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Memorial Monument Dedication

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Abstract: A summary of the events of the dedication of the Joseph Smith Birthplace Memorial Monument, on the centenary of Joseph Smith's birth.

MEMORIAL MONUMENT DEDICATION.

BY SUSAN YOUNG GATES.

There are two significant facts connected with the dedication of the monument to the Prophet Joseph Smith: First, the time has come to publish to the world by visible, tangible, unmistakable signs the mission of the man Joseph. The second fact was stated at the close of the trip, by the man of all living men who best loves the memory of the prophet, his nephew and namesake, Joseph F. Smith: that in all of love and reverence which we pay to the living or the dead, we must never forget to give the honor, the glory, the credit and the praise to God, our Eternal Father, and to his Son Jesus Christ. With these two beautiful ideals as foundation thoughts, let us review the trip made by the Memorial Company, and record the most important data.

The personnel of the party was of interest to the student of Church history. Leading all was the president himself, the living representative of the great family through which came the prophet; his second counselor, Anthon H. Lund; the president of the Twelve Apostles, Francis Marion Lyman; the four apostles, John Henry Smith, representing as well the family of Geo. A. Smith, Charles W. Penrose, Hyrum M. Smith, and George Albert Smith; the patriarch to the Church, John Smith; President Seymour B. Young, of the Seventies Quorum, and representing his father, Brother Joseph Young, first president of the first quorum of the Seventies; Rulon S. Wells, also of the Seventies' Quorum, and a representative of his father, Daniel H. Wells; President L. W. Shurtliff, of the Weber Stake; Angus M. Cannon, patriarch, and representing the Cannon family; Frank Y. Taylor, president of the Granite

Stake, and representing the family of President John Taylor; Joseph F. Smith, Jr., of the Historian's office, and grandson of the murdered patriarch; Jesse M. Smith, of the Davis Stake, and representing, with his brother Judge Elias, the family of Elias Smith, cousin to the prophet; Edith Smith, the historian of the Smith family; George F. Richards, of the Tooele Stake, representing the family of both Willard and Franklin D. Richards; Brother Richards had his wife with him and the baby, Oliver, which was afterwards claimed by the whole company; Brigham Frederick Grant, representing the family of Jedediah M. Grant; Ashby Snow, representing the family of Apostle Erastus Snow; Benjamin Goddard, representing the Bureau of Information; Lorin Farr, the man who was baptized in 1832, who lived with the prophet, and who has passed through all the long history of the Church; Bishop George Romney, who also knew the prophet, and one of the representative men of the Church; John Macdonald, also acquainted with the prophet, and himself a tried and true Saint; Arthur Winter, the Church stenographer, and one of God's own noblemen; Ida Smith, the wife of Apostle Hyrum Smith; Ina Smith, the young daughter of President Joseph F. Smith; and Susa Young Gates, representing the family of President Brigham Young. Representatives of other staunch and true men of the Church were invited, but were unable to go.

Among those who were desired to go were Lucian Snow, of the family of President Lorenzo Snow; J. Golden Kimball, of the family of President Heber C. Kimball; Colonel Willard Young, Major Richard W. Young, and Mrs. Zina Young Card, all of the family of President Brigham Young; Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith, the only living person who received her endowments from the prophet; Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, one of the greatest women in the Church; and others.

A beautifully engraved invitation to attend the celebration was sent out by the presidency to the leading men of the nation, and to prominent friends of our people in Vermont and elsewhere.

It is fitting that the Y. M. M. I. A. should recognize the fact that one of its own founders—under the counsel of President Brigham Young—was the originator of the idea to commemorate the

centennial of the prophet's birth, by erecting a monument on the place where he was born. Junius F. Wells, in company with Spencer Clawson, visited this spot in 1884, and then conceived the idea to acquaint the world with the fact that one of its greatest men and martyrs was born in an obscure village on the green hills of Vermont. What the monument is, no one can describe; for its simple beauty and majesty, like the character of the man it represents, defies description. It must be visited and studied before its exquisite harmony of proportion and detail can be understood. It is perfect in conception, and, together with the cottage which nestles near it, it forms not only a monument to the greatest man of modern times, it is also a testimonial to the gifted brain and indomitable hand which conceived and erected it. As long as the monument stands, the name of the man who originated it will be spoken in honor. Sentiment is the source of all the beauty and harmony in the world. And the most delicate, artistic, and vibrating of life's unities prompted Junius F. Wells to choose the one thing of all others most fit to form the keynote of the whole harmonic structure. He found naught but the remnants of the crumbling foundation walls of the old house where Joseph Smith was born; but in the center thereof, guarded by two overreaching trees of flaming maple, lay the gray hearthstone, still imbedded in the earth, and around it a few crumbling bricks of the old chimney. Hither he led the architect: "Build me a house," he said, "which may be of varying proportions and details, but of whatsoever it be, let the center of this hearthstone be the center of all your plans. Above this stone, you shall erect a wide and simple, open fireplace, in keeping with its outlines; and this hearthstone shall be the altar on which this home shall rest." And it is so done. The cottage itself is in exact harmony with the whole atmosphere of reality and ideality. Its broad, simple, flowing outlines, its sunny, wide porches, and its great, roomy cellar, its beautifully simple, yet costly furniture of mission design, its furnace below and its bathroom above, all mark it as a modern miracle to the plain, simple dwellers of the hills, who meet only with such luxuries as furnaces and bathtubs, in hotels and books.

No picture can do it justice, as no description can paint the monument. They stand on one of the most commanding situations

in that rolling paradise of dream-vistas. And the heart of every Latter-day Saint is thrilled with that worshipful peace, when gazing on these two lovely monuments, such as fills the soul only when standing before the unique and splendid architecture of our Salt Lake Temple. The shaft and the cottage satisfy completely every requirement of sense, fixtures, and exquisite beauty.

On Monday, December 22, 1905, the Memorial Company arrived at South Royalton, the point nearest the monument from the railroad. After an early breakfast at the hotel, sleighs were secured for a trip to carry President Smith and relatives to Tunbridge, Orange co., up and over the hills, six miles from Royalton.

On the way, they crossed the river several times, the enclosed bridges appearing like so many barns built over the stream. Many farm houses were passed, with their foundations covered ready for the winter. Barns, corn cribs, sheds, etc., were in close proximity to the houses. Sheep, oxen, turkeys and chickens made it look very homelike. Pine and spruce trees standing on the hillside, dressed in their winter green, added to the beauty of the scene.

All alighted at the home of Miss Chapman, the town clerk, and were very cordially received. Brother J. F. Wells had written a letter of introduction, but the welcome was just as hearty before as after its presentation. The town records, although yellow with age, were found to be in a very good state of preservation.

The attested record of deeds, births, and marriages of the Smith family was found, also other interesting facts pertaining to individual members of the family. The births of some of the children of Jesse, Asahel and Joseph Smith were found, among them that of Hyrum Smith, his sister Sophronia, also his cousins Emily and Jesse J. Smith. The farm of Joseph Smith, Sr., was described as being situated in Tunbridge Grove, near the Royalton line.

No one could be found who could locate the Grove farm without the assistance of a surveyor and his chain.

We had dinner at the Tunbridge House, under the management of Mr. Blake, and enjoyed a good New England dinner. Some of the homes were visited, but little of interest in regard to the Smith family was known. Joseph Smith, Sr. moved with his

father, Asael Smith, to Tunbridge, in 1791, and assisted him in clearing a large farm of its heavy growth of timber. On January 24, 1796, he married Lucy Mack, at which time he himself owned a farm.

In 1802, he rented his farm and engaged in the mercantile business. Among other things, he sent a cargo of ginseng to China, but was swindled out of the entire proceeds by an agent he employed. To pay his debts, he was obliged to sell his farm. (See Lucy Smith's book, *History of the Prophet*.) In 1816 he removed to Palmyra.

On the return journey, several ox teams were passed; a saw mill in operation, also a grist mill.

Meanwhile, others of the party took sleighs to go up to the monument. The ride was delightful, the company genial, and the first sight of the beautiful monument filled the heart with joy.

Elder Junius F. Wells met us, clothed in heavy, outdoor working garb, for he was most busily engaged in assisting his slow workmen in the herculean task of completing the cottage for the morrow. There were no pillars on the porches, the porch floors were not even laid; and inside, things were almost as incomplete. Mrs. Wells and her daughter, Abbey, were also in working clothes, sweeping, unpacking and flying about, directing others as well as working themselves. But all three were as courteous and thoughtful as if no other burdens but their unexpected visitors rested upon their shoulders.

At noon, the large party, over twenty, from New York and Boston, rolled into Royalton. Elder John G. McQuarrie, president of the Eastern States Mission, was in charge, and his fine eyes were alight with enthusiasm over the grand event about to take place. With him were two of Zion's most talented soloists, Robert C. Easton, and Emma Lucy Gates. "Our Rob" had his dear little plump wife Janet with him, just as young and gay as ever she was. Her refined and cultured sister, Mrs. Eva Young Davis, accompanied them, thus making three daughters of Brigham Young and one granddaughter, as well as two grandsons, Brigham Cecil Gates, the young musician from Boston who was to accompany singers and chorus, and Murray Jacobs, who is in Boston on a mission, as rep-



The Monument, as the shaft was finally set, December 8, and as Junius F. Wells had led the cheering, with heart full, and hand raised in thanksgiving and praise.

The shaft is of polished Barre granite, total height 50 feet; weight 100 tons; the foundation is concrete, 12 feet square, 16 inches thick; second base, 9 feet square, 2 feet thick. The inscription die is a cube 6 feet square, and the moulding 7 feet 4 inches square by 2 feet 6 inches. The shaft is 4 feet at the base by 3 feet at the top, and 3½ feet high, a foot for each year of the Prophet's life—surmounted by a pyramid cap 3 feet high.



First photograph of the completed Joseph Smith Memorial Monument, at Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, after unveiling. President Joseph F. Smith in the center of a group of Utah people about the base.

representatives of President Brigham Young. There was also Elder Gudmanson, a young student violinist, Miss Ellen Thomas, a vocalist, and Elder McQuarrie's wife, Maggie, with a large group of missionaries from that section of country.

That evening a social service was held in the large hall attached to the hotel which had been decorated with flags and greens in honor of the occasion. A huge fire had been carefully stoked with great pieces of wood, all day, to warm this quaint old gathering-place. Elder McQuarrie presided, in his usual genial and dignified fashion, at the evening service, and there was a general, social spirit felt.

The exercises were as follows:

Opening Hymn....."America"
 Opening Prayer.....Seymour B. Young
 Singing....."We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet"
 Violin Solo.....M. O. Gudmanson
 "Home So Blest".....R. C. Easton

Encore: "Annie Laurie."

Address.....Prest. Joseph F. Smith
 "O Dry Those Tears".....Emma Lucy Gates
 Encore: "Love in Springtime" (in Italian.)

(Intermission.)

"O My Father".....R. C. Easton
 Encore: "Loch Lomond."

Address.....John Henry Smith
 "Oh, Ye Mountains High".....Emma Lucy Gates

The next morning, everybody was astir early, as there was a long, cold ride to the monument; and the services were to begin at 10 o'clock. The weather was a part of the wonderful providence which attended every phase of this work; it is very unusual to find less than five feet of snow in this region after the middle of November; and Elder Junius F. Wells had been so frequently told how impossible the completion of his work would be, and because of this fact the mild open weather with scarcely three inches of snow was called in all the country-side, "Wells weather." And "Wells weather," it continued to be, with just a flurry of snow to help the runners of the sleighs to climb the many steep hills leading to the monument.

The town of Sharon is some distance below the cottage and

monument, and is only visible at one turn in the road. But all the country seems to be named in townships, no matter how scattered the farmhouses may be.

Every sleigh and team for miles around was called into requisition, the ones for the Utah and New York party having been secured in advance by the thoughtful care of Elder Wells.

The road, past the winding White river, and up, up, up through winding, turning, twisting hill-roads, was made delightful with merry company and happy thoughts. The scarred trunks of giant maple and pine trees on each side the road told the story of the almost insurmountable difficulties encountered in conveying the mighty pillar and its base to the place where it now stands. For the special wagon, with even twenty powerful horses, which were secured to haul the shaft from the railroad up three miles into the hills, was found of no use. They could not draw it one inch, as the wagon sank deep into the soft earth. Next, a roadway was made of two-inch planks, which, even then, were soon broken and split. At last, chains were fastened around the trunks of trees, and progress was painfully made in this way—the shaft being thirteen days in transit up the three miles and a half road.

Numerous incidents occurred which unmistakably proved to the mind of Elder Wells, the interposition of Providence. One was amusing: a certain mudhole is so old and incurable that even the road-master, when appealed to, stood aghast at the proposition to mend that particular bottomless pit. A wagon-load of hay had sunk almost out of sight, several days before, but no one thought it possible to do anything towards eradicating the nuisance. However, the night before the shaft was to be hauled over, the whole soft bog froze over solid and strong, and nature had made the bridge for Mr. Wells.

Indeed, the name of Mr. Wells, in that particular country, is one to conjure with; the iron bridge at Royalton was found to be a mere toy, when it came to transporting a hundred ton stone across it; down to the lower bridge, then, went Mr. Wells. A section of railroad track was needed, Mr. Wells had it built. Special cars of extraordinary strength were required; they were secured through the enterprise and tact of Mr. Wells. In fact, the skill, the enterprise, the power and the influence of the Church it-

self are greatly magnified in central Vermont through the character and labors of Junius F. Wells.

The cottage was packed with visitors and neighbors that memorable day of December 23, long before the services began. The exercises were held in the large front room, built around the sacred hearthstone, looking down towards Sharon. The mantle over the hearthstone was banked with smilax and chrysanthemums, and over the mantle hung an oil painting of the Prophet Joseph. It would be unfair to omit the mention of the work done by Mrs. Wells and her young daughter Abby, in the selection and arrangement of the cottage furnishings and final exercises; although Mrs. Wells herself smilingly declined to accept any honor, placing all our laurel wreaths of praise on the brow of her capable husband. But certainly both ladies must have done much to contribute to the final artistic success.

When President Joseph F. Smith called the assembly to order, not only was the house itself filled to the door, the porches and yard, cold as it was, were crowded. Almost immediately President McQuarrie edged his way out of the back door, and standing at the base of the monument, surrounded by an eager, but half-frozen crowd, he began an eloquent presentation of the history which had been begun in the earth on that identical spot, just one hundred years ago that day.

Within, the crowds hushed their voices and listened to the hymn sung by the congregation; then reverent prayer followed, by president Anthon H. Lund. Elder Junius F. Wells followed with a vivid yet modest recital of the story of the monument. It was, indeed, as later characterized by president Smith, a revelation. The tact and skill which had marked his labor, shone brightly through his relation of those labors, and while showing to his Utah friends the conditions which he had met and overcome, his words were so delicately chosen that no offense could be felt by any local visitor. Instead, he was careful to note the names and invaluable services rendered by various firms, and generous, helpful individuals.

After Robert C. Easton sang *Guiding Star*, a composition by a Utah musician, F. Dewey Richards, in his own soulful, matchless style, Apostle Lyman followed with a few well-chosen words

of appreciation for the labors of Elder Wells, and for the splendid assistance rendered by resident Vermonters. Then Dr. Edgar Fish, a state senator who has extended many courtesies to Elder Wells, was introduced, and he paid a tribute to the untiring energy which had made the beautiful shaft a reality on the far-away hillside. He referred to the friendship felt by Vermonters for Mr. Wells, and expressed his own admiration, which was a growing one, for the people whose power, thrift and sobriety made a prosperous state and an honest community.

Apostle John Henry Smith gave one of his characteristic, happy speeches, filled with the spirit of brotherly tolerance and love. He was followed by Emma Lucy Gates and Robert C. Easton, in a duet, *An Angel from On High*.

Apostle Hyrum M. Smith then bore a strong and earnest testimony. His cousin, Jesse M. Smith, next said a few modest, dignified words in behalf of the Smith family, most of whom were born in Vermont.

Apostle C. W. Penrose followed with a stirring, powerful testimony, saying more in ten minutes than most men do in twice the time. He said he was not born an American, but he loved the memory of that mighty American whose latter-day mission had brought his own eager feet across the seas.

The next number on the program was the song, *Joseph Smith's First Prayer*, by Emma Lucy Gates.

The closing exercise was the simple, beautiful and touching dedicatory prayer offered by President Joseph F. Smith, which is found on another page of this magazine. The humility and yet the quiet majesty of that appeal must touch every heart. The love for the greatest of earth-prophets; the reverence for God and his Son Jesus Christ, with the appeal for protection from every destroying force that might attack the sacred monument, is eloquence itself. While the modest justice which invokes a blessing on the head of Elder Junius F. Wells, whose brain and hand conceived and developed the idea, forgetting, however, that the work never could have been carried out without the deep and loyal cooperation of the head of the Church, all this breathes through the prayer, and strongly impressed every hearer with its peculiar, unselfish spirit.

At the close of the exercise, the people were dismissed by Patriarch John Smith, and all repaired to the monument, to assist in its unveiling. It was very appropriate that this ceremony should be performed by Miss Edith Smith, for no one in that numerous family is more worthy the honor. She has been for years the unpaid historian and Temple recorder for the Smith family; and what loving acts her brain has otherwise conceived, and her hand executed, only her friends, the poor, the needy, and the angels in heaven, will ever know. So, when the assembly was gathered around the exquisitely beautiful shaft, her slender hand drew the rope which bound the Stars and Stripes about the polished base. A shout at once arose, and men reverently lifted their hats, while women wept with joy and gratitude that such a man had lived, had died, and now had been remembered.

The thronging crowd demanded more music from Emma Lucy Gates, as her fame had been carried around the country for miles. She responded with the *Star-Spangled Banner* and *America*.

A delicious luncheon was then served, under the skillful direction of the best cook in all the country-side. Temporary tables had been laid all around the great square, open cellar; and here chicken pies of mammoth proportions, and the most delicate construction, were dispensed in great triangles. Salads of dainty flavor were abundant, with relishes and pickles of every variety. But ah, the creamy, yellow, flaky, rich, pumpkin pies—is not even their memory fragrant with spicy breath and delightful odors? The mince pies were equally fine; while cider, made from Grandfather Mack's own apple trees, was mildness and sweetness itself. It was too bad that four of our number ate "at the first table," and hurried away before the last and best of the feast was served; but please don't name chicken pie to any of them, or you will be saddened with their sadness, and rebuked with their sorrow.

After this interesting ceremony, the Utah and New York people repaired to the pretty sitting room above, and gathered around in a circle, while President Lund, in a loving, earnest speech, presented President Smith with a gold locket and chain, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection felt towards him by the party who had journeyed from home with him. President Smith was moved to tears by the unexpected gift, paying thus the most

eloquent tribute to the friendship which had manifested itself.

After the close of this unexpected ceremony, Elder Wells brought up a small box from below. He explained that even the railroads had refused to bring the heavy square die which was to bear the inscription of the monument, so he had been compelled to cut out the center of the huge granite block. From this piece of granite he had caused fifty polished paper weights to be made, as souvenirs of the event and the day. The lists of the Utah and New York parties were then read, and each one responded, receiving the precious memento as his or her name was called. Even baby Oliver was not forgotten.

Elder Wells gave over, to the keeping of President Smith, two most interesting relics. One was a large button, such as was worn on gentlemen's coats in the early part of last century; the other was a coin dated, 1803. These were found by the workmen in excavating for the cellar.

While gazing with reverent eyes on the hearthstone, in this room, Elder Wells came up and showed a crack across the stone, neatly cemented. One day, on arriving at the grounds, he saw a couple of tourists with a ten-pound hammer. One of them was trying to break off a part of the hearth to take away as a relic; with the only angry words he uttered while there, he rebuked the vandal who would ruthlessly destroy the one thing of all others most cherished for the altar of this new-old home. Surely the iron fence contemplated to be set about the monument will be needed, else the perfect granite shaft would be chipped to pieces by ruthless hands.

A caretaker will live at the cottage, and plenty of literature for the stranger will be on sale there; while its roof-tree will shelter the weary elder or saint who may knock at its hospitable door.

At last, the reluctant party broke up, and prepared to return to Royalton. While others were busy cutting canes from the trees round about as souvenirs, some stood in silent contemplation before the polished shaft, pondering on its deeper meaning, its wider message. Hope and faith are the sermons which it preaches to the outside world; but there is even more than this to the Latter-day Saint, whose heart throbs deep to the message which was

brought to earth by the man—Joseph. Here is the beginning! Back to the very birthplace of the Prophet, starting at the very fount, the Saints have begun to build up the waste places of Zion. That work is begun! It will never cease! And, as was foretold by President Lyman while on the trip, the spirit which was a very part of the Memorial company, and the work which they did, will be felt throughout the Church. That spirit, he said, was a foretaste of the influence and power which would accompany every such future expedition. The upward trend of such events is accelerating with each succeeding year.

One other solemn thought rested like a benediction above the tried and troubled heart. The babe Joseph—he who played at his mother's knees at that very hearthstone—belonged to his tender, loving mother. The youth Joseph belonged to his devoted and still somewhat exclusive kinsmen. But the man Joseph—he of the heaven-seeing visions, and of the earth reforming principles—this man Joseph belonged to the people! To me, to you, aye, and to all mankind. Who are his kindred and his friends today? They are even as the kindred of his worshiped Master—those who serve God and keep his commandments. God manifested in his own way that Joseph belonged wholly and solely to the people; only so can the people belong to him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN MARCH NUMBER.)

FRANCE'S NEW PRESIDENT.

On the 18th of December, President Loubet of France closed his seven-year mandate, and according to law his successor was elected on January 17. M. C. A. Fallieres, age 65, and president of the French Senate, was the man elected. He is said to be round-shouldered and ungainly, with no special talents, but with a smooth political career. He got office before he was forty, and has been president of the Senate for nearly ten years. He is the regular type of the old fashioned Republican, and is strongly anti-clerical.