next day they climbed the steep four miles up Big Mountain and viewed for the first time the Salt Lake Valley off in the distance. The grade down the face of the mountain was even more precipitous and difficult than the ascent. Teams and logs were tied on the back of each wagon to slow its descent. By the time they reached the bottom, animals and travelers were exhausted.

Their last camp was made at the foot of Big Mountain in Mountain Dell, twelve miles from Salt Lake City. Here they bathed and cleaned, preparing to meet friends in the valley. The camp was up early the next morning full of anticipation for their journey's end.

They crossed little mountain, traveled down Emigration Canyon, and beheld a grand panorama: The Great Salt Lake Valley with the Lake in the background, dotted with little adobe houses, a few newly planted trees, and sagebrush flats as far as the eye could see.

Before evening they were walking down wide streets lined with sunflowers. Small timber and adobe houses gave evidence of peace and comfort even though the Saints were in poverty. They were home at last in Zion, reunited with former friends and acquaintances.