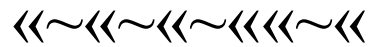


# THE RELUCTANT BRIDE



BY

DOROTHY J. SCHIMMELPFENNIG, Ph.D.

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## COME, COME YE SAINTS

Come, come, ye saints, no toil nor labor fear;  
But with joy, wend your way.  
Though hard to you this journey may appear,  
Grace shall be as your day.  
'Tis better far for us to strive  
Our useless cares from us to drive;  
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell-  
All is well! All is well!

Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard?  
'Tis not so; all is right.  
Why should we think to earn a great reward,  
If we now shun the fight?  
Gird up you loins; fresh courage take;  
Our God will never us forsake;  
And soon we'll have this tale to tell-  
All is well! All is well!

*--William Clayton*

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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

The primary purpose of *The Reluctant Bride* is to present, in an interesting fashion, the lives of Henry Hughes, Rebecca Bassett, and the generations that preceded them.

*The Reluctant Bride* is an expanded and critically edited version of *Stars in His Crown*.

Names, dates, and places of births, marriages, and deaths can be found in the Appendix, under the heading Family Charts.

Writing this biography would not have been possible without the memories my grandmother Rebecca, my aunt Rose, and my mother, Martha Margaret, shared with me over the years.

--D.J.S.

# HUGHES ANCESTORS

THE COUNTRY OF WALES FACES the Irish Sea, its back attached firmly to the border with England. Throughout the early centuries of recorded history, Wales was ruled by petty chieftains. Lacking a centralized seat of power, it was never able to repel land-hungry invaders. By the year 1292, England had completed the subjugation of its Welsh freedom fighters. It was due to the implacable, stubborn resistance of these men that Wales was never granted the semi-autonomous status enjoyed by Scotland and Ireland today.

Wales became a much-abused and denigrated stepchild, its land and all its natural resources appropriated by English peerage. It was only after 600 years of occupation and exploitation that Great Britain's Prime Minister Tony Blair was able to initiate a bill allowing the Welsh people a limited degree of political representation through the National Assembly as of 1999.

Prior to the Industrial Revolution, occurring between the years 1790 to 1860, Wales was a sparsely populated land. Families lived out their lives in tiny hamlets, tucked snugly into valleys among its forested mountains. The two occupations available to common folk were as tenant farmers or sheep-herders. Both groups paid English overlords a fee for the use of their own Welsh soil.

The introduction of new technological innovations radically changed Wales in many unforeseen ways, but it was coal that caused the greatest havoc. It was coal that provided power for these miraculous machines, and Wales was cursed with an abundance of coal deposits. At the peak of production, it was said that every town in Wales had its own coalmine.

Coal had been taken from mines dug directly into the sides of hills or mountains for hundreds of years. It wasn't until power-driven machines provided ventilation and removed water from underground tunnels that men began to drill straight down into the earth, creating deep-pit mines.

Although coal miners worked seventy-two hours a week, their pay was so infinitesimal that they and their families lived lives of abject poverty. To keep bread on their tables and roofs over their heads, parents often found it necessary to send their children to work at the mines, often by the age of six. The youngest of the boys and girls were assigned the job of sorting rocks from the mined coal. By the time the boys were nine, they were considered mature enough to be sent down into the pits.

Adult men dug coal while preteens and women pulled and pushed fully loaded wooden trams along tracks leading to the vertical mine shaft. Ropes or chains attached to the trams ran down between the legs of the workers and were then fastened around their waists. In today's world it appears to be common thought that Welsh ponies moved these trams along the rails. The idea makes a pleasant, guilt-free view of the past,

but the use of ponies was the exception, rather than the rule.

When organizations promoting social welfare began protesting working conditions for coal miners, governmental committees were duly formed to investigate the matter. The results of their inquiries boggles the mind. These peers of the English realm were unconcerned about the length of the work week, the poor ventilation in the mines, the depth of the water in which the miners worked, or the instability of the tunnels. What worried these upper-class men was the fact that men who worked side by side with women wore no clothing above the waist, due to the heat and humidity. They saw the situation as an invitation to licentiousness. They were certain that these miners were rolling around in the dirt and filth of the tunnels, having illicit sex and creating bastards. So much for the Victorian outlook on life.

Unable to solve the problem as they saw it, but obligated to make some kind of recommendation for the improvement of the coalmine industry, parliament passed a bill in 1842 prohibiting the employment of boys and girls under the age of ten. It was assumed that children of the lower classes knew all there was to know about the facts of life after that age.

What few schools existed in Wales were meant for children whose parents could afford the costly tuition. There were none for the children of coal miners. Keeping the proletariat underpaid and illiterate had long been England's policy. Dependant upon a steady salary for the survival of their families, miners were less likely to make demands for better living and working conditions. Then, too, after children labored in a coal mine for twelve hours a day, they were too exhausted to spend four or five hours in a classroom.

Without political power to address starvation wages and working conditions that were akin to slave labor, coal miners in England and Wales began to organize. Employee strikes proved to be a game of "chicken", a contest to see which side crumbled first. The odds were invariably on the side of the mine owners and stock holders, those whose families were never without food or shelter, regardless how long their employees refused to work. On the other hand, the miners were dependent upon how much coal they were able to produce in any given day. No work meant no salary. No salary; no food. It required unremitting determination for a man to watch his family suffer for a cause.

Another shift in the status quo during the Industrial Revolution involved religion. Wales found itself involved in doctrinal investigation similar to the Great Awakening in America. Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, and Presbyterian denominations all vied for converts. Determined not to become dominated by any single church, small independent chapels burst forth in every town and village, like mushrooms after a spring rain. So overwhelming was the common man's participation in these various home-grown religions that this period is commonly referred to as the Chapel Era.

PRIOR TO 1785, WE CAN IDENTIFY only two generations of our ancestors who carried the name Hughes. The year of birth for John Hughes is estimated as about 1724. Death records indicate that his son and namesake was born in 1753.

Robert was the third generation to carry the Hughes name and the first to be confronted by the

Industrial Revolution, with all its repercussions. Age 60 at his death in Mold, Flintshire Wales, 1785 is the calculated year of his birth.

With an unprecedented demand for coal, many young men turned to mining as an occupation. Because the more productive coalfields were dug into the hillsides south of Flintshire, Robert moved to Ruabon, in the district of Denbighshire. It was here he met and married Martha Read, and it was here their son was born on February 17, 1815. They named the infant John in honor of his grandfather and great grandfather.

In Flintshire a group of investors operating under the name Hampton & Company invested in a relatively unknown coalmine on Argoed Hill, giving Robert the incentive to move back to Mold. His son Robert was born in 1817, Thomas in 1822, and our ancestor Henry was christened in 1825. The last of the Hughes brood was a daughter Elizabeth, born in 1829. Elizabeth was named for a sister who died during infancy.

Christened in Mold, Henry's place of birth was the village of Bistree, situated just below the village of Argoed and the Argoed Coal Mine. Henry doesn't tell us at what age he began working above ground at the mine. We do know he was being lowered down the mine shaft by the time he was nine. So young and so small was Henry that his big brother John often carried him on his shoulders during the darkest winter mornings as they struggled along the ice-covered pathway leading to the mine entrance.

In 1837 disaster struck the Argoed Mine. A deluge of water poured in from an old, abandoned tunnel, trapping thirty-two men and boys who went down in the pit that day. Of these, six men and five children survived. Age twelve that fateful year, Henry Hughes lived to describe the tragedy. June 15, 1862, Henry recorded his recollections of the ordeal.

On the 9 Day of May, thirty two Souls, men and Boys, including My Salf, Descended the Shaft, which was Seventy yarges Deep, to Work. There was an old Deserted Pit Close to the one where we Worked which Sixty five years before Had Suddenley filled with water. Some of the men Had been werned not to work too near to the old Pit for fear the water would Breake through and flood the one whare we were working.

At about eight a Clock on the Morning of the above Date, the man and Boys was Called out as the water had began the Brake through from the old Pit and Was Coming in on us. When, However, we got to the Shaft to be Hoistad up a Man named John Owens Told us to go Back as there was no danger. So we Returned and Resumed work.

In two Hours afterwarde the water Rushed in in Such quantity and force that Seven of our number were Drowned and the Rest of us, with the Exception of too, Rushad to a position in the Highiast part of what is callad the air course. Twanty two of us all huddled together without any way of Escape with no air to Breathe and nothing to Eat. In a Short time our Lights went out for want of Are and to add to the Horrors of the Situation we ware Laft in Total darknass. Never Shall I forget the fearful picture of Human Despair Which was presented by a young man named William Haliute. Whan he Realiced His awful Situation he utterad Shriekes of agony. He callad

over the names of His young Wife and his Little Children and Plunge His hands into His Hair and tore it from his Hade in Handfulls. Some Sat Silant and gloomey, Speaking not a word. Apparently awating the visit of the grim Monster death. Others wept and I noticed two men who war Large, corpulante men, named Respectively Thomas Jones and William Williams. They went off[f] a few Feet aside from the others and Prayed. These two Last died in a few Hours Afterwards.

To add to the Horror of our position, the mud was Six inchis Deep where we were. Among our number was a young man named John Jones wo [who] had always manifested great interest and affection for me. In order to keep me out of the mud, he Took me in his arms and Laid me across his Lap. In this position I want to sleep and when I awoka my Dear Friend was Dead.

The Breathing of the gas which Had gathered in the place where we were imprsoned caused a Kind of Stupor to come over us. And it was well that it was so, else we might Have been Tempted to Drink Some of the Sulphurie water with which the pit was flooded. Which would Have proved cartain Death. As it was, our minds were so Derangad that, Although Suffering with Burning thirst, we did not Know Enough to go and Drink it.

We Remained in this Terrible condition for three Days and two nights. During which time twelve of our Number Dide. A portion of the Time I Lay on four Dead Bodies. The people out side mean while Had Not been idle. They Had been Doing all in thir power to Rescue us by Emptying the pit of water a fast as possible. On the therd Day Relife Arrived. The first person who came to us was my Brother John Hughes, who was then a young Man. The first Man he Reachad was John Candrick and the first word he said to Him were, is Henry Alive. Candrick Answered, He was a Shart Time Since.

My Brother John Continued to Crawl over bodies of my fallow work man, shaking tham as he want to See whether they were alive till he got to my self. He Shooke me and called me by name and I answered by making a mournful wailing noise. He Took me in his Arms and as the watar was onley aboat a foot from the Roof he got on his back and paddled Himsalf along, Hoilding me above the water till we got to the Shaft. Those of us who were a Live were Taken up a Shart Distance at a time. If we had been Teking up too Sudnley into fresh air it might Have caused instant Death. After we were taken up we were carefully nursed and fad Sparingly until our Strength Returnad. I was among the first to Recover.

The incidant caused grate Excitement all ovear that part of the cuntrey. Ther was a great fair being Held at Mold on the 12th of May when we were being taking out of the pit and all the people Laft [left] the Feir so that it was completely Deserted and cam to See us and when we reachad the Top of the Shaft the Assembly crowds rent the air with Defening cheers and many of the people wept for Joy. Two man [who] war in a Nother part of the pit were found Dead 11 Days after we were Taken out. During all the Time I was imprisoned in the Pit, I had no fear of Death and, in fact, an idea of it never Enterd my mind. I often feel thankful to God that my Life was Spered So that I Have Lived to Hear and obey the Gospell of Jesus Christ.

JOHN HUGHES DID NOT see the survival of his brother Henry as divine intervention. What swirled



around in his memory were the dead, bloated bodies he encountered as he crawled along through the mud, searching for Henry. During John's lifetime there were no agencies to counsel men suffering from post-traumatic syndrome; no therapy group-sessions for emotional release. The thought of descending once again into the black pit of the Argoed Mine haunted him. There was no guarantee that enough money would ever be invested to make the tunnels safe from another cave-in.

Lacking an alternate source of income, the months following disaster were difficult for the sixty miners who had previously been employed at the Argoed Mine. They watched anxiously for signs that work was being done to open the mine, but stock holders of the Hampton Company were already bemoaning the expenses of reconstruction. They abhorred the thought of their money being swallowed up in a black pit, one that gave scant promise of ever being productive again. They wanted to see dividends, not deficits.

To John the solution for his family was to do what hundreds of other miners from Wales had been doing. They should cross the border and find work in Staffordshire, England. But, to abandon Wales and move to England was anathema to his father. From time immemorial, the two countries had been bitter enemies. Flintshire was Robert's homeland; the Welsh language his heritage.

John didn't have either the energy or the will to debate issues with his father. He decided that he was through with the Argoed Mine, through with the burden of Welsh poverty. There had to be a brighter future elsewhere.

Before leaves had fallen from the trees, John began working in one of the coal mines near Newcastle-under-Lyne, in Staffordshire, and was courting a young lady who lived in the industrial town of Hanley.

Mary was the daughter of a coal miner named Peter Hallowell. A talented young woman, she was employed as a potter in a factory known throughout England for its fine china. On April 22, 1838, John Hughes and Mary Hallowell were married in the Church of England chapel in Bucknall. Illiterate, the groom, his bride, and her father each signed the marriage document with an "X".

John and Mary's first child was born as the year 1838 gave way to 1839. They named him Henry, after John's brother. (For the children of John and Mary, see the Family Chart in the Appendix.)

WHEN ROBERT HUGHES went down the shaft and into the black, foul tunnels of the Argoed Mine the first time, he knew that mining was a dangerous occupation. There were noxious gases, floods, and worst of all—collapsed tunnels. But no one had warned him that just breathing the air in a coalmine could kill you. Now, after safely surviving all the other life-threatening risks, he was about to die from Black Lung.

Long before the Argoed disaster, the spittle he coughed up—phlegm as black as tar—told him that the air in the poorly ventilated mine was killing him. Robert had done his best to ignore his condition, to forget it, but he no longer had a choice. The effort to breathe was sapping his strength. To prolong his life, it was imperative that he abandon coal mining as an occupation.

In the best of worlds, his sons would never have become miners, but Robert had neither the influence that would enable him to secure apprenticeships for the four, nor did he have money to pay a master

craftsman to accept them as occupational trainees. As Robert saw it, the boys had no choice but to continue digging away in the bowels of the earth, but he could spare them the pain of dying from Black Lung. Robert, Thomas, and Henry must leave Wales, as John had done, and find a mine in Staffordshire where there was adequate ventilation.

It was in late spring of 1840 that Robert Hughes called his family together. The time had come to share the burden he had been silently carrying. The plan he proposed was for Martha, Elizabeth, and the boys to move to Hanley, where John was living.

When Martha objected to being separated from Robert, he pointed out that he would do well to earn enough to take care of his own needs. He couldn't support her and their daughter Elizabeth in Flintshire. Furthermore, he refused to go with them. On the doorstep of death, he would be an emotional and financial liability to his family. In time, they would grow to resent his very presence in their lives.

Martha was aghast. How could her husband suggest such a thing after all the years they had spent together! In defense of his position, Robert pointed out that only fifty miles lay between Mold and Newcastle. To Martha, this distance might as well be the same as that from the earth to the moon. Considering their limited means, the journey of two or three days by carriage was too long, too arduous, and too expensive for either of them to undertake casually. Worse still, how would she know when the time came that Robert needed her—when he was fighting for his last breath of life? Who would stand by his bedside, holding tightly to his hand as he died?

In the end, Robert's will prevailed, with one exception. Young Robert agreed to remain behind, in Flintshire, to look after his ailing father.

THOMAS HUGHES WAS 18, Henry 15, and Elizabeth had just turned 11 when they arrived in Hanley. John immediately located a house for rent close to his own, one of a long train of attached houses. His wife Mary volunteered to help her mother-in-law become acquainted with food markets, dry-goods shops, and the nearest chapel.

In spite of their help, Martha felt the world had collapsed around her. She had no idea how to begin building a new life at the age of fifty. Even though Robert was still alive, she had the responsibilities that normally accompanied widowhood. How Martha longed to hear his voice, to feel the touch of his hand on hers. But wishes wouldn't wash dishes. Goodness knows she had enough to keep her busy during daylight hours, what with teaching Elizabeth the household skills any good wife should know, and John's two children to hug and spoil. It was the wee hours in the long, lonely nights that plagued Martha most.

FOR THE NEXT FOUR YEARS, life settled down to a humdrum routine for the Hughes family in Hanley. Six days a week Thomas and Henry worked in deep-pit mines, looking after each other as best they could, turning over most their earnings each week to their mother for household expenses.

Henry had always believed that his rescue from the collapsed Argoed Mine was accomplished through divine intervention. He could not imagine the plan God had for him, but he was certain he would recognize the calling when it came. Then one Sunday, as the pastor of the local parish read a passage from the Bible, it occurred to Henry that he must learn to read if he was to be prepared to take advantage of the glorious future that was meant to be his. To accomplish this feat, Henry bought a cheap notebook and a few lead pencils. Each Sunday thereafter, he said goodbye to his mother following worship services and began roaming the shopping districts in Hanley and Newcastle. Every sign he saw hanging above a shop or in its windows he carefully copied in his notebook. By the time all the pages were filled, Henry thoroughly understood the mystery of the written word. At the same time, he realized that he would never be able to compose English sentences as well as an upper-class gentleman, but he could read and write both English and Welsh. He was almost ready to grasp his destiny.

BACK IN MOLD, THE FIRST STEP Robert Hughes had taken to prolong his life was to abandon the mining of coal. His second decision was more tenuous, one that he preferred not to share with Martha. Less than a day's journey from Mold there was a pool of water that purportedly had miraculous healing powers. In all probability, Robert never knew the story behind St. Winifred's Well. He knew only that the ill and handicapped swore they were helped by bathing in its waters.

According to folklore, the son of a wealthy prince made sexual advances toward a pure maiden called Winifred. When she spurned his attempts, young Caradoc cut off her head with his sword. At the spot where Winifred's severed head fell, a stream of clear water bubbled up from the ground. Fortunately, Winifred's uncle St. Beuno was able to restore her to life.

When tales of the miraculous healings of those who bathed in the waters of Winifred's Well reached the Vatican, the Catholic Church declared it a pilgrimage site. Due to the number of pilgrims journeying to Wales to visit St. Winifred's Well, the town of Holywell soon sprang up, its ambitious entrepreneurs offering food and lodgings for a price.

Clinging to hope, Robert decided to take advantage of the well's phenomenal powers by working as a farmhand on one of the estates adjacent to Holywell. He wasn't looking for a miracle—only an extension of time on Wales's green earth and an easing of the discomfort associated with his failing lungs.

If young Robert thought the decision to bathe in the waters of St. Winifred's Well was a foolish one, he never reproached his father. Instead, he reluctantly gave up work as a miner and became a common day-laborer, the better to look after his father. Young Robert considered this line of work demeaning as compared to the mining of coal. As a miner he had belonged to the brotherhood of macho men who boasted of facing death miles underground.

Robert Hughes, Sr., took his final, labored breath on May 3, 1845, thereby releasing his son from the necessity of remaining in Wales. Four years of virtual servitude had been difficult ones for young Robert to endure without protest. He had accepted the assignment and predictable drop in wages, but not without reservation. With exactitude the sun had risen and set each passing year, leaving Robert with the realization that he had accomplished nothing toward furthering his life. He could understand his father's desire to give up mining and bathe in the waters at Holywell. And he was cognizant of the fact that Thomas and Henry had to move to Staffordshire to insure their health. What he couldn't understand was why his brother Thomas hadn't taken his turn in caring for their father? Why had the burden been his alone to carry?

Martha had looked forward to welcoming her son Robert back into the family fold following the funeral and burial of her husband at Mold, but she found that he had changed. It was more than the fact that he had become a man. He exuded a spirit of restlessness, of dissatisfaction with life.

When Robert refused to live in his mother's house on Dale Street, his brother John offered to take him into his home as a boarder, but Robert politely refused. He preferred to live alone; to be free of family obligations. Martha could understand her son's wish for independence. What she couldn't understand was Robert's negative attitude toward his brother Thomas. When asked, both boys chided their mother, assuring her that nothing was wrong. Worst of all, there was nothing Martha could do to heal the breach.

Newcastle-under-Lyne and the surrounding, smaller cities presented Robert with a whole new world—a world to be explored and enjoyed to the utmost. Making up for lost time, within eighteen months he had met and courted Jane Hopkins, the daughter of a potter named John Hopkins. Reveling in a new-found spirit of rebellion, Robert chose to have their marriage ceremony performed in a Protestant chapel in Hanley, rather than the Church of England. The wedding took place on September 13, 1846.

Fortunately, Jane Hopkins reflected Robert's ambition and desire for adventure. Unencumbered by children, the pair decided to emigrate to America. No record has been found to tell us when they sailed or what their lives became on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

JOHN'S BROTHER THOMAS decided that his freedom was being curtailed by living with his mother. Moving to his own quarters put Martha in an economic bind. There would be only young Henry's salary to support the three of them—Henry, Elizabeth, and herself. When Martha pointed this out to Thomas, he suggested that Elizabeth apply for a job at either the cotton or pottery factories. After all, Elizabeth wasn't a child any longer. It was time she contributed to the family coffers, just as other teenage sisters and daughters of miners did.

As an alternative to Thomas' suggestion, Martha decided to take in sewing. In so doing, she would have to rely upon Elizabeth to take over most of the household chores. It was a well thought-out scheme but fell short of solving Martha's growing financial problems. Little did she suspect that a solution was in the

offing.

Elizabeth fell in love with a brick layer name Hubert Clay. Martha couldn't have been more pleased when he asked for her daughter's hand in marriage. (For the children of Hubert and Elizabeth, see the Family Chart in the Appendix.) Hubert was a bright, ambitious young man who planned to become a building contractor.

One Sunday afternoon, Hubert and Elizabeth approached Martha with a suggestion that might solve her financial dilemma. If Martha agreed, Hubert would move into a room in her house, paying the going rate of rent for similar accommodations. At first thought, Martha refused. The offer was enticing, but what would the neighbors say? Then again, Henry's salary combined with the meager amount of money she and Elizabeth earned with their sewing wasn't paying the bills. Admitting that the proposal had merit, Martha finally agreed to provide board and room for Hubert. However, in making her decision, it didn't occur to Martha to ask her son Henry for either his opinion or consent. It was an omission she would live to regret.

Much to Martha's dismay, in 1849 Thomas' live-in girlfriend, Mary Ann Beesby, gave birth to a baby girl they named Susannah. There was no peace to be had until Thomas relented and did the honorable thing by Mary Ann. The couple was married in January of 1850. When Mary Ann became pregnant a second time, she gave up her job in a pottery factor and began working temporarily as a household domestic.

Thomas and Mary Ann seemed particularly suited to the industrial culture in Hanley. Thomas wasn't one to obsess over possible calamities in the underground tunnels, and he enjoyed the camaraderie of his fellow miners. Mary Ann eventually quit working outside the home in order to look after their eleven children. (For a listing of these children, see the Family Chart in the Appendix.) As soon as they reached their early teens, the boys became miners and the girls worked in a cotton factory.

# HENRY HUGHES

SAVERING THE MOMENT, HENRY HUGHES squared his shoulders and peered down the winding street, passed the tiny houses sheltering the under-privileged families of miners and into the open road of possibilities.

The crisis that compelled Henry to leave Hanley was inevitable. Arrogantly, Elizabeth's betrothed had stepped in and assumed the position as head of the household. There was simply not enough room in his mother's home for two Alpha Males. Then too, Hubert Clay was older and more experienced in the ways of the world. He lorded this fact over Henry at every opportunity.

Although Henry bitterly resented being displaced by an outsider, he decided it was just as well things turned out as they did. It was time to close the door to the past, just as he had closed the door to the house in Hanley, where he had lived for the passed decade. It wasn't that he had been unhappy during those years. They had been good, simple ones. At this point in his life, what Henry wanted most was a feeling of physical renewal, just as the dandelions on the village green erupted each spring in fresh, green-and-gold costumes.

Henry soon found work in the Easington Coal Mine, located on the shoulders of Newcastle-*upon*-Tyne in County Durham—not to be confused with Newcastle-*below*-Tyne. This industrial metropolis had long been the coalmining capital of the British Isles, so much so that the phrase “carrying coal to Newcastle” was eventually coined.

For Henry, locating living accommodations was far more difficult than finding a coalmine offering him employment. He could have bunked with any number of young Welsh miners, but he had never wavered in the belief that God had a special destiny for him. The coarse manners and speech practiced by all miners had to be tolerated underground, but he wanted to rise above this kind of conduct. There was a bigger role for him in life and he wanted to be ready to take advantage of it when the opportunity arose.

Henry didn't know whether it was providence or perseverance that led him to the nine-acre farm of Richard and Ruth Jones in County Durham. Just two years older than Henry, Richard had come from a middle-class family, one that could afford to have their son properly educated. Henry was elated with the chance to associate with people from whom he could absorb useful social skills. Each new talent he acquired placed him in a better position take advantage of whatever opportunities might come his way. And

he was certain they would! He was meant for greater things than being a coal miner.

In the months that followed, Ruth and Richard came to admire Henry Hughes. He was a young man with a purpose, a man eager to absorb all the information Richard could offer him concerning subjects other than coal mining and cotton factories. Ruth was especially impressed and began to see Henry as a possible suitor for her sister Ann. With that objective in mind, she began inviting Ann to an occasional dinner, along with their sisters Martha and Elizabeth.

When Henry met Ann Howell, she was twenty-nine, a single woman living with her family in Wingate, County Durham. Ann was christened in Stanton-Long, Shropshire, England, on February 14, 1819.<sup>1</sup> Her father was Edward Howell and her mother's maiden name was Ann Hughes. It wasn't as though Ann hadn't had chances to marry. It seemed that there was always something lacking in the young men who asked her out to concerts and dances. She had hoped and waited for that special someone to arrive until it seemed as though he didn't exist.

Then along came Henry Hughes, a handsome man with curly, black hair and inquisitive blue eyes—a young man with charisma. Ann sighed with disappointment. Henry Hughes wasn't the one for her. In spite of these positive attributes, she had made up her mind long ago not to marry a coal miner. Besides, Ann discovered to her dismay, Henry was five years younger than she was.

At the age twenty-four, Henry felt he was ready to follow the example of his brothers and settle down. Although he was a poorly paid miner, with no apparent prospects for employment in a different, more-lucrative occupation, so were all the other young men he knew. One look at Ann Howell, and he knew immediately that she was meant to be his wife. With her at his side, anything was possible. So it was that Henry began a concerted effort to win Ann's heart.

Henry could ill afford to give Ann expensive gifts, but he was not without alternatives. There was much to see and do if you were resourceful, and Henry was. The blustery North Sea, with its pebbly beach, was practically at their back door. On sunny days he and Ann could watch ships from strange, foreign countries sail toward Whitley Bay, where stevedores loaded their hulls with coal. On cloudy days there was the ancient Wingate Castle to explore.

Not the least of these pleasures were formal, Victorian gardens, where shrubs were carefully clipped to resemble animals, and beds of geraniums, roses, and daisies were laid out in geometric patterns. It was during their visit to just such a garden that Ann first learned of Henry's obsession with plants. Wild or cultivated, Henry was fascinated by them all. The most enjoyable days during their courtship were spent in the meadows and woodlands around Wingate, where Henry taught Ann the names and usefulness of the herbs growing there. It may well have been this shared experience that finally convinced Ann to accept Henry's proposal of marriage.

As soon as the two sisters Ruth and Ann were able to find a suitable cottage for rent near the Howell

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<sup>1</sup> Martha was christened October 21, 1821; Elizabeth, September 5, 1824; and Isaac, January 2, 1831.

family in Wingate, a date was set for the wedding. Henry Hughes and Ann Howell became man and wife on November 4, 1850. The nuptials took place in the nearby town of Easington, in County Durham.

BY 1850, MISSIONARIES FOR the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had been proselyting in England for more than a decade, finally achieving a branch-membership of 33,000. Whether Henry sought out LDS missionaries, or if they found him, he never said. Whatever the scenario, Henry fervently embraced the doctrine as presented to him. At long last he knew the beginning phases of the future God had for him. The call had been long in coming, but he felt himself fully prepared for whatever was required.

Henry was baptized by immersion on July 2, 1851, at the hands of John Kafry. Naturally shy and pensive, his wife Ann was more reluctant than her husband to accept membership in this peculiar American Church. She had lived her life as a devout member of the Church of England. Now, suddenly, her husband was asking her to believe the story of an apparition as claimed by a man who had no formal ecclesiastical education. It took Henry more than a year to convince Ann to join the LDS Church. She was baptized on September 9, 1852.

Often ostracized by families of fellow miners, a small group of converts sought out their own kind for companionship. Among those with whom Henry and Ann became fast friends were William Findley and his wife, Sarah Shaw. None of the four could have imagined that some day Henry would take the widow Sarah Shaw Findley as a plural wife.

TO INCREASE THE NUMBER of Saints living in Utah Territory, LDS missionaries throughout Western Europe encouraged converts to emigrate. Henry considered their advice to be his long-awaited message from the Lord. It had been long in coming, but now he knew the rewards meant to be his were waiting for him in Zion.

The birth of his son Henry Howell in June of 1852 prompted Henry to accelerate his plans for emigration. Ann contemplated the move with a great deal of anxiety. What little security she knew was generated by a close relationship with her sisters and brother. It was different for gregarious Henry, different for a man who had established a place for himself outside the protective confines of hearth and home. However, both Henry and Ann realized that emigration was a guarantee that their sons would never be subjected to the harsh and dangerous conditions existing in coal mines.

To raise money for their passage to America, Henry sold what few things they had accumulated since their wedding, but it was not enough. He had no choice but to sign Bond #160 with the LDS Church in order to make up the deficit. The Perpetual Emigrating Fund, operated by the church, would finance their start toward a new life. However, by accepting the financial assistance, Henry was also obligated to reimburse the Fund.



ON MARCH 25, 1853, HENRY, ANN, and their ten-month-old son, Henry, joined 400 other venturesome emigrants aboard the sailing vessel *Falcon*, berthed at Bramley Moore Dock, Liverpool, England. For the nine weeks spent aboard ship, Cornelius Bagnall would be responsible for the health, spiritual guidance, and moral integrity of the LDS passengers. It is his account that we learn something of conditions experienced by the Saints during this particular crossing.

On March 28, the *Falcon* encountered rough weather while sailing through the Irish Channel. So violent was the motion of the ship that most of the passengers took to their berths.

At six o'clock the following morning, the baby of William and Sarah Steward died. A loss so soon terrified Ann, who would fear for the life of young Henry throughout the seven-months required to reach Zion.

Families were supplied with hot water twice a day. Limited supplies of butter, cheese, and vinegar had been purchased by agents for the LDS Church in England. Brought aboard the *Falcon*, these supplies were to be distributed at the discretion of Elder S. W. Richards. Complaints concerning meal preparation and Richards' refusal to distribute the coveted food became a cause for complaints as the days wore on. Brethren from Scotland were the most vociferous. It was their contention that they were being discriminated against by the Englishmen who presided over them.

Sanitation proved to be a nagging problem. Bagnall appointed stewards whose duties were primarily janitorial. The most obnoxious assignment was the emptying of slop pails. Once again it was a Scotsman who considered the noxious chore quite unsuitable for a person of his station in life.

In an effort to restore harmony aboard the *Falcon*, Bagnall divided the converts into six wards. Each ward was to take a turn in cooking and serving the main meal. Rice was on the menu for Mondays. Oatmeal was served on Tuesday. Wednesday was pork and potatoes. Thursday was the second day of the week for rice. Friday was oatmeal again. Pork and potatoes rounded out the week. What food the families were given on Sunday was not mentioned in records of the crossing. This day may have been set aside for fasting and leftovers.

By March 29, moral laxity proved to be of greater concern to Bagnall and his councilors than diet. Bagnall found it necessary to issue an order that lamps below deck were to be kept burning throughout the night. In addition to this precaution, he assigned two elders to alternate in watching over the nighttime activities of the young men and young women.

With a routine established and parameters of behavior set, passengers and crew began the process of ticking off the days required to cross the Atlantic Ocean. To counteract boredom the restless Saints began participating in nightly songfests. This activity created a problem for the *Falcon's* captain. His crew complained that the noise from frolicking Mormons kept them awake and unfit for duty the following day. The captain's original response was to insist that everyone be silent from eight o'clock in the evening until dawn. Bagnall protested on behalf of the passengers. After a brief conference, it was mutually agreed that

the passengers would be allowed to stay up until ten o'clock, providing they did not sing after eight in the evening and were as quiet as possible after nine o'clock.

With improved weather by April 7, the captain issued orders for all passengers to assemble on deck. The stench below had become unbearable. It was imperative that they be sure to secure the hatchways, otherwise the odors from the hold would permeate the entire ship. Those brethren whom Bagnall had called as stewards spent the remainder of the day cleaning and scrubbing the living quarters below deck.

April 9, Richard Fredrick Kendal, the three-year-old son of Henry and Emma Elisabeth Kendal, died and was buried at sea. A second son of the Kendals, Lorenzo Henry, died three days later.

To keep the children occupied, the Saints organized a school and set up tents on deck to shield them from the sun. As for the adults, Bagnall put their idle time to good use by assigning them the task of making tents and covers for the wagons that would take them on their overland journey to Zion.

On April 20, John Mason, the five-year-old son of John and Emma Mason, died and was buried at sea. The Masons would lose another child before they reached the promised haven in the Rocky Mountains.

A second all-out effort to sanitize the area below decks was undertaken on April 21, but to no avail. Nine days later the passengers were once again ordered to assemble on deck. This time the hold was thoroughly fumigated by the ship's crew.

On April 24, a member of the congregation spoke in Tongues and Elder Bagnall interpreted. The spiritual manifestation was in regard to a convert named William Rockall. He had become insane and was under restraint in the ship's infirmary.

A final treatment of soap and smoke below decks was undertaken on May 5.

Reaching the shores of America at long last, a harbor pilot came aboard ship on May 16, at 2:45 Monday afternoon. Two tugboats towed the *Falcon* into the mouth of the Mississippi River. Although the passengers were eager to set foot on solid ground, they had to content themselves with a view of the coastline as seen from the ship's rail for two more days.

Neither the name of Henry Hughes nor his wife Ann are mentioned in the Bagnall account of the ocean voyage. If the young couple found the food less than palatable, they made no complaint to the presiding brethren. If they resented the restrictions or felt Henry's abilities were slighted, they kept their opinions to themselves. Husband and wife were an unprotesting and integral part of the immigrant company, in full support of the objectives and desires of the leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

THE EXUBERANCE OF BRITISH CONVERTS upon their arrival at New Orleans was dampened by the accidental death of one of their new friends. James McGregor from the Glasgow Branch fell overboard and was drowned. It was the first of a series of unfortunate accidents and deaths that would plague the converts throughout the remainder of their journey to Utah Territory.

At St. Louis the boxes and sundry belongings of the passengers were carried aboard the river steam-boat *Dee Vernon*, bound for Keokuk, Iowa. After a two-week respite in Keokuk, the Saints were about to

achieve the designation of Utah Pioneers.

IN KEOKUK, APPLETON HARMON was duly assigned to captain the group of British Saints about to set out on the overland trek to the Great Basin in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. The few affluent members of the company purchased their own wagons, ox teams, and supplies. The majority, including Henry and Ann, were assigned places in church-owned wagons and provided with an allotment of bacon, flour, sugar, soap, and saleratus (a leavening agent). Each of the wagons, regardless of ownership, was equipped with a wash tub, a bucket, a pan for baking, a portable oven, and a rawhide whip. One hatchet for every two wagons was deemed sufficient.

On the day of departure, oxen were yoked to wagons and the company was ready to move out by 9:30 on the morning of Wednesday, June 15, 1853. Unprepared for life on the emigrant trail and in poor physical condition as a result of their weeks at sea, the fledgling pioneers covered a scant nine miles the first day.

The second day was even more disheartening. A constable from Keokuk arrived with a warrant for the arrest of Appleton Harmon. The charge was larceny. A pair of stray oxen, owned by a farmer in Keokuk, had inadvertently been assimilated into the company's herd. As captain of the wagon train, Appleton Harmon was held responsible. Although the trial was swift and Harmon cleared of charges, it was Saturday before the trek could be resumed. Camp was made that evening at Sugar Creek, twelve miles farther along the trail. To avoid future problems concerning ownership of livestock, precious time was consumed in branding the company's animals.

On Sunday, efforts to make up for lost time failed when a wagon tongue broke and most of the daylight hours were lost in making repairs.

The constable from Keokuk made a second call on the Saints the following day. This time he carried a writ of attachment for Appleton Harmon's horse as payment for fifteen sets of oxen shoes ordered by an unidentified member of the company. By the time the matter was settled, two milk cows had wandered away and had to be left behind.

After six days on the trail, the company had covered only thirty-four miles. No one could have been more discouraged by the lack of progress than Appleton Harmon. He was responsible for the safe passage of the Saints and it was he who knew the nature and extent of the hardships lying ahead. The distance between Iowa and the Valley of the Great Salt Lake could not be shortened, but the load the oxen pulled could be lessened. Wednesday, June 22, Harmon asked the emigrants to sacrifice all the possessions they could possibly spare. It was better, he said, to leave furniture and dishes behind now than be forced to abandon them beside the trail weeks later when they reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It was estimated that the dutiful Saints discarded one and a half tons of baggage in response to their leader's plea.

This remedial action brought some improvement in travel time, enabling the wagon train to reach Council Bluffs by July 10. With money provided by the Perpetual Emigrating Fund, Captain Harmon

bought and distributed the following supplies to each family: tea, sugar, soap, 100 pounds of flour, 10 pounds of bacon, and 75 pounds of pork. No mention was made as to whether or not Harmon took into account the number of children in each family.

The wagon train was accosted by approximately 200 Pawnees on August 5, but the company was able to continue unmolested after making the Indians generous gifts of bread and white flour. When the wagon train entered Sioux territory a month later, the pioneers had ample opportunity to observe smaller, less-threatening groups of Indians.

August 8, five men were sent out to hunt buffalo, the first of these North American animals the British families had ever seen. A cow buffalo was killed the first day and a bull the next, providing much needed fresh meat.

After the pioneers had been on the trail almost two months, conditions began to deteriorate rapidly. Among reports of wolves tearing at cattle's legs by night and the death of a milk cow due to snake bite, the *Harmon Company Journal* is replete with accounts of broken wagons, dying oxen, and cows that were either lost in the wilderness or simply left behind as unfit for travel. Families doubled up as best they could when wagons were damaged beyond repair and had to be discarded, or when irreplaceable oxen died. In so doing they increased the load carried by the remaining wagons and added to the burden pulled by the exhausted, sore-hoofed oxen. Out of necessity, rest stops became more frequent and the dreaded winter months drew closer.

Worst of all was the loss of human life due to the rigors of the trek. Two women, two men, and a child died between the dates of July 19 and September 20. Of the adults, three died of intestinal illnesses. In all probability the cause was cholera, a disease that plagued all emigrant companies heading west.

By the end of September, the Appleton Harmon Company was nearing Fort Bridger, close enough to Salt Lake City that several of the brethren were allowed to ride ahead in order to attend the LDS General Conference set to convene in early October. For the first time since the converts left Liverpool, the name of Henry Hughes is mentioned. He was assigned to supervise a group of ten families, their leader having left with the advance group.

Reduced to a starvation diet, it became necessary to send two rescue missions to meet the Harmon Company. The one from Fort Bridger, carrying 125 pounds flour, reached the wagon train on October 1. A day later the converts welcomed two wagons loaded with additional supplies sent out from Salt Lake City.

Food had arrived just in time to insure the survival of the starving Saints, but there would be no relief for either humans or beasts in the number of difficult miles yet to be traversed. Between the fourth and the fourteenth of October seven oxen and two cows died of exhaustion. A third cow had to be left behind as unfit for travel.

The distance covered the last day of the company's overland journey was seven miles. The Saints had reached their goal, their promised Zion. On Sunday, October 16, 1853, the bedraggled, foot-weary pioneers stumbled into Salt Lake City. As other companies had done before them, they set up camp on the public square in the heart of the city and turned their cattle out to graze in a nearby churchyard.

IT IS VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE for succeeding generations to comprehend the adjustment to their dreams that had to be made by Henry and Ann Hughes when they settled down to a daily routine in the impoverished and primitive conditions of the American frontier. This was not the glorious Zion that the missionaries had promised. There was no employment to be had for Henry that winter—therefore no income. Husband and wife must have experienced a great deal of frustration and anguish before spring finally arrived in the Rocky Mountains.

With the harsh, winter months finally behind them, Henry began making plans to build a cabin in Mill Creek Canyon. Because he owned neither an ox nor a horse, Henry realized he would have to drag logs to the building site by sheer, physical strength. For the first time in his life, he appreciated the hard, physical labor he had endured in the coal mines. If nothing else, pushing and pulling the wooden tubs of coal through underground tunnels had prepared him for the task ahead. To obtain the necessary logging chain, Henry sold his precious, gold pocket-watch. With the logging chain firmly in hand, he fastening one end of the heavy links about his waist and the other around a log, precisely as he had done with the trams in the coal mines of Wales. Through immense physical effort and sheer determination, Henry Hughes was able to build their first home in America.

As small and humble as their log cabin was, Henry and Ann managed to make room for a number of less-fortunate emigrants from time to time. Among these newcomers were their friends from Wingate, William Findley and his wife, Sarah Shaw. The couple had booked passage aboard the *John M. Woods*, sailing from England on March 12, 1854.

To Ann it seemed a lifetime since she and Sarah had experienced their first pregnancies together, commiserating with one another as their bodies swelled with new life. At age thirty-three, Ann had been apprehensive about her first pregnancy. However, it was she who bore a healthy son while Sarah's died three months after his birth.

Henry and William decided to break fresh ground in Big Cottonwood Canyon. Meanwhile, Ann gave birth to a second son, Charles, before leaving Mill Creek Canyon. Their second cabin in Zion was completed before two more sons, John and Thomas Howell, joined the Hughes family.

A COLOSSAL CELEBRATION WAS underway in Big Cottonwood Canyon on July 24, 1857, commemorating the arrival of the Mormon Pioneers in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake a decade earlier. It is estimated that 3,000 Saints were in attendance that day. Given the location and the importance of the occasion, we can safely assume that Henry, Ann, and their boys were among those present when four men arrived on horseback, carrying the news that representatives of United States Government had dispatched a

contingent of soldiers with orders to subdue or annihilate the Mormons.

Responding to his position as head of a household, Henry joined the Mormon Militia and was assigned duty in Echo Canyon, in present-day Weber County. These volunteers kept the U.S. Army at bay until the crisis passed. By the fall of 1858, members of Johnston's Army, as it was called, were bivouacked in the southwest section of Salt Lake City, allowing life to resume its natural course.

For Henry it was a time for a reevaluation of their circumstances. The valley of the Great Salt Lake had been a disappointment. Not only was the heat of the desert difficult to endure during the summer months, but both the Findley and Hughes families longed for the green, rolling hills and the cool, moist climate of the British Isles. With the possibility of relocating in a more desirable location, Henry made arrangements to join a group of men who were planning to settle in Cache Valley the following year.

Henry reached Cache Valley in May of 1859, in the company of Roger Luckham, Robert Sweeten, James G. Willie, Charles Shumway, Andrew Shumway, Charles Atkins, Alfred Atkins, Peter Sorensen, Isaac Sorensen, Peter Larsen, and Alexander Hill. Intending to stay, some of these men had brought along their wives, children, and farm animals. Because it was only an exploratory trip for Henry, he had elected to come unfettered by family and livestock.

Breaking the virgin sod was extremely difficult work. Four yoke of oxen had to be hitched to a single plow in order to accomplish the task. Adding to their difficulties, the only harrow available was a primitive, three-cornered relic with wooden teeth.

When the men had sowed the last of their grain seed, Henry turned his wagon south, anxious to get back to Ann and his cabin in Big Cottonwood Canyon.

Those families who remained behind eventually decided to build their cabins a few miles south of the original fields they had cultivated. This alternative settlement became Wellsville.

Henry made a second visit to Cache Valley when it was time to harvest wild hay. William Findley may have accompanied his friend because he moved Sarah and his two children to Cache Valley a few months later.

Cache Valley was a fertile, beautiful, green valley, but an empty one. The nearest town was on the opposite side of high, intervening mountains. Then, too, it was said that Shoshone Indians spent the summer months in this mountain retreat. It would take a considerable number of settlers to repel an attack. It was better to be safe than sorry, as the old saying goes. He and Ann could wait a year or two before making up their minds that Cache Valley was the right place for them to rear their children.

LDS APOSTLE EZRA T. BENSON gave the original town site its name of Mendon, after his place of birth in Massachusetts. The fledgling settlement of Mendon consisted of two rows of crude cabins, constructed of logs ten-feet long. Roofs were made of willow or split aspen caulked with mud. Floors were hard-packed dirt. Each cabin was built on the same plan. They had two windows but no stoves. Meals were prepared in fireplaces, using large, cast-iron skillets. As a convenience to the men, horse corrals stood

directly behind cabins, followed by stock yards. Vegetable gardens, which were the women's responsibility, lay farthest away.

The possibility of Indian attacks in Cache Valley had not diminished by the time Henry and Ann moved to Mendon in 1862. So tenuous was the peace that men and teen-age boys carried guns with them whenever they did chores outside the safety of the cabin interiors.

In the month of August, shortly after the arrival of the Hughes family in Mendon, Ann gave birth to a mentally-handicapped son, whom they name Edward Robert.

During the following winter, approximately a thousand Shoshone Indians came down from the north and camped in the meadows south of Mendon, an area now known as College Ward. Their presence was a cause for consternation among the settlers, but no overt move was made by the Indians.

As threats of Indian attacks diminished, Mendon residents dismantled the twin rows of cabins and built homes on individual lots.

Peace between the two factions prevailed until 1866, when a war party of Bannock Indians entered Cache Valley. Their leader was the notorious Chief Pocatello, originally known as Tonaioza. Responding to the possibility of an attack, heads of households were instructed to have on hand 300 rounds of ammunition. Local minutemen began training exercises. Because small towns were sure to be first-choice targets, LDS Church leaders advised the residents to move to larger cities that could be more easily defended.

After a thorough discussion concerning their situation, Mendon families voted to remain in their homes. In case of immanent attack, women and children were to take refuge in the community's stone church. When a suggestion was made about the need for some kind of defensive bunker, husbands and sons began building a rock wall around the building.

Just as had been feared, Chief Pocatello singled out the tiny village of Mendon for an assault. In order to gain information as to the ability of the settlers to defend themselves, the chief assigned one of his braves to wander through Mendon during daylight hours, taking note as to how well their enemies were prepared to repulse an attack.

After darkness fell each day and the spy was gone, families watched Indian campfires burst into flame on the hillside and wondered how long it would be before Pocatello attacked. Something had to be done to rid themselves of the dangerous, intrusive Indian spy, but no one knew just how to go about it. Finally, in desperation, a representative from each household was asked to gather in the church house, prepared to address the problem. What part Henry Hughes played in the meeting that day is unknown. After a heated discussion, three husky men volunteered to threaten the Indian spy in such a way that he would pick a community other than Mendon for his spying activities. How the threat was to be carried out was up to the trio, with one stipulation. Any injuries inflicted on the man must not be severe enough to provoke Pocatello into an act of revenge.

It was during the first week of June that the volunteers chose to carry out their assignment. It took little

effort to persuade the Indian spy to follow them to the outskirts of town, but convincing him to return to his camp in the foothills proved impossible. Unaffected by their threats, the Indian threw his blanket over his shoulder and began walking back down the dusty road toward the center of Mendon.

Because verbal intimidation had proved ineffectual, the men fell back on threats of bodily harm. It is anyone's guess as to how the spy responded. Did he meet the challenge by pulling his razor-sharp scalping knife from his belt? Did he point his rifle at the offending white men? Whatever the circumstances of the confrontation, one of the three settlers panicked and struck the Indian a fatal blow. "Well, that's one more good Indian gone," was his guilty comment.

Orders had been explicit. The Indian was not to be seriously harmed. A plan covering major injuries or death had not been discussed at the meeting held in the church building. Knowing no solution to the problem they created, the men wrapped the dead Indian in his blanket, left him in a field near a pond south of Mendon, and rushed back to report their misadventure.

An emergency meeting was immediately called. The lives of all those within striking distance of the Indian camp depended upon how well the death of the Indian could be concealed from Chief Pocatello. It was finally agreed that the men in attendance would bury the body on someone's farm and then disguise the grave site by plowing the field.

Realizing that dirt at the bottom of the hole they were about to dig would be a different shade of brown than that on the surface, the men carefully skimmed off a few inches of topsoil, piling it to one side on top of the Indian's blanket. When the grave was considered deep enough and long enough, they dropped the spy into his final resting place, hurriedly filled it in, and then added the retained topsoil. To make doubly sure that all signs of the burial were obliterated, the entire field was plowed and harrowed.

Their gruesome task completed, the farmers returned to their homes, praying that Pocatello would be unable to identify the spot where his Indian brave had been so hastily buried.

When his spy failed to return to camp by the following morning, Chief Pocatello and twenty of his braves painted their faces, mounted their horses, and charged headlong down the hillside and into the quiet streets of Mendon. Certain the white men were instrumental in the disappearance of his spy, Chief Pocatello demanded to know what they had done to him. The presiding brethren protested their innocence and invited the Indians to make a house-to-house search. The contingent of painted warriors peered under every bed and opened every trunk in the cabins. They looked beneath every bush in the gardens. They poked into every haystack in the fields and moved every sack of grain in the barns, searching for a trace of their missing comrade.

Failing to find even the most insignificant clue to his whereabouts, Chief Pocatello eventually gave up the search. However, there was no doubt in his mind that his spy had been killed by the white men. Pocatello's parting words to the settlers were a furious warning. He would have his day of vengeance.

George Washington Thurston was born in Ohio and his wife, Sarah Snow, was from Pennsylvania. The couple owned and operated a flour mill about two miles south of Mendon. One pleasant day, in the spring



of 1868, the two Thurston children were playing in the vicinity of their home when the sky clouded over and heavy raindrops began to fall. From the porch outside her kitchen, Sarah called an end to the outdoor activities. Nine-year-old George immediately headed for his house, but there was no sign of his sister Rosetta, who was four years younger. Fearing the worst, a frantic search was begun, a search that ended precipitously at the mill pond. There in the mud were Rosetta's small footprints, and nearby were larger tracks made by Indian moccasins. It was just two years from the time Pocatello had sworn revenge against the settlers in Mendon.

Whether white or red, children captured by Indians were invariably forced to fend for themselves, surviving as best they could. Some years after the abduction of Rosetta Thurston, an elderly Indian woman reported that she knew of a captive white girl, a young child, who had died of cold and exposure in Box Elder County, just across the mountain from Mendon.

ALTHOUGH INDIANS WERE a constant cause of concern, the lowly grasshopper proved to be more of a threat to the health, general well-being, and prosperity of the residents of Cache Valley. Clouds of the insects came out of the north during the month of August, 1866, covering the grain fields and vegetable gardens, devouring every growing spear.

Two years later the assault of grasshoppers was so severe that a general fast was called and the settlers implored God to halt the ravages of the insects.

Grasshoppers continued to plague the settlers until 1873. During this seven-year period of infestation, at least 50 percent of the wheat crop was lost each growing season. As for oats, the farmers were forced to discontinue growing this crop because the grasshoppers chewed through the stems near the ground, causing total devastation.

From one cause or another, times continued to be difficult in Cache Valley. Quoting remarks made by Isaac Sorensen, an early settler:

A man . . . produced [wheat or oats] by ploughing [*sic*] the ground with ox team, water it and cut it with cradles [scythes], bound it by hand, threshed it . . . and turned the fan all day for cleaning it, and obtain less than two yards of factory [cloth] for one bushel of wheat.

Almost every family in Mendon owned a spinning wheel. The finished skeins of wool were dyed in an infusion of crushed flowers and herbs, all gathered from the hillside. Women dressed in homespun goods during the week, saving their calico dresses to wear to church meetings and parties.

THE NORTHERN LINE of the Utah Central Railroad brought the first measurable prosperity to Mendon in 1868. A man with his own team of horses could make ten to fifteen dollars a day, far more than could be earned from what he was able to grow and harvest.

Heady with the feel of good, solid silver in their pockets once more, Henry Hughes and William Findley decided the time was right for taking second wives. Henry picked Sarah Ann Goatman as his bride. The daughter of George Goatman and Mary Moulder, she was born December 22, 1853, at Churchdown in Gloucestershire, England. Sarah Ann was eight days short of her fifteen birthday when Henry Hughes took her as his wife on December 14, 1868.

George Goatman had worked as a carpenter for the railroad in England. Because Martha, his eldest child, had moved to Mendon with her husband, Henry Wallace Hughes, George and Mary decided to join them. The parents and their children—Sarah Ann, Henry, and Lucy—sailed for America aboard the vessel *Arkwright*.

Not to be outdone, William courted a sixteen-year-old Scottish lass named Agnes Muir, the daughter of Walter Muir and his wife Mary Bell Ross. The names of Mary and her children Walter, Annie, Agnes, James, and David can be found on the passenger list of the *Arkwright*. For one reason or another, her husband's name was omitted, perhaps because of the son's name of Walter.

Ann Howell Hughes and Sarah Shaw Findley consoled each other as they watched their husbands board a train bound for Salt Lake City, with teen-age brides on their arms. Henry Hughes, William Findley, and their child brides entered into the Patriarchal Order of Marriage in the Endowment House on December 14, 1868.

Taking plural wives may have been enthralling experiences for the men, but it was also a serious undertaking. Times were precarious and life uncertain. To insure the welfare of their expanding families, William and Henry made solemn pledges to one another. In the event that either of them met with an early death, the survivor promised to marry and provide for his friend's wives and children.

It was almost as though the two men tempted fate by their vows. William developed pneumonia within a few months of the double wedding. When he died on May 15, 1869, Sarah Findley was left with five children to rear, and Agnes, William's second wife, was four-months pregnant. Mary Elizabeth Findley was born on October 4, 1869.

Henry undoubtedly informed both of William's widows concerning his obligation to marry and support them. Neither accepted his proposal at the time. Agnes eventually married Hyrum Thomas Hill Richards and bore him eight children. Two of their children would later become daughters-in-law of Henry Hughes and his fourth wife, Rebecca Bassett. Jane Richards married George Bassett Hughes. Annie Laurie Richards married William Read Hughes. Agnes's brother Walter Muir married Rebecca's sister Margaret Bassett.

WHEN HENRY HUGHES ASSUMED the office of Bishop of Mendon in 1870, it was verification of his

belief that God had spared his life in the Argoed Coal Mine disaster so he could fulfill a special calling. After all these years of meticulous preparation, he was about to realize the final, most-important phase of that calling. In Henry's mind he was meant to be a father to the members of the Mendon Ward, to guide them, to admonish them as necessary, to love and encourage them in all their endeavors, to look after their best interests, and to attend to their physical wellbeing.

Like so many of his Welsh countrymen, Henry was inordinately fond of good music. One of his first official acts as bishop was to advertise for new members to upgrade Mendon's Ward Choir. In his letter of April 3, directed to the editor of the *Deseret News*, Henry offered forty acres of land to four volunteers who were capable of "reading music" and who would "guarantee to attend meetings regularly." Those needed were a basso, a tenor, an alto, and a soprano.

Henry and Ann took a well-deserved vacation in Salt Lake City during the month of July, 1872. Sarah Ann Goatman, Henry's second wife, remained in Mendon to look after incompetent young Edward.

An even more important reason for the trip was to perform proxy baptisms in the Endowment House for their kindred dead. To secure her eternal exaltation, Henry had his deceased sister-in-law Martha Howell sealed to him as a spiritual wife.

Three months later, on October 7, during the Semi-annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Henry Hughes was officially set apart as Bishop of Mendon, by President Brigham Young, Orson Pratt, George Q. Cannon, and Brigham Young, Jr. Henry continued to fill this ecclesiastical office for thirty years, until he reached the age of seventy-five.

As Bishop of Mendon, Henry held the most prestigious and powerful position in the tiny community. Only those men holding higher rank in the hierarchy of the LDS Church could challenge his authority, and these august brethren had more important matters to attend to than the affairs of an isolated village nestled against the western mountains of Cache Valley.

The time had come for Henry to honor his solemn vow to take the widow Sarah Findley as his wife. Henry was a proud man and Sarah Findley's rejection of his original proposal had been an horrendous blow to his ego. Furthermore, in his mind Sarah had no right to circumvent the fulfillment of his sacred promise to her dead husband, William. Henry was not a man to thwart. He was certain that God was on his side. He had only to wait for the ideal time and contributory circumstances.

Born in Wingate in 1826, life had not dealt kindly with Sarah Shaw. From the time William first suggested the possibility of emigration, she had opposed leaving England. After informing Sarah that she could accompany him on his journey to Zion or remain in England—alone. Her husband traveled as far as Liverpool before Sarah complied with his wishes. Once aboard ship, Sarah suffered a miscarriage. After settling in Cache Valley, she bore six children, buried an infant daughter and teenage son, then became a widow at age forty-one.

Sarah's sixteen-year-old son, James Findley, drowned in a section of the Logan River, near Mendon, where the channel takes an abrupt turn to the north. After his death, September 6, 1871, the spot where the

tragedy occurred came to be known as Findley's Bend. Sarah's last hope for an independent life died with James. She saw no alternative but to accept the inevitable, to become the third wife of Bishop Hughes.

In 1872, Henry Hughes and Sarah Shaw Findley were married *for time only* in the Logan LDS Temple. The marriage proved to be a fiasco, an attempt to fulfill Henry's promise to a dead man, a promise that should neither have been made nor kept.

To complicate matters, William Findley's children—Samuel William, Sarah Ann, Lindsey Jane, Mary Shaw, James, Elizabeth Hannah, and Lucy Silvena—resented the fact that Henry confiscated their mother's flock of sheep at sunup, immediately following the marriage ceremony.

On the other hand, the Hughes family profoundly disclaimed any possibility that Henry might have exercised his conjugal rights as a husband to Sarah. Whether or not he did so became a closed issue. As far as the members of the Mendon Ward were concerned, Sarah Shaw was the wife of Henry Hughes. Sarah and all she possessed was his for the taking.

With her death in 1891, Sarah Shaw Findley Hughes was finally released from vows taken in the Logan LDS Temple. Her body was laid to rest in the Mendon Cemetery, beside William Findley, the husband of her youth.

HENRY WAS CALLED TO SERVE a mission in Wales during the LDS Church Conference, held in the month of October, 1873. Henry had not set foot on British soil for twenty years. The mission would prove to be the most exciting and satisfying venture of his life.

Henry arrived in Liverpool on Wednesday, November 12, having sailed aboard the steamship *Oceanic*. Not only was there a world of difference between the steam-powered *Oceanic* and the sailing-vessel *Falcon*, in which Henry first crossed the Atlantic Ocean, but changes had also taken place in England and Wales during the intervening years. The railway system was one of these major innovations. The purpose of railroads was originally meant to facilitate the transfer of coal from one place to another, not to carry passengers. As a result, both the British Isles and the United States are plagued with narrow-gauge tracks.

Debarking at Liverpool in Lancashire, Henry's first unofficial visit was to his brother Thomas, who was living nearby at Wigan. Thomas couldn't hear enough about life in Utah Territory. What was the countryside like? Were there coal mines? How much land did Henry own? Did he wear clerical robes when he addressed his congregation? Did the position pay well? Thomas was especially curious about the financial problems Henry must deal with in supporting three wives, and how marital visits were managed. Henry did his best to paint a picture of life in Zion, knowing that what he described was woefully inadequate. Before the two parted the following day, Thomas gave Henry a photograph of his wife, Mary Ann Beasley, and himself.

Henry traveled next to the bustling port city of Jarrow on the River Tyne in County Durham to see his sister Elizabeth and her husband, Hubert Clay. In his journal Henry wrote:

. . . . . I Want in to the Porlar and colade [called] for a glace of ale and I give Hurbat, there Son, my Sachell to Put by for me and my Sister Saw my Name on it. She Like to fant a wey. She colade here husbant in and tould him She belvade I was here Brother Henry from America. The Bothe came in to the Rome. I was in to Se me but give it up that I was not the man the thought I Was. I Askede here for Sum Super. Tould here that I hade bine Travling all Day and that I Was verey hungrey. She was put a bout and did not know what to do. I Askede here if Shee would give me a chiss [kiss] if She could not gate the Super. She Lokede at me With vengence and I Smilde. Then She know me and fall in my Armes and I gote my armes full for Shee Was onley 200 lb. I hade a verey Plasant visit With them.

From Yarrow, Henry and his brother-in-law Hubert went to the city of Durham, where Ann Howell's sister Ruth and her husband Richard Jones were managers of a local hotel. Henry told the couple that he and Thomas were from America and would like to arrange for lodgings.

. . . . . Jones wanted to know what part we came from. I Tould him from Mendon, Cache County, Utah. He hade my Adres. He whent and Tould his wife that we came from where Henry lived. We heard here Taline [telling] him to Aske us if we know one Henry Hughes in that Part of the Cuntrey. I Tould him that I know him wall and that we hade Livede to gather for years. He then brout my Likenes to me and Askede me if I knew that man. I Sade that Was Hughes. Then he Brought [a picture of] my wife. I Tould him that Shee was his wife. We hade 3 hourers Taulk with them. I asked Ruth if I lokede Like that Man the Shode me. She Lokede me in the fase and Sade know. I Tould here that I was the verey Man him Salph. Shee Sade, "What. Henry?" I Sade yeas. [She] sade, "Ha. You have gote more Wifes than one and I dont like it."

I livede with them when I gote Mairade to here Sister Ann. We hade a good chate [chat with] tham the Evineng and the nax day and Evning, then Laft for my Sister.

Having exhausted the list of friends and relatives with whom Henry had planned to visit, he said goodbye to Elizabeth and Richard, then settled down to proselyting.

Most of the contacts made by the missionaries occurred in "cottage meetings". These were small groups of friends or family who met together in someone's house or apartment where the missionaries had opportunities to present the gospel message. On January 12, 1873, Henry presided in just such a meeting at the Bassett home in Cardiff, Wales. It is surprising that Henry made no comment in his journal about the evening other than the fact that it was a full house. It was on this occasion that Henry first saw Thomas' teenage daughter Rebecca. At the very first glimpse of her, Henry knew that God had meant for them to meet. There was no doubt in Henry's mind. In the pre-existence Rebecca Bassett had been designated to become his wife.

With testosterone flowing, Henry could think of nothing else but owning Rebecca, body and soul. To achieve his objective, he realized he must sell himself to her father. Time and time again he made excuses to visit the Basset home. Using all the wit, charm, and powers of persuasion that were his, Henry slowly built an exaggerated portrait of himself. He casually mentioned the importance of this office in the hierarchy of the LDS Church. He not only knew President Brigham Young personally, but had been invited to join him on an inspection tour of outlying wards in Southern Utah, including the new LDS temple at Manti. As the bishop of Mendon, he shouldered a myriad of responsibilities for the community as well as the members of the church. In short, he was the epitome of what a true, god-fearing man should be. The wolf had made himself a spot in the shade of a thicket, waiting for the opportunity to capture the vulnerable lamb.

LDS Church headquarters required Henry to send reports of his progress in the mission field. The following is a copy of a letter addressed to Joseph F. Smith, the President of the LDS Church.<sup>2</sup>

Feeling that you would like to hear concerning our labors here in Wales, I take this opportunity to write to you. Our field of labor, as you are aware, is of considerable extent, extending for nearly eighty miles; in fact, the Welsh [geographical] Conference now being composed of the remnants of other Conferences; the people, as a consequence, are very much scattered, therefore it takes a considerable time in visiting throughout the Conference.

On the arrival of brothers Miles Williams and Thomas F. Thomas from Utah, we met and determined to make a tour of this part of the Mission. We then took different directions, each determined to search out the honest in heart, and also those that had through some cause or other been cut off the [LDS] Church; and I am pleased to say that our labors, so far, have been attended with some success, we having been able, with the help of God, to bring back into the Church and kingdom of God some of the old members.

One instance I would like to mention, of a man having seen me in a dream a week previous to my arrival at Swansea, and been told that his labor was required to build up the kingdom of God. I, in company with Brother Thomas, met the man in the streets of Swansea at nine o'clock at night. In speaking together, I told him that his labors were required in that place, and in fulfillment of his dream, two hours later, I baptized him in the sea.

Since our statistical report in June last we have baptized twenty-eight. The future prospects in that direction I would rather leave for time to tell. All that I can say is, that Brothers Williams, Thomas and myself are continually bearing our testimonies and preaching concerning the truths of the latter-day Work, and in doing so we feel blessed by the Lord, which gives unto us additional strength and courage to continue as we have began [*sic*], knowing right well that we are doing the will of our Father in heaven and the wishes of His servants on earth.

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<sup>2</sup> Spelling and punctuation of published letters were corrected by editors of the *Deseret News*.

The general aspect of this Conference is anything but encouraging. Strikes, and rumors of strikes, are the order of the day; thousands out of employment in all districts, and hundreds begging for bread from door to door. But as a whole the Saints, who are striving to live their religion, have so far escaped the effects of this state of affairs, and I pray to God that His divine mercies may be continued towards them in that direction.

Henry sent two more reports to LDS Church headquarters in Salt Lake City during the opening months of 1875, describing the economic disaster which continued to plague the Welsh laborers.

February 9, 1875 . . . . . It grieves me to tell you that the state of this part of the country is deplorable; there are over a hundred-thousand men out of employment in South Wales, so you can have some idea of the state of affairs here. . . . .

March 11, 1875 . . . [The] double shift system [is] in use so that a greater number of men can be employed. Workers are paid less in this system. . . . .

WHILE HENRY WAS AGONIZING over the plight of his native countrymen in Wales, a program known as United Order was being promoted in Cache Valley. If and when the head of a household committed himself and his family to the United Order, he would be required to transfer title to his property over to the United Order Corporation, an arm of the LDS Church. Working participants were to be organized into groups of ten, with a supervisor assigned to each division. The men were expected to plow, plant, irrigate, and harvest their crops together. At the end of the year, each family would receive a share of the profits, based upon the number of dependents.

Mendon citizens were far from enthusiastic about the United Order. A man who consecrated twenty-five acres would receive no more compensation at the end of a year than one who contributed five. For that matter, neither of these property owners would receive any more remuneration for his sacrifice than one who had no acreage at all to contribute.

When Erastus Snow arrived from Salt Lake City to enroll Mendon families, Acting Bishop Foster demurred. Members of the ward had decided it would not be proper to make such an important commitment without consulting Bishop Hughes, who was serving a mission in Wales. Erastus Snow was furious. He asked Brother Foster if the Kingdom of God had to come to a stop until Henry Hughes returned.

Castigation by a General Authority of the LDS Church brought only a smattering of repentance among the members of the Mendon Ward. Two-thirds of the families continued to decline the opportunity of participating in the United Order. Many of the residents voiced the opinion that the Order would be a closed issued as soon as Bishop Hughes arrived home, “Just like Moses had destroyed the golden calf”.

Predictions voiced by Mendon brethren concerning the United Order program proved correct. Shortly

after Henry's return, during the summer of 1875, he claimed to have experienced a dream in which he was told that the time was not right for the implementation of the United Order. Having received a communiqué for the *Highest Authority*, Mendon families were released from any and all obligations to the United Order Corporation.

Bishop Hughes reclaimed his dominion and his subjects. All was well once more in this little part of God's world.



## BASSETT PEDIGREE

Lewis Basset (1681) md Francis

John Bassett (1707) md Mary

Richard Basset (1742) md Mary John

Richard Bassett (1778) md Mary Millward (1805)

Thomas Bassett (1827) md Margaret Edward (1827)

*Rebecca Bassett (1857) md Henry Hughes (1825)*

## EDWARD PEDIGREE

William Edward (1650) md Frances Mathew

William Edward (1677) md Margaret Mathews

William Edward (1700) md Elizabeth

William Edward (1721) md Mary Ambrose (1745)

William Edward (1765) md Rebecca Williams (1786)

Margaret Edward (1827) md Thomas Bassett (1827)

*Rebecca Bassett (1857) md Henry Hughes (1825)*

# REBECCA BASSETT

THE FOREFATHERS OF THE BASSETT FAMILIES WHO lived in the British Isles appear to have come from the town of Utica, in Normandy. The names of Allan Bassett and his brother Thurstine (Thurstane) are listed on the Battle Abbey Roll, the official record of those who accompanied William the Conqueror in his defeat of England's King Harold during the Battle of Hastings in 1066.

On Christmas Day of that same year, William was crowned King of England, thus ending Anglo-Saxon rule and bringing profound changes to all inhabitants of the British Isles.

Wealth, land, and titles won by Bassett noblemen who conquered Glamorganshire filtered down through generations of eldest sons, the sole recipients of their fathers' estates. Some of the younger males entered Holy Orders of the Roman Catholic Church. Others were left to make their own way in life. The latter group eventually became assimilated by the general population.

THE FIRST BASSETT TO WHOM we can trace a direct relationship was Lewis, born about 1681, probably at Lavernock, Glamorganshire, Wales. From his last will and testament, dated December 30, 1730, we find that Lewis Bassett was a common laborer, an illiterate Welshman whose signature on the document consisted of two crudely drawn initials. At the time of his death, Lewis owned a few household furnishings together with a limited number of farm animals. Because his wife, Francis, had predeceased him by three years, Lewis bequeathed these meager possessions to his son John and his eight daughters, who were Joan, Elizabeth, Mary, Jane, Margaret, Francis, Ann, and Rachel. It was John Bassett and his wife Mary who became the second great grandfather of Rebecca Bassett.

Four generations after the birth and death of Lewis, Thomas and Margaret Edward Bassett taught their young daughters, Mary, Rebecca, Margaret, and Sarah, to stand aside and curtsy when members of the gentry rode by in their fine carriages. Given their parents' limited education, they would never have entertained the possibility that the sisters and the wealthy, landed Welshmen probably carried the same Norman gene.

Rebecca's father, Thomas, was born in the year 1827, in Canton, Glamorganshire, Wales. He was the son of Richard and Mary Millward Bassett. A widower, Richard's first wife, Mary Rosser, had died in

1825.

Thomas's first job was as a common laborer on the Hackaford Farm, six miles from his father's home in Canton. In 1851, Thomas married Margaret Edward, the daughter of William Edward and Rebecca Williams.

Unlike the Bassetts, some members of the Edward family were relatively well-to-do. Part of their real property included the Waincroft Farm and two houses, Wickwen and Yalton-Way, in Glamorganshire. A salaried excise officer in Wenvoe, Margaret Edward's great grandfather William (1700) had chosen to disinherit his eldest son, William (1721), for some undisclosed reason. What provoked the father to take such drastic action is unknown. It may have been a controversy over William's conversion to the Baptist Church. We know that William's son William Edward (1765) became a Baptist minister.

Mary Morgan became William Edward's first wife on May 21, 1799. Nothing more about her is known. His second wife, Rebecca Williams, became the grandmother of Rebecca Bassett. Twenty-one years younger than her husband, Rebecca Williams brought to the marriage a son, fourteen years old, named Isaac Roberts.<sup>3</sup> Gentle, magnanimous William Edward took the boy into his heart and home, making him part of the family. It is certain that the religious fundamentalism lived and preached by William Edward had considerable impact upon future decisions made by his daughter Margaret and her children.

Like his future father-in-law, Thomas Bassett was a Baptist. Because William Edward presided over a small congregation of Baptists in Canton, it is not surprising that Margaret and Thomas eventually met one another. When it came time to marry, the young couple chose to have the ceremony performed in the impressive Baptist chapel called *The Tabernacle*, located in the Hayes District of Cardiff.

COAL MINES LOCATED WHERE Thomas Bassett was employed paid their workers according to how much coal they produced in a given period. It was Thomas' job to keep a careful tally of weight of coal as it was brought up out of the pit. For the time and place, his was an enviable position. Not only was Thomas better paid than those men who spent their lives in dark, damp, underground tunnels, but his comfort had been taken into consideration. There was a sturdy, wooden shelter to keep him shielded from wind and rain as he entered accounts into the daily ledger.

Thomas should have been content, but such as not the case. Ambitious through and through, he was determined to break the cycle of poverty which had determined the pattern of Bassett life for generations. Due to the fact that he had neither the education nor the occupational training to qualify him for a better position and higher salary, Thomas realized his one strong chance for implementing change was to start a

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<sup>3</sup> Isaac was christened May 10, 1812, at Llandough, Glamorganshire. His father was William Roberts. Isaac married Sarah Rimron on May 25, 1840.

business of his own. With this goal in mind, he persuaded Margaret to set up housekeeping in the port city of Cardiff. Within a short span of time, Thomas was able to set up business as an independent contractor, hauling materials for construction companies.

When their first son was born in 1851, Margaret named him William Edward, doing her best to perpetuate the ancestral name for her father, who had sired no son of his own. Truly her father's daughter, Margaret hated the sin and corruption she felt was swirling around their family in Cardiff. How could she teach the boy to follow paths of righteousness when he was exposed to the wickedness of Cardiff? Margaret sighed with longing for her blissful childhood in Leckwith.

Giving way to the inevitable, Thomas Bassett finally put aside his dreams of financial independence and took a job on the docks, loading coal aboard outbound freighters. Even as Thomas considered the new arrangement a step down in life, he had made Margaret happy.

Adding to Margaret's joy was the arrival of two precious, adorable daughters. Mary was born in 1854; followed by Rebecca in 1857.

Thomas' desire to better himself was eventually recognized by his employers, who advanced him to the position of dock foreman. When he had originally taken the menial job on the Cardiff docks, the decrease in his salary forced Thomas and Margaret to live with her parents. Now, at last, they could afford to move into a house of their own. They chose Canton as the ideal place to rear their children—the village where Thomas had grown up. Not only was there a substantial congregation of Baptists in Canton, who would provide Margaret and the children with appropriate friends, but a new Baptist chapel was under construction.

Rebecca was a year old when the family moved to Canton in 1858, so it was childhood activities there that she recalled in later years. Some of her fondest memories were of frolics with her brother William. He would awaken Rebecca while the dew still sparkled on the grass. The pair would creep downstairs and out onto the meadows, where they hunted for new mushrooms or plucked armfuls of bluebells. Then there were the excursions to Cardiff, where the family fished for eels. Rebecca may have enjoyed feasting on freshly caught eels, but her preference was kippered salmon. This was a taste which would endure for a lifetime. Another food she missed after emigrating to America was hot-cross buns, peddled in the streets of Wales at Easter time.

Rebecca's only negative memory of her childhood in Wales was the realization that her parents could never own title to the land upon which their house stood. Time has not altered the situation in Wales to any great extent. Even today, there are many absentee landlords in London's Mayfair District who continue to exact rent for the land upon which Welshmen build their homes and exact a living from the land.

Five more children joined the Basset household at Canton. They were Thomas Edward in 1862, Sarah in 1865, Jane in 1867, and Fredrick George in 1869.

Margaret and Thomas Bassett were intent upon rising above their humble circumstances and encouraged this expectation in their sons and daughters. There were no "free" schools in the British Isles,

and those that existed were taught in the English language. Thomas Bassett paid tuition for his eldest son, William, and attempted to enroll Mary and Rebecca, but soon discovered that little girls weren't welcome in the British school system operating in Wales. Always more spirited than Mary, Rebecca agreed to give school a trial run, but her formal education lasted only two days. Rather than being encouraged to join in class instruction, Rebecca was given a square of cotton and told to take it apart, one thread at a time. The message went unspoken but was clear and to the point. Females belonged at home. Not to be thwarted, Rebecca's mother took up the challenge of educating her daughters.

Although Rebecca and her siblings knew the Welsh language, they were admonished not to speak it in public. Welsh was the language of the poor. Consequently, the children learned a dialect of English as their mother tongue. One noticeable quirk of this particular dialect involved the letter "h". When the first two letters of a word consisted of the letter "h" and a vowel, the "h" was not sounded. Hence, the name Henry was pronounced "Enery" and the word horse was pronounced "orse".

So much pressure to succeed was put on young William that he developed a stutter. In spite of this handicap, he was sent to London, at the age of fourteen, to learn telegraphy. It was hoped that this occupational training would gain him white-collar employment, thus keeping him out of the wretched coal mines and off Cardiff docks. Some kind of occupational preparation was undoubtedly planned for the younger son, but the Bassett family emigrated while he was still too young.

The deaths of Rebecca's sister and brother proved to be traumatic episodes in the lives of the Bassetts. Jane died of pneumonia, less than two months before her third birthday. Fredrick George had never been entirely well since receiving a smallpox vaccination. He died of diphtheria, the month he would have been three. During heavy rainstorms, Rebecca often peered through her second-story bedroom window in Canton, imagining the raindrops falling on the graves of her brother and sister in Leckwith.

THOMAS BASSETT'S FIRST CONTACT with missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints occurred some time in 1854. The answers they gave to his questions seemed to provide pieces of the Christ's gospel that were missing from the doctrine of both the Baptist and Anglican Churches. Thomas was so enthusiastic about LDS doctrine, and so certain he had discovered the one, true church, that he urged both his wife and her father to attend a cottage meeting. He assured them that the missionaries would be able to more fully explain the gospel message, as revealed to an American by the name of Joseph Smith.

Margaret was incensed at Thomas' suggestion. From what she had heard, Joe Smith's own neighbors had murdered him because of his heretical beliefs. Furthermore, LDS converts in Wales were ridiculed and ostracized. No, never would she consider exposing her innocent children to Mormonism! She was a Baptist though and through!

On one occasion, while listening to the missionaries, Thomas stayed beyond the time for the family's evening meal. Margaret was so infuriated that she threw a pan of cold, greasy dishwater at him when he

finally appeared. Thomas immediately rebuked his wife for her disrespectful act. Margaret countered with the remark that she would like to throw scalding water on each and every missionary who had enticed him away from the Baptist fold.

As a pastor of the Baptist Church, Margaret's grandfather William Edward gave little credence to LDS doctrine. He often made it known that in his opinion, "God's true church had yet to be established on the earth." He died December 24, 1856, a recalcitrant Baptist to the end of his days.

Insofar as religion was concerned, Thomas fared no better with his own father. Richard Bassett died in 1855, still refusing to accept the validity of the LDS Church.

Religion continued to be a point of contention in the Bassett household for thirteen, stressful years before Margaret Edward Bassett finally gave her consent to the baptism of her husband and eldest son. Thomas and William became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on February 10, 1868. Margaret joined them in taking the fateful step of accepting baptism by immersion at the hands of LDS Elders on October 20 of the following year.

Each of the Bassett children was allowed to decide as to whether or not to join the LDS Church. Mary and Rebecca were baptized on May 18, 1870. Mary was fifteen and Rebecca thirteen. Their siblings Margaret, Thomas, and Sarah postponed their decision for another four years. These three were baptized on March 18, 1874.

Following his wife's baptism, the Bassett house on Leckwith Road in Canton became a focal point for LDS missionaries in Glamorganshire. Meetings were held in Margaret's tidy parlor and there was always space at the dinner table for traveling elders. It was not unexpected, therefore, when a missionary named Henry Hughes knocked at the Bassett door. According to his journal notes, he met the family on January 12, 1873.

IT WAS WHEN THOMAS BASSETT introduced Brother Hughes to his two daughters, twenty-year-old Mary and seventeen-year-old Rebecca, that words failed Henry for the first time in his life. He had never seen a young woman as breathtakingly beautiful as Rebecca. Missionary Henry Hughes determined at that instant to have her as his wife. Whether honorably or by deceit, it mattered not. As is the case in any battle, the prize would be won by the contestant who best outwitted his opponent. If Henry was to claim Rebecca, he would have to convince her father that his only interest in her was paternal.

During Henry's frequent visits to Cardiff, he often discussed with Thomas the possibility of the Bassett family emigrating to Zion. He could hardly contain himself on the day he learned that Rebecca's brother William and his wife, Sarah, had sailed for America aboard the *Nevada*, June 26, 1872. A plan to separate Rebecca from her parents immediately sprang to mind. He was aware that it would be a slow, diplomatic process. If he appeared too eager, Thomas would detect Henry's false colors. However, he had plenty of

time to ingratiate himself with Rebecca's father. It would be eighteen months before Henry completed his ecclesiastical mission.

Henry Hughes carefully wove his web of deceit in the months that followed. In the pretense of entertaining the two sisters, he described the ocean voyage as an exciting holiday. He told of the sights they would see along the journey west—the buffalo and wild animals on the prairie, animals they had never heard of. He spoke of the snow-capped mountains, the friendly Saints, and best of all the blessings to be derived by living close to God's prophet, Brigham Young. Soon young Becky was bubbling with anticipation of the proposed adventure. Oh, it was all so exciting! As for quiet, studious Mary, she looked forward to becoming one with the Saints in Zion.

One outspoken relative by the name of Aunt Kate warned the sisters, "Indeed to goodness! I think your mother and father have lost their minds. Old Brigham [Young] will get you. They've got a wall around Salt Lake City and he gets all the pretty 'gels' who go there, and you will never get away." But Henry had set his trap carefully and well. Mary and Rebecca were eager to see and do all that Elder Hugh had promised.

Margaret Bassett wasn't so easily swayed by her daughters' enthusiasm. They were sheltered young women, not at all familiar with the sinful ways of men. When Margaret voiced her concerns, Brother Hughes was quick to assure her that he would protect Mary and Rebecca throughout the journey and beyond. Whom could Sister Bassett trust to watch over them if not him! At age forty-eight, he was two years older than her husband, *and* the Bishop of Mendon. It would be his sacred duty to accompany them.

Thomas had more mundane problems in mind. He needed to know the costs and all the ins and outs of making arrangements to cross the Atlantic Ocean, and then board a train headed for Utah. Once again Elder Hughes was there to advise him. He had been there; done that.

The Bassetts were well informed as to the practice of polygamy taking place in Zion. Before giving final consent for the emigration of their daughters, Thomas exacted a solemn promise from Henry that he would not allow either of the girls to become a plural wife.

The arrangements concluded, Thomas gave Elder Hughes what he considered enough cash to take care of whatever expenses his daughters might accrue, included the price of tickets from Ogden to Salt Lake City, where their brother William would be waiting for them.

THE LDS PERIODICAL *Millennial Star* reported that 123 adults and 53 children, including 9 infants, boarded the steamship *Wyoming* at Liverpool, England, on Wednesday, May 12, 1875. Henry Hughes had money for a first-class ticket and sailed as a *gentleman* passenger. Mary and Rebecca were less fortunate. They were relegated to common, emigrant status, and given inferior accommodations aboard ship.

On May 14, the wind rose and the *Wyoming* began to roll. As might be expected, many of the passengers suffered from sea sickness, including Rebecca. By Sunday the seas had calmed to the point were

devotional services could be held in the saloon for first-class passengers. Lesser folk worshiped in the steerage area.

A concert was given in the saloon Tuesday evening. On Wednesday an iceberg was sighted, to the delight of the passengers. Saturday evening, after nine days at sea, the musicians gave a farewell performance in the after-steerage.

During the last years of her life, Rebecca still recalled the awe she felt at her first sight of the Statue of Liberty, and her delight in watching small sailboats as they skimmed across the water in New York Harbor.

Sunday afternoon, May 22, the captain of the pilot boat came aboard to guide the *Wyoming* into the harbor. The Captain dropped anchor off Staten Island at 7:30. After the doctor from the Bureau of Immigration completed his examination of the passengers, the *Wyoming* was safely ensconced in the North River. Brother Henry Hughes, Mary, and Rebecca had completed the first leg of their journey to Zion.

Rebecca would liked to have had an opportunity to explore New York City, but there was no opportunity. The train chartered to take the Saints to Salt Lake City was waiting for them at the Jersey City Station.

These weary travelers were supposed to have access to all five passenger cars, plus a baggage car. The women were in a state of turmoil when they learned that the car with all their luggage was sealed. Neither they nor the children would have a change of clothing until the train reached Omaha, Nebraska.

During the overland journey, the train made a number of stops where curious townsfolk asked questions about Mormon doctrine and practices. Elder Hughes and other returning missionaries were delighted with the chance to do a little more preaching.

Rebecca never forgot the myriad of colorful wild flowers that blanketed the Great Plains. Acceding to pleas by the women, at one point the conductor stopped the train long enough for them to gather armfuls of the fragrant blossoms.

The Union Pacific train chugged slowly into Omaha, Nebraska, on May 29. To the dismay of the passengers, the baggage car continued to be unavailable. An error had been made. The train and its cars had been sidetracked in Pittsburgh.

Two days later the progress of the train was hampered by a heavy snow storm encountered in the Black Hills of Wyoming.

The Welsh and English converts, together with returning missionaries, arrived in Ogden, Utah, at nine o'clock on the evening of June 2, sans luggage. The two sisters were to have transferred to the Union Pacific Railway, bound for Salt Lake. However, the elusive baggage car had reached Utah some days earlier, only to be rerouted eastward, almost to the point of origin. The unexpected delay in waiting for the arrival of their luggage gave Henry a chance to continue his pursuit of Rebecca. He arranged for a room for the sisters in a nearby hotel, then took them to dinner.

It was all so strange, and so stressful. The fact that Rebecca was exhausted and obviously homesick offered Henry Hughes another golden opportunity. He became ever so solicitous. What she needed most was some peace and rest before continuing south. Salt Lake City was a busy, noisy, place. Would Rebecca consider spending a week or so in Mendon? He owned a big house with plenty of room for her, and he



knew his wife, Sarah, would be delighted to talk with someone from the Old Country. Rebecca could tell her all about the latest styles in England; the latest news about the Prince of Wales and the Royal Family. Then of course there were his two sons, about her own age. Charles and John would take her to dances in Logan and horse-back riding in the hills above Mendon. This was her chance to see the northern-most part of Zion.

Brother Hughes had been so nice during these past weeks, Rebecca hated to turn down his offer. What did Mary think? Mary didn't think. All Mary knew was that their parents had approved of Brother Hughes chaperoning them all the way from England. What difference were a few more days and a few more miles.

Upon Rebecca's arrival in Mendon, the first cultural shock she encountered was women who were wearing sunbonnets and aprons as they shopped in Mendon's few stores. In Wales the Irish poor, called Fenian, were the only housewives who ventured out in public while dressed in such a casual fashion. Worse still, most of the children were running about *barefoot*.

From the train station, Henry proudly escorted Rebecca to his two-story rock house near the center of town. There he introduced her to his wives Ann Howell and Sarah Ann Goatman, both of whom were living with Brother Hughes under the same roof. It was probably no surprise to the women when Henry told them that Rebecca was to be his guest for an indefinite length of time.

Henry's decisions were always carefully calculated and weighted in his favor. Only by sequestering Rebecca in his own home could he hope to limit her social contacts, and in so doing, accomplish his intent to wed her.

Those elderly Mendon residents who knew Rebecca in her youth described her as exceptionally beautiful. Her thick, chestnut hair provided a striking contrast to her peaches-and-cream complexion. A petite young woman, Rebecca was blessed with an effervescent personality, a deep capacity for love, and a spit-fire temper which could, in a split second, light sparks in the brown-black depths of her eyes.

Rebecca was kept under close surveillance in Mendon. Henry had acquired a spyglass during his travels. With this in hand he watched Rebecca whenever she left his house. If she took a noon meal to the hayfield for his sons, Henry watched her. When his son Thomas took her horseback riding, Henry trained his spyglass on the pair until they were out of sight—but never out of mind. When the older boys, Charles and John, began to show an ever-increasing interest in their father's comely houseguest, Henry took out his rifle. “You will make a fool of me!” he thundered, and threatened to shoot the next one who dared approach Rebecca without his permission.

The attention of three men was flattering to Rebecca, who had just turned eighteen in March. Prior to that she had been a child in her parents' home. Now, suddenly, she was a desirable woman, a woman whose favors were worth fighting for. It was exciting in the beginning, but Rebecca eventually grew tired of being fussed over and manipulated—tired of being treated like a prisoner.

Henry took Rebecca to church services and began introducing her to members of the congregation. The men looked at Rebecca and grinned lasciviously, while the women tittered behind their finger tips. Bishop

Hughes had caught himself another bride, and this one was more beautiful than the last.

Rebecca finally realized the awful truth. She was caught in a trap of Bishop Hughes' making. Becoming the wife of a man as old as her father was the last thing she wanted to do. Where was her brother? Why hadn't William come to get her? He knew where she was. Didn't he wonder why she hadn't taken a train to Salt Lake? If only Rebecca had William's address, she could coax the price of postage from Henry's son John. But she had failed to write down the address. Why, oh, why had William abandoned her in her time of need? It seemed to Rebecca that there was no one who cared about what happened to her. No one at all.

Desperate to escape, Rebecca eventually found the courage to ask Bishop Hughes for enough money to buy a train ticket to Salt Lake City. She was well aware that her father had given him money to meet her expenses. Henry equivocated. He didn't have the cash in his pocket at the moment. What was so important that she had to go to Salt Lake? She should relax and enjoy her holiday in Mendon.

As the days slipped quietly by, Rebecca became ever more anxious to escape from the clutches of Brother Hughes, but could think of no way to do so. If she managed to sneak out of the house and appeal to sisters in the ward, Rebecca knew they would think her a silly, spoiled girl. Had Bishop Hughes hadn't touched her inappropriately? No. He hadn't even come right out and proposed marriage. Then the sisters were sure to ask, "Then what had he done that she found so objectionable, so threatening?"

The day Rebecca had so dreaded finally arrived. Brother Hughes asked her to become the sister-wife of Ann, Sarah Ann, and Sarah Findley.

Realizing young Becky's reluctance to become interested in him physically, Henry chose to play upon her faith in God and his appointed emissaries by arranging for LDS Patriarch Charles W. Hyde to give her a special blessing on June 27.

## PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

Rebecca, in the name of Jesus Christ I place my hands upon thy head and seal upon thee a Patriarchal blessing. For there was joy in heaven when you received this gospel. Thy name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life. The Father has led you with an out-stretched arm to Zion and His angels has [s/c] been round about you to protect you from every danger that you may live long on the earth to do a great and a mighty [s/c] and to redeem the living and the dead and to prepare thyself for an endless exaltation in the kingdom of God and to behold the winding up scene of this generation and even to commune with the Messiah face to face. Thou was chosen before the foundation of the worlds to do a great and a mighty work as a Prophetess and one of the sweet singers of Zion. Thou art of Joseph and a lawful heir to the fullness of the priesthood and a right [hand] to a companion in due time and a kingdom on the earth forever and to be a mother in Israel

and partake of all the glories of Zion. Thy table shall be spread with all the bounties of the earth. Kings and Queens shall dine at your table and Holy Prophets shall call you blessed of the Lord. No good thing shall be held from thee. It is your privilege when the trump of the Archangel shall sound to be changed in the twinkling of an eye and you shall go unto the holy city which God hath prepared. These blessings I seal upon thy head. Thou shall sit down with Isaac, Abraham, Joseph and Hyrum with the blessings of eternal lives with all thy father's household forever and ever, Amen.

The pressure for Rebecca to accept Henry's proposal of marriage became relentless. He continually reminded Becky that he was the true representative of God on earth. He would never ask her to do anything dishonorable or against her best interests. Furthermore, in proposing marriage he was carrying out God's great plan for her exaltation. It had been ordained in heaven that she, Rebecca Bassett, become the mother of his children. She would be a *magnificent star in his crown of eternal glory*.

Time and time again the media covers stories of young, kidnapped girls who succumb to pressures exerted by their captors, especially when they believe they have been abandoned by their families. Such was Rebecca's situation. She was no longer capable of exercising her own free will. Whatever Henry Hughes demanded of her, Rebecca would do.

Sixty days after the missionary Elder Hughes swore to Margaret and Thomas Bassett that he would not allow either of their daughters to become plural wives, the lustful Bishop of Mendon took eighteen-year-old Rebecca to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, where, on July 12, 1875, she became his plural wife. There was no golden wedding band with which to seal their marriage vows. Her wedding gown was a white, flannel nightgown.<sup>4</sup>

Decades later her grandchildren queried Rebecca as to why she had married that old man. She replied, "My family had given up all they had—their home, their friends, everything they owned—for the sake of the gospel. I thought my marriage to Brother Hughes was not too much to ask of *me*." Then, in more assertive tones she added, "But I hope to goodness that God won't require me to be his wife in the next world."

When the newlyweds arrived in Mendon following the sealing ceremony, Rebecca was dismayed to find that Ann and Sarah Ann had moved out of their house so that she and Henry could enjoy an undisturbed honeymoon. Because romance had not played a part in Rebecca's decision to wed Henry Hughes, she insisted that her sister-wives return at once. From this point forward, the three women enjoyed as amicable a relationship as any plural wives in Zion.

Teenage Rebecca was ill-prepared for marriage. With gentle diplomacy Ann Howell taught her those skills expected of a wife on the American frontier. We can only guess at what cost Ann did so, knowing that lovely, young Becky was the primary contender for Henry's affections.

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<sup>4</sup> In the late 1920s, Rebecca's son-in-law Claud Jenson unearthed a plain, gold wedding band while plowing his garden. Rebecca proudly wore the ring for the rest of her long life.

THOMAS AND MARGARET BASSETT, together with their children, Sarah, Margaret, and Thomas, reached Ogden on July 18, 1876, a year and six days after Rebecca's hasty, ill-advised marriage. If Henry thought that he could wed Rebecca with impunity, he was mistaken. His in-laws were consumed with unquenchable hatred toward him, this purported man of God who had broken his sacred promise not to allow their Becky to become a plural wife.

Because it was impossible to undue the marriage, Margaret and Thomas believed that the next best thing they could do was to have the entire Bassett family settle close by, where they could offer Becky as much moral support as possible. Obedient to parental summons, their son William and his wife, Sarah, moved to Logan, where William found employment in the LDS Tithing Office.

In Mendon, Thomas and Margaret rented an old, abandoned, two-room log cabin, topped with a sod roof, a cabin that had been previously used to house chickens. Already heartsick over her daughter's marriage, Margaret tried not to think of the comfortable house they left behind in Wales.

The rental agreement, entered into by Thomas Bassett and their landlord, included an acre and a half of cleared land. Most of the property was enclosed by a dilapidated four-foot fence composed of aspen stakes interwoven with willows. Thomas and his fourteen-year-old son Thomas mended the fence as best they could, using canes cut from hawthorn trees growing along a nearby creek bank. Their next project was digging a well. As soon as water was reached, the pair walled the shaft with fieldstone.

In the fall of the year, the elder Thomas accepted work with a threshing crew. His day began before daylight and ended after nightfall. For his labor Thomas was paid a bushel and a half of wheat per day. It promised to be a long, hard, miserable winter for the Bassetts.

By the spring of 1877, Thomas was able to find a job as a section-hand on the Utah Northern Railroad. His salary was a paltry \$1.50 per ten-hour work day, but at least it was cash income.

The greatest boost to the morale of the Bassett family occurred when Thomas discovered that he was eligible for free land under the Federal Homestead Act. Beginning in January of 1863, any U.S. citizen—or someone with the intention of becoming a citizen—could claim up to 160 acres of unoccupied land by living and farming those acres for five years. African-Americans would be eligible after they became citizens in 1868. Surprisingly, this opportunity was extended to both sexes. Native Americans, on the other hand, were not offered the same opportunity.

Thomas chose eighty acres just two miles outside Mendon and immediately sent away for a twelve-inch hand plow. When it arrived at the railroad station in town, Thomas carried the 125-pound implement home on his back, refusing to ask for so much as the loan of a wagon from his despised son-in-law. Father and son fenced approximately twenty acres as soon as the plowing and planting was completed.

Henry Hughes controlled the advancement of Thomas in the hierarchy of the Latter-day Saint Church through his position as Bishop of Mendon. An examination of early church records in Mendon shows a

conspicuous absence of priesthood ordinations for either Thomas Bassett or his son, indicating the degree of animosity existing between Henry Hughes and his Bassett in-laws.

In Wales, Thomas had presided over the Glamorgan Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He been a foreman on the docks at Cardiff, exhibiting qualities of leadership. Henry, on the other hand, had never risen above the rank of common coal miner until he left the British Isles. Much as Thomas loved his daughter Becky, and felt a degree of responsibility for her predicament, there was a limit as to how much abuse he could continue to endure at the hands of his son-in-law. After spending eight difficult years in Cache Valley, Thomas and Margaret knew they must look elsewhere for life's fulfillment. In 1884 they sold their farm and moved to the Snake River Valley in Idaho.

CONSTRUCTION FOR THE LDS Temple in Logan was begun in 1877. To help defray the enormous cost of the project, Mendon housewives donated the greater part of their egg money—their single, independent source of income.

That same year Henry wrote a letter to the editor of the *Millennial Star*, dated July 5, reporting on the general state of affairs in his part of the Lord's vineyard.

We are suffering severely from the grasshoppers this season, they have destroyed a large portion of the grain crop, and in many parts they have destroyed nearly all the grass on the range. Hay will be very scarce this season and if the winter should be heavy, I fear there will be great loss of stock, but we put our trust in Him who orders all things wisely and for the best, and as He “tempers the wind for the shorn lamb,” so He will control aright for the good of those who love and serve Him.

There is another outbreak among the Indians on Salmon River; they have killed all the settlers in that part, but spared the lives of the women and children; the soldiers are now in pursuit, but I fear they will have a hard task, as the Indians are well armed and have plenty of supplies on hand; their country also is rough and impassible for wagons.

The Indians immediately surrounding us are very peaceable, there are about three-hundred on the Indian farm at Bear River, Box Elder County. They have planted about one-hundred acres of wheat, seventy-five of corn, fifteen of squash, and twenty-five of potatoes, this season, and have the prospect of raising a good crop. Many Indians have come to see why things were moving on the farm, many of them from far distant tribes, and they bear testimony that they have seen heavenly messages, and had dreams and visions. They have been told that the “Mormons” were their friends, so that many have been baptized and returned to their various tribes, rejoicing in the Gospel, and bearing testimony of what they have seen and heard. If there was room on the farm, instead of hundreds there would be thousands of Indians willing to come and settle there.

These things betoken that the set time to favor the Lamanites is close at hand, and I am of the

opinion that before long the Lord, through His servants will say something similar to what He did once to the Jews, see the nations have rejected the principles of eternal life, lo, the keys of salvation are turned to the House of Israel. These events are close at hand, and the signs of the times are witnesses of the near approach of the coming of our Savior.

REBECCA'S FIRST CHILD was born on the first day of September of 1877. After close consultation with her parents, she chose the name George Bassett Hughes. George had been the name of Rebecca's baby brother who was buried at Leckwith.

Within hours of her son's birth, Rebecca discovered she had inverted nipples, making it impossible to nurse the baby. Remedy for the condition proved to be excruciatingly painful. Ann sent her sons to find a puppy that was not yet weaned. The animal they picked up from a dusty Mendon street was put to Rebecca's tender breast. Its strong sucking ability corrected the problem but caused Rebecca such agony that the memory of this particular pain would supersede all others.

Even though the experience with the puppy dog was traumatic, Rebecca was thankful she had been able to deliver her son without the help of a physician. In later years she vividly recalled what happened to two women in Mendon who were unable to bring their labor to successful conclusions. In one instance the attending physician broke the patient's back in his effort to deliver her infant. In the second case, the baby presented itself in a breech position. The doctor solved this problem by cutting off an extended leg of the unborn child.

Now that Rebecca was a mother, Henry decided it was time for his two younger wives to have a home of their own. In taking Sarah Ann Goatman as his bride when she had just turned fourteen, Henry hoped she would add to his glory by giving him strong sons. However, Sarah Ann remained barren after seven years of endeavor on his part. Her contribution toward Henry's advancement in God's Kingdom would have to be as a helpmeet to Rebecca.

Henry felt fortunate to find a house referred to in this day and age as a duplex. Although it was a simple, one-story, frame house with two front doors, Rebecca and Sarah Ann could hardly wait to move out of the big stone house and into a home of their very own.

Rebecca gave birth to a baby girl in 1879 and named her Rosa Jane. The name of Jane was given in remembrance of her sister who had died in Wales.

Two years later another daughter arrived and was given the name Sarah Ann, in honor of her dear sister-wife, Sarah Ann Goatman. When Rebecca's son Will joined the family, he found his sister's name too difficult to pronounce and called her Twan, rhyming with the word *tan*. The name stuck.

Henry filed for 80 acres of land that same year, under the Federal Homestead Act. He was entitled to a full 160 acres, but realized Rebecca and Sarah Ann would have difficulty managing even half the allotment

on their own.

As soon as a patent for the land had been granted, Henry registered his claim to the acreage with the Cache County Clerk and hired a crew to build a four-room cottage. The site he selected as a home for Rebecca and Sarah Ann was near a pond, three miles south of the Mendon's city center. From all available information, the property was in the same area where Rosie Thurston had been stolen by Bannock Indians in 1866. Because gentry in Great Britain gave names to their farms, Henry referred to his newly acquired property as Clayton. The rationale behind his choice is unknown. In due time, the general area became known by Mendon citizens as the *community* of Clayton.

Rebecca loved her new home. Its wooden exterior was painted a warm peach color that glowed in bright contrast against the emerald-green meadows surrounding the house. About eighty feet below the house was a free-flowing stream of water. When Rebecca closed her eyes, she could imagine her children wading in the clear, cool water, or launching toy boats from its bank.

Sarah Ann Goatman might not have found favor in Henry's eyes, but she had learned to love him. If it was painful to be banished from her husband's house, there were compensations. She and Becky got along splendidly, and there were the precious, little children to consider. In time, Sarah Ann became as much a mother to George, Rose, Twan, Maggie, and Will as if she had given birth to them.

Rebecca and Sarah Ann were expected to be self supporting. Henry assigned a crew to build a barn and granary, then supplied the women with cows, pigs, ducks, laying hens and a rooster. In the spring and autumn months, he sent farm hands to plow, sow seeds, and harvest. This work was customarily accomplished on a cooperative system—the farm owners going from farm to farm, helping each other—but Henry's sole concern was his own farm. Furthermore, his wives were given to understand that it was they, not he, who were to pay for these services through the sale of farm produce.

Rebecca and Sarah Ann accepted the responsibility of feeding the hungry men at noon, as was customary. In fact Mendon housewives vied with each other to see who could provide the farm hands with the largest spread—the most tasty, hunger-satisfying meals. Rebecca's specialty was *blanc mange*, a molded, vanilla custard. In the opinion of her daughters, this French dessert should have earned her first place in any contest.

Because rectangular bricks were easier to lay than fieldstone, in constructing the cottage at Clayton, workmen had used unfired adobe bricks for the foundation and interior portion of the chimney. Unfortunately, the men had not anticipated the unusual amount of rain that began to fall in the autumn of 1882. Two weeks of steady downpour slowly softened those bricks made of sundried straw and clay.

Unaware of the danger, Sarah Ann and Rebecca had put baby Rosa Jane to bed near the fireplace, the warmest, driest spot in the poorly constructed cottage. Twilight giving way to darkness, the women had just lit a kerosene lamp when the chimney fell in upon itself. In one thunderous crash, the debris landed directly upon the crib. Rebecca and Sarah began digging desperately through plaster and adobe bricks in an effort to save the baby. When wind blew out the lamp, Sarah Ann lit a lantern and the two continued to move aside

the rubble. It seemed like an eternity before they finally reached tiny Rosa Jane. Luckily, a thick feather tick had billowed up around the baby, protecting her from fatal injury, but not from a deep gash across her left cheek.

The health provider to whom all Mendon families turned was Brother Hughes.<sup>5</sup> The details of how he was contacted and of his journey through the driving rain that stormy night was not passed down through the generations. We do know it was Henry who pulled the edges of the baby's lacerated skin together, and it was he who prepared and applied one of his herbal remedies to the wound. Although the treatment prevented infection, Twan carried a pronounced scar on her cheek for the rest of her days; a reminder of her wondrous escape from death.

In 1884, two years after Rebecca and Sarah Ann moved into the Clayton cottage, Martha Margaret was born. Although given the names of the baby's two grandmothers, Martha Read Hughes and Margaret Edward Bassett, this youngest daughter became known as Maggie.

Rebecca's last child, William Reed Hughes, arrived in 1886. The name William had belonged to Rebecca's beloved older brother. The name Reed was in honor of Henry's mother, Martha Read. (Note the spelling change.)

The years during which Rebecca lived on the farm would prove to be the richest and most satisfying of her long life. Henry spent a minimal amount of time at Clayton, but when he did stop by, it was an occasion for riotous outdoor games and indoor fun. After nightfall, the family enjoyed playing card games with their father. Rose was especially fond of the game called *Five High*, and Henry allowed her to wager as much as a quarter. When the weather was inclement, Henry often arrived at the cottage with buckets of honey or molasses. These ingredients he promptly turned into candy, using Rebecca's big, black, cast-iron frying pan.

Rebecca contributed to these special occasions in her own, thoughtful way. On days when she knew Brother Hughes planned a visit, she prepared a picnic lunch for just Henry and the children, a lunch to be enjoyed at some special spot on a wooded hillside. Once their hunger was satisfied, the girls made wreaths of wild flowers with which to crown their father. Henry was especially gratified by this display of affection from his daughters.

Henry was fascinated by the group of Indians who spent a few weeks in Cache Valley each summer, and made efforts to engage them in small talk from time to time. Rebecca, on the other hand, considered Indians to be blood-thirsty savages and was terrified by the very thought of them. One fine day, when several families of Indians set up tepees near the Clayton farm, Rebecca hitched her horse to her buggy and went frantically searching for Brother Hughes. As for Henry, he was elated with the opportunity to introduce his children to their "red brothers". Calling Rose and Twan from their play, he piled them into his wagon and headed for the Indian encampment.

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<sup>5</sup> See the Henry Hughes Pharmacy in the Appendix.



Henry often sold the produce from his own farm to the proprietor of a country store in Wellsville. During one of his frequent trips, he noticed a new bed of larkspur growing by the side of the road. Eager to share the beauty of nature with his young children, Henry turned his wagon toward Clayton. The return trip to Wellsville to see the heavenly blue flowers, was one of Rose's cherished memories.

Henry decided to open an account at the Wellsville store so that Rebecca and Sarah Ann could buy a few small luxuries they could not otherwise afford. Frugal and independent, the two women preferred to barter with their own produce or do without. In fact, Rebecca and Sarah Ann managed their financial affairs so well that they were able to buy a horse and buggy without either a donation from their husband or his permission.

BISHOP HUGHES WAS NEVER known to miss an LDS Church Conference in Salt Lake City. During his absence, his three wives always undertook a flurry of house cleaning—washing windows and spreading fresh straw underneath carpets that had been beaten clean. His holiday ended, Henry often returned home with a pot of geraniums or cuttings of roses for the women to entice into life, and always with tales of events taking place in the big city of Salt Lake.

Rebecca was still recovering from the birth of Will when Henry drove his buggy to the Clayton farmhouse with an attractive, young woman by his side. It was near the dinner hour and Brother Hughes expected Rebecca and Sarah Ann to serve him and his guest a hot meal. Sarah Ann was willing to comply, but Rebecca was livid with rage. She informed him, in no uncertain terms, that neither she nor Sarah Ann would contribute to the courtship of another plural wife by entertaining the woman at their table.

Henry developed a warm camaraderie with most of his children, but his relationship with Rebecca did not improve with the passing of years. Hardships on the homestead had forced her to become self-reliant, and maturity had developed within her a sense of self worth. The demands and expectations of Brother Hughes no longer carried the same weight they had when she was eighteen years old. As the head of Rebecca's household, a priest in Zion, and the Bishop of Mendon, she would continue to defer to him, but he would never win her heart. She would always call him *Brother Hughes*, nothing more, nothing less.

In 1882, two years before Thomas Bassett and his family left Cache Valley, the United States Congress passed the Edmunds Act, declaring polygamy a crime. Any man who lived with more than one wife was committing "unlawful cohabitation". Upheld by the United States Supreme Court in March of 1885, this legislation opened the door to swift and severe prosecution of known polygamists. More than 1,300 men were found guilty and sentenced to fines and prison terms before the LDS Church capitulated with its Manifesto of 1890. Federal agents, referred to by Mendon residents as Whetstone and Steel, were assigned to supply evidence against, and to arrest known offenders in Cache Valley.

Late one night a messenger arrived at the Clayton cottage with a warning that federal agents were close

by in Wellsville. They were arresting husbands and taking plural wives into custody as material witnesses. Rebecca had no desire to see the father of her children put in jail. She and Sarah Ann quickly wrapped the youngsters in quilts, bundled them into their buggy, and drove to the home of William and Betty Barrett. It would prove to be a miserable, sleepless night. In addition to Rebecca's concern over their future, the beds in which they were expected to sleep were infested with bedbugs.

Weeks later, when the next alert was passed from family to family, Rebecca refused to go into hiding. Because she was the plural wife of Mendon's leading citizen, it was inevitable that law-enforcement officers would question her. "Do you know it is within my power to put you in jail?" asked her interrogator. Rebecca was well aware of her precarious position. However, stubborn, hot-tempered Becky would give no information as to her relationship with Henry Hughes or his whereabouts. She knew she could count on faithful Sarah Ann to look after George, Rose, Twan, Maggie, and Will if she were arrested. It was well worth the gamble.

It was only by happenstance that Whetstone and Steel were able to capture Henry Hughes. The two agents were enjoying a ride along the foothills on the west side of Cache Valley one fine autumn day when they caught sight of Henry, patching the roof of the barn at Clayton. Before Henry could climb down and mount his horse, the agents were upon him.

It was mealtime when Henry was arrested. With a show of bravado, he invited the two men to sit down and eat with him before leaving for Salt Lake City. This was to be the second occasion when Rebecca refused hospitality to a guest of Brother Hughes. She would neither serve her persecutors nor allow them to sit at her table.

The judge of the First District Court found Henry Hughes guilty of unlawful cohabitation, fined him \$100, and sentenced him to six months in the territorial prison at present-day Sugar House. Dated November 26, 1887, admission records of that institution indicate that Henry was 62 years old, 5-feet 9-inches tall, weighed 210 pounds, had grayish-blue eyes, gray hair, and a medium-light complexion. He was temperate (did not drink), could read and write, was a farmer by occupation, and had been born in Wales.

Conditions in the prison were deplorable and denigrating. As soon as an inmate was registered, he was sent to the prison barber and tailor. Unless the barber could be bribed, the inmate lost all the hair on his head, including his beard and moustache. It was the job of the tailor to measure the prisoners, issuing them recycled jackets and trousers, all cut from the same striped, cotton material.

The prison compound was surrounded by an adobe wall, twenty-feet high and four-feet thick. Armed sentries stood guard on catwalks built into the walls. Floors, ceilings, and walls of the barracks were constructed of 2x6 lumber. Each unit contained a small stove for heat in the winter and a few barred windows for ventilation in the summer. Prisoners slept in pairs, on bunks three-tiers high. If the men needed to relieve themselves during the night hours, there was a wooden box and a sawed-off water barrel standing in a corner of the room. A shaft penetrated the roof above the two containers to evacuate some of the stench. These prison shacks were a breeding ground for bedbugs. It was claimed that an inmate could write his name in bedbug blood by tracing the letters along the wall with his thumb nail.

Following payment of his fine, Henry Hughes was released from prison on April 26, 1888, one month

before completing his full term of incarceration. Soon after his return home, Henry moved Rebecca, Sarah Ann, and the five children into a small, four-room frame house in Mendon, a few blocks from Ann Howell's impressive stone house. It would be easier for the three oldest children to attend school. Besides, his visits to his plural wives would be less obvious.

As was the experience of many other convicted polygamists, Henry seems to have suffered severe psychological trauma as a result of his prison experience. Those who knew him best said that Bishop Hughes was never the same afterward. Rebecca was only thirty-one at the time, quite capable of bearing several more children, but there were no more. Ardor had dwindled to an occasional twitch. Two years later the LDS Church provided further incentive for Brother Hughes' sexual restraint by withdrawing the Principle of Plural Marriage.

Whatever the reason, Rebecca welcomed the change in her relationship with Brother Hughes. One afternoon, when Henry had taken a few too many sips from the wine bottle and tried to embrace her, Rebecca responded by hitting him over the head with the paddle from her butter churn.

BOTH ROSE AND MAGGIE agreed that they lived Spartan lives during their childhood. When business interests took their father to Logan, he occasionally brought back an entire bolt of cloth for Sarah Ann to make dresses for herself, Becky, and the three girls, a gift that quite distressed each of them.

Rebecca's household was constantly short of fuel. On cold, dark, winter evenings, she often sent George or Twan to Brother Hughes' fine, stone house, with instructions to appropriate a few buckets of coal from his well-stocked bin. Henry built an horrendous, wooden platform in front of Rebecca's house to hold the cans of milk the local dairy collected daily. All Rebecca's children despised the ugly, monstrosity, but it was Twan who took matters into her own two hands. When the family ran out of fuel on washday, Twan took an ax and reduced the platform to kindling.

Plowing Rebecca's plot of ground was as much as Brother Hughes would do for his two wives after they moved to Mendon. He refused to harrow. It was the responsibility of the women and Becky's children to break up the heavy clods of moist soil, using hoes and rakes.

Twan had inherited her mother's quick temper and indomitable spirit. It was she who was sent as the family emissary whenever there was a need to confront Brother Hughes. When Henry failed to do the plowing one spring, Twan flounced over to her father's house and let him know he was derelict in his duty. It was no surprise to Rebecca when her errant husband promptly appeared with his horse and plow. Henry always tolerated Twan's demands and her outrageous acts of defiance toward him. It may have been that he felt somewhat responsible for the accident at Clayton that left the long scar on her cheek.

On festive occasions, coal miners in Wales wore black frock-coats, black bowler-hats, and white, starched shirts that were polished with a flatiron until they gleamed like satin. To make a statement as to his importance in the affairs of Mendon during the years when Henry was both bishop and mayor, day in and day out, whether acting on behalf of the citizens or plowing a field, Henry Hughes wore this same attire. If

there were those who thought he was being a bit too officious, it mattered not to Henry. He gloried in his privileged status. During major holidays, Henry carried a sword at his side and rode his finest horse down Mendon's Main Street.

Because Rebecca had to be both father and mother to her children, she was a strict disciplinarian. This was especially so with the girls, who were taught that males were born to be masters of the home and women their obedient servants. Rose, Twan, and Maggie were required to shine their brothers' shoes and iron their shirts. When it came time for baths, the boys had theirs first and the girls last, after the water in the tin tub had turned gray and the room was saturated with steam and male body odors.

Rebecca's daughters seldom enjoyed moments of tenderness with their mother. When these rare occasions did occur, the experience was all the more cherished. One year Rebecca was determined to give each of her girls an expensive doll for Christmas. She and Sarah Ann scrimped and saved egg money throughout the months of summer and fall in order to buy three dolls with real hair and life-like wax faces. To keep the dolls a surprise, Rebecca hid the precious gifts beneath her bed. Cache Valley winters are bitterly cold and there was no heat in the bedrooms. When the dolls were brought out Christmas morning, mother and daughters were dismayed to discover the wax faces had cracked beyond repair. It was a heart-rending disappointment none ever forgot.

MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, the ill and injured citizens of Mendon looked to Henry Hughes for relief. An avid botanist, Henry was able to identify local plants useful for healing a large variety of common ailments. His frequently administered cure-all was called *composition tea*. It was a concoction most hated by all his children, a tea that each of them was required to drink as soon as robins arrived in the spring.

Henry devoted untold hours to the gathering of medicinal herbs growing along ditch banks, in the broad meadows, or among the scrub-brush on the foothills above Mendon. When Ann was Henry's only wife, she accompanied him on his foraging expeditions and was his assistant during his visits to bed-ridden patients. After Henry entered polygamy, Ann passed along this two-fold responsibility to Sarah Ann. For his contribution to the health of the pioneer community, Utah State Agricultural College awarded Henry Hughes the honorary title of Doctor of Herbs.

This was not to be the only non-denominational honor awarded Henry Hughes. In 1894 the Utah State Legislature invited each county to send delegates to Salt Lake City, where they were to draft a constitution for the new State of Utah. The Democratic Party in Cache Valley elected Henry Hughes as their representative. This was to be Henry's last public office. His firm grasp on the vicissitudes of life was beginning to slip.

Henry had served as the third mayor of Mendon in 1822. At that time he was also in charge of the LDS

Cooperative Store in Mendon. He was elected mayor again in 1899. A year later the LDS Church released Henry from his duties as Bishop of the Mendon Ward. He had been a bishop and father to his congregation for twenty-eight eventful years. Now, suddenly, he was being denied a place in the decision-making body of the community.

Reluctantly, Henry Hughes accepted an alternate calling as patriarch. George Teasdale ordained him to that office on April 30, 1900. This was a position Henry considered fit only for ineffectual, burned-out, old men. It was a category to which he believed he did not belong. Because his wives were near the bottom of the pecking order, it was they who took the brunt of his frustration.

NOT ONLY WAS BROTHER HUGHES becoming cantankerous, but Rebecca was quite aware that her mothering days were coming to an end. Her chicks would soon be anxious to leave the nest. Under the circumstances it is easy to understand why Rebecca entered a period of deep depression. When Thomas and Margaret Bassett learned of their daughter's distress, they sent one of their sons to take Becky to Idaho for a much-needed rest and change of scenery. Rebecca was more than willing to get away from her husband and the town of Mendon for a brief time. However, before she could pack clothes and toilet articles, Henry learned of her plans and the old, possessive jealousy flared again. "They are trying to take you away from me!" he protested vehemently. The fact that Brother Hughes forbade and Rebecca obeyed says much about the relationship that existed between men and women in those early days.

Rebecca did not make the longed-for trip to the home of her parents, but the control Brother Hughes exerted over her soon came to an end. Henry developed type-two diabetes. His excessive weight may have contributed to the disease. When he inadvertently injured his big toe, the bruise became ulcerated and gangrene set in. To relieve the pain, Henry began taking heavy doses of opiates.

For a second time Henry Hughes claimed to have received a message from heaven during the night hours. In this particular dream Henry was told that he must stop using pain-killing drugs or he would die before his mission on earth had been completed. It took an enormous amount of will power to deny himself the medication, but Henry Hughes was determined. For a limited time he was able to walk about the streets and lanes of Mendon with the use of a cane.

Henry had won a difficult battle against drug addiction, but he lost the war with gangrene. In futile efforts to save his life, a surgeon first amputated Henry's toe, then his foot, and finally his leg. During the last months of his agony, Henry allowed no one near him except Becky. His first wife, Ann Howell, was crushed by his rejection. "Time was," she lamented, "when I was good enough for you."

Henry Hughes died May 28, 1904. His estate consisted of the following:

2 sets of harness	25 bushels of wheat
2 gang plows	50 tons of hay
1 drilling bit	2 harrows

1 buggy	3 mowing machines
1 derrick and fork	1 disk
1 fanning mill	1 binder
2 colts	1 wagon
4 horses	1 bob sleigh
7 cows	1 vise
350 shares in the Mendon South Pasture Company	
43 shares of common stock	
43 shares of preferred stock in the Utah Sugar Company	
2 city lots within Mendon Precinct	
132 acres of dry land for hay and pasture	
85 acres of farmland	

Because Henry Hughes left no will, the court appointed Jasper Lemmon as administrator of the estate. When Lemmon died, Jeremiah Baker took over the responsibility of liquidating enough assets to pay Henry's bills and distribute the residual to his legal heirs. Incoming bills included \$140.00 for a monument at the grave site and \$57.50 for a coffin.

Under civil law, Sarah Ann Goatman, Rebecca Bassett, and Sarah Findley were not considered legal wives of Henry Hughes. Therefore, they had no claim to his estate. Even the Clayton farm Rebecca and Sarah Ann had homesteaded was denied the two sister-wives. Recognizing their plight, Jeremiah Baker removed Rebecca's modest cottage in Mendon from the final inventory.

Ann Howell Hughes received one-third of Henry's estate, including the two-story stone house, two horses, and a cow. Each of Henry's ten children (five of Rebecca's and five of Ann's) received one-fifteenth of the estate. This legacy came to them in the form of land because the shares of stock, the hay, grain, and farm implements were all sold to pay outstanding debts, attorney's fees, administrator fees, and court costs. Rebecca's daughter Twan and Ann Howell's sons Thomas and Henry (junior) sold their property to Ann's son John. John Hughes requested that the court make him guardian of his incompetent brother Edward. Surviving documents indicate that John sold a portion of Edward's inheritance and transferred some of the proceeds to his mother.

THE YEAR 1903 OPENED the floodgate to sudden and drastic changes in Rebecca's life. The first event was the death of her father, Thomas Bassett, in May. His death was rapidly followed by the death of her husband, the marriage of her five children, the death of her sister-wife Ann Howell, and the death of Rebecca's mother, Margaret Edwards, both in the same year of 1909.

Sarah Ann (Twan) married Edmund Ruthvin Paul in September of 1903, and moved to Rexburg, Idaho. The couple later divorced. A single woman, Sarah Ann (Twan) made her home in California where she reared a large family on her own, often working as a housekeeper for the wealthy, including Bing Crosby.

Following Twan's retirement, she reconciled with Edmund, primarily for financial reasons.

George Bassett Hughes and Jane Richards married in January of 1904. As an employee of the railroad, the couple was entitled to live in the railroad-owned house in Garland, Utah.

May 28, 1904, Rebecca's husband, Henry Hughes, died of complications from diabetes.

A month later, in June of 1904, Rosa Jane married Frank Harris. He was the owner of a music store in Logan.

In September of 1904, Maggie married Ellis Claud Jenson and moved into the home of her in-laws in Brigham City.

Will was the last of the five siblings to marry. In March of 1909, William Reed Hughes married Annie Laurie Richards, the sister of his brother George's wife, Jane.<sup>6</sup> They lived throughout their lives in Rebecca's original cottage in Mendon.

It is interesting to note that Will's wife, Annie Laurie Richards, and Jane Richards, were the daughters of Agnes Muir and her second husband, Hyrum Richards. Agnes had been the child bride and plural wife of William Findley, and refused to marry Henry Hughes after her husband's death.

Soon after Will's marriage, Rebecca's sister-wife Ann Howell Hughes became ill. She had been like a second mother to teen-age Becky. It was now Rebecca's turn to nurse Ann through her final illness.

Ann's greatest fear was not of her own death but of what would happen to her retarded son, Edward. It was a grave responsibility that Rebecca assumed when she promised Ann that Edward should have a home with her as long as he lived.

Ann died in July of 1909. At the conclusion of her funeral, Rebecca took Edward's hand in hers and said, "Let's go home, Eddie." At the time Rebecca took Edward Hughes into her home, he was forty-seven, only five years her junior. She and Sarah Ann became responsible for feeding, clothing, and caring for Edward during the last twelve years of his life. An examination of the probate packet for Edward's estate indicates that John Hughes never compensated Rebecca and Sarah Ann for so much as a dollar for his living expenses.

In November of 1909, four months after the death of Ann Howell Hughes, Rebecca's mother, Margaret Edward Bassett, died in Idaho. The older generation was making way for the new, but Rebecca would continue her long life for another forty-two years.

Given the impact of these sudden life changes, it says much for Rebecca's resilience and fortitude that she was able to continue meeting the demands of daily life without complaint or expectations of helpful intervention. This may have been due in part to the constant companionship of her sister-wife Sarah Ann Goatman.

Rebecca became a frequent guest in the homes of daughters Rose and Maggie, but Sarah Ann declined all

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<sup>6</sup> The marriage license was taken out the same day and can be found in Book #7, page 120.

invitations. The mere thought of leaving the environs of Mendon were enough to start her stomach churning. She even avoided shopping trips to nearby Logan, preferring to order hats and bolts of cloth from the Sears and Roebuck catalogue.

Toward the end of her life Sarah Ann suffered a stroke, leaving her speechless and frequently disoriented. Communication between the two women proved difficult but not insurmountable. It was Sarah Ann's night-time wanderings that were most burdensome to Rebecca. There was an ever-present danger that the handicapped woman would stumble and fall in the darkness, or she might wander away into the hills and die of exposure before she could be found.

It was not until November of 1923 that Sarah Ann Goatman Hughes died. Disruptive as her condition had been, Sarah Ann's absence left a void in Rebecca's life. The two women had been constant companions for fifty-two years. They had shared a husband and five children, had wept together, laughed together, and had been emotionally closer to each other than anyone else they had ever known. It was the end of another phase of Rebecca's long life.



# GRANDMA REBECCA

PRIOR TO HENRY'S DEATH, A SUMMER KITCHEN was built adjacent to the north side of Rebecca's cottage in Mendon. A small, covered passageway connected the kitchen with the original structure.

With her needs minimal after Sarah Ann's death, Rebecca invited her son Will and his wife, Annie Laurie, to take over the main part of the house. Will reciprocated by taking the responsibility for the heavier farm work. Rebecca enjoyed cooking meals for the combined family and hoped they could sit down together, but Annie preferred to dine alone with Will. Even so, it was a cooperative venture that worked beautifully.

With lace-covered windows on three sides of the room and linoleum on the floor, Rebecca's private quarters were both cheerful and easy to care for. A modest, drop-leaf table and varnished wooden chairs stood against the west window overlooking her tiny Welsh flower garden, with its roses, columbine, bluebells, and miniature English daisies. Rebecca was quite proud to have had a water pump installed in her galvanized sink. She pointed out that most housewives found it necessary to haul water into their kitchens in a pail. Next to the sink stood a walnut-stained washstand, complete with a sparkling-white, lace-trimmed runner and white china basin. An oval mirror in a wooden frame hung on the wall just above the washstand.

The pleasant atmosphere of the room was countered by the presence of a big, black, coal-burning stove standing next to the sink. Fed constantly from a coal bucket, three meals a day were cooked on its round plates and oval loaves of white, crusty bread was baked in its oven once a week. Hanging from the left side of the stove was a reservoir that supplied hot water throughout the day. A comfort in the winter months, the heat of the stove was endured in the summer out of necessity.

In the southwest corner of the room was a cabinet for dishes and a few pieces of silverware that stood upright in a cut-crystal glass. On one of the open shelves was a small pendulum clock, whose noisy tick-tocking filled the quiet room at eventide. A high-backed rocking chair, fashioned by a local craftsman, and a narrow daybed completed the simple furnishings.

There was no bathroom in either the original house or the summer-kitchen. Baths were taken in a round, galvanized tin tub. An outhouse to take care of bodily functions stood at the end of a long dirt path, fronting a wide row of raspberry bushes where bees hummed merrily all summer long. Inside the outhouse, a copy of the Sears and Roebuck catalogue hung on a nail.

Half of Rebecca's life was spent in the twentieth century, but she remained, by choice, a product of the

nineteenth. She never succumbed to the temptation of a telephone. Friends and neighbors were within walking distance and family members were welcome to come for a visit. The one concession Rebecca made to the miracle of electricity was incandescent light.

Rebecca never owned a radio. She considered all forms of fiction to be a waste of time. For relaxation she read the scriptures and daily newspaper. Her interest in the news centered around the political scene and international affairs, particularly those of the Prince of Wales. Although she never owned a pair of prescription eye glasses, Rebecca did use a large magnifying glass during the last years of her life.

Most members of the LDS Church are familiar with the story of the three righteous Nephite Prophets, those men to whom Jesus granted immortality in order to preach His Gospel to all people. Rebecca took these verses from the *Book of Mormon* to heart. She was always well prepared to invite a hungry stranger to sit at her table. You never knew when one of the Nephite Prophets would choose to test the testimony of Saints living in Mendon.

When the day arrived that Rebecca was to have her teeth pulled and replaced with dentures, she hitched her horse to her buggy and drove alone to Logan. In the dentist's office she refused any kind of pain suppressant. In due time the dentist supplied her with the red-rubber, single set of dentures she wore throughout the remainder of her life.

Rebecca had no confidence in the medical establishment. "Never had any use for doctors and am not about to start now," she would remark with a huff, her usual response whenever she was provoked. Rebecca denied the reality of germs. If you couldn't see something, it didn't exist. She thought it outrageous when the mothers of her grandchildren had them inoculated. Hadn't her baby brother George died as a result of a smallpox vaccination?

One of Rebecca's prize cows stepped on her foot, breaking a bone. Although in great pain, she refused medical attention. Had Brother Hughes been alive, Rebecca would have allowed him to take care of the matter. As it was, her foot became misshapen, giving her trouble ever afterward. When men's gaiters began to be produced, the shoe problem was solved. Gaiters were soft, ankle-high shoes with wide, elastic inserts at the sides.

Rebecca was in her eightieth year when she fell into a ditch behind her Mendon home, breaking her forearm near the wrist. By the time her daughter Maggie learned of the accident, the bone had knit. Maggie, together with her daughter Phyllis, insisted on taking Rebecca to see a physician. When the doctor suggested anesthetic to re-break the bone and set it, she refused. Rebecca said not a single word nor made did she make a sound until the procedure was finished. It was then that she remarked to the doctor, "My, you have a strong grip!"

Two small spots of cancer appeared, one on each of Rebecca's rosy cheeks. Maggie rushed her to a doctor in Brigham City to have them removed by X-ray. It was the second time in her life she visited a physician.

Like most citizens of the British Isles, Rebecca enjoyed sucking a piece of hard candy but had little interest in rich deserts. On the other hand, there wasn't a member of the family who didn't enjoy her creamy rice puddings and her home-canned red raspberries, smothered in rich, clotted cream. Green tea

leaves, steeped in a teapot and served with sugar and cream, was Rebecca's daily beverage. She enjoyed it best when sipped from the rim of a saucer. It was always a special treat for her grand-children when she consented to read their fortunes from the few tea leaves remaining along the sides of the cup after the tea was drunk. Of course their futures always involved a tall, dark-haired admirer.

Rebecca was blessed with a satin smooth complexion that showed hardly a wrinkle. Her beauty tip was a daily scrubbing with a bar of laundry soap. She never owned a tube of lipstick, never powdered her nose, never rouged her cheeks. She wore cotton house dresses and aprons, preferably printed in shades of pink or lavender. With the passing of years, Rebecca's dark-brown hair turned white. Each morning she twisted the long strands into a bun and secured it atop her head with the aid of several small combs and super-sized, gray hairpins.

Rebecca's life and source of greatest satisfaction was her family. She was never happier than when she could snuggle a tiny, warm body to her bosom. When their teeth sprouted, she fed them slices of oranges, the ends dipped in sugar.

As soon as her grandchildren could talk, she taught them nursery rhymes. Inveigling them to throw their arms around her neck, she told frightening stories such as "Babes in the Woods," or the tale of the bride who was trapped in a trunk on her wedding day while play hide-and-seek and was never found.

Rebecca's grandchildren and great grandchildren could always count on our her unconditional love. If there was a contest of wills between them and their mothers, Rebecca invariably took the side of the children. (I remember fervently wishing that Grandma could have been my *real* mother.)

Rebecca always emphasized the positive aspects of life and people, conscientiously avoiding remarks that might hurt someone's feelings. When a granddaughter presented her with a slobbering, homely looking great grandchild, Rebecca commented, "Oh, my! What a doll!" Later in the day her Phyllis Jenson Call chided her for telling a falsehood. Rebecca quipped, "But I didn't say *what kind* of a doll." This was the quick witted, caring, loving Grandma Rebecca we knew and adored.

After ninety-four challenging and rewarding years, death came swiftly and mercifully to Rebecca Bassett Hughes. She died in Logan, at the home of her daughter Rosa Jane, of causes "incident to old age". The date was December 30, 1951.

MENDON'S CEMETERY HANGS precariously on a steep slope west of town. The solemnity of the occasion was accentuated by heavy, slate-gray clouds that obliterated the pale, winter sun.

Momentarily distancing herself from the mourners crowded around her mother's casket, Maggie looked down upon the village she had known so well in her youth, her thoughts turning inward to brighter days and warmer memories.

For a brief moment she could almost smell the fragrance of newly mown hay, of plump, golden loaves of fresh bread, baked in the big, black stove in her mother's kitchen.

In her mind's eye Maggie could clearly see her two giggling sisters, together with their brothers who teased. There was sweet-natured Rose and fiery tempered Twan. There was George the extrovert and shy, bashful Will. Each sister and brother had a special place in Maggie's heart.

And most important of all, there was the precious memory of Rebecca, her incomparable, strong-willed mother, the single, true constant in her life. Henry Hughes had considered himself "The Father of the Mendon Ward", but he was just another absentee father in so far as Maggie was concerned, nothing more than an occasional, unwelcome intruder in their home.

Painful as they were, these memories of the past provided Maggie with a much-needed sense of closure. During those early years of her life, there had been times of hardship, moments of tears, and occasions of frustration, but they had been interwoven with joy, laughter, and—most important of all—love in abundance. How could Maggie appreciate the best life had to offer if she couldn't compare it with the worst. Every experience she had enjoyed or endured contributed to who she was at this moment in time.

As with all tales of triumphs and disasters, there must come an end. Maggie decided the refrain from the beloved Mormon hymn "Come, Come Ye Saints" said it all in a single sentence. "All is well, all is well."

And the snow began to fall.

# APPENDIX

# HENRY HUGHES PHARMACY

Aloes: For a laxative and remedy for hemorrhoids, prepare tea made from leaves of the aloes plant.

Asafetida: A small amount of asafetida tied in a cloth bag and hung around a child's neck keeps communicable diseases away. Asafetida can also be rolled into pills and given to relieve nervousness and spasms or convulsions.

Beets: To cure kidney stones, give the patient a drink made from the juice of red beets.

Brooklime: In the spring, drink tea made from brooklime to help enrich the blood.

Camphor and Olive Oil: To relieve croup, rub a child's chest with a mixture of these two ingredients, then cover the chest with a square of soft flannel.

Carrots: Draw the infection from boils by applying a poultice made of carrots.

Catnip: Give tea made from catnip to babies suffering with colic or colds.

Clover Blossoms: Tea made from clover blossoms enriches the blood.

Composition Tea: This mixture of herbs is applicable for almost all ailments. [Some older dictionaries refer to this medication as "Brigham Young tea."]

Dogwood or Boxwood: Tea made from the bark of these bushes is a tonic and stimulant.

Elm bark: Combined with yeast, crushed elm bark can be used as an antiseptic and a poultice for ulcers, especially when there is danger of gangrene.

Flaxseed: Steep flaxseed and give the tea to a patient suffering from pneumonia. You can also prepare a poultice used flaxseed and apply it to a patient's chest.

Ginger: A half teaspoonful in warm water relieves colds or stomach pains.

Gravel Root: Tea made from gravel root is a remedy for kidney ailments.

Hops: Mix this herb with whiskey and stuff the mixture into a small, cloth bag. Place the bag under a patient's pillow to induce sleep.

Horehound: Tea made from horehound relieves the symptoms of a cold.

Lobelia: This is used to induce vomiting. When mixed with egg, vinegar, and sugar, the concoction can be given to a child as an expectorant.

Marshmallow Weed: A poultice made of this weed should be heated and applied to skin infections. A tea steeped from marshmallow weed helps with urinary complaints.

Mustard: Use one or two teaspoonfuls of powdered mustard mixed in a glass of warm water as an emetic in case of poisoning.

Olive Oil: Apply this oil to poison-ivy rash or bee stings.

Onions: Chopped onions placed in a sick room prevents smallpox or other contagious disease from spreading throughout the members of the household. [We would tend to avoid each other.]

Peach Tree Leaves: A tea made of these leaves is used as a sedative, and helps control nausea and vomiting.

Peppermint: Peppermint tea is given to babies with colic or colds.

Rabbit Brush or Tea Weed: A tea made of this herb relieves the pain of rheumatism.

Rhubarb: Stewed and sweetened, this is eaten to relieve constipation.

Sage: The tea made from this herb is used to relieve upset stomach. It can also be mashed in a teaspoonful of olive oil and swallowed as a cure for intestinal worms.

Sagebrush: With a bit of whisky added as a preservative, tea made of wild sagebrush becomes a tonic. Made into hot packs, it is applied to bruises and abrasions.

Salt: One-fourth to one-half a teaspoon is dissolved in a cup of water. This mixture, taken before breakfast in the morning eliminates intestinal worms.

Sulfur: When mixed with lard or butter, this salve was is used for "the itch" or ringworm.

Sulfur and Molasses: This mixture is taken as a spring tonic.

Tansy: Tea made of this plant aids women with irregular menstruation.

Wormwood: Wormwood is to be steeped in a large amount of water, then simmered for an extended period of time. A small amount of brandy is added to a cup of this tea before giving it to the

Yarrow: Tea made from the yarrow plant is a remedy for colds.

# FAMILY CHARTS



## JOHN BASSETT

HUSBAND: John Bassett, born abt 1707, of Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales, son of Lewis and Frances Bassett. Died 22 Aug 1782.

WIFE: Mary died 22 Jan 1711.

### CHILDREN

(1) Mary, chr 14 Aug 1733, Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales. Md William Thomas, 19 Sep 1771.

(2) John, chr 10 March 1734, Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Margaret Nicholas, 17 May 1770.

(3) Lewis, chr 16 May 1737, Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 18 Jan 1766.

(4) Frances, chr 25 Feb 1739, Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales.

(5) Thomas, chr 12 Aug 1740, Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Elizabeth Williams, 16 June 1769.

(6) Richard, chr 3 Feb 1742, Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Mary John, 25 May 1768.  
Bur 21 Nov 1819.

## LEWIS BASSETT

HUSBAND: Lewis Basset, born abt 1681, of Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Francis.  
Bur 2 Jan 1731.

WIFE: Francis, born abt 1685, of Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales. Died 11 Feb 1727.

### CHILDREN

- (1) John, born about 1707, of Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Mary. Died August 22, 1782.
- (2) Joan, born abt 1710, of Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales.
- (3) Elizabeth, born abt 1712, of Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales.
- (4) Mary, born abt 1714, of Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales.
- (5) Jane, born abt 1716, of Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales.
- (6) Margaret, born abt 1718, of Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales.
- (7) Francis, born abt 1720, of Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Thomas Edward, 26 May 1739.
- (8) Ann, born abt 1722, of Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales. Died 30 Dec 1730.
- (9) Rachel, born abt 1724, of Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales.

# RICHARD BASSETT

HUSBAND: Richard Bassett, chr 3 Feb 1742, Lavernock, Glamorgan Wales, son of John and Mary Bassett. Md Mary John, 25 May 1768. Died 21 Nov 1819, Penarth, Glamorgan.

Wife: Mary John, chr 22 Nov 1737, Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales, dau of Thomas and Mary John. Died 1 Jan 1779.

## CHILD

(1) Richard, chr 23 Dec 1778, Penarth, Glamorgan, Wales. Md (A) Mary Rosser, 21 Sept 1812.  
Md (B) Mary Millward, 8 March 1826.

Richard Died 2 Dec 1855; buried in St. Mellons, Monmouthshire, England

# RICHARD BASSETT

HUSBAND: Richard Bassett, chr 23 Dec 1778, Penarth, Glamorgan, Wales, son of Richard Bassett and Mary John. Md (A) Mary Rosser, 21 Sept 1812. (B) Mary Millward, 7 March 1826. Richard died 2 Dec 1855, Penarth, Wales. Bur 7 Dec 1855, St Mellons, Monmouth, England.

## WIVES:

- (A) Mary Rosser, chr 13 March 1785, Llandaff, Glamorgan, Wales, dau of Richard and Mary Rosser. Bur 26 Oct 1825.
- (B) Mary Millward, born 1805, dau of William Millward and Margaret Llewellyn. Died 4 Apr 1847, Canton, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 6 Apr 1847, St Mellons, Monmouth shire, England.

## CHILDREN OF MARY MILLWARD

- (1) Thomas, born 7 June 1827, Canton, Glamorgan, Wales. Md (A) Margaret Edward, 27 Jan 1851. (B) Sarah Phillips. Thomas Died 23 May 1903, Rexburg, Idaho.

### Wives:

- (A) Margaret Edward, born 1 Nov 1821, Leckwith, Glamorgan, Wales. Died 13 Nov 1909, Rexburg, Idaho.
  - (B) Sarah Phillips, sealed 12 Oct 1900.
- (2) Richard, chr 7 Feb 1830, Llandaff, Glamorgan, Wales. Died 8 Mar 1863.

# THOMAS BASSETT

HUSBAND: Thomas Bassett, born 7 June 1827, Canton, Glamorgan, Wales, son of Richard Bassett and Mary Millward. Md (A) Margaret Edward, 27 Jan 1851. Md (B) Sarah Phillips, 12 Oct 1900.

Thomas died 23 May 1903, Rexburg, Madison, Idaho.

## WIVES:

(A) Margaret Edward, born 1 Nov 1827, Leckwith, Glamorgan, Wales, dau of William Edward and Rebecca Williams. Died 13 Nov 1909, Rexburg, Madison, Idaho

(B) Sarah Phillips

## CHILDREN

(1) William Edward, born 31 Dec 1851, Cardiff, Glamorgan, Wales. Md (A) Sarah Ann Williams, 2 May 1872. (B) Catherine Smith, 1884. Died 11 Jan 1919.

(2) Mary, born 4 Aug 1854, Leckwith, Glamorgan, Wales. Died 2 Dec 1929.

(3) Rebecca, born 9 Mar 1857, Leckwith, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Henry Hughes 12 July 1875. Died 30 Dec 1951.

(4) Margaret, born 26 Sep 1859, Canton, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Walter Muir, 29 Dec 1877. Died 9 July 1929.

(5) Thomas Edwards, born 26 Nov 1862, Canton, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Lucy Ann Lutz, 14 Apr 1886. Died 22 Aug 1926.

(6) Sarah, born 1 Apr 1865, Canton, Glamorgan, Wales. Md (A) Simon Pack Baker, 2 Oct 1884; (B) John Rupert Baker, 23 Dec 1890. Died 24 Nov 1939.

(7) Jane, born 16 Feb 1867, Canton, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 21 Dec 1869.

(8) Fredrick George, born 12 Apr 1869, Canton, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 18 Apr 1872.

## HUBERT CLAY

HUSBAND: Hubert Clay, born about 1825, of Coalport, Shropshire, England. Md abt 1851.

WIFE: Elizabeth Hughes, chr 7 March 1819, Mold, Flintshire, Wales, dau of Robert Hughes and Martha Read. Died 10 May 1909.

### CHILDREN

(1) Thomas Hubert, born about 1852, Hanley, Staffordshire, England.

(2) Henry Hubert, born about 1856, Hanley, Staffordshire, England

(3) Harry, born about 1861, Liverpool, Lancastershire, England.

(4) Emma C., born about 1864, Jarrow, County Durham England.

(5) George, born about 1866, Jarrow, County Durham, England.

(6) Rosanna, born about 1869, Jarrow, County Durham, England.

# JOHN EDWARDS

HUSBAND: John Edwards, born abt 1723, of Mold, Flintshire, Wales.

WIFE: Elizabeth, born abt 1727, of Mold, Flintshire, Wales.

## CHILDREN

(1) Catherine, chr 10 Sep 1749, Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Md John Hughes, 8 Aug 1777.  
Bur 18 Jan 1834.

(2) Margaret, chr 5 July 1753, Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Bur 17 July 1757.

## WILLIAM EDWARD

HUSBAND: William Edward, born abt 1650, of Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 6 March 1708.

WIFE: Frances Mathew, born abt 1654, of Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 4 Feb 1677/78.

### CHILDREN

(1) William, chr 5 Jan 1677/1678, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Margaret Mathews.  
Bur 2 Apr 1716.

(2) Francis, chr 5 Jan 1677/1678, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 4 Feb 1677/78.



## WILLIAM EDWARD

HUSBAND: William Edward (yeoman), chr 5 Jan 1677/78, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales, son of William Edward and Frances Mathew. Md. Margaret Mathews. Bur 2 April 1716, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales.

WIFE: Margaret Mathews, born abt 1682, of Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales. Will proved 9 Jan 1727/28.

### CHILDREN

(1) William, chr 22 Dec 1700, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Elizabeth. Bur 9 May 1756.

(2) Edward, chr 19 Sep 1702, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales.

## WILLIAM EDWARD

HUSBAND: William Edward, chr 22 Dec 1700, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales, son of William Edward and Margaret Mathews. Md. Elizabeth. Bur 9 May 1756.

WIFE: Elizabeth, born abt 1700.

### CHILDREN

- (1) William, chr 16 Oct 1721, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Mary Ambrose, 4 Oct 1764. Bur 21 Jan 1789.
- (2) Margaret, chr 27 Apr 1725, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales. Md John Thomas.
- (3) Elizabeth, born abt 1728, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales.
- (4) Mary, chr 14 Oct 1731, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 5 May 1751.
- (5) Philip, chr 28 May 1735, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales.
- (6) John, chr 15 July 1736, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales
- (7) Joan, chr 5 Feb 1727/1738, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales.
- (8) Edward, chr 28 Aug 1740, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales.

## WILLIAM EDWARD

HUSBAND: William Edward, chr 16 Oct 1721, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales, son of William and Elizabeth Edward. Md Mary Ambrose, 4 Oct 1764. Bur 21 Jan 1789.

WIFE: Mary Ambrose, born 1745, of Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 6 Jan, 1815, age 70.

### CHILDREN

- (1) William, chr 28 July 1765, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales. Died 24 Dec 1856.  
Md (A) Mary Morgan, 21 May 1799. Md (B) Rebecca Williams, 22 Jan 1827.  
William died 24 Dec 1856.
- (2) Edward, chr 30 March 1768, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Catherine David, 9 May 1801.  
Bur 11 Oct 1804.
- (3) Margaret, chr 7 March 1771, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales.

## WILLIAM EDWARD

HUSBAND: William Edward, chr 28 July 1765, Wenvoe, Glamorgan, Wales, son of William Edward and Mary Ambrose. Md (A) Mary Morgan, 21 May 1799. Md (B) Rebecca Williams, 22 Jan 1827. William Edward Died 24 Dec 1856.

### WIVES:

(A) Mary Morgan, born abt 1769.

(B) Rebecca Williams, chr 22 Jan 1786, Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales, dau of Thomas Williams and Elizabeth David. Died 1 Dec 1859.

### CHILD OF REBECCA<sup>7</sup>

(1) Margaret, born 1 Nov 1827, Leckwith, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Thomas Bassett, 27 Jan 1851. Died 13 Nov 1909.

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<sup>7</sup> Rebecca Williams had son Isaac, chr 10 May 1812, father William Roberts. Isaac md Sarah Rimron, 23 May 1840. Bur 7 June 1849.

# HENRY HUGHES

HUSBAND: Henry Hughes, born 25 Dec 1825, Bistree, Flintshire, Wales. Son of Robert Hughes and Martha Read. Md (A) Ann Howell, 4 Nov 1850. (B) Sarah Ann Goatman, 14 Dec 1868. (C) Martha Howell, sealed after death, 10 July 1872. (D) Sarah Shaw Findley, 6 Nov 1872, for life only. (E) Rebecca Bassett, 12 July 1875. Henry died 28 May 1904, Mendon, Cache, Utah.

## WIVES:

- (A) Ann Howell, chr 19 February 1819, Long Stanton, Shropshire, England, dau of Edward Howell and Ann Hughes. Died 2 July 1909.
- (B) Sarah Ann Goatman, born 22 Dec 1853, Church Down, Gloucester, England, dau of George Goatman and Mary Moulder. Died 16 Nov 1923.
- (C) Martha Howell, dau of Edward Howell and Ann Hughes.
- (D) Sarah Shaw Findley [widow of William Findley], born 17 August 1828, Ilkeston, Derbyshire, England, dau of Samuel Shaw and Mary Bostock. Died 4 Mar 1891.
- (E) Md Rebecca Bassett, born 9 Mar 1857, Leckwith, Glamorgan, Wales, dau of Thomas Bassett and Margaret Edward. Died 30 Dec 1951, Mendon, Utah.

## ANN'S CHILDREN:

- (1) Henry, born 14 June 1852, Wingate, Durham, England. Md Agnes Eleanor Gardner, 8 July 1872. Died 16 June 1919.
- (2) Charles, born 15 June 1855, Millcreek, Salt Lake, Utah. Md Sarah Lavinia Walker, 12 Dec 1878. Died 1 Feb 1933.
- (3) John, born 13 Apr 1857, Big Cottonwood, Salt Lake, Utah. Md Emma Willie, 20 Jan 1881. Died 25 Aug 1924.
- (4) Thomas Howell, born 15 Sep 1859, Big Cottonwood, Salt Lake, Utah. Md Sarah Jane Jeffs, 10 Apr 1879. Died 24 Oct 1930.
- (5) Edward Robert, born 20 Aug 1862, Mendon, Cache, Utah. Died 11 July 1921.

## REBECCA'S CHILDREN:

- (1) George Bassett, born 1 Sep 1877, Mendon, Cache, Utah. Md Jane Richards, 13 Jan 1904. Died 4 Oct 1954.
- (2) Rosa Jane, born 16 Dec 1879, Mendon, Cache, Utah. Md Frank Harris, 22 June 1904. Died 3 Dec 1961.
- (3) Sarah Ann, born 25 Jan 1882, Mendon, Cache, Utah. Md Edmund Ruthvin Paul, 18 Sep 1903 (div). Died 11 Sep 1963.
- (4) Martha Margaret, born 14 June 1884, Mendon, Cache, Utah. Md Ellis Claud Jenson, 21 Sep 1904. Died 3 July 1952.
- (5) William Read, born 8 Nov 1886, Mendon, Cache, Utah. Md Annie Laurie Richards, 16 Mar 1909. Died 15 May 1966.

## JOHN HUGHES

HUSBAND: John Hughes, born abt 1724, of Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Md Mary Jones, 19 Feb 1749/50.

WIFE: Mary Jones, born abt 1728, of Mold, Flintshire, Wales.

### CHILDREN

- (1) John, chr 16 July 1753, Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Md Catherine Edwards, 8 Aug 1777. Died 9 Jan 1809.
- (2) Cathrine, chr 10 Mar 1754, Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Bur 24 July 1756.
- (3) Elizabeth, chr 24 July 1756, Mold, Flintshire, Wales.

## JOHN HUGHES

HUSBAND: John Hughes, chr 16 July 1753, Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Son of John Hughes and Mary Jones. Md Catherine Edwards, 8 Aug 1777. Died 9 Feb 1809, Pentre, Flintshire, Wales.

WIFE: Catherine Edwards, chr 10 Sep 1749, Mold Flintshire, Wales, dau of John and Elizabeth Edwards. Died 18 Jan 1834.

## CHILDREN

(1) George, chr 25 June 1777, Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Md Maria Humphreys. Bur 25 Nov 1829.

(2) Elizabeth, chr 24 Dec 1780, Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Md Edward Davis, 19 Nov 1825.

(3) Robert, born 1785, of Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Md Martha Read. Died 3 May 1845, age 60.

(4) son, chr Oct 1787, Mold, Flintshire, Wales.

(5) Thomas, chr 16 July 1788, Mold, Flintshire, Wales.

# JOHN HUGHES

HUSBAND: John Hughes, chr 17 Feb 1815, Ruabon, Denbighshire, Wales, son of Robert Hughes and Martha Read. Md Mary Hallowell, 22 April 1838. Died 13 Jan 1904.

WIFE: Mary Hallowell, born in 1817, of Hanley, Stafford, England, dau of Peter Hallowell.<sup>8</sup>

## CHILDREN

- (1) Henry, born about 1839, of Staffordshire, England.
- (2) Martha, born about 1842, of Staffordshire, England.
- (3) John, born about 1845, Hanley, Staffordshire, England.
- (4) Martha, born about 1849, Kelloe, County Durham, England.
- (5) Robert, born about 1852, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.
- (6) Mary, born about 1855, Kindon, County Durham, England.
- (7) Agnes, born about 1857, Quarrington, Durham, England.
- (8) Susannah, born about 1860, Skinny Moor, County Durham, England.

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<sup>8</sup> Wife was age 21 at the time of her marriage. She and her father were employed in the pottery factory.



## ROBERT HUGHES

HUSBAND: Robert Hughes, 1785, of Mold, Flintshire, Wales, son of John Hughes and Catherine Edwards. Md Martha Read. Died 3 May 1845, age 60, Holywell, bur 19 May, Mold, Flintshire, Wales.

WIFE: Martha Read, chr 5 Nov 1786, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales, dau of Robert Read and Elizabeth Mills. Died in Staffordshire, England.

### CHILDREN

- (1) John, chr 17 Feb 1815, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Md Mary Hallowell, 22 April 1838.
- (2) Robert, chr 1 Apr 1817, Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Md Jane Hopkins, 13 Sept 1846.
- (3) Elizabeth, chr 7 Nov 1819, Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Bur 25 Jan 1823.
- (4) Thomas, chr 1 Dec 1822, Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Md Mary Ann Beesby, 28 Jan 1850. Died 13 Feb 1895.
- (5) Henry, chr 1 Jan 1826, Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Md (A) Ann Howell, 4 Nov 1850. (B) Sarah Ann Goatman, 14 Dec 1868. (C) Martha Howell, 10 July 1872, after death. (D) Sarah Shaw Findley, 6 Nov 1872, time only. (E) Rebecca Bassett, 12 July 1875. Henry died 28 May 1904.
- (6) Elizabeth, chr 7 Mar 1829, Mold, Flintshire, Wales. Md Hubert Clay. Died 10 May 1909.

# THOMAS HUGHES

HUSBAND: Thomas Hughes, chr 1 Dec 1822, Mold, Flintshire Wales, son of Robert Hughes and Martha Read. Md Mary Ann Beesby, 28 Jan 1850. Died in 1895.

WIFE: Mary Ann Beesby, born about 1825, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.

## CHILDREN

- (1) Susannah, born about 1848, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.
- (2) John born abt 1850, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.
- (3) William born abt 1852, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.
- (4) Martha born abt 1852, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.
- (5) Elizabeth born abt 1856, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.
- (6) Thomas born abt 1858, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.
- (7) Sarah, born abt 1860, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.
- (8) Henry, born abt 1865, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.
- (9) Mary Ann, born abt 1867, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.
- (10) Robert, born abt 1869, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.
- (11) Emma, born abt 1871, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.
- (12) Emma (1871, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England.

# THOMAS JOHN

HUSBAND: Thomas John, born abt 1711, of Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Mary.

WIFE: Mary, born abt 1715.

## CHILDREN

(1) Mary, chr 22 Nov 1737, Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Richard Bassett, 25 May 1768.  
Died 1 Jan 1779.

(2) John, chr 10 Feb 1742, Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales.

(3) William, chr 12 May 1750, Lavernock, Glamorgan, Wales.

## EVAN LLEWELYN

HUSBAND: Evan Llewelyn, born abt 1711, of Risea, Monmouth, England. Md. Mary.

WIFE: Mary, born abt 1715, of Risea, Monmouth, England.

### CHILDREN

(1) Mary, chr 1737, Risea, Monmouth, England.

(2) Joan, chr 15 July 1739, Risea, Monmouth, England.

(3) Mary, chr 4 Oct 1741, Risea, Monmouth, England.

(4) Margaret, chr 11 May 1742, Risea, Monmouth, England. Md William Millward. Died Pentwyn, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 30 July 1824, age 78, St Mellons, Monmouth, England.

## MILLWARD

HUSBAND: William Millward, 1747, of Pentwyn, Glamorgan, Wales. Died Pentwyn, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 1 July 1825, St Mellons, Monmouth, England, age 78.

WIFE: Margaret Llewellyn, born 1746, of Pentwyn, Glamorgan, Wales. Died Pentwyn, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 30 July 1824, St Mellons, Monmouth, England, age 78.

## CHILD

(1) Mary, born 1805, of Radyr, Glamorgan, Wales.<sup>9</sup> Md Richard Bassett, 8 May 1826. Died 4 Apr 1847.

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<sup>9</sup> Mary age 21 in 1847, as indicated on her marriage license.

## READ

HUSBAND: Robert, born abt 1701, of Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Son of Benjamin Reade and Mary Gwyn. Md Jane.

WIFE: Jane, born abt 1705, of Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales

## CHILDREN

(1) Mary, chr 10 Dec 1727, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Md John Jones, 18 Feb 1765.

(2) Sarah, chr 24 May 1730, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Died 29 May 1730.

(3) Elizabeth, chr 30 Apr 1732, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Md Edward Parry, 27 Feb 1767.

(4) Robert, chr 8 Feb 1734/35, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Md Sarah Toonah, 21 Nov 1757.

## READ

HUSBAND: Robert Read, chr 8 Feb 1734/35, Ruabon, Wales. Son of Robert and Jane Read.  
Md Sarah Toonah, 21 Nov 1757. Bur 9 Mar 1789.

WIFE: Sarah Toonah, chr 1 Jan 1736/37, dau of Simon and Elizabeth Toonah. Died 22 Aug 1804.

## CHILDREN

(1) Robert, chr 14 Nov 1762, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Md Elizabeth Mills. Died 31 Mar 1814.

(2) John, chr 12 Feb 1766, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales.

(3) Edward, chr 5 Mar 1769, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Md Mary, 3 Nov 1792. Died 1 Apr 1834.

## READ

HUSBAND: Robert Read, chr 14 Nov 1762, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Son of Robert Read and Sarah Toonah. Md Elizabeth Mills. Bur 31 Mar 1814.

WIFE: Elizabeth Mills, born abt 1766, of Moreton, Denbigh, Wales.

## CHILDREN

- (1) Robert, chr 25 Feb 1784, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales.
- (2) Martha, chr 5 Nov 1786, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Md Robert Hughes.
- (3) Elizabeth, chr 26 Jan 1791, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Died 25 Oct 1813.
- (4) Mary, chr 21 Mar 1794, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Md John Owens.
- (5) Susanah, chr 8 Feb 1797, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Md John Davis.
- (6) Johnathan, chr 20 Mar 1799, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Died 4 Oct 1816.



## WILLIAM ROBERTS

HUSBAND: William Roberts, born abt 1782, of Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales.

SIGNIFICANT OTHER: Rebecca Williams, chr 22 Jan 22 1786, Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales, dau of Thomas Williams and Elizabeth David. Md William Edward, 22 Jan 1827. Died 1 Dec 1859, Leckwith, Glamorgan, Wales.

### CHILD

(1) Isaac, chr 10 May 1812, Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Sarah Rimron, May 25, 1840.  
Bur 7 June 1849.

## TOONAH

HUSBAND: Simon Toonah, born abt 1699, of Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Md Elizabeth.

WIFE: Elizabeth, born abt 1703, of Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales.

## CHILDREN

(1) (Daughter) Toonah, chr 16 May 1725, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales.

(2) Mary, chr 13 Apr 1728, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales.

(3) Catharine, chr 26 Apr 1731, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales.

(4) Sarah, chr 1 Jan 1736/37, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales. Md Robert Read, 21 Nov 1757.  
Died 22 Aug 1804.

(5) Simon, chr 17 Apr 1740, Ruabon, Denbigh, Wales.

## WILLIAMS

HUSBAND: John Williams, born abt 1710, of Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Elizabeth, 16 Sept 1735. Bur 29 April 1750.

WIFE: Elizabeth, born abt 1714, of Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales.

## CHILDREN

(1) Thomas, chr 4 June 1743, Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales. Md Elizabeth David, bans published 2 Feb 1780. Bur 28 July 1812.

(2) Elizabeth, chr 27 July 1745, Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales.

## WILLIAMS

FATHER: Thomas Williams, chr 4 June 1743, Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales. (a thatcher)

Md Elizabeth David, bans published 2 Feb 1780, Llandaff, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 28 July 1812.

WIFE: Elizabeth David, born 25 March 1751, of Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 5 Feb 1817.

## CHILDREN

(1) Elizabeth, born 1 May 1781, Llandough, Glamorgan Wales. Md John Morgan, 18 May 1801.  
Died 28 Oct 1851.

(2) Thomas, born 17 May 1783, Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 11 Apr 1837.

(3) Rebecca, chr 22 Jan 1786, Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales. Md William Edward, 22 Jan  
1827. Died 11 Dec 1859.

(4) John, chr 25 May 1788, Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 30 July 1841.

(5) William, chr 3 Apr 1791, Llandough, Glamorgan, Wales. Bur 9 Mar 1824.

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