

The Life Sketch of Catherine Richards Millard Pioneer of 1854

Written by her daughter Cecelia Millard Grover

Catherine Richards was the daughter of William Richards and his wife Alice Howels and was born November 22, 1822 in Glamorgan Shire Wales.

Her mother died leaving quite a young baby and as Catherine was the oldest one of the children, she took care of the baby and kept house for her father and the rest of the family. I remember her telling me of that beautiful home in Wales. It was built of stone and stood close by the church yard and burial grounds where her mother was buried. She often walked there in the evenings. I asked her if she was not afraid to walk there alone among all the tombs and buried people. She said, "There is not a thing in a burial ground to frighten anyone. It is only the living people we need to fear."



Catherine Richards Millard

Her father was a stone mason and fancy stone cutter. She told me all about how beautifully he laid their kitchen floors all in different colored tiles. The yard was beautiful with the paths laid in red sandstone and grass and flowers all around.

They were all contented and happy in that home and I suppose would have remained there all their lives. However, when the Mormon Elders visited them and told them of the restored Gospel as revealed to Joseph Smith, it made all the difference in the world to them. The family joined the Church and began making preparations immediately to leave their native land and gather with the Saints in American. Grandfather Richards sold their home and all their belongings, except a beautiful dining room set of black walnut wood which was very highly prized by the dead wife and others. This they thought they could not part with.

The Father, William Richards, and his two daughters, Catherine and Cecelia, with the dining room furniture went to Liverpool, England. The two sons did not leave at that time but came later. The father and daughters sailed from Liverpool on the ship Golconda, February 4, 1854. The Saints on board numbered 314 adults, 137 children and 15 infants and were under command of Elder Dorr P. Curtis. There were two marriages and one death on the ocean voyage.

The Saints under the direction of Elder Curtis and his councilors, Thomas Squires and W. S. Philips held meetings five times a week, and many of the ship's crew were converted to the truths they taught. Captain Kerr of the Golconda said, "The love and union among the passengers made the ocean trip a very pleasant one."

They arrived in New Orleans Saturday, March 18, 1854. They then sailed up the Mississippi River on a large steam ship. The fare was \$3.00 for adults and children half price. In that 13 day ride on the river, ten deaths occurred between New Orleans and St. Louis. In St. Louis the Saints were met by Elder William Empey who had obtained comfortable houses for the Saints, and they

stopped there until other ships came from England. One of those ships was the *John M. Wood* that had left Liverpool March 12.

Among those saints was Joseph Hadfield, a silk weaver, and his wife, Jane. They soon met the Richards family and made friends with them, a friendship which lasted throughout their lives. It is from Jane Hadfield I received some of my stories for this sketch.

In making preparations for the overland trip, they saw it was impossible to take the dining room furniture and as there was always such a rabble of worthless people around to grab everything they could get from the saints, they gave the chairs away, but they felt as if they could not see the lovely table go into such hands, so a few of the friends of the Richards family, among them the Hadfields, went outside of the camp at night and gave the table a silent burial.

Grandfather Richards bought as many oxen as he could get and then bought cows to yoke up with the oxen to make teams enough to haul the loads.

They found it a good thing anyway as the cows could help pull the loads and kept them in milk most of the way. They would put the leftover milk in a tight container and the jolting of the wagons would churn the milk into butter and buttermilk. Ox teams could only travel 18 to 12 miles in one day and when pulling heavy loads they would have to rest often.

Many funny incidents happened along the way. This is one Sister Hadfield told to me. On one of the rests, William Richards saw a little furry animal and thinking it to be one of the little prairie dogs he had read about, picked it up and petted it for some time and then put it down, but not quite soon enough as the odor from it was something terrible. Anyway, it was not a prairie dog, but a young skunk. His clothes were made of the best of English broadcloth, but as the weather was warm and he did not have a coat or vest on, his trousers were the only things scented up. They tied them in a bundle and hung them under the wagon and after going through all the rivers and streams of water when they arrived in Utah, they were just as full of the odor as ever.

The company reached Salt Lake City, October 1854.

The Richards family and also the Hadfields went to Farmington, Davis County. William Richards bought an adobe home in the Eastern Part of town and the Hadfields home was more in the center. Their nearest neighbor was James Millard. On the visits of Catherine Richards to Jane Hadfield she met James Millard and it must have been love at first sight, as on the first of January, 1855, James R. Millard and Catherine Richards were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. That same year, a son John James was born October 23 and on March 15, 1857 a daughter, Alice Elizabeth was born.

The pioneers had raised good crops of grain of all kinds the year before and prospects of a good harvest that year were eminent and they were very thankful. Brigham Young called for a bit of celebration for July 24th, Pioneer Day, to be held up the Cottonwood Canyon. He told the people to prepare for several days celebration. People of Salt Lake and the towns near by went up to Brighton. here is an account of the number of people that went on that trip as taken from

Whitney's History of Utah. "Nearly 2688 persons, men, women and children; about 580 vehicles, 1588 animals, horses, Mules, oxen and cows composed the cavalcade." They had to take the cows along to provide milk for there were no thermos jugs in those pioneer dags.

While they were there enjoying themselves with our Nation's Flag waving in the mountain breeze, three men, A.D. Smoot of Provo, Judsen Stoddard of Farmington, and Orrin Porter Rockwell rode post haste into the joyous crowd of pioneers with the startling news that an army of United States soldiers were on their way to Utah to wipe out the Mormons. They were under command of Albert Sidney Johnston. In history it was always called Johnston's Army.

That, of course, broke up the celebration. The happiness of the patriotic Saints was turned into sadness as they hurriedly packed, and as quickly as possible hurried down the canyon to their homes. Brigham Young told the people that they would never again let the mobs take possession of their homes and that the Saints would go south.

All the people of Salt Lake, Davis, and all counties north obeyed the command and thirty thousand people left their homes and moved south, men, women, and children, some poorly clad and some without shoes.

They went from the Salt Lake Valley and northern settlements leaving only a few men behind to set fire to the homes, orchards, and farms and leave a scorched earth behind rather than to let their enemies enjoy their homes and Hue on their property as they had done in Missouri and Illinois. They were determined to leave the land a desert as they had found it when they came. In the ten years of work, privations and toil, the saints had grown fruit trees from the stones so that they had some fruit, even apple trees from the seeds. They built better homes, fought crickets and grasshoppers and it must have made their hearts sad to again be driven from all they possessed. They moved all the poultry, sheep, cattle and horses, except a few horses for the men to ride to get to their families after they had set the torch to homes, orchards and farms to leave the land scorched. Brigham Young told them if the army came they would find desolation.

Johnston's Army was kept from coming through the mountains all the winter of 1857 and 58. Captain Lot Smith, a man of Farmington, I knew him well, was one in command of the Utah Militia who through strategy burned many of the wagons of Johnston's Army and scattered their animals. They also made the road impassable for the army to come through Echo Canyon all that winter. On June 26, 1858, Johnston's Army came through Emigration Canyon and marched through the all but deserted city of Salt Lake and crossed the Jordan River and made camp about two miles from the center of town and they molested neither person or property.

False reports had been sent from Utah about the destroying of the records of the territory so that was one of the reasons for an army being sent here. A new governor, Alfred Cummings, of Georgia, had been appointed for Utah by the President of the United States to take the place of Governor Brigham Young. When Governor Cummings arrived in Utah, he found the records of the Territory all in perfect shape. Peace was declared, and in July 1858 the Mormon leaders returned to their homes and the rest of the Saints came as fast as they could.

My mother, Catherine Richards Millard, and, in fact, most of the women of Farmington, stopped in Salt Lake that winter as it was late fall when they got there. My father drove the cows and oxen and other animals to Farmington where they had food and shelter. In the spring of 1859 they were all back in their homes. My mother's sister, Cecelia Richards, had married an officer in the English Army and went to New York to live where they raised a large family. My mother never met her again.

The move south and all the worries were too much for Grandfather Richards. He was taken very ill so Mother went to his home to care for him. On June 26, 1860, my sister, Mary, was born. Grandfather Richards died in 1861 or 1862, [family records say 12 October 1860] after a long illness and was buried in the Farmington Cemetery. On June 16, 1862, Cecelia, another daughter, was born.

The family then moved back to the James Millard home where on September 3, 1865 a son William was born. I well remember that day and all the places I went, and how terrible I felt when I could not stop in the room where mother was. Sister Jane Hadfield was with her and she told me years after how near my mother met death in giving birth to that little son, but they were so thankful to get another son.

My mother was very particular about our being kept clean, both in body and mind. She was so kind to everyone and was always having us take nice things such as fresh butter and nice cakes and cookies, fruit and fresh loaves of bread to the sick and aged people of the town. She was a very faithful church worker and taught her children lessons they could never forget.

She taught us to be truthful. She would say, "Don't ever tell a lie, for a person that lies is worse than a thief for you can watch a thief but you cannot watch a liar."

She was always happy and jovial and would join us in our games and always found time to get nice things for our play dinners and for our little friends. She was a good cook and could make the best cakes and cookies and preserves out of the cane molasses which was the main sweetening the pioneers had until after the railroad was built to Utah in 1869. Then sugar was more plentiful and was bought by the hundred pound sack in our home, but we still loved the good molasses candy that mother could make.

She had such tender feelings for the poorer children in our neighborhood. She wanted them all to have a good time and when there was a children's party she would get some of them, bring them in and wash them and comb their hair and dress them in some of the clothes that belonged to my sister and me. She would have them go with us to the dancing parties that were held often in the ward for the children.

My parents and, in fact, most of the pioneers were kind to the Indians. There were so many of them all over the West. I have watched them when there would be so many of them in one band that it would take a whole day for them to get through the little town of Farmington. They mostly went in single files. The big Chief Indians would be in the lead on their horses with nothing to hold but a gun or bow and arrows. The squaws would be on top of a load on their horses with

their babies on their backs and the rest of the little ones on folded tents. All the rest of their belongings would be on a skid made of the tent poles and fastened on each side of the horse she was on. A few of the men would be in the rear and they were always on the lookout for the other tribes of unfriendly Indians. That was why the men never were hampered with a load.

Animals of the white people, such as cows, horses, and especially mules were very afraid of the Indians. They knew when the Indians were coming before the people did. Just animal instinct, as none of the animals had been in an Indian War. After the train came West, the trainmen allowed the Indians to ride free on the coal car or empty flat cars.

The railroad was built to Utah in 1869 and I went many times to Salt Lake with my mother. It would take one hour to make the trip of 16 miles from Farmington to Salt Lake and when it was made in less time we thought it wonderful.

One day as we were walking east on South Temple from the depot to Main Street, we passed the open gate to the Temple block, she hesitated a moment, then turned back and said, "We will walk in here." I have always felt so thankful she had that desire. We walked through a winding path among the big slabs of granite rock all cut square, and about 12 to 18 inches thick and 3 feet wide and about 3 yards long that had been hauled there by ox teams for the building of the Temple. There was a sheltering roof of some kind inside and joining on the high walls around the Temple grounds for shade and protection from storm. There were a lot of men with all kinds of tools chipping and cutting the big slabs of granite and getting it ready for the walls of the Temple. We walked through all this and over to the foundation of the Temple which was only about 12 or 15 inches high. We walked across the foundation wall which was 16 feet across. The basement had not been dug completely out of the dirt that was filled in and the walls covered up before the people left their homes and moved south in 1857.

We stood there on that foundation, my mother said, "Oh, what a change there will be in this whole world by the time this is completed." I have wondered since how much of a vision, if you could call it that, she could see as she looked ahead through the vista of years and knew more than she said. That was in the days of tallow candies and other things almost as primitive, but with the coming of the railroad, many things were rapidly improving.

My mother had one of the first coal oil lamps that was used in Farmington. It was a very small lamp, but the light seemed so bright it was a wonder to all the neighborhood and how we would have to protect our eyes from it when we came from the darkness outside.

Mother had never learned to knit stockings, but she saw to it that we learned to knit our stockings and crochet lace for all our undies and we had to have the lace done for her to sew on before we could wear them. The longer I live the more I appreciate the lessons my mother taught me. A very dear friend of my mother's was a brother Giles, the blind harpist of Salt Lake. [Thomas Giles from Wales.] Before the train came to Utah, Brother Giles got a number of singers together and they drove by team to Farmington to visit my mother. He brought his big harp with him and all the neighbors and friends came to hear the wonderful music. He was a fine singer as well as a master of the harp and was good at comic songs.



Family of Catherine Richards in 1895 when they were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. L-R Husband James R. Millard, Cecelia, Mary, William and John. Catherine died in 1872. Her daughter Alice died after childbirth in 1878.

On Sunday mornings everything seemed so quiet and peaceful in those pioneers homes. All unnecessary work was laid aside and I remember saying when I was very young, "I can always tell when it is Sunday as soon as I wake, it is so still and the birds sing so much louder." On Sunday morning mother would get us all ready for Sunday School early so Father could take us for a nature walk, he would call it, before we went to Sunday School. We would go to the fields and he would tell us all about the birds and the plants, and he would always give us something to memorize during the week, either a poem or a hymn or a chapter from the Bible and then if it was a rainy morning the next Sunday, we had a home program. All this did not last many years, for when I was 10 years old Mother was taken very ill.

There was always school in the summertime for children but I quit school to sit by her bedside

and give her the things she needed and fan her when she had those hot flashes which were so frequent. It was a very hot summer and on August 22, 1872, she passed away leaving friends everywhere and a sorrowing husband and five children, the youngest under 7 years of age. She was buried in the cemetery at Farmington, Davis County, Utah.