

(Coldman?)

John Loveless, born June 24, 1807, Ross County, Town Goldstream State of Ohio, the sone of Joseph and Dorothy (Rogers) Loveless; who was the son of John and Rachel (Van Hook) Loveless; John Loveless, my grandfather, was formerly from England. My mother, Dorothy Loveless, was the daughter of Joseph and Katherine (Funk) Rogers, born in East Tennessee, February 25, 1781; her father Joseph Rogers was a native of Ireland; Katherine Rogers maiden name was Funk, a native of Germany; my Grandmother on my father's side maiden name was Rachel Van Hook, a native of Kentucky.

I, John Loveless, from my earliest recollection until I was 18 years of age, lived and worked on a farm with my father; my opportunities for education were very limited; my growth was very rapid, at 18 I measured six feet in my stocking feet; I was always very anxious to obtain information and embraced every opportunity that came in my way of obtaining useful books, such as history and storing my mind with useful knowledge. In my nineteenth year, January 25, 1826, I was married to (Rachel) Mahala Anderson, daughter of James and Priscilla Anderson, who were both natives of Virginia; Mahala was born in Virginia Hampshire County, August 25, 1805; when married, a resident of Fairfield County, Town of Perry, Ohio.

On July 5, 1827, my first child was born, a daughter named Sarah Ellen, in Pickawa County, Ohio; December 25, 1828, my second child was born, a boy, James W. Loveless, in Fairfield County, Ohio.

In 1829 I moved from Onio to Indiana, Fountain County, on Wabash River, near Attica, located myself on a farm and continued my old vocation. June, 1831, my second son, third child was born, Joseph J. Loveless, in Fountain County, Indiana.

On July 4, 1831, two Mormon Elders, Simeon Carter and Solomon Hancock came into the place; on the 5th of July, I heard them preaching and on the 7th of July 1831 was baptized by Solomon Hancock and was confirmed by Simeon Carter; the Elders remained preaching some four or five days and built up a branch of some thirty members. I was ordained a teacher under their hands.

Some three or four weeks later, Thomas B. March (Marsh?) and Seeley J. Griffin came to the place and preached to us and ordained me a Priest. Sometime in the month of October, Brother Simeon Carter returned from his tour to Zion in Jackson County, (Missouri); on his return he found me prostrated with a burning fever of five days standing. He prayed with me, administered to me and I was immediately healed, arose and joined with them in returning thanks to God. This was the first miracle that I had witnessed in the few days after the printing press had been torn down; a complete uproar and state of excitement prevailed.

About the first of November the Church was compelled to leave by the mob; I stayed until the 13th, and witnessed the great falling of the Stars during the excitement, on the 11th of September, 1833, my third son was born, Nephi (Anderson) Loveless; When he was about three weeks old the mob gathered against a branch about two miles from where I lived; I went with others to fight them and did fight them. On my return I found my wife had been forced to flee to the woods in company with other women and hide and was not found until some time in the night.

From this expulsion I went into Lafayette County, and remained there until 1837.

On the 15th of March, 1835, my fourth son was born, John Thomas Loveless. About the first of October, 1837, I moved to Caldwell county where the saints were gathering; August 1, 1837, my second daughter,



Mary Elizabeth, was born. In the fall of 1838, the mob arose and we were expelled from the state of Missouri and compelled to sign over all our property by force of arms; In this was I was an eye-witness to scenes that until this day, when to mind, make my blood run cold and would almost make me fight a legion; women ravished, men murdered, houses burned, property destroyed, the Prophet and Patriarch, with many others taken and cast into prison.

On March 5, 1835, I left for the State of Illinois, located myself in Adams county, and again went to farming.

On the 1st day of September, 1839, my fifth son, Parley Pratt Loveless, was born; February 16, 1841, my third daughter Rachel Priscill Loveless, was born. In the spring of 1842 I moved into Hancock County, Illinois, six miles east of Warsaw, bought me a farm and went to farming; January 5, 1843, my sixth son, William Duncan Loveless was born.

In the spring of 1844, I went in company with Elder Milo Andrus on a mission to Ohio; While preaching in Ohio we heard of the disturbance at Nauvoo; we immediately left our place of labor and returned in haste to the saints at Nauvoo; About one hundred fifty miles below, we met a boat coming down that gave us the news of the Prophet's death; a perfect shout was set up by the devils incarnate, on our boat, who were on their way up to Nauvoo to fight the Mormons. Had I possessed the strength of Sampson, I would, like him, sunk the whole mass in one gulf of oblivion and sent them to their congenial spirits, the howling devils of the infernal region.

On the morning of the 19th of June, we arrived at Nauvoo and went to the Mansion House, saw the bodies of the Prophet and Patriarch, lacerated and mangled with gun shot wounds which they had received while prisoners and under the protection of the law; they were surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of the saints, crowding to get a last glimpse of these they dearly loved.

Soon after witnessing this scene I returned to my home. I found my family well in physical health but a great deal excited and in deep mourning at the events that had recently taken place.

I went to work on my farm attending to my usual business. (In the month of September, previous to this I was ordained to the High Priest's Quorum under the hands of George W. Miller and Isaac Higby.)

May 16, 1845, my seventh son, Hyrum S. Loveless was born.

A state of excitement still continued. This season I raised a good crop preparing to build me a brick house; early in the fall, the mob commenced burning, pillaging, destroying and driving the Saints from their homes, to take shelter in the woods or anywhere to save their lives. The whole country was almost one entire congregation. On the ninth of September 1845 I went to Nauvoo with a load and on my return, on the 10th, I found that my family had fled into the wilderness for safety, my things scattered and hidden in every direction and my neighbor's buildings in flames. The whole mob within a short distance of my home with the fire-brands in their hands; A short distance from home I overtook Sheriff Backintosh with a large posse; I drove through them and went home; they soon came up and the sheriff said, "Keep your family at home and fight." He directed me to guide them to the mob which I did and we drove them like sheep before wolves sent some of them to their account and effectually stopped the burning. The same day I took my family and a few of my things and went to Nauvoo. Up until the 24th of December my time was employed in gathering my property and moving it to Nauvoo in guarding the brethren from the fury of the mob. On this day I received my endowments in the Temple.

From this time my business occupation was preparing to move west. When the pioneers left I was chosen one of the Quorum that met in the Temple in room No. 1, to offer up our prayers for the benefit of the Pioneers, which we did every evening up to April 27, 1846, during which time the glory, power and mercy of God was made manifest in a most powerful manner on many occasions our prayers and requests were answered in full as soon as asked.



On the 27th of April, 1846, I left the City of Nauvoo, the home of the saints where I had counseled with my brethren, received direct instructions from the Prophet of God, associated with him, slept with him, been intrusted by him with many important commissions; worshipped the everlasting God, Eternal Father, in His own Temple, a house built and set apart by the Saints of God for His worship and all the near and far associations connected with this; and sitting down on its banks looking back over the country and associations that I had left, the bodies of the Prophet and Patriarch of God ruthlessly, foully and deliberately murdered by the howling and bloodthirsty mob, damnable spirits that had caused it all, my feelings became so excited and aroused that it seemed to me that if myself and each of my little boys were endowed with the strength of Sampson and had power and strength sufficient to exterminate the whole accursed race, and had my strength of body been commensurate with that of my will I fear that it would have been accomplished.

But to return, we arrived at Council Bluffs about the first of June; at this time I witnessed the afflictions of the Saints in obeying the call of the United States Government for 500 men to fight her battles in Mexico. (A thing never heard of before, an exclusive religious association called upon for a battallion of soldiers, but so it was), and the call was obeyed, myself being chosen to stay and assist in taking care of those left; I witnessed scenes of suffering, desitition and heart-rending distress that would have melted the heart of adamant and ceases a man, yes, even a Saint of God to curse and call upon God to curse and swear eternal vengeance against the perpetrations of all this horrid misery.

Here I located myself on the waters of the Little Pigeon River, 7 miles from Kanessville, in the vicinity of which I stayed and continued in my old occupation of farming until I left for the Great Salt Lake Valley.

On August 30, 1848, my seventh son was born, John Oscar; On the 15th of December 1848, my fourth daughter Sharlotte Lucretia was born.

On the 1st of the same month, I crossed the Missouri River and again, as on former occasions, I seated myself on the bank of the river and reviewed my past life experience and suffering, and as well, called to mind all the blessings and knowledge I had received from the associations and councils of my brethren and above and over all the instructions and the Prophet, yes, the Prophet of the living God, he who was chosen and set apart to create a new era in Christianity, to proclaim the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; to bring life and light and knowledge unto the world and to build up the kingdom of God and to hold the keys of the everlasting Priesthood and to show the people the way, the only way to heaven. Where is he now, Echo answers "Placed in the cold and worm infested tomb by Lucifer's infernal, execrable and damnable tools." Then comes the consolation, thank God he yet lives and fully approves of the counsel and instruction of his successor to the Saints, is continually pleading for the faithful and is watching over them.

I arose, turned my back on the whole scene, fully satisfied to encounter and brave the dangers of an almost unexplored wilderness, and in company with the Saints of God, seek a new home in the unknown reagions of a new desert country.

The night before crossing the river we experienced the most sever hail-storm I had ever witnessed the suffering from the cold and exposure, tongue or pen cannot describe; but what can not the Saints of God endure while in the discharge of their duties.

On the 24th, I was taken sick with inflammation of the lungs and was near unto death. The brethren, notwithstanding they had administered to me thought that my labors were over and while collected, a number of them in a body around my tent, conversed about my being consumed by the wolves I heard them and made up my mind that I would be buried six feet deep in order to cheat the ravenous wolves of their prey. I called to Brother



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Norton to make known to him my wishes, but could not make him hear. My wife came in and I told her what I wanted. She began crying and said she could not get along without me and that I must not die. I studied a moment and then told her that I would not. I immediately began to recover and four days was driving my team. How plain was the power of mercy of God that manifested unto man.

On arriving near the Elk Horn river, we found a perfect sea of water. That year, 1851, almost the entire country was flooded with water, consequently we had to go around the Elk Horn river and explore an entirely new route, traveling north so far that we got into the bluffs and hills of deep sand, sage brush, greasewood.

But our most serious difficulties were in encountering enormous herds of wild Buffalo. It seemed sometimes as if the whole face of the country was covered with them. We had to send men ahead to disperse them in order that we might drive through with our teams. We succeeded in doing so without serious accident and after traveling as near as we could judge about three hundred miles, we again struck the road about one hundred miles from where we had left it about two months after having done so. We continued our journey for Great Salt Lake City, blessed in every undertaking and a good spirit prevailing all of the time. All enjoyed good health, met with no losses of consequence and on the fifteenth day of September, 1851, we arrived in Salt Lake City.

How big with importance, love and almost adoration did it appear unto me, and how straight to my heart did the tones pierce as I heard them sending a thrill of pleasure, thanksgiving and praise to my soul, yes, to my very heart's core, calling forth shouts of exultation and joy, praise honor and glory to God, a perfect burst of enthusiastic joy. What, though it was a burning desert, what, if the farthest extent of vision could discover nothing but burning sandy plains covered with sage brush (save a few oases which appeared in the desert) and high, rocky and burning mountains; It was the place selected by God for the gathering of His people, and after the trying vicissitudes through which we had passed ever since the first organization of the Church, it was here a place of rest, of rejoicing, of delight and finally above all, of happiness.

Here we could worship God and love him, receive instructions from His Prophets and teachers without fear of fire, sword or bayonet, without expecting to hear the shouts of an infernal mob ringing in our ears. What though we were among the wild savages, who knew nothing only to kill, steal and destroy. Our mission was to reclaim them and make them friends to us and to God.

Salt Lake City: I have not language to express my gratitude to God when first I entered thy sacred precincts. There I met with the pioneers those holy and indomitable spirits led by Brigham Young their Prophet and Seer, the successor of the immortal Joseph, with Heber, the beloved and noble spirit, the Saints of God, who had taken the burden and bonnet it, given to them by God, that the ancient prophecy might be fulfilled and the Saints find a home, a home. How sweet the word. Here again was my family united, and here the union with old and tried brethren, the grasping of hands, the shedding of tears and shouting, rejoicing and praising God by the President, friends, family and all. Salt Lake City. Can it be wondered that I call thy precincts sacred, can I ever cease to love and praise God as long as memory holds her seat upon its throne.