

**WILLIAM AND MARGARET
ROBISON BY ADA ROBISON
ROGERS**

WILLIAM ROBISON was born in Quincy, Franklin Co., Pennsylvania, April 18, 1829. He was the son of Alexander Robison and Nancy Ellen Wagaman Robison.

MARGARET SMITH was born Dec 23, 1824 in Quincy, Franklin Co., Pennsylvania. She was the daughter of DANIEL SMITH AND CATHERINE GEESEMAN.

The gospel was brought to them by Elder Angus M Cannon, a Mormon Missionary from Utah. He baptized my father and also confirmed him in the year 1854. My mother was baptized and confirmed by Elder William Tarmen on the 15th day of May 1854. Her conversion was due to the fact that on the occasion when my brother Alex was ill, she, having heard of the healing powers of the Mormon elders, called them to administer to him. He was healed after their administrations, leaving her a testimony that this was the true church.

My mother's father and mother both died very suddenly (within two weeks of each other) leaving two small girls, SABINA AND CHARLOTTE. My mother (Margaret) and her sister Rachel had the two little girls to raise, by their brother upon hearing that they had joined the Mormon church took the girls away from them and gave them to an Aunt. They weren't ever allowed to see their little sister, so they used to go to the playgrounds at school and wait until they came out for recess in order to spend a few precious minutes with them.

My parents were married in the year 1851. They tried to live their religion in a little place known as Thomastown, later called Fairview. It was very hard as so many people were so opposed to their religion. They had four sons born to them and buried one of them before leaving Pennsylvania.

On 7 June 1860 they left all their earthly possessions and started over the lonely prairie for the land of Zion. They traveled by rail and water 2,000 miles. They camped at Florence, Nebraska for two weeks. while arrangements were being made for the hand cart company.

Aunt Eliza Smith, my father's sister, told in her diary of a terrible storm they encountered while at Florence (now Council Bluffs). The company was ordered to move on. They noticed a very black cloud arising. A fierce wind storm arose and blew down every tent with the exception of two, which were held in their place by a number of men. Aunt Eliza's husband took his two children and put them in a hand cart and covered it, fastening it to the ground so that the wind could not upset it. Aunt Eliza getting uneasy over her children, left her tent, got the children out of the cart and started back to the tent. It was too much for her, she was unable to

reach it and sank down on the ground with her children. Here she remained for some time. She finally was rescued by some of

the brethren and carried to the tent where she was carefully cared for until she recovered from the shock. This was one of the worst storms ever witnessed by them during the remainder of the journey.

The outfit consisted of 240 men, women, and children, 40 carts, 10 tents, 6 wagons, and 26 oxen. The teams and wagons were put in the lead and the carts in the rear. There were two-wheeled carts with bows over the top, which were covered with canvas. The tongue of the cart had a cross piece fastened in the end about 2 1/2 feet long so that two persons could stand on either side of the tongue lending their bodies against the crosspiece. They called it pushing instead of pulling. There were about four to seven persons to one cart.

Thus we have a picture in our minds of our brave Pioneers trudging along day after day in the hot sun and sand, believing that they were on their way to a blessed land where they could worship their Father in Heaven as they were on their way to a blessed land where they could worship their Father in Heaven as the pleased, unmolested from the rest of the world.

This hand cart company was one of the last and most successful in its journey. My father's brother Daniel Robison was appointed captain of the company. He tried very hard to avoid any trouble that might arise and was very well respected by all. My mother and her sister Rachel, Daniel Robison's wife, made noodles and dried them before leaving home which they shared with the sick. They also made yeast cakes and had light bread all the way. Provisions were weighed out to each family once a week and at one time was rationed out at 1/2 pound of flour a day. At times water was very scarce and at low, loggy place shovels and spades were used. After digging two or three feet, they would strike water about the color of rain water. This was caused by alkali.

At night when a camp ground was reached the cart were placed in a circle leaving an open space of about ten feet. This was used as a corral for the oxen. The oxen were then unyoked and driven perhaps 1/2 mile away where they were watched by two men until midnight, then were relieved by two others. When morning came they were brought in. Each man yoked up his own oxen and as soon as breakfast was over they were ordered to line up for another day. The carts were loaded with bedding, cooking utensils and sometimes children, as their little feet became so very tired at times. Barefoot mothers led their little children by the hands over the hot roughed plains, but when camped for the night they would always offer prayers and sing hymns. They seemed very happy in spite of all the hardships they had to endure. They saw very few Indians while on their journey. Several bands passed, but they were not molested by them.

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At one time their food failed to reach them and Uncle Daniel Robison swam the Platt-River and arranged for provisions to be sent to the camp. The river at Sweet Water was filled with fish, so everyone had all the fish they could eat, which was a treat after having eaten salty bacon all the way. At Green River all were taken across on a Ferry boat, except the oxen and they swam. Just when they were low on provisions and were weak and hungry, two wagons drove up loaded with food and necessities.

While traveling through Wyoming my little brother died. He had dysentery and passed away within a day and night. This was great sorrow for my parents as they loved him so dearly. They took a box off the wagon to make a little coffin, dressed him in his best clothes and buried him by the way side. They covered rocks over the little grave as a protection against the elements and wild animals, thinking they would come back sometime in the future and find his grave. After reaching Utah my father returned to the place of rest, but it was never found.

They camped two days at the mouth of Echo Canyon on the Weber River at a small town called Henefer. The town was named Henefer in honor of the only family living there at that time. Mr Henefer donated five bushels of potatoes, providing they would dig them. Fish was plentiful so everyone had all the potatoes and fish they could eat.

They at last reached the end of their journey, Salt Lake City, on Aug 27, 1860. Wagons, carts, tents, oxen, everything that was used on their way was taken from them as they were all property of the church.

My parents first settled in Farmington and lived there three years. My father help to lay the rock for the old rock meeting house in Farmington, which is still standing. 1863 they moved to North Morgan, which was then known as MOUNT JOY. They were the first settlers and were here before South Morgan located.

The first cabins were built of logs with small poles and wild wheat grass for the roof. Chimney were built of rock, one small window without glass, and no lumber for a door, A quilt or carpet was hung in place of the door, there was also a dirt floor. Fine willows were tied together for a broom. Beds were built out of poles, block of wood were split for chairs. Holes were bored in the bottom and round sticks were out in for legs. They used tallow candles for lights, and sometimes they tied a button in a piece of cloth and put in a small dish of tallow and lot the cloth and used that for light. They made all their tallow candle, soap and lye that they used. They spun cloth and made all their own clothing and the yarn that they knit their children's stockings with.

My father owned the first store and restaurant in Morgan. It was located about where the Dunn Floral now stands. He sold

the building to the ZCMI and it was over down where the Parkinson store is now located. Uncle Dan and father owned the springs which is used now by both North and South Morgan, also by the railroad. To this day it is known as the William Robison springs. My father loved gardening and was considered one of the best of not the best gardener in the county. He and Uncle Dan planted the tree on Mt Joy Avenue- my father planting the locust trees in front of the church m building. Our home was across the street opposite the chapel. Mother made a half-dozen trips each day across the street while it was being built. She died at the age of 77 on Aug 26, 1811. before its the church was completed. She was a faithful Latter Day Saint and worked in both the Relief Society and Primary for many years.

Father passed away at the early age of 69 on Nov 18 1892. his funeral was held in the Stake Tabernacle in South Morgan and Angus m Cannon, the man who converted him in Pennsylvania so many years before, preached the funeral sermon.

Father's family and Uncle Dan's family were always good neighbors and were kind and respectful to each other. They were charitable in giving donations to the needy, and were firm believers in the law of tithing. They passed all through the hardships of early day but remained always firm and time Latter Days Saints. Eleven children were born to them. Father and mother and five of the children have gone on to reap the reward of the faithful.

Compiled by Ada Robinson Rogers, copy given to Mrs Charles Robison, wife of Aunt Ada's nephew Charley, son of Dan Alexander's, another copy was passed to myself, Erma Robison Dransfield (niece of Charley Robison.)