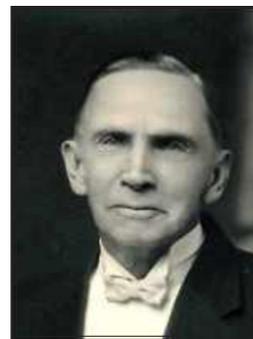


LANGLEY ALLGOOD BAILEY

Born: 1838 England

Age: 18

Martin Handcart Company



Langley was the oldest of four boys who emigrated with their parents, John (age 49) and Jane Allgood Bailey (45). Langley's brothers were John, Jr. (15), Thomas (11), and David (5). Langley tells of his experience in his own words in the following excerpts: (Lightly edited for readability)

My father & mother became very anxious that we gather to Zion. They did not like the company we were in. The traveling elders interceded in our behalf. Soon after we received a letter from the president at Liverpool—a blank to fill out with all our names and ages. This was done at once. ... My father took me to Sheepshed where his father lived (grandmother being dead). [He] told grandfather he would start for America some time this month. Grandfather said he was very sorry to part with him, said [he had] caused him and his dear mother no trouble. ... [He had] behaved like a dutiful son. Father told him he was going to gather with the Saints in Zion. Grandfather [asked] “Why go to America where there is savage Indians & wild beasts?” ...

Father engaged an auctioneer to sell our furniture. A Saint, by the name of Machire, a member of the Church; the town crier, was engaged. [He] went all over the town with bell in hand, ringing, “O yes, O yes—Brother and Sister Bailey are leaving for Zion. Come one, come all, and buy their goods.” I felt a little ashamed. I wanted father to stop him. Mother said, “No; he is not ashamed to let people know that we with him are Latter-day Saints.”

The day arrived for father and family to bid good-bye to grandfather and grandmother and her six brothers. Many of the Saints went to the station to see us off. We arrived at Liverpool, took lodgings for the night; next day went and saw our vessel, the *Horizon*. On Sunday, May 28th, we left dock. We had not gone very far when a disturbance arose between the first mate and the sailors. The mate drew his pistol [and] ordered the men to be put in irons. They were rowed in a boat to Liverpool. Some of our men (Saints) said they could fill their places. Our captain, Mr. Reed, ... treated the 800 Saints like a gentleman, all through the voyage.

We had a very good trip. It was a new sailing vessel. We reached Boston June 28, 1856, being five weeks on the ocean. On July 2nd, we took the train for Iowa City, reached there July 8th. From the train to the camp was about four miles. All felt to rejoice to have this little walk, 600 strong. We had not gone far before a thunder storm came on us. All had their bed, clothing, etc. to carry. We were all drenched with rain. Many did not reach camp until dark.

Brother John and myself got separated from our parents in the dark. We were conducted to a tent [and] stood up with many more all night in our wet clothes. When it began to get light, father and mother were out hunting us. This was our first experience in traveling to Zion on foot.

We were delayed in camp for two weeks. Most of the carts had to be made. At this place, John and I learned to swim in the river. A tall man walked in the river where I was treading water. I saw him go down, then come to the surface twice, then went down again. I called to those around me to form a line as quick as possible. I saw his hand come in sight. I grasped his wrist [and] swam to the nearest man. We were both hauled out. It took a long time before he came to himself. [He] gave the reason for going in the deep water. [He] thought I was walking on the bottom of the river. We stayed on this campground for two weeks. 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. John and I took off our shoes and stockings. This mode of travel proved too much for me. I was taken down with hemorrhage of the bowels. I was unable to walk [and] had to be hauled on Brother Isaac J. Wardle and my brother's John's cart.

After reaching Florence, a doctor was consulted. [He] said I must not go another step or I would die and be buried on the roadside. A captain named Tune [John Toone] would not administer to me. [He] said he did not have faith enough to raise the dead. Mother, on hearing that Apostle F. D. Richards and C. H. Wheelock had arrived in camp, got them to administer to me. They promised me I would live to reach the valleys.¹ All this time I was unconscious of what was going on. The doctor called again to see me [and] told father he would take care of the family and fit us out next year to pursue our journey. Father thanked him kindly. He pled with father to stop. [He] said it was too late to make the trip ... when we reached the mountains we would be snowed in. We found his words to be too true.

The emigrants were called together to know their minds in regards to stop until the next year or go on. Voted to go on. On August 25th, 1856, the company made a start [from Florence]. I, not being able to walk, Isaac J. Wardle and Bro. John, only 15 years old, hauled me on their carts. We got along fairly well until we reached the mountains, then bad weather set in, snow storms came impeded our traveling. No one can describe the suffering we endured. Our rations consisted of 4 oz. flour and nothing else did we have to eat.

(Langley Bailey - Page 2)

As much as possible, the sick and the old started out early in the morning ahead of the rest of the company so as not to fall behind and cause the company to slow down. Langley wrote:

One morning, believing I could walk a little ahead of the company, I got this privilege from my parents. My plan was to get away, lay down under a sagebrush and die. I saw my father and mother and my cart pass by, I stretched out to die. Just then a voice said, “Your mother is hunting you—jump up.” I saw mother in haste coming towards me, wanting to know what had gone wrong with me. I told her I had planned to lay down and die. I felt it was too much to pull me on the cart, at the same time have as much luggage as they could manage—[she] scolded me a little. She reminded [me] what I was promised by Apostle Franklin D. Richards. I rode on the cart until the teams from the Valleys met us. ...

While at a prayer meeting a bitter cold night, Brother Rodwell spoke in tongues. Interpretation was the rescuers would be with us within three days. On the third day Jos. A. Young on a white mule with another man rode into camp. [October 28] O, what a shout went up. Said, “Make a start in the morning. There is food a few miles back.” ... 19 died that night; graves dug in the snow; many died at this stopping place. [Red Buttes] ... All was too weak to dig in the frozen snow. Wolves came during the night; tore up the dead bodies. Next morning a start was made in the deep snow. I saw a young lady age about 16 walking in the snow. She left the blood prints of her heels and toes on the snow. I am told her legs were amputated when she arrived in Salt Lake City. I refrain from writing about the suffering of these people. It never can or will be told. On leaving this morning my brother, John, saw the wolves devouring the bodies he had helped to bury the day before. He tried to drive them away. He had to run for his life.

That morning in starting I was placed in a wagon on top of frozen tents. A very few oxen was left to haul or pull the few wagons. Made about 4 miles. When the Company stopped that evening, mother came around the wagons calling, “Langley.” I could hear her calling. She could not hear me answer. When she found me, she lifted me out of the wagon. My legs & arms was stiff like a frozed shirt. An ox was about to die. He was killed. Mother got some of the meat, boiled it, gave me some of the broth. It ran through me like a funnel. ...

Near Devil’s Gate, log houses were pulled down. Good fires was made of the logs. Provisions were rather short on account of the teams being so long on the road. Deep snows made traveling very slow.

It was quite a sight to see the poor women take hold of hands in wading thru the cold rivers with their clothes froze when they came to the other side. We camped at a place [that was] after called Martins Hole. [Nov. 4-9] We could not go any further for Snow. My father went to gather some brush willows, etc., there being no wood, to keep me warm. His hand became very benumbed. He laid down by my side [and] told mother he was going to die. (It was not any trouble to die.) Mother took hold of him, gave him a shaken up, and told him she was going on to the valleys. He then gave up dying.

The entire family did eventually make it to the Salt Lake Valley. Langley wrote:

We arrived in Salt Lake City noon, [Nov. 30, 1856] coming out of Emigration Canyon. I was lifted up in the wagon [and] could see houses in the distance. It was like the Israelites of old in beholding the promised land. ... We [were] taken to an empty one-room house, [in Nephi], no furniture. Some sagebrush had been placed by the door. A fire was made, [I] watched the smoke go up the chimney. I said to my parents, “Is this Zion we have been praying and singing about?” The surrounding was very uninviting. We made our beds on the hard floor. ... was pleased to find a resting place, though very humble indeed. ... Opposite our window nearby [was] a corral. Sunday morning, some young men were roping some wild steers. The language used fairly shocked me. I said to my mother, “Is this Zion?” [Next] Sunday I asked the privilege to go outside the house and see what kind of people attended meeting. As some boys passed by me, they knocked me down with snowballs. I crawled back to the house. Mother helped me in. She saw how I had been treated. She got the snow out of my neck and back. I said to mother, “Is this Zion where the pure in heart lives?” Sometimes we had food, sometimes we were short. ... I was always hungry. ... I was so thin people came to see me. Mother took off my shirt. There was nothing but skin and bones. [Langley weighed only 60 pounds in the spring of 1857.]

The following year, on September 6, 1858, Langley’s 14-year-old brother, Thomas, froze to death when his mule team was caught in a snowstorm. Edwin Holden, for whom he was working, died with him. According to Jane Bailey’s life history, “Tom’s body was returned to the sorrowing parents in Nephi and laid on the dirt floor.”

Langley remained faithful and eventually became the father of 17 children. He returned to England on a mission, served as a tithing clerk for 21 years, and as a Patriarch in the Juab Stake in his later years.

(Langley Bailey - Page 3)

In November of 1909, Langley's lifetime friend in Nephi, Mary Goble Pay, wrote the following: "I have been to a reunion. I met Brother Langley Bailey and had a good time talking over incidents of our trip across the plains. It made me feel bad. It brought it all up again. Is it wise for our children to see what their parents passed through for the gospel? Yes, I think it is." (See Mary Goble's story in Hunt company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

On November 28, 1916, Langley wrote a poignant letter to his handcart friend, Isaac Wardle. He had never forgotten the kindness shown to him by this friend in the handcart company.

Isaac J. Wardle Esq,

My Dear Most Respected Old Friend.

How are you? I was much disappointed because I did not meet you at our annual HandCart meeting.

I hope and pray that you are well in health in your old age and prospering. Very pleased to tell you I am well, getting old. This time last year I was in California. I visited Los Angeles, thence to San Diego, thence to Old Mexico, thence to San Francisco. We took lots of trips. Visited the Fair both at San Diego and San Francisco, with my wife, son and daughter and daughter's husband. We met our son at Frisco who had been to Australia on a mission. We enjoyed our trip very much.

I organized a H.C. Daughters in Nephi. I am sending you a clipping of a newspaper, thinking you would enjoy the lines I penned and wrote. Well Isaac, I have got me an automobile. We take much pleasure in it, visiting around amongst relations. You and me are in much better conditions than we were at this time 60 years ago. I can remember one morning, every tent was blowed down but ours. You did stake our tent down strong and firm.

My dear Brother, I honor and respect you much more than I can explain. You and my brother John (he was only a boy 15) hauled me in the handcart for hundreds of miles. Can I forget you? Can I ever repay for your kindness? No. No. I have just made my will. I have 6 sons & 6 daughters. I am doing right by all of them. All receive equal. I let nothing pass out of my hands until me and wife passes away. You know my second wife died. Her children receives the same as all the rest.

You know I was on a mission in England. 4 of my sons [have] been on foreign missions. Cross the deep sea. One of my sons has just gone on another mission. One of my sons is a Bishop. He seems to fill the bill well.

I will now close my dear old boy. I am writing without the use of glasses. My hand is steady. In March I will be 79. You are 81.

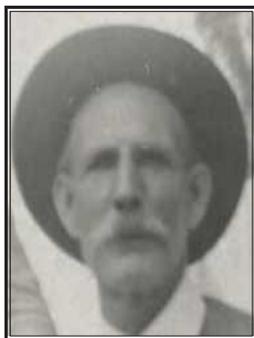
God bless you. May peace crown your latter days. Please let me hear from you. Get someone to write for you. I am yours Very Respectfully,

Langley A. Bailey

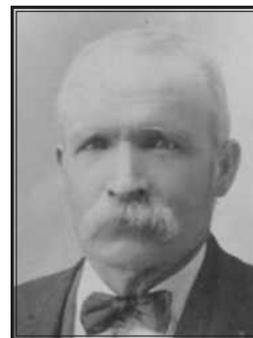
Sources: "Reminiscences and Journal of Langley Allgood Bailey," Mormon Migration website; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; Olsen, Andrew D., *The Price We Paid*, 2006; "History of Mary Goble Pay," Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; "John Bailey Sr. and Jane Allgood," family history compiled and written by Ona Peterson Howell, 2005; *Following the Pathways of Our Loved Ones: Bailey, Allgood and Associated Families*, collected and prepared by Grace Evelyn Bailey Hull, 1980; letter to Isaac Wardle courtesy David L. Bailey.



Jane Allgood Bailey



David William Bailey



John Bailey, Jr.