

WILLIAM MORLEY BLACK

William Morley Black was born February 11, 1826 in Vermillion, Richland, Ohio to John Black and Mary Cline. Married Anna Maria Hansen October 26, 1859. They had nine children: five sons and four daughters. Died June 21, 1915 in Blanding, San Juan, Utah. Buried in Blanding, San Juan, Utah.

“Educational facilities were meager and primitive. I recall only two winters when I attended school where we were taught reading, writing and arithmetic.”

William was 11 when his father lost their farm while trying to help a neighbor. They then moved from Ohio to Illinois.

William was only fourteen years old when his father died. All the family worked to take care of each other. William worked at a brickyard and also did farm work.

When he was seventeen he left home and went to Peoria, Illinois. He apprenticed himself to a mason for two years but the man who was teaching him died after one year.

In 1843 he secured a lot in a little town called Cuba in Illinois. While living there he met Margaret Banks and they were married in 1846. In 1848, when he was twenty-two, William was elected sheriff. In 1849 William caught the gold fever. He resigned as sheriff, paid his hundred dollars and joined a They arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on the 24th of July. “We were all on tip toe anxious to see what kind of civilization the Mormons would exhibit to us. Descending from the bench lands we soon encountered well cultivated fields that extended westward in evidently small compact holdings to the very doors of their homes. Every field was irrigated by a newly made irrigation canal, and the scarcity of weeds gave evidence of careful culture. Passing through their city I saw the markings of several blacksmith shops, but not a sign of a saloon, or even a barber pole, tavern or hotel could I see. But in the northern and thickest settled part of the town we passed a large brush bowery

company going West. The agreement was that anyone could withdraw from the company at any time but in doing so would forfeit their hundred dollars.

On the third of April they left Cuba. They passed through Nauvoo on their way West. William spent Sunday walking the streets of Nauvoo. He said, “Many of the houses were vacant and those that were inhabited were occupied by a people whose language was strange to me. I was told that the builders of the city were a lawless set who for their crimes had been driven out and beautiful and substantial homes had become a prey almost without price to a company of French Icarians who purchased from the mob at low prices the homes of the exiled Mormons. Here we crossed the Mississippi River and followed westward on the roads made three years previously by the fleeing fugitives from Nauvoo.”

“For sport we hunted buffalo. Thousands of them were shot down for the mere fun of the thing. No one seemed to consider that they were the property of the red man, and that they claimed them as we claim our marked and branded cattle. Sad indeed was it for the Sioux Nation when the white man made a thoroughfare through their well-stocked hunting grounds.”

constructed evidently as a screen from the sun and used for public gatherings, and today it looked as if the entire community, both old and young, male and female, were assembled here. At first I thought we had lost our reckoning and this was the Sabbath Day, but this could not be, as the Mormons were an un-Christian, lawless set and doubtless paid no heed to the Sabbath. Passing the city we camped on open ground, on the bank of a small stream called the Jordan. Across the street opposite us stood a low two roomed house. . . I met the father and asked if myself and companions could get supper with them. He hesitated and finally said, ‘I am fearful our simple supper

would not please you gentlemen. We can give you a supper of milk, meat and pigweed greens, but bread we have none. You see the flour we brought with us a year ago has given out, we have not had bread for three weeks, and have no hopes of any until our harvest comes off.”

“I gave him a pan of flour and in return partook of as relishable a meal as I have ever eaten. When seated at the table Uncle Buck said he wanted them to be quiet, and then he gave thanks for the ample supply of food and asked the Father to bless it to our use. This was the first time in my life that I had heard a blessing asked on our daily food, and this prayer fell from the lips of an uncultured Mormon.”

That evening William met another Mormon who explained to him the nature of the gathering in the bowery. “Two years ago today the pioneer company of the Mormon people, the fugitives from Nauvoo, entered this uninhabited and almost unknown valley and their thankfulness was enhanced by the hope that they were beyond the reach and power of their old enemies who had cruelly mobbed and persecuted them for the last fifteen years.”

“The suffering and the martyrdom of their prophet was all news to me and I wished to know the nature of all their suffering.”

William was invited to attend their church the next day. He accepted. “Sunday, July 25, 1849 is a day ever to be remembered by me.”

They walked together to the bowery and secured seats near the front of the congregation. On the west was a raised platform of lumber on which were seated some twenty of the leading elders, including President Brigham Young. Under the shade of the bowery, seated on neatly slab benches were the choir and the congregation.

“Services opened with singing and prayer, and the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper was blessed and passed to all the people. Then a man of noble, princely bearing addressed it was while living with Father Morley that

the saints. As he arose Mr. Wordsworth said, ‘That is Apostle John Taylor, one of the two men who were with our prophet and patriarch when they were martyred in Carthage jail.’ The word ‘apostle’ thrilled me, and the powerful sermon and testimony that followed filled my soul with a joy and satisfaction that I never felt before, and I said to Mr. Wordsworth, ‘If that is Mormonism, then I am a Mormon. How can I become a member of your church?’ He answered, ‘By baptism.’ I said, ‘I am ready for the ordinance.’ He replied, ‘Do not be in a hurry. Stay here and get acquainted with our people. Study more fully the principles of the Gospel, then if you wish to cast your lot with us, it will be a pleasure to me to baptize you.’”

William asked God to make known to him the truthfulness of Mormon doctrine and as a covenant he would never cut his hair. He received such a testimony and never again had a doubt. He wore his hair braided and in a bun on his neck the rest of his life.

“That night I slept but little. I was too happy to sleep. A revelation had come to me, and its light filled my soul. My desire and ambition for gold was swept away. I had found the pearl of great price and resolved to purchase it, let it cost what it would.”

“After a few days rest the company pulled out for California, but another man drove my team. I gave them my all and in exchange received baptism at the hands of Levi Jakeman. I had lost the world and become a Mormon.”

William was called to go with a group and settle the Sanpete Valley. They arrived in Manti and were greeted by the Saints. William said, “I alone was a stranger without kin or acquaintance. Father Morley came and asked if I had friends to stop with, I told him I was an entire stranger. ‘Well, then, come and stop with me and by my boy.’ I went.”

William then adopted the name “Morley” as his middle name.

William learned of plural marriage and

accepted it. He met Amy Jane Washburn and told her of his wife and two children and of his desire to go and bring them to Utah. With this understanding she was willing to marry him and they were married October 26, 1851. (They had nine children) William stayed in Utah for two and a half years before returning to get his wife and children.

William made the trip back to Illinois in forty days. "I reached South Canton, and to my joy I found my wife Margaret and the two children, Martin and Martha, well. She received me as one from the dead, though I had written to her, yet her friends had prophesied that I would never return. I was full of love and zeal for Mormonism, and my wife's parents were full of bitterness toward Mormonism. For a while I said nothing to my parents-in-law about my having become a Mormon, but soon I felt it my duty to tell them.

One evening, in answer to a question of Mother Banks, I told them I had been baptized into the Mormon Church. My mother-in-law was wild with rage and abused me without stint. I was prepared for the outburst and calmly and kindly made explanations and tried to turn away her wrath with mild answers. Father Banks refused to talk further than to give me to understand that as a Mormon I was not welcome beneath his roof. Then they retired without bidding us goodnight."

"There was no sleep for myself or Margaret that night. I had received light and I knew my duty and resolved to do it. As daylight approached I said, 'You are my wife, and I love you, but I love God better. I am going to harness my horses and leave your father's roof. If you want to go with me, have your things ready, otherwise I will take Martin and leave you Martha, and bid you good-bye' At daylight I drew up to the door. Her bedding When the rebel war broke out between Madero and Diaz it was understood by both parties that the Mormons would remain neutral and they were assured they would not be disturbed. But conditions became so violent that President Taft advised all American to leave Mexico. The Mormon colonies hesitated, hoping the war would soon pass and peace would return. It was

was tied up and everything packed and ready. I lifted her and the children into the wagon, wrapped them in quilts. From that time on Margaret's trust in me was a great comfort." (They had six more children).

William moved both of his wives from Manti to Ephraim, then to Nephi for a few years and then to Circle Valley, Beaver, Glendale, and Orderville where he lived the United Order. "I cast my lot with the Orderville community, consecrating my farm and teams and interest in the Kanab mill. In fact, my earthly all was put in upon the altar, and I sacrificed in a cause that I believed was instituted for the good of the human family. I was placed in charge of the boarding house with seven assistants. We prepared the food for the whole community which grew from 200 souls to 600. The hotel was a great success."

On October 26, 1859 he married Maria Hansen (they had nine children); 1861 Emma Lynett Richardson (they had one child); 1867 Louisa Washburn (they had nine children); and in May, 1874 Marinda Thompson (they had four children).

When the United Order dissolved William moved to Huntington where he played hide and seek with the U. S. Deputy Marshals. He got tired of that so he left for Old Mexico. In June of 1889 they reached Diaz, Mexico. "So here I was in a foreign land, not of choice but of necessity, in my own land a criminal, yet I had not injured a living soul." They then went on to Colonia Juarez to work and finally ended up in Colonia Pacheco. His wives Margaret and Amy Jane had died placing the burden of caring for him upon Maria (his third wife) and Marinda (his fifth wife). He lived in Pacheco from 1906 to 1912 where he built a comfortable brick home.

not to be and "on the 28th of July, 1912 just as our Sabbath meeting was closing a messenger arrived and gave Pacheco notice that the entire community must be ready to leave at seven o'clock the next morning. . . . Wagons had to be coupled together and the beds put on. Every vehicle in the town was brought into use. At last when all was done that could be done, in the darkness of night

the worried, anxious community sank down for a few hours of rest. Then we were awakened from our fitful slumbers by the rumbling of a storm that swept in fury over the mountains. All day the rain poured until every hollow was a river, and no move could be made. What the result of the day's tarrying would be no one could tell, However, Monday night brought rest and when Tuesday morning bright and clear came, all accepted it as a good omen, and the pilgrimage started in a more cheerful mood. My son David Patten was made captain to guide and direct the movement of the company. Twenty-two wagons were loaded up, all crowded full with the aged and the young, but mostly with women and children, as many of the men were in the mountains looking after their stock."

About 300 persons bade adieu to their earthly all, the homes of comfort and the graves of their loved ones.

"Nine miles out a company of rebel cavalry dashed across the road, halted our train, demanded our guns and ammunition. Upon a given solemn promise of protection their demands were complied with, and we were permitted to pass on and reached Pearson without further interruption, but too late for the train for El Paso."

The next morning they were put on the cars at Pearson. "There was a limited number of cars and in order to take all of the refugees, the cars were packed to the uttermost limit of their varying capacity. About 10 a.m. the cars moved with their load of human freight and at sunset reached Ciudad Juarez. It was dark when we passed the custom house and swept into El Paso. We were transferred to the lumber camp two miles from El Paso. Soon after our camping in the lumber yard we had a heavy rain and the roads became a mud puddle, making it very unpleasant for several days."

"I feel thankful to the good citizens of El Paso for the aid and sympathy they gave us. And I feel thankful to our government and William H. Taft for the prompt appropriation of the very sufficient sum of \$100,000 to be used in

giving aid to the American refugees who were expelled from Mexico. Of these people about 4,000 were Latter-day Saints."

"There was sorrow mixed with joy when we parted with friends and fellow sufferers. We went to Mexico for a common cause, and for twenty-five years we had toiled together and had become endeared to each other by the sacrifices we had made and as a finishing touch to our experience we had drunk together from the bitter cup of expulsion from our homes."

On the 10th of August they were furnished a railroad pass that would take them to Price and from there to Huntington where they had family. The next year they went to Richfield and eventually ended up in Blanding where William lived the rest of his life.

An invoice of property William left in Mexico, the fruits of 25 years.

Brick house and lot in Pacheco	\$1,400
Fifty bearing fruit trees	350
Field fence and 25 acres	1,450
Barn 28x60, granary and outbuildings	150
Growing crops on 25 acres	900
Furniture, stove, dishes, bedding, trunks, sewing machine, family pictures, books, provisions	470
34 chickens, 2 pigs, 9 milk cows	460
8 head range cattle	130
2 horses, wagon and double harness	465
2 wells	50
	<u>\$5,825</u>