

Francillo Durfey Senior was born May 12, 1812 at Lincoln, Addison County, Vermont. He was the son of Ebenezer and Sarah Newton Durfey. Great grandfather emigrated from Ireland when he was sixteen years of age. Grandfather grew to manhood in the state of Vermont, where he attended school and obtained a good education for those days.

One of his most exciting sports, as a young man, was ice skating on Lake Champlain.

He married Marion Jones and from this union there were five children, three boys Dennis, Myron, Norman, and two girls Mammie and Emmaline. Another thing that was to have a great influence on his life happened in Vermont. He heard the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints preached. He became converted and was baptized in January 1840, and moved to the body of the church at Nauvoo, Illinois the same year.

During the mob violence on the saints in Nauvoo, grandfather was away for supplies; his cattle were stolen, his home burned, and his wife and children put out in the snow. His wife being ill with a baby caught cold and died three days later. Grandfather was acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and saw him draw his sword in front of a frame building in Nauvoo and declare he would spill every drop of blood in his body before he would see the saints persecuted.

Grandfather and his children crossed the Missouri River with the first company of saints and started for the Rocky Mountains. When the call was made of this little band of exiles, by the President of the United States, for five hundred able-bodied men to defend our country against Mexico, grandfather joined up after arranging with friends to take care of his children. He joined the historic group of soldiers known as the Mormon Battalion July 16, 1846 at Council Bluffs, Iowa under Captain James Brown in company C. Most of the men in the battalion left families, some in care of the Church and others in care of relatives. When they were to meet them again God only knew, never the less they did not complain. Their tents were pitched in military order, they presented a grand

appearance and the merry singing made all feel like casting their cares away. Four days later, July 20th, they started for Fort Leavenworth arriving there August 1, 1846. They were equipt with arms and supplies at Fort Leavenworth and departed from there September 14, 1846 and arrived at Santa Fe October 9, 1846.

It was here that grandfather and about ninety other men, who had all become ill were ordered under Captain James Brown to go to Pueblo for rest and medical treatment. This detachment was to winter at Pueblo. They took up the line of march October 18, 1846. No incidents occurred on the journey outside of the ordinary routine of travel. Very good time was made considering the condition of the men and teams. Owing to the weakened teams the sick had to walk up all the hills, which was very hard on them.

On November 9th they reached the Arkansas River. Captain Brown and others went to Brents Fort to get sixty days provisions. The next day the detachment crossed the river and went on toward Pueblo. On November 17, 1846, they reached their destination. The greetings between friends, husbands and wives were touching and a thrill of joy ran through the camp. Most of the houses built by the detachment were ready to be occupied by the 5th of December. Though only rude cabins, they were much better than tents. There were many hardships and deaths during the winter. Most of the deaths being due to disease contracted through exposure and strong drugs they had received from Dr. Sanderson.

On the 18th of May, 1847 Captain Brown received money for the soldiers and orders to march to California. The wagons were loaded and the line of march taken up on the 20th of May. On the 11th of June, while on Polo Creek, the detachments were met by Amasa M. Lyman, of the quorum of the twelve Apostles and others from winter quarters bring letters from friends and families. Also, council from President Brigham Young and news of the travels and destination of the church. President Brigham Young and a company of pioneers making their way westward had passed twelve days before.

The command of which grandfather was a member made an early start on the 17th of June, 1847 with a view of overtaking them. They failed to overtake the pioneers but arrived in the Salt Lake Valley July 27, 1847; three days after the company of pioneers. Upon meeting friends in Salt Lake Valley, grandfather was heard to make this remark, "I wish to present one of the blest of the Mormon Battalion. There are but a very few that know me now, I resume, owing to the great change that has taken place in me since we were in the service of the United States. For there is now more health and strength and nerve in me than there was at that time or even before. You all know that I was a peaky-faced long scrowny kind of a man and when we were about to leave the Bluffs, I was told I would never see California. But, thank God, I have been and returned and am now full of life and spirit and feel that I am one of the blest of the Lord in every respect.

Grandfather opened, by prayer, the first meeting held in Salt Lake in the Old Bowery. He had the gift of healing. Father said he told him he never laid hands on a sick persons head that he didn't know within himself whether the person would live or not. At one time he was up in Providence Canyon getting out logs for his trade as Cooper, when a messenger came for him saying his mother was very ill. He went home, held his mothers hand and said, "In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to be made whole." She was restored to health.

Grandfather was a great scout and a fine marksman and hunter. He was called upon a mission in the fall of 1847 to hunt game for those who were called to go back and help the emigrant saints across the plains. While out hunting he and another man met a herd of buffalo on a stampede, they got off their horses and began shooting; succeeded in parting the herd so they passed by on each side of them, thus saving their lives.

He made four trips across the plains. It was on one of these trips that he met Cynthia Harrington Bowon. She had buried her husband on the plains. They were married

February 15, 1849 in Salt Lake by President Brigham Young.

Grandfather had the gift of tongues. In the fall of 1847 he and two other members of the Mormon Battalion were carrying letters and papers for the government from Pueblo to the pioneer train. On the way they came in contact with a band of Sioux Indian warriors. They began to encircle them, grandfather rode out to meet them, held up his hand and began to talk. When he got through the Indians rode up, shook hands with them and rode away, and grandfather never knew a word that he had said. He had talked to them in tongues.

In October 1848, grandfather, with his family, settled in Ogden near where the Mound Fort School now stands. Here Francillo Durfee Jr., my father was born on February 1, 1850. I have heard my father say if he had been born the night before there wasn't enough grease in the house to make a light but the day he was born grandfather killed a deer up in the foot hills and grandmother rendered the grease and by braiding a rag and dipping it in the grease she made a light by which he was born that evening.

On February 6, 1851 the General Assembly of the State of Deseret incorporated Ogden City. It being the 2nd settlement in Utah. A city council consisting of a mayor, four aldermen, and nine councilors was created to direct the affairs of the new City. The 1st officers of Ogden City were appointed by Brigham Young and members of the legislature of the State of Deseret in an election on April 7, 1851. Grandfather was elected Alderman.

The winter of 1851 was hard one for the settlers of Ogden. The snow was deep and it was bitter cold. Some of the cattle froze to death. Food was scarce and the Indians were troublesome. For the protection of settlers the first company of the militia in Weber County was organized with Cyrus C. Canfield Captain and grandfather Durfee as first lieutenant.

About the year 1858 the Church called a number of families on a mission among the Indians on Salmon River. Grandfather was among the ones called. They expected this to be a life,

or at least an extended mission. They settled on the Lemhi, a branch of the Salmon River in Idaho. That part of the country was well adapted to cattle raising; so grandfather went into the cattle business quite extensively, and was prospering very well, but the Indians became envious and finally made a raid on the white settlers and stole all of their cattle, and tried to murder all of the people in the company. But, the settlers had prepared for just such an emergency by building a strong Fort. They defended themselves until they could get word back to the body of the Church and an escort came to bring them back to Salt Lake Valley.

Grandfather was a strong character and stood firmly for the right as he saw it. While on the Salmon River mission Brother Cummings was put in president of the mission. He opposed grandfather and worked against him in every way he could, nobody liked Cummings as president so they held a Priesthood meeting and they decided to put him out. Grandfather listened to all they had to say, then he stood up and said, 'Brethern where do you get your authority to put Brother Cummings out? We can't put him out, that has to come from the head of the Church. After the meeting Brother Cummings said 'Brother Durfey you are the last man I thought would stand up for me.' Grandfather replied, "Don't fool yourself, it's not you, but the Priesthood you hold that I defend."

On returning to Utah grandfather settled in Providence, where he worked at his trade as a Cooper, and also tilled his farm. He was active in Church and civic affairs in the settlement of Providence and Cache Valley. About the year 1869 he moved to Beaver Dam, Box Elder County; being the first settler there. There he engaged in farming and stock raising.

His eventfull life came to a sudden but peaceful close February 15, 1871 at Beaver Dam. His body was interned in the Providence cemetery; where each memorial day a large American Flag gently floats over his grave, placed there by the American Legion in memory of a noble soldier and honored pioneer.