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JAMES MELLOR: ENGLISH CONVERT AND HANDCART PIONEER

A BIOGRAPHY

by

Edna J. Gregerson

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree

of

MASTER OF SCIENCE

in

English

UTAH STATE UNIVERSITY
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1961

P R E F A C E

For many years the descendants of John and James Mellor--a large family who have made contributions to the cultural and educational activities of their various communities--have been desirous of preserving for their posterity, and others, a record of the Mellors. Several years ago Amy Mellor Howe initiated the project by compiling and editing the first Mellor History. The foreword in her book wherein she ". . . hoped that the information and data herein contained may form the nucleus for further research . . ." served as the incentive to continue the project.

It is planned to incorporate the following biography into one of the sections of the book The Mellors Through The Years which this author has consented to compile and edit for the family. In this biography will be presented the highlights in the life of James Mellor: his youth and early married life in England, his sharing in the experiences of the "ill-fated" handcart pioneers, and his coping with the problems involved in subduing a primitive frontier in settling the Mormon community of Fayette, Sanpete County, Utah.

This study has been based on excerpts from James Mellor's own diary and on the diaries of other members of his family; on old letters, documents, and other unpublished information; on newspaper clippings; on personal interviews, letters which the author has received, and available community, church, and government records. It is hoped that this evaluation will result in an objective biography of James Mellor that is as

accurate as available information permits. Some previously published historical information has been inter-woven with the original diary of James Mellor in order to enhance both the interest and the authenticity of this document.

Grateful appreciation is hereby acknowledged for invaluable assistance rendered by Roy Delbert Mellor, president of the Mellor family organization; his wife, Vivian Margaret Anderson Mellor; and to Martha Wintch Bartholomew, Fayette historian, in the compilation of extensive information and illustrations used in writing this thesis. Likewise, the author wishes to express appreciation to numerous other writers whose statements have been cited in this work, and to Ronald B. Jensen, business instructor at Manti High School, for assisting with the enormous task of typing this information. The author also desires to express sincere thanks to Professor Ira W. Hayward, her chairman, and to Dr. S. George Ellsworth and Professor J. Lynn Mortensen, members of her graduate committee at Utah State University, for their invaluable suggestions and professional guidance given in the preparation of this thesis.

Edna J. Gregerson

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INTRODUCTION

We do not know when man first came into possession of the earth. We only know that, in ages vastly remote, when both the climate and outline of Europe were very different from what they are at present, man lived on that continent with animals now extinct; and that as early as 4000 or 3000 B.C.,--when the curtain first rises on the stage of history,--in some favored regions, as in the Valley of the Nile, there were nations and civilizations that bear evidence of slow growth through long periods of time before history begins.¹

We do know when the original founder of the Mellor family came to America. We are fortunate in having recorded information that tells how James Mellor and his family's lives epitomized the frontier period of development in the West.

James Mellor, Sr., youngest child of William and Ann Dilks Mellor, was born in Leicester, England, in 1819. He and his wife, Mary Ann Payne, were the progenitors of numerous descendants, many of whom were instrumental in the development of the primitive frontier which this couple helped to pioneer. Some individuals with whom James was closely associated are mentioned in this work. The main emphasis, however, has been given to James Mellor.

The name of Mellor is cited in English history prior to the birth of James Mellor:

Why the magnificent scenery of the Goyt Valley is known to so few Englishmen, we are at a loss to understand. There is railway communication (more or less) along the whole course of the river, from its source among the declivities of Axe Edge to its junction with

¹P. V. N. Myers, General History (Boston: Ginn & Company, 1889), pp. 1-2.

the Etherow. To alight at Marple, and return to Chapel-en-le-Frith, (the whole distance being scarcely the miles) will repay a thousand fold, . . . Within the church in Mellor is the oldest pulpit in Christendom; it was in use when John Wycliffe was a student at Oxford, . . . Here also is a font of the days of King Stephen-- . . .

Not five minutes walk from the church (but so nestled among the hills that it would never be found without a knowledge of its position), is old Mellor Hall, . . .

From the Hundred Rolls--3 Edward I (1274) we learn that there was a Robert de Meluer, of Mellor, who was tenant in capite to the Crown. . . . Lyson says that the founder of the family was Simon of Stavely, and that they were living at Mellor in the reign of Henry III (1216-1272). There was a junior branch, however, which settled at Iderichay, and were there for thirteen generations at least.²

The family of Mellor has been for several centuries connected with the borough of Derby. One of that family was the first mayor, under the Charter of Charles I. . . .

Arms--Argent three Ousels or Blackbirds, Proper, a chief indented, Sable.

Crest--On a wreath a bulls head, erased.--gorged with an Eastern coronet, and holding in its mouth the broken end of a broken lance, Or.³

Most villages and towns started first as a family and as the family grew so did the community. This what I found out about the Mellor Family after many hours of search:

The first Mellour /spelling is as it appears in the record of any importance was Richard Mellour, or Mellor, who died in Nottingham in 1511 and was buried in St. Mary's Church. He was a bell founder of some excellence. Bells are still hanging today bearing his date, name, and make. He was married to Dame Agnes Mellor, who died in 1514, and is buried at St. Mary's. . . . She started a free grammar school so that people could have a chance of an education and was a very able business woman. Richard

²"Mellor Hall," The Old Halls, Manors and Families of Derbyshire (Derby 14 Vol. 1, in the Genealogical Research Library at Salt Lake City, Utah).

³"Pedigree of Mellor of Ideridgehay and Derby," Ideridgehay (Derby 3 Vol. 2 pt. 2; F Derby 1 p. 560, Genealogical Research Library, Salt Lake City, Utah).

Mellour is supposed to have come from the town of Mellor near Glossop, Derbyshire. . . . He manufactured other metal articles besides bells. The foundry is supposed to have stood where the Nottingham post office now stands, and the bell founder's yard was still there till 1854. He was sheriff of Nottingham in 1472, Chamberlain in 1484, and Mayor in 1499-1506.⁴

I have found many instances where the Mellors are mentioned in English, French, and Russian histories, but I have merely quoted some of the shorter references.

Edna J. Gregerson

⁴Letter to the author from Ada Lena Lenton, 2 Rancliffe Crescent Winstanley Drive, Leicester, England.

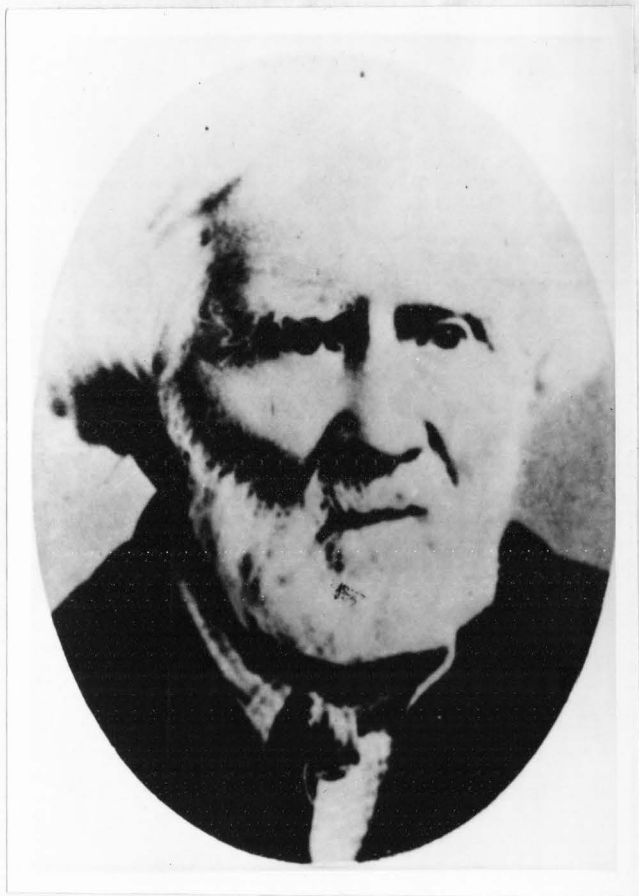


Fig. 1.--James Mellor*

*Original founder of the Mellor family in America; member of the ill-fated Martin Handcart Company; one of the original founders of the Mormon community of Fayette, Sanpete County, Utah.

PART I
INCIDENTS IN ENGLAND

CHAPTER I. EARLY YOUTH IN ENGLAND

James Mellor, Sr., youngest child of William Mellor and Ann Dilks, was born March 20, 1819, in the town of Leicester, shire of Leicester, All Saints Parish, England.¹ In his diary² James relates that his parents were quite aged, (past fifty-five) so he had little opportunity to acquire an education. William Mellor, his father, was so deaf the family had to communicate with him by making signs or writing notes to him. His hearing had been impaired when he was a young man by a fireball which knocked him to the ground, killing his team of horses. Ann Dilks Mellor was nearly blind. The sight in both eyes had been dimmed when she suffered a cold which left her with a severe inflammation and infection of the eyes.

James's eldest sister, Ann, was married to Mr. William Ward when James was only three years old. James writes that he really missed Ann when she left home, for she had been so solicitous of his welfare. Living at home while young James was growing up were his brothers, Samuel and John, and his sisters, Elizabeth and Christiana. Since his brothers and sisters were all older than he, James was left home with his deaf father a good share of the time while the other members of the family were at work.

¹For additional data on early ancestry, see pedigree chart, Table No. 1, p. 7.

²Diary of James Mellor, in his own handwriting; in possession of Roy Delbert Mellor, Manti, Utah. No indication given as to when written; hereinafter referred to as Diary; n.p.

TABLE I

MELLOR ANCESTRY

John Mellor
of Chapel-le-Frith
Derby, England
md. 25 Oct. 1625
Glossop, Derby,
England

Catherine Cleaton
of Chapel-le-Frith
Derby, England
d. 13 Mar. 1703
Glossop, Derby
England

Rebecca=James Cree | Samuel Mellor=Mary Siegfild Grace= | John Mellor=Grace Swan
b.1660,Blids- of Blidsworth,
worth, Notts, Eng.
Chr.28 June md.16 May 1691
1667 Blidsworth.
Chapel-le-
Frith.

Hannah=Thos.Eldergill | Samuel= | William=Alice Collier | Jonathan Mellor=Elizabeth Allen | John | Luke | Mary | Elizabeth
chr.25 May 1701 | md.30 Apr. 1732
Kirkby,Ashfield
d. 3 Dec. 1788

Jonathan=Eliz.Paulson | William | William=Eliz.Henstock | John | Samuel Mellor =Alice Brecknock | George | Jonathan
b.16 Oct.1743 | md. 30 July
Kirkby,Ashfield | 1758,Bulwell

John Dilks=Christina Ellicott

William | Eliz.=Wm.Hardwick | Mary | Mary=Joseph Slater | Samuel=Mary Loriman | John=Kitty Butler | William Mellor = Ann Dilks | Ann | Richard | George
b.1 Dec.1771 | b.15 Oct.
Kirkby,Ashfield | 1778
md.17 July 1797 | Leicester
Saint Marys | All Saints
d.24 Oct.1842
All Saints

Ann | William | John | Ann=William Ward | Eliz.=Mr.Kirk | Samuel=Eliz.Smith | John=(1) Mary Fletcher | John=(2) Amy Bellamy | Samuel=Eliz.Moore | Christina=Thos.Hearn | James Mellor=
(1) Mary Ann Payne
(2) Mary Knowles

James's earliest recollections are associated with some miraculous escapes from freak childhood incidents.³ The first such incident occurred when he had been carried in his mother's arms to the foot of the hill on Highton Road. While Ann Mellor was attentively listening to the sermon propounded by the preacher, young James dashed out into the road to gaze at the mail coach, drawn by four horses, moving rapidly down the hill. The coachman failed to see the tiny lad in time to save him from being run over. By the time he had succeeded in halting his horses, the small boy was lying under the coach. Fortunately his injuries were not serious, and he was soon able to caper about with the other youngsters.

Another time while Ann Mellor was away from the house working, William was at home tending young James. He was seated at his stocking frame, engrossed in his stocking weaving.⁴ The young son was flitting about the room, making himself very busy with sweeping up the room and the hearth. Suddenly the lad's clothing ignited and he was enveloped in flames. The quick burst of light drew the father's attention, and he moved to his son's rescue, extinguishing the flames. Once more the boy had escaped serious injury, for he was able to attend school with his classmates on the following day.

James also tells of how he escaped from drowning:

. . . as one time when my mother and father were both away from home and I alone I climbed on to the wall of the drain water cestern and tumbled head fermost into the water but I managed to come to the top and caught hold of the wall and got out I went up stares and pulled all my clothes off and put them out of the window to dry and got

³Idem.

⁴G. M. Trevelyan refers to this type of home industry in English Social History; a Survey of Six Centuries Chancer to Queen Victoria (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1943), pp. 35-36. See also Appendix No. 1, p. 96.

into bed and was fast asleep when my mother returned Seams as though when I look back on my past History that the Devil was trying to destroy me but that God in his mercy was determined to save me for some other purpose. . . .⁵

He further relates how he made an attempt to run away from home when he was only eight years old in order to go to sea and become a cabin boy. He was quite disappointed when his folks intervened and prevented his escape.

When James Mellor was only six years old, he was necessarily compelled to help supplement the family's meager living by laboring as a "winder" for stocking weavers. He probably learned this trade in his own home while assisting his father at his stocking frame. James received a shilling per week for this work which he continued to perform until he was about ten years of age.⁶

Before they were old enough to be apprenticed, small children were sometimes set to work in their parents' cottages at an age full as early as the factory children of later times. Especially was spinning for the cloth industry conducted in this fashion. . . .

Spinning was done chiefly in country cottages by women and children, and weaving chiefly in towns and villages by men. . . .⁷

As soon as he was ten years old, James was apprenticed to a cooper to learn the coopers' trade. He worked for the man only about twelve months, however, for his master decided to move to another town some distance from Leicester. The parents, who were reluctant to permit their young child to go so far away from their protective influence, persuaded James to remain at home with his family.

⁵Diary, loc. cit.

⁶Idem.

⁷Trevelyan, loc. cit.

He soon found another position as a "trimmer" and "dyer" and worked in this capacity until a Mr. Chapman offered him a better position at a higher salary. He accepted this more remunerative job and worked for Mr. Chapman in various positions for twelve or thirteen years.



Fig. 2--Amy Mellor Howe and Sarah Mellor Foss, nieces of James Mellor, sewing shoes in their home in Leicester, England. Picture furnished by Amy Mellor Thompson, Gunnison, Utah.

CHAPTER II. MARRIED LIFE IN ENGLAND

When he was about eighteen years of age and still living at Leicester, James met dark-eyed Mary Ann Payne, daughter of Charles and Charlotte Squires Payne. They were married about a year later, and the first fruits of this union was a daughter, Selina Ann. When little Selina was only two weeks old, James experienced a painful accident at Mr. Chapman's factory.

. . . I had a serious accident at the factory the Machine that I was working at, called the Devil or plucker going at such speed flew all to pieces even to the hars-shaft and the spikes caught me in many parts of my Boddy the report of the braking of the machine was so loud that it was heard in another factory one hundred rods off they stoped their Engine to come see what was the matter when the people all came I was lying all covered with Blood as though torn all to peaces my clothes all torn to taters they took me off to the infermary or hospittle. when they got me their patients all that saw me Said that poor fellow will not trouble them long. for three days and nights I lay and heard the clock Strike its rounds and tell the hour for I could not close my eyes to sleep for pain as the Doctor Said three day I would Either change for life or Death My Brother John¹ came to see me and when he Saw me he commenced to cry as he thought I should die as our nephew William Ward my oldest Sisters Eldest Son who was killed at the same factory but a short time before My wifes mother Came to see me and she asked how I was She thought I was deranged as I said I was very well for I had never Cause to see anything hailed me. My wife did not see me for she was sick in bed at the time at the end of three Days, I changed for the better and I began to feel that I wanted to have my diet changed Low diet to some-thing better I was so that I could not help myself to eat drink or anything Else but after changing I improved so

¹For data on John Mellor written by Laura Mellor Jensen Gore, see Appendix No. 2, p. 96.

rapidly that I was out of the Infirmary in two weeks from the time going in and was soon at my work again.²

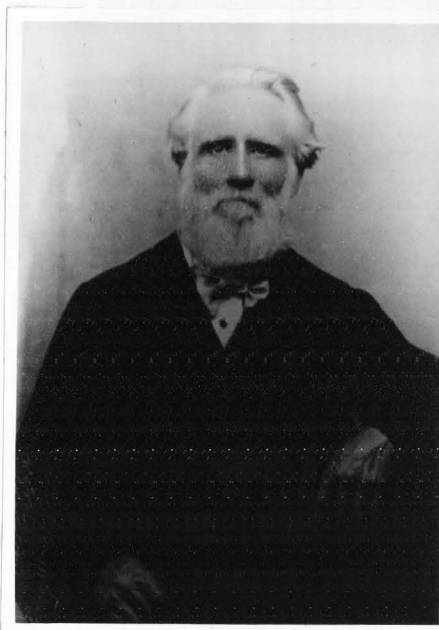


Fig. 3--John Mellor. Photograph furnished Guy Mellor, Fayette, Utah, grandson of John Mellor.

²Diary, loc. cit.

Ann Dilk Mellor died December 9, 1838, and was buried at All Saints Parish in Leicestershire, England; and on October 27, 1842, William Mellor also died, at Soar Lane, All Saints, from the "decay of nature," at the age of seventy-one.³

Late in the year, 1843, James moved his wife and three children, Louisa, Charlotte Elizabeth, and Mary Ann (Selina Ann had died in 1839) to Bradford, Yorkshire, England, where he obtained work as a wool comber.

While living at a place called Bowergreen on the Leeds road about one mile outside of Bradford, James received his first tidings of the Mormon gospel which was being proselyted in the area by the "Elders of Israel." James was a profoundly religious man, and he searched in the Bible most diligently in order to determine if the things these men were preaching were true. The more he studied and read in the scriptures, the more he became convinced of the truthfulness of the Mormon gospel.

For the next few Sundays James regularly attended the services which these Mormon Elders were conducting. Finally he came home to tell his wife, Mary Ann, of these wonderful men and of the inspirational message they had brought to the people of England. James read passages from the New Testament and other sections of the Bible to her, explaining that it was the same gospel that was preached by Christ and His apostles when He was here on earth.

Mary Ann was elated and determined to investigate matters for herself. The following Sunday, April 20, 1844, James agreed to remain home and care for the three small children while Mary Ann walked the two

³Information copied from original certificate of death, signed by William Mitchell, registrar. Certificate furnished by Mrs. Ada Lena Lenton, 2 Rancliffe Crescent, Winstanley Drive, Leicester, England; great-great granddaughter of William Mellor.

miles to where the services were being conducted. After listening to the Elders, and to the testimonies being narrated by several people, Mary Ann stood up and asked what she could do to be saved as were the people on the Day of Pentecost. She was instructed to repent, and to be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of her sins, and she would then receive the gift of the Holy Ghost and the blessings of the Elders of Israel.

Mary Ann hurried home to get the clothes in which she would be baptized and returned that same evening, along with her mother, "to be baptized in the New Mill Dam on _____ nton */italics mine; page in diary broken here*/Road, Bradford, Yorkshire, England, by Elder Owen Dinsdale." Her husband also accompanied her and witnessed her baptism. Elder Dinsdale told James he hoped we would soon have the privilege of baptizing him, also. James, however, wasn't entirely convinced that he was ready to make such an important step. The following Sunday, Mary Ann was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints by Elder James Sloane, a missionary from Nauvoo.

Finally, on Monday night, April 29, 1844, James Mellor opened his home for the Mormon Elders to give their message to his neighbors whom he had invited in to hear the services. That same evening James was baptized in the Calvert's Mill Dam by Elder Thomas Child, and was confirmed the next Sunday by Elders Milner and John Hallen.

Soon after embracing his newly-found religion, James was ordained a "Teacher" in the "Lesser Priesthood" and moved his family back to Leices-ter in order to share this gospel with his neighbors, relatives, and friends. Together, James and Mary Ann labored faithfully, endeavoring to preach their joyous tidings among their close acquaintances. They attended church meet-ings regularly, capably assuming the various responsibilities delegated to

them. James and Mary Ann soon saw that their friends and relatives were not so receptive to their message as they had anticipated they would be. Their endeavors met with considerable ostracism and disapproval; also, James was experiencing difficulties in his job. Trade was so discouraging that he finally returned to New Leeds, approximately one mile outside of Bradford, in order to obtain employment. Here he was given the responsibility of watching over the Saints in that district.⁴

Mary Ann's mother, Charlotte Squires Payne, in the meantime, became seriously ill, and Mary Ann hastened back to Leicester. Mary Ann stayed with her mother for some time, endeavoring to ease her suffering and administer to her needs. Finally James had to send for his wife to come home and attend to the needs of her own family. They could spare their mother no longer. Mary Ann returned home to Bradford, bringing her mother along, hoping that the change might improve her condition.

James preached the Mormon gospel to his mother-in-law, and she was inclined to accept the things which he told her. She said that her only desire was to get well so she could live in obedience to this great gospel. But she steadily grew weaker, and James deemed it advisable for her to return home to her husband, Charles Payne, in Leicester. She was reluctant to return home without Mary Ann, so James consented for his wife to take their children and accompany the ailing mother back to her home at Sanvey Gate in Leicester. When they arrived there, Charlotte took to her bed and never arose from it again.

She lay there for some eighteen weeks, suffering and wasting away. About three weeks before her death, Charlotte became restless and begged for James to come home and talk to her about the Mormon Gospel. In her

⁴Diary, loc.cit.

dying words she begged James to go to Zion and there attend to her salvation. Her suffering finally ended with her death on October 17, 1844.

CHAPTER III. REMAINING YEARS IN ENGLAND

While James and his family were living at Bradford, little Mary Ann became ill and James feared she would die. She lay for two weeks, scarcely able to eat any nourishing food. On a Monday evening when the Elders came to preach at the cottage, the mother went upstairs, hoping to comfort her ailing child so she wouldn't disturb the people congregated below. Following the meeting, James requested the Elders to give his child a blessing.

As soon as the Elders took their hands off the child a change came over it instead of it being in pain and a smile came over it when we sat down to supper and began to eat the child stretched out its hand to take something to eat and it eat from that time and soon got stout again.¹

Apostle John Taylor and other church officials were frequent visitors while the Mellor family was living in Yorkshire. Once when Mary Ann Payne and a Sister Cluff were going to meeting and carrying their babies, Brother Taylor and his brother came along in their carriage. Apostle Taylor stopped the carriage and made them get in and ride to the meeting.² Louisa was about five years old at this time.

James continued to spread the message of the gospel. He tracted throughout the district and bore a strong and faithful testimony to the truthfulness of the Mormon gospel. He strove diligently to adhere to its

¹Diary, loc. cit.

²History of Louisa Mellor Clark, given at Spring Lake, Utah, Mar. 26, 1881; hereinafter referred to as Louisa. See also Appendix No. 3, p. 96.

teachings and principles; he encouraged others to pursue a righteous path in life.

While James was laboring, he contracted a fever and became so ill he resigned himself to death. He conversed with his wife and family, and counseled them regarding what they should do when he could no longer be with them. He then gave himself into the Lord's keeping.

It suddenly occurred to James that he hadn't sent for the Elders to come and lay their hands on his head and administer to him in accordance with the power vested in them. The Elders were called; shortly after they had given James their blessing, he fell asleep, awakening the following morning, completely healed.

On June 1, 1845, little Mary Ann was again ill and finally her suffering was relieved by her death. Her loss was deeply mourned by James and his wife, for the child had been especially precious to them since her previous illness. They were grateful when another little Mary Ann was born the following March, replacing the one they had lost.

James wrote the following poem when little Mary Ann died:

Mother weep not for your child
 Angels attend me meek and mild
 Rejoicing now in worlds of joy
 Yea we have peace without alloy
 All is for best my Spirit knows well
 Near to the blest where Saints do dwell
 Near to my kindred I there recount
 My Savours praise while we do mount
 Even exulting in the things of God
 Learning his will now kiss the rod
 O tell Jesus will to doo
 Rejoice for all is well.³

In 1847 a great depression occurred in Bradford. James found it a hard task to supply his little family's needs. When Charles Payne sent

³Diary, loc. cit.

for them to come home to Leicester and live with him, the worried James gratefully accepted his father-in-law's kind offer of assistance.⁴

Financial conditions were at a low level in Leicester, also, and James went to work on the railroad⁵ and in the tunnels where he labored for the ensuing two years until a shortage of work interrupted his employment. He was then compelled to travel about, seeking some kind of work.

While James was working in the tunnels one day, the chains snapped on the hoist, letting it down on him. The men working called, "A man killed! A man killed!"⁶ When they raised the shaft James jumped up like a "jack-in-a-box." "Oh!" said the winchman, "You can't kill these darn Mormons."

Conditions became much worse, and while James was trying to find work, Mary Ann had to apply to the Parish for relief in order to feed her young family. When James again returned to Leicester he was arrested and confined to debtor's prison for six weeks "for no crime only being poor and out of work but I obtained favour in prison and was treated kindly."⁷

It was during these two years while James was employed in the tunnels and on the railroad that James Mellor, Jr., was born--October 8, 1848, in Leicester, England. James Mellor, Sr., also found time while working on the railroad and in the tunnels to compose many songs and poems about his children and home life. "He composed 'The Old Arm Chair.'

⁴Idem.

⁵Ibid.

⁶Charlotte Elizabeth Roper Nielson Dimmick, "History of My Mother, Charlotte Elizabeth Mellor Roper"; hereinafter referred to as Roper. See also Appendix No. 4, p. 97.

⁷Diary, loc. cit.

It was sung in Chicago in an opera house for the first time by Mary Knowles Mellor."⁸

In 1849 James returned to Yorkshire in search of employment. His wife and children remained in Leicester with her father, Charles Payne. James obtained work as a woolcomber for seven months. In addition, he was very busy preaching "in and around in all the villages."⁹

James thoroughly enjoyed his work in the church while he was laboring in Bradford. He had many interesting times in connection with his church duties, and one Sunday he baptized two persons. Also, through his preaching in the surrounding villages, he was able "to reclaim many more that was in the background."¹⁰

Eventually, in the spring of 1850, trade was revived in Leicester, his native town. Since Mary Ann and the children were urging him to come back home and try to find work there, James decided to give up his employment at the factory in Bradford and return home to his family in Leicester. He was fortunate enough to obtain a job in the factory there, dyeing yarn.

Here James settled down, working in the factory in order to support his growing family, and here he remained for the balance of the time that his family lived in England. He was appointed head teacher to watch over the church at Leicester. For approximately three years he served in that capacity,

. . . preaching and exhorting the Saints to diligence and faithfulness then I was Ordained to the office of priest in the Lessor priesthood and sent out to the

⁸Roper, loc. cit.

⁹Diary, loc. cit.

¹⁰Idem.

villages around to preach to the world on Sundays and had also to watch over the Saints at home as well as work at my trade in order to support my family.¹¹

Then James was ordained an Elder and set apart to preside over the Elaby branch which included four or five villages, the nearest one being approximately five miles from his home. Every Sunday he walked to these villages to give his message to the people. Louisa "often went with him and enjoyed it very much for I thought it so lovely to see potatoes and other things grow, as we didn't see these things growing in a big town."¹²

James occupied this position for about two years besides attending to his many duties in the Leicester branch. He had to work extremely hard while he acted as president of the Elaby branch of the church, for he had to travel nearly thirty miles every Sunday, preaching in three different villages.

I was generally pritty well tired out when I got home but I knew I was engaged in the work of the Lord and it was the salvation of the souls of the children of men and my own Exaltation in the future So I enjoyed myself the Elaby Saints prospered and grew in faith and good works and increased in numbers I Baptized 3 faithful Saints while presiding their two of them are now in the vallies Bros George Billings and John Hastings¹³

From 1845 to 1855 European converts importuned in letters to President Woodruff, President Young, President Kimball, and President

¹¹Idem.

¹²Louisa, loc. cit.

¹³Diary, loc. cit.

Willard Richards, begging the church heads for assistance to emigrate to the valleys of the mountains.¹⁴

In 1851 the First Presidency of the church suggested that handcarts could be utilized successfully in crossing the plains to Zion; however, it wasn't until later that this idea was finally accepted by the Saints in the British Isles, and then they entered into this means of travel enthusiastically. From an economic aspect, the idea offered strong appeal, for British converts could make the journey from Liverpool to Salt Lake City for approximately forty-five dollars. The proposed itinerary would route them through Boston or New York thence on to Iowa City, Iowa, where they would be outfitted for the long trek across the plains.¹⁵

Gradually James and his family felt the urge to join the exodus of the Saints to their haven in the tops of the mountains. Eagerly they commenced to plan and prepare for the time when their hopes could become a reality.

During the last five years of their stay in Leicester three more children were born: William Charles Mellor, April 14, 1851, and twin daughters, Emma Marantha and Clara Althera, October 1, 1853, all in Leicester. These three additional children brought the total to seven young children. Naturally, James was hard-pressed to provide for his

¹⁴Josiah Rogerson, Sr., survivor of the handcart ordeal; excerpt from article in the Salt Lake Tribune, /told on the 57th anniversary of the arrival in Salt Lake City (Nov. 30, 1913)/; hereinafter referred to as Rogerson.

¹⁵Joseph Fielding Smith, Essentials in Church History; a History of the Church from the birth of Joseph Smith to the present time (1922), with introductory chapters on the antiquity of the Gospel and the "Falling Away," (Salt Lake City: Deseret News Press, 1922), pp. 484-485; hereinafter referred to as Smith.

growing family's needs in addition to attending to his duties in connection with his offices in the church. Young Louisa, like other young children of the working classes, went to work to help supplement the family income:

I lived at home and went to Sunday School regularly, but I only had about six months' schooling in my life. I went out to work doing various kinds of labor. I was nurse girl for years. Then I worked for a lady and turned the mangle which was seemingly hard work. I took sick and would have died if it hadn't been for the blessings of the Lord. The doctor said I would die, and I guess I would have if I had taken his medicine, but I threw it in the fire. So it was faith and prayers and the blessings of my Father in Heaven that saved me. I was baptized at about the age of 14, by Elder Newton in the Leicester Conference.¹⁶

After serving as president of the Elaby branch for two years, James was released and appointed as president of the Leicester branch. He held this office for over two years, until he was ready to make the long journey to America.

Their I hede camp meetings in the town of Leicester in the public market place and in all the principle parts of the town besides had the town tracted with the printed word of God and the vilages all around and took every step in my power to faithfully warn all and to leave all both priest and people of all denominations without an excuse¹⁷

James continued to preach among "his people," and he succeeded in converting his older brother, John, and his family. They later followed James and his family to America, and the two families were re-united in Fayette, Utah.¹⁸ James was also instrumental in bringing many other Saints into the church at Leicester.

¹⁶Louisa, loc. cit.

¹⁷Diary, loc. cit.

¹⁸The complete story of John's life is at present being compiled by this writer who plans to edit it in the book, The Mellors Through The Years.

Finally James and Mary Ann were called to emigrate to Utah and leave their many relatives and friends. One can only conjecture whether they experienced any misgivings after having made their decision to come to Zion. Were they reluctant to part with all their worldly possessions which they had managed to accumulate during the early years of their marriage--possessions which meant comfort and future survival for their growing family (and still another baby expected in the near future)? Were they confronted with nostalgic pangs when they bid a tearful adieu to their many friends and their anxious loved ones whom they were leaving behind? Did this couple anticipate the future hesitantly, or did their undaunted faith and courage suffice to quell their apprehensions of the struggles and sacrifices they would encounter in an alien land? So far as the record shows, this couple had few qualms over leaving their native land. They regarded America as a land of opportunity in which to rear their family under the guidance of the church--a land where the class system was not so rigorous, and where a man could make an honest living and hold up his head along with his fellow workers. James Mellor often remarked to his grandchildren that to occupy a dignified position among his fellows was the dominant ambition of his life, and he had looked forward to achieving this aim in God's Zion.

Louisa relates this important occasion when word finally arrived, directing them to prepare to leave, and listing the supplies they would need.¹⁹

The hardest was to leave my poor grandfather . . . for he was a good man. He wept and offered money to his dear daughter, my dear mother, but relief was offered too

¹⁹For necessary list of supplies required by the emigrants see chart No. 2, p. 26.

late, for the gospel was more than anything else. My dear mother grieved for her dear old father, which brought sickness on, and she came near losing her life.²⁰

²⁰Louisa, loc. cit.

TABLE 2
INSTRUCTIONS TO SAINTS²¹

The Scale of Provisions as now fixed by Law is as follows:
To each adult, or every two children weekly:

3½ lbs. Bread	2 oz. Tea
1 lb . Flour	2 oz. Salt
1½ lbs. Oatmeal	¼ oz. Pepper
1½ lbs. Rice	½ oz. Mustard
1½ lbs. Peas	1 gill Vinegar
2 lbs. Potatoes	3 qts. Water daily, and 10 gals. daily for every 100 for cooking
1½ lbs. Beef	
1 lb . Pork	
1 lb . Sugar	

The new acts also require each ship to be provided with Medical Comforts. The following scale has been fixed by the Government Emigration Commissioners for vessels sailing from this port to North America.

For 200 Adults and Under

14 lbs. Arrowroot	2 gals. Lime Juice
25 lbs. Segó	½ gal . Brandy
20 lbs. Pearl Barley	2 doz. Beef Soup in lbs.
30 lbs. Sugar	3 doz. Preserved Mutton in ½ lbs.
12 lbs. Marine Soap	2 doz. Milk in pints

Passengers furnish their own beds and bedding. A straw mattress will answer very well for sleeping upon when they do not bring feather or other beds with them. Each single passenger also requires a box or barrel to hold provisions: and the following articles for cooking, etc.--a boiler saucepan, frying pan, tin porringer, tin plate, tin dish, knife, fork, spoon, and a tin vessel to hold 3 quarts water.

²¹The foregoing is an excerpt from general instructions given to the Saints previous to their trip. This information was taken from a mimeographed copy of *Millennial Star*, Vol. 8, p. 24, mailed to Roy Delbert Mellor of Manti, Utah, from the Church Historian's Office in Salt Lake City, Utah.

PART II
JOURNEY TO AMERICA

CHAPTER IV. ARRIVAL IN LIVERPOOL

After arriving in Liverpool, James and his family worked diligently to gather the supplies they would require on the voyage to America. James was eager to place his family on board and sail to America, to that primordial frontier where he would build a home for his family in the Mormon's land of Zion.

Then, Mary Ann, because of her grief over parting from her aged father and the worry and exertion she experienced in making preparations for sailing, was confronted, prematurely, with the arrival of the new addition to her family. This new dilemma in their lives naturally brought its disappointment. They must now decide whether to abandon their long-awaited voyage, or to leave the ailing mother behind. The plucky mother importuned her husband to carry out their original plans, for their passage had already been arranged, and their few worldly possessions were packed and ready to be carried on board the ship.

James finally agreed to leave his wife in the hospital, and he took five of the children on board.¹ Louisa, the eldest of the children, had anticipated celebrating her sixteenth birthday on board the ship that very day. Instead, she stayed behind to assist in the care of her ailing mother. She was entrusted with the care of one of the twin sisters, Emma Marantha, also.

¹For photograph of the family of James Mellor (furnished by Minnie Bartholomew Edwards, granddaughter of James Mellor) see p. 29.



Fig. 4--Family of James Mellor. All came on the "Horizon" except John Carlos who was born in Payson, Utah.

On the fly leaf of his diary James Mellor wrote:

Two twin girls born at Liverpool, May 23, living seven hours and both died together, 1856--two days before we set sail for the land of Zion.²

He has recorded their names on the first page, along with other members of his family, as Elizabeth Mellor, (B) May 23, 1856, (D) May 23, 1856, and Eliza Mellor, same dates.

In the meantime, the Edward Martin Company of which James and his other five children were members,

embarked on the sailing vessel, "Horizon" at Bramley-Moore Dock, Liverpool, Friday, May 23, 1856. That same morning they left the dock at Liverpool and cast anchor in the River Mersey.³

Fortunately, inclement weather delayed the ship's voyage for a couple of days, and James was able to go ashore to see his wife. Although Mary Ann was seriously ill, she was determined that they should carry her aboard the ship where the rest of her family were awaiting the moment of departure. The doctor predicted that she would die, and the sharks would follow the ship until she did die. Even so, James said he wouldn't give her up if she was determined to come along. On Sunday, May 25, 1856, Mary Ann was carried on a stretcher to the shore where she was placed on a steamer going out to meet the sailing vessel which was preparing to leave. When she was being transferred from the boat to the vessel, the captain of the ship remarked that she would "soon be feeding the fish."⁴ Some of the good sisters on board immediately attended to her needs.

²Diary, loc. cit.

³Idem.

⁴Louisa, loc. cit.

That same day, Apostle Franklin D. Richards and his companions boarded the "Horizon" and visited with the Saints who were on board. Elders George Goddard and Cyrus Wheelock administered to Mary Ann, promising her that she would "live to come to Utah, and that she would see her seed in Zion, and that her mission on this earth was not yet finished."⁵

On the twenty-fifth of May, 1856, the ship "Horizon" under Captain Reed, sailed from Liverpool for Boston, with 856 Saints on board, under the presidency of Elder Edward Martin, Jesse Haven, and George P. Waugh. The following Elders who had responsible positions in the British Mission also sailed in this ship: Thomas B. Broderick and John Toone (both from Utah), John Jaques, Robert Holt, Thomas Ord, James Stone, Henry Squires and Robert Evans. Of the emigrants six hundred and thirty-five were P. E. Fund indigrants /sic/ and two hundred and twenty-one ordinary, and seven cabin passengers. Among the number were Samuel Purcel and family who had given the first sixpence to the Mormon Elders when they first went to England.⁶

"Storms arose and the ship tipped to and fro and delayed /them/ from a straight voyage: . . ."⁷ and many of the passengers became seasick from the violent pitching of the tempest-tossed vessel. On the twenty-eighth, most of the sick passengers had recovered--many appetites improved. Many of the Saints were singing and dancing on deck to the music of a violin and a tambourine.⁸

On May 29, 1856, while the "Horizon" was in the vicinity of Cork, Ireland, a tug came alongside and picked up letters which had been sent

⁵Rhoda Hill Jackson, granddaughter of James Mellor, (compiler) History of James Mellor and Mary Ann Payne and Family, submitted to this writer to be included in the book, The Mellors Through the Years. Hereinafter referred to as Jackson.

⁶Millennial Star, vol. XVIII, pp. 377, 542, 536, 554. /Information from Church Historian's Office in Salt Lake City, Utah/

⁷Louisa, loc. cit.

⁸/John Jacques/, "Some Reminiscences," Editors Herald, November 30, 1878, p. 9; hereinafter referred to as Jacques.

back to people in England. Excerpts from the following letters have particular significance:

I think we have few sea-sick people on board today. The sun shines beautifully, and young and old are assembled on deck, with light hearts and cheerful faces. We hope to be skimming across the broad Atlantic shortly. I hear no murmuring or grumbling. All is peace and harmony in our floating town. Sister Mary Ann Mellor is doing as well as can be expected. . . .⁹

. . . The Saints are all feeling well, with a very few exceptions, the few that are sick are not dangerous; the sister that was sick when we left is gradually recovering. . . .¹⁰

Although Mary Ann had gained some strength, she was still unable to do any work; so James and his young daughter, Louisa, did their best to assume the responsibility of caring for the family of nine people. Every day Louisa made two visits to the room where her mother lay so desperately ill, endeavoring to ease her suffering, and to solace her in the loss of her twin daughters.¹¹

While crossing the Atlantic Ocean, the Saints occupied themselves by attending the religious services which were conducted on board the ship, by making tents, by singing, and by keeping their ship clean and healthy. Since James Mellor had been active as president of the Leicester branch of the church prior to sailing for America, it can be assumed that he took an active part in the conducting of these services on board the "Horizon."

The following bits of information regarding this voyage add considerably to its interest: Captain Reed of the "Horizon" was a Scandinavian and a gentleman. The company consisted mostly of persons who

⁹Millennial Star, op. cit., p. 413.

¹⁰Ibid., p. 411.

¹¹Louisa, loc. cit.

had been Mormons for several years. They were "poor but faithful," and since the majority of them were Perpetual Emigration Fund Passengers, they had been delayed until now to emigrate and were included in this special company who were going to cross the plains, tugging their hand-carts behind them. Their rations included salt pork, salt beef, sea biscuit, that was "awful hard and took a long time to eat,"¹² flour, rice, oatmeal, peas, sugar, tea, mustard, pepper, salt, and water.

The steerage passengers included all but the seven cabin passengers. They occupied the two "tween" decks. Their berths, made of rough boards, were each six feet by four feet, six inches, and each one accommodated two persons. They were arranged in two tiers, nailed up along the sides, with the lower tier being approximately two feet off the floor. There were also some berths in the center of the vessel. Lower-deck passengers were allotted two cubic feet more space than those on the upper deck.¹³

Finally, on the evening of June 28, 1856, after a belated five-and-one-half weeks' voyage across the murky, wind-swept Atlantic, the "Horizon" cast anchor in Boston harbor. Health officials came aboard and inspected the ship and its occupants, commenting favorably on how meticulously ship-shape everything appeared to be. "On the thirtieth of June the steamer, 'Huron,' towed the 'Horizon' to Constitution Wharf, at Boston, where the emigrants debarked."¹⁴

James hustled about, planning and consulting with Mary Ann, and soon was able to procure the provisions his family would need to continue

¹²Roper, loc. cit.

¹³Jacques, loc. cit.

¹⁴Millennial Star, loc. cit.

their journey to Iowa. In Iowa they would pick up the handcarts and supplies awaiting them, and push on to the valleys of the beckoning Rockies which, they had been told, jutted majestically into the azure skies. There were numerous things that demanded his attention, and James methodically attended to every minute detail.

CHAPTER V. HEADING WEST BY RAIL

On July 2, 1856, they boarded a train leaving Boston and routed to Albany. They passed through Buffalo on that memorable holiday, July 4. The train reached Cleveland, Ohio, on July 5, and passed through Kirtland in the night. Sunday, July 6, they arrived in Chicago and remained there over night. Early in the morning, on July 7, they left Chicago, arriving in Rock Island that same evening. Wednesday, July 9, they were occupied with unloading their luggage and hauling it to the camping ground on "Iowa Hill," three and one-half miles northwest of Iowa City. This particular spot had been designated as the outfitting point for Mormon emigration.¹⁵

After having lived and played in the crowded streets of Leicester, the glimpses of the wooded hills and rolling prairie country which they caught sight of through the dusty windows of the train, extending interminably in every direction, was a novel experience for James and his family. As the distance between them and the "Horizon" was increased, they became more enthusiastic--they were looking forward to the handcart trek with keen anticipation.

Wallace Stegner, in his impelling account, gives a realistic portrait of this momentous occasion:

Most of these immigrants, who were dumped in Iowa, the brink of the West, in July of 1856, had never pitched

¹⁵Rogerson, loc. cit.

a tent, slept on the ground, cooked out-of-doors, or even built a campfire. They boasted none of the skills of the frontiersman. Among them were grey heads, white heads, many women and children. Many of them were Scandinavians and Englishmen propertyless, ill-equipped, untried and untrained, they were going to chance on foot, pulling the handcarts laden with their few cherished belongings, the Mormon Trail across 1400 miles of primitive Indian country, to the Mormon Zion in Salt Lake City. Their intention was so imprudent it was almost sublime, but they were made of the stuff that makes heroes.¹⁶

After arriving in Iowa City, James Mellor and the other Saints learned that the promised handcarts had not been prepared for them, and there wasn't any seasoned lumber available to use in their construction. Hence, they were subjected to a dangerous delay while these vitally necessary items were being fabricated. During the anxious wait, James secured temporary employment and used the money to purchase two handcarts, some food, and clothes, in preparation for the long trek ahead--only the meager supplies which his family could assist in hauling across the endless expanse were purchased.

Brother Daniel Spenser had general charge of the company at their camp there in the flats of Iowa. There the Saints encountered tribulations which their intense faith had not prepared them to anticipate. Wallace Stegner's vivid narration sums up, quite accurately, the conditions which prevailed in this camp.

. . . The Iowa heat was intense and steamy. Reared under North Europe's gray skies, the pale novices sweltered, crowded three or four families to a tent, while they waited for the handcarts to be built. Children whined with prickly heat, there wasn't enough food, Iowa natives were often hostile and uncharitable to Mormons. In the long grass of the river bottom and woods, unseen insects bit their ankles and left rude swollen, itching patches. When the heat finally broke, the rain came with such rush of thunder, lightning and wind, that some were

¹⁶Stegner, Wallace, "Ordeal By Handcart," Colliers, July 1956, P. 78+.

scared stiff, and some prayed, and some struggled to rescue beds afloat in the unditched tents, and some grappled toppling and split tents and tried to keep them up in the tempest.¹⁷

During this interval Mary Ann, who hadn't yet fully regained her strength, continued ailing; and James, while striving to assemble the supplies which were to be so vital to his family's survival in the trying days lying ahead, became very ill. In the meantime, the Saints were ready to push on. James was faced with the necessity of lightening their load so his children could pull the carts. Although he was reluctant to do so, he was compelled to part with some valuable books and records. They carried their treasures into a house in the town, and were given permission to leave them there until they could arrange to send for them at a later date; but the books and records were never recovered.¹⁸

¹⁷Ibid.

¹⁸Louisa, loc. cit.

PART III

HANDCARTS ALONG THE TRAIL

CHAPTER VI. THE EXODUS

The company was divided into two divisions for the journey to Florence, Nebraska. On Saturday, July 26, 1856, the first division under the supervision of Captain James G. Willie broke camp and headed west. On July 28, the second belated company under the direction of Captain Edward Martin commenced, all too late in the season, their ill-fated trek across the endless prairies and savage mountains. As the company departed from Iowa City and started westward, the Mellor family fell into the line of march, the young children tugging at the jostling, loaded carts. The clanging frying pan was hanging on the rear of the one cart, and James and his faithful wife, Mary Ann, were perched precariously on top of the carts. They joyfully added their voices to the swelling chorus:

Some may push and some may pull as we go marching up
the hill,
A-merrily on our way we go until we reach the valley,
And long before the valley's reached
We will meet with music sweet and friends so dear,
Which supply our hearts with cheer. . . .¹

Thus, the last handcart company to travel to Salt Lake City that year was on its way.

The company traveled approximately twenty miles a day, making fairly good headway--this group composed of 575 persons, 146 handcarts, 7 wagons, 6 mules and horses, and 50 cows and beef cattle.

¹Author unknown. The verse appeared in Louisa's history, enclosed in quotation marks.

Leaving the Missouri River on August 12, they had an uneventful journey until they passed Fort Kearney. During the night they lost fifteen head of cattle that had been used to haul the wagons which were loaded with provisions. Some time was spent endeavoring to find these cattle, but the search proved fruitless. The provisions had to be removed from the wagons and added to the already heavily-laden handcars which the Saints were straining to pull along behind them.

They reached Council Bluffs August 21, and went up the river in the vicinity of the ferry over the Missouri. They made their camp on Pigeon Creek for the night. The next morning they ferried across the Missouri and made camp below the old Mormon sawmill (Winter Quarters near Florence, Nebraska.) There 200 members of Captain Toone's company joined them, making 622 members in their company.² They deliberated the question of whether they should pursue their westward travel, or if it would be advisable to go into Winter Quarters and remain until the following spring. Elder Levi Savage, returning from a mission to Siam and Ceylon, advised them not to attempt such a perilous journey so late in the season. He advocated going into Winter Quarters for he had been over the route they must travel and was well-acquainted with the dangers they were apt to encounter. But Elder Savage's admonitions were unheeded and overruled. When he perceived they were determined to continue the journey regardless of the protestations of a few dissenting voices, he said:

What I have said I know to be true; but seeing you are to go forward, I will go with you; will help all I can; will work with you, will rest with you; will suffer with

²"From Florence, Nebraska to Fort Laramie," mimeographed history of the trek, sent to Roy Delbert Mellor from the Church Historian's Office in Salt Lake City, Utah; hereinafter referred to as Historian's Office.

you, and if necessary, will die with you. May God in his mercy bless and preserve us.³

The decision had been reached, and regardless of the lateness of the season, they elected to push on and travel the remaining 1031 miles rather than stay there on the plains through the approaching winter. Footsore and weary, they left Florence, August 25, and plodded on, braving the still blazing heat, howling winds and blizzards, and savage Indians. They prayed in their hearts that God would be merciful and temper the inclement weather so they could reach their ultimate destination prior to the onset of winter. That day their traveling was very difficult for they were pulling up hill. They progressed only three miles, then made camp for the night.⁴

³Smith, op. cit., p. 487.

⁴Rogerson, loc. cit.

CHAPTER VII. FLOODING WESTWARD

The loads seemed heavier as they plodded along. James was too weary to pull his cart along, and young Mary Ann had to help him, while Louisa and Charlotte Elizabeth tugged at the other one. As James grew weaker they were forced once again to part with their rapidly diminishing supplies. One day when the company was camped within two miles of a town, Louisa and her mother slipped away from the camp before the others had awakened and walked into town to sell part of their clothing. They walked from house to house before they were able to sell it, and since they had been gone so long, the company had already departed when they arrived back to the camp. They sped along, hoping to overtake the other Saints. Mary Ann finally gave up, and saying she could go no farther, sat down on a rock, and gave vent to her utter despair. Louisa went a few yards away and knelt down in prayer, asking the benevolent God to help them in their moment of need, protect them from devouring wolves, and help them to have the fortitude and strength to reach the Mormon camp in safety. In her words, she states,

As I was going back to where mother was sitting I found a pie in the road. I picked it up and gave it to my mother to eat, and after resting a while, we started on our journey, thanking God for his blessings. A few miles before we reached camp we met my father coming out to meet us. What a joyful meeting that was! We arrived in camp at 10:00 p.m. Many times after that, Mother felt like giving up and quitting; but, then, she would remember how wonderful the Lord had been to spare her so many times, and she offered a prayer of gratitude instead. So she

went on her way, rejoicing, while walking the bloodstained path of snow.⁵

The two handcart companies, followed by the Hunt and Hodgett Wagon Trains, pressed ever westward with all possible speed; but the trail was becoming rougher in the rugged terrain, and constant repairs were necessary for the hastily-constructed handcarts. These light carts, made of unseasoned wood, began to disintegrate, and the Saints' progress was delayed, for it took considerable, valuable time to repair them.

Saturday, September 6, the Saints passed some 1100 Indians of the Pawnee Nation who were traveling eastward.⁶ This made many of the company uneasy, and for days they were wary of every little sound or movement in the bushes around them.

Sunday, September 7, the Martin Company traveled sixteen miles. Just west of Loupe Fork they were overtaken by Elder Franklin D. Richards and fifteen or twenty other missionaries returning home to Salt Lake City.⁷ When Brother Richards saw the Martin Company's impoverished condition he promised to hurry on to Salt Lake City and dispatch some relief wagons.

While the Saints were at Cutler's Park, A. W. Babbitt, Secretary of the Territory of Utah, visited their camp; later, he and a number of his camp were killed by the Cheyennes.⁸

From the Loupe Valley and over the hills to the Platte River the company had a "dry march,"⁹ and on September 11, they came upon the graves

⁵Louisa, loc.cit.

⁶Rogerson, loc. cit.

⁷Idem.

⁸Millennial Star, op. cit., p. 811.

⁹Historian's Office, loc. cit.

of two men and a child, members of the A. W. Babbitt Company, who had been killed by the Cheyennes who were on the warpath. This made the Saints more wary than they had been, and they cautiously quickened their step, wishing they were out of the Cheyenne territory. They reached the Platte River by the middle of September, and there they encountered the first frosts of the season. These frosts increased in severity every day, adding to the suffering of the weary Saints.¹⁰

On September 23, the Martin Company had their first taste of buffalo meat; and on September 24, they passed the place where the Thomas Margetts Company had been massacred by the Indians. It was about this time that they passed the Platte River to the South side.

Long before the mountains had been reached the supplies were diminishing, and restrictions were placed on food. At first they cooked biscuits, then pancakes, and finally porridge. James meted out their meager supplies, trying to keep a little flour on hand as long as possible in order to make porridge for his hungry children. Sometimes Mary Ann would cook a hide, or a portion of one, in order to feed her family something to give them the strength to continue their wearisome journey. Finally the flour was portioned out so many spoonfuls to each person, and it was cooked into a thin gruel which they drank. While not the most palatable of foods, it at least gave them a little nourishment.

They witnessed many heart-rending scenes as they continued to walk westward. Prior to commencing their long day's trek, they sometimes saw as many as thirteen bodies being buried in the early morning. One day, fifteen persons who had died from hunger and exposure during the night were buried in the snow, for the ground was frozen too hard for graves to

¹⁰Idem.

be dug. One time they saw a man chew his own finger ends before he died. He could stand the pain of chewing his fingers easier than he could withstand the gnawing pangs of hunger.¹¹

At one time a cow that was going to have a calf died, and Mary Ann got the calf's head and roasted it in the campfire. The next day they took it along with them and had a delicious feast.¹²

William Charles, who was only five years old when his family made their epic journey, often related how they had some rawhide thongs with which they used to tie some of their belongings to the cart. When they became so hungry, they decided to cook the thongs and see if they would amount to something to eat. They boiled them for three or four days, whenever they had a fire burning, and they went into a gluey mess which they drank. Charles supposed they gave them nourishment.¹³

On October 8, when they were within a mile of Fort Laramie, they encountered a "fine-looking, finely-dressed" Indian who gave sweetmeats to the children in the company.¹⁴ They camped in sight of the fort that night, and the following evening they left Fort Laramie. From there to South Pass the Hunt and Hodgett's Wagon Trains traveled in close proximity with them.¹⁵ When they arrived at the fort they sold their watches, and even their clothes, in exchange for the vitally-needed food and provisions

¹¹Jackson, loc. cit.

¹²Louisa, loc. cit.

¹³Interview between William Charles Mellor and Lillian Mellor Lyman, May 30, 1930, at Fayette, Utah. Notes recorded at time of interview were later compiled to write a history of William Charles Mellor; hereinafter referred to as Lyman.

¹⁴Jacques, loc. cit.

¹⁵Rogerson, loc. cit.

which were necessary in order for them to continue their journey. They left Fort Laramie on October 10, and their daily rations were reduced considerably. Still the company toiled onward, crossing two creeks, and entered the Black Hills. Now the feed became very scarce for their animals. After leaving the Black Hills, the Saints waded through two more creeks, reaching Deer Creek on October seventeenth.¹⁶

¹⁶Historian's Office, loc. cit.

CHAPTER VIII. FROST IN THE AIR

The Martin Company left Deer Creek on the afternoon of October 18, and in the evening, assisted by the two wagon trains, they crossed the North Platte River for the final time. Again there was frost in the air, and it was a bleak, miserable day. There was a piercing north wind that peppered them with snow, hail, and sleet. It continued to snow for three days, and the Saints deemed it advisable to wait over and rest for a few days.

It was hoped that the snow and cold would prove only a foretaste of winter and would soon moderate, but that hope proved delusive. . . . Here the flour ration fell to four ounces per person per day, and this was the extremity of their privations as to food.¹⁷

They removed more articles from their carts--souvenirs and treasures brought from all over Europe, clothing, presents, bedding--all were burned on the Indian meadow camp ground. James reluctantly parted with some of his family's bedding and clothes for they were too heavy to be hauled through the impeding snow.

The first storm had deposited about two feet of snow on the ground, and the group was beginning to feel very uneasy. James tried to cheer his suffering family and continually encouraged them not to lose faith or to give up. They waded across more icy streams, sometimes up to their waists; and when they reached the other side, their clothes would freeze on them

¹⁷Jacques, loc. cit.

until they were able to set up a camp and thaw out around the campfires. The snow piled up deeper, hindering their direct passage through the mountain passes. Often they had to shovel a road before they could move forward. Thus, their traveling was slow and tedious, and their provisions were nearly depleted.¹⁸

William told about the time his father caught a large turtle; he thought it would make a good soup for his family. His children gathered eagerly around while James tried to kill the turtle. He couldn't break the shell! The amused youngsters were bobbing up and down, shouting their mirthful glee. This was fun, and they had had so few diversions during their long hike. James finally became so enraged with the stubborn turtle that he plopped it, still alive, into the kettle of boiling water. William chuckled again as he recalled how James had to hold the lid on to keep the writhing turtle from flopping itself out of the boiling liquid. Charles said, "The soup sure was good!"¹⁹

Meanwhile, the Saints in Utah who were assembled in Salt Lake City for October Conference learned of the dire plight of the struggling hand-cart companies along the trail. When the returning missionaries who had passed them along the trail and sped on to Salt Lake City for help advised President Brigham Young of the precarious straits of the belated travelers, he rose to his feet in the meeting saying:

My subject is this: on this fifth day of October, 1856, many of our brethren and sisters are on the plains with handcarts, and probably are now 700 miles from this place; we must send them assistance. The text will be "To Get Them Here." This is the salvation I am now seeking for, to save our brethren!²⁰

¹⁸Louisa, loc. cit.

¹⁹Lyman, loc. cit.

²⁰Historian's Office, loc. cit.

The Saints in Salt Lake Valley were moved to compassion for their unfortunate brethren in the faith, and they rallied to their president's plea to send assistance to those who were suffering as they plodded the snowy trail. Pioneer families took stock of their precious, scanty supplies, and by October 7, the relief train, in charge of George D. Grant was ready to commence its mission of mercy. Before the end of the month, 250 teams were bucking the piled winter snows in the high mountain passes, endeavoring to reach the suffering brethren, who, with undaunted courage, defying howling winds and sub-zero temperatures, were inching slowly forward, straining to the utmost to pull their heavy carts through the ever-deepening snow.²¹

The relief trains were also having difficulties. They finally reached the struggling Willie Company on October 20 after having battled a fierce blizzard on October 19 and 20. Some of the relief wagons remained to assist this company and the rest hastened eastward to save the Martin Company and the two wagon companies behind them. Joseph A. Young and Stephen Taylor, along with others, were sent on ahead in a light wagon to inform the exhausted, stricken company that help was on the way.

Meantime, the Martin Company pushed its way through the heavy snow. The weather became increasingly colder. Now the company needed the articles of clothing and bedding they had had to discard along the way in order to lighten their burdens. At this time they were improperly clad, lacked proper shelters and warm bedding, and the piercing, relentless wind

²¹Gustave O. Larsen, "Handcarts Across The Plains," Salt Lake Tribune, Magazine Section, July 22, 1956, p. 3. Hereinafter referred to as Larsen.

out through their skin, causing their very bones to ache. Both of Jame's feet were frozen, and William's shoes were tattered and worn.

After receiving an extra ration of flour one night, one family having made up their bread, found that it rose most promisingly. The good housewife, or tentwife, was in high spirits over it, anticipating a batch of bread that could not be found fault with, nor excelled in camp. When baked it was the whitest and lightest bread they had made on the entire journey. Oh, it was the most beautiful bread. But when they came to eat it, the flavor was extraordinary. They had never tasted anything like it before, and this is the way it came to happen so. Somehow or other, about half a pound of soap had fallen unnoticed . . . into the camp-kettle and had frozen there. At night, when the kettle was rinsed out, the soap remained fast at the bottom, still unnoticed in the dark. The kettle with water in it and the soap also, was set on the fire to get hot. With most of this soapy water the bread was made, and very soapy was the taste thereof, but the family could not afford to go without a day's ration and throw the bread away. They were far too hungry for that. So it was eaten, every bit, with more or less wry grace over it. Yet if it proved unhealthy the eaters never found it out.²²

Several discoveries were made on the journey. The way to have a warm sleeping place was this: sweep away the ashes of the campfire and lay your bed on the spot where the fire was built. You would be sure to sleep warm there if anywhere. In the morning the same spot was found to be the most available for another use--it was the easiest place in which to dig a grave to bury the night's dead. Thus, in this severe winter traveling and camping economy, the hearths served three separate, distinct, and important purposes.²³

The outlook was very discouraging. Captain Martin called a meeting and informed his plucky followers there remained only enough food for one more day. They were given their choice whether they would divide it into three more days or eat it all at once. They all elected to divide the pitiful amount which remained. They had finally reached the very "depths" of their deprivations. Even so, their spirits remained buoyant,

²²Historian's Office, loc. cit.

²³Salt Lake Herald, January 5, 1879, n.p.

and their hopeful voices swelled, carrying out into the frosty air as they sang:

And should we die before our journey's through,
 Happy day! All is well!
 We then are free from toil and sorrow too;
 With the just we shall dwell.
 But if our lives are spared again
 To see the Saints, their rest obtain
 O, how we'll make this chorus swell---
 All is well! All is well!²⁴

For the next four days snow fell constantly, blowing in their faces all the way to Red Bluffs. On October 28, the advance wagon train carrying Joseph Young, Dan Jones, and Able Garr reached the Martin Company with the encouraging news that help was hurrying to their rescue. They had battled the deep drifts for over twenty-two miles in order to bring this news to the despairing little band. A mighty "Hurrah!" burst from the throats of the weary travelers as they heard this heartening message.²⁵ They were instructed to continue some thirty miles west toward Devil's Gate where the relief wagons from Utah would meet them with provisions and supplies. Many handcarts were discarded, and all surplus baggage was left in charge of Captain Dan Jones and the relief party. There James Meller also discarded one of his handcarts so time could be expedited in getting to the relief wagons.

Four days later the new snow was over one foot deep, and the ground was frozen too hard to even drive tent pegs into it. The Saints could continue no farther for they were snowed in. The relief train found them huddled in a ravine on the thirty-first day of October, and

²⁴William Clayton [song written in compliance with a request by Brigham Young that Clayton write something to inspire the 1847 Pioneers with courage to continue their journey.]

²⁵"Church Emigration, 1849-1857," Church Historian's Office.

James uttered a fervent "thank God!" The Saints were so overjoyed that many an icy tear glistened on their haggard, toil-worn faces. The food and other provisions which the wagons carried were hastily distributed among the jubilant sufferers. The following day the wagons were stowed with the sick, the infirm, and the children. Both twins were suffering from frozen feet, as was Charlotte Elizabeth, and they were placed in the wagon alongside their father and mother; and so, the ill-fated party commenced the last lap of their long trek as they once more headed west. An express was dispatched to Salt Lake City to bring back more wagons and to report that the company was determined to come on even though they may be forced to shovel their way the entire distance through the deep snow. More wagons were hastily dispatched, and every few days a few more were rounded up and hastened on to meet the struggling Saints along the trail. Their rescue was only partial, however, for 135 of this courageous group marked the trail which they had traveled.

How many on the trackless plains
 Have found an unknown grave,
 Pure, faithful Saints, too good to live
 In such a wicked place.
 But are they left in sorrow,
 Or doubt to pine away?
 Oh, no, in peace they're resting
 Till the Resurrection Day.²⁶

Sunday, November 23, they were camped near the fort at Fort Bridger. It was here that they spent one of the most severe, cold nights of their entire journey. They huddled round their camp fires and still shivered in the sub-zero temperature. That night Louisa had cuddled Clara Althera in her arms while they slept on the frozen ground. Next morning

²⁶Lines written by a father on the death of his third child. Excerpt taken from E. Cecil McGavin, The Mormon Pioneers (Salt Lake City: Stevens and Wallis, Inc., 1947), p.70.

Louisa found that her beautiful long braids were frozen to the ground. The braids had to be severed from her head before she could be released from the tenacious grip of the icy snow.²⁷

The ensuing day they progressed eighteen miles west of Bridger and made their camp; and by November 27, they were camped on the east side of the Weber River, just below the mouth of Echo Canyon. Snow was falling fast on November 29 when they crossed Big Mountain; they passed over Little Mountain and camped in the head of Emigration Canyon that night.²⁸

Finally, on November 30, they were approaching their destination--Zion, in the valley of the towering Rockies; the formidable miles ahead were becoming shorter by the minute--step after weary step--they were nearing the end of their epical march. News of their approach came during the Sunday morning church session. President Young hurriedly dismissed the congregation with this declaration:

When those persons arrive I do not want to see them put into houses by themselves. I want to have them distributed in this city among the families that have good, comfortable houses; and I wish the sisters now before me, and all who know how and can, to nurse and wait upon the newcomers, and prudently administer medicine and food to them. . . . The afternoon meeting will be omitted, for I wish the sisters to go home and prepare to give those who have just arrived a mouthful of something to eat and to wash them up and nurse them up. . . . Prayer is good, but when (as on this occasion) baked potatoes and pudding and milk are needed, prayer will not supply their place. Give every duty its proper time and place.²⁹

Thus, these aliens from a foreign land were cared for by the loving hands of the members who had beckoned to them across the sea. Their hearts

²⁷Louise, loc. cit.

²⁸Rogerson, loc. cit.

²⁹Larsen, loc. cit.

were warm with gratitude; their indomitable sufferings had not been in vain; they had subdued the wilderness and cheated death itself. They were glad that they had come!!

PART IV
FOUNDERS OF FAYETTE

CHAPTER IX. WELCOME TO ZION

James's arrival in the great Salt Lake Valley on that bitter cold day in November, 1856, neither brought him a respite from additional toils and sufferings nor afforded him and his weary family an opportunity to settle down and enjoy a life of leisure after the harrowing ordeals of the Martin Handcart Company. Instead, this was actually the commencement of a new life in a new environment. In the coming years he was destined to play one of the most dramatic roles of his entire career--one in which he was instrumental in helping, without fanfare or heroics, in the colonization of the little Mormon community of Fayette, Utah. As one of the original founders of this little southwestern town, James Mellor played a fundamental role in shaping its future destiny. Certainly James and his family entertained no thoughts that day of pulling up roots again and starting out to subdue another primitive and alien frontier in just five short years.

On that memorable day, November 30, 1856, James and his family, as well as all the other members of their epic group, shed tears of joy and humble gratitude for their miraculous rescue from that snow-filled ravine where the rescue wagons had come upon their valiant little band. James had uttered a fervent "Thank God!" then; and today, as the wagons carried them to safety in the Mormon metropolis, he bowed his head and offered his sincere thanks to his Father in Heaven.

The wagon in which the Mellor family was riding rolled to a stop in front of the comfortable dwelling of the widow Susannah Roper who had arrived in Salt Lake in 1848. Widow Roper saw the wagon stopping in front of her door and instructed her handsome young son, Henry, to go out and help the young lady, who she had offered to shelter, into their home. When Henry approached the wagon he was informed they had a young lady whose feet were frozen and she was unable to walk. Henry, years later, told his grandson, V. Lloyd Bartholmew, that

Charlotte Mellor was only 13 years old and light as a feather in my arms. And as I carried her into my mother's home I looked into her dark eyes and saw love at first sight. And there our romance began. We were married February 4, 1857, and moved to Hogwallow /Now known as Gunnison/ the same year that the Mellor family moved there.¹

There seems to be no recorded information as to where the rest of the Mellor family were deposited that bitter cold Sunday. But Brothers Cyrus Wheelock and James Goddard were in the crowd to meet them when they arrived.

They asked for James Mellor. When they saw him they were stunned! A man of 38 years of age with hair as white as the driven snow! Indeed, the trials and tribulations, the hardships and deprivations they had suffered from England to Salt Lake Valley had taken its toll.²

Gone was the familiar head of black hair their dear friend had when they last saw him in England. James stood looking at them and blinked away the tears that brimmed his large dark eyes.

They took him in their arms and wept! They also greeted our mother, to whom they had promised life and that she would see Zion. We were received by the Saints,

¹V. Lloyd Bartholomew, "Sketches From the Life of My Grandmother, Charlotte Elizabeth Mellor Roper." This history is now in the possession of the writer. See also Appendix No. V, p. 97.

²Louisa, *loc. cit.*

some with tears in their eyes and some with joy. We were a pitiful sight to see, and for weeks this company was not allowed to eat much nor to see themselves in a mirror. President Young met us, and when he saw us he was so melted down with grief at sight of our condition he had to go home sick, but he blessed us first.³

James and his family remained in Salt Lake City for approximately three days then started south. They lived at Provo for the rest of that year, then moved to Springville, Utah. Here James engaged in farming pursuits. While they were living in Springville their youngest child, John Carlos Mellor, was born, February 1, 1860. The Elders' prophecy had been fulfilled; Mary Ann did live to see her seed in Zion!

Louisa tells that

On the journey south from Salt Lake I was left at the home of Sister Roper in Provo, Utah, to do housework for a few weeks. She wanted me to marry one of her sons but I did not like him for a husband, and also did not feel I wanted to be married at that time, so I made it a matter of prayer to God to know if it was right to marry him, and it was made manifest to me that he was not the right man. But God showed me my husband and his family in a few weeks. Edward Watkin Clark came to ask Sister Roper if I could wait on his wife who had just been confined. She agreed to let me go for two or three weeks. So I went to live at Brother Clark's home and was treated very well. . . . After a while I was invited to come into his home as his wife.⁴

James and his wife gave their consent, and Louisa and Edward were married February 3, 1857, in Salt Lake City, by President Brigham Young.

³Idem.

⁴Ibid.

CHAPTER X. FAYETTE SAGA

In the spring of 1861, President Young called some families to leave Springville and journey south to effect a new settlement. This group was comprised of the families of James Mellor, Sr., Joseph Bartholomew, Sr., Jacob McCurdy, Ira Draper, and Wellington Wood. They journeyed south in their covered wagons and arrived at the place now known as Fayette, April 8, 1861, and immediately planted their crops.

Later in the season, three of the families became disheartened and left. The Mellor family built their dugout south of the stream, and the Bartholomews built theirs on the north side, a short distance west of where the highway now runs. The main creek bed ran approximately through the center of the present townsite. They called the settlement Warm Creek, because the water came from a warm spring in the foothills about one mile east.¹

It wasn't warm, however, living in the dugout shelters, and when the Mellors first came to Fayette they lacked adequate bedding, and what they did have was ragged. They nearly perished with the cold; to try to alleviate their suffering, James put some cowhides, that hadn't been tanned, over the children's beds which were made on a pile of straw on the floor. Since these hides hadn't been tanned, they were stiff as a board, so this didn't help the situation much.

The two families worked unitedly together, and soon, Fayette became an industrious, ambitious little settlement. They had many things

¹Martha Wintch Bartholomew, "History of Warm Creek, Utah" (Fayette: 1958); hereinafter referred to as Martha, History.

in common, being nearly the same ages. Both of the families were large and of English Descent. There was a set of twin girls in each family: Emma and Clara Mellor were seven years old, and Eliza and Elizabeth Bartholomew were six when they first came to Fayette. On the journey from Springville to Fayette the Mellor twins were permitted to walk part of the way and help the boys drive the cows. This made the Bartholomew twins feel bad for they had to ride in the wagon all the way.

Since the Indians claimed ownership to the spring and to the surrounding meadows, James and Joseph bargained with Chief Arropene for their purchase. Arropene accepted two fat oxen for the sale of the spring, and they traded him some sheep for the meadows.



Fig. 5--Founders of Fayette, James and Mary Ann Payne Mellor and Joseph and Polly Benson Bartholomew.



Fig. 6--Head of Fayette Springs, taken since improvements have been made.

Although the Indians and the whites enjoyed peaceful relations, the Indians couldn't be trusted whenever they had a numerical advantage. The families of James and Joseph had to remain constantly alert to the dangers of theft, and even murder, from the Indians of the area. That autumn they were counseled by the church authorities to quit "Warm Creek" and build six miles South in "Hogwallow," the section lying southwest of the "Rocky Point." (Because of the swampy condition of this location, the settlement was later moved to a site farther east, now known as Gunnison,

where the fort was constructed). During the winters of 1861 and 1862 noone lived in "Warm Creek;"

. . . but in the spring of 1862, the place was re-settled and the farming operations began in greater earnest than in the previous year, and a pretty good crop was raised.⁶

Elizabeth Bartholomew Bown, after she grew older, enjoyed recalling how Fayette looked when she first moved there as a young girl:

. . . the valley was like a paradise. There was an abundance of wild life such as ducks and geese, and all kinds of small birds. Trout were plentiful /How it's all carp/ in the Sevier River, which flows through the valley about one mile west of the settlement. Deer came from the mountains to drink from the spring and to browse on the meadow grass . . . /and they still do, especially on the sand hills east of the cemetery/. The river banks, as well as the banks of the creek, were covered with vegetation including bull berry bushes, cane, wild roses, wild currants and sage brush.⁷

The men and boys were great trappers and hunters. This provided meat for their home supply. They sold beaver pelts for a fairly good price to help meet expenses. They initiated the industry of raising cattle and sheep in that community.⁸

In the spring and early summer of 1862 additional families arrived to settle Fayette. That same year, under the supervision of the Gunnison Ward Bishopric, a branch of the church was organized at Fayette with Branch Young serving as president.

It was in 1863 that President Young called John E. Metcalf to leave Springville and move his family to Fayette in order to build and operate a grist mill there. As they neared Fayette, thirteen-year-old

⁶Martha, History, loc. cit.

⁷Ibid.

⁸Laura Vernis Mellor Jensen Gore, "James Mellor and Mary Ann Payne: From Liverpool to Fayette" (Gunnison: August 30, 1958), p. 5; hereinafter referred to as Gore. See also Appendix No. VII, p. 97.

Eliza commented to her father, "I see the fields, but where are the houses?" "The houses are there; you'll soon be seeing them," he answered.

Soon they came near enough to see the wisps of smoke curling up from the chimneys of the dugouts. Yes, sure enough, there were houses, not like the log and adobe houses they had known in Springville, but they were homes, and people lived in them.⁹

The following excerpt gives a good account of the dugout homes:

"Progress of the Times

"Submitted by

"V. Lloyd Bartholomew

"The Anthony Metcalf home (Dugout) built before 1870 in Fayette, Utah. The roof was of poles covered with willows, straw and then dirt. All poles were held in place with wooden pegs driven in 3/4 inch sugar holes.

"The inside walls were plastered and liberally white-washed, as was also the underside of the roof. The floor was of smooth flat rock, laid closely together, and was kept scrubbed clean. And after each mopping, was marked with a diamond or a semi-circular design, using a soft limestone for chalk.

"The bed occupied one corner of the 12x18 foot room, and was built by setting four posts securely, and morticing a small pole frame into the posts. Then green rawhide was laced back and forth crosswise and lengthwise, and this, when dry, made a fine bed."¹⁰

Even though they lived in dugouts, Mary Ann Payne Mellor and Polly Benson Bartholomew took pride in their housekeeping. They would sprinkle water on the dirt floor, then tamp it with a wooden tamper until the surface was smooth; and then, when it had dried, they would mark artistic designs on it with charcoal and limestone.¹¹

After arriving in Fayette the Metcalfs camped east of the other settlers, about three-fourths of a mile east, at the site they had

⁹Martha, History, loc. cit.

¹⁰Gunnison Valley News, Gunnison, Utah, August 20, 1959.

¹¹Martha, History, loc. cit.



Fig. 7--Anthony Metcalf Dugout: View of the dugout, built before 1870, in Fayette, by Anthony Metcalf. Photo taken in 1912 by V. Lloyd Bartholomew. (Boy in picture is his brother, Blaine).

selected to build the mill. In addition to the few provisions they brought with them was a pick, axe, steel bar, two augers, hammer, shovel and chisel. They hauled rock from the hills nearby to use in building their dugouts and the mill. By employing a good deal of faith, ambition, and perseverance, they soon saw the mill become a reality. They had to chisel the millstones (burrs) out of some large granite boulders which they hauled from the "Cedar Ridge" area approximately twelve miles north of Fayette. Wagon tires were used to hold the burrs in place. Next they dug a ditch around the brow of the hill in order to create a waterfall. Then they were ready to try out the results of their labor:

Mother Metcalf had helped her husband and the boys, but now that the water was turned into the flume to pour over the wheel, she stepped back a few steps and stood with uncovered head and arms folded. The water wheel was soon in

motion, but nothing happened with the burrs. Father Metcalf hurried into the cellar and adjusted the rawhide belt that transferred the power from the waterwheel shaft to the burr shaft. Then, slowly, the burr commenced to turn just a little. Soon it was scraping its face against its mate's stone burr. One of the children called out, "Maw, it's turning! It works, Maw! It works!" Mother Metcalf turned and walked slowly toward the dugout, and with bowed head she said something, and what she said, only God, the angels, and she knew.¹²

Soon the mill was grinding the grain into flour every day. Some of the meal and flour was taken as far as the settlements in Sevier Valley. The mill continued to operate for a number of years.¹³

They erected their first meeting house, a small log building, in 1864. It was used for all their public gatherings, even school up to 1866, when trouble with the Indians developed. It was then moved to Gunnison and re-erected in the fort. After the Black Hawk War had ended, the meeting house was moved back to Fayette and used until the new rock meeting house was built in 1875. This building was dedicated August 1, 1875, by Robert G. Fraizer.¹⁴

Then came the Indian trouble! It was Philip Dack, father-in-law of John Carlos Mellor, who carried the message of the murder of William Kearns by the Indians. He rode the thirty-two miles to Nephi on horseback, in three hours and forty minutes.

In 1866 some of the settlers grew worried over the Indians who were becoming quite hostile, and they moved away. The rest of the settlers were directed by President Hyde to return to the fort in Gunnison until

¹²Written by V. Lloyd Bartholomew for the program held in connection with the dedication of the pioneer marker, Sunday, December 4, 1955.

¹³The Church Historian's Office in Salt Lake City, Utah, says it was thirty-one years.

¹⁴Martha, History, op. cit., p. 4.



Fig. 8--Rock Meeting House, erected in 1875.

the danger was over. The men and boys would return to Fayette in large groups during the day and herd their cattle. Joseph Bartholomew, Jr., said the young men had a deck of playing cards, and they whiled away the time by playing cards with each other.¹⁵ It wasn't until 1869 that the Black Hawk War ceased.

Citizens of Fayette who engaged in the suppression of Indian hostilities in Sanpete County during the Black Hawk War were: Christian Tollerstrup as Captain, with Joseph Bartholomew, Sr., serving as Lieutenant, and John Bartholomew, Sergeant. Also in Captain Tollerstrup's Company were seven privates from Fayette: James Mellor, Sr., James Mellor, Jr., William Mellor, Philip Dack, George Bartholomew, Joseph Batholomew,

¹⁵Minnie Bartholomew Edwards, "History of Joseph Bartholomew, Jr., and Emma Marintha Mellor"; n.d.; hereinafter referred to as Edwards. See also Appendix No. VIII, p. 97.

Jr., and William Metcalf. They served in these positions from May 1, 1867, to November 1, 1867. In Captain George Gardner's company were three more privates: William Mellor, William Bartholomew, and Anthony Metcalf, April 1, 1866 to November 1, 1866.

These men along with others were mustered into service at Fort Gunnison, Sanpete County, Utah Territory, and were assigned to duty in the vicinity of said city. They were in active service every day for the time specified and were mustered out November 1, 1867.¹⁶

It was in 1868 that myriad hordes of grasshoppers infested the area, destroying most of the crops in Sanpete County. These later pioneers were not so fortunate as those earlier ones in Salt Lake Valley--no sea gulls came to save their crops. James Mellor's crops were destroyed along with those of his neighboring farmers. But James Mellor didn't become discouraged over this new problem in the lives of his struggling family. By careful planning and economizing they survived this ordeal. The determined little Englishman, bolstered by the cooperative efforts of his faithful wife and children, buckled down and worked all the harder to raise a bumper crop the ensuing year. James, in later years, told his granddaughter, Laura Vernis Mellor, that it seemed his entire life had been a "continuous time of beginning anew." Every time his family solved one problem, something would happen, and his family, encouraged by their indomitable father, rallied to the challenge and tried all the harder.

In 1869 James Mellor, Sr., influenced by the suggestion of George D. Watt, had organized a society to start a silk industry and had started

¹⁶Information received from Military Records Section, Archives, Utah Historical Society, Salt Lake City, Utah; submitted by V. Lloyd Bartholomew.

a mulberry plantation. A few of the mulberry trees are still growing in the area, the largest of which is in Gunnison on the lot once owned by Ernest Swalberg, pioneer blacksmith. This same year,

. . . at a session of the Sanpete County Court held at Manti, June 21, 1869, in answer to a petition, Fayette was organized into a precinct and school district; and at the next meeting, September 6, 1869, its boundaries were determined. James Mellor, Sr., was appointed magistrate, Anthony Metcalf, constable, and John Bartholomew, road supervisor.¹⁷

James Mellor, Sr., built the first brick house in Fayette:

It was a two-story house, built on the lot just south of where the Fayette store now stands. It faced east. There were two large rooms in front with an entrance hall in the center. Beyond the doors leading to the two front rooms, the hall divided, the north half was a passageway leading to the rooms to the west--a kitchen, a pantry, and a small bedroom. The south half became a stairway, edged with a bannister which leads to the rooms upstairs.¹⁸

They completed this first fine home built in Fayette about 1870 and moved directly from the dugout into it. Many of the floors in this home were covered with homemade carpets, and those that weren't were bleached white from the frequent scrubbing they received. Mary Ann Payne Mellor was a meticulous housekeeper, so much so, that she was dubbed "crazy clean." She had a stove in which she did her baking, but she did most of her cooking in little pots in the fireplace; the treasured stove--in which she vested her pride and her glory of possession--was kept polished until it shone like a mirror. One of her granddaughters, Minnie Bartholomew Edwards, said, "I sure learned how to scrub floors while I lived with her; they were

¹⁷Martha, History, op. cit., p. 5.

¹⁸Martha, addendum to History.

white, and they had to be kept that way. She was a very proud women, and she liked nice clothes."¹⁹



Fig. 9--Home of James Mellor, Sr.; first brick home built in Fayette in 1870. In the picture are the following: Richard Palmer; his daughter; his wife, Mandy; Sarah Hill Lake; Catherine Hill Palmer, James A. Hill; Clara A. Mellor Hill; and Pearl Hill.

Mary Ann's past experiences reflected themselves in her present attitude and behavior. In England she had elected to part with all but the most cherished of her worldly possessions and accompany her beloved mate to an alien wilderness because he was a proud little man who wanted to rear his children in a place where they could occupy a position of dignity rather than one of pauperism. Then, again, during that harrowing handcart experience, she was compelled to part with the balance of her

¹⁹Excerpt from letter written to Martha W. Bartholomew by Minnie B. Edwards (Ogden, Utah, February 20, 1958).

worldly possessions and continue on her way in clothes which were worn and tattered. The only thing that mattered then was to stay alive and to plod wearily forward, wishing desperately that they would soon reach their destination. Later, after yanking up roots again and moving on to Fayette, there were more deprivations--other challenges to meet. That first year in Fayette, Mary Ann hoarded every little scrap of cloth she could get hold of and used it to patch tattered clothes and worn-out bedding; hence her pride in that new stove and her love for nice clothes.

James Mellor was also a well-groomed person who enjoyed attractive clothing and well-tended surroundings. He exhibited a great deal of pride in his animals and in his land, and took very good care of all his property. It hadn't been his privilege to own a farm in England, but there in Fayette he enjoyed tilling the soil and watching things grow.

By practicing strict economy and laboring untirelessly, James Mellor and his family, in just nine short years (two of which had been spent in the fort at Gunnison), had prospered and had been able to acquire a sizeable amount of land; and their herd of sheep and their cattle were growing rapidly.

On December 7, 1864, a post office was established in Fayette. Henry I Young was appointed postmaster. The post office was discontinued May 25, 1872, and James Mellor, Sr., was appointed postmaster.²⁰ He held the position from 1872 to 1887. The post office was housed in his home. He made a letter slot in the front door and attached a box on the inside. It had a lock on it. The little back bedroom served as the mail office, and the townspeople called for their mail at the west kitchen door.

²⁰Information received from the Post Office Department at Washington, D. C., by Martha W. Bartholomew, the present postmaster.

James's son, William Charles Mellor, served as the mail carrier to and from Gunnison. "He carried the mail on a pony which he rented from a Mr. Cooper, and worked to pay for the use of the pony."²¹

²¹Belle Mellor, "Additional notes on James Mellor, Sr." (Fayette: November 30, 1959); herinafter referred to as Belle. See also Appendix No. IX, p. 98.

CHAPTER XI. EARLY-DAY AMUSEMENTS AND PASTIMES

Fayette, Utah, is a quaint little Mormon community. Its citizens, today, are hardworking, honest people who still evince the frontiersman qualities that were typical of their ancestors--the original founders of the town--James Mellor, Sr., and Joseph Bartholomew, Sr., and their families. The people earn a livelihood through farming and livestock raising, the industry initiated by their grandparents and great-grandparents.

There have been comparatively few changes made in this Mormon frontier community. Essentially it is the same town today that it was when James Mellor and his good friend, Joseph Bartholomew, were effecting its early-day settlement and development. Most of the old pioneer homes are still there, and many of them are now occupied by the descendants of the original owners.

The same little old country store which sold to those early settlers is serving the people today. It is now owned and operated by Max Mellor, great-grandson of James Mellor, Sr.; and except for a coat of paint and for gasoline pumps replacing the old hitching rail in front, the store remains unchanged.

Interests and amusements of the people are much the same today as they were then. There is still that same harmonious, cooperative fellowship in all their activities--that same sincere devotion to a righteous cause. The entire community rallies to the assistance of any of the citizens when there is need for such united action.



Fig. 10--Fayette Store in 1909; People, left to right: Ross Palmer, Agnes A. Palmer, Thelma Dalton Park, Etta Palmer Bean; William Charles Mellor's team and dog.

In the early days the young boys in the community were assigned the duty of herding the cows and sheep in the meadows and foothills surrounding the community. When William Charles and James Mellor, Jr., went out to herd the animals, along with George Bartholomew and some of the other boys, their mothers cautioned them to take off their clothes and hide them in the bushes so they wouldn't tear them or wear them out. Clothes were too scarce to wear when the boys were out away from the town, and they had no shoes. These young boys frolicked and worked in the nude until their skins were as bronzed as were the skins of the Indians whom they frequently encountered.

One day,

William C. Mellor and George Bartholomew were herding cows along the river bank when they saw some Indians. They saw them first, and as there were lots of beaver along the water

then and they could swim just as well as beavers, they dived under the beaver houses and waited until they thought the Indians had left. Before the Indians left they killed several sheep for food, then went on their way.¹

The women of this small settlement town were busy every day. They would wash wool, dye it with home-made dyes, then spin and weave it into the cloth from which they made their own clothes. They molded their own candles from the tallow they managed to save. This was their source for lights in their crude homes and shelters, for the power line wasn't extended from Gunnison to Fayette until 1908. The women often had "work bees" and would help one another to dry fruit, make quilts and other vitally-needed articles.

All these women were hard workers and they donated their special talents for the benefit of all:

Clara Mellor Hill was an expert at yeast making, and she generously divided with anyone in need. Polly Benson Bartholomew was an artist at creating beautiful rugs, carpets, and bedspreads, etc. One of the bedspreads she made is now on display at the Bureau of Information.²

Mrs. Knowles, mother of "Polly," made beautiful ornamental baskets from wire. She would wrap the wire with strips of cloth, then dip them into a solution that would crystalize. She then filled the baskets with colorful artificial flowers which she fashioned out of colored cloth, paper, yarn, and even hair comings. These she sold, and used the profits to purchase some of the things her family needed.

Delilah Palmer had a cast-iron soap pot that stood on three legs. This pot was large enough to hold about five or six gallons of water. She

¹Lyman, loc. cit. See also Appendix No. X, p. 98.

²Martha, History, op. cit., p. 9; see also Appendix No. 5, p. 98.

used to lend it to all the neighbors to cook their soap in. Later other people bought some larger kettles made of brass in which they cooked their soap and heated their wash water over the outdoor fires.

For soap making they made a platform of boards, then a platform of boards ontop the platform. The boards for the "hopper" were close together at the bottom and spread out at the top. They put ashes in the hopper and poured boiling water over and through the ashes. When the water drained through the ashes it was caught in a trough below the platform. This liquid was called lye. They boiled this down to make it stronger and then added their waste grease to it and boiled it until it became soap. This soap did not get as hard as the soap they later made when lye was imported. The first lye that was sold in the stores came in round balls covered with red wax, and not in cans.⁴

Mary "Polly" Knowles Mellor made beautiful wax flowers and fruit enclosed in glass globes and sold them for ornaments. These made ornate decorations in the homes in the community and were even placed as decorations on the graves in the Fayette cemetery. She fabricated these beautiful articles by first greasing muffin tins with lard, then pouring them full of plaster of paris. She would then grease the particular flower or fruit, of which she wanted to make a pattern, and set it in the plaster of paris before it "set" up. In this manner she formed one side of the mold. A greased stick set up in the plaster made the hole through which the wax would later be poured. The other side of the mold was made the same way. After the plaster had hardened, it would slip out of the muffin tins quite easily, and the greased flowers and fruit were just as simple to remove. When "Polly" was ready to make her wax ornaments, she would grease the insides and the edges of the mold. Then she would melt paraffin wax, add the desired coloring or dye, and pour this mixture into the two

⁴Sarah Baker Hill, "Additional Notes on James Mellor, Sr." (Fayette: November 30, 1951); hereinafter referred to as Sarah B. Hill. See also Appendix XI, p. 98.

halves of the mold which she had previously fitted together and tied. After allowing time for the wax to set up, "Polly" would untie the molds, pull them open, and there was her fruit or flowers--perfectly formed. These mold could be used over and over again.⁵

One of Delila Palmer Mellor's prize possessions was a fluting iron with which she fluted trimming for dresses.⁶

William Charles Mellor had a molasses mill in the east end of his lot where he ground the sugar cane. He built a huge fireplace in the corner of his lot. There he had a huge vat in which he cooked the ground-up cane. William had to use extreme care in tending the fire burning under the vat so it wouldn't scorch the molasses, and the molasses had to be skimmed just as carefully as it boiled. William Charles made a very good molasses, and he was very generous with it. This molasses was used in place of sugar, even in the preserving of their fruit.

To make candy of molasses or honey, we just boiled it until it would go brittle when a spoonful was dropped in a cup of cold water. Then we cooled it until we were able to hold it in our hands. We then stretched the cooked material until it became a beautiful golden-yellow color. Sometimes we braided or twisted the stretched candy or we would pull it out into long ropes on a flat buttered pan. After it had set a short time it could easily be broken into the desired size of pieces.⁷

The young people in Fayette had many enjoyable times:

They enjoyed dancing, and many times the young people would walk five miles to Gunnison to attend a dance. The girls would go to each other's homes, cut and sew rags for rugs and carpets, spin yarn for cloth, and knit stockings for all members of the family. They crotcheted and tatted

⁵Personal Interview with Naomi Mellor Dorius, granddaughter of "Polly" Mellor (Fayette: August 5, 1958). See also Appendix No. XII, P. 98.

⁶Belle, loc. cit.

⁷Interview with Laura Vernis Mellor Jensen Gore (Logan, Utah: July 5, 1960); hereinafter referred to as Gore.

for trimmings, etc., and made all their own clothing. When harvest time came the women would go out and glean the grain on the ditch banks and along the fences. They learned to make soap, candles for lights, starch from potatoes, dye from ashes and other things. They sheared sheep, washed the wool ready to spin, and everyone worked to help make the living.⁸

Besides farming, the men fished, hunted, trapped for beaver and other fur-bearing animals. They went to the mountains for logs to build homes and other buildings. They sometimes set their fish hooks in the river in the evening and went home, returning in the morning to collect their catch. They often went great distances to fish, hunt and trap.⁹

One day, one of the boys hurried into the town to say he'd seen a big black bear that had killed a calf just north of the town and it was there eating the animal. Many of the men hurried out to help kill the bear, and when they returned to town with it on their wagon, the entire town ran out to greet them. They tanned the hide for a rug, and they rendered the fat to make soap, shoe grease, and harness oil for the entire community.¹⁰

Cynthia Sildona Maxham Dack was a skilled craftsman. The first years she lived in Fayette she made all her husband's clothes--suit, hat, sox, shoes--and also her children's. Later in her life she enjoyed crotchetting difficult patterns of "hard-anger" work and stitching intricately-designed pieces of embroidery. The young people in the town liked to watch her work on her beautiful creations while they listened to the stories she told about living in Nauvoo while her father helped to build the temple, and of the depredations they suffered at the hands of the mob there in Illinois.

⁸Minnie B. Edwards, loc. cit.

⁹Martha, History, op. cit., p. 7.

¹⁰Ibid.

"Aunt Roxie" Christensen (she was called aunt by everyone) remembered Mary Ann Payne as being a very beautiful woman with large dark eyes. Mary Ann was a proud woman and loved beautiful clothes. She was noted for being meticulous in everything she did, and she loved to dance and go to parties. She was an excellent cook, and she "was quite partial to her 'bit O' cake' or 'bit O' pie' with her tea."¹¹ Many of the "oldtimers" have commented on what a high, clear soprano singing voice Mary Ann Payne Mellor had. "Aunt Roxie" especially remembered how, when the congregation was singing "The Seer, Joseph The Seer," that Mary Ann's clear true tones could be heard above all the other singers.

The spring which James and Joseph bought from Chief Arropene in 1861 has been the "lifeblood" of the people in this little western town; it has also been the chief recreation site in the area--the romantic spot for young lovers.

People who have grown up here and then moved away, usually cannot be content until they have brought their children back to the spring to wade in the stream and roll hard-boiled eggs down the sand hills.¹²

They also like to bring their children home on the Fourth of July to participate in the community celebration, and to run a race for a sack of peanuts and candy. Everyone wins in Fayette!

¹¹Belle, loc. cit.

¹²Martha, History, loc. cit.



Fig. 12--Near the Fayette Spring in 1899. Left to right:
 William Charles Meller, Belle Meller, _____ White, Millie
 Meller, Della Dalton, Annie James, _____ White, Richard
 Return Hill, Florence Meller, Olive Meller, Earl Dack, William
 F. Bartholomew, Pearl Bartholomew, James Bown, Emily Meller,
 _____ White. Allen Hill has the guitar.

PART V
THE WANING YEARS

CHAPTER XII. THE APEX IN HIS LIFE

After moving his family into their new brick home, James Mellor breathed a sigh of accomplishment. This meant the culmination of all his ambitions--an end to his family's deprivations. Now he could face those rapidly-approaching evanescent years with the calm assurance that he had provided well for his wife and family. Now he and Mary Ann could enjoy the happy results of all their past struggles and endeavors.

James and his family worked hard to plant the huge lot surrounding their fine new abode.

The north half of their lot was an orchard, they raised the best apples, all kinds, also some plums, but the golden sweets just north of the house were the best. The south half of the lot was all alfalfa.¹

They had a big orchard he took care of, different kinds of fruit, apples, winter apples, summer apples, early sweet red ones, crabs, pearmain, pears, plums of several varieties. He spent a lot of time there.²

Now that his major worries were over, James looked about for something he could do to bring joy to others.

Grandpa was very good hearted and thoughtful of everybody. He always picked the best apples and gave them to the kids. He always favored the children. Grandma was more practical; she picked out the best apples to sell and then gave the children the ones that were left.³

¹Minnie B. Edwards, loc. cit.

²Sarah B. Hill, loc. cit.

³Minnie B. Edwards, letter, loc. cit.

The general authorities of the church visited regularly with the members in the outlying communities, offering them encouragement, counseling them to live righteously, and to love their fellowmen. James had always been a very devout man. "In his family the members all took turns praying, and he took his turn along with the rest. When he prayed, it was almost out of this world the powerful, beautiful prayers he uttered."⁴

One time Apostle George Albert Smith visited in Warm Creek and counseled the settlers to divide the land into ten-acre lots, and building lots enough to accommodate twenty more families, promising that if they would do this the water would be increased. In faith and obedience they made the division and other families moved in. One day, about noon, they heard the sound of rushing water and they discovered that the stream had increased and was flooding over the banks. The promise of the apostle had been fulfilled.⁵

Apostle Orson Hyde had been a friend of the Bartholomews when they lived in Nauvoo. On one of his trips south he came to visit them. He suggested that the name of the community be changed from "Warm Creek" to "Fayette" after Fayette, New York, where the Church had been organized. The people readily accepted his suggestion, as did James Mellor and Joseph Bartholomew.

On March 24, 1870, James journeyed to Gunnison where he was ordained a High Priest, at their meeting in Fort Gunnison, by J. E. Metcalf, Sr., Mr. Hansen, and H. H. Kearns.⁶

In April, 1871, James Mellor, Jr., was married to Eliza Elvira Bartholomew, one of the twins who had ridden in the covered wagon to Fayette at the same time he had walked there, helping to drive the cattle along. That same year, November 27, 1871, Emma Marantha, the dark-eyed

⁴Sarah B. Hill, loc. cit.

⁵Martha, History, op. cit., p. 4.

⁶Diary, loc. cit.

Mellor twin, who was only seven when she walked to Fayette, married Joseph Bartholomew, Jr. Thus was begun the tendency for these two prominent families to inter-marry, as the years piled up.

William Charles Mellor loved music and wanted an instrument to play; so Guard Doxford helped him to make a fiddle out of an old dry-goods box. This was a fairly good fiddle, and Charles took his first lesson from James Fjeldsted of Gunnison. Charles played for the community dances on this home-made fiddle for over two years. He usually charged a dollar fee for his playing; however, if the dance lasted all night he sometimes received two dollars. Finally, he saved up the sixty dollars to send to Philadelphia for a violin. When the violin at last arrived it was winter, and William had to go to Juab with an ox team to bring the instrument home. William loved the violin, for it gave considerable pleasure to the entire community. His family treasure it as an heirloom today.⁷

Although no records have been preserved prior to 1861, a Sunday School was organized in 1873, and James Mellor, Sr., was the first Superintendent. In July of this same year, William Charles married Delila Vilate Palmer. Clara Althera, the other Mellor twin, was married to James Allen Hill, November 3.

Fayette's old pioneer cemetery was dedicated on July 3, 1874. The names appearing most frequently on the headstones in this old cemetery are reminiscent of those first inhabitants of the area: Mellor, Bartholomew, Metcalf, Dack, Bown, and Hill can be seen on every side. Every year, a week before Decoration Day, the citizens turn out en masse to shovel away the accumulated piles of weeds and clear away the previous winter's debris. Then, on Decoration Day, all those old graves are embellished with myriads

⁷Lyman, loc. cit.

of bright-hued paper flowers which the women have been sitting up nights to prepare for this yearly occasion.

March 13, 1875, James Mellor received the following letter:

"President's Office
"Salt Lake City, March 5, 1875.

"Elder James Mellor
"Fayette, Sanpete County

"Dear Brother

"I am instructed by President Brigham Young to learn at your earliest convenience by letter how it will suit your circumstances and feelings to go on a mission to the British Isles this season to start soon after the next April Conference.

"Your early attention to the foregoing.

"Much oblige.

"Your Brother in the gospel

"Albert Carrington."⁸

James wrote the following day of his willingness to comply with this request: "I answered that I did not know that my circumstances would ever be any better than at present, and as for my feelings, if I was called I would try and obey."⁹

On May 8, 1875, James Mellor set out, driving his own team into Salt Lake City. He was the first missionary to be called from the community of Fayette. His wife, Mary Ann, and James, Jr., accompanied him as far as Salt Lake City. They stopped in Santaquin at their daughter Louisa's place. Here they were joined by Brother Clark who had also been called to serve in The British mission field.

⁸Original copy of this letter is in the possession of Roy Delbert Mellor who has been previously cited in this work.

⁹Diary.

The ship arrived at the mouth of Queenstown Harbor on the morning of May 28. James was favorably impressed with the beautiful landscape along the Irish seacoast:

It was a beautiful sight to view the beautiful fenced fields with live fences and to view the landscape with roads, trees, hamlets, viligies, cities, lighthouses, and the scores of vessels of all sizes and Steamers in all directions.¹⁰

After arriving in Liverpool, James was assigned to labor in the Liverpool Conference under the presidency of Elder W. B. Barton. He availed himself of the opportunity to renew acquaintances among relatives and friends for a few days before resuming his missionary responsibilities. That afternoon he took a train for Leicester to see his brother, Samuel. While visiting in Elaby, he baptized his wife's sister, Maria Mathews, whose husband had died in 1861. A few days later he placed her on board the "Wisconsin" to sail for America.

While James was on his mission, Sister Dorothy Knowles's home in Darwin was the headquarters for the Elders. She also washed and kept their clothes in order for them.

On April 2, 1877, James was appointed president of the Liverpool Conference, and was released to return home on September 10 of that same year. He sailed on the "Wisconsin" September 19, 1877,¹¹ accompanied by his brother, John, and family,¹² and eighteen-year-old Mary Knowles. He arrived back home in Fayette in November.

¹⁰Diary.

¹¹Journal History, Church Historian's Office (Salt Lake City, Utah: November 30, 1856) p. 61.

¹²Jackson, loc. cit. See also Appendix No. XIII, p. 98.

Several of the Fayette "oldtimers" have told about James's return. When Mary Ann stepped to the door to welcome him back home again, James and a beautiful brown-eyed girl were standing there on the stoop. James introduced Mary Ann to Mary "Polly" Knowles, saying he'd brought Polly from England to be his polygamous wife. Mary Ann was too stunned to make any comments. She stood staring at them for a few moments, then, turning, picked up a pan that contained some milk which she was clabbering for cheese, and quickly showered the contents over the surprised couple, before slamming the door in their faces.

Polly and James went to St. George the next day and were married in the endowment house there. Thus, in the autumn of his life, this quiet, loveable man, with "eyes as black and bright as beads"¹³ and hair snow-white, thick and wavy, married the dark-eyed little English girl who was only in her springtime.

Back in Fayette again, Polly and James lived in a little log house on a lot north of the one belonging to James Mellow, Jr.

My mother /Delila/taught "Polly" how to cook and to wash and to keep house. She stayed here most of the time while the red rock house was being built for her. My father, William Charles, helped them all the way, he hauled all the material for the house and the granery and later when they built a kitchen on the back. . . . Polly became an excellent housekeeper and a wonderful cook. She loved to entertain and have parties. She had much more of the English brogue than did either her husband or Mary Ann. Grandma /Mary Ann/also loved parties with her friends both in Fayette and Gunnison. She sometimes rode in a buggy or wagon to Gunnison for a party. . . .¹⁴

In his Diary, published in the Gunnison Valley News in July 1959, Christian Tollerstrup relates how he built the red rock house for Mr.

¹³Belle Mellow, loc. cit.

¹⁴Idem.

James Mellor of Fayette and received a fine organ in payment for his labor.

Polly and James had six children, three of whom, Robert Edward, Minnie Knowles, and Hyrum Melvin all died a short time after they were born. Will James was married, later, to Mary Haycock; Joseph Ervin to Sylvia Christensen, and Emily Maud to Edward M. Reid.

Mary Ann's and Polly's children got along well together and apparently esteemed each other very much. The two mothers were always congenial to each other's children. This friendly rapport among the children in the two families served to lessen James's problems. However, he was always concerned over Mary Ann's welfare. He frequently walked over to attend to her orchard and chores. Many times, when Belle and her brother, Charles, went to take their Grandma Mellor the firewood which their father had



Fig. 12--James Mellor, Sr., and Mary "Polly" Knowles Family Group, original picture in possession of the writer.

chopped, they would find their grandfather sitting in the kitchen eating a bowl of bread and milk.¹⁵

In 1879, William Charles and his father, James, started making adobes and firing them into bricks to be used in building a house for William and Delila. (They fabricated the first bricks in Fayette). Delila climbed the ladder and carried the bricks and mortar to William while he set them up. December 21, this same year, John Carlos was married to Eva Charlotte Dack, daughter of Philip and Cynthia S. Maxham Dack.

In 1881, James Mellor, Jr., was called on a mission, and by 1884, William Charles and John Carlos Mellor were also called to the mission field.

The Relief Society, in 1884, decided to build a house of its own. The Relief Society sisters paid for most of the work by making and selling quilts, knitting, sewing, and gathering "Sunday eggs." The Relief Society officers took turns boarding the masons and the carpenters. The walls were built up to the square; then they decided to make a two-story building out of it, so the building activities were stalemated a few years. It wasn't until 1895 that the building was finally completed.

Mary Ann Payne Mellor donated a considerable amount of time to sewing and cooking in order to further this project. Living alone, she had ample time to donate to the cause. Mary Knowles Mellor also made her contribution by making butter and selling it. It was James Mellor, of course, who did the churning for her.

There is an unusual twist to the way their public building were utilized in Fayette. In 1902, this Relief Society Hall was rented to the trustees of the Fayette School District and they held school there for

¹⁵Idem.

eight years. Bins were built in the ground floor to accomodate the storage of the Relief Society wheat. The new white school house was completed in time to hold the Christmas party there in December, 1927. By 1931, the schools in the district were consolidated; now the schoolhouse has become the church house.



Fig. 13--Relief Society Hall in Fayette, Utah, completed in 1895.



Fig. 14--Fayette Schoolhouse, completed in 1927.

In a letter to his friend, James Meller, Sr., says:

. . . We had a very good sizen for grain and grass we have had so much rain it put me in minde of Kansas we coulde of raised grain without any watering so you can see it is been good for us the stock looks well and the sheep is fat I have been very bizey this summer building and fenching.¹⁶

James Meller, Sr., and his close friend, Joseph Bartholomew, Sr., weren't happy unless they could argue politics:

Grandpa Meller was a Republican. Grandpa Bartholomew was a Democrat. About election time everybody was enemies for a few weeks. When we used to go to church in that dear little old church in Fayette the men sat on the south side, the women on the north. One Sunday I was sitting by Grandpa Bartholomew; Grandpa Meller was talking. It was nearing election time. I remember Grandpa saying "Pollyticks." Grandma said, "If he says that again, I go out." Grandpa

¹⁶Letter to William Bown who was on a mission to the Northwestern States. Written by James Meller, Sr., August 20, 1885. Letter in the possession of the writer of this thesis.

again said "Pollyticks," and again Grandma said, "If he says that once more I go out." Again Grandpa said it and out Grandma went. She didn't like her name repeated like that.¹⁷

During the eighties there appeared to be a united effort on the part of the press and the denominational ministers to force legislation against the Latter Day Saints.¹⁸

Let the lands and tenements of the Mormons be thrown open to original entry by civilized settlers. . . . There are enough young men in the West and South, who are seeking homes to finish up the pest, fumigate the territory, and to establish themselves in ninety days after the word "go" is given.¹⁹

In a letter to her son, John Carlos Mellor, March 12, 1885, Mary Ann tells how proud she is of her two sons:

. . . I am sitting in my lonesome hours thinking about my two loving Sons that has gone so far away to preach the gospel to a dark and a beknighted people it makes my heart rejoice to think that they are called to do such great work.²⁰

She goes on to tell him that James, Jr., has put a fence around his place and a shingle roof has been put on over the tar paper one on the house. He has also dug a well up on the bench and has most of the rock hauled for Charlotte's house.²¹ She relates further:

Louisa /Clark/ your Sister came up and payed us a visit and her Son Joseph brought fish and kie to trade She went up the river to see your sister Mary Ann Palmer and stayed all together about a week, Brother Clark had to leave his home for some of thease scamp of men was after him there has been several of them come through

¹⁷Minnie B. Edwards, loc. cit.

¹⁸Joseph Fielding Smith, op. cit., p. 591.

¹⁹The original letter is in the possession of Roy Delbert Mellor.

²¹Charlotte Dack, niece of Philip Dack, was the polygamous wife of James Mellor, Jr.

Fayette as we suspected what they was after but the men tries to keep of their road as much as possible.²²

And the agitation against the Mormons continued to build up because of their plural marriage practices.

In March, 1867, Congress passed a supplemental act known as the Edmunds-Tucker Law. President Grover Cleveland neither approved nor disapproved of the act, so it became a law without his signature.²³

The persecution of the Saints continued. Early in 1867, President John Taylor and his counselors were forced into exile as a result of this persecution. These trials probably contributed to the untimely death of President Taylor.²⁴

James Mellor, Sr., was arrested and sent to prison because he was guilty of "unlawful cohabitation," as the polygamous marriages were termed. The whip cracked down on the heads of numerous other prominent men throughout the church, and the authorities came after Joseph Bartholomew, Jr.:

I remember so well, two men in fur coats who were riding in a two-wheeled cart which was pulled by one horse drove up and asked, "Little girl, is your Papa home?" I answered, "Yes." Florence heard me and ran up to the corral and told Dad. He disappeared. I don't know where he went. Once when they came, Dad hid in an irrigation ditch that was grown high with clover. Another time, I think it was in the winter after Dad came from his mission, two deputies came at night and decided to stay in our home with Dad until morning. During the night, Dad told them he had to step outside, and he disappeared. . . . The only time they caught him, they took him and Aunt Amelia, Caroline's ~~the~~ polygamous wife's sister, thinking she was his wife. Then they got in court, they found they didn't have any evidence. It was right after this that he moved his family to Arizona.²⁵

²²Letter from Mary Ann to her son, John Carlos, loc. cit.

²³Joseph Fielding Smith, op. cit., p. 600.

²⁴Ibid., p. 602.

²⁵Minnie B. Edwards, loc. cit.

The crusade against those who had entered plural marriage continued after the death of President Taylor, but in some respects with less severity. President Grover Cleveland pardoned a number of the imprisoned men against whom the courts had been extremely severe. . . . Nevertheless, the government continued with unyielding determination to suppress plural marriage, and more drastic legislation was proposed by Congress.²⁶

The indignant Latter Day Saints contested the anti-polygamy legislation which they felt violated their religious rights under the United States Bill of Rights. But the United States Supreme Court upheld the laws and the Saints were forced either to comply or be persecuted as violators of the law. The Saints, meanwhile,

. . . have never felt that the actions of the courts were just, nor did they feel that it was within the power to suspend a commandment given to them by revelation from the Lord. The "Manifesto" of President Woodruff brought relief. The people had done their duty. The Lord gave the commandment and only He could authorize its suspension.²⁷

After this, many plural families were broken up. Polly Mellor moved to Salt Lake where she obtained employment, and in 1900, she was married to William Allen Hamlin. They had one son, Nathaniel, who died when he was less than two years of age.

When he was released from prison, James Mellor, Sr., returned to Fayette to live with Mary Ann; but their renewed happiness together was short-lived, for Mary Ann died in 1895. While she was still living, however, James tended his orchard--the finest one in Fayette. He raised some grain and alfalfa and had some fine livestock. Then, one day, disaster again struck the small community:

July 13, 1896--Fayette. Flood came down from the hills. Almost the entire settlement was flooded. Bridges were washed out, fences wrecked, cellars filled and water in

²⁶Joseph Fielding Smith, op. cit., pp. 604-605.

²⁷Ibid., p. 606.

some houses. Crops destroyed and haystacks washed away. New Canal damaged in many places and filled with debris.²⁸

There had been a violent hailstorm followed by a drenching cloud burst on the hills directly above the spring. The "oldtimers" claim the hailstones were the size of birds' eggs, and they settled into patches which packed so hard there was still enough ice left to freeze their ice cream on the twenty-fourth of July. This vicious onslaught from the elements filled the spring with mud and debris, and the community was without water until the people could shovel out the spring ditch.

Life had been good to James and his family; they had all prospered and were rearing fine Mormon families. Many of them held responsible positions in the communities where they lived, and all of them were vitally interested in furthering the development of those communities.

The youngsters of his quaint little town, which he founded, used to flock to his place in the sunset of the balmy, peaceful evenings and sit on the floor at his feet while he recounted events in the history of Fayette. This quiet-spoken, peace-abiding little Englishman would slowly move his head, with the long, wavy, snow-white hair brushing his shoulders as he turned to survey his children--and they were his children, for practically the entire population had descended from him and his two little English Marys. His jet-black eyes would twinkle as he counseled his children to live dignified, righteous lives. He admonished them to be honest, to work hard, and never permit themselves to be duped or led astray by associating with "evil-doers," or by seeking an "easier way to accomplish their aims." He stressed the necessity for acquiring an adequate education,

²⁸From an old newspaper clipping in possession of Ray Bartholomew, Fayette, Utah. No indication was given as the name of the paper from which the article had been clipped.

of developing their inherent talents and abilities to their optimum potential. He told them to enjoy one another, to be generous with encouragement and assistance whenever it was needed. He wanted them, also, to honor and respect their parents and their leaders, and always to obey and comply with the laws of God and of the land.

The small-framed English convert, and survivor of the handcart ordeal, spent his waning years surveying his fine orchard and fields from a little round, old-fashioned chair in which he sat. Whenever he felt lonely, and desired to chat about the old times in far-off England, James would go to the home of his niece, Sarah Foss, for an enjoyable talk and a "bit-o'-tea."

James Mellor's final meal was spooned into him by his little granddaughter, Laura Vernis Mellor J. Gore--a bowlful of the delicious mutton-vegetable soup his daughter-in-law, Eva Charlotte, made so well. When he had finished, he commented, "Aye, that his good, that his good!" He slept peacefully away, without fanfare or heroics, December 19, 1903, in the little back bedroom of that first home he had built, just fifty-seven years after making his epic march to the Mormon Zion, and about forty-two years after founding "his town." At the time of the old patriarch's death, he was survived by eight of his children, ninety-six grandchildren, and onehundred and twenty-six great-grandchildren. Today, "his town" and "his children" epitomize the life of this loveable and kindly little old Englishman.

James Mellor's integrity and his life of service have been an inspiration to his descendants. He has influenced them all to live just, righteous lives that will entitle them to a similar position of respect in their own communities which he previously earned for himself in his.

A P P E N D I X

The writer has not found it expedient to include a comprehensive amount of data in this appendix; the reader can, if his is interested, refer to the accompanying Bibliography for complete reference information on the sources which are cited in this thesis.

I. "In the times of ancient Britons, Romans, and Saxons and ever since, the spare moments of the housewife, her maids and daughters had been devoted to spinning--the supposed occupation of our Mother Eve. And equally from the earliest times the more difficult art of weaving had been practised by men specially trained as websters, sitting all day each at the loom in his own cottage, to provide coarse clothes of the local peasantry." Trevelyan, pp. 35-36

II. John Mellor was the son of William and Ann Dilks Mellor. He was born February 10, 1811, in Leicestershire, England. He was the sire of seventeen children--five with his first wife, Mary Fletcher, who was born July 10, 1816, in England, and died November 20, 1845, at Leicester, England. Two years after Mary's death, John married Amy Bellamy who was the mother of his other twelve children.

After coming to America, John worked in a shoe manufacturing place in Boston for a while. Later he moved to Spanish Fork, Utah, where he established his own shoemaking store. Eventually he moved to Fayette, Sanpete County, Utah, and died there, November 17, 1892, at the age of eighty-one. Taken from "History of John Mellor," by Laura Mellor Jensen Gore

III. "This record is a compilation of five various records which were in the possession of Mae Clark, 952 East Lewis, Pocatello, Idaho, who is Genealogist for the Edward Watkin Clark Family Organization. Through her suggestion these were combined, and an effort was made to place the events in chronological sequence as much as possible. Where there seemed to be discrepancies, the compiler checked records at the Genealogical Library in Salt Lake City to determine the correct information, should any of the family members desire to do so. Lula Clark Wagner, Secretary, Edward Watkin Clark, Lucy Ashby--Louisa Mellor Family Organization

- IV. Charlotte Elizabeth Roper Nielson Dimmick was the daughter of Henry & Charlotte Elizabeth Mellor Roper. She was born at Gunnison, Sanpete County, Utah, March 4, 1872. On October 21, 1890, she was married, at Laurence, Utah, to Olof Nielson. [Information taken from her "Biography"]
- V. Lloyd Bartholomew was born November 14, 1895, in Fayette, Sanpete County, Utah, to George M. and Selena Roper Bartholomew. He was married in the Manti LDS Temple on December 3, 1919, to Florence A. Domgaard of Manti, Utah. They are the parents of six sons and one daughter. They settled in Fayette (where they still reside) and engaged in farming and livestock raising. [Information taken from his "Autobiography"]
- VI. "Martha Louise Wintch Bartholomew, a daughter of Henry and Louise Garbe Wintch, was born February 29, 1896, at Manti, Utah. She received her education in the public school and high school at Manti, and a six-week summer school course at the University Of Utah. In September 1914, she came to Fayette, where she taught the primary grades for two years. Two weeks after arriving in Fayette, she met Ray C. Bartholomew, and on February 16, 1916, they were married in the Manti Temple. They have lived in Fayette ever since their marriage except for a few years when they lived on a homestead in Flat Canyon. Martha has been active in church and civic affairs in her community, and at the present time she is the postmistress. She is also compiling a history of Fayette which will be published for their centennial celebration this year (1961). [History of Ray and Martha Wintch Bartholomew, by Martha Wintch Bartholomew]
- VII. Laura Vernis Mellor Jensen Gore was born at Fayette, Sanpete County, Utah, June 21, 1892, a daughter of John Carlos and Eva Charlotte Dack Mellor. She attended grade school at Fayette, Utah, and graduated from Manti High School. She has also studied at Snow College as well as having some special art classes under several prominent Utah artists. In addition to being an accomplished artist herself, she has also done some writing. On November 10, 1915, she was married in the Manti Temple to Edward LeRoy Jensen of Manti, Utah. They moved to Gunnison, Utah in 1919 and established their home. Edward LeRoy Jensen died on July 20, 1949, and on March 20, 1954, Laura was married, at Flagstaff, Arizona, to Harold W. Gore of Richfield, Utah. [From her "Autobiography"]
- VIII. Minnie Bartholomew, daughter of Joseph and Emma Marantha Mellor Bartholomew, was born May 22, 1881, at Fayette, Utah. She attended grade schools at Fayette, and later she attended Snow College for two years. On June 10, 1908, she married LeRoy Lorenzo Edwards of Sterling, Sanpete County, Utah. They resided at Gunnison for numerous years, and Minnie was an active church and civic worker. During World War II they moved to Ogden, Utah. Minnie died April 8, 1959 at Ogden, Utah, and LeRoy died on April 20, 1959 at Ogden, Utah.

- IX. Belle Mellor was born at Fayette, Utah, October 24, 1882. She was the daughter of William Charles and Delila Vilate Palmer Mellor. She resided at Fayette, Utah, all her life where she was active in church affairs. She died at Gunnison, Utah, June 20, 1960. Obit., Salt Lake Tribune, June 22, 1960
- X. Lillian Mellor Lyman, daughter of Joseph and Eliza Isabella Robinson Mellor, was born at Fayette, Utah, November 18, 1904. February 6, 1921, she was married in the Manti Temple to Glen Hunter Lyman of Mayfield, Sanpete County, Utah.
- XI. Sarah Baker Hill was born at Viper, Perry County, Kentucky, August 28, 1877, a daughter of Henderson and Barbara Ellen Cress Baker. Prior to coming to Utah, in 1902, Sarah taught school at Car's Fork and Beaver, Knot County, Kentucky. On November 30, 1902, she was married to James William Hill of Fayette, Utah. He died in 1920, and Sarah still resides at Fayette. Information from "Autobiography of Sarah Baker Hill"
- XII. Naomi Margaret Mellor Dorius, daughter of James William and Mary Elizabeth Haycock Mellor, was born at Castlegate, Carbon County, Utah, March 15, 1910. She graduated from Gunnison Valley High School and attended the University of Utah. She received her Bachelor of Arts Degree from Brigham Young University, summer 1955. During the summer of 1957, she "worked on her Master's Degree at Brigham Young University, and received her license as a public schools personnel guidance counselor." Mrs. Dorius taught kindergarten for a number of years at the Washington Elementary School in Gunnison. At the present time she is an instructor at the J. W. Oakley School in Brawley, California. On March 28, 1930, she married Clyde Lewis Olsen Dorius of Ephraim, Utah. Information from The Brawley News, Brawley, California.
- XIII. "Rhoda Althera Hill Jackson was born 28 December 1876, at Fayette, Sanpete County, Utah. Her parents were Clara Althera Mellor and James Allen Hill. She married George Franklin Jackson, 25 March 1903, and they had six children. . . . Rhoda died in Sandy, Utah, October 29, 1955 and her funeral was held there." Tribute to Rhoda Althera Hill Jackson," by Lilly Leah Hill Williams

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