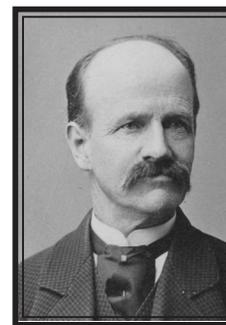


## ALBERT JONES

Born: 28 August 1839

Age: 16

Martin Handcart Company



Albert traveled to Zion with his mother, Sarah Ann Bradshaw Till Jones (age 55), and his brother, Samuel Stephen (19), or S.S. as he was known. Albert's Bradshaw grandparents were bakers by trade and were good honest people, and Sarah was the eighth of fourteen children born to them. Sarah married Robert Till in 1824 and they together had five children. Albert's half-brother, Robert Till, was the only one in this Till family to join the Church and emigrate to Utah. (1853) The Till family successfully owned and operated the Angel Inn in Middlesex, England.

In 1832, Sarah was widowed and four years later she married Samuel Jones, Sr. The family continued to run the Angel Inn. It was a good business and money saved by Sarah was used to give a good start to the Till children at their coming of age. However, Samuel and Albert were not favored with the same, for their father spent rather than saved and the business was lost. Albert wrote the following about his parents: "Father was kind to us and playful and proud of his boys. . . . I was Mother's boy but as regards that point we were all Mother's - God bless her; kind, gentle and loving allways throughout all the vicissitudes of her eventful life."

With the failure of the business, the Jones family was removed from the Angel Inn to a small cottage close by. Albert wrote that his father's spending and drinking habits "resulted in blessing [and] producing such circumstances that brought us in contact with the Gospel and then to its knowledge. . . . [The family lived here] happily for awhile [with] Father full of kindness and attention but soon my Father's great failing King Alcohol had the mastery of him again - our home was broken up [and] Father and Mother seperated."

Albert and Samuel went to boarding school and Sarah lived near her son, Robert, working as his housekeeper and assisting in his green grocer business. During this time, Robert "became acquainted with the principals of Mormonism so called and embracing the same, after considerate patience made a Convert of Mother. . . . he left the business with Mother mostly, he giving his time principally to the ministry of the Church of Jesus Christ of L.D.S. The business flourished and was a paying one." Robert was so active in his missionary labors and baptized so many converts that he became known as "Robert the Dipper." Among his converts was George Teasdale, who later became a beloved Apostle in the Church.

Sarah introduced the gospel to her Jones sons. Albert wrote: "On one of the visiting days of the School which occured twice a year, while at School on this occassion Mother brought me the first news of the Gospel and first knowledge that the Church of Jesus Christ of L.D.S. was set up upon the Earth by Revelation from God to Joseph Smith. Of course Mother had to teach the Principal this good tidings and it leaked out among the boys that my people were Mormons. After this the Principal sought every opportunity to place on my desk all the News papers containing attacks on the L.D.S. This gave me notoriety among the Boys but luckily for me I had now attained a size and age that made me the peer of any boy in School in physical Strength and my persecutions were light and ceased all together on my knocking a boy over a wheelbarrow for calling me 'old Joe Smith.'"

Samuel S. Jones was baptized 29 April 1851 at the age of 14. He baptized his brother, Albert, in August 1855, three weeks prior to Albert's 16th birthday. At the time, Albert was working and boarding with his father in London. Albert described his baptism and his father's reaction in precious detail:

## (Albert Jones - Page 2)

I well remember the pleasant and quiet Spirit which took possession of me at my Baptizm[,] a feeling and Spirit was with me which I had never sensed before (but have experienced the same since at the administration of the different ordinances of the House of the Lord which I have since received) [,] a peaceful self satisfied feeling of approbation of God and self filled my heart, which was fully consummated at my Confirmation in the Evening under the hands of George Teasdale then presiding at the Somers Town Branch . . . and tears of quiet joy fell from my eyes.

Now my Father was opposed to my Baptizm[,] I had asked him the priviledge of being baptized some three times each time being refused: when I went home to Fathers that Sunday Evening, there was something in my looks that conveyed to him that I had been baptized and when we retired for the night to our Room, we occupied the same bed, I sprang into bed as soon as undressed and was in its Centre on my knees when Father approached me with a heavy mahogany book Jack in his hand and accused me of having been dipped that day[,] I confessed, he drew the Book Jack up and it flourished in the air[,] I expecting to be martyred there like Stephen of old, it descended within a few inches of my head but I was not struck[,] Father threwed the Book Jack down[,] with a groan blew out the light and got into bed without another word.

I fully expected the blow for I knew Father was passionate but I sat there calm and serene - no fear or dread upon my mind, filled with the spirit of the Gospel and a knowledge of having been obedient to the mandate of Heaven if it did come in opposition to that of my Father and in that act I felt justified before God and my spirit approbated the act.

Less than a year later, the Jones family would leave for their Zion in the Rocky Mountains. By this time, S.S. was engaged to Lydia Hooker. She traveled with them, but they wanted to wait to marry until they could get to the Valley and be sealed in an eternal union by Priesthood authority. A young lady by the name of Mary Ann Greening also traveled with the Jones family and later married Albert's half-brother, Robert Till.<sup>1</sup> Albert said that he had visited many places of note in England, but his mind went out to America. Albert wrote about the family's decision to emigrate to Utah, about leaving his father in England and the lessons he wanted his posterity to learn:

In reflecting upon the peculiar impression wrought upon my mind[,] my Brother Samuel S. and especially my Mother at her time of life to be induced to leave her family and friends - but such is the power of the spirit of the gathering that is working . . . my whole being was filled with this spirit which was conferred by Moses upon Joseph Smith and since then has accompanied the administration of the Gospel, and is so apparent, to my understanding and knowledge in my reflecting back to those days, that I regard it as an evidence of the truth of the Gospel.

To bid my father goodbye was quite a task, I loved him, and now shed tears of sorrow at the remembrance of the darkness in which he groped - blind to the gospel and its enlightened noble principles he in his false pride would not listen - bound with the fetters of the false notions of religion he had recieved from the Society in which he lived - Father loved us boys - but through his own wayward course lost home, friends wife and Children - yet we loved him for the many noble qualities he possessed, which caused him, in his better moments to deeply regret his course . . . I bade him goodbye in sorrow, on one of the great Streets of that City and left him a lone man.

My Children[,] if this history is preserved for your reading: I pray you be guided by this lesson in the life of your Grand Parent -My Father. -Cultivate within yourselves Self control[,] learn correct principals and be guided by them. -attend to the voice of instruction[,] Suffer wrong rather than do wrong - contain within you a good Spirit and offend it not, seek for wisdom - learn quickly and surely by your own experience - following the example of the good, avoiding the example of the evil, thus avoiding trouble and sorrow, and gain peace and happiness.

On the ship *Horizon*, Sarah Jones drew the attention of Captain Reed who would often chat with her. As she was "ever commenting to him upon the principle of union and kindred subjects," he named her "Sister Unity." One day while S.S. and Albert were standing with some pieces of fried pork and hot water for Sarah's breakfast, Captain Reed took their pan and filled it from his own galley with fresh pork potatoes and an omelette and said, "Tell Mother the captain has cooked breakfast for her this morning."

The Jones family left Iowa City, Iowa, on the 26th of July 1856 and journeyed the first day about one half mile. Returning missionaries Edward Martin and Daniel Tyler were in charge of the handcart company, with Elder John Toone over the Jones' hundred. Albert said, "I took to the Hand Cart like a duck to water and the subsequent history shows that I and Mary Ann Greening were about as good a hand Cart Team as the Company contained." The following excerpts from Albert's writings give a wonderful glimpse into the experiences and feelings of this teenage boy:



Sarah Ann Bradshaw  
Till Jones

(Albert Jones - Page 3)

The train was accompanied by a large herd of Young Stock belonging to a Rich Brother by the name of Trenant [Thomas Tennant] which greatly impeded our progress. On the second days March [from Kearney] a Brother named Evans [William Edwards] put down the shafts of his Cart and layed down by the Road side on his face saying "I must die here" and die he did sure enough, causing quite a gloom in camp . . . guarding the stock and pulling hand Carts was hard work upon the men and soon commenced to tell upon them . . .

At the first fall of snow, fell a great gloom upon the Camp, a dread and fear came upon us - we boys that up to this date rendered attentions to the Girls had our Spirits checked to freezing point and the little God Cupid sped off for warmer climes. At fording the [last] crossing of the Platte the company woke the next morning finding some six inches of snow upon the ground, and so a fearful struggle from this date commences. ... The double task on the men of guarding and pulling hand Carts now became quite apparent and the women became strong in comparison to the men.

I will go back to a scene that ocured when some two or three days out from Iowa Camp Ground. I with some other boys was detailed to guard the mules some six in number I believe, off we went to our duty with a big umbrella our only weapon to defend us from any stray drops of rain, I guess none of us had use for a Gun or Pistol as we had never shot one in our lives - during the night a few drops of rain fell and as we were lying heads together under the umbrella[,] Daniel Tyler crawled up to us and listened to our conversation, and then stole away towards the mules; about this time one of our party ran up the hill side to see if the mules were safe and ran back with the alarm that a man was trying to steal the mules - without a word we ran towards the mules and there sure enough was a man stealing his way along towards the mules revealed to our View quite plainly by the light of the Moon which now came out from behind a Cloud[.] I took the lead in his direction shouting back give me the pistol, which had the effect of starting Br. Tyler to the shadow of the hills - for sure enough next morning at prayers it turned out to be him - beat at his game of getting the mules away from us to expose us[,] he very unwisely severely scolded us for not minding the mules better, and also for talking of the girls of the Camp in a manner very unbecoming[,] the latter was not the truth, now I was but a boy, and this so worked on me that I placed Mr. D Tyler and Edward Martin[,] particularly the former[,] down on my Book as Bilks and let them know it at every available occasion[,] he had touched me in a tender spot, and I could not recognize it in my boyish sense of justice[,] only with the conclusion of resenting it by a steady and cool inattention to any call, prayer or speech made by either of them and such a course of conduct I readily pursued to that extent that some years after when I met Bro. Martin in Salt Lake City in company with my Brother S.S. Jones, he asked me if "I felt like whipping him now." I told him no but I used to. ...

[I carried] a large piece of Buffalo tripe ... tied to the axle of my Hand Cart for my especial use and [it] was a great aid in keeping away the pangs of hunger: my Mother, then 55 years of age, stood the journey well, the greater portion of many nights would she spend in prayer holding on to one of the Tent Poles to steady it against the wind: for fear it should blow the Tent down. ... I stood the Trip as well probably as any individual of the camp, being of that age when no care or responsibility was upon me and as it were, my body was gathering strength for the growth I made after arriving in Utah - but my mind often reverts to the heart stricken parents who had the care of tender Children. With such responsibilities, it was a terrible ordeal and I can hardly realize the true position and suffering endured. Being the youngest of our family ... I was ... cared for and shielded by them.

At Red Butte our position was critical. After laying over here some few days, the snow on the ground and very cold, we were rescued by the gallant and brave Joseph A Young, the son of Prest Brigham Young. ... As he came down the declivity onto the bottom where our Camp was located on the light colored Mule, which was entirely [lost] sight of, for all that appeared was a man with blue wings flying to our rescue - the illusion being produced by Brother Joseph A Young wearing an old blue Government Overcoat Dragoon style with the old US Button ... enormously large in skirts and Cape - the joy of the Camp and the immediate effect his arrival had cannot be described, men and women fell on their knees, some cried, some laughed - some prostrated themselves on the Earth, others prayed aloud, giving thanks to God for deliverance. Jos A was well known to the Saints for he had trod the deck of the good Ship Horizon and helped at the embarkation of the greater number of those men and women there present and numbers more who were laid at rest in their lonely graves by the way side. (Joseph A had returned from his trip in to England this very season of 1856) he was immediately besif[e]ged by the Camp, who surrounded him asking questions thick and fast of news of coming aid from the Vallies - he immediately announced help at hand - flour at Willow Springs - and ordered the issuance of full rations of Flour that night. Now joy took hold of the Camp and prayers of thanksgiving ascended from our hearts and the Evening Hymns at prayer time were sung with some degree of the animation that characterized the services at the earlier period of our journey but yet we had a journey of [350] miles before us ere reaching Salt Lake City. And that too through Mountain passes and at such an altitude that it would be intensely cold -

Next morning we were up early and at the Bugle Call we moved off through the keen cold clear morning air. From this point Teams continued to meet us from the Vallies with Clothing, food and comforts and by the time we reached Fort Bridger we had a great number of men and Teams with supplys for our aid, but notwithstanding this there was considerable acute suffering: men, women and Children were so reduced that in some instances men and women

## (Albert Jones - Page 4)

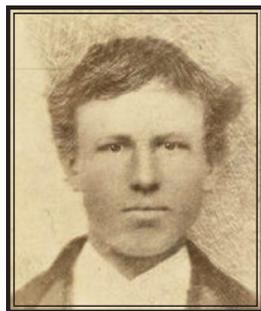
too, went for days with feet terribly frozen, without removing their boots, seemingly unconscious of any pain, their systems so reduced that the weak blood ceased to communicate to the nerves that acute pain which would have racked the system of the full fleshed and well nourished body . . .

The hand Cart that was brought the furthest West was handled by me with the aid of a Brother Brown who threw me his lariat from the horn of his saddle, and at the death of the occupant thereof was abandoned very readily by me for a seat in the wagons. The occupant was a little Scotch Sister of about fifty years of age who reduced to dysentery and general debility presented a pitiful spectacle for days as I hauled her semi-unconscious on the hand Cart, in such a condition that she could not under the circumstances be placed in a wagon - the same Sister I well remember at the crossing of the first creek after leaving Iowa Camp Ground, some of the Girls quite a number, were in a great quandary as to how to get over: in a twinkling this Sister had her Shoes and Stockings in her hand, with Skirts tucked up daintly to her knees, was in the Creek with a hop and a skip - saying "Come bonny girls, let me show you the way and dinna be afraid of showing your legs for I know you will wade more than once on the journey" - she was then full of good spirits and fun - but now alas that faith and spirit had succumbed to the cruel exposure and lack of food and her body was laid away that night to awake the resurrection of the just and faithful. ...

The Valley Boys were my companions as soon as they made their appearance - the American axe in their hands was an instrument of especial wonderment to me "how bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke." I watched with great surprize to see with what precision and rapidity their blows were delivered ... and paid silent tribute to the great adjunct and coadjutor to the cause of Civilization "The American axe" and longed for the day when the skill should be mine with which I saw it wielded. I followed these boys occasionally at our Camps, allowed the privilege of cutting off a Stick at the expense of considerable jests at my awkwardness - I sang to them round the huge Camp Fires we built and then listened to their accounts of Kanyon life untill one Evening in my admiration for their prowess I secretly vowed that I would seek to repay their kindness in coming to our rescue, by returning the same kind of pay to some other party of Emigrants, who might be caught as we were. ... I kept this Vow in the year 1862. ...

In witnessing the sick ... people get out of the wagons at the different Camp Grounds I would speculate in my mind upon their chances of life and I became a Judge of how long they would be before they would probably die, a certain lanthorn jawed, famine stricken appearance would be seen in their faces which the more plainly defined was an index of their nearer death. I remember as my Brother Samuel S was helped out of the wagon one night - I allowed him about five days to live - and had it not been for the timely efforts of Brother Eph Hanks (who particularly distinguished himself in caring for the sick of the Train) he certainly would have died, but Bro Hanks bestowed upon S.S. great care and attention and was the Saviour of my Brother to all intents and purposes.

Leaving our Luggage at Devils Gate we drove into Salt Lake City. ... all in good bodily health except S.S. who, with a frozen toe experienced severe pain - I was full of rugged health and as I stood by the wagons in Salt Lake City some good Sister brought me a large piece of cake which disappeared before my ravenous hunger in quick style - we felt to thank God, and do this day, that we lived through that perilous and tragic journey.



Robert Till, Jr.

Mary Ann Greening  
(Till)

... A new friend was on hand in the person of George W Bean of Provo[,] who the very day of our arrival drove us to ... Cottonwood, next day we met Robert, ... arriving at Provo the next afternoon unloaded at the Seminary ... where we were met by the Citizens of the place and cheered with hearty welcome and a fine supper. We all went to live with Robert. ... Here Mothers nerve gave way and she had a severe spell of sickness but recovered in a few weeks.

<sup>1</sup> Fellow traveler Patience Loader wrote about Mary Ann Greening on the morning of October 28, when the Martin company was found by express riders from the first rescue party: "The bugle sounded to call us together. The captain asked us if we was willing to come on four ounces of flour a day. All answered, 'Yes.' We had already been reduced to half pound per day. Well, we returned to our tents. I had left the remainder of the beef head cooking on the fire. The next tent to ours was Br Saml Jones and sister Mary Ann Greening was traveling with Sister Jones and family. Sister Mary Ann was at her fire cooking something. I don't know what she had to cook. I am sure she had but little. We looked around towards the Mountains and she called out, 'Oh, Patience, here is some Californians coming,' and as they got nearer to us I told her, 'No, they are not Californians. It is Br Joseph A. Young from the valley.' ... They came to our fire seeing us out there. Br Young asked, 'How many is dead or how many is alive?' I told him I could not tell. With tears streaming down his face he asked, 'Where is your captain's tent?' He then told captain Martin if he had flour enough to give us all one pound of flour each and said if there was any cattle to kill and give us one pound of beef each, saying there was plenty of provisions and clothing coming for us on the road, but tomorrow morning we must make a move from there." [edited for readability]

Sources: Jones, Albert - Diaries, MSS 346 Box 1, L. Tom Perry Special Collections Library, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah; Robert Till, Obituary, *Deseret Weekly*, Sept. 10, 1898; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; familysearch.org; Petree, Sandra Ailey, *Recollections of Past Days: The Autobiography of Patience Loader Rozsa Archer* (2006), All USU Press Publications, Book 37.