

REVISED LIFE HISTORY OF MARTHA ANGLESEY ALLEN

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Martha Anglesey was born 20 February 1834 at Bromborough, Cheshire, England, the oldest child of John Anglesey and Catherine Preston. John and his family didn't have a great deal of worldly goods. He was a laborer and stone getter in England. Having nothing to sell but his muscle, he moved his family around a great deal in order to find work, as evidenced by the numerous parishes where his twelve children were christened and where six died.

In 1851 missionaries converted John and his family to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Records of their baptisms are found in the Birkenhead Branch, Liverpool Conference and on the pages of John's Bible. Father John was the first to be baptized on 3 August 1851 and his oldest daughter, Martha, was baptized on 13 September 1851 at the age of seventeen. She was followed by other family members later that year.

After joining the church, John and Catherine dreamed of a better life for their family in America. How they wanted to live among the members of the church in Zion and be near the Lord's prophet, but they simply did not have the means. The cost of ship passage across the Atlantic Ocean, railway passage from the east coast to Iowa City, followed by the purchase of a wagon and team of oxen plus food and supplies for a family of eight was staggering. So John and Catherine had no choice but to wait and pray and save every possible penny they could.

The Anglesey family was not the only family who lived in such meager circumstances. The Perpetual Emigration Fund had financed immigration for more than 4,000 poor Saints between 1852 and 1855, but the fund was almost always in debt, waiting for those who borrowed from it to pay back their loans once they obtained work in the Valley. By the mid 1850's there were twice as many members of the church in England than in the Salt Lake Valley. Church leaders realized they needed to pursue a new course or suspend emigration.

In 1855 President Brigham Young introduced a new method of emigration to reduce the cost significantly, which would allow poorer families to come to Zion sooner. He wrote to church leaders in England, "We cannot afford to purchase wagons and teams as in times past. Make handcarts and let the emigrants foot it. They can come just as quick, if not quicker, and much cheaper." President Young expected that handcart companies could make 15 miles a day, at the beginning and then increase their mileage to 20, 25 or even 30 miles a day once they became accustomed to it. He expected they could reach the valley in about 70 days.

English and Scandinavian Saints entered into the spirit of handcart transportation with enthusiasm when it was estimated that one person could make the trip from Liverpool to Salt Lake City for about \$45.00. This was an answer to John and Catherine's prayers. They still did not have enough funds to take their entire family, but this would open the way for them to send one child at a time, as they were able. So they made a difficult decision. They decided to send their oldest child, 22-year old Martha. Although she would be traveling without a family, she would be in the company of the Elders and members of the church.

How difficult it must have been for Martha and her parents and siblings to say goodbye, all the time wondering how long it would be before they would be reunited again or if they would be reunited again in this life. Martha's faith and testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel and her conviction that she was doing what the Lord wanted her to do, gave her courage. She packed her few belongings, including a little pearl handled knife, and prepared for a long and arduous journey.

Between February and April of 1856, three ships left Liverpool loaded with Saints who would become the first handcart pioneers. The last two ships, *Thornton* and *Horizon*, who carried the largest number of Saints had been delayed until 4 May and 25 May, respectively. Mormon emigration officials lost precious time making arrangements and securing passage for the last two groups, unknowingly setting up the wrenching drama that would later play out on the plateaus of what is now the state of Wyoming.

It had been announced that *Horizon* would be the last ship of the season to take emigrants over the Atlantic, but when it was ready to sail on 25 May, it was discovered that the number of passengers on board exceeded the limit fixed by law. Consequently, twenty persons were singled out and returned to Liverpool by the tug boat which had towed the *Horizon* down the River Mersey. Those thus returned were comfortably provided for by the presiding brethren in Liverpool while passage for them and yet another 126 Saints was quickly arranged for on another ship, the *Wellfleet*.

Martha's original emigration application was to sail on the *Wellfleet*, where her name was first listed, but for good reason she was transferred to the *Horizon*. If she had arrived in Boston on the *Wellfleet*, she would have been the only passenger to travel west that year and would have had the daunting task of making her own travel arrangements to Iowa City in time to join the last handcart company. By transferring to the *Horizon*, everything about Martha's journey from the seaports all the way to the outfitting camp in Iowa City was highly regulated and arranged for by church leaders with passage purchased for the entire group, so Martha would not be alone and nor would she be left to her own resources.

On Thursday, 22 May 1856, Martha boarded the ship *Horizon* at the dock in Liverpool along with 855 other Saints under the direction of President Edward Martin and his counselors, Jesse Haven and George P. Waugh. The company was organized into nine wards with presidents to oversee each ward.



President Edward Martin

The ship's captain, George Reed, and his crew were Americans, who had crossed the Atlantic many times. The *Horizon* was a new emigrant vessel with three decks for passengers to occupy. The berths for two passengers were about six feet long by four feet, four inches wide, lined up like horses' mangers, two in height. There was two cubic feet more space for each passenger on the lower deck than the higher decks. Because the heated air from the cook's galley ascended up to the other decks, the lower deck was much cooler, more roomy and pleasant, though there wasn't much light.

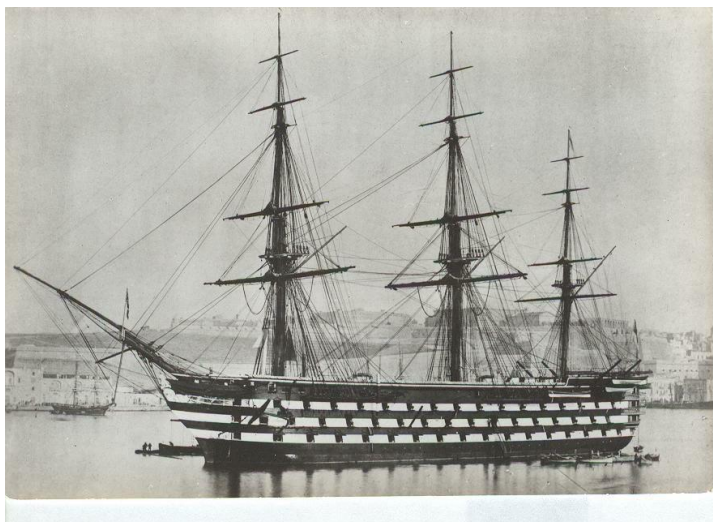
Because Martha left no written history of her life, I have taken excerpts from accounts of her fellow travelers from England to Utah Territory. These can be found at the websites: "Saints by Sea; Latter-day Saint Immigration to America" at <https://saintsbysea.lib.byu.edu/> and "Pioneer Database 1847-1868" at <https://history.churchofjesuschrist.org/overlandtravel/> I have taken the liberty to add punctuation and clarification to some of the quotations.

From the autobiography of John William Southwell, we learn about the boarding procedure:

"The 22nd instant, the last morning we were to see our native shores, dawned upon us in all its grandeur. It was fair and fine, not a breeze to interrupt the successful boarding of the grand old ship as she lay all ready underway out in the open waters, ready to receive her precious cargo."

"I will give you an idea by the few lines that Elder Silas H. Wheelock had hastily composed for the departing Saints to sing on leaving our land. It is but a few lines and ran as follows:

*'Our gallant ship is underway to bear me out to sea.
And yonder floats the steamer gay that says she waits for me.
The seamen dip their ready oars as ebbing waves oft tell,
To bear me swiftly from the shore, my native land, farewell.'*"



A three-deck passenger ship circa 1860

"As the gay decorated steamer towed us to the Horizon, sound was heard above all other noise and din, "My Native Land, Farewell." The transfer from the steamer to the sailing vessel was done in wonderful short time. Captain Reed had a good manly lot of sailors to render assistance who were experts in that line of handling freight."

The next morning, Friday the 23rd, the *Horizon*, moved out of dock and cast anchor in the Mersey River. On Saturday morning, the ship was cleared and final preparations were underway.

From the Life History of John Jaques, we learn more about the *Horizon's* departure:

"Sunday 25th. About 9 a.m. the steamship, "Great Conquest" came alongside, bringing the captain, President Franklin D. Richards, Elder Cyrus H. Wheelock, Thomas Williams, George Turnbull, William C. Young and others, and took us out to sea about 20 miles. During this time two marriages took place: Elder F.C. Robinson and Sister Elizabeth Gambles [married] by Elder Joseph Young and Brother Thomas Smith and Sister Mary Jackson [married] by Elder William C. Young."

"President Franklin D. Richards and Elder Cyrus H. Wheelock addressed and blessed the company on board. [The tug] left us in the afternoon, of course, taking back those who came to see us off, also our river pilot; but leaving with us a channel pilot."

Again from John William Southwell:

“After all were on board, the captain ordered to weigh anchor. All hands were alert and the order obeyed. Soon the rattling of the huge anchor chains [was] heard and the beautiful Horizon floated away from its mooring place. The Saints were mostly on deck and above the voices of the sailors, the familiar sound of ‘My Native Land, Farewell’ was heard. Many a silent prayer went up to Heaven, asking our Heavenly Father to protect us while on the raging sea.”

“It was a beautiful day, not a cloud to be seen. When we reached deep water, the first deep water tribe made their appearance. The captain said they were a large school of dolphins. Their backs of gold [showed] above the surface of the sea green water. Other fine sights of the sea might be explained. The shad [clupeid fishes] might be mentioned. This is by way of the first sunset on the sea. I cannot find language to explain its beauties, it was magnificent after sunset.”

“The second day out we encountered a gale that came nearly capsizing our ship. Precautions had been taken to avoid such a disaster as this, but it happened nevertheless. We had lashed our loose belongings and supposed we were safe, but the storm was a hard one. It came near being fatal in some instances as not only goods turned topsy-turvy but some of our old and feeble people were felled to the deck with such violence that they were rendered helpless for a few days, and this proved to be our first taste of a much talked of seasickness, which also proved very injurious to the greater number on board. There was scarcely a person on the ship but was so helpless he could not render any service to those afflicted.”

“Fresh sights in the water and fresh happenings on the ship made it very interesting. The first of any note was a large man-eating shark. Expecting to see some of those monsters, the mate brought his Sharpe rifle. The shark was away in minute. The swift movement caused a huge wave which brought the monster to the surface. The shot was fired and he turned on his side and floated away. Standing close to the side of the ship was an old sailor with a harpoon attached to a rope and then made fast to the ship. In a twinkling of an eye, the harpoon was launched into the body and after a few terrific lunges, he was made a prisoner. A block and tackle was made fast to the harpoon and he was hoisted onto the deck. While he laid on the deck, a line was laid along his carcass and he proved to measure 30 feet long. Proof was not taken of his weight, but the old whaler judged him to weigh 2,500 pounds. The carcass was cut up and deposited in a large barrel in the hold of the ship with some chemicals to extract the oil, called whale oil.”

“A large drove of porpoises were next seen. They resembled a band of horses on the run. This attitude gave them the name of the seahorse. It was a wonderful sight. It seemed to fill a space of half a mile square. The only sound that would draw our attention from this beautiful scene was the gong of the cook calling us to dinner, which, as we eat an early breakfast, we readily obeyed.”

“The next morning after breakfast, there was a great surprise in store for us. The lookout had sighted a huge whale ahead. This thrilling call brought all hands to the deck. At that moment, the skies were filled with a thousand rainbows, caused by the whale spouting the water with the spray in the sun in such a way that it resembled the effect spoken of. The sights on the waters were endless and sublime.”

“Nothing transpired to mar our peace. The sea was calm, not a wave to stir the surface. We seemed to be floating along on a sea of glass. During this pleasant time many specimens of the briny waters were presented to our view which was quite a revelation, thus proving the handiwork of the Almighty and giving us weak mortals an ocular demonstration of his marvelous power.”

“I would not do justice to my narrative without relating a sad story of a fatal incident. As a rule there are some ropes hanging loose. In the case before us, a line running from one bulkhead to another was swinging in the breeze, flapping back and forth. A boy seven years of age saw a chance for some fun. I supposed he grabbed the rope and it swung him over the bulwark of the ship [into the sea]. The act was seen immediately and a boat lowered, manned by two expert swimmers, but it was too late and the poor boy was swallowed by the heavy, rolling waves.” The men in the boat lingered near the spot, thinking, perhaps a returning wave might bring him to the surface, but their efforts were in vain, for the body was seen no more. The accident was a scene that can scarcely be described. The mother raged and tore her hair in her great agony of grief. And, had it not been for the close watch of the sailors, she would have jumped overboard after her little son. Every mother on board shared her grief. Captain Reed was sorely distressed. The case was a sad one and caused sorrow on board for many days.”

There was only one incident reported during the entire voyage that alarmed the company. That occurred when the sailors were hoisting sail during a storm and the word was shouted out, "Hoist higher!" One of the passengers panicked when he thought he heard the word "Fire!" Happily, the error was discovered in time to prevent terror from overtaking the passengers on board.

Elizabeth White Steward recalled her experience onboard the *Horizon*: *“When the sea was calm we could occupy our time in reading, sewing, and taking our walk on deck. It was a grand sight to see the sun go down. We would listen to the sailors singing while they were pumping the water out from the bottom of the ship. They never worked without singing, so they could all pull together.”*

Mary Goble Pay wrote of the miracle she and her father witnessed: *“After we got over our seasickness we had a nice time. We would play games and sing songs of Zion. We held meetings and the time passed happily. When we were sailing through the banks of Newfoundland we were in a dense fog for several days. The sailors were kept night and days ringing bells and blowing fog horns. One day I was on deck with my father when I saw a mountain of ice in the sea, close to the ship, I said, ‘Look, father, look!’ He went as white as a ghost and said, ‘Oh my girl!’ At that moment the fog parted and the sun shone brightly till the ship was out of danger, then the fog closed on us again.”*

On the last Sunday of their voyage, 29 June 1856, the company of Latter-day Saints met one last time to worship together. At that time Captain Reed made a short speech as a farewell to his passengers and thanked them for their good conduct and “lovely” order that was maintained on the journey from Liverpool, Old England, to Boston, Massachusetts, where the captain’s family resided.

John Jacques gave a glowing report about Captain Reed, in his letter of 23 July 1856, to church authorities:

“As regards our captain, I can speak nothing but good. He was ever easy of access, familiar and communicative. Of our religion he was not particularly enamored, but he would not suffer it to be traduced in his presence. He acted like a man and a gentleman. As our captain, he felt that we had a right to civil and courteous treatment at his hands, more particularly so long as we paid proper respect to him and his officers and men.”

“He repudiated, altogether, the system of treating emigrants like dogs, the more so, as he observed to me, because, for aught he knew, there might be among his passengers some who were far his superiors in intellect, understanding and general information. More than once did I hear him remark on the superior morality, order, and cleanliness which our people exhibited, when compared with ordinary emigrants. I knew this before, but still it is pleasing to me to hear captains, as well as others, frankly acknowledge the truth about us.”

John William Southwell recorded the details of the *Horizon*'s arrival in Boston on 30 June:

“As we neared the Bay of Boston we were surprised one morning about ten o'clock. The lookout gave us a call that was thrilling in the extreme: "Land ahoy". Was it land? The captain assured us of the fact and in a short time the pilot was on board the ship directing her movements. Captain Reed had lost his authority. The old pilot informed us that we [would] go ashore the following day when the health officers would come on deck to examine our health and our baggage.”

“The vessel also was thoroughly inspected, the condition of which brought down for Captain Reed a round of applause. Being asked how he managed to bring his ship in such fine condition he said it was entirely on account of 800 of the cleanest people that had ever boarded his vessel. He went on to explain that every morning during the voyage, the ship was scrubbed from top to stern and from bottom to top. The bedding was aired and disinfected as well as the ship.”

“While the officers were going through our luggage and other investigations, Captain Reed proved a great help to the Saints. In his genteel manner he would help those who were of the timid kind in the handling of their luggage and in a true genteel way he would answer intricate questions asked the passengers by the investigating officers. The vessel was finally run alongside the pier and that night our luggage was housed and guarded by the government, not so far from the famed Bunker Hill.”

So after five weeks on the ocean, the steamer *Huron* towed the *Horizon* to Constitution Wharf in Boston, Massachusetts, where the emigrants finally disembarked and set foot upon their new homeland. The next day a train of cattle cars came along by the pier and were booked for the next leg of their journey to Iowa City. The cars were very uncomfortable with no seats, forcing the passengers to sit on their trunks and baggage, with no room to lie down at night.

John William Southwell added the following about their 1700 mile journey by train:

“At the pier, nothing but cattle cars could be obtained and into these we were loaded, bag and baggage. In these we rode to Albany, state of New York. Here we laid over and were permitted to change to a “third class” accommodation which included seats of two inch plank with no back. In this miserable way we traveled to Buffalo at a very slow pace.”

John William Southwell continued:

“The country along the track was studded with fine orchards, bearing fine apples and all kinds of fruit. The fruit was so tempting that at the rate of travel, the young men would jump from the train, fill their pockets, and overtake the slow moving institution.”

“However slow, the train brought us into [Buffalo] on the morning of the greatest day in America. Not realizing the meaning of all this parading and firing of firecrackers and artillery, an elder of the church explained it all to our satisfaction. Since that day, however, the 4th of July is as precious to a Latter-day Saint as to any American born citizen who lives under the flag flying stars and stripes, the red, white, and blue.”

“While waiting in that city for change of cars, a great rainstorm continued two days. We and our luggage were exposed to the weather, the company having no sheds to protect. A large barn was secured and all were transferred to it until the storm abated. A few had secured rooms for their accommodation but the great majority was huddled together in the barn. Like Missouri and other places, the people of the town despised the Mormons and after the Saints had retired for the night, a mob of bullies including some females, gathered around the barn and kept up for hours such a howling and bombarding with stones and bats it equaled any Indian powwow I have ever listened to on the frontiers. Finally the presidency of the company found a person who it seemed had some authority, who persuaded the mob to desist and go to their homes. However, it left the people in a state of terrible excitement. Not a person closed an eye that night in sleep.”

Their week long railway journey continued on through the cities of Cleveland, Ohio; Toledo, Ohio; Chicago, Illinois; then on to Iowa, to the towns of Davenport and Rock Island with the final stop being in Iowa City, Iowa.

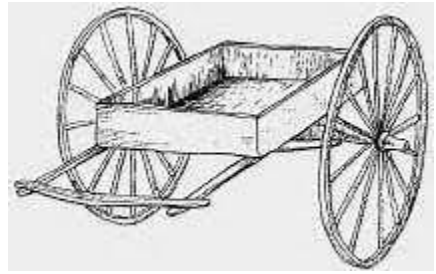
According to one of the emigrants, George Harrison, *“The cars were so crude and the railroad so rough, we were all tired out when we arrived in Iowa City, Iowa.”*

Elizabeth White Steward recorded: *“When we completed our journey to Iowa City, we were informed that we would have to walk four miles to our camping ground. All felt delighted to have the privilege of a pleasant walk. We all started, about 500 of us, with our bedding. We had not gone far before it began to thunder and lightning and the rain poured. The roads became very muddy and slippery. The day was far advanced and it was late in the evening before we arrived at the camp. We all got very wet. The boys soon got our tent up, so we were fixed for the night.*

When the tired emigrants arrived in Iowa City on 8 July, they were surprised and deeply concerned to find there were no handcarts or tents ready for them. The first three handcart companies plus a building boom had depleted the supplies of seasoned lumber in the area. The passengers from the *Horizon* found that the James G. Willie company from the ship, *Thornton*, who had arrived ahead of them on 27 June, were in the same predicament.

So it was that the city of tents more than doubled in size overnight. The large camp was skirted on the west by the Iowa River and surrounded by hazel bush and young trees.

The emigrants were put to work assembling handcarts even though most had no carpentry skills. They cobbled together whatever wood they could find. Instead of iron axles they were forced to make do with poorly constructed axles of wood and boxes of leather. The women stitched tents and cart covers. One week later, the James G. Willie handcart company was finally able to begin their trek west on the morning of 15 July.



It was another two weeks before the fifth and final company, led by Edward Martin, was able to leave. They pulled out on 28 July with a total of 575 individuals and 146 carts. Usually five persons were assigned to each handcart and twenty persons were assigned to each tent. Martha was assigned to a handcart along with another young woman near her age. During the next three months they became very close friends. The emigrants were limited to seventeen pounds per person so many had to part with treasures from home such as books, extra clothing or dishes to make room for food supplies.

The delays in Liverpool and Iowa City put the last two handcart companies dangerously behind schedule. To make matters worse, these last two companies had more than their share of infants, widows with large families, the sick and aged, young men and women with no family like Martha, and the poor—the latter being more accustomed to urban ghettos and factory life than walking fifteen miles a day in the sun and rain. The handcarts traveled at a much slower pace than had been hoped for by their leaders. It took the Martin Handcart Company almost four weeks to cross Iowa and reach the last stop at Florence in Nebraska Territory late in August.

Langley Allgood Bailey commented: *“It was a sight to see 600 people pulling their carts through the cities and villages of Iowa. People came out of their houses and jeered us. On we went, all happy and cheerful. We encountered thunderstorms. We were wet through many times.”*

Upon their arrival in Florence and given the lateness of the season, the leaders were faced with a difficult decision: Should they continue on or wait out the winter in Nebraska? Perhaps it was the sheer size of the companies that prompted the fateful decision. If the emigrants stayed in Nebraska, where would they work? How would they provide shelter and food for themselves through the winter? They had little cash and few belongings for barter. Could they calm the fears of local citizens who were hostile to the Mormons?

Many believed that a divine hand was sure to temper the weather. The emigrants were entirely ignorant of the country and climate. They were simple, honest people who were eager to go to Zion as soon as possible.

Josiah Rogerson explained in his history: *“The vote was called, and with uncovered heads and uplifted hands to heaven and an almost unanimous vote, it was decided to go on.”*

Elder Franklin D. Richards and his missionary companions arrived in Florence by stagecoach on their way back to Salt Lake City from England in late August and met with the members of the Martin Company. Elder Richards promised them “. . . that if the Red Sea should interpose, they should by their union of heart and hand, walk through it like Israel of old, dryshod.

Elder Richards went on to say that they might have some trials to endure as proof to God and the brethren that they had the true 'grit.' He ended with another promise—that if possible—he would leave provisions, bedding and other supplies at Fort Laramie to help sustain the companies until they reached the valley.

George Harrison wrote in his biography: *"In August (25) we made the start across the plains. When at the command of Captain Martin and Tyler our caravan started westward, this refrain of the "Handcart Song" was ringing all along the line:*

*"Some must push and some must pull as we go marching up the hill,
As merrily on our way we go until we reach the valley-O."*

Each day the trek took the pioneers further from civilization. They saw immense herds of buffalo which made the prairie look black. The trail they followed hugged the rivers most of the time, and the landscape grew more arid and the sights for immigrants more foreign. No doubt Martha reflected on how different her life was now than it had been in her homeland of England. Nevertheless, she and her new girl friend were happy to push and pull their handcart day after day for they were on their way to Zion!

Before long the company started having trouble with their carts. The burden of the extra sacks of flour weighed heavily on the flimsy vehicles. Dust ground into the wood and wore down the axles. When a cart collapsed, it was difficult for its owner to see the long line move on without him while he remained behind with a few crude tools, struggling to repair the damage. Dysentery added to the distress. Illness ravaging the camp slowed the pace and further weakened those who were already failing due to food rations and suffering. The nights started getting colder. Martha and her friend slept close to each other in the big tent to try to keep warm. In mid September the company began to face heavy head winds and on the morning of 15 September, frost blanketed the camps.

When the company arrived at Fort Laramie, they were disheartened to find it abandoned for winter, as no one there had expected any more handcart companies to follow the third company so late in the year. Meanwhile, Elder Richards and his companions had just arrived in Salt Lake City on Saturday, 4 October. Although they had crossed the plains in record time, it was too late to get the Fort Laramie re-stocked with provisions. Elder Richards immediately reported to President Young that there were two more handcart companies coming. The news that more than 1,200 emigrants were still out on the plains startled the church leaders. They knew that winter most certainly would catch them in the high country.

No new supplies at Fort Laramie necessitated further rationing to less than one-half pound flour per adult per day to keep the two companies from running out of food entirely. The poorly clad Saints were exposed to the piercing winds, bitter storms and icy streams without adequate clothing or bedding with which to keep warm or adequate food to provide body heat and energy. Deaths in the Martin party reflected the growing hunger, sickness, exhaustion and exposure. Nine died in September and six more during the first week of October. They were placed in untimely graves without proper ceremony and with great haste. Under such severe conditions, the company was forced to push on, not daring to wait for anything. "Emergency demanded haste, lest the grim and merciless winter embrace them in the grasp of death."

John Chislett of the Willie Company wrote: *“These people died with the calm faith and fortitude of martyrs. Their greatest regret seemed to be leaving their family members behind them and their bodies on the plains or mountains instead of being laid in consecrated ground in Zion.”*

Sunday morning, 5 October, at a scheduled Church Conference meeting, President Young boldly set in motion a herculean rescue effort. Volunteers stepped forward, some of whom had just arrived the day before with Elder Richards. By Tuesday the first wagons and teamsters left the valley. Express riders and an advance rescue party with light wagons of food and supplies were sickened when they did not find the Willey Company until 21 October near the head of the Sweetwater. They had expected them to be much closer.

From there the rescuers pushed on through the snow in search of the Martin Company. After seeing the sufferings of the Willie Company, the rescuers more fully realized the danger the fifth handcart company would be in. Captain George Grant with eight wagons and around fourteen men, pressed on toward Devil’s Gate, traveling through snow all the way. Three express riders, Daniel Jones, Joseph A. Young and Abel Garr, went on ahead with instructions not to return until the Martin emigrants were found. They did not spare their horses but moved as fast as they could. By now they had been on the trail for three weeks and their own provisions were nearly gone.

On 17 October, two days prior to the last crossing of the North Platte River, the bedraggled Martin Company was in such terrible condition, baggage on the handcarts was reduced to ten pounds per adult and five pounds per children under eight years old. Most of what was discarded was clothing and heavy blankets. On 19 October the company pulled their handcarts across the chest deep, freezing water of the North Platte River. The river was wide and the current strong.

Josiah Rogerson observed, *“The crossing of the North Platte was fraught with more fatalities than any other incident of the entire journey. Blocks of mushy snow and ice had to be dodged. Some of the men carried some of the women on their backs or in their arms, but others of the women tied up their skirts and waded through like the heroines they were.”*

They were forced to travel on in their wet clothes until they got to a place where there was wood for fires. Their clothing was nearly frozen to them. That night the ground was frozen so hard that many were unable to drive in tent pins, so they stretched the frozen canvas tents open and slept under them until morning. Snow fell during the night and the next morning thirteen bodies were left under the snow as the company struggled on.

The company made it another twelve miles before becoming snow bound at Red Buttes, sixty-five miles east of Devil’s Gate on 24 October. Martha told how they dug down in the snow to the roots of the wild rose bushes and ate them and what other roots they could find. They even ate the red berries on the bushes. She used her little pearl handled knife to scrape the hides and heads of dead animals from which they made soup, anything to sustain life. In later years Martha gave her nephew, our great grandfather, Robert Allen, that little pearl handled knife. The blade was worn to a sharp point.

Still on the rescue trail, Daniel Jones, saw a white man's shoe track in the road on Tuesday, 28 October. The three men put their animals to the utmost speed and soon came in sight of the Martin camp at Red Buttes. The three carried no flour, but they brought hope that help was near.

James Bleak wrote, *"When they first made their appearance, I do not think there was one in camp but shed tears of joy."*

With hope of supplies on the way, the rescuers encouraged the company to press onward while they continued eastward to find the Hunt and Hodgett Wagon companies who had followed the handcart trains to provide assistance if there was trouble, but who had run into trouble of their own with their heavy wagons in the deep, wet snow with little feed for their animals.

Captain Grant's rescue party finally reached the Martin Company at Greasewood Creek, located just before Independence Rock and the Sweetwater River on 1 November. They dispensed supplies from the six freight wagons which included boots and shoes, clothing and quilts donated by the Saints back in the Salt Lake Valley. The supplies were inadequate for the numbers, but gratefully received by the nearly 500 men, women and children. The rescuers helped the company on to the abandoned Devil's Gate stockade where several big fires were built and a few log huts offered some protection. Every room and corner, every wagon and tent were filled with hungry and haggard emigrants. The Hodgett train caught up to them on 2 November and the Hunt train arrived on 5 November. The two wagon train groups took a unanimous vote "to be willing to do as they were instructed even if it was required of them to leave all they had behind and be glad to get into the Valley with their lives only."

The rescuers and leaders from the Martin, Hunt and Hodgett companies discussed what to do next. Should they winter at Devil's Gate or try to reach the Valley? With insufficient supplies, the leaders decided to press on to Salt Lake. They left many handcarts at Devil's Gate and much freight from the Hunt and Hodgett wagons including stoves, boxes of tools, clothing and bedding. Captain Grant sent word to Brigham Young, reporting that the last handcart and wagon companies had been found and were in much need of supplies. He wrote: "Our company is too small to help much; it is only a drop in the bucket in comparison to what is needed. I think that not over one third of Brother Martin's company is able to walk. We will move every day toward the Valley, if we shovel snow to do it, the Lord helping us."

On 4 November, the temperature dropped to -11 degrees F. Still unable to travel, it was decided to move the companies two and a half miles northwest to a sheltered cove beneath stone bluffs where there was a good wood supply. But in order to reach the cove, the companies had to make the first crossing of the Sweetwater River. At this point the river was only two or three feet deep and 90 to 120 feet across on the diagonal, but chunks of ice were floating on the water. Most of the company was able to cross on their own, but some of the gaunt-faced handcart men and women sat on the bank and pulled tattered blankets around themselves. A few started to sob. After the last crossing of the North Platte, many could not face wading across another frigid river. The members of the rescue party helped the emigrants get their handcarts through, and four young rescuers carried people across on their backs. The tireless young men waded back and forth in the icy water until all of the emigrants were on the other side of the Sweetwater.

The company took shelter from the fierce storm in the ravine, which was later called Martin's Cove, where they waited out the storm for five days and continued to bury their dead. Some journals and books state that fifty-six died after they left Red Buttes. Most of the deaths, including those at Martin's Cove, could be attributed to the last crossing of the North Platte. All in all, of the 575 immigrants who began the journey, 144 souls perished along the way.

It was during this time that Martha endured her greatest heartache of the trail, when she awoke one morning to find her dear friend frozen stiff beside her. This was a terrible blow to Martha that she never forgot. Even in later years, as she would recall the experience, it was obvious that it still hurt her very much.

John Jacques recalled, *"The way to have a warm sleeping place was this—sweep away the ashes of the camp fire and lay your bed on the spot where the fire had been built. In the morning the same spot was found to be the most available for a graver use—it was the easiest place in which to dig a grave to bury the night's dead."*

The storm and cold finally broke on 9 November so the Martin, Hunt and Hodgett companies headed once again for the valley. Nearly all the handcarts were left behind. The wagons carried the weak and the ill, but most still had to walk. Just before sunset on 11 November, Ephraim Hanks connected with the company, riding a horse and leading another horse laden with buffalo meat that he had dressed for the Saints' consumption.

Speaking of that particular storm, Ephraim said, "In all my travels in the Rocky Mountains, just before and afterward, I have seen nothing like it—nothing worse." He did what he could for those whose extremities were frozen and who had lost limbs due to the bitter cold. He described washing the areas with castile soap until the frozen parts would fall off, after which he would sever the shreds of flesh from the remaining portions of the limbs with his scissors.

On 12 November at Three Crossings of the Sweetwater, four wagons loaded with flour and supplies met the Martin Company. Two days later one rescuer reported, "No deaths in camp tonight." On November 16 more rescue wagons with young teamsters referred to as "The Valley Boys" hailed the Martin Company at the top of Rocky Ridge. The Martin Company, heartened by increasing assistance, would now be able to ride to the valley in wagons. Captain Grant said, "Get the poor Saints into the wagons as soon as you can or else many will not reach the valley." His orders were obeyed as the handcart Saints were assisted into wagons drawn by cattle, mules and horses. The Valley Boys worked valiantly to get the teams up Rocky Ridge to the top of South Pass.

Recollections of these last days on the trail for Martin, Hunt and Hodgett travelers were marked with reports of breakfast, lunch, dinner and blazing fires. One of the original rescuers, J. M. Simmons said, "Without the help of high heaven we should have been snowbound in the mountains long ago."

The company reached the Bear River on 25 November. They moved on to Big Mountain where a handful of the rescue riders were keeping the road open by driving teams back and forth along the trail in waist deep snow. From the top of Emigration Canyon the weary travelers caught a glimpse of their new home, for which they had suffered untold hardship to finally see.

They entered the valley on Sunday, 30 November, three weeks behind the Willie Company. James Bleak wrote to his parents in England: *"I felt to rejoice greatly and give praise to God for my safe arrival in Zion with my wife and children after a journey of six months and one week."*

President Young had prepared the Saints in the valley for the next stage of the handcart rescue. He said, *"I want to have them distributed in the city among the families that have good and comfortable houses. Prayer is good, but when baked potatoes and pudding and milk are needed, prayer will not supply their place. I wish all the sisters now before me and all who know how and can, to nurse and wait upon the new comers and prudently administer medicine and food to them."* The Saints did open their homes and nourished the handcart pioneers until suitable homes could be built for them.

It is not known how or when Martha and Jude Allen became acquainted. Martha most likely found domestic employment to support herself, which may have eventually taken her to Sessions Settlement, later known as Bountiful.



Martha Anglesey Allen

Martha married Jude Allen on 23 February 1859 in Bountiful and became his plural wife after living in the valley a little over two years. As Jude's principal wife, Mary Ann Nicholas Allen was required by church formality to give her permission for the marriage. Since Mary Ann's health had deteriorated since her arrival in Zion, she may have welcomed the addition of 25-year old Martha as a sister-wife for the physical help she could provide.

Mary Ann did not recover after the birth of her twelfth child in December 1859 and she passed away on 10 January 1860 in Bountiful. Martha stepped in and cared for the baby girl named after her mother along with five of Jude's other six children who were still at home; Joseph (age 16) Emily (age 14) Andrew (age 10) Charles (age 6) and Sarah (age 2). Martha loved these children as her own and they gave meaning to her life. Jude and Mary Ann's other young

daughter, Clarissa, who was 4 years old, was living with Jude's mother at his sister's place in the 1860 census. In spite of all Martha could do to nurture and care for little Mary Ann, she passed away on 18 October 1860 in Bountiful.

In 1861 Martha and Jude moved their family to a place called Calls Fort, later called Harper Ward, north of Brigham City. They were accompanied by Jude's two oldest daughters, Mary Dewey and Martha May and their husbands and children. They said goodbye to Clarissa, who remained with Jude's mother at his sister's place in Bountiful. Upon their arrival Jude built his family a log house near the fort that was built a few years earlier by Anson Call, to offer protection from the Indians who were still prevalent in the area. The house contained only two rooms with an attic above and an added lean-to with a dirt-covered roof and a protected root cellar.



The Jude Allen Log Home in Calls Fort, Utah

In October 1861, Martha had a joyful reunion with her fifteen year old sister, Sarah, who arrived in Calls Fort after a long journey from England. Sarah had followed in Martha's footsteps, becoming the second Anglesey child to travel to Zion by herself; however, Sarah's experience in crossing the plains with a wagon train company was much different than Martha's handcart experience. Sarah moved in with Martha and Jude and the children in the little log house. Martha taught Sarah farm skills needed to provide food and clothing for the family. Sarah "worked out" when she could find employment to help with the family's finances.

Two years later on 4 October 1863, Martha and Sarah's brothers, William (age 24) and Robert (age 14) arrived in Utah. They had sailed from Liverpool aboard the ship "Cynosure," where William had been able to secure a job as porter on the ship to pay for his passage. He and Robert arrived in Castle Garden, New York and from there went by canal and railroad to Florence, Nebraska, where they were re-grouped into one of the ten church wagon trains that departed from that outpost. Martha and Sarah were anxious to embrace their brothers and learn first hand the news about their family in England. Robert moved in with Martha and Jude, and William quickly found employment to earn the money needed to bring the rest of the Anglesey family from England.

With William's help, in 1864 Martha's parents finally had enough money to immigrate to Zion with the remaining members of their family. John and Catherine brought ten year old Elizabeth, and another daughter, Mary Anglesey Williams and her three children, Rosa, Mark and Emily. They sailed from Liverpool on the ship, "General McClellan" on 21 May. The trek across the plains was made in the Captain William S. Warren wagon company from Wyoming, Nebraska on 19 July.

They arrived in Salt Lake City on 4 October 1864. After being separated for more than eight years, John and Catherine were finally reunited with their six living children! Accompanying John and his travel weary family to Calls Fort was another immigrant family by the name of William and Georgeania Knighton Flint, who had also been passengers on the General McClellan. Georgeania eventually became Martha's sister-in-law when she married William in 1875.

When John and Catherine arrived in Calls Fort they found that William had already built the family a dirt-roofed log house in which to live. John began buying 40 acres of land in Calls Fort from the U.S. Government, and at the age of 53, he started learning how to farm with the help of his two sons who were living in the household.

The next January Jude and Martha journeyed south to stay with his sister and mother, Eunice, and his little daughter, Clarissa, in Bountiful for a few days. While there Martha received her endowment in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City on Saturday, 28 January 1865, after which she and Jude were sealed as husband and wife for time and all eternity.

Meanwhile, Sarah had become accustomed to living in Jude's household and came to accept the principle of plural marriage. At the age of fifty-four, Jude took her as his third wife in 1866. Sarah was almost twenty when she received her endowment on 3 February 1866 in the Endowment House, followed by her marriage and sealing to Jude on the same day.



Martha's new brick home in Calls Fort

Martha and Sarah continued to live together, not only as sisters, but as sister wives until Jude built Martha the first brick home in Calls Fort, right next door to the old log house. This allowed the sisters to stay close by each other and share the same dooryard. Martha moved into the new home with her step children and Sarah inherited the old log house.

Martha and her step-daughter, Martha Allen May, often spun and colored wool yarn sheared from Jude's sheep which they would knit into socks. They sold the socks to freighters traveling through the area. After the railroad came in 1869 and the freighters abandoned Calls Fort, the two Marthas would take their socks to sell in Corinne, Utah, where there was a ready market. Their industry helped bring in some extra money for their families.



Jude and Martha Allen and children

Back row: Emily Allen Lish, Andrew, Charles, Eunice Allen Wood, Sarah Allen Lasley

Front row: Jude and Martha, Mary Allen Dewey, Martha Allen May, Joseph

Martha mourned the passing of her father, John, who died on 28 June 1870 in Calls Fort, just over six years after his arrival. He was buried in the southwest corner of the Calls Fort Cemetery. Her mother, Catherine, died on 12 December 1873. She was buried next to her husband. John and Catherine were never able to receive their Temple ordinances in this life. The Logan Temple was seven years in the building and was not dedicated until 17 May 1884. In the spring of 1886, Martha and her brother, William, were grateful to travel to Logan and perform the necessary temple ordinances for their deceased parents and other relatives in the beautiful Logan Temple.



Chief Pocatello

Martha and the other settlers had several encounters with the Indians in those early days in Calls Fort. On one occasion when Martha was alone in her house, Chief Pocatello, a well known Indian chief of the Shoshone tribe, came to her door and demanded something to eat. Martha didn't trust Pocatello and was quite nervous about his actions; nevertheless, she told him to wait outside the door while she got him some food. She went down into her cellar and got some things for him to eat, but as she started back up the steps, she saw the Indian chief closing the heavy cellar door. Martha knew she was trapped and would not be able to get out. She pleaded with Pocatello to open the door, but he just laughed. She could see him peeking down through the cracks in the door, watching her. Finally he left, but Martha had to wait until someone came home to open the door and let her out.

Martha was never able to have children of her own, but she found great joy in raising her five step children to adulthood and in helping her sister with her growing family. When Sarah, the youngest child of Jude and Mary Ann, got married in 1875, Martha had an empty spot in her heart as the last of her step children left her household. She found comfort as she continued to help Sarah raise her growing family. Martha was a good seamstress and made all of the clothes for her nieces and nephews. She was beloved by the entire Allen family who lovingly called her "Auntie." In later years Sarah's children told of how good "Auntie" was to them. They remembered her as being a sad-looking woman and felt sorry for her not being able to have children of her own. It seemed to them that her face told much of the hardships and disappointments she had endured in her life.

Martha's niece, Daisy, a daughter of Elizabeth Anglesey Gunther, remembered going to Honeyville to stay with cousins during the years when she was between ten and twelve years old. One time she went in Auntie's bedroom and was surprised to see Martha's burial clothes all laying out on a bed. This made quite an impression on Daisy, since she knew Auntie Martha had not been recently ill nor was she in bad health.

In his later years, Jude bought the two-story rock house built by Chester Loveland, which was located across the road, slightly to the south from Martha's brick home and Sarah's log house. Here Martha lived and continued to give of herself and bless the lives of the children and grandchildren of both her sister wives. Here she nursed and cared for Jude as he became bowed down with age, deaf and nearly blind, until his passing on 13 February 1900. Martha lived in the rock house until she was called home to her Heavenly Father on 23 September 1908. She was buried next to Jude in the Calls Fort Cemetery.

Patriarchal Blessing of Martha Anglesey Allen
Given at Calls Fort on 10 December 1877 by Patriarch John Smith

Sister Martha, by virtue of the Holy Priesthood, I place my hands upon thy head to pronounce and seal a blessing upon thee as the spirit may direct.

Thou art of the House of Israel and entitled through obedience to the gospel to the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant and I say unto thee, be of good faith and honor the Priesthood. Hold sacred thy covenant [covenants] for the Lord hath heard thy petitions and knoweth the secrets of thy heart and will give unto thee as thou shalt merit. Thy pathway hath been fraught with difficulties and thou shalt verily receive thy reward and be numbered with the Mothers in Israel. Be prudent and listen to the promptings of the monitor within thee and thou shalt live until thou hast finished thy mission and secure unto thyself a name which shall be handed down in remembrance among the Saints. And thy guardian angel will not forsake thee but will whisper in thy ear and give thee strength in time of trial, warn thee of danger [and] give thee power over evil and unclean spirits that you may be enabled to control thyself and counsel among thy sex and in thy habitation.

Thou art of Ephraim and shall have an inheritance in company with thy companion among the saints. Be upon thy guard and thou shalt be strengthened in body and mind and thou shalt have joy in thy daily avocations and thou shalt not lack for the comforts of life. Seek to know the will of the Lord and thy mind shall expand, thy faith shall increase and thou shalt see better days. Therefore, be at rest in thy mind. Ask in faith and thou shalt receive.

This blessing I seal upon thy head and I seal thee up unto eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, even so, Amen.

Recorded by Hyrum Smith