

History of Mary Farmer



I, Mary Farmer, was the daughter of Richard and Elizabeth Morris Farmer of Learbury, England. I was their ninth child, born at Preston, Hereford, England on October 11, 1829. Her brothers and sisters were: Christina, Eliza, Emma Ann, Richard, John Edward, James and Mary Ann.

My father died in 1836, it was not long after this that my family met the Mormon Missionaries, and members of my family began to join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. My brother James joined in 1841.

My older sister, Emma, came to America in 1848, on the ship *Sailor Prince*. She was thirty at the time; they arrived at New Orleans, Louisiana, in November of 1848. From New Orleans she sailed up the river to St. Louis, where she married Henry Arnold, a widower.

My brother John Edwin and his wife, Mary Ann Parker, along with two children, William and Elizabeth, left England on 4 May 1856, sailing on the ship *Thornton*. After arriving in New York City they stayed in New York. Mary Ann died giving birth to a daughter in 1858, both mother and baby died. John Edwin remarried and he and his new wife, Elizabeth Eleanor Wright, stayed in New York for several years before immigrating to Utah in 1861.

In the spring of 1855, the annual call was made for a number of the oldest members of the church to immigrate to the land of Zion. Saints responded to the call from all parts of the British Isles. Those who could pay their fare and those who needed help were instructed to forward their names with a recommend to the president of the European Mission in Liverpool. The presidents of the different branches of the church had this part of the business to attend to. The list of the passengers was soon made up and vessels were chartered, and the number of passengers they would accommodate.

The shipload of immigrants that was led by Edward Martin and that sailed on the ship *Horizon* left Liverpool on May 25th, 1856 approximately three weeks after the Willie group had left. They arrived in Boston on June 28th and came by rail and steamer to Iowa City, arriving there on July 8th, 1856, just two weeks after the Willie Company.

There were 856 immigrants on the sailing ship *Horizon* when it left England. After reaching America, on June 28, 1856, they then became the members of the Martin Handcart Company, the Hodgsett Wagon Company, and the Hunt Wagon Company, which our family became members of.

The following elders, who had held responsible positions in the British Mission also sailed in this ship: Thomas B. Broderick, John Toone, John Jaques, Robert Holt, Thomas Ord, James Stones, Henry Squires and Robert Evans. Of the emigrants six hundred and thirty-five were Perpetual Emigration Fund emigrants and two hundred and twenty-one ordinary, including seven cabin passengers. Among the number were Samuel Pucell and family who had given the first sixpence to the Mormon elders when they first went to England in 1837.

When we got out on the river and cast anchor, at Liverpool, the government officers and doctors came on board and everything had to be inspected by the officers and the people by the doctors. After all things had been restored to order and the officers left, the sailors and the ship officers got into a quarrel and began to fight. This almost frightened some of the emigrants to death, but the first mate ran into the cabin and came

out facing the men that was after him with a pistol in each hand caused them to stop quickly. He told them that first man that moved would be shot down. He stood there and kept them back until a signal of distress was sent up. It was hardly any time before boats came alongside with policemen; the crew was put in irons and taken to shore. The first, second, and third mate and the ship carpenter were all that was left on board, so we had to lay on the river 3 or 4 days till another crew could be found. The steam tug came along with the pilot and we started again. I can't say how far the tugboat took us, nor how long the pilot stayed on board, but after we lost sight of land there came another steamboat alongside and brought the captain and took off the pilot.

Our provisions were sea biscuits, salt pork, and beef with peas, potatoes, rice, tea, sugar, and sometimes dried fruit. The water we had to drink would stink so that we could hardly use it. There was plenty of seasickness, some of the people being sick all the way.

About two weeks out, the potatoes began to sprout and we had to bring them up on deck to dry them out. The captain started to give us more potatoes to eat so that they would not all rot.

I was 26 and single when we immigrated to America. I came to America in 1856 in company with my mother, Elizabeth who was 69, and, two of my brother and their families, James' family included he and his wife Mary Ann and their baby Willard (6 months) and his three daughters of his pervious wife who had passed away. Emma Jane age 12, Agnes Ann age 11 and Elizabeth (Lizzie) age 7. Richards's family included he and his wife Harriet and their daughter Anne age 12. This group took passage on the ship *Horizon*; we set sail from Liverpool May 25th, 1856.

For six long weeks we were rocked and tossed about on the stormy waves during which time our family suffered much sickness. My mother, little Lizzie (Elizabeth) and baby Willard suffered most; they seemed totally unable to bear up under the roughness of the voyage. My mother suffered greatly in her mind besides her physical distress. She had so much dread lest she should not live to reach land, the thought that she might die and be cast over board seemed to fill her with terror, and greatly multiplied her suffering. The first death happened about 6 days after we left Liverpool, a sister, in the group from Manchester. The following day a brother, in the group from Kent died, also a baby was born premature, and all were buried at sea. This greatly affected my mother. Mother continued in a lingering state; she had seasickness from the time we left England.

We would have prayer meetings each night and morning, besides testimony meetings. Each Sunday we would have meetings in our wards from two until three. The ship was divided into nine wards. We were called from our beds at six in the morning by the sound of the cornet. The cornet again played at night at nine to send us to pray meetings then to bed at ten.

The *Ship Horizon* was under the direction of Captain Reed, under the presidency of Elders Edward Martin, Jesse Haven, and George P. Waugh. The ship was a three mast sailing vessel; it was of a half clipper build, weighing 900 tons. The ship had three decks, which the saints would occupy. It was necessary for young men to have one division alone for the night and access to the wards of their families where they could ate their meals together and be near the cooking galley, where all the meals were issued by a head cook who had sole charge of the that apartment.

The second day out the wind began to blow very hard. It felt like it was about to capsizize the ship. They had lashed our loose belongings and supposed we were safe but

the storm was a bad one. It being almost fatal, as not only goods turned topsy-turvy but also some of our old and feeble people were knocked to the deck with such force that they were laid up for several days. 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 that did not suffer from being seasick. To make things worse, there was a horrible attack of dysentery that affected the majority of the passengers. Medicines were plentiful, but they seemed to have no effect. This lasted about a week when it grew less severe, but it stayed with a few until our arrival in Boston.

Interesting sights in the water and happenings on the ship made life on the ship very interesting. The first of these was a large man-eating shark. Expecting to see some of those monsters, the mate had brought his rifle. The shark was away in a 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. We also saw large groups of porpoises; they resembled a band of horses on the run. It was a wonderful sight. On another day, just after breakfast, the lookout had sighted a huge whale ahead. This thrilling call brought all 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 of a rainbow. The sights on the waters were endless and sublime.

Several marriages took place during the voyage. The one that stands out in my mind was a young lady and a young gentleman, both members of the church, made it up to give an exhibition wedding. The grand exhibition that we were to behold was to have the ceremony performed on the topmast of the "*Horizon*". We were then about 400 miles away from England. The plan that was adopted was to build a scaffold, place three chairs on this, which, being attached to the rigging of the mast was to be hoisted into position and then held by the sailors on deck until the ceremony was performed. The two who were to be married were to hold a flag each; the bidding "My Native Land Farewell," and the other flying "the Stars and Stripes, the Red, White and Blue". All was ready when the gong struck two. It was the signal to hoist. The second mate had command. "Steady boys" was the order and "Skyward." The procession moved slowly. When nearing the top, the young lady gave a light scream, but the captain gave her assurance that all was well. Again the mate gave the word "steady" and all was quiet. Captain Reed spoke to the audience, "Give your attention." A death-like silence ensued and in measured tones which were audible to all, calling them by name, using the old English marriage code. "Will you have this woman to be thy lawful wife?" "I will". "Will you have this man to be they lawful husband?" "I will." "With and by the authority invested in me, I pronounce you man and wife." Then at the words "Steady boys", the scaffold was steadily lowered. When the scaffold touched the deck, a hundred hands offered the bride and bridegroom its joyous congratulations. Captain Reed ordered the deck cleared and the night was brilliantly lighted, dancing and merry-making was in order and kept up till the wee small hours. Thus ended one of the most pleasant times that had fallen to my lot to take an active part in all the proceedings.

There were also sad stories that had happened on board the ship. One was a fatal incident. As a rule there are some ropes hanging loose. In this case, 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 suppose he grabbed the rope and it swung him over the side of the ship, where he lost his grip. The act was seen immediately and a boat lowered, manned by two expert swimmers, but it was too late, the heavy rolling waves swallowed the poor boy. The men in the boat lingered near the spot thinking, perhaps a returning wave might bring him to the surface. 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. 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, and wept bitterly. The case was a sad one and caused sorrow on board for many days.

There was one funny incident that occurred and alarmed the passengers. When hoisting a sail in a storm, the order was given "hoist higher." One of the passengers mistook the word for "fire", thinking that there was a fire onboard. Happily the error was discovered in time to prevent any panic onboard.

I will now try to describe our living arrangements on board the ship. The berths for two passengers were about six feet long by four feet wide, lined up like horse mangers, two in height, with about two space underneath the lowest. This is where we stored our belongings. The ends of the bunks were to the side of the vessel. When the ship would rock and leaning one way or another our feet would be higher than our heads. When it was calm we would be assigned to take our bedding on deck to air out.

There was two cubic feet more space to each passenger on the lower deck than the higher. This combined with the fact of the heated air ascending, caused the lower deck to be much cooler and more roomy and pleasant, though it wasn't so light.

The first birth accrued the second day of the voyage; a baby girl. She was named Nancy Horizon, and she only lived for three weeks.

At the end of the first week two children were reported to have measles, this caused much concern to the parents for their little ones. There were a few more cases during the trip.

To keep busy on the ship, each ward was given canvas, and the sisters were set to work making tents and wagon covers. Forty-five tents and eight wagon covers were finished and distributed among the various wards. These were to be use when we crossed the plains.

The men would be called to guard duties during the day and night to watch for fires and just keeping the ship in order. When it was foggy they would watch for ice and other vessels. Also when it was foggy the passengers would be asked to be quiet so the sailor could hear if there was ice sighted.

It was on the 28th of June when land was first sighted; the saints were all greatly pleased, that they had been spared to see the land of Zion. What a joy we felt as we looked at the land with its hills and the green pastures. Oh how exciting too see the house along the shore. My mother was greatly relieved that she would be back on ground again.

On the thirtieth of June, the steamer *Huron* towed the *Horizon* to Constitution Wharf, at Boston. This was the first load of Mormon immigrants to land in Boston where the immigrants disembarked.

We were ordered on deck, where we were arranged in families, and we then passed the government doctors and our ship was allowed to go to port. The men were

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assigned extra guard duty that night to prevent parties from coming on board to plunder us.

The first land we saw was Cape Cod; Boston was our landing place. It was a very beautiful evening when we sailed into the bay and cast anchor.

We could see Boston City in the distance, but we had to stay a day or two and go through the same treatment as we did on the start, the doctors and customs house officers coming on board and examining everything. The doctors found no serious sickness, only seasickness, and the officers did not find any smuggled goods so we were allowed to land. I think we stayed out in the bay about 3 days. During that time there was a great many small boats loaded with people, which came out to see the Mormon immigrants, as we were the first Mormons to land in Boston. They were not allowed to come on board, as there was a good many "sharpies", (people who would take advantages of us) among them and the ship officers did not want us swindled by them. All the immigrants landed at New York before that time, so when we landed it seems like everybody was crazy to get on the land and have a walk through the city, Elder Edward Martin, having charge of the company and it being late in the day, he counseled the people not to go onshore till the next day. Guards were placed at the gangways and nobody was allowed to pass off or on, so all things remained very quiet. There were a few men sent onshore to get something that the people needed.

After all things were ready, we started on our journey by rail, but we got very tired of that way of traveling. We went from Boston, crossing the Hudson River at Albany, and passing through Buffalo on the fourth of July. Then on to Chicago, then to Rock Island, and crossed the river on a steamboat, because the railway bridge was burned down. After we all got across, we took the train for Iowa City. When we got there, and our baggage was unloaded, it was getting late in the day, and our camping ground was three miles from the city, as there was no place at the depot large enough to accommodate so many people. A great many of the people started for camp on foot just about dark. We had not gone very far when it began to rain and it was so dark that you could not see anything except when the sky lit up by lightning. After ascending a steep hill we could see a fire at the camp. They were keeping a big fire burning to let the people know where the camp was, for there was a great many people waiting there to get their teams and wagons ready to start across the plains. The company arrived in Iowa City on the eighth of July.

When we left Boston it was close to 100 degrees, the train cars that we were on were cattle cars, later the cars were somewhat better, with little faculties for human comfort. My mother suffered greatly from the heat and the crowding. With anxiety and affection we watched and prayed over her. Her life was spared just long enough for her to reach the Promised Land, though she never reached Utah. She passed away and was buried in Iowa (*she died someplace west of Chicago, and was buried on the plains*). My brother Richard and his family stayed behind (*he stayed in Iowa and is buried in Dunlap, Harrison, Iowa*) to see our mother properly buried. The baby Willard (the son of James) also died on the plains. I was never very robust, however I did make the trip and carried little Lizzie (James's daughter) she being a sickly child, a good deal of the way.

Few companies suffered in crossing the plains more than these four companies, Willie, and Martin Handcart Companies and the Hodgett and Hunt Wagon Companies. It was so late when we got started that cold weather set in long before we arrived in the

Valley. More than once we cached or discarded part of our goods, thinking to lighten the load and thus help to make a little more progress. One thing that caused my heart to ache, almost beyond my strength to endure, was to see the clothes, the silk dresses, which had been a source of pride and comfort to my dear dead mother, left by the wayside.

When we reached the "Mormon Campground" at Iowa City things were very confusing. The church leader had not expected the immigrations that had come on the *Thornton* and the *Horizon*. They had almost shut the area down for the year. When we arrived they were busy building handcarts for the handcart companies and finding wagons for the wagon companies along with procuring animals to pull the wagons. They also had to find food for the trip and much equipment, like axes, anvils, etc. The tents and wagon covers that we had made on board the *Horizon* were soon put to us.

The Willie handcart Company left on July 15th, the Martin Handcart Company left on the 28th of July, the Hodgett Wagon Company left about the 29th of July and the Hunt Wagon Company left on August 1st.

My brother James was a stonemason by trade, but he did have some experience with animals. The first few days, it was almost funny as the people who had lived there entire live in cities had to learned to handle animals. It was only a few days until we had to search for animals that had strayed of during the night; this was something that we did often through out the trip.

We would arise at daylight and begin preparation for the day, prayer meeting and breakfast. It was the goal of the leaders to be on the road by eight, but we were often detained until almost noon for various reasons. We would travel from as little as just a few miles, to as many as twenty miles each day. We would stop in the middle of the day to let the animals rest and to graze for few hours.

Our company, led by John A. Hunt, consisted of 50 wagons, with 297 oxen, beef cattle, and cows, carrying 200 emigrants. We were divide up in five groups of ten, each group with a leader. Each day a different group would be in the lead.

There were many adventures along the way. Not many days after we had started we had pulled off the main road a short distance to camp and the next morning when we pulled back onto the road, a wagon got in a hole and tipped over. The family in the wagon was not much hurt, although the bows were all smashed.

We experienced several rain and thunderstorms as we crossed the plains; the lighting was very frightening to the people and to the animals. It would then be very difficult traveling in the mud, the mud becoming very slick.

On August 28th the company of wagons were ferried across the Missouri River. The whole company of fifty-six wagons were taken across without any serious accidents, and camped close to the City of Florence (Winter Quarters). The next day we were busy taking on provisions for the rest of the journey. Flour was \$4.50 for a hundred pounds, corn meal \$2.50 per hundred pounds and sugar at about 15 cents per pound; very little bacon could be found. We were advised, by Elder Erastus Snow and F.D. Richards, to lighten our loads as much as we could for the trip. We remained here for three or four days before we commenced to move on.

We were on the road for about five days when a young boy, of about four, was run over by a wagon and seriously hurt; he fell from the seat in front of the wagon. It was a few days after this that we were passed by Brother Richards and about twelve other

brethren with their mule teams; they were traveling as fast as they could to reach Salt Lake City to advise President Brigham Young that we were still out on the plains.

When we reached the Loup Fork Ferry with the expectations of crossing that day, we found that the water had risen the night before and there was so much damage to the equipment belonging to the ferryboat, that we had to wait several days.

This gave the cattle a chance to rest and feed. The problem of this was that a yoke of oxen along with two gentle cows wandered off and several brethren were sent to search for them and didn't return to camp until late. Shortly after this it turned very hot and the people and the cattle suffered from the heat; then in about three days it turned very cold and again we all suffered. It seemed that the men were always looking for lost oxen or fixing loose wheels on the wagons.

Toward the end of September a Brother Davis died leaving a wife. Two days later Sister Ann Davis, whose husband had died two days before was in the act of getting out of the wagon, and her clothes caught in the tongue of the wagon she fell. The wheels passed over her thigh and shoulder but luckily the road was soft sand and the injuries she received were not so great.

A few days after we passed Scott's Buffs, there was a yoke of extra oxen, which had been unhitch from a wagon. As they were traveling along the bow key, the U shaped part broke. The oxen became separated, and the one that had the yoke hanging to the neck ran off and frightened some of the oxen, causing them to leave the trail and go at high speed. Wagon after wagon was now seen going in different directions at a terrible rate and general consternation prevailed at the last half of the train. Many were in danger of being knocked down or crushed between the wagons; in a few minutes they were brought to a state of rest some ten or twelve wagons having left the trail. A sister from Wales was knocked down and so injured that she died within a few minutes afterwards, leaving a babe of four weeks old, which at the time was in the wagon. Also a wagon axle was repaired having been broken in the affair.

When we reached Fort Laramie both of the wagon companies and the handcart company was in the same area. We were able to visit with friends at this time.

When we reached the Platte River we passed the Martin handcart Company just as they were ready to start to cross the river, it was enough to draw forth one's sympathy for them, seeing the aged women and children drawing the carts and so many with haggard countenances. This was when it started to snow. The next day the ground was covered with snow and prevented us from moving. The snow was about eight inches deep and completely stopped us from traveling. It was decided that we needed to move, the wind was coming from the northwest and very cold. Oxen had started to die from lack of feed; trees were cut down to feed them. The snow was drifting from the wind; some of the ground became clear so that the animals could find some graze.

It was at this time (October 28th) that the men from the valley reached us, Brother Young and two others arrived. They left the next day to return and report that they had made contact with us. We were told that we needed to proceed forward to meet the supply wagons that were coming from the Valley. We were lucky to make four miles a day. There was some green grass along the banks of the creek and the brethren scraped off the snow for the cattle to eat. It was very cold, some say that it was a minus 6 with the wind blowing, making a wind chill of about a minus 30 degrees. Brother John Walters wagon was old and broke completely down, it was left behind and his family was

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joined with our family, bringing our teams together and making one wagon serve both families.

It was about 5:00 P.M. on the afternoon of Saturday, 4 October, when Elder Franklin D. Richards and his party of returning missionaries arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, making the eleven-hundred-mile trip from Florence in an astounding thirty-one days (an average of about thirty-five miles per day). They went immediately to the office of President Brigham Young and broke the news that two additional handcart companies and two wagon companies were still out on the plains. The following day President Young issued a call for men and teams to go to the rescue.

The response to Brigham Young's call for help was really quite remarkable. By the following Tuesday morning, just sixty or so hours after the arrival of Franklin D. Richards, the first wagons were headed east.

The first rescue party crossed South Pass sometime in the afternoon of 18 October. They were making excellent time. They had covered in twelve days what took a normal wagon train about three weeks to traverse. Brother George Grant was in charge of the rescue company.

It was early in November when we meet up with the rescue company at the Log house at Devils Gate. The Hodgett Company was already there. Brother Grant called a meeting and we were instructed as what was to happen. We were told that we would have to leave our goods here until they could be sent for, such as stoves, boxes of tools, and clothing we were to only take just sufficient to keep us warm with our bedding. He wanted 4 or 5 wagons and teams to assist the handcart companies.

The weather was cold with a strong wind blowing the snow into drifts as we unpacked the wagons and stored our goods. The following day we finished unloading and making an inventory of the goods; the inventory list being given to Brother George Grant. The next day we left about noon, crossing the Sweetwater River; we traveled about 6 miles. Twenty-four was the number of wagons taken by the company from Devils Gate. About a week later, we crossed South Pass. The company was divided into several smaller ones, with about ten wagons in each group.

Many had their feet and legs frozen, but my brother James would not let any of his family lie down without taking their shoes off and he made us cover up well. This prevented severe frostbit. It seemed that we would all perish from hunger, fatigue and the cold. We arrived in Salt Lake, December 23, 1856. the Farmer family had spent seven months of severe trails, but joined the rest of the Saints in singing "Come, Come, Ye Saints." By the end of December of 1856, all of the Saints had arrived to the Salt Lake Valley, the immigration being now completed.

My sister, Emma, and her family were living in Herriman in 1854. The Farmer families went to her home and were cared for by her and her family. It was here that I became acquainted with Thomas Butterfield and his family.

On the 15th of March 1857, I married Thomas Butterfield, becoming his second (plural) wife. I moved into the home of Thomas and his first wife Mary Jane, there home was inside the walls of the fort at Herriman, thirteen other families had homes here. The fort was built to protect them from the Indians.

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It is not known the exact amount that James Farmer paid for Mary's passage from England to Salt Lake. A receipt was found in Thomas Butterfield's belongings dated 30 July 1857 in which it stated that Thomas Butterfield had repaid James Farmer the sum of forty-one dollars and thirty-five cents, the balance due for the fare of Mary Farmer from England to Salt Lake City.

It had been seven years since Thomas had reached the valley. Things were beginning to look brighter. Thomas was planning on building new homes for his wives; his dreams were beginning to be realized.

In the year 1857 things in the Salt Lake Valley had taken on a brighter look. Food was more plentiful; our lives were becoming more comfortable. The church leaders were planning a big centennial to celebrate the tenth anniversaries of the first pioneers into the Valley. Almost the whole population of the valley had gone to a canyon above Salt Lake City to celebrate. While enjoying themselves, Brigham Young received the news of the coming of the Johnston's Army. This became known as the "Utah War" of 1857–1858.

In the spring of 1857, President James Buchanan ordered a military expedition to investigate reports of Mormon rebellion and bring the Utah territory firmly under the control of the United States government. Fearing the worst, President Young made preparations for war. The Nauvoo legion was activated and sent east with orders to hinder, harass, and stop, if possible, the advance of Johnston's Army. The Legion successfully fulfilled their mandate and shaped the events that followed. Through tactics such as night raids, stealing cattle, destroying supplies, blocking roads with trees, and setting fires, the Legion was able to keep the army at bay long enough for Thomas L. Kane to initiate the negotiations that would bring a peaceful and relatively non-violent conclusion to what became to be known as the "Utah War".

Brigham Young had developed a plan. The Temple foundation had been buried and the saints were instructed to prepare to leave their homes.

We were instructed to take everything that was portable with us. The things that we were unable to take with us were to be left in our homes. Then we left our homes and barns with straw and wood placed ready for those left, who were instructed to set fire to the buildings to leave nothing but a heap of ashes for the advancing army.

April 1858 came and with it came the order to move south. Mary Jane, Thomas' first wife, had a new baby born February 1, 1858, and I was expecting my first baby. Our family joined the ranks of fellow saints and with 30,000 others moved in great caravans southward.

The Butterfield's got only as far as Pionertown, (now Salem, Utah). My baby was born on the 19th of April 1858. It was a frail little thing. We named him Richard, but he was far too weak to survive the hardships of camp life and on the 13th of May my little boy died. My next baby died in its infancy also, he was born July 11, 1859, and died November 21, 1861, and we named him John. In all, I was the mother of seven children; three died before the age of eight and four lived to be adults. My other children were a daughter, Elizabeth, and sons Zachariah, Edwin, and Lyman

Sometime around the end of June or the 1st of July, the way was opened for us to return to our homes. When an issue of the Desert News, which had been carried south, proclaimed Brigham Young's message, "You are at liberty to return to your homes," the saints had full confidence that it was safe to return. When he had said, "go" we went, and

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when he said, “come” we came. Families found their crops and homes unharmed upon their return.

It was not long after we came back from the south, that the people left the fort and moved to the town site south of the fort, where they had laid out their streets and began to build their homes. Thomas assisted in laying off the town after the pattern advised by the church authorities. For Mary Jane he built a two-story rock house on the northeast corner of town. Just west of it, on the same block he built another brick house for me and my small family.

Mary was a small dark haired lady with quick blue eyes, always a cheery disposition. She never lacked for a cheery word or a ready answer.

Mary cooked in a Dutch oven and excelled in making English Plum Pudding. She gleaned wool, carded and spun it, and knitted it into stockings. The stockings were sold to the miners in Bingham.

It was Mary’s great desire to own six parlor chairs, she obtained these by raising and selling pet lambs. She was always a thrifty person. She always wore a large apron to pick up driftwood for her stove.

She was only privileged to go school for two weeks, but with her determination, she learned to read and write. She learned to read by reading the Book of Mormon.

Mary was the first of the three to leave this sphere of action. She was a small, dark haired lady with a quick blue eye. Always of a cheerful disposition, never lacking for a cheery word or a ready answer. Her grandnephew, John E. Butterfield, though only a child he recalls yet how she always greeted him with “Jack Sprat could eat no fat” or some such remark when he would go there.

She was neat and clean. She could sew the plainer things, though for the finer clothes and baby clothes with there many tucks and frills she largely depended on her niece Lizzie whom she had brought across the plains and who was later a daughter-in-law to Mary’s husband.

Mary had contracted a cold while coming here that had left its effects on her, it cannot be doubted but that this shortened her life by many years. She had felt the pangs of sorrow in the loss of her first two babies, again later her little girl Emma had grown to be quite a child, bright and promising and beautiful when she too was snatched away by death. These were sore trials to this mother. She passed from this life where she had so truly demonstrated her devotion and integrity to the principles of the gospel, on New Years Day of 1890, being just sixty years of age.

Mary was a firm believer in paying tithing. She gave her son Zachariah Butterfield a twenty dollar gold piece on the day she died to pay her tithing.



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