

## HISTORY OF JOSHUA TERRY

by  
Joshua, his son

(This history supplied by Allen Terry)

Joshua Terry was born in Albion, Home District, Upper Canada, which is now Ontario, August 11, 1825. While yet in his youth he moved to Missouri with his parents, was baptized a member of the Church of Latter-day Saints, June 20, 1840, by William Allred, confirmed by William Allred and Jack Ways. He was ordained a deacon by Elisha Everts, a teacher, in Nauvoo, Illinois, and an Elder in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, June 20, 1865. A Seventy, by Elder Erastus Snow of the Council of Twelve, a High Priest and set apart to preside over the Shoshone Mission by President Taylor May 9, 1881, and very soon left on his mission to the Indians, at the Shoshone Agency in Wyoming. He was set apart as a Patriarch by Elder John Henry Smith, a member of the council of Twelve, May 5, 1901.

He passed through the Missouri persecutions with his father's family and was driven from his home when the Saints were expelled from Missouri and settled in Nauvoo, Illinois. He assisted in the erection of the Nauvoo Temple and attended many meetings where he heard the voice of the Prophet Joseph Smith many times. It was in this city in a little grove that he saw and heard the Prophet roll the responsibilities of the church upon the shoulders of the Twelve Apostles. While at this meeting he witnesses a very miraculous healing, a great crowd had gathered in the grove while listening to the words of the Prophet, a plank seat that was overtaxed with the weight of men gave way, falling on one of the men's legs, smashing it to pieces. The Prophet placed the broken bones in place and laid his hands upon it and asked God, our Eternal Father, to bless and heal the leg and make it well and strong. The leg looked like a vessel that had been broken in many pieces and then glued together, the man arose and walked to his house and in later years he walked across the plains to Utah.

In 1841, Mr. Terry joined the Nauvoo Legion, serving under Lieut. General Joseph Smith; he also spent part of his time rafting freight down the Mississippi River. In 1846, he moved with the main body of the church from Nauvoo into Iowa. Soon after he pooled his interests with Lehi Savage an old man. In the spring of 1847, they left Winter Quarters in the George B. Wallace Company, arriving in the Salt Lake Valley in September 28, 1847. He settled first in Salt Lake City where as a pioneer he assisted in the building, of the Old Fort. He drove the first team around what is now known as Beck's Hot Springs in Davis County. He was one of the first of the pioneers to drive up through Box Elder County and on into the Bear River country. In October of the same year 1847, he walked over to Church Island in Great Salt Lake on dry ground, the low level of the lake and the exposure of high wind making it possible.

Mr. Terry and Mr. Savage worked at odd jobs in the harvest fields and canyons. Soon after their arrival, they made a camp on Little Willow

Creek now known as Draper, Salt Lake County. Savage then married a widow whom he met on the journey and this was the first marriage in Utah. After the marriage Terry's troubles began, for this woman was a termagant and he had to get out or starve. He was given a peck of wheat as his share of the pooled harvest earnings and this and his gun he started for new pastures. It chanced that James Pollock, an overland freighter was camping in the Valley, having been cut off the church for apostacy. He was now on his way to California. Terry hired out to this man agreeing to give his services, his peck of wheat and his gun for transportation, and board to California. They traveled as far as Fort Hall on the Snake River when a report of Indian troubles on the Humbolt reached them and Pollock decided to abandon the trip. He got in with the Government Agent, Captain John Grant at Fort Hall, leaving Terry to herd horses and do drudgery around the camp, while he spent his time at the Fort.

Terry resided her for two months which made him a pioneer of Idaho, at last he became discouraged and decided to try something else. Through the influence of Pollock, Captain Grant refused to employ him even for his board and hence he must be a slave to Pollock or strike out afoot without a gun or sufficient clothing, to try to find some other fort or an Indian camp.

One kind heart at Fort Hall, a Doctor Rogers, gave him three dry biscuits and half a pound of jerked beef. The Doctor advised him to try to reach Fort Bridger, two hundred miles away. The first part of the way he lived chiefly on ego and thistle roots; his moccasins soon became badly worn, a heavy snow storm came up, and his feet became raw and bleeding, so he could not travel very fast. One day he had traveled all day through nearly a foot of snow without anything to eat and without seeing a living thing, the wind was bleak and cold, night was coming on and he was about to give up in dispair, feeling that he would perish before morning. He knelt in prayer. When he arose he noticed a large black rock in the shape of a coffin. He went over to it and on examining it found a hole on one side. He crept into this hole out of the storm and the wind. Although it was cold and black as pitch inside it furnished a shelter for the night.

He had not been in there long when he heard something approaching which proved to be an animal of some kind. It had also come to the coffin shaped rock for shelter. They remained together in the rock all night, the warmth of the animal's body warmed him and kept him quite comfortable. The next morning, just before day-light, the animal crawled out and went on its way and as it grew light, Terry crawled out too, feeling none the worse for sleeping with his new bedfellow. This, Terry regarded as a miracle caused by the influence and power of the Holy Spirit over the animal, in answer to his prayer.

He was soon on his way without breakfast as he had nothing to eat. The only human being he met in the days of travel were roving Indians. During the day he became so faint and weak, having had nothing to eat for three or four days, he was about to give up in dispair but he knelt down and asked the Lord to show him some way to get food or relief from his misery by death. When he arose he saw a smoke in the distance, so he decided whether it be friend or foe he was going to it for he had to have food.

When he arrived at the place he found an Indian Teepee. It was situated a little east of what is now known as Soda Springs and was occupied

by an old Indian and her son. They had been left behind by the tribe because she was too old to travel; her son stayed with her. Terry made signs for food and sleep, but the son was not willing to do anything for him. The old woman, seeing how weak and starved he was, talked to her son and softened his heart. The young Indian came to him making signs for Terry to lay his head on his, the Indian's knees, and when he did so the Indian spit in his ear. This made Terry angry and he felt like kicking the fellow out of the teepee, but calmed himself for the sake of something to eat. The Indian then laid his head over and motioned for Terry to spit in his ear, which Terry did, giving him a good earful. This seemed to please the old woman and her son very much, although Terry did not understand what it all meant, but was to learn from grave experience in the near future. The old woman went out and stirred up a red ant bed, scooping the ants up in a vessel and roasted them over the red hot coals, then made a broth out of them.

She gave some of the broth to Terry to drink then motioned for him to lie down and sleep before she would give him anything else to eat. When he awoke he found that the young Indian had been hunting and had killed an antelope. The old squaw prepared a broth by boiling the paunch with its entire contents in the kettle, without salt or seasoning of any kind. When in years after, Terry spoke of this incident, he claimed this was the best supper of his life for he was given a liberal portion of the broth and that night slept well in the teepee. The next morning, another portion of the broth and he went on his way; the young warrior went with him for a distance showing him a short cut through the mountains in the distance then left, Terry saying that he could go no farther as he was afraid of the pale face.

It was while in the company of this old woman that he first began to learn the Shoshone language, the young Indian asked him nearly a 100 times if he, Terry, had no friends, but Terry could not understand. Later when he had learned the language, he knew what the question meant.

The rest of the way to Fort Bridger he met one Indian who gave him some buffalo meat for a little ammunition that Terry had carefully saved. The Indian took special pains to instruct him how to prepare the meat and how much it would be safe to eat at one time as it proved to be a very strong laxative to one not used to eating it and so famished as he was. At last, he reached Fort Bridger, having walked two hundred miles without seeing a soul except a few Indians. Mr. Terry said as soon as he reached Fort Bridger, the sun seemed brighter and good old Jim Bridger asked him if he knew how to use an ax. Terry said "yes". Then Bridger asked him if he could build a log house, and again Terry told him "yes". Then Bridger employed him. Terry soon became Bridger's most trusted employee and foreman. Jim Bridger, like many other mountaineers would at times indulge in a little too much strong drink and do some gambling. On one such occasion, Bridger had over \$2,000.00 and was losing. Fifteen hundred dollars of this was in a buckskin purse which Terry watched his chance and slipped away and kept safely a day or two until Bridger was well over his spree and then returned it. From this time on, Terry and Bridger were fast friends.

Jim Bridger was a man of honor, and though rough and ready, he had a warm heart. When he was a friend, he was a friend indeed, and when he was an enemy, either Indian or white man might well look out. He was quick as lightning and a dead shot on the spur of the moment.

Terry had an almost uncanny sense of direction. Bridger at one time concluded to test him, so he took Terry a long distance into a heavily timbered part of the Uintah Mountains and after winding around in different directions, he asked Terry to point toward camp. Terry did so immediately, Bridger was surprised, but he said, "I'll lose you yet." So, he tried again and again, but Terry could always give the proper direction promptly. Bridger said Terry was the only man whom he had ever failed to lose in that heavily timbered country. With such a friend, Terry found life at Fort Bridger to be pleasant, interesting and free.

Bridger explained that some day Terry's parents with their family would be coming that way and when they did come they would likely be in need of help, and that he would see that they got it if Terry would only stay with him. Terry remained with Bridger two years — thus becoming a pioneer of Wyoming. Finally, Terry's father and family came along and were much in need of help. Then Bridger made good. He told Terry to go out and bring in two yoke of the best oxen he had and fit the family out for the rest of the trip. This was done, without any deduction from the wages Terry earned.

As all the more reliable mountaineers had taken Indian wives, Bridger insisted that Terry should take one too. He did not know which one to choose, but a little later met with an experience which settled that for him.

One day not long after, Terry was out on the range hunting horses, he had gone a long way from the fort and as he rounded a hill he came into a rugged wild strange valley. As he stood on the brink of the hill scanning the valley for stray horses, he heard a rushing sound, as he turned to look at the gap through which he had just entered, he was surrounded with Indian Warriors. They took him captive and decided they would have some fun at his expense, so they tied him hand and foot then they held a council to determine what to do with him. In a few minutes the council was ended and they had decided to scalp and burn him to the stake. Some picked him up and tied him to a tree, while others gathered brush and piled it around him. Others of them went to gather in the rest of the Indians, telling them they were going to burn a pale face.

With fiendish yells, they clasped hands and danced the war dance around him and the pile of brush, all the time yelling at the top of their voices and weaving in and out. Then they would step and throw their tom-a-hawks at his head, one, more powerful and hideous than the rest unsheathed a large knife and started toward Terry; just as he was about to scalp his victim, another band of Indians was seen coming around the hill. The Chieftain of this second band proved to be no other than the young man who had spit in his ear. Terry learned at this time that the act of spitting in the ear meant friendship and that they would sometime understand each other's language so the young man proved to be a friend indeed.

The Indian warriors went into council, talking until almost midnight, when the friendly chieftain came out and cut the bands that bound him, rubbing his numb hands and legs to get the feeling back into them, as they were very numb from being bound so long. The Chief said he was doing all that he could, but was unable to free him so he could go back to his people; he led him into a tent and the Indians guarded him continually.

All the time he was held their prisoner, an Indian girl brought him food and became his friend. She and the young Chieftain told him of the troubles among the Indians. They told him that the Indians were going to war against his people, the Mormons, they told him he must get away to see Brigham Young. The young Chieftain promised to help him do so and then went into council with a few braves who were not so prejudiced against him. They gave him so many moons to go and get back. When he left he felt that unless an over-ruling and greater power than his own should help him, it would be impossible to make the journey to Salt Lake before the allotted time. To his surprise, his Indian friend was about midway with a fresh horse and he reached Salt Lake in time.

He gave his message to Brigham Young and left immediately with President Young's message for the Indians. Again he was met by the Indian Chieftain and again he was supplied with a fresh horse. When within a short distance from the Indian Camp his young friend gave him his own horse as he only had a short time to make the rest of the way. This horse was a wonderful traveler and Terry arrived just as the sun was going down of the last day. As the sun sank behind the hills they saw him coming. They all gathered around him to hear the message from Brigham Young. It pleased them so much that they gave him his freedom and in a short time he married the Indian girl that had been so good to him.

The average price of a wife was a good horse. If the father said "go" she went, but it was up to the husband to treat her so she would stay. Terry said, "My Indian wife was good and true and she loved me with a devotion unsurpassable; when I was ill and she had done everything possible to relieve my suffering, she and others concluded that I could not live, so she went out from camp and when she came back she said she had taken poison root because she did not wish to live when I was gone. I got well and she died a martyr to her love."

In 1849, Mr. Terry went to Salt Lake City along the old immigrant trail and established a system of ferry boats on the Green River. During this time, he married another Indian woman, Ann Greaswood, June 15, 1851, at Fort Bridger, Wyoming. She was born in Wyoming and had two children. First George, born at Fort Bridger, February 11, 1853, who was murdered January 10, 1907. He married Kate Ennis, a half breed. The second child Jane, born at Draper, April 26, 1855, married John Rideout. The second wife, like the first, was good and true. They moved to his home in Draper where the white man's ways of living in a house caused her to get consumption. He sought what medical help was then available, an Indian Medicine man happened to be camped at Union Fort. Mr. Terry took his wife there and made a bargain with the Doctor that if she was cured the Doctor should have his best horse, but if not, he should have nothing.

He began rubbing and sucking spots on portions of her body, seeming to draw something from the skin as black as coal. The pain would be eased in different places. He worked faithfully until midnight and then he said it was no use to try further as the woman would die before the sun would rise again. Terry asked him how he knew and the medicine man said he could see her spirit in the lodge and it would not leave for a moment. He explained that if the spirit would go away and then would come back she might get well. She died just as the day was breaking December 28, 1857, at Union Fort, and was buried at Draper. They had lived together seven years.

His third wife was Mary Emma Reid. She became the mother of fifteen children. Terry learned the Shoshone and the Araphoe language so well he became an Indian interpreter. During the nearly eight years that Terry lived with the Indians, as one of the tribe, he became one of Chief Washakie's most trusted leaders and was always consulted in the war councils of the Shoshone Tribe. He always counsiled them not to go to war with the white men. Washakie listened to him and time and again prevented Indian outbreaks..

Terry was gifted with a wonderful eye sight. He was quick and a sure shot. He said the Indians were quite superstitious. He related one peculiar incident that caused them to put a perfect trust in his marksmanship. He said one of the Indians owned a dog that was given to howling at night. It did this so much that it disturbed the whole camp.

One night the dog had howled for hours. Terry could not sleep. Though the night was very dark, Terry took his gun and aimed as best he could in the direction from whence the howling came and the noise ceased at once. The next morning the dog was found with a bullet hole in the very center of his head. One of the Indians asked Terry if he could see well enough in the dark to shoot like that. Terry answered "yes." The Indians believed he had eyes like an owl and could see in the dark. In relating this incident, Terry said he knew this was a perfect accidental shot, but it had its effect and caused the Indians to place a wonderful trust in him as a gunner. However, Terry was a wonderful marksman and could seldom fail to bring down a buffalo or any wild animal on the run. His wonderful marksmanship saved his tribe from hunger many times and more than once saved his own life.

One incident of this kind happened at Draper when he had settled down to live on his farm on the Jordan River. This is the story. One day a big Indian brave came along with two very poor horses and wanted to trade for a span of Terry's fat, and most trusted animals. When Terry would not trade the Indian went away mad. That night he returned, put his old poor horses in the corral and took Terry's best animals away. The next morning, Terry and Joseph Reid, his brother-in-law, started in pursuit. They caught up with the Indian near what was the - and many years after - called Dunyon's Hot Springs, now called Crystal Warm Springs in the South end of Salt Lake Valley. The Indian bravely asked Terry if he was mad and when Terry said he was, the brave said, "Let's fight then." He immediately began his Indian war dance and snapped his flint lock gun at Terry, but it failed to explode. Quick as a flash Reid drew his pistol and fired at the Indian but missed him. The Indian snapped at Terry the second time, but his gun failed. Then Terry shot and killed the Indian. Terry said afterwards he knew he could shoot a buffalo bull on the run and that he could shoot an Indian of the dance and he did, thus saving his own life.

Following this incident many different Indians would come to Terry's place claiming to be a cousin or some near relative to the one killed and wanted Terry to give them a cow or a horse or pay them in some way for the loss of a relative. Terry did this until he became tired of it. I, Joshua P. Terry, remember well when after he had moved his family into town onto the farm once owned by Zemira Draper. An old Indian buck, a strapping big fellow about 40 years old with his squaw and a young girl came to father's

place. He claimed relation to the one killed and wanted to be paid. Father offered them some bread and half a sack of flour, but they were not satisfied. The squaw sat up an awful mournful yelling as though weeping for the dead. This seemed to me to be just put on. They wanted a beef steer which father refused to give to them and ordered them out of the house. They refused to go and the squaw began her yelling again. She was sitting on the floor. Father caught hold of her under the arms to lift her up and put her out. As he did so, the Indian drew a gun, just then father looked back, saw the gun pointed at him, so he reached back with his right hand, caught the barrel of the gun and with wonderful strength gave it a twist which broke the stock from the barrel. They talked a few minutes longer, then the Indians left. That was the last Indian I ever heard of wanting to claim relationship to that dead Indian and wanting to be paid for his death.

In 1856, he went back to Missouri as a guide. During the Johnsons Army episode in 1858, he served as a scout with Porter Rockwell, under Lott Smith. They spent day and night watching the advance of Johnson's Army and whenever an opportunity came, they stampeded their cattle and drove away their horses, raided their supply wagons, destroyed their ammunition and at last burned their wagons on the Little Sanda River. All this was done to make the intruding army surrender, and enter the Valley peacefully, which was accomplished. When Johnson's army first started for Utah, the Government found out that a shipment of powder was on the way to Utah with one of the immigrant trains. Johnson was notified. He sent a company of men to overtake the immigrants and confiscate the powder without fail.

Terry's eight years with the Indians traveling back and forth through the mountains prepared him well for the important task he was now called to perform. He was given a number of horsemen, each having an extra horse with pack saddles. Terry received instructions to meet the immigrant train, get the powder and see that it got to Utah without fail. Terry was just the right man for the job. He, with his men, met the immigrant train on the Green River.

In the middle of the night, they knocked in the heads of the powder kegs, poured the powder into the saddle bags and were away, having thrown the empty kegs into the Green River. The next day the company from the army overtook the immigrants, searched for the powder in every wagon in vain. They cursed and swore in dissatisfaction, then rushed ahead determined to get the powder. Terry and his men did not follow any road. Terry knew all the passes in the mountains and led his men safely through without mishap. Had they tried to keep the road they would surely have been overtaken, for they crossed the fresh trail of the army twice the next day. The powder reached Salt Lake in safety.

On January 20, 1857, Mr. Terry married Mary Emma Reid Johnson, daughter of John Reid and Sarah Corter, who were pioneers of 1852, and crossed the plains with the Warren Snow Company. They were married by William A. Hickman in Salt Lake City and were later sealed in the Endowment House. She was born June 7, 1840, at Golden Point Hancock County, Illinois. She was of a family of five children. Her parents were very poor and being driven from one place to another with the saints, she never had the privilege of attending school. Her parents were very strict and devout Latter-Day Saints. The worst thing she had ever heard her father

say was "Gol darn it" and that was as bad as they were ever allowed to say. If any of them did anything their parents did not like and they could not find out which one did it their father lined them up and thrashed the whole line. She remembered very distinctly one time when one of the children caught their few chickens and tied red strings to their tails, frightening them almost to death. No one would say which had done it so they were all punished.

She walked barefotted all the way across the plains, carrying her baby sister the greater part of the way. She said although the way was long and hard and many times her feet were sore and bleeding and she was faint with hunger, still they had good times when they were camped for the night by the light of the camp fire and to the music of an old violin and the howling of the wolves. There she attended some of the best dances of her life. When her feet were too sore to dance barefooted, she would borrow a pair of slippers from one of the more fortunate ladies. Often she would tie them on because they were many sizes too large, but her heart would swell with pride to think she had a pair of slippers in which to dance. She had one calico dress when she arrived in the Valley. The dress had been washed so many times it had faded out and had been patched until she could hardly tell which piece or color was the original.

When they arrived in the Valley they settled in North Ogden. The first winter they had very little to eat, mainly bran bread, and many times she walked five miles to get a little buttermilk. When she was 14 she met a young fellow by the name of John Johnson, who was on his way to the gold fields of California, but as winter was coming on he decided to stay in Utah until spring. While here, he joined the Church, as many of the immigrants did, and were called "winter Mormons" by the people of the church. Shortly after she met him they were married and she said he was good to her and she learned to love him dearly, but when spring came the gold fever came also and he left her with the promise to send for her when he struck gold. On February 18, 1855, she became the mother of a son, William Johnson (Terry). Johnson sent for her to come to him in California, but her parents were not willing for her to go. After that she never heard from him again.

These were trying days for the young mother, not hearing from her husband and her parents being unable to give her and her baby the meager necessities of life. As soon as she was able to leave her baby, she started out in search of work. She had walked about ten miles on the way to Draper, for she heard she could find employment there, when she was given a ride to Salt Lake City by a man with an ox team. The next day she started for Draper, trudging all day through mud and snow, thinly clad, and shoes so badly worn they would hardly stay on. She was seriously fatigued, numbed with cold as it became very bitter and her dress was frozen stiff above her knees. It was eight o'clock that night she saw a light burning in a log cabin which proved to be a church, and as she did not know a soul or any place to go, she opened the door and entered. Several men were sitting around the fire place. Among them was Joshua Terry. He took her to the fire, ripped off her shoes and found her feet were badly frozen. He got a pair of moccasins for her and when she was warm he took her to his home for the night.

Courtship was short in those days and a little more than a month later, they were married, and moved down to his place on Jordan River west



of Draper, where they resided for a number of years. When their children were old enough to go to school, they moved back and took a place, the old home of his brother-in-law, Zemira Draper's in Willow Creek, where they made their home. John R. Park was teaching the Draper school. Mrs. Terry had the children bring their lessons home and she studied with them. She had determined to learn to read and write for Mr. Terry was courting a young girl, as it was in the days of polygamy. At this time, he was called to go and make peace with the Indians. While he was away the young girl twitted her about her education, saying she could write what she pleased as she would have to do all the writing and reading of the letters. The boast of the girl proved to be a blessing, for while he was gone, Mrs. Terry learned to read and write and the girl who twitted her got married to another man.

Mrs. Terry became active in church duties first as Relief Society teacher with Aunt Catherine, as the people of the town called her. Their beat reached from Donyon's place to Milo Andrus home, now known as Crescent. Mrs. Terry hitched a pair of horses on a light wagon and it took them all day to make their rounds, but they never failed. In time she became head teacher or supervisor, as they are called today. She was called later to be a second assistant to Aunt Catherine Smith in the first primary organization in Draper by Eliza R. Snow. A few years later she was called to be a Stake Aid in the old Salt Lake Stake, where she worked faithfully until the Jordan Stake was organizaed. She held the same position in the latter stake until she was too old to travel with horse and buggy from ward to ward.

She became the mother of fifteen children, seven boys and eight girls, seven of these were living at the time of her death. She was a true honest and faithful Latter-day Saint. She died at Draper, August 2, 1918.

In the early sixties, Joshua Terry and Lewis Robinson ran the Ferry across Green River. This became a very profitable business. They also accumulated considerable wealth in horses, mules and cattle. Many of the immigrants bound for California, as well as those for Utah, when they reached the ferry found their teams well worn out and poor. They would gladly trade two or more of their poor animals for one fat one. After making such a trade, Terry and Robinson would turn the poor animals on the range where there was plenty of good grass. In a month to six weeks, these poor animals freshed up well enough that each one could again be traded for two or three more.

Joshua Terry lived at Draper since 1856. He served a number of years as trustee of the Draper schools and for eleven years was justice of the peace. He was a prominent and highly respected citizen, the father of sixteen children and had one adopted son.

He died at his home February 22, 1915, of infirmities to old age, having lived ninety years.