

HISTORY HISTORY

HISTORY OF PATRIARCH: ISAAC MORLEY'S FAMILY by Mrs. Cordelia Cox
for Isaac Morley Jr.

Dear Brother

I was reading in the paper a few days ago that you were in what was called Zion's Camp. When I read it I said I thought you were too young, and that sometime I would write a sketch of the early history of your father's family, so listen and I will tell you my story, that you may know a little about that which you were too young to remember.

In 1830, the Mormon Church was organized, with six members, by Joseph Smith, in New York. In the fall of 1830 Joseph Smith came with his wife to Kirtland, Ohio. He was a stranger, without a home and Father took him into his home and he lived with us that winter. In the spring they built him a small frame house to live in. While he was staying with us he taught the Gospel to father and mother. They accepted it and were baptized in 1830. Father had a large frame house and the doors were always open to anyone who wished to hear the Gospel. In the spring Father and Bishop Partridge were called to go to Jackson County, Missouri, to find a place for the Mormons to settle. They took land near Independence, Missouri. Father put up a small log house and then sent for his family. It was in October when we started, you were only two years old. We had to travel one hundred miles before we came to the Ohio River, where we were to take a steam boat, when we got there the water was so low that the boat would not come down to the landing. We waited a week but it was no better, so they sent a keel boat for us. Bishop Partridge's family was with us. It soon began to thunder and rain, darkness came swiftly and the boat was

We sat around on boxes until daylight. Mother held you on her lap. When morning came the sailors swam ashore, got some long poles and pried the boat from the sand bar. We went on and about noon we saw a steamboat. It circled around us and came alongside the boat. They were fastened together and we were put on the steamer while we were going along.

When we got within one hundred miles of our destination we stopped to change boats. It was now the last of November and it was very cold weather. We lived in a house near the landing and waited a week for the boat. We received word the boat could travel no longer because of the ice in the river. A man was then hired, with a span of mules and a large wagon and box. We started on our journey by land with one man and a Negro to do the driving. Fifteen of us were crowded into the wagon, and a tight cover was put on. We had no way to see out. We traveled this way for three of four days, until father met us, he took us to the small cabin he had built for us and then went to work and cleared more land to grow a crop next year.

It was a beautiful place. The soil was rich and everything grew rapidly. That year father put us up a hewn log house. Everything was prospering when the people began to threaten to drive us from the state. They said they would kill any men that tried to build or make any improvements, and so mobbing began. They came to our house one night, got upon the fence and threw a large rock through the window. Theresa and I were sleeping under the window and the glass filled our faces, Father ran out after them but they had gone. We were crying and almost frightened to death. Mother shook the glass from our bed and we went to sleep again. The mob passed our house every day swearing they would burn us out if we did not leave. Three times we took our things out so they could burn the house. We went at a neighbors to sleep and expected to see our house in ashes by morning.

8 o'clock, for treason, but God willed it otherwise and his life was spared.

The Saints were driven from Jackson County to Clay County. Father had but one span of horses and one wagon. There were eight of us in the family and with a few provisions and some bedding we started, leaving everything else behind. We had a lovely garden and thirty bushels of sweet potatoes buried in the ground. Everything was left for the mob, while we had nothing. We then built our home in Clay County on the Missouri bottoms. This was a sickly place and we were all sick. Your mother and family all lay in a burning fever, your life almost disappeared. Your mother lay on another bed so sick she could do nothing for you.

Father was now called to fill a mission in Massachusetts. The place he left us was so sickly, we had to find another house to live in. Joseph Allen came to live with us. He rented a farm in a more healthy place and we moved and lived with him.

The Saints were living in a scattered condition and the mob threatened to drive us out again. We lived on this farm one year. Joseph and Lucy were married there while father was on his mission. Father returned home in 1835. It was not to soon for we were driven to Caldwell County, Missouri. We had a lovely home while living in the town of Far West, but we were not allowed to live in one place long. There were traitors in our midst who were making war with the Saints. One day about 500 men came riding into Far West. They called themselves the militia. Their guns and bayonets were glistening in the sunlight. They rode up to the public square, called all the men together and made them lay down their guns and ammunition. A consultation was held and forty of the saints were taken prisoners, father being one of them. Father asked leave to see his family before going. Two of the men went with him, their guns in their hands. Father told us that he had to go to jail. He planned a little for mother to do then kissed us and said, "Be brave". Our cries and sobs were heart rendering.

hogs going to market. They were put in the Richmond jail, and had to wait for a trial. Father had an Indian blanket with a rope through it to tie around his neck, at night it was his bed, one half covered over him and his boots was his pillow. He had corn bread to eat and cold water to drink. After keeping him there three weeks they had his trial. Nothing was found against him so he was turned loose to get home the best was he could. The people begged for peace but there was none for them.

They were driven to Hancock County, Illinois. Father put up a tent in the back woods. This was the only home we had. It was cold weather and the snow fell fast. We had but little to eat and to wear. The body of a log house had been put on the ground for a claim. Father bought it, then put a roof on it. We moved in without a door, window or floor.

The next summer Father built more onto it. He cleared the land and were settled in once more. This little settlement grew and was called Morley's Settlement. Father was President. Walter Cox and Edwin Whiting were his counselors. Everyone was happy and getting along just fine, but their enemies would not let them live long in one place.

In 1844 Joseph and Hyrum Smith were killed. This caused a gloom all through the church. In 1845 the mob was doing all it could to drive the Mormons out again. They drove the stock all off. They burned the grain in the field and the houses were also burned. Father then moved his family to Nauvoo and we lived there that winter. In 1846 we left and started on our way west.

We traveled as far as Pisgah and stopped a few days to rest our teams. From there we went to Winter Quarters, now called Florence. It was here on January 3, 1847 that mother died. The want for proper food and clothing and the hard journey had been too much for her. We buried her there and continued on our way. We arrived in Salt Lake in 1847.

In the spring of '49 President Young called father, Nelson Higgins, and Charles Shumway as commanded to go south and find a place for a new settlement. With Chief Walker a guard they entered Sanpete Valley on August 20th 1849. They reached the present site of Manti and decided to build the settlement there. There was about twenty families to begin with. Some lived in tents, others in their wagon boxes and some in dugouts. When winter came the snow was so deep that they had to shovel it away to get food for their starving cattle. When warm weather came the people were startled by the hissing of Rattle snakes, that crawled in the places they were living.

In August 1850, President Young visited the settlement and called it Manti, after one of the cities mentioned in the Book of Mormon. The valley called Sanpete after a tribe of Indians that lived there. Father lived in Manti two years. The Indians were so hostile that President Young thought it too much for a man as old as father, so he was called back to Salt Lake where a

house was given him to live in. You were with him and the rest you know better than I do.

Father moved to Santaquin and then to Fairview where he lived a few years, and died on June 24, 1865. His body was taken to Manti and buried there beneath the shade of that glorious temple.

Father and mother had their endowments while Joseph Smith was still living. Father was ordained a Patriarch, and for many years traveled about visiting the saints and hundreds received their blessings from him. Sweet rest to them our earthly parents, until the morning of the first resurrection, where they will receive a reward for all their trials and hardships endured for the Gospels sake.

Written by your sister,
Cordelia Cox
June 1907
Manti, Utah