

LIFE HISTORY OF JOSEPH SNADON HUNTER



Joseph Snadon Hunter

Joseph Snadon Hunter, the third son of Joseph and Elizabeth Davidson Hunter was born 20 Nov. 1844 in Clackmannon, Scotland. His family joined the Latter Day Saints Church 30 Oct. 1846. On Nov. 10, 1849 they set sail from Liverpool on the ship "Zetland" for America. There were 250 Saints on board and S. H. Hawkins was in charge of the company. There were seven members in the Hunter family. The parents, one girl and four boys, of whom Joseph was the youngest. They arrived In New Orleans 24 Dec. 1849. They sailed up the Mississippi River arriving at St. Louis the 12th of Jan. 1850. Here they remained until the 6th of April when they moved to St. Joseph, where they lived with Joseph's Grandfather until October. Here the family contracted cholera and Joseph's brother Alexander and sister Euphemia died. The next move was to Lexington where they remained until spring.

Sorrow came again to the Hunters. This time it was Joseph's mother who was taken. She died 8th Sept. 1851. She was Elizabeth Davidson.

In the summer of March 1852, those of the family remaining, started across the plains with James Porter and family. While in Lexington, the father had worked to get a wagon and ox team and supplies for the journey. On his wagon he painted "Joseph Hunter" Bound for Salt Lake City.

On the third day out from Lexington, one of the wheels broke on the Hunter wagon. The father went back to get it fixed, but he let little Joseph stay with the Porters, who kept on traveling. Joseph loved to ride the little Porter boy's pony part of the time. Joseph was 7 years old. When after several days travel the Hunters hadn't over taken them, the Porters rather resented having Joseph along. He was so mistreated that when they came to a river, Joseph rode across on the pony saying he was going to find his family. The older Porter boy had to go after him, and bring him back. It caused a delay which really upset the Porters. He was really punished and they decided to send the boy back to Lexington. It was a great disappointment when the captain advised Mr. Porter to take the boy on, instead of sending him back.

As a result when the emigrants came to a fork in the road, they took one way and Joseph's father took the other, arriving in Salt Lake City three weeks earlier than the Porters. They arrived in Salt Lake City 3 Sept. 1852.

When, finally the little ragged boy arrived, his father, according to President Young's instructions, paid \$20.00 to Mr. Porter for his trouble in bringing Joseph through.

The 8th of October 1852 , Brother Hunter and his little family were sent to Cedar City, Iron County, by President Young to help colonize it.

Joseph was an industrious and friendly person. In his early life he did a lot of freighting. There were always men of all kinds in the crowd of freighters. Joseph always took his Book of

Mormon with him and in the evenings around the campfire he would read aloud to them. Many of those young men have said that their testimonies were strengthened through his teachings and example.

On the first of January 1865, Joseph married Eliza Catherine Pinnock, an eighteen year old English girl. Her family had also been sent here by President Young. He first saw her at a Seventies Party, in the old social hall. He, with several other young men were standing by the North door when Eliza and her father and mother and sister came in at the South door, just across the hall. She was a beautiful girl. Joseph looked long at her, then turned to his friends and said, "That is my future wife".

His life was one of service, both in a civic and a religious capacity. He held many offices of importance. He filled a two year mission to the Southern States in 1881-82. Also a six months home mission to Washington Co. in 1898. He was set apart as a High Councilman in the Parowan Stake June 1884 by Francis M. Lyman.

For a livelihood he followed farming and stock raising, buying and shipping of sheep in his later years. Once when he had made more than he had expected on a business deal in Chicago, he returned home and shared the additional profits with the sheep owners. Another time he was making a trade in horses. Before he made the trade he told the other trader all the defects of his horse, and afterward he discovered he had gotten a horse which was more worthless than his own.

Joseph Snadon Hunter did not have an opportunity to attend school for long but he taught himself. Sitting on the hearth with his back against the wall beside the fire place, he spent many hours reading or figuring on a piece of board with a piece of charcoal from the fireplace. His light was the flickering one that came from the fire in the fireplace.

After his marriage, he attended the Brigham Young Academy for one winter. He was a strong believer in education, spending many years as a School Trustee in Cedar City. He helped to build and landscape the Public School Building as well as choose the teachers. He was active in promoting public enterprises, helping to finance the building of the old Tabernacle, the buying of the first church organ and he purchased the first Baptismal Font in Cedar. He was a large stockholder and a board member of the Cedar Co-op Store and the Cedar Sheep Store.

He was a peace maker, not only among his friends and neighbors but to the Indians here. Often Captain John would come to him for Council and advice. He was of a most generous nature. Whenever he would get his grist from the mill, or kill a beef in the winter, the needy would always get some. He shared with the Indians too. He could talk the Indian language fluently, as he had learned it from the little Indian boys he played with when he was a child. He was really his brothers keeper.

One night while he was irrigating in the field about three miles from town, he was bitten by a rattle snake. He laid down by the stream for a drink of water and was bitten on the middle finger of one hand. He wrapped a willow around his finger, below the bite to keep the poison from getting into the blood stream. Then he walked to town. He went to the only doctor in town. This man made him drink a pint of whiskey, to kill the poison, so he said. This made Joseph drunk of course. The

only time in his whole life. The next day an old Squaw came to his home, saying she wanted to treat the snake bite and make him well. She did just that. How thankful he was for this wonderful friend.

He could play the violin and did so for dances. There were three young men, Joseph, Edward Parry and one other who played together. They even took their violins into the canyon with them, when they went for wood. They would play while they rested. The canyon still carries the name given it, "Fiddlers Canyon" a few miles north and east of Cedar City.

His home and his means were ever at the disposal of the L.D.S. Church Officials.

At the time they were getting the materials from the saw mill for the first Branch Normal Building, he was ill, but when the building was ready to have the three flights of stairs built, he had a man, an expert come from Salt Lake City to build those stairs at his expense.

He died 26 July 1904, Cedar City, Utah. He was buried 29 July 1904 at Cedar City, Utah.