



TELL MY STORY, TOO

Jolene S. Allphin

A collection of biographical sketches of pioneers and rescuers of the Willie, Martin, Hodgett, Hunt Companies 1856

PDF Edition
2017

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A collection of biographical sketches
of pioneers and rescuers of
the Willie, Martin, Hodgett, and Hunt Companies of 1856

PDF edition

(Eighth Edition, 2nd Printing, updated and edited for digital format)

by Jolene Spendlove Allphin

Copyright Information

The stories compiled in this PDF Edition are exclusively from the Willie and Martin Handcart Companies and the Hodgett and Hunt Wagon Companies of 1856 and their rescuers. Not all of these pioneers or rescuers are represented with stories, but their names are all included in the Index of names at the back of this book. The biographical sketches are taken from many sources, including diaries, journals, reference volumes, letters, oral traditions, family histories and personal stories shared with the author by descendants and other relatives of these pioneers.

The individual biographies in this book may be copied for use by LDS Stakes and Wards, families and others who wish to take a copy of an individual's story along while visiting the sacred rescue and other landmark sites along the Mormon Pioneer Trail. The purpose of doing this would be to place oneself in a position to feel and ponder the circumstances and experiences of an individual pioneer's life as he or she faced challenges, and imagine oneself to represent that person. Copies may also be made for incidental home or Church use.

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Jolene Spendlove Allphin
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(See story of Rhoda Rebecca Oakey, Willie company)

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FOREWORD
(8th edition, 2012)

In the fall of 2004, when I went to Martin’s Cove for the first time, I felt a powerful stirring within. All my life I had been satisfied with the two-minute version of the Willie and Martin handcart story. Within hours, that changed. I felt a compelling desire to know more about these pioneers who had embarked for Zion so courageously, who had suffered so terribly, who had endured so faithfully, and who in many cases had given their lives. Who were they? How did they develop such strong qualities of faith and determination? What became of those who survived? Had most of their individual stories faded into history?

After leaving Martin’s Cove, a friend and I stopped at the gas station in Muddy Gap. What we found there was almost too good to be true: a book titled *Tell My Story, Too*, by Jolene Allphin, which provided over 200 biographies of these pioneers and their rescuers. My friend bought books for both of us and later bought a case of books to give to others. As I began reading these stories, the Willie and Martin handcart “companies” became individuals I grew to know and love. They taught powerful lessons about faith, obedience, sacrifice, and endurance. Reading these stories launched my own study of the handcart pioneers and my subsequent writing about them.

During the years since I first read *Tell My Story, Too*, I have collaborated with Jolene many times on handcart research. The depth and breadth of her knowledge of the handcart story—and especially of the people—are unparalleled. Her research is thorough, and her stories come from the heart. Where possible, she uses first-person accounts from these pioneers—so you can hear their voices—as well as accounts from descendants who knew them.

This eighth edition of *Tell My Story, Too*, adds 39 new biographies to what was already the most comprehensive source of information about members of the Willie and Martin handcart companies, the Hodgett and Hunt wagon companies, and their rescuers. Among the new stories, you can read about 10-year-old Jane Brice, who remained faithful even after her mother died on the trail and her father returned to England soon after arriving in Utah. You can also read about Robert Pierce, who traveled more than 600 miles on crutches, and the remarkable reminiscence of George Housley, who was inclined to stop in Iowa City but continued because of the faith of his mother. This edition includes numerous new stories of women whose faith and determination helped them overcome nearly every kind of adversity—women such as Sarah Choules, Elizabeth Robinson, and Alice Brooks. This edition also includes new stories of members of the Hunt and Hodgett companies, such as the families of David Bowen and Lars Madsen.

Among the new biographies of the rescuers are those of William H. Kimball, who led the Willie company to Salt Lake City after the rescuers found them, and those of Seth Blair, Noah Brimhall, and Elijah Maxfield. This edition also tells about the little-known but essential rescue efforts of the men at Fort Bridger and Fort Supply. These sacrifices are outlined in new biographies of Lewis Robison and John Pulsipher. Many biographies have been updated, including George D. Grant’s, which now includes a transcription of the letter he wrote to Brigham Young from Devil’s Gate. It is one of the most poignant writings in all the handcart literature. Another important letter new to this edition is one that Langley Bailey wrote to Isaac Wardle, expressing gratitude for pulling him hundreds of miles in a handcart—and written 60 years later.

Whether these Saints are our direct ancestors or not, we all share in the spiritual heritage they have left. Their faith, courage, and determination have inspired millions. In *Tell My Story, Too*, you can learn why. Find strength to endure your own adversities as you see how they endured theirs. Learn to take the long view as you see sacrifices rewarded, sometimes years or generations later. Come to recognize the hand of God in your own life as you see it working among these Saints in their extremity. Settle in and make some new friends. Meet some new heroes and heroines. They’re on every page.

DEDICATION

I dedicate this edition of *Tell My Story, Too* to Elizabeth Cummings Reid of the Willie Handcart Company. She has shown me how to have faith to put the pan on the fire, with an expectation of what will happen “when the kettle boils.”

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to express thanks to all those individuals who have assisted and encouraged me over the last sixteen years of publishing *Tell My Story, Too*. My husband, Michael, and his cousin, Sherryl Fowers, have been untiring “cheerleaders” without whom this book would not exist. Andrew Olsen has been more than generous with his efforts to assist me with the eighth edition, and his steady encouragement has been invaluable. LaKay Weber and her daughter, Laura K. Anderson, have likewise given many hours of assistance with the 8th edition. The in-depth research and analysis currently being accomplished by Laura and her husband, Craig, have brought more accuracy to the handcart story and will yield even more accuracy in the future as work continues. I am grateful for the friendship, help and support of Evelyn Henriksen, Dorene Lloyd, Joanne Baird and Doug Pay. Doug taught me to “cheer up” and his sisters continue to show me how. A particular debt of gratitude goes to Julie Rogers. Her visualization of the people and stories in this book has produced masterpieces of art that continue to inspire and uplift.

I take full responsibility for the gathering, compiling writing and publishing of stories for this pdf edition. I am grateful to those descendants who are willing to make available the journals and biographies of their ancestors. Many of those are available through the wonderful resources of the International Society Daughters of Utah Pioneers, the Church History and Family History libraries, and the L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University. I am grateful for their accessibility.

As stories have been retold through the generations, some inaccuracies have been repeated. I have corrected those which are verifiably incorrect as I have found them and had time to accomplish ongoing research. These errors are typically insignificant details in light of the greater story of faith in Christ, sacrifice and courage, and the desire engendered in the reader to emulate these virtues.

Marjorie Pay Hinckley said of her grandmother, Mary Goble (Pay), of the Hunt Wagon Company, “I know that day will come when I will see her. How could I face her if I have not tried to build on the foundation she laid? I am grateful to be a granddaughter of Mary Goble Pay, as well as the descendant of many others who crossed the plains. Their stories provide light and inspiration for my own journey. We all share in the heritage they gave us.” (*Church News*, April 21, 2001)

In 1999 I was called by my Stake leaders to find a biography for each “trekker” to carry on his or her re-enactment trek for the summer of 2000. This work has evolved from that original assignment. With requests and encouragement from many people, I began this work in book form. I have created this book at my own expense, and sold it at a price which reflects only my related expenses as I have no desire to be paid for my time or to profit therefrom.

The title of this book comes from experiences which are sacred to me. As I collect and write stories for new editions, I eventually have to reach a stopping point. But I may never stop searching for their stories. I know I will never stop being thankful for the foundation of faith laid by these pioneers. They are the ones who I feel continue to plead, “Tell my story, too.”

Jolene Allphin, December 2017

Author's Note and 1856 story overview:

Brigham Young organized and incorporated The Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company (PEF) in 1850. All of the donations to this fund were voluntary. The Fund's objective is found in a letter from President Young to the Presiding Bishop of the Church:

When the Saints thus helped arrive here they will give their obligations to the Church to refund the amount of what they received, and as fast as they can procure the necessaries of life, and a surplus, that surplus will be applied to liquidating their debt and thereby increasing the Perpetual Fund. ... These funds are designed to increase until Israel is gathered from all nations, and the poor can sit under their own vines, and inhabit their own homes, and worship God in Zion.

Approximately 85,000 converts came to Utah with the help of the Fund. The Church had a shipping agency in Liverpool and a managing conductor to receive the emigrants at the United States ports. The Church also had agents at outfitting posts at the end of the current railroad line and other places, working to outfit and equip the people for their journey across the plains. In the years just before the handcart migration, the Church spent about \$200,000 every year.

The handcart experiment was proposed in a document entitled "Thirteenth General Epistle," dated October 1855. Following are excerpts from this "call to Zion:"

Let all things be done in order, and let all the Saints, who can, gather up for Zion, and come while the way is open before them; let the poor also come, whether they receive aid or not from the Fund; let them come on foot, with handcarts or wheel barrows; let them gird up their loins and walk through, and nothing shall hinder or stay them.

In regard to the foreign immigration another year, let them pursue the northern route from Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, and land at Iowa city or the then terminus of the railroad; there let them be provided with hand-carts, on which to draw their provisions and clothing, then walk and draw them, thereby saving the immense expense every year for teams and outfit for crossing the plains. [The Saints had previously traveled to the port at New Orleans and then to St. Louis area where rampant cholera regularly took its toll.]

We are sanguine that such a trail will out-travel any oxteam that can be started. They should have a few good cows to furnish milk, and a few beef cattle to drive and butcher as they may need. In this way, the expense, risk, loss, and perplexity of teams will be obviated, and the Saints will more effectually escape the scenes of distress, anguish, and death which have often laid so many of our brethren and sisters in the dust.

We propose sending men of faith and experience, with some suitable instructions, to some proper out-fitting point, to carry into effect the above suggestions; let the Saints, therefore, who intend to immigrate the ensuing year, understand that they are expected to walk and draw their luggage across the plains, and that they will be assisted by the Fund in no other way.

If any apostatize in consequence of this regulation, so much the better, for it is far better that such deny the faith before they start, than to do so for a more trifling cause after they get here; and if they have not faith enough to undertake this job, and accomplish it too, they have not faith sufficient to endure with the Saints in Zion, the celestial law which leads to exaltation and eternal lives.

If this project is once fairly tested, and proves as successful as we have no doubt it will, the main expense of the immigration will be avoided, consequently thousands more than heretofore can receive assistance. Therefore, Saints and all returning Elders who undertake to come through with companies, consider this subject and prepare yourselves accordingly.

Brigham Young
Heber C. Kimball
Jedediah M. Grant

Five handcart companies of approximately 1,900 people total traveled from Iowa City, Iowa, to Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1856. This part of their journey was over 1300 miles. The first three companies had few problems and arrived safely. The Willie and Martin Handcart Companies and the Hodgett and Hunt Wagon Companies were late in leaving Iowa City and were faced with severe winter storms beginning October 19, 1856. Other delays had also impeded their progress before the fiercely cold weather stopped them completely. Rescuers sent from Salt Lake City by Brigham Young finally found all of the "lost" companies. They were literally starving and stranded on the high plains of present day Wyoming.

While the main purpose of this book is to present individual biographies to be used for families and trek reenactments, it is helpful to be familiar with some context of these stories. The most valuable, comprehensive and accurate must-read is *The Price We Paid* by Andrew D. Olsen.

Overview:

I. History that is prelude to the organization of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, such as apostasy, reformation, the First Vision of Joseph Smith, the Restoration, and the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, can best be learned from official Church sources. Official websites for the Church are www.lds.org and www.mormon.org. The four standard works of the Church are: *The Holy Bible*, *The Book of Mormon: Another Testament of Jesus Christ*, *The Doctrine & Covenants* and *The Pearl of Great Price*.

II. The “Gathering” is an official doctrine of the Church. In the 19th and much of the 20th centuries, this included a physical gathering to the main body of Latter-day Saints. One main reason for this was so the Church could build temples wherein the members could perform sacred ordinances for themselves and their deceased ancestors. As Church membership and temples have expanded worldwide, members now “build up Zion” in their own homelands and communities, gathering to their own established stakes and districts. Other purposes of gathering to a central location during the pioneering phase of the Church was so members could strengthen each other and find refuge and protection. (See *History of the Church*, 5:423-24 and *Ensign*, Nov. 1992, 71.)

III. These biographies will often note the practice of polygamy among the early Church members. The following is given as brief and official Church statements regarding this practice as published in the Gospel Doctrine teacher’s manual, *Doctrine and Covenants and Church History*, 182:

In the Book of Mormon, the prophet Jacob taught: “For there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife. ... [But] if I will, saith the Lord of Hosts, raise up seed unto me, I will command my people; otherwise they shall hearken unto these things” (Jacob 2:27, 30). At various times throughout biblical history, the Lord commanded people to practice plural marriage. For example, He gave this commandment to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, David, and Solomon (see D&C 132:1).

In this dispensation, the Lord commanded some of the early Saints to practice plural marriage. The Prophet Joseph Smith and those closest to him, including Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, were challenged by this command, but they obeyed it. Church leaders regulated the practice. Those entering into it had to be authorized to do so, and the marriages had to be performed through the sealing power of the priesthood.

In 1890, President Wilford Woodruff received a revelation that the leaders of the Church should cease teaching the practice of plural marriage (Official Declaration 1, pages 291-2 in the Doctrine and Covenants; see also the excerpts from addresses by President Woodruff that immediately follow Official Declaration 1).

In 1998, President Gordon B. Hinckley made the following statement about the Church’s position on plural marriage: “This Church has nothing whatever to do with those practicing polygamy. They are not members of this Church. . . . If any of our members are found to be practicing plural marriage, they are excommunicated, the most serious penalty the Church can impose. Not only are those so involved in direct violation of the civil law, they are in violation of the law of this Church” (in Conference Report, Oct. 1998, 92; or *Ensign*, Nov. 1998, 71).

IV. From its earliest beginnings, the Church has had an active and worldwide missionary program. Most new converts gathered to the main body of the Church as soon as possible after their baptisms. The majority of the Saints in the Willie Handcart Company left Liverpool, England, on the ship *Thornton* on May 4, 1856. The majority of the Martin Handcart Company members left on May 25, 1856 aboard the *Horizon*. Many in the two wagon companies were also on these ships.

V. The following is a general chronological outline of the four pioneer companies and their rescuers. It is neither detailed nor comprehensive. The map on pg. ix was published in 1855:

14 June - *Thornton* arrives in New York.

26 June - Willie arrives Iowa City to prepare for trek.

1 July - *Horizon* arrives in Boston.

8 July - Martin arrives in Iowa City.

15 July - Willie leaves Iowa City with about 500 people - travels 300 miles to Florence, Nebraska.

28 July - Martin leaves Iowa City as 2 contingents (Martin and Haven); Hodgett and Hunt Companies are in close proximity throughout the trek to Salt Lake.

11 Aug - Willie arrives in Florence, and 2 days later votes on whether to continue to Utah that season or wait. Returning missionary and sub-captain over 100, Levi Savage, warns against continuing, but the vote is in support of going to Utah that season. Levi promises to support and sustain the company in every way. About 20 people with independent wagons join the Willie Company here.

18 Aug - Willie leaves Florence with about 400 people.

22 Aug - Martin and Haven arrive in Florence and combine companies under Martin. Apostle Franklin D. Richards and other missionaries returning to Utah meet with Martin Company and discuss wisdom in continuing that season. Martin Company votes to go on.

25 Aug - Martin and Hunt leave Florence.

2 Sep - Hodgett leaves Florence. Martin has about 600 people; Hodgett and Hunt have about 400.

3-4 Sep - Willie loses many oxen overnight during a severe storm. They have experienced a buffalo stampede during the day, which had further encouraged the cattle to leave. They spend several days looking for the lost cattle with no success. 100-pound bags of flour and other provisions are loaded onto handcarts as milk cows and heifers are hitched to the provision wagons.

7 Sep - F.D. Richards party visits Martin on the trail, gives encouragement, then moves quickly westward in light wagons.

12 Sep - F.D. Richards party meets Willie at N. Bluff Fork (Platte River) and are very concerned about their weakened condition due to the loss of cattle. They offer encouragement and blessings.

Mid-Sep - Nights are getting colder, but days are still warm.

30 Sep - 1 Oct - Willie arrives at Ft. Laramie (now Wyoming). Resupply items are short. F.D. Richards has left a letter informing them that more provisions will meet them at South Pass. Martin, Hodgett and Hunt are near Chimney Rock.

2 Oct - Apostle Parley P. Pratt and other east-bound travelers visit Willie. Willie reduces flour rations from 16 ounces to 12 ounces per day for adults.

4 Oct - Richards and party arrive in SLC and report to Brigham Young. Temperature in SLC - upper 70's; on the plains - "hot."

5 Oct - Brigham Young makes urgent call for rescuers to go and assist the immigrants. "I feel disposed to be as speedy as possible in our operations with regard to helping our brethren who are now on the plains, consequently, I shall call upon the people forthwith for the help that is needed. I want them to give in their names this morning, if they are ready to start on their journey tomorrow morning, and not say, 'I will go next week, or in ten days, or in a fortnight hence,' for I wish you to start tomorrow morning." (Remarks by Brigham Young, Bowery, forenoon of Oct. 5, 1856, in "Remarks," *Deseret News*, 15 Oct. 1856, 256.)

6 Oct - First day of semi-annual conference. Volunteers gather in Brigham Young's office for counsel and priesthood blessings. Several of these are missionaries who had just returned Oct 4.

7 Oct - Hunt Company has oxen stampede, killing 1 woman. Advance rescue party camps at Big Mountain, sustains George D. Grant as their captain.

8 Oct - Best ox in Willie train dies. Teams weak; older people failing, but Willie travels 15 miles in good weather. Rescue party encounters snow in East Canyon.

9-10 Oct - Willie arrives at last crossing of Platte (near present day Casper, Wyoming); procures 37 buffalo robes purchased by F.D. Richards at Platte Bridge trading post (about 5 miles before reaching last crossing). Martin, Hodgett, Hunt arrive at Ft. Laramie.

12 Oct - Willie at Avenue of Rocks; night is cold; rescue party reaches Ft. Bridger.

13 Oct - Brigham Young sets out to meet the handcarts, driven by teamster, Arza Hinckley; They reach East Canyon Creek where Brigham becomes too ill to travel. Arza eventually returns Brigham to Salt Lake City, then returns east on the rescue.

14 Oct - Willie at Independence Rock; "Weather splendid"; many sick. Four-man express team sent ahead from rescue party to find the people and report help on the way. Cyrus Wheelock, Joseph A. Young, Steven Taylor and Abel Garr ride with instructions to go no further than Devil's Gate. (Other rescue parties are continuing to go out from SLC for the next 8 weeks until the last of them are shoveling deep snow in the canyons to bring the wagons through.)

15 Oct - Willie reduces flour rations from 12 ounces to 10 for men. Rescue party discouraged at no sign of the people and some suggest turning back, thinking the companies must have stopped somewhere for the winter. Some supplies stored.

16 Oct - Martin reduces flour rations from 1 pound to 12 ounces per adult. Rescuers at Big Sandy (present-day Farson, Wyoming).

17 Oct - Martin near Deer Creek - baggage reduced from 17 to 10 pounds for adults, 5 pounds for children. Blankets and clothing discarded and burned. Rescuers at Little Sandy report "looks like storm."

18 Oct - Rescuer Reddick Allred is left 2 to 3 miles east of South Pass to establish a supply camp with some extra wagons and men for guard. Willie at 5th crossing of Sweetwater near present-day Jeffery City, Wyoming. Express riders near Rocky Ridge.

19 Oct - Major storm hits all companies and rescuers about midnight. This is the first snow for the emigrant companies. Express meets Willie about noon, gives encouragement, a few supplies, and information that more help is close behind them. Willie issues last flour rations. Martin experiences "snow, sleet, hail, and wind" at last crossing of N. Platte River near present-day Casper, Wyoming. (Called "Upper Crossing" - the Church had operated a ferry at this site a few years previously, but it was no longer in use. Ft. Casper was not built here until 1865. There was a toll bridge that they had passed about 5 miles before, but the toll was too high for them to afford it. It was known as "Richard's Bridge" and was located by a small trading post sometimes called "Ft. Bridge.") Many members of Martin, Hodgett and Hunt assist others across the Platte at great sacrifice. Hunt remains on south side of river. Allred's South Pass station "on the Sweetwater" is reinforced by 3 wagons and 6 men.

20 Oct - Snow becoming deep. James Willie and Joseph Elder leave their company to find the rescuers' camp. Rescuers are seeking shelter from the storm south of the trail in thicket of willows. Rescuer Harvey Cluff hikes through the storm to place a signboard pointing to their camp. That night, Willie and Elder see the signboard, which "does the work of salvation." Allred is coaxed by some at his camp to go back to SLC, but he refuses. Some do turn their teams around and head back to Ft. Bridger. Martin and Hodgett move only 3½ miles through 1 foot of snow. Rations reduced again.

21 Oct - Willie and Elder return to their company with rescue party of about 16 wagons. Relief administered by the "Valley Boys." Martin, Hodgett and Hunt unable to travel.

22 Oct - Captain Grant takes “a good portion of the teams” (about 10 wagons) on to meet the rear companies. Rescuer William Kimball and a few others stay to help Willie, travel about 10 miles with wind “bleak and cold, and firewood very scarce.” Kimball sends messengers to Allred’s camp with instructions to meet them with supplies at Rock Creek. Martin and Hodgett unable to move. More snow. Hunt crosses the Platte and camps on other side.

23 Oct - Willie ascends Rocky Ridge in snow storm with “wind hard from the northwest” and travels 15 miles to Rock Creek camp. The last of the immigrants arrive on the 24th about 5:00 a.m. Thirteen or fourteen people die during this time period. Martin moves 5 - 6 miles to “Red Buttes” camp at Bessemer Bend of the N. Platte River. More snow. Hodgett is nearby. Hunt still camped at crossing, detained by snow. Their cattle are fed leaves and bark from felled trees. Rescuers with Captain Grant do not travel this day due to snow.

24 Oct - Allred arrives at Willie camp at Rock Creek. The dead are buried in common grave. No traveling this day for any of the companies. Rescue party camps near Split Rock. Express party at Devil’s Gate awaiting instruction from Captain Grant.

25 Oct - Willie buries 2 more at Rock Creek, then travels to last crossing of Sweetwater. Allred remains at his supply camp. Weather is warmer for all parties, but Hunt, Hodgett and Martin still unable to move. Martin reduces flour rations to 8 ounces for adults and 4 ounces for children.

27 Oct - Rescue wagons at Devil’s Gate; express riders Joseph A. Young, Abel Garr, and Daniel W. Jones sent on to find Martin, Hodgett and Hunt. Martin Company immigrants believe death is imminent and show by raised hands that they are willing to lay down their lives for the gospel’s sake. (See beginning of Martin Company section of *Tell My Story, Too.*)

28 Oct - Express arrives at Red Buttes camp of Martin and Hodgett. They distribute a few supplies, give orders to be ready to move in morning, then travel to Hunt camp at river.

30-31 Oct - Willie at Green River. Young, Jones and Garr express return to Devil’s Gate and report finding the last companies; rescuers immediately start wagons east and meet the Martin Company at Greasewood Creek. Hodgett close by. Hunt at Bessemer Bend.

2 Nov - Willie at Ft. Bridger. Willie journal: “Ephraim Hanks passed our camp this morning, bringing news from the Valley of many teams being on the road, & that he was going on to the rear companies to meet them.”

3 Nov - Joseph A. Young and Abel Garr leave on express ride to SLC. (They arrive on Nov 13 at 4:00 a.m., report, then go back on the trail again.)

4 Nov - Willie near Bear River, meeting more rescuers regularly, William H. Kimball and Thomas Brown leave Willie to take express to SLC. Martin moves across Sweetwater into cove about 2 miles from Devil’s Gate. Hodgett begins storing baggage from wagons at Devil’s Gate.

5 Nov - Hunt arrives at Devil’s Gate. Martin and rescuers with them reduce flour rations to 4 ounces per adult, 2 ounces per child.

6 Nov - Temperature at Devil’s Gate plunges to 11 below zero. Hunt and Hodgett continue unloading wagons.

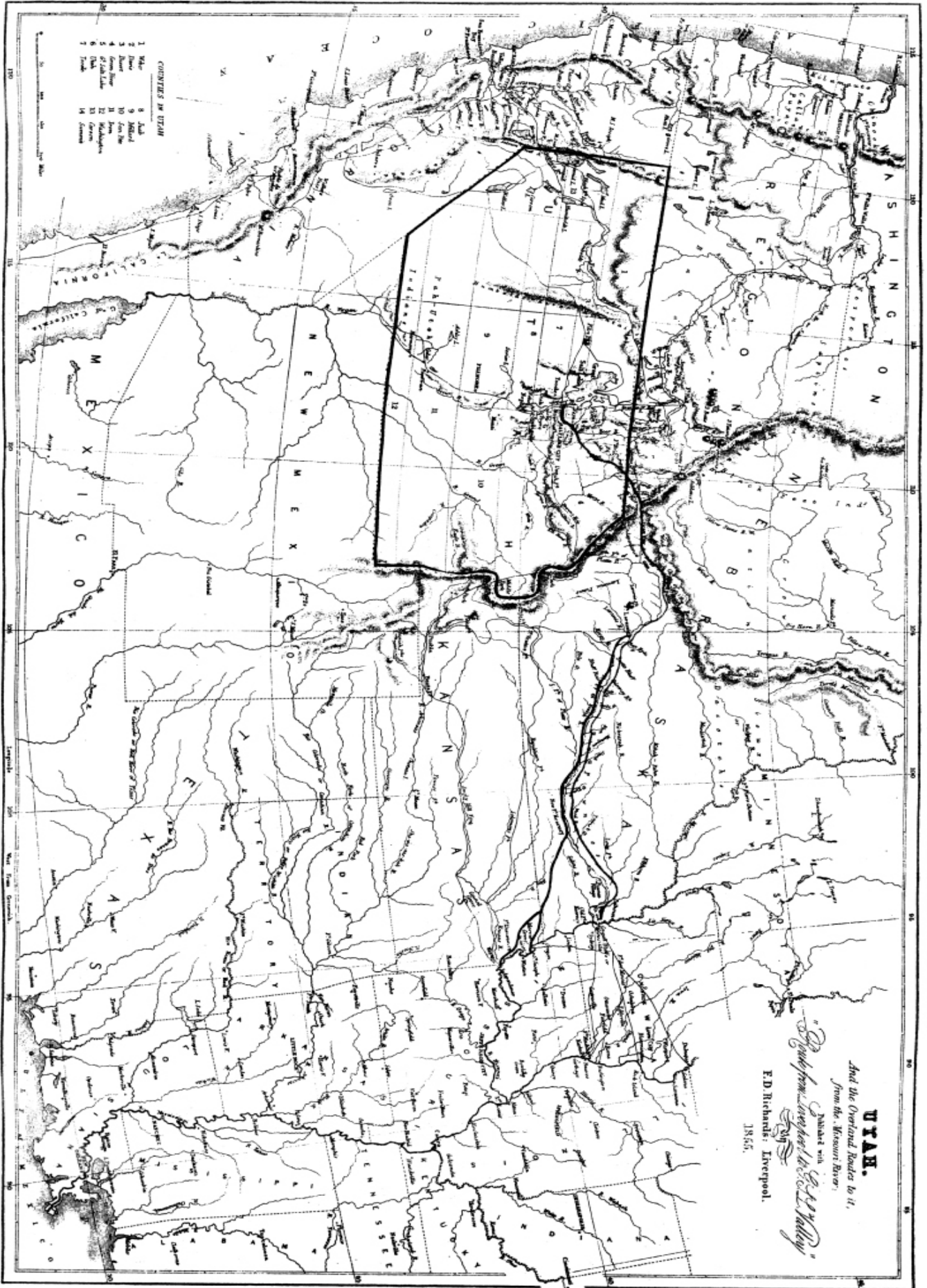
9 Nov - Willie arrives in SLC. Martin leaves cove, and moves out with Hodgett. Hunt continues unloading. Many belongings left at Devil’s Gate through the winter. Dan Jones and others stay to guard the goods and nearly starve through the winter.

10-11 Nov - Ephraim Hanks and Arza Hinckley meet Martin and Hodgett with buffalo meat and begin ministering to the people.

16 Nov - Anson Call’s group of rescue wagons arrive for rear companies. Martin crosses Rocky Ridge. Rations are raised back to 1 lb. per adult.

17 Nov - Rescue wagons continue arriving for rest of trip.

30 Nov - Martin Company arrives in Salt Lake City. Captain Grant’s brother, President Jedediah M. Grant of First Presidency, dies the next day. Wagon companies arrive in Valley up to Dec 15.



CONVENTS IN UTAH

1	Walt	9	Asah
2	David	10	Abel
3	James	11	John
4	George	12	William
5	Charles	13	Thomas
6	John	14	James

UTAH.
*And the Overland Routes to it,
 from the Missouri River.*
 Published with *W. H. H. H. H.*
and *W. H. H. H. H.*
 by *E. D. Richards*, Liverpool.
 1855.

WILLIE COMPANY

1856

“ . . . and I will take you one of a city,
and two of a family,
and I will bring you to Zion.”

Jeremiah 3:14

“Rock Creek is sacred and holy ground. ... How tremendous their heroism in the face of odds that are almost impossible to understand. ... In terms of self-sacrifice, in terms of courage, in terms of faith, in terms of facing up to adversity, there is no greater example in the history of this nation. ... We have a great inheritance ... a tremendous responsibility to live up to it. God bless us to be faithful, to be true to that which meant so much to those who died here.”

Gordon B. Hinckley

(From dedication of the bronze monument and granite marker with names of thirteen people buried at Rock Creek)

If I had my life to live over again, I would not want to avoid any of the hardships that I have passed through. I would not want it any different. - Mary Hurren (Wight)

JOHAN AUGUST AHMANSON

Born: 7 Nov 1827 Sweden

Age: 28

Willie Handcart Co.

Johan Ahmanson served as a counselor to President James Willie aboard the ship *Thornton* as it sailed from Liverpool to New York with most members of the soon-to-be Willie handcart company aboard. His specific responsibility was for approximately one hundred Danish Saints. Upon reaching Iowa City, he was also assigned to assist them in the handcart company:¹

Upon our arrival in Iowa City a team of Mormons was found busily engaged in constructing a kind of two-wheeled vehicle ... Emigrants of larger means naturally preferred to travel in the customary way, and that is what I did as well. But F[ranklin] D. Richards [European mission president] had requested me to escort the indigent Danes² with their train of handcarts, since I was the only one of them who had any competence in English. After I had arranged for my wife to go with a conventional train of vehicles with which a portion of the Danish emigrants had joined,³ I also fulfilled that request of his, even though it was obvious that that journey would prove extremely difficult. ... The honor connected with this post was slight, and the advantages even less than that. That is, it led to my having to drive the [provision] wagon myself with the three yoke of oxen, none of the others seemed able to drive it,⁴ and that is also a difficult piece of work besides, when one has no reins to guide the animals with, but only a long whip and certain stereotyped expressions in ox-language.

After the Willie company reached Florence, Nebraska Territory, in mid-August, a meeting was held to determine the wisdom of continuing the next 1,000 miles to Salt Lake that season. Several of the leaders addressed the issue, and the people voted to continue. Ahmanson wrote that one of the emigration leaders, “George Kimball,” promised he would “stuff into his mouth all the snow they would ever get to see on their journey to the valleys!”⁵ Shortly after this meeting at Florence, the Willie company suffered their first major setback. Ahmanson wrote:

Our journey went quite well until the third of September, but on that day an unhappy event took place there which later on caused us much suffering and the death of many men. It was already evening when we made camp, and the darkness was intensified still more by a fearful storm which raged on through the whole night. Shortly before the storm broke loose, many of us heard a strange noise which seemed like the sound of wagons driving swiftly by; but since nothing like that showed itself, we assumed that it originated from a passing herd of buffalo, and we went to sleep. The next morning it appeared that in the meantime twenty-two oxen, the majority of our draught animals, had disappeared, and their very tracks had been obliterated by the rain. It often happens in these extensive plains, where the animals seem to recall something of their original wildness, that oxen, mules, and horses when frightened suddenly dash off as if possessed.⁶ If one can follow after them immediately on a good horse until they come to a halt through exhaustion, then he may sometimes get them back; but it is impossible to halt them before that. Such a flight of animals is called a “stampede.” We never saw the oxen again, even though we waited three days to look for them. There were now only twelve oxen left, except for the slaughter cattle previously mentioned, which consisted of cows and calves. We were now forced to try, even though it did little good, to employ these as draught animals. The end result was that some of the provisions had to be loaded on the handcarts and in that fashion we resumed our journey; but progress was slow, very slow indeed.

The first winter storm came to the Willie company on October 19, the same day they received word from express riders that rescue wagons were close at hand. Those 14 or 16 wagons reached the Willie company two days later, but ten of them had to push on to locate the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies. The Willie people had to wait a little longer to meet more wagons.

On the 23rd of October, the Willie company crossed the Rocky Ridge to the next camp at Rock Creek in a storm. Johan wrote that this day “came to an end, but not until two hours after it had become dark, did we [the Danish hundred] arrive. ... We came to the campsite where the earlier arrivals had already kindled a fire and set up their tents. By midnight the last Utah wagon came in; but since several of the handcarts were still missing, some of the wagons were sent off to help them, and it was 4:30 a.m. when the last of them returned. The next morning ... fourteen emigrants were found frozen dead in our camp. ... Two more died later on in the day.

Johan went on to write about his resentment toward “George Kimball” and how he

(Johan August Ahmanson - Page 2)

threatened to present a complaint against him to Brigham Young. He also wrote that more lives would have been saved “if from Salt Lake City, where our sorrowful condition was well known, Brigham Young had sent the one relief train after the other in order to bring us in.”

In reality, Brigham Young did continue to send one relief train after another to bring the people in. Beginning on October 5, and continuing for nine weeks, Brigham made many public and private calls for rescue, before the weather was bad out on the plains, and before he knew the emigrants’ whereabouts. When the first group of rescuers left the Salt Lake Valley, they hoped to meet the latecomers near Green River, but the last trains were more than twice that distance away. Most members of the first rescue party were gone at least 2 ½ months; others remained at Devil’s Gate the entire winter, guarding the property left behind there in order to get the emigrants to the Valley more quickly. Ahmanson’s account continued to speak of much bitterness and sarcasm toward Brigham Young and other Church leaders. Ahmanson and his family left the Church and Utah only five months after their arrival. They returned to Florence where the 1880 census lists Johan’s occupation as “doctor.” Johan concluded his narrative of the emigration with an account of his wife’s arrival with the Hodgett wagon company as follows:

[The] Company to which my wife belonged arrived at Salt Lake City ... in a condition (if possible) even worse than our own. ... It was one of the severest winters ever known. The snow lay a foot deep in the valleys and about two or three feet on the mountains. I had been very anxious about my wife and little son and tried in every way to get myself sent out with a departing relief train to meet them, but in vain. I only succeeded in sending a buffalo hide and a little coffee and sugar with the wagons which were supposed to bring them to them. The buffalo hide she received, but nothing else. On the seventeenth of December I went personally to meet the wagon company and reached them at the base of Little Mountains. Who could describe my joy at finding both of my dear ones in the best of health? Forgotten were the hardships of the journey and the long separation, and joyfully we drove in to Zion.

As hundreds of rescuers continued to go to the mountains for six weeks after Johan arrived, it is difficult to understand how he was unable to go with them. Johan did not leave a legacy in “Zion” to remember his name, but it is hoped that his service in the Willie handcart company was appreciated by many of his Danish associates.

Sources: Ahmanson, John, *Secret History*, 1876, 27-36, translated by Gleason L. Archer, 1984; Lyman, Paul D., *The Willie Handcart Company*, 2006; “Journal of Peter Madsen,” Tove Holden Jorgensen Johnson translation, 2006 publication and copyright by Paul D. Lyman, original journal in Church archives.

¹Johan continued to serve his group of Danish Saints as an interpreter. Because he was still recognized as a missionary or “Elder,” he also gave counsel at some of the meetings. However, Neils Lars Christiansen, had been appointed to oversee the 1856 Danish emigration and was the actual Elder in charge. Neils had been with the camp at Iowa City until June 2, then left to gather up the remaining Danes at St. Louis, Mormon Grove, and other outfitting points along the Missouri River. He returned to the Willie company on August 18 to resume his leadership role. The Willie company journal records: Aug. 19, “Prest. Willie appointed Bro. Niels Lars Christiansen, interpreter and Counsellor to the Danish Saints and obtained a unanimous vote from the Camp.”; Sept. 4, “Captain Christianson”; Sept. 5, “Captain Christianson.” Brigham Young had called Christiansen earlier in the year to go to Missouri to replace Jens C. Nielsen, who had been the presiding Elder over the Danish Saints in that area. Nielsen’s diary is currently (2012) being transcribed for publication at tellmystorytoo.com.

²The handcart method of travel was far less expensive than outfitting with a wagon train. However, all of the Danish emigrants in the Willie handcart company were not “indigent.” There were several wealthy families in this group that paid for their own and others’ emigration, then gave the rest of their wealth to the Church emigration fund.

³Grethe Sophie Ahmanson, and son, Jacob, traveled with the Hodgett wagon company. They left Iowa City on July 30, two weeks after Johan.

⁴There was a shortage of teamsters in 1856. Other families were also split between the companies for this reason.

⁵Johan appears to be referring to William H. Kimball, although he could have meant George D. Grant. Kimball had been away from his family on a mission in England since 1853, and returned to the United States in March 1856. He did not go directly to Utah, but had been working tirelessly on behalf of the emigrants until this August meeting. On October 7, three days after William reached Salt Lake that year, he turned around and went back on the trail with the first group of rescuers called by Brigham Young. These men were led by George D. Grant, another newly returned missionary and emigration agent. Kimball subsequently captained the Willie company into the Valley and assisted them in every way. Johan Ahmanson critically referred to Kimball as “the snow prophet.” (See Grant and Kimball in rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

⁶Pioneer accounts are replete with evidences of this stated difficulty of handling teams, the dangers of unruly animals, and stampedes caused by buffalo or other reasons. One woman in the Hunt Wagon Company died as a result of an oxen stampede brought about by a broken yoke. (See Adelaide Walters in Hunt wagon company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.) Many other wagon company journals also indicate injury and deaths due to problems with the animals. In the “Thirteenth General Epistle” Brigham Young outlined the purpose of the handcart plan: “The expense, risk, loss, and perplexity of teams will be obviated, and the Saints will more effectually escape the scenes of distress, anguish, and death which have often laid so many of our brethren and sisters in the dust.”

NIELS ANDERSON

Born: 1815 Denmark (Died October 24, 1856, buried in the common grave at Rock Creek)

Age: 41

Willie Handcart Company

Niels was a sturdy farmer from Denmark, traveling with his wife, Mette, age 49, and his fourteen-year-old step-daughter, Anna Olsen. After pulling their handcart nearly 1,000 miles from Iowa City, the Andersons and the stranded Willie company were finally met by rescue wagons on October 21, 1856. We learn of Niels' service to his family from the history of Johan Ahmanson, who was a teamster and translator for the Scandinavian Saints in the Willie company:

“There was a Dane named Niels Andersen, who had shown himself during almost the entire trip to be one of the strongest and bravest in the entire train. He had often loaded his fourteen-year-old daughter on his cart when she was tired, and yet he still drove ahead just as happily with her. But more recently he had been attacked by dysentery, which had begun to spread to an alarming extent. By this day it had befallen [Niels], and his wife had to pull their cart by herself. Naturally she had fallen behind, and I therefore gave her a helping hand until we reached our camp location. It went pretty well that way, but we could not overtake the caravan. It was just about noon however, when we came up to her husband, who was tottering along the road and seemed as helpless as a child. He broke out with heartrending lamentation when he saw us. His wife comforted him as well as she could and gave him some food, which he ate ravenously. We stopped in order to wait for some wagons that were still farther behind, to have them pick him up as they drove by. Finally [Levi] Savage came, the captain of the [rear] wagons, with a[n] ox-drawn wagon; but he refused to take Niels Andersen up because the wagon, as he said, was already overloaded. [Savage wrote of the wagons: “They being perfectly loaded down with the sick and children, so thickly stacked I was fearful some would smother.”] After a serious discussion with me, and after he had become convinced by personal examination of him that the man could walk no farther, he brought himself after all to pick him up. This day of forced marching also came to an end, but not until two hours after it had become dark, did we arrive, in company with one of the Utah wagons with which we had caught up. We came to the campsite where the earlier arrivals had already kindled a fire and set up their tents. By midnight the last Utah wagon came in; but since several of the handcarts were still missing, some of the wagons were sent off to help them, and it was 4:30 a.m. when the last of them returned. The next morning, which was therefore October twenty-fourth, fourteen emigrants were found frozen dead in our camp, among whom was Niels Andersen. Two more died later on in the day. They were all buried in a large rectangular grave, which because of the cold had to be dug out in the ground by oxen.”¹

Robert Reeder of the Willie Company described this common grave this way: “All the able-bodied men dug one large grave, but not too deep. ... They were laid away in the clothes they wore, in a circle with feet to center and heads out. We covered them with willows and then earth and slid rocks down the hill to keep the wolves from disturbing them. Two of the men who helped dig the grave died and were buried in another nearby.”

The circular grave may indicate the likelihood of a tent being set up or a fire on the site the previous evening. In that way, the ground would not be so frozen, and easier to dig.

Niels' heartbroken wife and daughter continued on with their friends and rescuers and arrived safely in the Valley.

Sources: Ahmanson, *Secret History*, (1876), Archer translation, 1984, pgs. 33-34; Levi Savage Diary, L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, BYU, Provo, Utah; Autobiography of Robert Reeder, Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files, Salt Lake City, Utah.

¹There are discrepancies in the various accounts as to the number of people buried in the large common grave at Rock Creek Hollow. The official Willie company journal records 13. Like Ahmanson, several others record 14. Descriptions of the grave also vary widely.

MILLEN ATWOOD

Born: 24 May 1817 Connecticut
 Age: 39
 Willie Handcart Company



Millen Atwood grew up with much responsibility, as his father had poor health and required almost constant assistance with the family farm. In 1840, Millen heard a Mormon missionary, Elder Joseph T. Ball, preach at the home of a neighbor. He instantly became a believer in the principles of the gospel as taught by the elder, saying, “Something got down into me that has never gone out since.” He was baptized at Nauvoo in the Mississippi River on August 2, 1841. He served his first mission in April 1842. Upon returning he worked on the temple and the Nauvoo House, and made wagons for the exodus of the Saints.

From 1846 through 1848, Millen fulfilled many assignments in helping the first group of pioneers across the plains, going back and forth between Nauvoo and camps along the trail. He made one of these trips in February 1847 from Winter Quarters to Mount Pisgah and described it years after the handcart immigration as “the hardest journey [he] ever undertook.”

Millen was one of the large contingent of missionaries called to serve in England and other foreign countries in 1852. Millen served in Scotland and England. He left behind his wife, Relief, and toddler, Abby Angenett, and the grave of his oldest daughter, Relief Ellinora, age 3.

Millen served as a counselor to James Willie on their return to Utah in 1856, presiding over one hundred people in the company. He was a hard-working, dedicated and well-liked leader. Millen helped calm the Saints when they reached Florence, Nebraska, in mid-August, and realized that they had a serious decision to make—whether to continue on the last 1,000 miles so late in the season, or try to winter over somewhere. After Levi Savage, another sub-captain over a hundred, spoke to the company and recommended not continuing that year, he was severely chastised for lack of faith. According to Savage, Millen Atwood then arose and “spoke mildly, and to the purpos[e]. Said that he [Atwood] had been edified in what had been said, &c. he exhorted the Saints to pray to God and get a revilation, and know for themselves whether [they] should go or stay, &c for it was their privilige to know for themselves. The meeting dismissed, all manifesting a good feeling and Spirit.”

Two nights previous to this meeting, Levi had already confided his concerns to Millen, and recorded his response in his diary: “Brother Atwood said to me last night, that since he had been a member of this Church, with all of his experience, he had never been placed in a position where things appear so dark to him, as it does to undertake to take this company through at this late season of the year.”

Millen Atwood’s leadership and encouragement later helped save the life of Andrew Smith. On the 23rd of October, the Saints were crossing Rocky Ridge in a blizzard. Andrew had gone up and down the steep slopes so many times carrying others on his back and assisting with their handcarts that Millen finally cried out to him, “Hold on there, Andrew boy, hold on there. You’ve done enough, my boy. The Lord knows you’ve done enough!” Descendants of Andrew Smith today treasure the photograph of Millen featured in this story, and provided it to the author. Millen arrived in Salt Lake on November 9, 1856, and spoke at the Tabernacle one week later. Excerpts from this talk are quite exuberant in their positive tones:

I never enjoyed myself better than in crossing the plains in a hand cart company. The Spirit of the Lord did accompany us and the brethren and sisters enlivened the journey by singing the songs of Zion. They would travel 16, 18, 20, 23, or 24 miles a day and come into camp rejoicing, build their fires, get their suppers, rest, and rise fresh and invigorated in the morning. I have seen some so tired in England, after traveling only 5 or 6 miles to a conference, that they would have to go to bed and be nursed for a week. We stimulated the hand cart companies with the words of Brother Brigham [Young], which went through me like lightning. He said, “If they would rise up in the name of the Lord, nothing doubting, no power should stop them in their progress to reach this place.” It was in his words that they trusted to perform the journey, and they were determined to see his words fulfilled.

(Millen Atwood - Page 2)

I have walked day by day by the side of the hand carts as they were rolling, and when the people would get weary I have seen them by dozens on their knees by the road side crying to the Lord for strength, and there are scores now in this city who walked from Iowa City to Fort Bridger, and some who were weak and feeble at the start grew stronger every day. So long as you kept the bundle on the hand cart and stimulated them to lay hold of it, they were filled with the Holy Spirit and it seemed as though angels nerved them with strength; we could out-travel the cattle and might have camped 15 miles ahead of them every night if we had had the provisions with us. I told Brother Brigham that I believed we could beat ox, horse, or mule teams. The gentiles prophesied as we came along that we should never see the Valleys of the Mountains, and laughed us to scorn, and ridiculed the idea of men and women's traversing 1200 miles with hand carts, and they marveled to see the Saints travel on so cheerfully. I said to them, "I defy you and your rulers, with all your gold, to gather up a set of men, women and children that will travel with hand carts. You have not the influence to do that, but when Brother Brigham speaks the word, see how they go."

They were astonished, and wanted to know what kind of a doctrine we preached to them to make them willing to undertake such a task. I told them that we administered the same kind of medicine to all, and it united them together. ... Some that met us would gaze on us, and tears would run down their cheeks, while we were smiling, laughing and singing, and wondered what they were crying for; but after they had been two or three days with us, they would tell us that they had altered their notions. I am in for hand carts, any way; and if I had a father or mother in old Babylon I would like to see them roll a hand cart across the plains.

I am glad that I went on my mission, and that I have done as I was told. ... The majority of the people that have come with us have done about as we have told them, and in that they have prospered. We have been united. ... I was surprised when I saw the relief wagons loaded with garments, stockings, shoes, blankets and quilts that had been liberally contributed ... to minister to us. I never saw the like, and I marveled and wondered where it all came from.

Millen served in many positions of sacrifice and trust throughout his life in the Church and community, including Bishop of the Salt Lake City Thirteenth Ward. In *History of Utah*, Orson Whitney's concluding remarks about Millen Atwood indicate that "Bishop Atwood [had] a rich vein of humor which expressed itself in quaintest forms on all occasions. It was the manner as much as the matter of his sayings that made them humorous, and the former, of course, cannot be reproduced. Steadfast as a rock in his convictions, he once remarked in the hearing of the writer, 'You can't kick some people out of the Church; they won't go; but others you can feed on pies, plum puddings and pigs, and they'll apostatize.'"

The necessity of Millen's early years to support his family precluded him from receiving much education. When Church President Heber J. Grant was about 18 years old, he heard "Bishop Millen Atwood preach a sermon." As Grant was studying grammar at the time, he wrote down Millen's first sentence, smiled and said to himself: "I am going to get here tonight, during the thirty minutes that Brother Atwood speaks, enough material [to correct] to last me for the entire winter in my night school grammar class." Grant then said: "But I did not write anything more after that first sentence—not a word; and when Millen Atwood stopped preaching, tears were rolling down my cheeks, tears of gratitude and thanksgiving that welled up in my eyes because of the marvelous testimony which that man bore of the divine mission of Joseph Smith, the prophet of God, and of the wonderful inspiration that attended the prophet in all his labors. Although it is now more than sixty-five years since I listened to that sermon, it is just as vivid today, and the sensations and feelings that I had are just as fixed with me as they were the day I heard it. Do you know, I would no more have thought of using those sentences in which he had made grammatical mistakes than I would think of standing up in a class and profaning the name of God. That testimony made the first profound impression that was ever made upon my heart and soul of the divine mission of the prophet. I had heard many testimonies that had pleased me and made their impression, but this was the first testimony that had melted me to tears under the inspiration of the Spirit of God to that man."

In Orson Whitney's biography, he wrote about Millen's service in the Willie company: "His splendid courage, rare endurance, and fatherly kindness to his fellow travelers during that terrible experience is still remembered and eulogized by survivors of the same."

Sources: Heber J. Grant, 2004 Priesthood/Relief Society Manual, pages 1-3, as quoted at www.livingprophet.info; Kimball, Solomon F., "The Hero of Linister," *Improvement Era*, Jan. 1913; Levi Savage diary; *History of Utah* by Orson F. Whitney, 55-57; familysearch.org; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; See biographies of Andrew Smith, Betsy Smith (not related to Andrew), and Emily Hill in Willie section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

JOHN BAILEY

Born: 7 April 1804 (Died upon arriving in Salt Lake, Nov. 9, 1856)

Age: 51

Willie Handcart Company



Mary Elizabeth (Betsy)
Bailey (Steed)

John Bailey was traveling with his wife, Elizabeth (age 50), his daughter, Mary Elizabeth (17), Sarah Steed (20), Ellen Jones (6), and possibly Jacob Jones (13). Elizabeth Bailey died on October 23/24 and was buried in the common grave at Rock Creek.

Sarah Steed's uncle, Thomas Steed, who had been a friend of the Bailey family in England, had sent for her. Thomas was one of the valiant men who came to their rescue. Thomas wrote:

"In the latter part of October, 1856, with a number of others, I started on the road to meet the handcart Companies. It was late in the season and we had a pretty rough time. We met the first Company [Willie] one day's drive east of Ft. Bridger; the sight I shall never forget: they looked like Indians from afar. They had encountered a severe snowstorm down on the Sweet Water, a most bitter cold to endure; in consequence a great many laid down their bodies to rest in death, worn out with the toils and hardships of the journey and many others were frost bitten very bad. I could not refrain from tears when I beheld the scene that surrounded me.

Here I met my niece, Sarah E. Steed, my brother John's only child; I had sent for her from England. Thanks to the mercy of Providence she was in good health, although a lame girl, aged about 20 years. With them was also Brother John Bailey whom I had known in England, and his daughter, Mary Elizabeth, who later became my second wife. Brother Bailey was so severely frost bitten that his daughter had to carry him. I calculated to return with these to the Valley. I had come for that very purpose; but there was another Company farther back and Brother Wm. Kimball, who was in charge of the teams, wished me to let others take care of my friends and accompany the teamsters who went after the last Company.¹ We wept together when I had to tell them of that decision. My poor friend [John] Bailey died in arriving to Salt Lake.

We traveled on until we came to the last crossing of the Big Sandy, going East, but could not see nor hear from them. Here we had a very severe snow storm and concluded to send two men down to the Sweet Water to see if any intelligence could be obtained; but the storm was so violent that the two men returned at night to us. Capt. Amussen concluded to fall back unto Green River where about 50 teams were stopping. In the morning [John] Van Cott and C[laudius V.] Spencer started back for the Valley; the rest followed until we got as far as Fort Bridger and here halted for a few days, waiting to see if we could hear from the Company. In four days an express arrived, telling that those people were down at the Sweet Water. We harnessed up and started and met them about ten miles East of the Pacific Springs. They were in a very sad condition; a great many badly frozen. We used all the care and attention we could to make them as comfortable as possible. My only blanket I gave to a sick girl to keep her warm. We made good headway towards the Valley and arrived on the 30th of November, thankful that the Lord had brought us safely through the cold and snow to our families. ... I became acquainted with ... Elizabeth Bailey [and she was] sealed to me in the End[owment] House, on the 27th of March, 1857. ... John Bailey, father of Betsy, was born 7th April, 1804, in Eng., and died of the hardships endured in the Hand Cart Company, on his arrival in Salt Lake the 9th Nov., 1856.

Mary Elizabeth gave birth to her only child, a son named James John Steed, on May 31, 1862. In May 1876, Mary Elizabeth passed away at 37 years of age. She is buried in Farmington, Utah. Thomas was serving a mission in New Zealand at the time of her death.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files, Salt Lake City, Utah; Farmington History Museum, Farmington, Utah; familysearch.org; *The Life of Thomas Steed, from his own diary, 1826-1910*, pgs. 22-24. (This book was presented to the Church Historian's office August 12, 1935, by M. Cecilia G. Steed. This diary transcription regarding the rescue differs slightly from the way it was recorded in Journal History of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 30 Nov. 1856, 58-59.)

¹William H. Kimball was with the first group of rescuers that met the Willie Company on October 21. He then took over as captain of the Willie Company back to Salt Lake City. He met Thomas Steed near Fort Bridger and asked him to continue east to meet the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies.

MARY ANN FENN BIRD

Born: 1811 in Billington, Bedfordshire, England

Age: 45

Willie Handcart Company



Sarah Bird



Martha Ann Bird

Mary Ann Fenn and her husband, Fredrick Otto Bird, were married in November 1832 and went to live in the small village of Eaton Brae at Bedfordshire, England. Here they began their family, which eventually included eight children. All but one lived to adulthood.

Mary Ann and Fredrick were baptized members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on 8 April 1847. The Bird family planned to gather to Zion, but Fredrick died in 1854. Mary Ann and her seven children continued to work toward their goal and were finally able to emigrate in 1856, leaving England aboard the ship *Thornton*. Her children were Ann (age 19), Sabina (17), Ezra (15), Martha Ann (12), Sarah (10), Susannah (8), and William Fredrick (5).

After reaching Iowa City, the family worked hard while the handcarts were being readied for their trip. Ann and Sabina hired out to work for a nearby family. During this time the girls became acquainted with some young men they took a liking to. These young men tried to talk Mary Ann out of her decision to continue on to Utah, but she was determined, saying she “had left all and made the sacrifice to go to Zion.”

Four days after leaving Iowa City, the two young men who had tried to dissuade Mary Ann followed the Willie company in a buggy and tried one more time. Mary Ann stayed firm in her faith to continue her journey but did consent to allow Ann and Sabina to go for a buggy ride with the boys on the promise they would be brought back that evening. Ann and Sabina never returned and Mary Ann was faced with one of the most critical decisions of her life. She put her trust in God and moved forward with faith. This also meant a great deal of extra work for Mary Ann in pulling the handcart and looking after her small children.

Mary Ann often lagged in the rear of the company and was late to camp. She surely spent many a night in mourning, wondering how her daughters in Iowa were faring. Nevertheless, Mary Ann’s strong faith and determination sustained her family, and they all arrived safely in Zion. Putting the hardships of the journey behind them, the family made their home in Provo and went to work again. Mary Ann was experienced in making straw hats, so she began that occupation again when she was well enough. She and her daughters gathered their straw from a farm near the Provo River owned by Ezekial Kellogg, whom Mary Ann married one year later.

Mary Ann suffered the rest of her life from the injuries sustained on her legs and feet while crossing the plains. Her descendants report that she still had sores on her legs when she died and her feet never did fully recover from the frostbite. Nevertheless, this brave widow was grateful to have seen five of her children safely to Zion. She was a quiet and reserved woman, but had a wonderful singing voice and sang at many parties along with her daughters. She remained faithful to the gospel to the end of her life in 1865. She is an ancestor of Elder John Fenn who has served as a missionary with his wife at the Mormon Handcart Historic Sites in Wyoming. At the conclusion of their missionary service, they also served for two years as directors at what is now the Wyoming Mormon Trail Mission that includes the Historic Sites.

In 1875, Ann and Sabina came to Utah to visit their siblings. Ann had married Milo Mitchell, and Sabina had married Edward D. Smith – the two young men with whom they went riding. The girls both reportedly had large families of 10 children each.

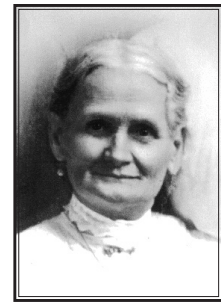
Sources: History of Mary Ann Fenn Bird by William Clayton (her granddaughter’s husband), and other family records in files of Jolene Allphin.

AGNES CALDWELL

Born: February 22, 1847 in Glasgow, Scotland

Age: 9

Willie Handcart Company



Agnes came from Scotland with her widowed mother, Margaret Ann (age 39), and siblings, Robert (16), Thomas (14), and Elizabeth (11). Also traveling with the family was Christina McNeil (24) who worked for the Caldwell family after fleeing her abusive home. Agnes recorded: “I have no memory of my father, as before my birth he set sail for the Canadian borders. He had visited with his parents [in Canada] and was on his way to the United States to investigate the feasibility of bringing his family to America or Canada. His parents notified mother about the news that he was lost at sea. His name was neither on the list of those saved or those lost. ... You can well imagine it was no easy thing for mother to make a living for a family of five, three boys and two girls. Necessarily, I was brought up in the strictest economy. The Mormon Elders visited us from time to time as preparations were going on for our departure to the great Rocky Mountains and the bosom of the Church. To this end my mother was bending every effort to prepare herself and family to emigrate. I have often marveled at the faith and courage of my mother in undertaking to forsake her all to be with the Saints.

“When not far from the time of departure, my oldest brother, William, in company with his pals, were passing a recruiting station. In the spirit of bravado and banter [they] dared each other to enlist [and] as a result they all found themselves in the Scottish army. Can you imagine the grief and sorrow it brought to my mother and all of us? I fancy you mothers at this time with your boys across the water, fighting for their country, [in World War I] can in part sympathize with the ache in my mother’s heart. Torn between a faith in the gospel she knew was true, and the thought if she went with the Saints to the mountains she must leave her boy behind. Every effort was put forth to obtain his release but to no avail. So disheartened had he become with the thought of being left behind, he stole away trying to desert. [It was] a very unwise thing to do, but to what extent we sometimes go for the love of our dear ones. But of course, he was recaptured and we had to leave him to serve his full enlistment.”

After more than nine years of hoping, planning and saving, the Caldwells finally emigrated, as Agnes stated, “for the promised land,” and began “the noted tramp across the desert waste.” A few days out, Thomas Caldwell was lassoing a wild cow to be milked when his foot became tangled in the rope. He was thrown on his shoulder, dragged quite a distance, and broke his collarbone. Agnes’ mother now had a heavier burden in pulling the handcart. Agnes said, “I can yet close my eyes and see everything in panoramic precision before me - the ceaseless walking, walking, ever to remain in my memory. Many times I would become so tired and, childlike, would hang on the cart, only to be gently pushed away. Then I would throw myself by the side of the road and cry. Then realizing they were all passing me by, I would jump to my feet and make an extra run to catch up.”

Agnes remembers coming to a section of country inhabited by rattlesnakes. She and her friend, Mary Hurren, held hands and jumped over them. Agnes said, “It seemed to me we were jumping for more than a mile. Due to the protecting hand of the Lord, we were not harmed.”

When rations were reduced, Agnes remembers that they did not suffer as much from hunger due to her Mother’s careful and frugal planning. Margaret had sold a quilt and a bedspread in Iowa City for twenty-four cents and saved the money to buy food. She had traded trinkets with Indians for dried meat. Agnes said, “One very cold night, some young men were on guard. Mother prepared some meat broth, thickened with flour, and a little salt; she gave each one of the young men a half pint. They often declared it saved their lives.”

As the rescue wagons arrived, Agnes hoped to be able to ride, but the wagons were first filled with the sick and aged. Agnes and other children “decided to see how long we could keep up with the wagons, in hopes of being asked to ride ... One by one they all fell out until I was the last one remaining. After what seemed the longest run I ever made ... the driver, who was [Brother] Kimball, called to me, ‘Say sissy, would you like a ride?’ I answered in my very best manner, ‘Yes sir.’ At this he reached over, taking my hand, clucking to his horses to make me run, with legs that seemed to me could run no farther. On we went, to what to me seemed miles. What went through my head at that time was that he was the meanest man that ever lived or that I had ever heard of,

(Agnes Caldwell - Page 2)

and other things that would not be a credit nor would it look well coming from one so young. Just at what seemed the breaking point, he stopped. Taking a blanket, he wrapped me up and lay me in the bottom of the wagon, warm and comfortable. Here I had time to change my mind, as I surely did, knowing full well by doing this he saved me from freezing when taken into the wagon.”

Upon arrival in the Valley, Elizabeth Caldwell had two toes amputated due to frostbite. The family moved to Brigham City, where Agnes married Chester Southworth and had 13 children. They pioneered in Brigham City, Utah, Idaho, Canada, and California, where Chester died in 1910. Agnes then returned to Brigham City and said, “Here I have enjoyed the acquaintanceship of my youth and girlhood. I enjoy going to my meetings. I enjoy seeing my old friends, talking over old times that were full of happiness in spite of our many hardships. At a Relief Society Conference in the Tabernacle I was called to the stand. Here in my meekness and humility, I bore my testimony as to the truthfulness of God’s great work.”

Agnes died September 11, 1924, at the age of 77, having been a widow for fourteen years. Two of her daughters, Veara Fife and Jeana Miller, wrote the following of her:

Our mother was slight of nature and ... weighed 96 pounds when she was married at age 18. After raising her family of 13 children she still weighed 96 pounds and could stand under her husband’s outstretched arm. Her carriage was graceful - she held herself straight and erect - and she was both dainty and refined. Her language was well chosen and she never tolerated anything on the ludicrous side nor would she participate in an off-color story, use slang words, or take the name of the Lord in vain. If anyone else did any of these things she would get up and leave the room without comment when the conversation did not meet with her standard. She chose not to be a bearer of tales, but loved people and made many friends. She was always friendly and our friends always enjoyed being around her. ... She read the newspapers and kept abreast of the times. She had an excellent memory and could tell much of our government’s historical involvements. She was especially interested in history and frequently read the school books of her children as well as other histories, particularly histories and biographies related to the Church and its leaders. She was very accurate with details and could relate almost day-by-day the happenings during the handcart journey and remember almost all of the members of the group. She could also tell of many happenings in her native Scotland, including her baptism at the Bridge of Weir.

Although she had quite an even disposition and was not taken to ‘ups and downs’ she could be most frank at times. Because of her Scottish background, we would say she had given us a ‘Scotch blessing’ or lecture whenever we were reprimanded. ... Her nose was slender with a straight bridge and her ears were quite large with a long ear lobe that lay back near her head. When she was a young girl she had her ears pierced and she used the same gold earrings until they finally wore through her ear lobes. (Note pictures.)

The following talk was given by Agnes in her Canadian Ward Relief Society:

The source of cheerfulness is hope. The supply of cheerfulness comes through faith. We can do a great deal if we are living as we should. Then we can go to our Heavenly Father in all confidence knowing that he answers prayers. Then we go to Him humble and sincere, believing that we will get that which we desire, if it is for our good, then is the time we will get that which we ask for. We can certainly be cheerful and thankful if we keep his spirit with us at all times. We should be cheerful at all times, knowing that no other spirit will creep in on us if we are on our guard.

Faith and hope go together. If we did not have faith and hope, how sad indeed we would be. We must strive continuously to keep that spirit of cheerfulness with us at all times. Where there is cheerfulness there is happiness and love in the home. How nice it is to go into a home where unity and cheerfulness are with each member - the father, the mother and each of the children. You see it in their faces. Each one is trying to please each other. In a home where cheerfulness does not abide, you do not care to go into this home. Do you not feel much better when you leave the cheerful home?

Did you ever know how many of us complain unthinkingly? We complain about the weather. We complain about the seasons. It is either too hot or too cold. Did it ever occur to you that our Father in Heaven rules over all and does all things well. This reminds me of a lady who stayed overnight with me. She had to go by team eight miles before she got her train. It was just pouring down rain that morning. As she was going, I said I was sorry it was such a bad morning. Think how I felt, me being a Latter-day Saint and she a non-Mormon, when she said, “The Lord does everything well.” I commenced to think how ungrateful I was of the Lord’s blessings. I started right then trying to be more conscious of the Lord’s blessings by trying to be more grateful, cheerful and uncomplaining.

Sources: “Life Sketch of Margaret Ann McFall Caldwell,” (autobiography); DUP history files, “A Word Picture of our mother, Agnes Caldwell Southworth,” by Veara S. Fife and Jeana S. Miller; “Biography of Agnes Caldwell,” (autobiography, with added poem by Rosilla E.S. Osborn); “Short Sketch of Thomas Caldwell,” (autobiography); interview with Lorraine Thatcher, January 2003, by Jolene Allphin; interview with Norda Fife Emmett, February 2003, by Jolene Allphin; photos and autobiographies courtesy of Norda Fife Emmett; photo of Elizabeth in Daughters of Utah Pioneers files. (See tellmystorytoo.com and *Follow Me To Zion*, by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, for more and for Julie Rogers artwork depicting this family.)

MARGARET ANN MCFALL CALDWELL

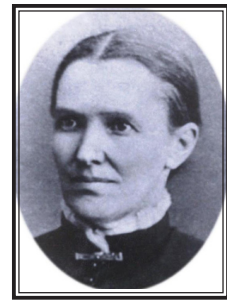
Born: 13 Aug 1816 Carron Kirk Giants Causeway,
Antrim, Ireland

Age: 39

Willie Handcart Company



Margaret Ann Caldwell



Elizabeth Caldwell

Margaret Ann was presumably widowed nine years before she came to America from Scotland with four of her children, Robert (age 16), Thomas (14), Elizabeth (11) and Agnes (9). The account of her journey to Utah in 1856 is told in her autobiography from which the following excerpts are taken:

We joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. My husband left soon after for Canada where his folks had moved. He had gone with the idea of looking over the countries both in Canada and Utah ... before sending for his family. The ship he was to have taken was sunk, but his name was neither on those sunk or those who were saved. Of course there was no way we could get more information. I went on with plans to save money to take my little family to Utah to join the Saints.

I tried to be industrious, thrifty and most of all courageous. I believe I was blessed with wisdom, foresight and strength to carry on through the hardships I would be called to meet. I ran a boarding house where the LDS missionaries were always welcome along with my regular boarders. I was quite impressed with the thought that some way I might someday be able to save enough to take me and my family to Utah to join the Saints. I labored diligently and soon had enough . . . Then my oldest son did a very foolish thing - he joined the Scottish army. No matter how hard we tried we could not get his release. As we had our passage arranged for, there was nothing we could do but leave him. He was really a sorry boy. Christina McNeil, a young girl I had befriended, was working for me. She was happy to join our family. Her mother was a drunkard and only came to see her daughter when she needed money. With my little family and Christina, we left for Liverpool in April 1856.

On the first of May, Capt. Collins received the Saints, 704 in number, in the Brammerly Moore Docks, Liverpool, England. On the following Saturday, May 4, 1856, accompanied by the Government inspector and a doctor, President F. D. Richards came on board the ship. Here the Saints answered to the usual inspection and all were pronounced to be in good health. President Richards then appointed James G. Willie to be Captain of the group. ... Elders Millen Atwood, Moses Cough [Cluff], John A. Adamson were counselors. He told the people to observe the strictest obedience to assure them a prosperous journey. He then blessed them in the name of the Lord and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood. Capt. Willie then cautioned as to cleanliness and order and at 3:00 a.m., May 4, 1856, we went out of the river, into the Bay and on into the ocean. We were assigned to lower between decks ... June 14, 1856, the ship docked in New York harbor. We landed at Castle Gardens, which is now Ellis Island.

Here we started out to find an LDS Sunday School. It was extremely hot for walking. We ... were well on our way when Christina's nose started bleeding and, try as we would, we could not stop the bleeding. In fact it was to no avail. Finally I administered to her as she had always shown a great deal of faith in the power of healing and administering to the sick. Since I had been left alone with my family and through the journey I seemed to be blessed with the power of healing and administration to the sick. This blessing seemed to stay with me, even after moving to Brigham City. Whenever I was called to help with the sick I seemed to bring peace and hope to all.

On Tuesday, June 17, 1856, the Company left New York, under the Presidency of Levi Savage, for Dunkirk, a distance of 400 miles. Brother Willie and Brother Atwood stayed in New York to transact some business and came later by train. We then went 200 miles to Toledo and from Toledo to Chicago. Most of the English went by rail on the 20th of June from Rock Island by way of Bond Creek, crossed the Mississippi River, and continued on by rail to Iowa City, where we stayed until July 15th. Here we celebrated the 4th of July with the American flag flying and gave thanks for our new adopted Country.

Brother [Daniel] Spencer appointed Brother Willie to be Captain of the Fourth Handcart Company [of 1856], which consisted mostly of passengers of the ship *Thornton*. This company consisted of 500 persons, 120 handcarts, 5 wagons, 24 oxen, and 45 beef cattle. Elders Millen Atwood, John Chislett, Levi Savage, William Atwood [Woodward], and John A[hmanson] were appointed to be in charge of groups of 100. I, with my little family, was assigned to William Atwood. [The Caldwell's were apparently part of William Woodward's hundred prior to Florence, then moved to Millen Atwood's hundred for the rest of the journey.] The third group were principally Scottish, the fifth group Scandinavian, and there was another group that was mostly English. Each hundred had five round tents with 20 persons assigned to each tent. One handcart was allotted to heads of a family. My oldest son, age 16, was chosen as driver of a supply wagon. Each person was limited to 17 pounds of clothing and bedding. There were five mules in this group. I had had sewing experience so I was assigned to help with the tents.

At the Army Trading Post, Christina had quite an experience. An Army Officer told us in all sincerity of the cold weather we would encounter and he predicted that none of us would ever reach the Salt Lake Valley alive. He wanted Christina to stay with him, promising her most anything, and telling her she was much too pretty to freeze and be buried on the prairie. Her faith was strong enough to resist all of his offers and she said she would take her chances along with the others. Although I was a widow I was blessed with foresight and wisdom in packing for the trip. Divine guidance seemed to be with me in all of my decisions. I was led to take only things necessary for extreme emergencies, leaving things of great bulk behind or trading them for more useful things.

On the 18th of August we left camp and commenced in real earnest the journey across the plains, traveling about 18 miles each day, including the crossing of the Elkhorn River. On the 26th of August we came to a large camp of Omaha Indians who were very friendly. I was on the alert and traded small articles or trinkets for buffalo meat, finding friends where I least expected.

The handcarts were frail because the wood had been too green. As the wood dried we had to stop to mend things so we could travel fewer miles each day. After becoming accustomed to walking, it wasn't too bad. On the fourth of September we were 268 miles west of Florence, Nebraska. The Cheyennes and Arapahos were doing great damage to a small company on their way to California but we were lucky and they didn't bother us. The first frost came on the 17th day of September.

While in Florence, some old Texas cows were brought for the people to milk. My son, Thomas, was holding one for a young girl to milk when it broke and ran, catching Thomas' foot in the rope and throwing him to the ground. When he released the rope the cow turned and stepped on him, breaking his collar bone. Gangrene later set in. This took some time to heal and left me to pull the handcart alone.

Our group met a group of about 100 Saints who had apostatized and were on their way back East on September 28, 1856. In spite of the many trials we were called upon to endure, my faith kept me well and strong for the entire journey. Each day our rations were reduced. Starvation was inevitable. On the 30th of September we arrived at Fort Laramie and on the 12th of October our rations were fixed at ten and one half ounces of flour for men and 9 ounces for women, 6 ounces for children and 3 ounces for babies. Provisions had all been given out and used; children were crying for bread. For 3 days we were snowed in with very little food. I boiled a small piece of buffalo meat, seasoned it with salt crackers, and thickened it with a little flour and then divided it with a number who were desperately in need of food. Again the Lord seemed to endow me with an abundance of strength and endurance. My daughter, Elizabeth, had her toes frozen and because of the continuous irritation of walking, her toes were later amputated from one foot when we reached Salt Lake Valley.

Still, I had much to be thankful for. There were so many lives lost on that perilous journey. The most disastrous day was encountered crossing Rocky Ridge. ... fifteen died from exposure and were placed in one shallow grave. On the 20th of October the rescue wagons came with provisions. [This was actually the 21st of October.] William Kimball and G[eorge] D. Grant brought flour, onions, and clothing. The Saints praised God for their timely delivery. More help came later and on the first of November part of the rescue teams went on to help the Martin Company which was behind us and in very dire need.

Margaret married Nathaniel Bennett after arriving in Utah. They first lived in Mill Creek and then Brigham City. One of Margaret's granddaughters, Veara Southworth Fife, lived to be 99 years old. Veara said that she did not want to live to be 100. In 1980, at the age of 84, Veara had both legs amputated just below the knees due to poor circulation. She continued with her vigorous name extraction, temple and genealogy work, even though she was in a wheelchair for 15 years. Veara, like her mother, Agnes, and grandmother, Margaret, strongly believed in cheerfulness. Her children say she never complained. She was seen as a last link to her mother and grandmother who had crossed the plains with the Willie handcart company. Consequently, relatives and friends visited often, looking for information, stories, and pictures of their loved ones. She died in 1995.

Margaret Caldwell's stated objective to be "industrious, thrifty and ... courageous" surely bore fruit in her life. She reached her "promised land" and was surrounded by children and grandchildren who blessed her life immensely. Margaret lived to the age of 71.

Sources: "Life Sketch of Margaret Ann McFall Caldwell," (autobiography); DUP history files, "A Word Picture of our mother, Agnes Caldwell Southworth," by Veara S. Fife and Jeana S. Miller; "Biography of Agnes Caldwell," (autobiography, with added poem by Rosilla E.S. Osborn); "Short Sketch of Thomas Caldwell," (autobiography); interview with Lorraine Thatcher, January 2003, by Jolene Allphin; interview with Norda Fife Emmett, February 2003, by Jolene Allphin; photos and autobiographies courtesy of Norda Fife Emmett; photo of Elizabeth in DUP files. See more Caldwell stories and artwork in *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, Deseret Book, 2013.

THOMAS CALDWELL



Born: 3 Feb 1842 Scotland

Age: 14

Willie Handcart Company

Thomas came to Utah with his mother, Margaret Ann (age 39); siblings, Robert (16), Elizabeth (11), and Agnes (9); and Christina McNeil (24). Shortly after Thomas's parents joined the Church, his father left for Canada where his parents had moved, and was never heard from again. Thomas wrote:

Mother was anxious to join the Saints in Utah which meant she had to be very frugal in her living needs. She soon saved enough, however, and with the help of the perpetual emigration fund we were able to leave Scotland. My grandmother, Mary Cunnachy McFall, her daughter, Jane, and son-in-law, Thomas Russel, had already joined the Saints in Salt Lake City, Utah. We were all living together in the same house. After their leaving, mother was able to have more roomers.

The ship *Thornton* sailed from Liverpool in May of 1856 with seven hundred fifty souls aboard. We were assigned to lower between decks. As a boy of fourteen I was not too impressed or inconvenienced as I could get around to explore and investigate other parts of the ship. After leaving Castle Gardens we reached Iowa City the 26th of June 1856. Here we were outfitted and assigned to our groups and our handcarts. Our handcarts were of poor description. There were 100 to each group and two persons were allotted to draw each cart. I was to help my mother and Christina McNeil, a young girl who had lived with us in Glasgow, Scotland. [Robert was detailed as a teamster for a provision wagon.] We left Iowa City the 26th of July 1856. Millen Atwood was the Captain of our group of 100. On the 18th of August we left camp [Florence, Nebraska] and set out in earnest on our journey across the plains.

While in Florence, Nebraska, some old Texan cows were bought to milk. This is where I met with an accident. Some girls were trying to hold and milk one of the Texan cows, which was giving them a great deal of trouble. Thinking I could help them out, I offered to try, but when I took the rope, the cow bolted, catching my foot in the rope. I was thrown to the ground until I could let go of the rope. My collar bone was broken. This of course was very painful, especially after gangreen set in. Some days I could push a little on the cart, but mostly I would feel so ill I could only hang on. When we would come to one of the larger streams that had to be crossed it seemed almost too much for human nature. But as we were requested and as there was no other way, we would boldly enter the stream, helping each other the best we could. I would try my best to help my younger sisters one at a time through to the other side. There wasn't much I could really do as the constant pain in my collar bone was almost more than I could bear and seemed to be getting no better. Mother would treat it at night when we camped. I did, however, try to keep my younger sisters encouraged to keep walking. Agnes did alright as she could find friends to walk with. They would figure out some sort of a game or songs to keep their mind[s] occupied and busy. Elizabeth was not as active or sturdy and it was hard for her to keep her feet moving, consequently her feet were frozen.

We finally arrived in Salt Lake Valley the 9th of November 1856. We had endured hardships almost beyond human endurance. My mother was quite fortunate as she came through as well or better than even some of the more sturdy men on the group. We were determined to make the best of it all. We were sent to Mill Creek where homes were opened to us. Food and clothing were given freely. Our wounds were taken care of and my collar bone soon healed. Elizabeth's toes on one foot were amputated, and she soon could walk well.

Soon after our arrival President Young advised all widows and widowers to marry. Mother married Nathaniel M. Bennett who was living in Mill Creek. I went to work for anyone who could afford to give me my board. Later, I was sent by the Church to help subdue the Indian uprisings. I was sent to the Teton Basin in Idaho and the Snake River Valley. The weather was so cold and we were out in it for such long periods of time, I contracted one cold after another until finally I was left with consumption from which I never recovered. While working in Salt Lake, I would try to get to Brigham [City] where my mother and Brother Bennett had moved, to visit with my mother and sisters who were grown up by now. My sister, Agnes, had a very dear friend whom she introduced to me one night at a dance. We fell in love and were later married. The beautiful young lady was Abigail Snow, daughter of President [Lorenzo] Snow and Harriett [Amelia Prichard] Squires. We were married the 17th of Feb 1864. We later went to Salt Lake where we were married in the Salt Lake Endowment House the 16th of July 1864. Twin boys were born to us the 5th of Feb 1866 in Brigham City, Utah." [Thomas died two months later. He is buried in Lorenzo Snow's burial plot in Brigham City.]

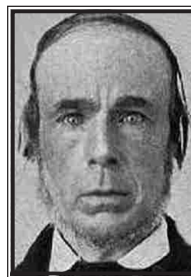
Sources: "Life Sketch of Margaret Ann McFall Caldwell," (autobiography); DUP history files, "A Word Picture of our mother, Agnes Caldwell Southworth," by Yeara S. Fife and Jeana S. Miller; "Biography of Agnes Caldwell," (autobiography, with added poem by Rosilla E.S. Osborn); "Short Sketch of Thomas Caldwell," (autobiography); interview with Lorraine Thatcher, January 2003, by Jolene Allphin; interview with Norda Fife Emmett, February 2003, by Jolene Allphin; photos and autobiographies courtesy of Norda Fife Emmett; photo of Elizabeth in DUP files.

FRANCIS ROBERT CANTWELL

Born: April 7, 1841 in England

Age: 15

Willie / Hodgett Companies



James S. Cantwell

Elizabeth Cotterell
Hamer Cantwell

Francis R. Cantwell

Francis's story is really the story of his family as told through his father's extensive journal writings. It begins with his father, James Sherlock Cantwell, as a young lad in Dublin, Ireland, where he was born in 1813. James was sent to school at 2 ½ years of age and could read and write at age 4 ½. His parents both died when he was very young, and at 11 years of age he was sent to live with an uncle (his mother's brother, John) in England. James's aunt met him and a brother with the statement that "she was about to be pestered with somebody else's brats for the rest of her days." Uncle John saw to it that his schooling was continued, but his aunt and cousins treated him with disdain until his uncle was forced to bind him as an apprentice to a tailor at the age of 15 in order to have a measure of peace in his household. James said that the main reason for his aunt's intolerance was "that my Uncle and us were of the Methodist Church, and her and her Sons were Roman Catholics." Although James also wrote of her good qualities, he told of her alcoholism which eventually destroyed her and her sons' lives and her husband's previously prosperous business. He said, "She was an odious drunkard, and an ignorant bigot, and led her husband the most unquiet life, because he would not embrace the Roman Catholic religion and bring us up the Same way ... her Sons treated their Father with marked contempt and at times with great disrespect because of his religion. [Uncle John] bore, not only a good character, but was one of the best men I have ever Seen ... He was virtuous, Chaste, Honest, Upright and practiced the religion he professed, in peace and purity and righteousness. He was a man of prayer and his practices was accordingly, and he bore the contempt of his Son, and the continued abuse of his wife, with a patience that was remarkable."

On a Sunday in 1827, James tells about the beginnings of a dramatic change that would later come into his life: "My Uncle and Aunt quarrelled about religion, and I went out of their way, into the Street wondering which of them were right, when an intimation was presented before my mind to the effect that neither of them was, & the day would come when I would know it, and confusion would cease. It was the work of an instant. And I have lived to Know that the above is true."

James spent "two pleasant years" in Lancaster enjoying his boyhood. He attended the trials held there, listening to "a host of ... able lawyers of that day" and saw "about 12 persons hung, (one of them a woman) for various crimes." His "Master" spent most of his time in the "ale house" with his "drunken companions" and eventually lost his business in Manchester. James found that "instead of improving in my trade I was only a common Slush in a beer house, and I concluded that I would break my indenture and run away, which I did, and it was good for me." He walked 36 miles to Liverpool, purchased a ticket under a false name, and returned to Ireland to his brother's home, where he continued in his Methodist faith and church activity.

At the age of 21, James returned to England to seek full-time employment. In 1836 "there was a great convulsion in the Methodist Societies in England and a Split took place." James joined the new association under the leadership of Samuel Warren and "became a Sunday School teacher and prayer leader." At this time he moved to the home of John Wilkinson and fell in love with his step-daughter, Elizabeth Cotterell Hamer.

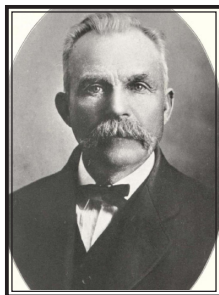
Elizabeth's mother, Mary Ann Cotterell, was a widow with two daughters when she married John Wilkinson. After Mary Ann and John Wilkinson had two more daughters, John enlisted in the British Army and after a time, correspondence ceased between them. Mary Ann was informed by the war office that her husband had been killed, after which she married Captain William Hamer,

(Francis Cantwell - Page 2)

“an officer in the East India company’s Service.” It was to this union that Elizabeth was born in 1819. Captain Hamer was killed in battle before Elizabeth was born, leaving her mother widowed for the third time—or so she thought. One night when Elizabeth was about 2 years old, as Mary Ann and her five daughters were at home, “John Wilkinson walked into the house to the utter astonishment of his family & neighbors who all supposed him dead.” Another John Wilkinson was serving in the army in Spain. Correspondence had been sent to the wrong home, and the other’s death reported to Mary Ann. It seems fortunate for Mary Ann that she was a widow again at this time of her second husband’s return.

James courted Elizabeth Hamer about two years, but he “discovered that it would not be in accordance with her Stepfathers feelings, as he exercised the most unscrupulous and tyrannical control over her, on my account, & both of us were determined it Should end and that by our marriage. We continued to meet in places clandestinely ... and on friday the 27th of April 1838 we were married at the Protestant Church [in the village of Prestwich]. After our marriage we Seperated and returned to Manchester different ways, and did not live to-gether until Sunday the 20th of May. She of course lived at home. During the interval between marriage and housekeeping, I provided her money to commence the world with, and by the above date all was ready, and we took up our line of march together through the world. Our next step was to inform her people of the step we had taken, and accordingly I wrote a note and left it at their house but did not give our address, as my wife feared the virulence of her Step Father, but her mother dreamed, the night Elizabeth left home, of the marriage; and even the place of our residence, and when She rose the next day, She came Straight to the house, to See her daughter, a married woman, exactly in fulfilment of the dream.” Elizabeth’s sisters (now five of them) had all “connived at [their] courtship” and all but one also eloped and were married without the consent of John Wilkinson.

In spite of all this, John must have liked James and Elizabeth, as he asked them to return to live with them in a few weeks. James rented a large house, “capable of containing us all, and [we] continued to live peaceable with no ill feelings.” John Wilkinson died six months later and James bore the expense of his funeral. Before he died, John had an unusual dream and prophesied concerning his step-daughter, Elizabeth. James records, “he called his wife, and my wife, alone before him. He asked forgiveness of the latter for his ill treatment of her previous to her marriage. He Said he was going to die, and he told her She would leave her native country with her husband and go to a far off land and She would never See her relatives again, as She would die there and leave a family. He Said it was revealed to him in a dream, a person came and told him so.” Elizabeth did not tell James of this until some time later and James said, “Of course I did not place any reliance on it, at the time: but the Sequel has proved it all to be true.”

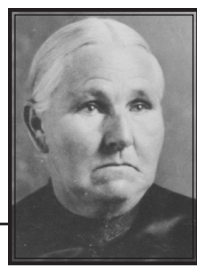


James Cantwell, son

Elizabeth gave birth to two sons in the next two years. She and James were heartbroken when they both died. James worked as a vest maker to support the family. He and Elizabeth remained active in their Methodist faith, and James was also a local preacher. At last, in 1841, Francis Robert was born, a great blessing to his bereaved parents. The Cantwell family moved to Liverpool in 1841, as James had been offered a good job there. He continued with his “duties” as a member of the Methodist “Wesleyan Association,” but soon joined a group formed by John Bowes called the “Christian Brethren” which taught the “truth of adult baptism” which doctrine was not a part of the Methodist creed. When

Francis’s parents moved to Liverpool, they did not know the momentous changes about to take place in their lives. James recorded: “One day in the month of December 1841, I was walking along Blackstock Street, I Saw a large placard on the wall, Stating that Elder George J Adams, late a Wesleyan preacher in America, would give his reasons for leaving that body, and uniting himself with the Latter Day Saints, in the Music Hall Bold Street. The reading of the placard made me wonder what could induce the man to do so, considering he could not give Sufficient reasons for Such a change.”

James and Elizabeth attended the meeting that Sunday evening, were introduced to Parley P. Pratt, and heard Elder Adams speak: “He Spoke very free and pointedly on the loss and restoration of the gospel, The necessity of a Prophet to guide the church, and the first principles of the church viz faith, repentance,



(Francis Cantwell - Page 3)

baptism for the remission of Sins, and the laying on of hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost. He quoted largely from the bible, and proved his teachings So pointedly, that both Mitchelson [James's employer] and myself were fully convinced of the truth of what he Said."

James purchased a Book of Mormon and several tracts from Elder Adams, and stayed up most of the night reading and pondering them. The next day he invited Elder Adams to dine with them and said it was "a wonderful circumstance, the profound Knowledge he had relative to the bible, as we could not ask any questions whatever, but he could answer them So effectually and with Such ease, that we were Still more confirmed in our opinion of the truthfulness of the doctrines promulgated by Joseph Smith."

James was baptized February 7, 1842, in the River Mersey by Elder John Angel James. He began assisting the local branch of the Church with his means and every other way possible. Elizabeth did not join the Church for seven more years.

James's former friends, John Bowes and others, began to persecute him: "They attacked us in the Street and house, and wherever they could ... especially John Bowes. He, in consequence of his opposition, Subjected himself to a prophecy of Parly P. Pratt, who said his church Should be broken up, and it was so, and Scattered to the four winds."

In spite of opposition, James said he "continued to do battle for the truth." He was sent to Prescott and other places to preach. He continued in his employment as a tailor with George Mitchelson, who had also been baptized. In addition to missionary work, James became a conference clerk. In 1844, James had heard of the persecution of the Saints in Nauvoo and especially Joseph Smith, but, he writes, "We did not expect to hear of His death. ... I was appointed among others to purchase mourning to decorate our meeting room, which was universal throughout England."

James's employer and many others left the church after the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph. James says that George Mitchelson "ended his mormon life, and he ceased to feed his Sheep, but turned away to his old methodist creed ... and tried to induce me to follow him, but I didn't heed him, altho' Still in his employ." This persecution increased as time went by and in 1847, Mitchelson began threatening to fire James if he did not renounce his faith. "His wife repeatedly came to my house to threaten my wife ... [who] paid no attention to her, but let her go as She came." In March of 1848, James finally was discharged from his employment due to his "continued adherence to the Church." James and Elizabeth had become the parents of four more children during this time, one of whom had died at the age of one year. On February 7, 1849, James baptized Elizabeth, exactly seven years to the day and hour of his own baptism. James also baptized Francis. In 1846, Francis became extremely ill with scarlet fever and almost died. James called in the Elders to administer to him and records that he and the other children were "healed in a very Short time to the astonishment of our neighbors."

In 1850, it was proposed in council by Milo Andrus, president of the Liverpool Conference, that James should be released from his offices and duties and means raised for him and his family to emigrate to America. The means was raised by a public tea party. The Cantwell's sailed on the ship *James Pennel* in October 1850. On the 3rd of November, James had a dream about a hurricane striking the ship. He was also shown in his dream that they would all be saved. The next day, as they were sailing around the cape of Florida and into the Gulf of Mexico, a hurricane suddenly struck with a vengeance, leaving the ship a wreck, but they were all saved as related in his dream. The *Pennel* and another ship, the *Badger*, consisting of Saints from Wales, which had encountered the same storm, were finally towed to New Orleans by a steamer, appropriately named *Hercules*. James wrote: "The report of our dis-aster was previously published in the Papers and a great crowd of people came to See us, and among them a gang of rowdies, thieves, and desperadoes ... but between the whole of us, including the captain and crew, we Kept them off."

(Francis Cantwell - Page 4)

The Cantwells arrived in St. Louis in December 1850, where they settled and James worked to earn enough money for the rest of their journey to Utah. James was president of the branch at St. Louis in 1852 and also served on the High Council in 1854. Four more children were born to James and Elizabeth while in Missouri. One of these babies, Wilhelmina, died at five months of age “with teething.” Elizabeth had now given birth to eleven children, five of whom had died. Francis had another brush with death while in St. Louis. His father tells of this time:

My oldest son, Francis Robert, was seized with cholera immediately after the death of the child, and when brought to the verge of the grave, he slowly recovered. He was reduced to a mere skeleton, and during his recovery he ate an enormous quantity of onions and bread.

In 1856, the Cantwells traveled from St. Louis to Florence, Nebraska, where they left on August 17 with the Andrew Siler Independent wagon company, traveling with the Willie handcart company. The family at this time consisted of the parents, James (age 42) and Elizabeth (37) and their children, Francis Robert (15), James (13), William (10), Ellen (7), Mary Ann (3) and Elizabeth, Jr. (1). At the end of August, James tells that they came “to the remains of a camp where a company of 4 wagons belonging to Almon Babbit were Killed and robbed by the Cheyenne Indians. The bodies were buried by the Soldiers from Ft. Kearney. The wagons were taken to the Fort. We covered the remains up better where the woolves had uncovered them and burned the remains of beds, bed clothes, clothes &c and went on our Journey. I picked up a lock of light brown (mans) hair, and put it in my pocket book. A woman and a little child was killed at the Same time.”

The next day, Almon Babbit overtook them. A woman named Nancy Stewart who was with Babbit, left him and came as a passenger in the Cantwell’s wagon. Almon Babbit and his other traveling companion were killed by these same Indians after leaving the Willie Company.



Ellen Cantwell

On September 4, buffalo got in among the cattle and later that night a severe storm caused many of the cattle to run off. The Cantwell’s lost one ox and had to go on without it as it could not be found. Two weeks later, James recorded:

Wednes-day the 17th of September as we were descending Scots bluffs my daughter Ellen was bitten by a rattle Snake in the two first fingers of her right hand. It being noon we were camped. We had great difficulty in Saving her. She suffered until the month of January before She recovered, the virus Settled in the back of her hand, and eat out the flesh insomuch that the bones and Sinuses were discernable. She bears a Scar to this day, on the back of her hand, also the mark of the tape on her arm where She was tied to Stop the circulation of blood.

The Willie company soon began encountering increasingly cold nights and a shortage of supplies and feed for their remaining animals. When they reached Fort Laramie, it was decided the four “Independent” wagons would stay behind to wait for the Hodgett and Hunt wagon companies, as they had more cattle to spare. The Cantwells were among these. They left Ft. Laramie October 17 with the Hodgett wagon company. This company was traveling closely with the Martin handcart company. After the last crossing of the Platte River on October 19, the Hodgett and Martin companies became stranded for several days with severe cold and deep snow. James says that “One or two of that company [Martin] died every night. One of my old friends from Liverpool named Thomas Dodd died there. ... Several men from the valley came out to assist us in. ... We travelled on day by day, in Snow Storms. Our cattle continued to drop down in the yoke one by one every day, and Sometimes 5 or 6 would die in a day, until the 4th of November [when] we arrived at the Devils gate. ... To give any just description [of] the times we Stayed at the above place, would be impossible. It was a combination of wind, hail, Snow, and cold in terrible reality. Many of the remaining cattle died, and our travelling power fell So Short that it was deemd adviseable to leave one half the wagons behind and all the freight and take nothing except our food and clothing. A company of about 20 young men was left behind to guard the property, with food, arms & amunition.”

James mentions some of his continuing rescuers as being William Dawson, Alonzo D. Rhodes, and John Skeen. James says that in their “ascent and descent over the big mountain we encountered a formidable amount of Snow. At the Summit we found a depth of about 18 feet. It took about 60 of us to dig our way through it, occupying about two hours. The cold was intense, and when the passage was made, the people was hurried over as fast as possible. I verily believe a person would have frozen to death, if they had remained there five minutes, without being Securely wrapped up.”

(Francis Cantwell - Page 5)

After arriving in Salt Lake City, Francis hired out to a man named Nymphus Murdock, where he remained for some time. On April 2, 1858, as the family was preparing to move south at the oncoming arrival of Johnston's Army, Francis' mother awoke in the night in labor. She died two hours after giving birth to a son. James records that this event "marred the future of my life, and caused Sacrafices that never will be redeemed on earth" and left him "feeling lonely and wretched" with 7 children to care for. James was directed to the home of Joseph and Mary Knight, as Mary had just lost a baby the week before. Mary agreed to nurse and raise the baby, who James blessed and named Lucius Sherlock. The Knights were also just leaving their home to move south and James did not see Lucius again until December.

Francis and his brother, James, came home from their employment long enough to help their family build a dugout in the Provo area. James said that "With their help, I got a large cellar dug, and roofed with maple poles and cane: comparatively comfortable."

James settled in his temporary home and mourned the loss of his wife. On June 10, 1858, he found some solace in writing a poem, which contained these excerpts:

How long Shall I feel that a pilgrim I roam, Or having no place I can claim as a home
The hearth Stone is vacant, where She used to preside - And Sorely I miss her away from my side.
She breathed not a breath, but was hushed calm and Still, Cold insensibility, vacant and chill
The body lay there, death came to destroy - Asleep by her side, lay our beautiful boy.
I cannot forget the remembrance of one Who from Youths early day, had followed me on
To lands afar off, for my Sake alone She forsook all the comforts, of house, friends, and home.
Her Sons and her daughters, now Stand on the earth To Speak of their mother reposing in death,
To drop the Soft tear, in rembrance of her, Who bore them and bles't them, without dread or fear.
We Shall not forget, So much goodness and worth But wait for to meet her, again on the earth.

Tragedy struck again in late June, when the Cantwell's dugout accidentally caught fire and the family lost nearly everything they owned. However, James relates, "One circumstance ... as being remarkable. ... I discovered Something on the ground and as I looked at [it] I found it to be the portrait of my wife, the cover was burned up, but the likeness was perfect. I look upon that ... as a special act of Providence, as it was of priceless value to me and mine."

In July the threat was over, and the Cantwells returned to their home in Cottonwood. James tried farming and several other ways to support his family, without much success. Of necessity, his older children hired out and his younger ones were taken into foster care by kind friends.

In January of 1862, Francis purchased a farm and house in Smithfield, Cache County, for his father and siblings. He paid for it with "his horse, saddle, pistol, a steer, and Some other property." The Cantwell's moved north, where James continued to care for his children as a single father. Francis helped him a great deal. On August 6, 1874, James wrote, "My Son Lucius S came here from Salt Lake City to visit us. I met him at the Station. I did not Know him, not having Seen him Since the 8th day of Decr 1865." The son that had been born 16 years earlier was finally able to become acquainted with his family.

During the emigration, Francis had spent a fair amount of his time walking with Emily and Joseph Wall of the Willie company. Francis likely assisted Emily (16) when her brother, Joseph (17), became very ill and had to be pulled in the handcart. This friendship proved to be fortuitous, as Francis married their sister, Elizabeth Dorcas Wall, who emigrated to Utah later.

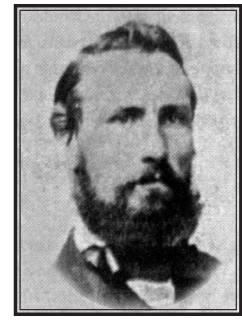
James died in 1887 at the age of 73. Frances died just eleven years later at the age of 57.

Sources: Journal of James Sherlock Cantwell; familysearch.org.



Elizabeth Cantwell,
daughter

JOHN CHISLETT



Born: 1832 England

Age: 24

Willie Handcart Company

John Chislett and his fiancée, Mary Ann Stockdale (18), both immigrated with the Willie handcart company in 1856. It appears that John and Mary Ann were postponing marriage until they could be sealed in eternal marriage in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

John was, in a sense, like Captain Willie and the other returning missionaries, except that he had been called on his mission from his homeland of England. He served as a home missionary in the British Mission for several years and was then called to the Swiss-Italian Mission where he served for at least two years before his emigration. During his missionary service, John was the conference president of both the Kent Conference in England and the Geneva Conference in Switzerland. The Geneva Conference also covered parts of Germany and France. We learn something of John's missionary labors under the presidency of Daniel Tyler from a letter that Elder Tyler wrote to the European Mission President, Franklin D. Richards, dated February 2, 1856. The letter itemizes the successes and spiritual gifts manifested in the missionary labors, as well as the imprisonment and persecutions suffered in this mission by all of the Elders. Following are some excerpts from this letter:

The foreign Elders having all left the Swiss Mission, except Elder John Chislett and myself, led many to believe that 'Mormonism' so called would soon die a natural death; but in this they were mistaken. No sooner had the foreign Elders departed than their mantel fell upon the native ones and they went forth preaching in every place where they could get a hearing; the Lord confirming and witnessing His approval of their labors with signs following. The Holy Ghost was mightily poured out upon the Elders to their own astonishment, and it fell upon whole households even before they were baptized. One of the Elders in giving an account of his labors and of how the Spirit fell upon him and a few families who had assembled to hear him ... said: "The Holy Ghost fell on us, even as on the day of Pentecost, and those who knew me from childhood were astonished at the knowledge which the Lord had given me."

After this meeting some five or six were added to the Church by baptism. Several cases of healing occurred, both in and out of the Church. Of the latter, one was of a woman who had been confined for some years to her bed. So sudden was she healed that on the following day after Elder (Hug?) administered to her, she walked four miles and a half to receive the ordinances of the Gospel.

As a natural consequence the native Elders and Saints having shared in the blessings of their departed brethren, have had to share also in their sufferings, being called before magistrates, and having fines to pay for entertaining the servants of God. But in all these things they rejoiced, hoping to repay, through faithfulness to the end, to enjoy the society of those whom they so dearly loved. While upon this subject, I will observe that the authorities generally are more liberal in their feelings than many of the people whom they represent. ... Although there has been much opposition and the Elders have had to flee from place to place to evade mobs, yet the authorities have never interfered further than to forbid them entering certain towns and threatening fines on those who entertained them. ... The last persecution of any magnitude that has come under my notice is that of Elder John Chislett, which took place in the Canton of Neufchatel, on the 18th of October last. He was ordered by a police officer to leave the village of (Soals?) which he had just entered. Brother Chislett obeyed the mandate and was pursued by a mob out of the place. He was knocked down several times, jumped upon, rolled in the mud, thrown into a ditch, dragged through a hedge and otherwise roughly handled. He lost his hat, umbrella and walking stick, and his clothing nearly ruined with rents and mud. In the midst of it he thought upon the persecution of brother Joseph [Smith] and it gave him strength and reconciled him to his fate. Elder Chislett being in a land of strangers went before the chief of police in Neufchatel who sympathized deeply with him in his unfortunate condition, and directed him to the hospital for the night and proffered to investigate his case if he would present it in writing. Elder Chislett was very kindly treated by the Sisters of Charity who gave him a cap and loaned him a coat to wear to Geneva. Before leaving the hospital next morning, Elder Chislett addressed a note of thanks to the authorities who had treated him so kindly, but chose to leave his persecutors in the hands of God.

(John Chislett - Page 2)

John was born in Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England, to James and Lucy Ridley Chislett on November 23, 1831. He was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on March 17, 1849, by Samuel Ferris.

In March 1856, John led a small company of German and Swiss emigrants to Liverpool. John was finally on his way to the Salt Lake Valley. He served as captain of the guard aboard the ship *Thornton*, and in Iowa City, he was appointed to be a sub-captain over 100 of the 500 Saints in the Willie handcart company. John had responsibility for their five tent groups and at least one provision wagon. It is unclear if John continued in this same capacity after reaching Florence, Nebraska, when 100 people dropped out of the company, although he certainly assisted with the Willie company provision wagons and fulfilled other duties as assigned.

John was sealed to his sweetheart, Mary Ann, two weeks after arriving in the valley. He eventually worked in merchandising and became quite well-to-do in Utah. John and Mary Ann left their faith and Utah in 1880 and moved with their seven children to St. Paul, Minnesota. John continued his business and was a successful merchant. In 1881, Chislett & Sons was listed in the *St. Paul Daily Globe* as one of the “Money Kings” of St. Paul. In 1888, John was listed in this same publication as one of the wealthiest people and businesses in St. Paul. Shortly after this, the family moved to Chicago, Illinois, where John died in 1914. His obituary in the *Chicago Tribune* read: “DIED: John Chislett, Oct. 26, 1914, at his residence, 6525 Greenwood Ave. Funeral and burial private. Kindly omit flowers.”

John’s children were successful in the arts and in their educational pursuits. They were respected members of their communities, particularly Dr. Howard Ray Chislett, who was President of the Hahnemann Medical College in Chicago, clinical professor of surgery, and member of the American College of Surgeons. Some of the Chislett children never married, and those who did had no children. There is no known posterity of John and Mary Ann Stockdale Chislett.

In 1873, a Willie handcart company narrative attributed to John Chislett was published in the anti-Mormon book, *Rocky Mountain Saints*, by Thomas B.H. Stenhouse. (Stenhouse was the President of the Swiss and Italian mission in 1854 when John first went there as a missionary.) Due to the number of probable as well as verifiable errors in the narrative, its reliability for Willie handcart company history is in question.¹ It is also the opinion of Jolene Allphin that John Chislett was not the actual author of the narrative, although he did allow his name to be attached to it. There is ongoing research and analysis on this subject.

Sources: “John and Mary Ann Chislett Family Chronology,” research notes by Jenny L. Lund, April 8, 2011, used by permission; letter from Daniel Tyler to President Franklin D. Richards, Feb. 2, 1856, in Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files, typescript submission by Emily T. Cramer, Ucon, Idaho, (cites *Millennial Star*, Vol. 18, pages 154-56); familysearch.org; “John Chislett and the Chislett Narrative,” by Jolene S. Allphin, unpublished research paper, April 2012.

¹ After the publication of the “Chislett Narrative” in *Rocky Mountain Saints*, the next book to utilize the narrative for history of the Willie Handcart Company was Hubert Howe Bancroft’s *History of Utah, 1540-1886*, San Francisco, The History Company, 1889. Of the handcart immigration, Bancroft wrote his history based entirely on the narrative, but he also questioned its reliability. Bancroft wrote: “Stenhouse and others delight in making out something horrible in the hand-cart business, and the leaders no better than the vilest criminals. It was an unfortunate affair, in which the leaders suffered with the rest, but nothing further than this can be justly charged to any one.”

SARAH CHOULES

Born: 31 October 1832 Grafton, Wiltshire, England

Age: 23

Willie Handcart Company



Sarah was one of three daughters of David and Elizabeth Cripps Choules. She was the only member of her family to join the Church and was disinherited because of her baptism. At the time of her emigration she was engaged to Isaac Smith Jr., the son of Isaac and Charlotte Eagle Smith. Isaac went ahead to Utah to prepare the way in 1854, and Sarah went to live with his parents. In 1856, Sarah sailed on the *Thornton* to America, with her future in-laws and with fellow Saints who would soon comprise the majority of the Willie handcart company.

While the people were in Iowa City, preparing handcarts and tents to begin their journey, Isaac Smith Sr. had a sad experience, as recorded by William Woodward, a returning missionary and sub-captain in the Willie handcart company:

Thursday, July 7, 1856. I rode on a mule to find out some particulars at Indian Town. Crossed the Nishnabotna River about five miles from camp and after about two miles travel arrived at Indian Town. . . Isaac Smith, a member of our company, lost at Indian Town, six sovereigns, one Mexican dollar, one United States half dollar, and one dime. I went back to Indian Town with the mule team. Brothers [Charles] Oliver, Isaac Smith, and two women as witnesses, went to town in the wagon with me [and] a search warrant from Esquire Smith J.P. Mr. Brewster's house was searched, but we could get no trace of the money. Staid at Indian Town all night.

Four days later, Woodward wrote that “many of our company agreed to leave the company.” Apparently, Isaac and Charlotte Smith were among those who did not continue past Iowa City.¹ They became affiliated there with a splinter group of “Josephites” and never came west. With much faith and courage, Sarah continued on with the Willie company, now having lost the association of her parents and her future in-laws. She took no possessions other than the clothes she was wearing, so depended on the compassion of others. Sarah pulled a handcart with Janetta and Mary Anne Hodges, mother and daughter, and Emma Summers. Sarah suffered greatly on the journey. Family records indicate that she never fully recovered and had to have several toes amputated.



Sarah and Isaac were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City in June 1857. Their first of five children was born in Bountiful. The young couple then moved to Richmond, Utah, where they settled. They also had a farm and orchard in nearby Lewiston.

Sarah died of pneumonia in 1871. Her youngest child, Mary Ellen, was only four years old. Mary Ellen said that Isaac then became both her mother and father. Mary Ellen was very close to her father and often told her children and grandchildren of his kind and generous qualities, as well as the many adventures she had with him. It was said that Isaac “could have been well-to-do if he had not given so much money, food and shelter to so many.”

The posterity of Sarah Choules Smith likewise honors her for courage to see her way to Zion and for the heritage of faith she left them.

Sources: “Autobiography of Isaac Smith, Jr.” and other Isaac and Sarah Choules family histories, copies in files of Jolene Allphin; *History of William Woodward 1833-1908*, 1st edition, 1980, 2nd edition with Addendum, 2005; *Emma Summers Call*, compiled by Orland Call, 1997.

¹Some family histories say the Smiths traveled as far as the Missouri River (nearly 300 miles) with the Willie Company, but they don't appear to be listed on any company rosters. Isaac Smith Jr. made five trips back across the plains, three times by wagon and twice by rail. He made these trips for missionary work and to assist other pioneer companies into the Salt Lake Valley. Each time, Isaac visited his parents and tried to persuade them to come to Utah, but to no avail. Three of his brothers did come later and settled in Richmond, Utah.

ELIZA CROOK¹

Born: May 7, 1837 England

Age: 19

Willie Handcart Company

Eliza was the youngest child in a family of eleven children born to James and Sophia Mason Crook. Of the eleven children, only three daughters and one son grew to adulthood and were married. Much sorrow came to Eliza and her family with the deaths of these children.

Eliza's father, James, was a talented weaver and was known for his fine weaving and tapestries of both religious and historical scenes. In 1842, the Crook family joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Eliza's brother, Joseph, and his family, emigrated to Utah to be with fellow Saints in 1855. Eliza and her parents also made plans to emigrate, but James died in March 1856, just a few weeks before Eliza and her mother sailed on the ship *Thornton*.

From Iowa City they traveled with the Willie handcart company and had many trials along the way. When they reached Fort Laramie, the expected provisions were not available, and they had to continue on with reduced food rations. Eliza and her aged mother (age 65) had to cross over frozen rivers and there were times when icicles and frozen snow hung from the hems of their skirts. It was very difficult to push the handcart because of the snow-packed wheels.

The company was forced to camp and wait for help because of the snowstorm. On October 21, the rescuers found them in a very sad condition, lacking food and stranded. After a tremendous struggle to cross Rocky Ridge to Rock Creek on October 23, they finally met more rescue wagons and were able to make it to the Valley in the next two weeks. They reached the Salt Lake Valley on November 9, and went to Farmington to be with their other family members who had come to Utah earlier. Eliza's mother had been blessed to live to see her children in the Valley. Sophia had her feet and legs frozen. They were amputated to the knees after arriving in Salt Lake. Sophia died a few weeks later on November 26, 1856.²

Eliza regained her strength and married Samuel Madden in 1857. They were blessed with one daughter, Eliza Jane, born in 1858. Samuel "decided to go to California to seek his fortune in the gold fields [and] was never heard from again." He was presumed dead in 1861. In order to support herself and her daughter, Eliza worked washing and ironing clothing for the military officers at Camp Floyd. Eliza later married Captain Asriah Willis who was there. Eliza died in childbirth, January 19, 1863, at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, where she had gone with her military husband. Eliza was only 25 years old and Eliza Jane was not yet 5 years old when she and her new baby brother were left motherless. Eliza's baby boy was adopted by the mid-wife who had attended his birth. Eliza Jane remembers being cared for in several different homes before she was eventually taken into the family of Anna Davis Young, who brought her back to Utah.

Eliza Jane married Joseph Burns in 1878. Of their five children, three lived to adulthood. Eliza Jane died in 1914 and is buried in Bountiful, Utah.

¹The story of a man miraculously providing dried meat to the Willie Company has been wrongfully attributed to Eliza Crook in many sources, including an early edition of *Tell My Story, Too*. The meat was actually given to Elizabeth Crook Panting. (See her story also in the Willie company section of this book.)

²In 2010, descendants of James and Sophia Mason Crook gathered at the gravesite of Joseph Crook in Payson, Utah. Here they dedicated a monument to her memory. It is said there were more than 1200 descendants of Sophia in the United States at that time.

Sources: "Eliza Crook Madden Willis," Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; familysearch.org.

ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM

Born: 1844 Scotland

Age: 12

Willie Handcart Company



Elizabeth Cunningham was born to Elizabeth Nicholson and James Cunningham. Her father was a miner, and had poor health. Her mother's resourcefulness carried the family through. Elizabeth's brother, George, speaking of his mother, said, "I can not do it better than by saying she was a rustler in the greatest sense of the word." Elizabeth's mother had already been widowed once, and had a daughter from that marriage.



Catherine Cunningham

The Cunningham family joined the Church in 1841 and had the chance to immigrate in 1856. Elizabeth's parents, James (age 54), and Elizabeth Nicholson (47), left their native Scotland with their children, Catherine (17), George (15), Elizabeth (12), and Margaret (9). Another brother who was newly married emigrated with his wife and four children in 1861.

Elizabeth was very bright, and good at crocheting and needlework. She and her family were made fun of as they crossed through Iowa. They faced many difficult situations because of leaving late in the season. The most serious problems were the lack of food and the extreme cold of the winter weather. After leaving Fort Laramie, Wyoming, the rations of the Willie company were cut even further. Many people were dying. Elizabeth was saved from death in a miraculous way. Several biographies of various members of the Cunningham family tell of this miracle. They contain minor variations, but all recount essentially the same story. It appears that the first published account of this miracle was in 1947 in *Heart Throbs of the West*, by Kate B. Carter:

At one time Elizabeth ... was left for dead on the plains, as she was thought to be frozen to death. The ground was frozen so hard that they could not dig a grave so they just wrapped her in a blanket and laid the body on the ground and hurried on to make camp for the night, as darkness was fast overtaking them. After they had reached camp, the mother of Elizabeth felt impressed to go back to the child. Her friends ridiculed the idea, but the mother was determined, for she maintained that the child was not dead. She had been promised in Scotland that if she was faithful, that she and all her family would reach Zion in safety. She went back to the child and found her undisturbed by the wolves. She carried the child back to camp and worked over her. Some hot water was spilt on her foot and it caused a quiver to go through the limb. Convinced that she was still alive, they kept up their efforts until they brought her back to life. This is the Elizabeth who lived to be the mother of thirteen children, and the foster mother of three others.

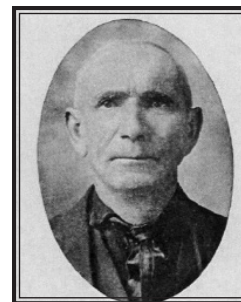
With the help of the rescue party, the Cunningham family arrived in Salt Lake on November 9, 1856. They settled in American Fork, Utah. When Elizabeth was 14 years old, she married William Edward Kelly, and they had 13 children. The last two were twins, born and lost prematurely. Elizabeth raised 16 children. Elizabeth died in 1922 at the age of 79. Her mother died in 1907 at the age of 100 years. Elizabeth's mother always said that the Lord would open up the way for her, and He invariably did.

Sources: *Heart Throbs of the West*, compiled by Kate B. Carter, 1947; *True Grit: The Elizabeth Cunningham Story*, by Dale W. Adams, 2006; manxmormons.com/williamkelly.pdf; "Biographical Sketch of the Life of Elizabeth Cunningham Kelly," by Olive Dunn Binnall, 1930, MSS SC 3312, L. Tom Perry Special Collections. (Olive Binnall was 36 years old when her grandmother, Elizabeth Cunningham Kelly, died, and Olive wrote this history 6 years later. Olive and her grandmother both lived in American Fork, Utah, which adds a further degree of reliability to this account.) The story of Elizabeth Cunningham's revival is portrayed in T.C. Christensen's movie *17 Miracles*. See also *More Than Miracles: Extraordinary Stories from 17 Miracles*, by T.C. Christensen and Jolene Allphin, Deseret Book, 2012. See more complete Cunningham family stories and artwork in *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, Deseret Book, 2013.



Margaret Cunningham

GEORGE CUNNINGHAM



Born: August 17, 1840 in Scotland

Age: 15

Willie Handcart Company

My parents were the first to embrace the Gospel around our district but later nearly half of the citizens joined, probably twenty or thirty families. I was raised in the strictest sense of the word ‘Mormon.’ In the spring of 1856 the chance opened up for us to emigrate to this country, for which we were truly thankful. We sold our small effects and bade our friends farewell, took a train for Glasgow and from there by steamboat to Liverpool. On the 4th of May we embarked on the ship ‘Thornton’ bound for New York.

How well I remember the first step that I took on American soil! How thrilled I was to be in the land of the free—the land of promise! I had been taught to believe it was the land of promise blessed above all other lands, and although only a boy of fifteen years, I felt like thanking God for the blessing I then enjoyed.

George came to Utah with his parents, James (age 54) and Elizabeth Nicholson (48), and his sisters, Catherine (17), Elizabeth (12), and Margaret (9). (An older brother, Robert, had recently been married. He emigrated in 1861 with his wife and 4 children.) The family was promised if they would live the gospel, all the members of the family would arrive safely in Zion. George wrote:

After a few days in New York we sailed up the river to Albany then by railroad about three hundred miles, by ship on the Great Lakes and then again by railroad to Iowa arriving the latter part of June. We went to the Mormon campground just outside the city [Iowa City] and stayed there for five or six weeks. At length we were appointed to continue our journey with Captain James Willie’s handcart company. This meant a three-hundred mile trip through the state of Iowa before reaching a permanent starting place at Winter Quarters or Florence, where we arrived after several weeks of pulling, hauling and praying. People sneered at us and laughed, crying out ‘Gee-haw’ but this did not discourage us in the least. We knew that we were on the right track and that was enough.

I can remember being at a meeting when Brother Levi Savage ... spoke. He counseled the old and sickly to remain until another spring. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he prophesied that if such took the journey at that late season of the year, their bones would strew the way. At length we started, but the number was greatly reduced, about a hundred remaining [in Nebraska]. I must state here that there was not one of our hundred [Scottish] remained for which we received great praise. The wagons were heavily loaded and we were delayed much by having to wait on them.

Indians frequently made the pioneers feel worried, and there were some tragic encounters. However, Indians helped the overland travelers more than they hurt them. George recorded that he and his family were invited to camp one night with a large group of Omaha Indians at Wood River, Nebraska. “We did so and they were very friendly.”

George also wrote about the buffalo stampede followed by “a terrible prairie storm:”

It was dark as pitch and all hands had to hold on to the tents to keep them from going up like balloons. The heavy rain soon flooded the prairie, accompanied by the deafening roar of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning which seemed to electrify everything. When morning came all the able bodied men and boys turned out again to look for the cattle . . . but not even their footprints could be seen because of the heavy rain. The search was kept up for a week and often when we thought we could see old Brin and Nig or Buck and Bright they would invariably take to their heels and prove to be nothing but an old buffalo. I have heard the song, ‘Through the Wildwood I’ll Wander and Chase the Buffalo,’ but I never expected to experience it in this shape. ...

We transferred our provisions from the wagons to the handcarts and hitched the thirty milch cows to the wagons to haul the sick and the children who were not able to walk. We plodded on through the mud with all the courage we could muster. We traveled along slowly and after a few weeks arrived at Ft. Laramie. As our provisions were very nearly exhausted our captain went into Fort Laramie and bought a ton or two of flour for which he had to pay \$20.00 per hundred pounds.

After leaving here we met a company of missionaries going to the states. Elder Parley Pratt came and talked to us trying to encourage us. ... The nights now began to get very cold and feed was poor, also our provisions were running out fast. Starvation looked us in the face. We were put on rations of six ounces of flour each per day and nothing else. The old and the weak began to die for want of proper food. ... I, myself, have helped to bury ten to fifteen in a single day. We who could stand it were barely kept alive and after several weeks of this ration it was reduced to half this amount. I ... stirred my three ounces with some water and gulped it down. To make things worse we were caught in a heavy snowstorm on the Sweetwater. It was extremely cold and the last of our flour was gone. ...

(George Cunningham - Page 2)

Our Captain ... commenced to kill off the cattle but they were nearly as poor as we were. We used to boil the bones and drink the soup and eat what little meat there was. We greedily devoured the hides also. I myself had took a piece of hide when I could get it, scorched off hair, roasted it a little on the coals, cut it into little pieces so that I could swallow and bolted it down my throat for supper and thought it was most delicious. ...

Towards the last the weather was so cold that all but five or six men in camp had been severely frozen, and let me add right here is where the great test came - some would sacrifice by giving their food and clothing to their friends, relatives and children while others seemed to be devoid of natural affection and would let their family members die off merely for the sake of getting their few mouthfuls of food or perhaps an old blanket that covered them.

George's little sister, Elizabeth, almost died due to lack of food, shelter and warm clothing. She was left behind for a time, as she was thought to be dead, but when her mother remembered the promise given to them earlier, she and Elizabeth's father went back to her. They built a fire, wrapped her in blankets and rubbed her body patiently. When some hot water spilled on one of Elizabeth's feet, her eyelids began to flicker and her feet twitched. Her parents worked on her until she revived. (See Elizabeth Cunningham biography in *Tell My Story, Too*.)

While near the 5th crossing of the Sweetwater, George had a dream. He wrote:

While laboring under those trials and afflictions I lay down one night and fell asleep. I dreamed a dream, that morning had come, the storm had subsided some and that we had started out on the road. I thought that I saw two men coming toward us on horseback. They were riding very swiftly and soon came up to us. They said that they had volunteered to come to our rescue and that they would go on further east to meet a company which was still behind us and that on the morrow, we could meet a number of wagons loaded with provisions for us. They were dressed in blue soldier overcoats and had Spanish saddles on their horses. I examined them, particularly the saddles, as they were new to me. I also could discern every expression of their countenance. They seemed to rejoice and be exceedingly glad that they had come to our relief and saved us. At last morning came, it had cleared somewhat and I think that the snow was 18 inches deep on the level where we were. The weather was very cold. We made some very large fires with willows which were abundant at this place. Everybody stood around the fires with gloomy faces, as if in a death trap, when all at once flashed into my mind my dream of the previous night.

George shared his dream with other members of the Willie company while they were around this fire. He said:

How joyfully I related my last night's dream in detail. My mother told them that she knew it would come true, as I was promised that gift in my blessing. And to our great pleasure every word was literally fulfilled. I can recollect that I was in the lead of the crowd, feeling quite inspired by my dream. At [the] approach [of the rescuers] I roared out, "See! See them coming over that hill!" They told me I was a true dreamer, and we all felt that we should thank God. We soon met the wagons with provisions and were very kindly treated and all felt to thank God. ... Now the great difficulty was by eating too much. [The two men in blue soldier's overcoats were Joseph A. Young and Stephen Taylor. See their stories in rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*.]

Although a young man, George was also mature enough to appreciate what the captains of his company had done for them. He wrote:

Our Captain showed us a noble example. He was furnished a mule to ride on but he said, "I will never get on its back. I will set the example - you follow it." And thus our captains set the example. They would crowd ahead and be the first in the streams to help others across and they were the last out. They waded every stream, I might say, a dozen times between Iowa City and Green River with the exception of the Missouri River. Their feet were worn and bleeding, they became exhausted and had to be hauled the balance of the way, some of them not being able to stand. Among these heroic leaders were: James Willie, our captain; Milan [Millen] Atwood, Levi Savage, William Woodard [Woodward] and another Danish brother whose name I have forgotten.

After being helped to the Valley by the rescuers, George said: "At our arrival at Salt Lake City our company was kindly cared for and when we had rested up a bit we were sent to various settlements. We were sent to American Fork where my home has been ever since. Here we met with many old acquaintances and soon made friends with others who helped us. 'Ere long I found employment and thus we were removed from our very straightened circumstances."

At the age of 22, George married Mary Wrigley. They became the parents of 13 children. The youngest child, Lillie May (Roberts), lived until 1972.

MARGARET DALGLISH

Born: 1825 Scotland

Age: 31

Willie Handcart Company

“My grandmother, Margaret Dalglish Cowan, was born May 2, 1825, in Belfast, Antrim County, Ireland, the daughter of Alexander Dalglish and Elizabeth McNee. She was of Scotch parentage, her parents having been born in Scotland and having lived in both Glasgow and Campsie, Scotland. At the time of [her] birth, however, her parents had gone to Belfast, Ireland, where her father had obtained work. Sometime later they returned to Scotland.

“My grandmother heeded the warning voice of the “Gospel Message” as it reached her home in Glasgow. She evidently had prepared her heart for this wonderful event through study and prayer, and when only a young girl of seventeen, she was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She was baptized July 18, 1842. For the next fourteen years [she] remained in Scotland. ... Her heart grew more restless! She ... longed for the day when she could lift her voice ‘mid the Everlasting Hills and sing her praises to the all-wise Father who had prepared a place for his faithful saints! Many times in her life, grandmother said to her children, ‘I saw the valley before I ever left Scotland.’” (Louise Cowan, granddaughter)

In 1856, Margaret finally had the opportunity to emigrate. She traveled to Liverpool, England, where on April 28, 1856, she affixed her name to the Perpetual Emigration Fund Papers. She left Liverpool with other Saints on board the *Thornton* with James G. Willie at their head. Margaret was in the sub-division of 100 in the Willie handcart company under the leadership of William Woodward, in tent #3 of that division, with 18 other people, including the Kirkwood family, the Caldwell family, Elizabeth Kirkpatrick and son, Andrew Smith, Barbara Kelley, Anna Tait, Joseph McKay, John McCullough, and Christina McNeil.

Margaret suffered the privations and hardships of the trek with the other members of the Willie company, but perhaps she was able to demonstrate the feelings of all in her actions as quoted in *Ordeal by Handcart*, Collier’s for July 6, 1956 (In *Remember*, Riverton Wyoming Stake, 1997, 139): “The first of the rescued reached Salt Lake on November 9, a day of tears and thanksgiving. For many days afterward, the others came straggling in, some riding the wagons, some still grimly hauling their battered carts, still defiantly on their own legs. Margaret Dalglish, that gaunt image of Scotch fortitude, dragged her pitiful handful of possessions to the very rim of the valley, but when she looked down and saw the end of it, with safety in the City of the Saints, she did something extraordinary. She tugged the cart to the edge of the road and gave it a push and watched it roll and crash, tumble and burst apart, scattering down the ravine the last things she owned on earth. Then she went on into Salt Lake to start a new life with nothing but her gaunt bones, her empty hands, and her stout heart.”

Although most of the Willie handcarts were left at Ft. Bridger, some were tied to the backs of wagons and brought along.¹ It may have been near Ft. Bridger where Margaret dramatically disposed of her handcart as there is a geographical feature just west of there known as “the rim of the valley.” The day after leaving Ft. Bridger, the Willie Company Journal records: “Crossed the “Basin Rim,” forded Muddy Creek & camped on its banks.” This area was part of Utah Territory in 1856.

Louise Cowan summarized her grandmother’s life as follows: “When grandmother [was] tired of the long push, she gathered the few little things remaining in her cart, and let it slide down the ravine into the canyon, glad to see the last of it. ... [She] was a student of Scripture and had the Gift of Tongues. She also was a lover of the soil and spent much of her time in her flower garden. She passed on to her reward September 23, 1905, at Salt Lake City, Utah, and was buried in the City Cemetery.”

Margaret married Andrew Cowan Sr. on April 12, 1857. They had at least two sons.

¹ Bringing a handcart to the Salt Lake Valley is noted for at least the following three families: Alfred Gadd (diary), Peder Mortensen (family records), Margaret Kirkwood (family artifacts).

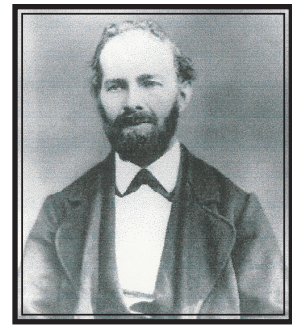
Sources: *History of William Woodward*, 2nd edition, 2005; *Heart Throbs of the West*, compiled by Kate Carter, 1947; “Bleeding Feet, Humble Hearts: Danish Mormon Migration 1850-1860,” by Jens Patrick Wilde, in *The Bridge Journal of the American Heritage Society*; “A Sketch of the Life of Margaret Dalglish Cowan,” by Louise Cowan, Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; familysearch.org; *Remember*, Riverton Wyoming Stake, 1997.

JOSEPH B. ELDER

Born: 7 March 1835 Indiana

Age: 21

Willie Handcart Company and Rescuer



Joseph Elder made a promise in April of 1856 as he received the Melchezidek Priesthood, and was ordained to the office of an Elder. His spoken words to his brethren in St. Louis, Missouri, at this time were recorded in his diary: “Brethren of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I am willing to receive all the honor that God is willing to bestow on me through His Holy Priesthood and I esteem it as a high and holy privilege to be an Elder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and I am determined by the help of God to perform every duty and bear every burden that God through his Holy Priesthood is willing to lay on my shoulders and I know that the Spirit has manifested itself through me in various conditions and that the signs by faith has followed me in numerous instances and by faith in God and through His grace I shall be able to perform all that he may require at my hands and now these are my feelings brothers and it needs not many words to testify for I speak in the honesty of my heart and I pray God that he will bless me in so doing. Amen”

Joseph had been attending school at nearby McKendry College. He sought the counsel of the Elders and was advised to quit school in favor of helping with the immigration, and then completing his schooling in Salt Lake City. He wrote, “This seemed to be my just duty and I accordingly determined to set about it in good faith.” After standing up to much persecution and mocking by fellow students, professors and townspeople, Joseph said, “By the aid of the Holy Spirit I was able to put them to shame and silence them one after another as fast as they was pleased to come. It was indeed a day of triumph over the craftiness of the evil one and I was blessed with the power to do it as you may find in the 4th chapter of Ephesians.” Joseph was true to his word and kept the promises made. He recorded: “I bade adieu to my sisters and mother and oh, how my heart did almost break to leave them, when they with tears and sobs and entreaties pled to the last for me to stay. But God had use for me in other places and I must go. So I spoke a few kind words to them and embraced them and parted not knowing when we should see each other again and I took up my line of march for the Valleys of Ephraim 2,000 miles distant.”

For nearly four months Joseph worked tirelessly with George D. Grant and others in purchasing and driving cattle from Missouri to Florence, Nebraska, where the handcart companies would need some of the cattle. He cheerfully endured much hardship and persecution during this time: “Today I had a severe tour after some of the worst stock I ever undertook to drive. ... We had an awful days work today of branding cattle. They tried often to kill us but we eluded their efforts. There was about forty we could not brand any way or how. ... Today we crossed the Missouri River. We swam some – ferried some – and drowned some. They fought us like tigers, etc. ... One got contrary. I larieted it and fastened the rope to my saddle and on we went. In going up a slippery hill, the heiffer that I was dragging ran around me and drew the rope with such violence across my watch that it bursted it. On we went . . . traveled hard. The meanest cattle to drive that I ever had anything to do with. Sold one of our cows that tried to kill us so often for \$25.00. ... Long and tedious days.”

Joseph recorded the Willie company’s arrival in Nebraska: “The handcarts arrived true enough. There was about a hundred of them and about five hundred persons. I was agreeably surprised at the health and good feelings and cheerfulness of the camp. ... The Spirit of the Lord was with them. The greater portion of them was in better health than when they left Iowa City. ... That night a few of the Devils that walk in gents Boots who reside in Bluff City came over to fulfill their mission and do all they could against the handcart emigration - quite a muss.”

Although Joseph had planned to travel to Utah with the returning European missionaries, he was asked on “short notice” to join with the Willie Handcart Company, which he accepted. It was his job to hunt and provide meat and drive a wagon which carried the extra flour, the lame and the sick: “Got all together and rolled out. ... We took up our line of march for the valleys of Ephraim or G.S.L. City distance over one thousand miles. It was quite an interesting sight to see the carts roll out in their several divisions and to see the people in such good faith although the Plains had never been crossed by handcarts. Yet they believed they could accomplish it. ... It truly was a pleasant scene to see the camp of Israel moving through the wilderness.”

Joseph wrote about how much he enjoyed hunting the buffalo for the company. He gave a rather humorous and vivid description of an otherwise distressing time:

(Joseph Elder - Page 2)

“Here the buffalo began to be numerous all around us. ... A large herd of buffalo started from below the road and ran directly across towards the north just as the carts were passing. They ran helter skelter right through the company. The company was pretty hungry for meat and to see the buffalo come right to them seemed to them as a great blessing of kind providence. The scene that followed would have made a hunter laugh - to see them shoot some with shot - others with little fizees that would hardly have upset a June bug come tearing along and up and pop pop they would go. But some of them had muskets and amongst the whole they managed to kill two. I was too far behind to help any, being with the wagons, but I could see the performance and then of all the bragging about who killed them. Some declared they hit him after he fell, etc. ... Well my time was mostly employed in furnishing the camp in meat, most of which was buffalo. Many were the interesting hunts which I had for hunting buffalo is the greatest sport for me of any sport that I ever participated in.”

Nights began to be much colder shortly after this time and the buffalo were now scarce, but Joseph focused his attention on helping the company in other ways. He must have been a most faithful helper as Captain Willie chose Joseph to go with him on his most difficult two-day trip to locate the rescue wagons. (Oct. 20-21) Joseph continued: “We reached Fort Laramie about the first of October. Quite a fussing in camp - some grunted - some lied - and some apostatized. Some followed us after we were gone and begged the captain to receive them again into the company. We moved on better than anticipated under the circumstances for we had fine weather - only one storm all the way up the Platte and I do not believe we would have had that had it not been for some of the mean conduct of some of the company. After we got onto the Sweetwater River I mostly gave up hunting for game got scarce. It was at the commencement of the 16 mile drive without water that we gave out the last of the flour. We was then 28 miles below Rocky Ridge. ... We had not yet heard whether there was any help coming to meet us or not but we were determined to do all we could. That day about noon there came up a snowstorm. I was driving the foremost wagon. It was severe for the people was weak having been on short rations. I determined to keep ahead until I overtook the carts anyhow but by the time we caught up with the carts the clouds dispersed and the sun shone out and as we looked ahead, Lo and behold, we saw a wagon coming and it was close. Such a shout as was raised in camp I never before heard. It came from the hearts of faithful Saints who felt that their lives was in the hands of their God. But what made them shout? Was it merely the sight of a wagon? For we had met wagons before. No, but it was that the Spirit of the Lord bore testimony that they were Saviors coming to their relief and it truly was. It was Brothers [Cyrus] Wheelock, [Joseph] Young, and 2 others. They brought us glorious news. They had been to Zion and were returning with many of their brethren with teams and provisions to help us through.

The next morning when we got up we found the snow about 6 or 8 inches deep. The camp was hungry, naked and cold. To rush them into the snow would be certain death to a great many of them for we had not yet met the relief company, only one wagon which passed us and went on to the other company behind us. Brother Willie ... left the charge of the camp in the hands of Broth. Atwood and we started ahead in search of our brethren. We rode twelve miles where we expected to find them but they was not there. We ascended the Rocky Ridge. The snow and an awful cold wind blew in our faces all day. We crossed the Rocky Ridge and upon the west bank of the North Fork of the Sweetwater we found a friendly guide post which pointed us to their camp down upon the Sweetwater amongst the willows. When they saw us they raised a shout and ran out to meet us. Great was their joy to hear from us for they had long been in search of us. They could scarcely give us time to tell our story, they were so anxious to hear all about us, their camp being 27 miles from ours.

The next day they hitched up and went over to our camp and the second day afterwards we crossed over the Rocky Ridge again, the whole company except those who went on to the next company behind. That was an awful day. Many can never forget the scenes they witnessed that day. Men, women and children weakened down by cold and hunger, weeping, crying and some even dying by the roadside. It was very late before we all got into camp. Oh, how my heart did quake and shudder at the awful scenes which surrounded me. The next morning we buried [them] all in one deep and wide grave. We rested one day and then again pursued our journey. The health of the camp gradually increased and the people revived as we moved towards Zion and in a few days (for the weather moderated a little) the camp gradually grew more cheerful and many were the pleasant evenings we enjoyed ourselves seated around our campfires. Though it snowed and blew the storms in the mountains, yet still we was able to pursue our journey. Though we suffered a great deal yet the Saints endured it very well. ... Many more met us to help us in. We continued a steady march and at last to our great desire we arrived. ... on the ninth of November, 1856. ... We emerged from amongst the mountains and the beautiful valley with all of its loveliness spread itself out before our view. My heart was filled with joy and gratitude. ... The journey was o're at last and the people were soon distributed amongst the several wards and I put up with my old friend Wm. Kimball. After I had washed and put on some clean clothes and got my supper I felt first rate.

(Joseph Elder - Page 3)

Joseph had successfully completed his journey with the Willie handcart company. However, the companies still on the plains needed more assistance and Joseph answered the call for more rescuers two weeks later: "I again went to the Tabernacle. [Nov. 23] After preaching was over, the President made a call for volunteers to go out to help the last handcart company into the valley. I volunteered to go. I started in company with several others. ... It snowed awfully. ... We ... pursued our journey though the snow was 2 feet deep and sometimes more. ... [It] sometimes would almost blind us and our teams. We went to work to prepare for the company chopping wood, etc. I helped to build a wickiup. ... The company arrived. ... We made them pretty comfortable. It was a hard looking sight to see so many old and young men and women so far in the snow. Some were frozen very bad. ... We reached the city again and truly we were glad for some of the boys had been gone nearly two months in the snow and mountains and sometimes without feed for their animals. The company was soon comfortably provided for and I returned home feeling first rate glad that I had gone."

Joseph was ordained to the office of Seventy in the Priesthood about a month after his return. Brother William H. Kimball spoke of Joseph's faithfulness at this time: "He said that I had not only been a talker but an actor. That I had imparted freely of all that I had - both money, property, time and talent to the emigration and that every word and action proved that I was determined to do the will of God and do all that I was able to help build up the Kingdom of God in these last days."

Joseph was employed in teaching school as well as other lines of work. The school did not work out very well and Joseph reports that the "scholars did not like school on Saturday" and were "troublesome."

Joseph served several missions in the United States as well as one in Europe. On his European mission in 1878, it took him two days by train to cover the same distance it had taken three months to cover in 1856. He also served as a teamster for Brigham Young, whose company he enjoyed very much, saying, "As I sat beside him in the carriage, I could scarce believe that I was in company with the man that God delighted to honor most of anyone upon the earth, for he seemed so sociable and spoke so free - genteel and cheerful." He reported once that Brigham Young had said "he was resting from preaching this winter. He said he had preached enough in these valleys to have saved the whole world if they only had hearkened to it."

Joseph had promised his mother and other relatives that he would return to visit them, but did not get this opportunity until December of 1871 when he was called to serve a mission. His brother, William G. Elder, who lived near Fort Scott, Kansas, received him with "kindness and true kindred affection" after seeing in vision their deceased father James Elder approaching the house in company with Joseph. He spent an enjoyable week with them, but on Sunday, William was unwilling to publicly accept him and Joseph lamented: "I pray God that I may never again hear from the lips of one so near and dear to me that one pronounced in my hearing today ... but that God who knows the secrets of all hearts can heal all the wounds tho ever so deep that has this day been made and with that God I am perfectly willing to trust my cause and that of others."

A few days later Joseph arrived in Kinmundy, Illinois, the "land of [his] birth and childhood." He said, "I directed my steps toward the dwelling of her who holds one of the dearest names that mortal beings ever learn to name, after an absence of over fifteen years. ... Tho I had absented myself from her so long yet she received me with that sweet heavenly smile of Christian forgiveness and embraced me with that true motherly love. ... Went to the M.E. Church with my good old mother, as good and kind a mother as ever a boy had. ... And I must say for the people of Illinois, tho publicly they would not receive me, yet privately they did kindly and hospitably receive me and requested me to talk Mormonism to them without reserve."

Joseph's legacy continues in his posterity today. His great-grandson, Henry T. Elder, has served a mission at the Mormon Historic Handcart Sites, thus honoring his heritage and helping to "build up the Kingdom of God in these last days" as his grandfather did almost 150 years ago.

AMELIA EVANS

Born: 8 April 1838 Wales
 Age: 18
 Willie Handcart Company



Amelia Evans was born in the area of Gwspyr, Flintshire, Wales, to Anne Blythen and Peter Evans. She was the oldest or second oldest of at least six living children who immigrated to Utah. However, Amelia left Wales five years before her parents and siblings.

Anxious to gather to Zion, Amelia boarded the ship *Thornton* in Liverpool, England, in May of 1856. She may have been with some relatives, the McPhersons of Scotland. Most of the Saints on the ship were English, others hailed from a number of other countries. Amelia's parents and siblings sailed in 1861 aboard the *Monarch of the Sea*, with "no less than ten nationalities being represented – all actuated by one motive, all possessed of one faith, filled with the spirit of love and unison, going to Zion"¹

Amelia also traveled to Zion with motives of faith, love and unity. As a member of the Willie handcart company, Amelia drew a handcart with friends for over 1,000 miles, beginning in Iowa City, Iowa. A biographical sketch of a fellow traveler, Andrew Watson, reveals Amelia's character:

"At Rocky Ridge and South Pass a fierce storm was encountered, and again the heroic little band [was] thrown into terrible danger. Fifteen died from the fatigue and exposure during one night and day. Brother Watson himself was thoroughly exhausted, and would have perished but for the kind efforts of some of his companions who encouraged and urged him on. He makes special mention of a Sister [Ellen] Tofield, a Sister [Amelia] Evans, and of William Leadingham, a captain of the guard, who proved themselves in that awful extremity devoted and self-sacrificing friends."²

Andrew Watson also shared this event with his children and grandchildren. It was retold later by his granddaughter, Margaret Mitchell: "Andrew, pushing his handcart, became exhausted and fell during a blizzard along the trail. Two women in camp missed him and went back many miles to find him; put him into his handcart, and pushed him back through the snow to safety. He was so near gone that when he was placed near the campfire to get dry and warm, he did not know that his clothing had caught fire."

In family histories of descendants of Amelia Evans, it is reported that she was known by friends in the Willie handcart company as "Charity Evans" because of her many kindnesses to others. "Amelia was an unusually kind and affectionate girl. She not only gave sympathy to the sick on the trail, she waited on them doing everything she could to make them more comfortable. She also shared her herbs and spices with them."³

Amelia married William Washington Camp in February of 1857. They had five children, and sadly lost four of them as infants. They also adopted a little girl named Deseret. In 1864, Amelia and William Camp were granted a divorce. Amelia subsequently married William Davis or Davies. They had ten children, most of whom lived to maturity. William Davis may have also adopted Deseret Camp.

Amelia was an excellent cook and seamstress. She was active in Relief Society work, and she also worked in the Salt Lake and Logan Temples. Amelia died at the age of 48. Her youngest child was just five years old. Amelia is buried in Samaria, Idaho.

(Amelia Evans - Page 2)

The following is a poem written by Amelia's granddaughter, Amelia Davis Everett.

AMELIA EVANS – HANDCART PIONEER OF 1856

She smiled through tears. It was so hard to school
Her feelings as the Thornton sailed away.
It was eighteen-fifty-six in early May
She said good-bye to friends and Liverpool.

In all her eighteen years she had not known
Such mingled joy and sadness in a day;
She choked on tears; next moment she was gay
And proud to go to Zion all alone.

She winced to think she might no more return
To England's cities, wooded trails and rills,
And Wales – gay little land behind the hills
Where she was born, for these she knew she'd yearn.

And Mountains of her Flint, in northern Wales,
Enchanted mountains, running into sea;
And castles of great age - Her pedigree
Made her a part – Yet now she sails.

Away from kin, emotion fathoms deep –
Why, baby sister Rhoda might grow tall
Before enough is earned to transport all
The nine she loves. She must not weep!

God will sustain them all. Her new faith stirred!
She tossed her chestnut tresses, blinked a tear –
The call that moved her forth now banished fear
With joy, for Zion's trumpet had been heard!

--Amelia Davis Everett, Granddaughter⁴

¹*Millennial Star* 23:21 (May 25, 1861), 328-29.

²Interview with Andrew Watson, July 1893, by LDS Church Historian Andrew Jenson. (See Andrew Watson story in Willie company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

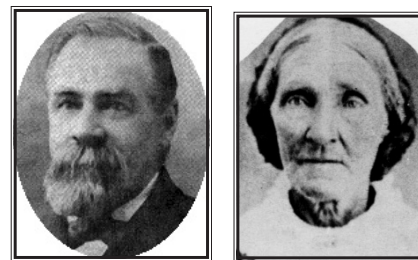
³Interviews with Sherry Bird, Tooele, Utah, and Gail M. Smith, Salt Lake City, Utah.

⁴Source for poem: www.welshmormonhistory.org



ELIZA CHAPMAN GADD

Born: 1816 England
 Age: 40
 Willie Handcart Company



Alfred Gadd and mother, Eliza

Eliza Chapman Gadd joined the Willie handcart company with her husband, Samuel Sr., and eight children: Alfred (age 18), Jane (16), William Chapman (13), Samuel (10), Mary Ann (7), Sarah (5), and Isaac and Daniel (one year old twins). Daniel died October 4, just a few days after the company reached Ft. Laramie. Five days later, October 9, Samuel Gadd, Sr. died of pneumonia. Samuel had contracted a cold while on guard duty at Iowa City and never gotten better. Alfred Gadd made these two brief entries in his daily diary: “Oct. 9. We went eighteen miles. My father was dying before we left this morning, but they put him in a wagon and when we saw him at noon, he was dead. Oct. 10. We buried Father this morning.”

Although rescuers were already on their way from Salt Lake, the weather for the Willie company was reported as “splendid” at this time. But a freezing blizzard of an early winter was just a little over a week away. Eliza had no time to grieve, as they had to push on. Ten days later, the first storm descended and the last of their rations were distributed. Another member of the Willie handcart company, Joseph Elder, wrote: “It was at the commencement of the 16 mile drive without water that we gave out the last of the flour. ... we had not yet heard whether there was any help coming to meet us or not but we were determined to do all we could.” At noon that day, they met four express riders with the glad news that rescue wagons were not far behind. When they first saw these men coming, Joseph Elder said that “the Spirit of the Lord bore testimony that they were Saviors coming to [our] relief and it truly was.” The next morning, Captain Willie and Joseph Elder left the company to try to find the rescue party that they now knew was coming. They returned with the rescue wagons the next day, October 21.



Mary Ann Gadd
 (Rowley)

On October 23, Eliza’s family trekked across Rocky Ridge in a blizzard. Levi Savage wrote on that day: “We buried our dead, got up our teams and about nine o’clock a.m. commenced ascending Rocky Ridge. This was a severe day ... [the teams were] perfectly loaded down with the sick and children, so thickly stacked I was fearful some would smother.” Eliza struggled on with her little family, bearing an added burden as she became snow-blind. Eliza’s granddaughter, Mary Laws, wrote: “Mary Ann, with only rags covering her feet, led her snowblind mother for three days as she pulled the handcart. During this time she carried an ox hoof and at each camp she would roast it and eat the part that was roasted. This was all she had to eat during those three days.”

Just before daylight on October 24, the last of the Willie company reached Rock Creek. Ten-year-old Samuel Gadd joined his father and baby brother, Daniel, in death this day, leaving the Gadd family bereft of yet another member. Samuel was buried in a common grave at Rock Creek with the others who died there, including three other children. Levi Savage wrote, “Few tents were pitched, and men, women, and children sat shivering with cold around their small fires. ... It was certainly heart rending to hear children crying for mothers and mothers crying for children.” In Eliza’s biography, she said: “Of all [my] children, Samuel was the most anxious to reach Zion, but it was not to be.” The rest of this large family made it to Zion. Eliza was baptized or rebaptized one week after her arrival in Salt Lake. She was set apart and served as a successful midwife in the Nephi area.



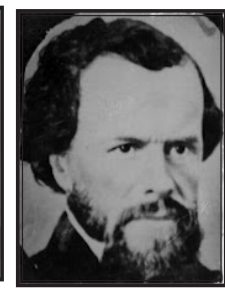
This shoe belonged to Daniel Gadd, who was about 17 months old when he died on the journey.

SOPHIA FRYER GEARY

Born: July 12, 1829 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England

Age: 27

Independent wagons with Willie, then Hodgett Company



Sophia Fryer and John Thomas Geary

With the help of hundreds of rescuers on the final part of their journey, the Geary family struggled through 16-20 foot snow drifts as they descended the steep trail through Emigration Canyon, finally arriving in Salt Lake City on December 15, 1856. Sophia Geary wrote: "After a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together, we have managed to fight our way through rivers, roads, creeks, over hills, and dales and snow, and everything else which is good and bad [and] I am thankful we are here." Sophia's husband, John Thomas Geary, recorded: "We are all well and fully alive so trust in the justice of the Kingdom of God which may he grant to be the lot of all the honest in heart." Sophia gave birth to a baby girl on December 9, less than a week before arriving in the valley. John wrote: "I must say we have two little responsibilities living. Sophy¹ and another little girl born back at the mouth of Echo Canyon, therefore we named her Echo, then added the name Workman after our Captain."² Echo Workman Geary's birth came only two weeks after Sarah Squires of the Martin handcart company delivered a baby girl near the same place. The Squires baby was also given the name "Echo."



Echo Workman Geary

Sophia and John were married in London, where John had a law practice. He was from a wealthy family and had the advantage of tutors and an education in seven languages. Sophia also came from a prominent family. After their marriage, the newlyweds "led a three hour parade of both families and friends through the streets of London." However, after joining the Church in 1851, John and Sophia "caused such a commotion that the Geary family turned them out without a single copper...disowned [John] entirely, and wished to never see him again. They became fugitives, John even having to shave his head in disguise." The young couple moved to Liverpool, where church members took them in and John worked loading freight at the docks. By 1853 they had sailed to America. Their first baby, Sophia Ann, was born at a campground in Keokuk, Iowa. They moved west to Council Bluffs, where Thomas Fryer Geary was born in 1855. He died in 1856.

In August 1856, the Gearys joined with the Andrew Siler independent wagons in Florence, Nebraska. This small company of four wagons traveled with the Willie Handcart Company from Florence. The Willie company journal records an accident four days later: "Aug. 22. During the afternoon Sister Sophia Geary had her left foot run over by Bro. Wilford's waggon. She was administered to in the evening by Bros. Siler, Cantwell and Geary, Capt. Siler officiating. He sealed the blessing of health and strength upon her and promised that inasmuch as she would exercise faith she should walk tomorrow." The next day the journal acknowledges Sophia's faith with this entry: "Sis. Geary walked a considerable distance pursuant to Bro. Siler's promise."

After reaching Ft. Laramie, the Siler group remained behind, then joined with the Hodgett wagon company to complete the journey. The Geary family later settled in Toquerville, where they raised cotton and John taught school. He was noted for never whipping the children. Sophia had three more daughters before John died from an accidental gunshot wound in 1867. He is buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery. Sophia remarried to Joshua Thomas Willis, had two more children, then died in childbirth with a third. She and her baby, James, are buried in the same grave in Toquerville, Utah.

Sources: Lyman, Paul D., *The Willie Handcart Company*, 2006; johnthomasgeary.blogspot.com; wchsutah.org; Nichols, Kaye Page, "Echo Workman Geary," research paper, May 2010; familysearch.org.

¹Sophia Ann Geary, born in Keokuk, Iowa, was 3 years old.

²John Bond of the Hodgett Company mentions a rescuer with the company at this time who he refers to as "Captain Albert Workman." The rescuer for whom Echo is named may have been Cornelius Workman or Albert Workman.

JAMES GIBB

Born: about 1795 in Scotland (Died Oct. 23/24, buried in common grave at Rock Creek)

Age: 61

Willie Handcart Company

James was a sailor from Scotland. After he and his wife, Mary Gordan, joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, they were anxious to emigrate to America and be with the rest of the Saints. They left their family in Scotland and went ahead, intending to prepare a place for them in the Salt Lake Valley.

James was 67 and his wife was 52 when they joined with the Willie handcart company. It was a difficult journey. They were leaving very late in the season. By the time the Willie company reached the sixth crossing of the Sweetwater, they were out of provisions and stranded by a severe winter storm. Captain Willie and Joseph Elder left the company here to go in search of the rescue wagons they knew to be coming. After they returned, the company had to push on through a severe storm to Rock Creek, where they would meet rescuer Reddick Allred with extra wagons and provisions. This was surely the worst part of the journey for James and Mary, as it included crossing the formidable Rocky Ridge.

A fellow traveler in the Willie company, Levi Savage, wrote: "This was a severe day. The wind blew awful hard, and colde. The ascent was some five miles long, and some places, steep and covered with deep snow. We became wery, set down to rest, and some became chilled, and commenced to frieze." Possibly James Gibb was one of these. Savage continued:

Brothers Atwood; Wooderd; and myself, remained with the teams, they being perfectly loaded down with the sick, and children, so thickly stoed, I was fearful, some would smuther. About 10 or 11 oclock in the night, we came to a creek that, we did not like to attempt to cross without help, [it] being full of ice and freezing colde. Leaving Bros Atwood; and Wooderd with the teams, I started to the camp for help; I met Bro Willey coming to look for us, he turned for the camp as he could do no good aloan. I passed several on the road, and . . . after about four miles travel, I arived in Camp; but few tents were pitched, and men, women, and children sit shivering with colde around their small fires. Some time elapsed when two teams started to bring up the rear. Just before daylight they returned, bringing all with them, some badly frozen; some dying, and some dead. It was certainly heartrending to hear children crying for mothers, and mothers, crying for children. By the time I got them, as comfortably situated as circumstances could admit - which was not very comfortable, day was dawning. . . . Friday [Oct] 24th; This morning found us with thirteen corps for bereal. These were all put into one grave, some had actually frozen to death. We were obliged to remain in camp, move the tents, and people behinde the willows to shelter them from the . . . wind which blew enough to pearce us through.

James finally succumbed to death. He is buried in the common grave at Rock Creek. He was buried on his wife's 53rd birthday. Mary continued to the valley where she was sealed to James in the Endowment House on March 6, 1857.

Sources: Diary of Levi Savage; familysearch.org.

CHESTERTON JOHN GILLMAN

Born: May 10, 1780 England (Died Oct. 23/24, buried in common grave at Rock Creek)

Age: 76

Willie Handcart Company

Chesterton Gillman was a coal miner and a sailor. He joined the Church together with his wife, Mary Ann Goodrun, and at least one of their sons, James Henry Gillman. James was an expert carpenter and ship builder. He was also a serious student of the scriptures, many of which he memorized. From January 4, 1854 to June 1858, James served faithfully as President of the Royal Hill Greenwich Branch of the Church in England. In this capacity, James was given a letter of commendation for his “boldness in the cause of truth, as an able advocate in the kingdom of Christ, indoor and out, not courting the smiles, or fearing the frowns of any. Also for his strenuous exertions to carry out the instruction of those that preside over him, among those whom he presides over, by example and precept, with unity and love. Many will remember his warnings whether heeded or not. He was zealous and active in the Redeemer’s cause and his manly voice has echo’d through their Church and Chapel walls, mansions and halls; his name is one of notoriety as a public speaker among hundreds in Greenwich, in the streets and on the heath to the poor and rich, in public and private, he has sown the gospel seed faithfully; and we pray the Lord to bless his labors in sowing the seeds of eternal life, and that his successor may see the fruits of his labors springing up on the right hand and on the left and our prayers are that he our brother James Gillman may be blessed with peace of mind, health, strength and length of days to see his righteous desires fulfilled in the conversion of many souls in this branch of the Lord’s Vineyard at Greenwich.”

Less than a year after James’ call to lead the branch, on September 28, 1854, Mary Ann Gillman died. Bereft of his wife, and apparently not wanting to wait for his son to be released from his calling, Chesterton decided to go ahead and gather with the Saints. He seems a very determined man. He boarded the ship *Thornton* in Liverpool, traveling under the direction of President James G. Willie. He continued from Iowa City with Captain Willie’s handcart company of about 500 people. After traveling 300 miles through Iowa to Florence, Nebraska, 100 people in this company dropped out, but not Chesterton.

He was assigned to the group of 100 travelers with sub-captain, William Woodward. His traveling companions in his tent of twenty people were the George Humphries and John Richins families, Jane Stewart (31), William Page (21), Eliza Whithorn, widow, and her son Joseph (10), and Elizabeth Panting and her two small children, ages 5 and 1. In early October, the Willie Company members were on very short rations, hoping every day to meet rescue wagons before their provisions ran out. Elizabeth Panting went to gather buffalo chips one day and met a man who seemed to appear out of nowhere. He led her to a cave where he filled her apron with dried buffalo meat. She went back to camp and shared with the others. Chesterton Gillman would have been one of those blessed by this miracle.

Chesterton Gillman survived his journey to Zion for over a thousand miles before he succumbed to death and was buried in a common grave with 8 other adults and four children on October 24, 1856, at Rock Creek Hollow. Given his age, this is truly remarkable.

James Gillman came to Utah in 1859 where he settled in Pleasant Grove and Lindon and raised a large family. It is said that Chesterton John Gillman’s grandson, James Henry Gillman, Jr., was the first white child born in Lindon, Utah.

Sources: Family records of Jim Nerdin in history files of Jolene S. Allphin; *They Will Not Depart From It*, by James T. Nerdin, 2007.

THOMAS GIRDLESTONE

Born: 1794 in England (Died October 25, 1856)

Age: 62

Willie Handcart Company



Mary Betts Girdlestone
in Scotland

Thomas was the father of 11 children. He had been the overseer of a large farm in Norfolk, England. He was traveling to the Salt Lake Valley with his wife, Mary, and their 21-year-old daughter, Emma. Thomas was full of faith but his age was likely against him. The trek over Rocky Ridge the day before Thomas's death had taken its toll, as had the weeks before, as attested by Levi Savage's journal entry of October 8: "Deer Creek. This morning when we arose, we found the best ox on our train dead. In the weak state of our teams, the loss impaired us much. ... Our old people are nearly all failing fast."

Thomas died some time on October 25, the day after 13 or 14 others were buried in a common grave at Rock Creek. He may have been buried in the same grave as William Groves (22) who had apparently helped to dig the common grave the day before. The Willie company journal for Saturday, October 25th, simply records: "Rolled from camp in the morning. Thomas Gurdlestone from Great Melton, Norwich, aged 62 years died. William Groves, from Cranmoor, Somersetshire, England, aged 22 years died; Crossed the Sweetwater for the last time. Travelled about 15 miles & camped on the Sweetwater. Some brethren were stationed at this post on the river with supplies of flour & onions."¹

Thomas's 59-year-old wife, Mary Betts, died five days later, on October 30, 1856, and is buried near the Big Sandy River or Green River crossing, somewhere near today's Farson, Wyoming. The Willie company journal records that day: "Rolled from Big Sandy to Green River, 11 miles, forded the river and camped on its banks. Many persons were sick & it was late before they were in camp. Bros. Atwood, Woodward & Christiansen staid behind the main body of the camp to urge on the sick & see that none were left behind. Mary Gurdlestone, from Great Melton, Norfolk, England, aged 59 years died in the morning. Joseph Oborn from Bath, Somerset, England, aged 43 years died in the evening. A large fire was kindled in the evening, a meeting was held & several of the Brethren addressed the audience." The next day the Willie company was met by 10 more rescue wagons. It would be another two days before enough wagons came that Emma would no longer be required to walk.

Bereft of her parents, Emma, remained to enter the Valley alone. Emma married Joseph Harris Ridges in 1858 and had two children. She married Ralph Smith in 1862 and had eight more children. Emma lived to be 79 years old.

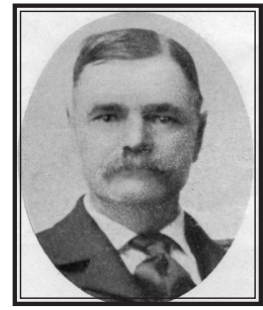
Sources: Willie Company Journal; Levi Savage diary; familysearch.org; communication with descendant Joleen Comstock, December 5, 2007.

¹The "place on the river" was the camp of Redick Allred and a small number of men who had been left at this station with supplies by Captain George D. Grant on October 18. An express messenger was sent to notify Allred that the Willie Company had been found and to meet them. Allred drove all night from his camp (15 miles from Rock Creek), with six wagons and met the Willie Company at Rock Creek the morning of October 24. He stayed with them that night and helped the Willie Company reach his camp on October 25.



Emma Girdlestone
(Ridges) (Smith)
about 1862

RICHARD GODFREY



Born: 11 Mar 1835 Hanbury, Worcester, England

Age: 21

Willie Handcart Company

Richard was one of nine children of Thomas and Elizabeth Ainge Godfrey. He was a handsome young man with dark hair and dark eyes. He was fortunate enough to be able to attend school as a boy and when he was old enough to learn a trade he went to work in a salt mine.

Richard joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in January 1856 in Stoke, England. Four months later he was on his way to Utah. His parents and at least two siblings also immigrated to Utah later and settled in Clarkston, Cache County.

On July 15, Richard and the Willie handcart company left Iowa City, Iowa, with their handcarts and hopes. The Willie company journal records a marriage for Richard on that day:

Tuesday July 15th [1856], We finished weighing the luggage today. Sister Eliza Hurren was delivered of a daughter about 6 a.m. yesterday; also Franklin Richins was born this day to John and Charlotte Richins of the Cheltenham Conference, & Richard Godfrey of Worcester Conference was joined in matrimony to Ann Herbert of the same branch by Bishop Tyler. We started out a short distance this day and encamped for the night, all in first rate spirits.

In the Willie Company were two sisters, Ann (26) and Hannah Herbert (16). Ann also had her 3-year-old son, Charles Martin Herbert, with her. None of the biographies of Ann, Hannah or Richard mention this Iowa City marriage. It appears to have been a marriage of convenience only. Ann married Andrew Jackson Rynearson in March 1857. Hannah also married soon after reaching the Valley.¹

As the Willie company began to cut their rations and suffer from cold weather, Richard dug some roots one day and began to cook them. Richard's daughter, Comfort, later related:

The Captain came along and looked into my father's kettle that he was using to cook supper. He asked what he had there. Father told him that they were some kind of roots, and the Captain wanted to know if he was going to eat them. When he told him that he was, the Captain said that they were poison parsnips and would kill him. My father told him that he had eaten some before and that they had not killed him yet, and that he might as well die eating them as to die starving.

This event was also told by 13-year-old Elizabeth Smith of the Willie Company:

One evening we camped near a marshy meadow spring. Poison parsnips grew there in plenty. Everybody was elated. We had found something to cook and to eat! By this time, our ration was four ounces of flour a day, and neither salt nor soda. ... We cooked and ate our fill of poison parsnips. I confess we felt like we had been eating rocks, so heavy they lay upon our stomachs. The whole camp ate of them. Our captain arrived late at the camp that night, and when he found what we had been eating, he groaned aloud and cried, "Put them down. Every one contains enough poison to kill an ox." He said, furthermore, that it would be one of the providences of the Almighty if we were not all dead by morning. However, many were glad that they had eaten of them before they knew. We did not realize the truth of his words until the next morning when one brother died—a Scandinavian. We supposed that he had eaten them after he knew they were poison.

Richard survived the poisonous food, but his feet were badly frozen on his journey and caused him suffering for the rest of his life.

Richard took part in the Echo Canyon Campaign when Johnston's Army arrived in Utah. He also helped with work on the Salt Lake tabernacle, temple and the tithing office. When the first railroad came to Utah, he cooked for the men who worked for the railroad.

¹ New research indicates that Ann obtained a divorce from the state of Iowa prior to her marriage to Andrew Rynearson.

(Richard Godfrey - Page 2)

Richard married Jane Jolley in 1859. They became the parents of 12 children. He also married Jane's cousin, Mary Ann George, in 1865, and they had 4 children.

Richard was active in every community that he pioneered. He helped to build the Taylor flour and grist mill in Riverdale. In 1870 he moved to Newton and then Clarkston, where he served as ward clerk, town trustee and clerk, postmaster and manager of the cooperative mercantile. He later owned a store and had the post office in his house. He was a good butcher and performed this service for many people in the community. Richard lived to be 77 years old.

When Richard left his native England in 1856, he composed the following poem:

THE MORMON'S FAREWELL

Farewell my former friends, farewell
Since you have proved unkind
Altho you persecute me
You cannot change my mind.

I've set my heart to serve the Lord
Whatever may oppose
Tho all the world deride me
Tho all my friends turn foes.

Thru Babylon's delusions
I've spent my early years
And practiced her religion
Thru constant doubts and fears.

But now I've found the gospel
Joy thru my heart doth flow
God's method of salvation
With certainty I know.

To hear the holy priesthood
Deep mysteries unfold
The past explained the future
As prophets did of old.

And feel the Spirit witness
That what they say is true
Gives me the power to bid
My friends and Babylon adieu.

Great Babylon the counterfeit
To punish and perplex
To destroy her arlon priesthood
And break up all her sects.

And while the wicked murmur
And still more wicked grow
The glories of affection
Will monarchies o'erthrow.

The ocean will the mighty fleets
Of Babylon devour
And wealth for ages heaped on wealth
Shall perish in an hour.

As direful scourges waste the earth
The Lord will separate
The wicked and his people
Whose blessings will be great.

We'll build a temple for him
To which he will come down
And with Celestial bodies
The Saints salvation crown.

And all the Saints are gathering
With this great end in view
But hypocrites will linger
And hope it is not true.

The spirit bids me leave this land
So joyfully I'll sing
The Saints shall be my kindred
And Christ shall be my king.

Sources:

"History of Clarkston—The Granary of Cache Valley 1864-1964," by Ben J. Rausten and Eunice P. Rausten;
"History of Richard Godfrey" by Dolores R. Godfrey;
"Richard Godfrey" by great-granddaughter Ella L. Loosle;
familysearch.org.

MARY PRISCILLA GRIFFITHS

Born: 1831 England

Age: 25

Willie Handcart Company

Mary Priscilla was born in Dorset, England. Her mother was English and her father Welsh. Mary was given a good education and became a milliner and dressmaker. She worked with a friend who sewed for Queen Victoria.

Mary was the only one of her family to join The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She had great courage and faith to start for Zion alone.

Her ship landed at Castle Garden, New York. The group then journeyed to Iowa City, Iowa, where they were organized into the Willie handcart company. When Mary finally arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, her feet were frozen. Her youngest son, George Taylor Farnsworth, related the following story, which was told him by his mother:

“My mother, Mary Priscilla, was twenty-one years old when she crossed the plains. She walked all the way, pulling her own handcart. Their provisions were scarce and rationed. They had to kill their oxen, which had pulled the provisions on wagons thus far. The oxen were very poor, but they were forced to eat them to keep alive.”

Mary lived in Salt Lake City for some time and there married a writer by the name of Jesse Willis. She had one son named Jesse Willis, Jr., but her marriage was not a happy one, and they separated. Mary Priscilla was then called to move to Beaver, Utah, to teach school, where she became a very successful teacher and writer.

On June 15, 1860, she married Bishop Philo T. Farnsworth in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.¹ They were the parents of four children. Some years later she moved to Elsinore, Utah.

Mary was true to her faith and her posterity is said to be numerous.

Mary Priscilla lived to be seventy-nine years old. She passed away in Elsinore, Utah, February 27, 1914.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; Griffiths family history in files of Jolene Allphin.

¹Mary's husband has sometimes been confused with his grandson by the same name (from a different wife). The younger Philo T. Farnsworth is known for his role in developing television and is considered the “father” of modern communications.

CHARLES MARTIN HERBERT

Born: 22 April 1853, Worcester, England

Age: 3

Willie Handcart Company



Ann Herbert (Rynewson)

Charles came to Zion with his mother, Ann Herbert (age 25), and her sister, Hannah (age 16). They sailed from Liverpool to New York City on the ship *Thornton* and traveled mostly by train to their first outfitting point in Iowa. With the other members of the Willie company preparing to leave their campground, Ann Herbert was a busy mother. On July 14, 1856, the Willie company journal records: “The Captains of Hundreds and all hands are busy carrying out the instructions of Prest. Willie given last night namely of weighing all luggage to be paid for the valley & taking an Inventory of all surplus property with valuation of same—All are in first rate spirits and more for the hand carts than the waggons.”

Hopefully the Herbert’s were among those in first rate spirits! Ann had a 1300-mile daunting task ahead of her. Charles would have to be carried or ride in the handcart much of the way. (Hannah would also need to ride in the handcart sometimes, as she became ill on the journey.) Whether Ann made the following decision as a matter of convenience, or to obtain assistance, the company journal noted her decision of July 15: “We finished weighing the luggage today. Sister Eliza Hurren was delivered of a daughter about 6 a.m. yesterday; also Franklin Richins was born this day to John and Charlotte Richins of the Cheltenham Conference, & Richard Godfrey of Worcester Conference was joined in matrimony to Ann Herbert of the same Branch by Bishop Tyler.”

The Herbert family made it through the trials of the Willie company trek and arrived in Salt Lake City on November 9, 1856. Charles’s mother soon found work, something she had been accustomed to as a child working to support her parents’ family. She made trimmings for dresses, collars for coats, and many things by sewing down from ducks and geese into these articles. Ann apparently never lived with her new husband. She obtained a divorce from the state of Iowa, and on March 15, 1857, she married Andrew Jackson Rynewson. Ann and Andrew provided nine brothers and a sister for Charles.

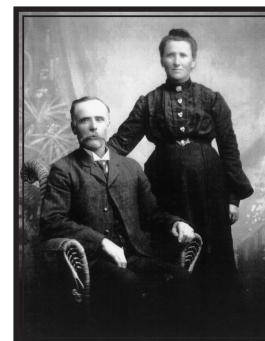
Several years after living in their new home, one of Charles’s neighbors, Thomas Russell, served a mission in England and converted his Herbert grandparents and two of their sons. These family members immigrated to Utah in 1864 in the Joseph S. Rawlins company.

Charles had a little schooling. He did go on to Morgan College in his teens. He grew up in the Mill Creek Ward and held many positions in the Church. In 1873 he was called to help explore Arizona for settlements. He worked in the lead mines to earn extra money so he could marry Martha Ann Wells in 1878.

Charles worked hard and was able to send seven of his twelve children to Brigham Young University. He had one of the largest bee apiaries in the state at the time of his death, following the agricultural types of careers of his step-father. (Andrew raised the first strawberries and budded the first peach trees in the Salt Lake Valley and also introduced different kinds of shade and ornamental trees.) Andrew Rynewson deeded part of their land in Millcreek to Charles’s mother in 1879. She then deeded it to the Church in 1886. This is where the First Millcreek Ward Chapel was built at 602 E. 3900 S. It is marked by Daughters of Utah Pioneers marker #307.

Charles and Martha Ann became the parents of 12 children. On the day Charles died he had planned a welcome home dinner for his wife and her sister returning from a trip to Canada. As they drove home from the train depot, Charles died suddenly. His obituary states: “In the death of Mr. Herbert, Salina loses one of its best and most useful citizens. He always took an active part in religious and civil affairs. ... Mr. Herbert is survived by a prominent and good family.” His son, Jedediah M. Herbert, was serving a mission in Kansas City at the time of his father’s death.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; Willie Company Journal; *Through the Board Gate: A History of the Family of Ernest William Herbert and Emma Jane R. Herbert*, by Neda Herbert Gyllenskog, 1995; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; letters, emails, and photos from Dorothy Hein, Feb. 2007, and Alison Webb, Aug. 2004; *A Genealogy of the Reyniersen Family*, by Peter M. Rinearson and Arthur P. Rynewson, 1997; familysearch.org.

Charles & Martha Ann
Wells Herbert

EMILY HILL

Born: 24 March 1836 in Warminster, Wilts, England

Age: 20

Willie Handcart Company



Of my pedigree I will simply say that my parents [Thomas and Elizabeth Slade Hill] were honorable, hard-working people, too independent in spirit to stoop to mean actions, much less to sully their conscience to curry favor. The youngest living of eleven children, I fully enjoyed the privileges often accorded the youngest member of a family, (i.e.) of having things my own way. My parents as well as my brothers and sisters were very kind to me, and I can truly say—slightly reversing a word in the lines of one of our poets, that, “I never knew what trouble was Till I became a Mormon.”

When but a mere child I was much concerned about my eternal salvation and felt that I would make any sacrifice to obtain it. I asked all kinds of questions of my mother and sisters, seeking how to be saved, but could get no satisfaction from them nor from the religious body (Wesleyans) to which they belonged. Hungry and thirsty for truth, I searched the Scriptures, invariably turning to the lives of ancient apostles or to the beautiful writings of the Prophet Isaiah. I was never weary of reading his prophecies, the glory of a Latter-Day Zion that burthened his inspirations possessed for me a charm irresistible. Truly I was waiting for something, I knew not what, came to me sooner than I expected. When I was about twelve years old, my cousin, Miriam Slade, (afterward the wife of Edward Hanham,) came to visit us; she was very merry-hearted and we had anticipated her visit, expecting a good deal of fun; but she was too full of a “new religion” to do anything but preach. “God,” she said, “had spoken from the heavens to a man named Joseph Smith; the Gospel was restored to the earth, the honest in heart were commanded to gather to the land of Zion for safety, for this was the last Dispensation, and the hour of God’s judgment had come!”

Right faithfully she testified to her knowledge of these things, much to the surprise of our family, who were considerably amused at her earnestness as well as at the novelty of her belief, and notwithstanding I listened attentively, I thought her assertions too good to be true. The next Sunday my cousin informed us that the Latter-Day Saints had appointed a meeting for that day at an adjoining village called Chalford, and invited us to go. As it was a distance of five or six miles, making a long walk there and back, none of my brothers cared to go, and my elder sisters considered themselves altogether too respectable to attend an outdoor meeting of such a primitive sect, therefore they declined to go, and no one thought of sending me till I suggested it. Turning to my father, my sisters said (laughingly), “Yes, send Em, she will tell us all about it.”

In five minutes Miriam Slade and myself were on the road, accompanied by Mr. Wm. Bowring, (brother to Henry E. Bowring of Brigham City), and by Edward W. Tullidge, then a youth, but now well-known as a talented writer and also as the proprietor and editor of *Tullidge’s Quarterly Magazine*. Never shall I forget that day, surely it was the turning point of my whole life. A few devoted worshippers of truth met together in a small house, to bear their testimony to one another and to worship God! And He was in their midst and that to bless them. Even as in the Day of Pentecost, they spake in tongues and prophesied, which prophecy I have seen fulfilled. Unlike the Jews who were “pricked in their hearts,” I did not even ask, “What shall I do to be saved?” “The way” was open before me, and simple and young as I was, I instinctively knew that “I could not err therein.” ... It was indeed as though I had been brought “out of darkness into marvelous light,” and I could not shut my eyes against it.

In the evening I attended an out door “Mormon Meeting,” and though naturally sensitive to ridicule, I did not care the least for the sneers of the crowd but joined in the songs of the Saints as well as I could, for in my childish way I wanted it understood that I was not ashamed to be counted one with the peculiar people called Latter-Day Saints. Many a time since, when “offences” have come in my way, over which with mortal weakness I have almost stumbled, the testimony of that eventful day has been to me a precious recollection which nothing could obliterate. I was so overjoyed at finding what I had so long desired, and so eager to convince my friends that I could hardly wait to get home. As soon as I was inside the house and almost before anyone else could speak, I astounded them all by the empathetic declaration that I knew the Latter-Day Saints were the right people; and I would join them as soon as I was big enough. [She was only 12 at this time.] I was never sent to “take notes” of the “Mormons” again, but on the contrary was closely watched lest I should be led away by a “sect that was everywhere spoken against.” My early study of the Scriptures now stood me in good stead, and I searched the Bible more diligently than ever, so that I might give a good reason for my faith to the hosts that assailed me, (right reverends among the number,) who, finding it easier to cry “delusion” than to prove it, generally wound up by informing me that I wasn’t old enough to know my own mind, and was altogether too young to judge of so grave matter. Meantime my persistent faith invoked such a tempest of wrath over my head, that I could not even get an opportunity to be baptized, and the elders did not think it wisdom (because of my tender years) to perform the ceremony without my parents’ consent. I well remember looking forward to a period when I should be old enough to act for myself, and it seemed a lifetime.

(Emily Hill - Page 2)

About this time one of the elders brought Brother John Halliday (brother to Bishop Halliday of Santaquin) to our house, who bore such a powerful testimony to the divine mission of Joseph Smith, that my sister, Julia, (now Mrs. Ivins of St. George) exclaimed, "If ever there was a man of God I'm sure he is one, and I'll be a Latter-Day Saint, too!" From that time I had a friend in the family, and we were both determined that cost what it might we would be true to the light within us. Only once in a great while could we steal away and meet with the Saints, but although we were not yet baptized we partook of the sacrament and paid out our pocket money to the Church funds like actual members.

On one of these occasions Brother Halliday blessed me and confirmed upon me the promise that I should write in prose and in verse and thereby comfort the hearts of thousands. After this I was baptized March 25, 1852, I was then sixteen, but had virtually been a Latter-day Saint for four years.

Denied the privilege of freely meeting with the Saints, I all the more earnestly desired to gather to Zion; but fearing I might be forcibly detained if I attempted to leave home directly for America, I obtained my parents' consent to visit my sister, Julia—who had already gone to Northampton (quite a long distance from home) hoping that the way would open up, so we might earn enough to emigrate. Therefore the first time I had enjoyed religious freedom and there also took my lessons of hard times; preparing me for greater hardships in store.

In the month of May 1856, we sailed for America on the ship *Thornton*, Captain Collins, commander; Brother James G. Willie had charge of the Saints, ... and a good captain he was. We had a pleasant trip with the exception of one heavy storm, which I would not have missed for a great deal. From New York we traveled by rail and by way of Lake Erie to the camping ground in the neighborhood of Iowa City; there we were obliged to wait till the companies were ready to start, and surely if we had been natural or unnatural curiosities we could not have been commented on or stared at any more by the people surrounding us. "Mormons, men, women, and children, and worse, a lot of young girls, bound for Salt Lake and going to pull 'hand carts!' Shocking!" Yet, for the potent reason that no other way seemed open, and on the principal "descending below all things," I made up my mind to pull a hand cart. "All the way to Zion," a foot journey from Iowa to Utah, and pull our luggage, think of it!

Anonymous letters and warnings from sympathizing outsiders were mysteriously conveyed to us, setting forth the hardships and impossibilities of such a journey, and offering us inducements to stay. Many who started out with us backed out in a few days; my sister broke down and was unable to walk and I remember asking myself (footsore and weary with the first week of walking and working) if it was possible for me, faith or no faith, to walk twelve hundred miles further. The flesh certainly was weak but the spirit was willing, I set down my foot that I would try, and by the blessing of God I pulled a handcart a thousand miles and never rode one step. Some thrilling scenes I could relate incident to that journey, and must forbear for want of space. Suffice it to say that after a long and wearisome journey, being entirely out of provisions, we halted for want of strength to proceed,¹ and never should I have beheld (with mortal eyes) "the city of the Saints" had not the compassionate people of Utah sent out a number of brave-hearted brethren with food and clothing to our relief. May they all be everlastingly blessed.

Emily and Julia survived their ordeal, but a few short years later experienced heartache that she said made her previous trials seem like "child's play." She wrote:

In the month of June, 1857, firmly believing in the principle of plural marriage I entered into it. The result of this marriage was one child only, for a little more than three years after said marriage, my husband, William G. Mills, went on a mission to England, and after I had worked for upwards of four years to maintain myself and little one, my husband himself sent me word that he never intended to set foot in Utah again. And here I must be allowed to say in behalf of myself and other true women who have who have endured such separations, and to whom, perhaps, it is counted as nothing, no one can realize what such an ordeal it, unless they have passed through it. All that I had hitherto suffered seemed like child's play compared to being deserted by the one in whom I had chosen to place the utmost confidence, who himself had fixed in impassable gulf between us by ignoring the very principles by which he had obtained me, leaving myself and my little one (for all he knew) to sorrow and destitution. Harder still, was it for me to believe that this abandonment had been deliberately planned. ...

I had striven hard to keep out of debt—determined to do my part as a missionary's wife, that when my husband came back he might not be hampered on my account. Nevertheless "hard times" stared me in the face, and I was almost overwhelmed by circumstances beyond my control. During the winter season of 1863-64 (owing to the [Civil] war and many circumstances combined) provisions and other necessaries commanded almost fabulous prices, and I could not see how I should ever be able to keep "the wolf from the door." To add to my trouble, the house I occupied (and to which I had been led to believe I had some claim,) was sold over my head and thus I had the prospect of being homeless, at a time when rents were going up double and treble. One night when I was so weary with overwork and anxiety, pondering what to do, these words impressed me as if audibly spoken, TRUST IN GOD AND THYSELF. ... Immediately after this my way opened up before me, almost within the week I secured another home, which if not very commodious had for me the satisfying charm of being my own.

(Emily Hill - Page 3)

On May 7, 1864, I again entered into plural marriage and was sealed by Heber C. Kimball to Joseph Woodmansee, to whom I have borne four sons and four daughters. Two of these died in infancy, leaving me a family of seven, including my first-born. Nearly twenty years have rolled by since my second marriage, during which time I have seen many changes of fortune which I cannot now relate, but I will say this much of my children's father. Misfortunes have befallen him but have never affected his faith, he has proven his allegiance to the principles and priesthood of God at considerable sacrifice to himself and family, enduring reverses uncomplainingly.²

Of my children I need say but little, but I fervently hope that each and all of them may seek and obtain for themselves a knowledge of the truth, (called Mormonism) for I know it can make them wise unto salvation, and may they be willing if needs be to endure reproach and privation for principle's sake. I doubt not that all my troubles have been for my good, and to-day I am more than thankful for my standing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. ... I desire to live to make up for past short-comings by future diligence, that I may help (in my humble way) to build up "the kingdom whose dominion, power and greatness shall be given to the Saints of the most High! Who shall possess it forever and ever."

Church Historian, Orson F. Whitney, wrote that Emily was the "possessor of a poetic as well as a practical mind. ... Her busy pen has brought forth many meritorious productions." Emily wrote the words to the hymn, "As Sisters in Zion" and the Primary song, "Let the Little Children Come." Emily also championed Women's Rights and was active in the Women's suffrage movement of the 19th century. Emily lived to be 70 years old.

Sources: "Autobiography of Emily Hill Woodmansee," Leonard J. Arrington Historical Archives, Utah State University, Special Collections, Item #3—Augusta Joyce Crocheron, *Representative Women of Deseret*, Salt Lake City, 1884, 82-90; Orson F. Whitney, *History of Utah*, 1904, vol IV, 593-95; "Sweet Singers of Zion: Life Sketches of Emily Hill Woodmansee and Julia Hill Ivins," by Edith Ivins Lamoreaux, *The Relief Society Magazine*, vol. VIII, October 1921, no. 10, p. 562-570; "Mrs. Woodmansee gone to her rest," *Deseret News*, October 20, 1906. See Hill sisters' history and artwork in *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, Deseret Book, 2013.

¹While the Willie Company was halted on October 19, express riders came with the good news that rescue wagons were close at hand. One of these men was Joseph A. Young, with whom Emily had been acquainted in England. Upon seeing her, he burst into tears. "Why do you cry, Brother Young?" she asked. "Oh, because you look so starved," he replied, "and the provision wagons are [miles] away." Then, feeling in his pocket, he produced a small onion. "Eat this," he said. Emily didn't eat the onion right then but carried it in her hand. Near the fire lay a man who was apparently dying. Emily handed him the onion, and he declared afterward that it had saved his life.

²From "Sweet Singers of Zion," *The Relief Society Magazine*, Oct. 1921, 566-67: "Her life was full of trial, the support and rearing of her family devolving largely upon her mother-wit, but she was always hopeful, her cheery smile impressing all her associates and friends. Her fearlessness and undaunted faith in God's goodness are manifested in all her poems and songs. Sister Woodmansee developed through her years of poverty a strong tendency toward business ability attained by but few women in Utah. President Heber J. Grant, who has always been one of her ardent admirers, tells a story of her thrift. To quote his own words:

'While sitting in the bank one day the Spirit whispered to me that Sister Emily H. Woodmansee was in financial need. I accordingly drew from my account at the bank \$50 and proceeded with it to her home. On the way I debated whether I should present this to her as a gift, or offer it to her as a loan. Fearing I might offend her, as I remembered her high spirit, I decided upon the latter course. As I shook hands with her I offered her the money as a loan, without interest, with promise never to accept it until she was in comfortable enough circumstances to return it of her own choice.

'With tears in her eyes Sister Emily confessed that she and her family were almost destitute. Twenty-five dollars of it was immediately spent for provisions and coal. With the remaining twenty-five dollars she took an option on a piece of property. In thirty days she sold the property for \$700. With this she bought and sold many other parcels of real estate, showing the keenest sagacity and wisdom in the business world. It is needless to say the \$50 was returned with thanks to me, and praises to God, for a true friend in her hour of need.'

(Emily Hill - Page 4)

Song of the Sisters of the Female Relief Society.

BY EMILY H. WOODMANSEE

TUNE--Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning.

As sisters in Zion, we'll all pull together;
The blessing of God on our labors we'll seek;
We'll build up his Kingdom with earnest endeavor;
We'll comfort the weary and strengthen the weak.

We'll turn from our follies, our pride and our weakness,
The vain, foolish fashions of Babel despise;
We'll seek for the garments of truth and of meekness,
And learn to be useful and happy and wise.

We'll wear what is sensible, neat and becoming
The daughters of Zion – the children of light;
We'll work with a will, while the angels are scanning
Our aims and our actions from morning till night.

We'll bring up our children to be self-sustaining;
To love and to do what is noble and right;
When we rest from our labors, these dear ones
remaining,
Will bear off the kingdom and "fight the good fight."

Nor shall our attention be wholly restricted
To training our children or shaping our dress;
The aged, the feeble, the poor and afflicted,
Our labors shall comfort, our efforts shall bless.

"The Lord hath established the cities of Zion,
The poor of His people are trusting in Him,"
He makes us a source for His poor to rely on;
Oh! shall we not brighten the eyes that are dim.

Oh! Shall we not hasten to soothe the condition
Of the humble, the needy, the honest and pure?
Oh! Let us remember, whate'er our ambition--
'Tis our duty, our mission, to comfort the poor.

'Tis the office of angels, conferred upon woman;
And this is a Right that, as women, we claim:
To do whatsoever is gentle and human,
To cheer and to bless in humanity's name.

How vast are our labors; how broad is our mission,
If we only fulfill it in spirit and deed;
Oh! naught but the Spirit's divinest tuition--
Can give us the wisdom to truly succeed.

Then, as sisters in Zion, we'll all pull together;
The blessing of God on our labors we'll seek;
We'll build up his kingdom with earnest endeavor;
We'll comfort the weary and strengthen the weak.

S. L. City, May 25th, 1869.



Emily and Julia Hill

JULIA HILL

Born: January 15, 1833 in England

Age: 23

Willie Handcart Company



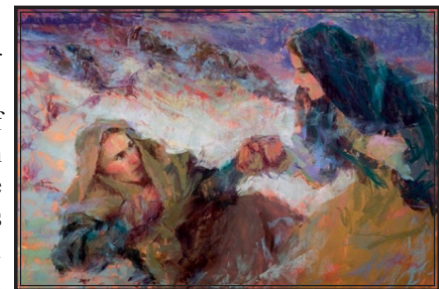
When Julia was a young girl, her cousin came to visit. Instead of talking about gossip and stories, her cousin only talked about a new religion. Julia and her sister, Emily, were curious. They investigated The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and Emily wanted to be baptized, but her parents were against it, and the Elders did not want to baptize her over her parents' objections. Later Julia became converted and the girls were both baptized when Emily was 16 and Julia was 19 years old.

Julia and Emily were anxious to emigrate to Utah to be with the other Saints. Julia went to work in a distant city as an apprentice to a milliner. Emily joined her there later. In 1856, they boarded the ship *Thornton* to America, arriving in New York and then to Iowa City, Iowa. On their handcart journey, some people in Iowa tried to persuade the girls not to go on in this fashion. They even gave them anonymous notes. Julia and Emily paid them no heed. The soldiers at Fort Laramie also tried to persuade the young single women to stay, but Julia and Emily persevered.

One experience that happened to the Willie Company, and thus affected the Hill sisters, was recorded in the Willie Company Journal: "25 July 1856 - This morning at 7 a.m. we left the Camp and traveled as far as Muddy Creek, 13 miles. We stopped twice by the way to rest[,] the weather being very warm[.] Just before we camped we were overtaken by the Sheriff with a warrant to search the waggons, &c. under the idea that the women were detained contrary to their wish[,] with ropes. After showing their authority, they had permission to examine any part of the company & were fully satisfied that the report was without foundation, & left us."

Julia and Emily volunteered to assist a young new widow, Martha Campkin, with her five small children. These women suffered many tribulations. Julia's health broke down and she was pulled in the handcart part of the way by her sister and friends. One time Emily lifted Julia from the snow and got her going again after she collapsed. Israel Ivins was one of the rescuers of the Willie company. Three months after arriving in the Salt Lake Valley, Julia became Israel's second wife. Due to the invasion of Johnston's Army in 1857, Israel moved his families to Provo. When they returned in 1858, the exodus had been very hard on Julia and her newborn son, Israel, Jr. The baby died a month later. Julia and Israel had 8 children. Four of them died at young ages. Julia died unexpectedly at the age of 63. Emily wrote a poem entitled "My Sister," in loving remembrance, February 14, 1895. The following are excerpts:

"Two of a household band, Two in the flush of youth, Came hither from their home afar, Led Zionward by Faith's bright star, And love of God and truth. Boughs from a parent stem, By sacred kinship wed, Are parted—one of them Is left—and one is dead. ... Hail, ransomed, cheery soul! Rescu'd from earthly bands, Uplifted from this world of ours, Thou art at home amid the flowers, That bloom in fairer lands, Thou art at home, indeed, With friends beloved of yore, From all affliction freed, Where vexing cares are o'er. ... Expanded by thy scope, Exalted is thy sphere, And yet, we fondly hope, Thou wilt at times be near. ... Oh, if thou hast the power, Befriend us here below, Attend us in the hour, When through death's vale we go!



Sisters in Zion
by Julie Rogers
used by permission

Sources: Orson F. Whitney, *History of Utah*, 1904, vol IV, 593-95; "Sweet Singers of Zion: Life Sketches of Emily Hill Woodmansee and Julia Hill Ivins," by Edith Ivins Lamoreaux, *The Relief Society Magazine*, vol. VIII, October 1921, no. 10, p. 562-570; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; "Julia and Emily: Sisters in Zion," by Debbie J. Christensen, *Ensign*, June 2004, 34; Poem in Leonard J. Arrington Historical Archives, Utah State University, Special Collections. See Hill sisters' history and more artwork in *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, Deseret Book, 2013.

ANNE HOWARD

Born: 1820 in England

Age: 35

Willie Handcart Company

The following biography was written by Gloria O. Berg, 2nd great-granddaughter of Anne Howard:

Anne Howard was born in Horsford, Norfolk, England, to Mary Lubbock and James Howard. Records show she was christened on August 6, 1820 (the same year that Joseph Smith received his first vision in upstate New York). She was the 7th child in a family of 8 children.

Her first introduction to the Church was in 1846 as a young woman in her 20's and still living with her parents. She was the only member of her family to recognize the truthfulness of the gospel message. She was given the ultimatum that she must cease to investigate or have any association with the LDS missionaries or members of this religion or she would no longer be welcome in their home.

Anne loved her family, but she had found something that she knew was essential for her eternal salvation. She was baptized on January 1, 1847, and then made ready to sail to America on a vessel called the Thornton [in 1856]. ... Her family refused to see her after her baptism and she never saw or heard from any of them again.

The voyage was not easy, but she arrived in New York City and traveled by train to Iowa where she joined the James Willie Handcart Company. Anne loaded her handcart with her meager possessions and supplies and joined with ... other handcarts in this group. She was a woman alone and did not ask for nor did she receive much assistance from anyone as she pushed and pulled her cart across the trails and rugged terrain for 1300 miles to the Salt Lake Valley. ...

Many in this company never reached their earthly destination and were buried along the way. Others lost hands, feet, even their sight due to the extreme conditions under which they traveled. Anne's feet were frozen to the extent that she could never wear regular shoes again.

Anne was a kind, gentle, yet determined woman. She became the 2nd wife to John Lambert in February of 1857 and [was] blessed with an only child, Georgiana, in December of that year.

She was a life-long devoted member of the Church and died in Spring City, Utah, on December 31, 1900, at the age of 80 and is buried in the Spring City Cemetery. Anne is revered by her descendants as a noble Latter-day Saint woman who displayed great courage, determination and commitment building the Kingdom here on earth.

John Linford of the Willie company wrote the names of the people in his tent group over which he presided. Anne Howard was in this group. These are the people with whom Anne shared a tent for several months while journeying to Utah:

-John Linford (48), died October 21, 1856, Maria Linford (43), George J. Linford (17), Joseph W. Linford (14), Amasa C. Linford (11)

-Samuel Gadd Sr. (41), died October 9, 1856, Eliza Chapman Gadd (41), Alfred Gadd (20), Jane Gadd (17), William Chapman Gadd (12), Samuel Gadd Jr. (10), died October 23, 1856, Mary Ann Gadd (8) Sarah Gadd (5), Isaac Gadd (1), twin, Daniel Gadd (1), twin, died October 4, 1856

-Mary Ann Britin (51 or 55)

-Mary Ann Winters Funnel (62) and daughter, Elizabeth Funnel (23)

-Mary Ann Miller (30)

-Ann Howard (35)

Sources: "Diary of John Linford (April 28 to October 30, 1856)," typescript by Donna Linford Putnam, in *Linford Family Heritage*, by Golden C. Linford, 1995; "Anne Howard," by Gloria O. Berg, 2000.

ELIZABETH HUMPHRYS

Born: May 2, 1844 England

Age: 12

Willie Handcart Company

Elizabeth and William J. Hill
with five of their children

Elizabeth was the fifth child in a family of nine. She was born and grew up in the small community of Cowley, Gloucestershire, England, in a very humble home. Both of her parents worked as agricultural laborers. Her father worked particularly long hours, leaving home before daylight and returning after dark. Elizabeth's father joined the Church in 1842 and her mother joined in 1843. Elizabeth was baptized by her father before leaving England. In May of 1856, Elizabeth boarded the ship *Thornton* with her parents, George Humphrys (age 45) and Harriet Harding (47), brothers Edwin (18) and James (1), and sisters Mary (14), Hannah (9), and Salina (6). A brother, George, Jr., had died as a child and an older brother, Richard, had emigrated the previous year. Richard was awaiting the family in America.

George Humphrys was appointed as one of the captains of "ten" when the Willie handcart company left Iowa City. They experienced numerous delays and setbacks and ran short of supplies. These things were usually well provided as the Church had well organized plans in place all along the route for the emigrant trains to be restocked. However, many difficulties, including the onset of winter, brought the Elizabeth's family and the Willie company to the edge of starvation.

The Humphrys family all survived their trek and arrived in Salt Lake City on November 9, 1856. All but the two youngest children had walked the entire distance across the plains. Upon arrival in Salt Lake City, the Saints took in the Humphrys family and nourished them. Elizabeth and her family had long looked forward to the time when they could get sufficient food. The first night a kind friend brought them two loaves of bread, but when they tried to eat they could take only a few mouthfuls, and many days passed before they could eat a full meal. Mary had frozen feet and was crippled the rest of her life. She married one of her rescuers, Amos Maycock, and became the mother of three children.

While in Salt Lake City, Elizabeth's family stayed in a schoolhouse. Richard Mann, a relative, later came to the city and took them to Pleasant View in Weber County. There they spent their first winter living in a tiny house with a dirt floor and only a pile of straw for beds. The following spring the children herded cows on the hot springs barren and did what they could to help the family earn a living. Elizabeth married William John Hill in 1863 and became the mother of ten children, four daughters and six sons, including a set of twin boys. She named her last two sons Joseph and Hyrum. Elizabeth had a pleasant disposition. She was very industrious, and she formed the habit in good weather of spending an hour or more before breakfast each day in the orchard and vegetable garden, or among her flowers which were well kept and beautiful. She was a good homemaker and housekeeper. It was told of her that when Elizabeth went into the bedrooms to make the beds and put the rooms in order, she always took off her kitchen apron and put on a clean one so she would not soil the bedding.

Against Harriet's wishes, she and her husband left the Church to join the Josephites, a splinter group in Kansas. George and Harriet both died there. Mary Humphrys told how she watched her parents until the last wagon was out of sight, then sat down alone to cry.

Elizabeth had an accident, followed by a stroke, about 3 years before she died. She spent most of this time in a wheelchair and was well cared for by her sons and daughters. She died at age of 54.



George and Harriet Humphrys

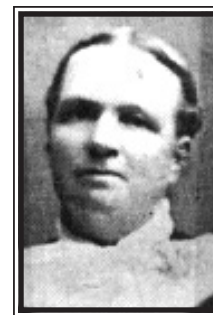
Sources: *Clark Family Histories*, compiled by Brent and Kathryn Garner, 1995; DUP history files; Our North Ogden Pioneers: 1851-1900, by Jeanette Shaw Greenwell and Laura Chadwick Kump, 1998.

MARY HURREN

Born: 1848 England

Age: 7

Willie Handcart Company



Mary came to Utah with her parents, James (age 29) and Eliza Reeder Hurren (26); sisters, Emma (4) and Sarah (2); grandfather, David Reeder (54), and his children, Caroline (17) and Robert (19). Mary also had a baby sister, Selena, who was born on July 14 at Iowa City. Selena only lived for two weeks. Grandfather Reeder died on October 1, near Ft. Laramie, and Aunt Caroline died October 15, near Independence Rock and Devil's Gate. Family histories recollect that David Reeder was giving his rations to his grandchildren before he died.

With all these trials, Mary's parents endured to the end and were known in the Willie company for their strength. James tried to see the humor in the situations that arose. He tried to make others smile and laugh. He encouraged them to think of the opportunities and blessings ahead in Zion. Mary's mother worried that James would ruin his health by taking on too much extra work, but Captain Willie said that if only one man reached the Valley, it would be James. Mary's valiant parents gave this testimony: "With all our trials, our weary traveling, burying our dear ones, ... we have never once felt to murmur or complain or regret the steps we have taken."

Mary gave an account of her immigration in several interviews. The following is from an interview with Vernal Willie:

I was eight years old when I crossed the plains with my parents in the James G. Willie Handcart Company. We left England on the 2nd of May, 1856, and Captain Willie was in charge of our company. He had been in England on a mission and was returning to his family in Utah. We all loved Captain Willie. He was kind and considerate, and did all that he could for the comfort of those in his company. Many times he has laid his hands upon my head and administered to me. I remember my father lived at Hyde Park at the time of the death of Bro. Willie. He had not heard of his sickness and he cried when he heard of his death. He said that if he had known that he had been sick he would willingly have walked from Hyde Park to Mendon to see him if need be.

The first part of the journey was fun for Mary and her sisters. They saw new sights, played around the handcarts with the other children, and they especially loved playing with their Aunt Caroline. One day, Mary and her friend, Agnes Caldwell, came to an area inhabited by rattlesnakes. They held hands and jumped over the snakes, thinking it great fun. Agnes later wrote: "It seemed to me we were jumping for more than a mile. Due to the protecting hand of the Lord, we were not harmed." (See Agnes Caldwell story in Willie section, *Tell My Story, Too*. See also *Follow Me To Zion*, Andrew D. Olsen and Jolene S. Allphin, Deseret Book, 2013.)

I walked practically all the distance across the plains until we were snowed in. We had to be on the constant lookout for indians. We saw where members of other companies had been killed by the indians. ... During the last few days before relief came our small allowance of flour was cooked as a gruel and eaten that way. Pieces of rawhide on the handcarts were also cooked to secure what food value there was in them. I remember one morning my father went out, and with a stick uncovered from the snow a piece of rawhide about a foot square. After washing it in snow water and scraping the hair off, he cut it into small strips and boiled it. Those pieces were then given to us to eat. We were very thankful to receive them, and chewed them as we would gum until we secured what nourishment there was in it.

The snow was about eighteen inches deep and it was bitter cold in the wind. We lacked sufficient clothing and bedding, as we were limited in the amount we could bring. My shoes were worn out, and my feet and legs were badly frozen. I remember being lifted up on the shoulder of one of the men, where I could see a grave which had been dug to bury those that had died during the day. I counted 14 bodies in this one grave. The grave was dug shallow, as no one had strength to dig it very deep, and the soil was frozen and hard. They were buried in the clothes in which they died. Two more members of our company died while these fourteen were being buried. [Rock Creek hollow, October 24.]

Captain Willie went ahead through the snow to meet the relief wagons and urge them to hurry as the people were freezing and starving to death. If help had not come when it did there would have been no one left to tell the tale. As a small girl I could hear the squeaking of the wagons as they came through the snow before I was able to see them. Tears streamed down the cheeks of the men and the children danced for joy. As soon as the people could control their feelings they all knelt down in the snow and gave thanks to God for his kindness and goodness unto them. The last

(Mary Hurren - Page 2)

supply of food in the camp had been given out two days before the relief wagons came. They came just in time to save our lives. I was placed in a wagon with two sick boys. The snow came down so fast and the wind blew so hard, that it drifted in the tracks of the wagon ahead, so that the driver of our wagon lost his way, and it was eleven o'clock at night before we were finally located by the rest of the company. During this time we had nothing but a few cracker crumbs to eat.

Mary does not give the date that she was in the "lost" wagon with two sick boys. It may have been the night of October 23, as that fits the description of travel that day, especially with the snowstorm. During that night, one of Mary's playmates died and was buried in a common grave at Rock Creek the next morning. Mary's father or another man lifted her up so she could see the body of her friend lying among the dead. The four children buried there were Samuel Gadd, James Kirkwood, Bodil Mortensen and Niels Nielsen.

When we arrived in Salt Lake City we camped in the old tithing office lot, which was located where the Hotel Utah now stands. We were met by Uncle George Reeder. When he saw what a pitiful condition we were in he went for medical aid. Two doctors came back with him. In the meantime my mother had warmed some water and was engaged in soaking the rags from off my frozen legs and feet. One of the doctors remarked, "She'll never get over this. There's nothing we can do here." He did not expect that I would live more than a day or two at the most. They came back however in the morning and informed my father that the only way to save my life would be to have my legs amputated. The doctors informed father that it would be necessary to amputate one leg just above the knee, and the other one directly below the knee. My father objected to this and said that his little girl had not walked for a thousand miles across the plains to have her legs cut off. [Mary's mother said to the doctor, "If she dies, she dies with her feet on."] The flesh fell away from the calves of my legs, so that it was necessary to grow new flesh. My mother put sweet oil on my legs. I remember that on several occasions after coming to Brigham City that father walked to Ogden to secure fresh beef to bind on my legs. It was three long years before I was able to walk.

The family moved to Brigham City—living first with Mary's uncle, George Reeder. In other reminiscences, Mary gives a slightly different version of how her legs began to heal. She tells of an elderly lady in Brigham City—Mrs. Snider—who advised applying fresh beefsteak to her legs. Fresh meat was not available where they lived, so Mary's father walked 20 miles to Ogden, got a steak, and walked back. When the beef was removed after three days, homemade ointment was applied to Mary's legs and feet. Within a few days the rotten flesh dropped off. Mary was able to walk again in three years, but her feet hurt her all her life.

Mary married Joseph M. Wight and became the mother of 13 children. She also took in a little orphan girl, age ten, with tuberculosis, and cared for her until she died four years later. Mary was gifted at nursing. She nursed the sick and cared for the helpless. President Heber J. Grant came to her 88th birthday party. She remarked that she had shaken the hand of every modern-day prophet to that time, except Joseph Smith. In 1953, Mary's granddaughter, LaPreal Wight, wrote about a remarkable incident she had witnessed in her grandmother's life:

Mary Hurren Wight walked into her kitchen with [a] sick child in her arms. It was not her child, for she was seventy years of age. ... It was the sick child of total strangers, people bogged down with trouble and a broken car, camped under the locust tree at the edge of the lane. ... "Mother! You might be exposing the whole family to something terrible," [her children] remonstrated. "You don't know what the child has. It could have anything!"

Mary responded with compassion and instructions: "It is not a question of what it has or could have. ... The child is sick. A little baby cannot be sick inside a wretched car—with Mormon homes about it. Every house has a door. Doors were made to let people in. And when has my door ever been shut? ... This innocent young one has no home ... and there is room at our inn. ... I think you had better put a bite to eat on the table. The child's [parents] will be here. [They are hungry and] worried, those two. ... They did not have any food. ... I asked them." ...

I never came in close contact with [my grandmother] that I did not realize that I was in the presence of a good woman. But I think I had never known until the following two days just how much strength there is in a beautiful soul. I was to learn it through the eyes of the dead child's mother, for in spite of everything one could do, there was a moment when the baby smiled up at us, gratefully, it seemed, for its warm, clean bed in Mary's kitchen; then, with a little sigh of such sweet content, it closed its eyes peacefully, and its soul winged homeward. ... [The parents,]

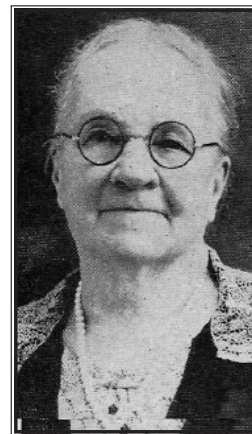
(Mary Hurren - Page 3)

awkward and hesitant ... [asked how much it would cost for] a little sermon [to be] preached before [they] buried him. “Not a penny,” Mary promised them. ... My church does not take money for preaching.”

As she continued to explain to them our beliefs, I saw the fear leave their faces. ... I felt that throughout their years no one had stopped to be kind to them before. And they were the type that needed kindness. They had probably needed it many times along their way. If someone had lent a hand, they might never have had to face the sorrow that was theirs to bear at that moment. When I heard the simple voices of neighbors ring out in song—a funeral hymn—in Mary’s front parlor, and saw the humble, grateful tears in the eyes of the still bewildered parents as they looked upon the little pine box, made by other neighbors’ hands; when I smelled the faint odor of Mary’s garden flowers adding color to the casket,¹ ... when I heard the bishop speak of life eternal, I was proud of my grandmother. ... She never faltered in her desire to live the way God wanted her to live. ...

Just before her eightieth birthday, we induced her to go to a photographer and have her picture taken. We added just a few touches: a new lace collar to her old black dress, her white hair framing her kind, wrinkled face, her glasses adding impressiveness to her slightly upturned nose. Later, when we showed her the picture, she failed at first, to recognize herself. Her comment was: “My, she’s a big woman, isn’t she? ... Do I look like that?” “You do,” we all chorused. “I did not know life was doing that to me.” And she, who had rarely looked into a mirror because she had never had time, and who had had so little in life, dropped her head and wept because she was beautiful. ...

In her last sickness, we crept into her room. She looked up and smiled, “I can see you so plain. It is lighter than it used to be, I suppose. And just think, my feet don’t hurt! I guess I have conquered those feet at last.” Later, there was a smile on her face as she rested in her casket, and I looked upon her peaceful countenance and knew that she had endured and conquered—Mary Hurren Wight had eternal life.

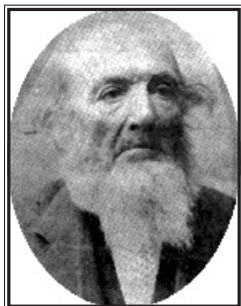


Mary said, “I have always tried to do the best that I could. If I had my life to live over again I would not want to avoid any of the hardships that I have passed through. I would not want it any different.”

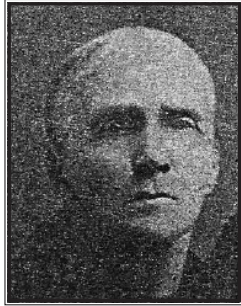
Sources: Wight, Mary Hurren, [Reminiscences], in James G. Willie History (interviews conducted by Vernal Willie); “Autobiography of Agnes Caldwell,” interview conducted by Veara Southworth Fife; “The David Reeder Family History,” book on CD, 2nd edition, 2nd printing, compiled by Adolph Reeder, updated edition by Dennis Reeder; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; “If You Keep My Commandments,” by LaPreal Wight, *Improvement Era*, August 1953, 571, (Portions also published under title, “There Is Room in Our Inn,” pgs. 252-54, unknown book.); “A Handcart Pioneer Still Carries On,” by R. Newell Jeffs, *Utah Genealogical Magazine* (unknown date), 164-167. See *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, Deseret Book, 2013, for artwork and more Hurren and Reeder family stories.

¹ The Hurren girls were proud of their beautiful orchards and their vegetable and flower gardens. To keep fruit from getting wormy, Emma hung a lantern over a tub of water. The moths would be attracted by the fire, fall into the water and die. Sarah said, “I hope I’ll never see the day I cannot see a flower. I love flowers very much. I always look for spring to come so I can dig my own flower garden and plant it all myself. When the flowers come up I keep the weeds out and take care of them. ... I eat out of my [vegetable] garden during the summer and try to help myself.”

James Hurren



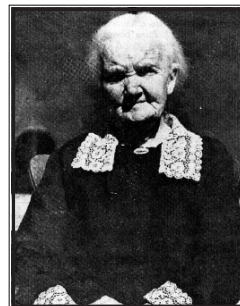
Eliza Reeder Hurren



Emma Hurren (Woolf)



Sarah Hurren (Seamons)



“One evening as we prepared to stop for the night, a large herd of buffalo came thundering toward us. It sounded like thunder at first, then the big black animals came straight for our carts. We were so scared that we were rooted to the ground. One of the captains, seeing what was going on, ran for the carts which were still coming in, jerked out some of the carts to make a path for the steady stream of animals and let them go through. They went past us like a train roaring along. I’m sure that but for the quick thinking of these men, many of us would have been trampled to death. The animals acted as if they were crazy the way they ran. We hoped that we wouldn’t meet such a large herd soon again. After they had gone somebody called out that the cattle had gone with them. This was our only supply of meat, so the men started out right after them.”

The missing cattle were never found. There were only enough oxen left for about one yoke to each wagon, but the wagons were so loaded down that they could not move them. The company was then obliged to yoke up their remaining beef cattle, milk cows, and even young heifers. With all of this, the stock was wild and could not pull the loads. The James family and others then loaded one hundred pound bags of flour on their handcarts.

Many times the family was hungry. At one time, the girls took a pair of worn-out sandals and boiled them until they made a weak broth and the leather became soft enough to eat. Jane had been especially weak at this time as she had taken as much of the load as possible off her ill husband’s shoulders. When her daughter, Sarah, suggested taking the tatters of her shoes and making soup of them, it brought a smile to her Father’s sad face, but, Sarah recorded, “Mother was a bit impatient with me and told me that I would have to eat the muddy things myself.” Sarah also wrote about the day her father died: “The day we [ascended Rocky Ridge] I’ll never forget as long as I

live. It was a bitter cold morning in October as we broke camp. As usual, there were dead to be buried before we could go on. Father and Reuben were on the burial detail. Mother, who was helping to pull the heaviest cart, had stayed behind until they could finish their sad work. After a short service, we, with my cart, ran ahead to catch the rest of the Company, and Mother and Reuben started to follow. Father collapsed and fell in the snow. He tried two or three times to get up with Mother’s help, then finally he asked her to go on, and when he felt rested he would come on later. Mother knew in her heart that he had given out, but, perhaps, she said, in a few minutes with some rest he could come on. She took the cart and hurried to follow us. She found us on the riverbank, we were too frightened and tired to cross alone. ... Mother soon had us on our way. The water was icy and soon our clothing was frozen to our bodies. Our feet were frozen numb ... Toward morning some of the Captains who had gone out to gather up the stragglers came into camp bearing the dead body of my Father, and the badly frozen body of my brother, Reuben. ... When morning came, Father’s body, along with others who had died during the night, were buried in a deep hole. ... I can see my Mother’s face as she sat looking at the partly conscious Reuben. Her eyes looked so dead that I was afraid. She didn’t sit long, however, for my Mother was never one to cry. When it was time to move out, Mother had her family ready to go. She put her invalid son in the cart with the baby and we joined the train. Our Mother was a strong woman, and she would see us through anything.”

Mary Ann also wrote of this most difficult day: “Father and my oldest brother stopped to help bury a member of our company. Mother waited with them as she was helping to draw the cart with the heaviest load. We children went on with our load until we came to a river which we could not ford. It was snowing and blowing. Father’s strength gave out. He made every possible effort to continue, but without success. Mother was placed in an awful position. Her husband unable to go farther, and her little children far ahead starving and freezing, what could she do? Father said, ‘go to the children; we will get in if we can.’ She hurried on with a prayer in her heart for father’s deliverance and our safety. She found us by the river and with her aid we waded through. Our clothing wet was soon covered with ice, and our shoes frozen on our feet. Camp was reached but we had no one to fix our tent, as father and brother were behind. We watched and listened for their coming, hoping and praying for the best. At last they were brought in but death had claimed our father.”

After the bereaved family left the burial site of their father at Rock Creek, Jane and her children moved on again with their rescuers toward the Zion of their hopes. Sarah records that the “Valley boys brought food and clothing. They hauled in wood for us, and as we gathered around the huge fire and ate the delicious morsels of food we came alive enough to thank the Lord for his mercy to us. ... I remember the rest of the journey as being terrible with the cold and snow, but we did have food and some hope of



Keep Going
art by Julie Rogers

(Jane James - Page 3)

getting to Zion. ... We arrived in Salt Lake City the 9th of November having been on the plains for nearly five months. The Saints took us in and were very kind to us. Bishop Johnson of Springville sent word that he could take one family into his home for the winter, so we were sent South. We older children found work in the homes of the good people in the town, and mother moved into an unfurnished shack where she kept her younger children alive until spring with what work she could find. We stayed in Springville for a year and then moved back to Salt Lake City. Mother's children were marrying and making homes for themselves, so when Mary Ann moved to Provo she came with her. Here she spent her last years, and at the time of her death at the age of 96, August 14, 1911, she left a great posterity to revere her memory and give thanks that she had had the determination to come to Zion."²

Jane's life in Utah is summarized in *The Price We Paid*, by Andrew D. Olsen: "After four months in Springville, Sarah married Aaron Johnson. [After Aaron died, she married Samuel Carter.] Emma married Aaron's brother, Lorenzo, on the same day. When Lorenzo died 15 years later, Emma became a plural wife of John Rowley, the son of Ann Rowley, another Willie company widow.

"After a year in Springville, Jane and her younger children moved to Salt Lake City for four years. While there, Jane remarried. The marriage lasted only briefly, however, as her husband soon left both the Church and Jane, who was expecting a child at the time. When the baby was born, Jane named him William, after her husband who had died on Rocky Ridge.

"Soon Jane moved back to Utah County, where she lived the rest of her life. She died in 1911 at age 96, having spent nearly all of her 55 years in Zion as a widow. ... Emma wrote, "She left a great posterity to revere her memory and give thanks that she had had the determination to come to Zion." Mary Ann wrote, "She was one of the sturdy oaks of Utah, the like of which has made this dear old state 'blossom as the rose.'" (pg.199)

¹William James was a farm laborer in England, but did not have robust health. He suffered from rheumatism. Some family histories refer to him as an "invalid."

²See painting "Mother, Carry On," by Julie Rogers, at tellmystorytoo.com.

Sources: Dangerfield, Mary Ann James, Family History, (MS2050), Church History Library; "Jane Haynes (Haines)," family history; DUP history files; "Emma James" and "Sarah James," in *Journey to Zion: Voices from the Mormon Trail*, by Carol Cornwall Madsen, 1997; <http://lib.byu.edu/mormonmigration>; *The Price We Paid*, by Andrew D. Olsen, 2006. See more complete James family history and paintings in *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, Deseret Book, 2013.



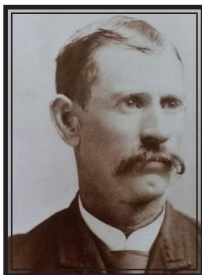
Emma James

Emma's descendants wrote: "Having worn out her shoes and going barefoot, Emma was given some hide from a dead oxen to wrap around her feet. When that worn out, she kept the worn out pieces and would toast them over the fire to eat. She continued having hard times while she raised her nine children. She crocheted, knitted, and did all kinds of beautiful handwork. She was talented in making beautiful paper flowers, especially roses. She took pride in her appearance and how she dressed. She always wore a bit of white lace at the neck of her dress and made sure her hat was placed just right. Her faith and testimony remained strong to her death."

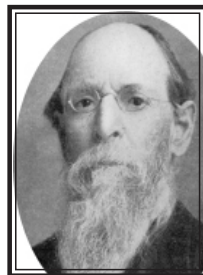
Like her sister, Sarah was also "heard saying that she would rather die than give up her testimony of the truthfulness of the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ." (Sarah's descendants)



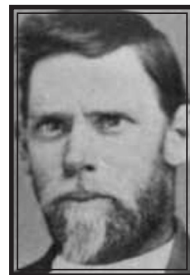
Sarah James



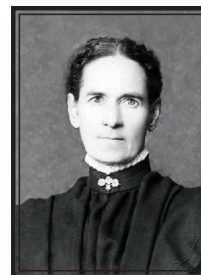
George James



Reuben James



John Parley James



Mary Ann James



Martha James

MICHAEL JENSEN

Born: February 5, 1845 in Denmark

Age: 11

Willie Handcart Company



Michael and his brother, Anton (8), came to America with their parents Anders (47) and Anne Christensen (47) Jensen. The following are excerpts from Michael's own account:

We pulled the carts by hand. My mother and father and I took turns pulling and pushing and my little brother, Anthony, walked, except when he was too tired, and then Mother would set him on the handcart to rest a little. We had a tent and a tent pole we could put over the cart to camp in when it rained. We camped by the side of the road at night and were able to get water from the creeks and streams and could buy milk from the farms along the way so it was quite a lark for me and my brother . . . we left Iowa City in high spirits for the land of "Zion." We had a few mules and some oxen and wagons to haul the main supplies and provisions but each family carried its own camp supplies and clothing and 100 pounds of flour and as much food as they could carry on their own handcarts. All walked except small children or sick and they rode in the wagons.

We arrived in Omaha [Florence, Nebraska] with good luck still with us and after a few days rest and repairs to our carts and supplies, we left Omaha on the 19th of August and started across the plains. We soon saw we had left civilization behind us and were out in the open country. Our handcarts had been made of rough unseasoned lumber and we had to stop many times to make repairs. It was late in the year to make such a journey in such country, but our people were anxious to press on and felt that they could make it before winter set in.

After many dreary days travel we arrived at Laramie, Wyoming. Still 500 miles away from Utah and with the first frosts of winter already upon us, our leaders decided to hurry on as our handcarts and supplies were holding out quite well and with good luck we could have made it. After passing through Laramie and only a short distance away, we camped one night on a grassy spot with lots of trees and a creek running by. They turned the oxen out to graze on the grass and a herd of buffalo came by and stampeded our oxen and they ran off with the buffalo. Our captain went after them but could not find them and so they decided to take our wagons and heavy provisions we could not haul without the oxen back to Laramie. The men at Laramie who had charge of the emigrants promised to get some oxen and send them on to us. We went on and left the wagons and everything we had except the barest necessities. These we put on our handcarts and each cart took another 100 pounds of flour. That made a lot to haul over new roads or no roads and through creeks and over sand piles so we could not go far in a day.

For some reason we never did know, the men at Laramie did not send our wagons on to us and left us to get through the best we could. Our supplies began to run low and food was very scarce in that country. We ate roots, bark, cactus, and anything we could find that had any food value in it. We were finally forced to cook hides we had and even to take some of the leather strips from our handcarts to get some nourishment.

The way we made our fire was to take some sagebrush chips, a little cloth and then a flint and rubbed it on steel until it made a spark which we caught on the cloth and finally we could coax it into a fire. We could and did burn buffalo chips for fuel after we got it started. There were plenty of buffalo chips in that country and plenty of buffalo, but how could we get to them? Our men tried many ways but never were able to get any game as we had no guns or bullets. The way we ate cactus or "prickly pears," as we called them, was to put them in the fire with the buffalo chips to burn off the stickers. Then we would peel the skin off and cut them into little pieces and boil them with the roots, hides, or whatever we had, and plenty of water thickened with a little flour. It made a mush or soup which was not so bad to eat when you were so very hungry. The men gave most of the food to the children and the women and I can remember yet seeing my father and the other men go away so they could not smell the food cooking and so they would not be so hungry.

Winter was coming on fast and the days became shorter and colder and we began to suffer greatly as our clothes were all in rags and we had very little bedding. Many of our people became sick and began to die. The men more than the women as they had gone without food more and I remember so well seeing some men dig a large grave and I saw 13 . . . all buried in this one long grave. . . .

[One] evening a large band of Indians all in their war paint came suddenly and soon had us surrounded. Some later said there were 1,000 in the band. They demanded food and silver. It looked bad for us, we were all scared and tried to hide but there was no place to hide. Our brave Captain Willie with an interpreter talked to the leader and told them we had so little to eat we were nearly starving and we did not want to do them any harm but were only going to Utah where Brigham Young was. "Brigham good friend," said their chief and after looking us over and seeing that

(Michael Jensen - Page 2)

we spoke the truth and we were very poor they all rode away and did not take a thing we had or harm any of us. We were all very glad and fell to our knees and thanked the Lord for His protection. We had heard how the Indians had killed a lot of people who were going to California and Oregon. We had never been molested and we felt it was because we always went to the tent of our Captain each morning and evening for prayer and we would sing and pray and talk and the captain always told us to be careful not to go far away from the company for, if we should get lost, the Indians would be sure to get us. You can bet this was enough to keep all the boys and girls close to the camp at all times.

It was bitter cold camped there in the snow [Oct. 19] and we all began to fear and felt help would never reach us at all. The sky was dark with snow clouds and we could see a storm was coming and things looked as though the end was near when, to our joy, we saw two men in a light wagon approaching us from the West. They were from Salt Lake City and had been sent to tell us help was on the way and to help us into the valley. How we laughed and cried, sang and praised the Lord! After telling us to be of good cheer as a supply train had left Salt Lake City and would soon reach us, they hurried on east to the company of Captain Martin, who had left Omaha two weeks after our company. We all felt very thankful and happy that night and rejoiced as we felt we should soon have food. A snowstorm came up in the night and we waited in vain all the next day for the men to come from the West with some food, as we had none. The next morning at dawn our brave Captain Willie took a mule and went alone [with Joseph Elder] to the West to find the supply train. We waited there hungry and cold for [1 1/2] days before he again returned bringing the first supplies to us himself. He had found the supply train snowbound and they had camped to await a chance to get through, not realizing our terrible plight. Words cannot express our thankfulness and joy at the sight of our brave Captain bringing food and the scant supplies. Many of our people were sick and could not digest the food very well. After a short rest to give the people time to gain a little strength and repack the few things we had left, we again started on to "Zion."

My father was very weak from lack of food and so the men in charge of the wagons fastened our handcart to one of the wagons and told father to hang onto the wagon. He was walking between our handcart and the wagon when he slipped and fell, and before anyone could reach him, the handcart had passed over him as he lay on the ground. They picked him up and put him into the wagon and we went on until dark and then camped for the night. Sometime during that night my father died and next morning they buried him beside the road. I can remember well how sad we were. I was just 11 years old and my brother, Anthony, was only 9 and we could not say much to help our mother in her sorrow.

Mother sat on a large kettle turned upside down weeping bitterly. I and Anthony stood beside her not knowing what to do. One of the men who was helping to manage the company came along just then and he had a walking stick in his hand. He struck Mother across the back with his stick and said in a sharp voice, "Get up and go on. You cannot sit here crying. We have to go at once or we will all die." Oh, how I wished I were a man so I could fight for my mother! I never forgave this man and years later he was put up for an office in the Church and I refused to sustain him and held up my hand that I would not do it and they asked me what my objection was. I told them why I could not sustain that man in any office. The Bishop talked to me and I decided to let it go and the man took the office. Now in my late years as I look back, I see things more clearly and I see that sternness was our only salvation and the only thing we could stand as it roused us from our misery and had the leaders allowed us to grieve we could not have endured the hardships left to us when we had to go on alone. Father died on the 29th of October, and we did not reach Salt Lake City until November 11 [9th], 1856, which made us more than seven months from the time we had left Copenhagen.

Michael's father had brought his carpenter tools with him from Denmark. He used these tools to build his family's handcart and also helped some of the others to build their handcarts. He carried these tools in his handcart until the oxen began to give out and some things had to be left at Ft. Laramie. Michael said he believed his father's tools eventually reached Salt Lake City, but that his father was left on the plains.

Michael's family went on to Manti to settle. Here his mother married John Williams. Michael went by the name of Michael Williams after this. At one time, Michael's life was saved from the Indians because his stepfather was a friend of the Indians.

Michael married Anna Petersen on January 1, 1868. They had 11 children, including twins. Michael and Anna moved to nearby Gunnison where they raised sheep. Michael was active in the church and community all his life. He died on July 27, 1942, at the age of 97.

Source: "The Story of My Life," by Michael Jensen, available at Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; familysearch.org.

MAREN JORGENSEN

Born: July 15, 1846, in Falster, Denmark

Age: 9

Willie Handcart Company



Maren Jorgensen was born in Falster, Denmark, in 1846, the second child of Anders and Elizabeth Nielsen Jorgensen. Maren's family was part of a group of about 100 Danish Saints who crossed the ocean to New York City on the *Thornton* and then became part of the Willie handcart company at Iowa City, Iowa. Maren's brothers and sister were Hans (age 12), Anna (8), and Jorgen (3). Their family left Iowa City with their handcart on July 15, 1856, Maren's 10th birthday.

The Jorgensens fared quite well during the first two months of the handcart trek. One of Maren's responsibilities was helping care for her younger brother and sister. She would sing as she carried three-year-old Jorgen on her back. Tired from walking, Anna would often cling to her big sister's skirts.

Flour rationing began in early October and the first snowstorm on October 19. Four days later, the people had to walk 16 miles over Rocky Ridge in arctic conditions. Such extreme labor in such difficult circumstances hastened the deaths of 13 members of the company, who were buried in a common grave. Jorgensen family history tells that Maren's sister, Anna, was "among the frozen group. Her father wouldn't let her be buried. He took her to the fire and rubbed her body until life came back. This was kept up all night until she finally revived." Anna was never very well after that, though she lived another 48 years.

Maren and all members of her family survived the handcart journey. They settled in Ephraim and then in Gunnison, living in dugouts at first. In 1865, when Maren was 18, she married Austin Kearns in her father's home in Gunnison. Four months later, they were sealed for time and eternity in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Austin lovingly Americanized his bride's name to Mary.

During Maren's first four years of marriage, the settlers and Indians had many conflicts, and Austin was constantly away guarding and protecting the settlements. Concerning these years, Austin later recalled: "Mary was a loving, patient wife all the time, staying home caring for the children and the home and crops and animals. . . . She never knew when I left whether I would return." Altogether, Maren and Austin had 11 children. When the youngest two were still babies, Austin was called to serve a mission to Missouri. Austin said that while he was gone, "Mary was faithful and hard-working and a very good overseer. She took care of everything. When I returned, the granary was full of grain."

After a full life of service and sacrifice, Maren passed away in 1926 at the age of 80. In her husband's life history, the most common theme is one of tribute to his faithful handcart pioneer wife. Concerning her handcart journey, young motherhood, and their lives together, he recalled: "Such experiences only built her character and womanhood. . . . She toiled and worked, suffered and rejoiced, all for the sake of the gospel. . . . Mary, during all her happy married years, proved herself a noble helpmate, a wise and devoted mother. [She was] ever true and faithful to the religion she espoused in her childhood and for which she suffered and endured. She was a fine Relief Society worker and teacher for thirty-three years. . . . Her whole life was spent in the service of humanity and the Lord. She remained true, staunch, and faithful till the end. For such, in the mansions of our Father in Heaven is a just reward waiting."

Source: Family records in files of Jolene Allphin, courtesy of descendant, Linda Williams Warnock.

MARIA WATSON KIRBY
(pronounced Ma ri'a or Mariah)



Born: 1843 England
Age: 13
Willie Handcart Company

“The following is an experience in the life of my great Grandmother Maria Watson Kirby [written by Janet Campbell April 2007, and published here with Janet’s permission].

“Maria Watson Kirby was born in Jan 1843 in Norwich, England. She and her mother (Honour Watson Kirby) were converted to the church and came to America. They were part of the Willie Handcart company in 1856. With many others, they were caught up in the early snow storm and blizzard in crossing the plains in Wyoming.

“Maria’s shoes wore out completely and her feet were unprotected much of the time. When food became scarce it became difficult to make much progress through the snow. Maria often became exhausted.

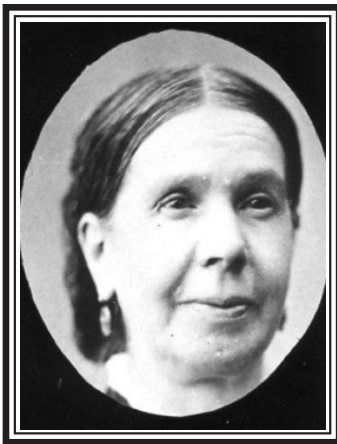
“As they were slowly walking, Maria would often say to her mother, “Mother, I’m so tired I can’t go any further. Please let me sit down just for a little while.” Her mother would say, “No, Maria, you must keep walking. You cannot sit down!” This conversation was repeated time after time on their trek across the plains.

“In order to keep from starving to death they scraped the hair off the leather wheel tongs and boiled it for whatever nourishment they could obtain from the broth. Eventually Maria and her mother were rescued with other members of the Willie Company and made it to Salt Lake City.

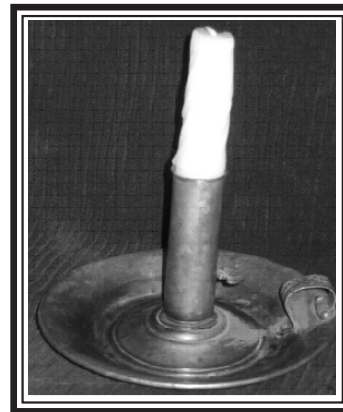
“Maria met and married John L. Bench Sr. in Manti Utah. They were the parents of my grandfather John L. Bench, Jr. Maria’s husband often said that he truly had married a ‘Handcart Maiden.’ Maria died like many others at the young age of 36 years. She died of complications related to the extreme exposure from the Handcart experience.

“Her mother, Honour Watson Kirby, survived and lived a long time in Salt Lake City, Utah, witnessing the growth of the Church in the Mountain West. She attended the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple in April 1893.”

Pictured is the candlestick owned by Honour Watson Kirby that she carried across plains. (Courtesy Janet Campbell)



Honor Watson Kirby

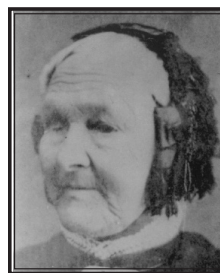


JAMES KIRKWOOD

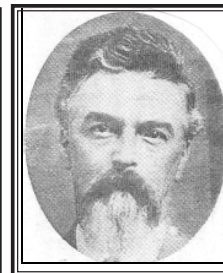
Born: 1845 Scotland (Died Oct. 24, 1856, Rock Creek)

Age: 11

Willie Handcart Company



Margaret Campbell
Kirkwood



Robert Kirkwood

James and his family were among the first converts in Scotland in 1840. Their home was always open to the missionaries. James was baptized by Elder James MacGregor on April 28, 1856, just prior to sailing for America. James's father and two sisters had died in 1852, but his determined mother gathered her four sons and set her sights on Zion. Margaret sold precious possessions, including her beautiful handwork to help with finances. Margaret's prominent family were fabric designers who had disowned Margaret for joining the Church.

Robert, the oldest son (age 21), wrote of leaving Scotland for Liverpool and of the arrival in America: "Slept none all night being so busy making preparations ... took passage per steamer for Liverpool. Had a pretty rough passage, mostly all the passengers were sick. Our family was all sick for some hours except Thomas [age 19]. He stood the sea best of any although he had not been out the house for nearly six years before, being poorly with ulcers in his legs which arose from a hurt job by a carriage running over his foot when about six years of age. ... New York was everything that the heart of man could wish. All nature seemed to smile with pleasure on the newcomers. ... We had great cause to be thankful to God. ... The appearance of the country with the sweet anticipation of being privileged to set my feet in the Land of Promise tended to Strengthen my body."

Robert and his mother pulled Thomas in the handcart for over a thousand miles. Robert wrote: "Thomas was rather poorly from the mode of conveyance, being hurt in the handcart." James was primarily responsible for his younger brother, Joseph Smith Kirkwood (age 5). One night Margaret put their only loaf of bread in bed with them to protect it from freezing. Joseph knew not to touch it, but was so hungry he began to pinch off small pieces. "The temptation was too great for such a hungry [five]-year-old and by morning, Margaret and her sons' day's rations had disappeared."

On October 23, the Kirkwoods journeyed across Rocky Ridge in a storm. Margaret had one eye freeze. She was blind in that eye the rest of her life. James and Joseph became separated from their mother and fell behind. Margaret waited for her sons by a small fire until late that night. James finally brought his little brother into the camp at Rock Creek and collapsed from exhaustion. With determination, he had faithfully carried out his task and saved his brother. The biography of Joseph by his daughter, Mary, states: "Next morning when arriving in camp the brother James fell dead due to starvation and cold. He was buried on the banks of the Sweetwater in a grave with twelve others."¹

When Margaret Kirkwood (Wood) died in 1893, Robert wrote the following for a *Deseret News* article: "Mother and I pulled our handcart the farthest of any, and we would have come in with it to Salt Lake City but that Peter McCue (then Bishop) sent his team to help us. The relief met us on Bear River hill, I think. I know that day we had waded thirteen streams, and got into camp after midnight. [Nov. 6-7] We made this long pull to save my brother Thomas's life, for had we crowded him into the wagons that first met us he could not have lived to come into the city.



Staves from the Kirkwood's
covered handcart

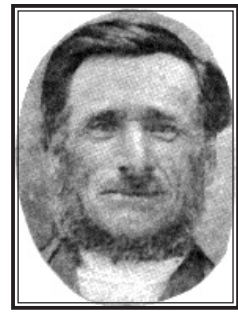


Wrapped in one of
Margaret Kirkwood's
shawls

Sources: Interviews and family histories from Michael Kirkwood, Lori Gilles, Suzanne Fairy, LaRita Evans and Ron Myers; "A Veteran Passes Away," *Deseret News*, July 6, 1893; autobiography of Robert Kirkwood, obtained from LaRita Evans; photos by Jolene Allphin and Andrew Olsen. Pictured with Margaret Kirkwood shawl brought across the plains in 1856: Sheryl Fowers and Jolene Allphin. See tellmystorytoo.com, and *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for artwork and more Kirkwood family stories.

¹Mary identified and donated many Kirkwood artifacts, some displayed on this page, to her neighbor, Ron Myers. Ron's mother and Mary Kirkwood were close friends. Among the items not pictured is Joseph's guitar that he played in a dance band in American Fork. A few of these items are currently owned by the LDS Church History Museum.

JAMES LAIRD



Born: December 25, 1825 Ireland

Age: 30

Willie Handcart Company

The Laird family in 1856 consisted of the father, James (age 30), mother, Mary Rennie (29) and children, Joseph Smith (6), Edward (4), and Elizabeth (1). When James was a boy he and some friends had trouble with their teacher at school one day and were sent home. James knew that he would be severely disciplined so he ran off and joined the Navy with his friends. He was very disappointed to find much more severe discipline than he'd had at home and after a few years obtained a furlough. James wanted very much to reconcile with his father, but arrived at home to find that his father had died. James and his mother cried together and James determined to leave the Navy to care for his mother. James grieved throughout his life that he had not been able to obtain forgiveness from his father. James's biography states: "Weeks passed before James was accosted by an officer calling him John Laird. 'I am James Laird,' he answered. The officer took him to the office to be checked. They had him registered as John Laird and all marks of identification were recorded on the opposite side from which they were on his body. He was released. . . . the hand of God manifested in his behalf. James had work to do. He must redeem his father's family. God was protecting him."

James decided to go to Scotland one summer to work in the coal mines, where he met Michael Rennie, a new convert to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Michael taught the gospel to James and invited him to meet the Elders. Growing up, James' father had read to his family from the Bible daily. After attending one of Mormon meetings, James began to study his Bible more earnestly. After much study and prayer, James converted and went to Ireland to share with his family. They were opposed to James' newfound religion, and James returned to Scotland.

Michael Rennie's sister, Mary, was employed at an eating house where James took his meals. One day after eating, James fell asleep and Mary came to his table and filled his open mouth with salt. This odd beginning of a friendship developed and James and Mary were married in 1847. Mary had also joined the Church at age 16 and been among Scotland's first converts. James and Mary had two little boys before James left to serve a full-time mission in 1853. During his mission, James was blessed with a new pair of shoes in his path one day, and the gift of healing in behalf of a crippled child. While James was gone, little Joseph was out for a walk with his Aunt Elizabeth one day. A strange man stopped and said, "What a fine looking little man! What is your name?" Five-year-old Joseph replied, "I am Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet."

Mary Rennie's family had a severe test to their faith about this time. Michael Rennie had sold everything he owned and made plans to travel to America when an American Elder stole his money. The Rennie's were all heartsick. One year later, Michael died, having never reached his goal to be in Zion. However, on his death bed, Michael said to his family: "Please stay by the Church for I know Joseph Smith was and is a Prophet of God. Our Elder was weak." Michael's daughter, Joan, asked James and Mary to find this Elder when they reached Utah, and have him tried before Brigham Young. After their arrival in Utah, James did find the Elder and reported, "O my! The poor creature was going through the torture of Hell." James told the man, "I was going to make a report to Brigham Young and pay that money back to my family ... Michael is dead [and] God is punishing you. I leave you to God." The man answered, "If I could undo what I did to Michael Rennie, I would be willing to be skinned from head to feet." He never did pay back the money, but James and Mary decided never to divulge his name to friends or family, allowing God to be the judge. A granddaughter later wrote: "Thanks, Grandfather and Grandmother, for your courage and faith. You could have been weaklings and lost your birthright. We thank you for saving the family and giving us an opportunity to be raised in the Church."



(James Laird - Page 2)

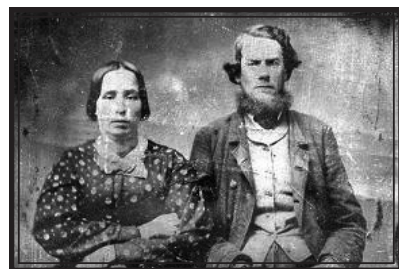
James gave much service to others during his 1300-mile handcart trek. After carrying his family over streams, he returned to carry many others. He always used good judgement in rolling up his pant legs and removing his socks and shoes. One of his assignments was to help with the burials. One morning the captain said, “Brother Laird, we have more to lay away this morning.” James had never refused before, but by this time, he was very weak and replied, “I am afraid to use the shovel this morning.” James was given a handful of corn and told, “Eat this [and] do come and help.” James looked at his starving family with whom he had often shared his rations. Mary encouraged him, saying, “Eat that corn, James, to save your strength. I can never make the trip [without you] with the baby nursing.” Remembering how the baby’s mouth after nursing would often be streaked with blood, James walked over to Mary and put the corn in her lap, picked up his shovel and went to fulfill his assignment. He testified that strength was then given to him that remained the rest of the journey.

One day young Joseph found a piece of buffalo hide and gave a piece to his mother saying, “Eat this. It is good.” Mary couldn’t bear the thoughts of eating “such a dirty thing.” Mary was a “proud little soul” who brought three special articles with her from Scotland; a pretty set of baby clothes, a new suit for James, and her new green silk dress. Mary never discarded these special things. At Fort Laramie, Mary found a captain’s wife with a new baby. Mary traded her special set of baby clothes for a quart of sugar and made sugar water for her own baby, Elizabeth, to live on until help came. Her green dress later provided fabric for some temple clothes.

James was the leader of the twenty people in his tent.¹ The Laird family biography also mentions a Scottish friend by the name of Brother Booth. One night after seeing his family safe in camp, James went a mile back on the trail to find Brother Booth and some others with wolves howling nearby, ready to give up. The thought came to James to box their ears in order to rouse them. He then carried Brother Booth on his back most of the way to camp. James said, “I deprived [the wolves] of a meal that night.” Brother Booth lived to come to Utah and often told the Laird children how their father had saved his life. The identity of Brother Booth is unknown.

The Laird family pioneered in Spanish Fork, Heber City, and Mountain Dell. Here they farmed and provided overnight lodging as well as many meals in their home for freighters traveling between Park City and Salt Lake City. Mary served as a Relief Society President and in the YWMIA. The Lairds had ten children, six of whom preceded them in death. Elizabeth Laird, the baby who traveled across the plains strapped to her mother’s back, had a daughter, Valeria Sarah Winmill, who wrote a history from which much of this biography is taken. She said: “Just prior to Mother’s death, she spent much time retelling stories and experiences of pioneer life. I said, ‘I wonder, Mother, what I would do if called to endure such hardships for the Gospel as you did?’ ‘Oh, you will never have plains to cross as we did,’ she said. Mother at that time was blind. She meditated for a few minutes, then raised her head quickly and said, ‘Oh, you will have plains to cross, yes, but in a different way. Will you come through as we did? I will give you a key. No matter what comes to try your faith, stand by the President of the Church. God will never allow a fallen Prophet to lead his Church. All will be well with you if you remember.’ I pass this key to all who may read this.”

Sources: “History of James Laird,” by Valeria Sarah Winmill; www.lairdfamily.org; various Laird family histories in files of Jolene Allphin; familysearch.org; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; tent lists from William Woodward’s hundred in *History of William Woodward 1833-1908*, 2nd edition with addendum, 2005.



Mary Rennie and James Laird

“Praise be their names. May we, their descendants, honor our heritage. We are proud of them and only hope they will have cause to be proud of us when we meet again.” -Valeria Sarah Winmill, granddaughter

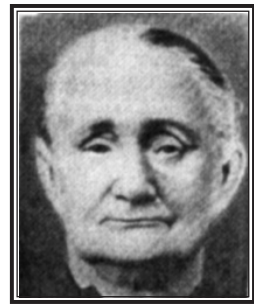
¹The 20 occupants of the Laird’s tent, besides his own family, included the six members of the Cunningham family, four members of the John Stewart family, James and Mary Gibb, Isabella Wilkey, Elizabeth Forbes, and Christine Brown, ranging in age from 4 months to 67 years. (See Cunningham, Stewart, and Gibb stories in *Tell My Story, Too*.)

REBECCA CULA LANGMAN

Born: August 28, 1835 in England

Age: 21

Willie Handcart Company



Rebecca Cula Langman came from a very poor family. Her parents were John Langman and Rebecca Woodward Scoular. When she was very young it was necessary for her to go to work and assist in the support of the family. Her opportunities for education were extremely limited. In spite of a lack of formal education, she became well educated.

At the age of 16, Rebecca became a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When she was about 20 years old, she met Elder Moses Cluff who was serving as a missionary in the British Mission. They became friends and talked of going to Utah.

Rebecca prepared to leave her home, friends and country and emigrate to Zion. In the spring of 1856, she went as a single woman to America. She joined with the Willie handcart company in Iowa City, Iowa. Moses was one of the returning missionaries who stayed as long as possible at Iowa City to help the later companies build their handcarts, sew their tents, and otherwise prepare for their trek. Moses came about two weeks later with the Martin handcart company and the Hodgett wagon company. (Moses was working as a driver for the cattle.)

Rebecca pulled her handcart across the plains without other family members, but was grouped with other single women of the Willie company. There were four or five to a handcart and twenty to a tent. Some single women were grouped with families who needed more assistance.

Although the company faced loss of cattle, food shortages and severe and early winter weather, Rebecca withstood all these trials remarkably well. It was said that she was a "robust and stout English girl." Rebecca arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on November 9, 1856.

About six weeks later, on Christmas day 1856, Rebecca was married to Moses Cluff. The marriage took place at the home of President Brigham Young in Salt Lake City. The President gave a supper to the missionaries who had just returned home and as Moses and Rebecca were married the same evening, it was suggested by him the supper should be considered a "wedding supper."

Rebecca and Moses settled in Provo where they raised their family of nine children. In 1877, the family pioneered in Arizona and located at Show Low.

After a few years of residence at Show Low, the city was claimed as a government reserve and the family was forced to move. This time the family moved to the Gila Valley, Arizona, locating at a settlement called Pima, on the Gila River. Rebecca lived to be seventy-eight years of age. She and Moses both died and are buried in Pima, Arizona.

Source: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files.

MARTINE LARSEN

Born: 27 May 1850, Halsted, Maribo, Denmark

Age: 5

Willie Handcart Company



Martine celebrated her 6th birthday aboard the ship *Thornton* with about 100 Danish Saints and about 400 others, mostly English Saints, all emigrating to Utah. They were going to be with people of their own faith and answer the call of their prophet, Brigham Young, to gather to Zion. Martine's family consisted of her parents, Peder (44) and Ane Kirstine Nielsen Larsen (37), brother, Niels Peder (13), and sister, Anna Sophie (10). Martine's father was a cabinet maker by trade, and her mother was a skilled tailoress. Together, they provided cabinets and suits for Danish royalty, and they were well-off financially when they left Denmark. Martine had learned tap dancing in Denmark and was kept quite busy entertaining the Saints on their journey.

The Larsen family began their handcart trek in Iowa City, Iowa, where the railroad then terminated. It was at this camp, while the Willie company was making their final preparations, that Martine's mother gave birth to a son, Lars Julius, on July 5, 1856. Martine was happy to have this baby brother to help tend and care for while the rest of her family worked on their handcart and sewed tents.

The Willie company first traveled nearly 300 miles to Florence, Nebraska Territory, where they resupplied and reconsidered whether to continue that year. It was not really an option for that many people to stay in Florence without sufficient work or supplies to get through the winter. With great faith, they voted to continue. When the company reached Fort Laramie on October 1, they were disappointed to find a lack of sufficient supplies there. They traded for what little they could and continued on. Daytime temperatures were recorded as "hot" during this time, but nights were getting cold. Hunger and weakness increased as rations were cut so the people didn't run out of food before meeting supply wagons from Salt Lake City. Bedding and other items were left by the wayside to lighten the loads.

On October 2, the Willie company met Elder Parley P. Pratt and some other east-bound missionaries and visited with them. The next day, the company was about 21 miles west of Fort Laramie near some steep bluffs when Martine's father died. Peder had asked his wife to hand him his boot to use for a pillow. When she found him lifeless, the imprint of the boot was deeply embedded on his cheek. Now Martine's mother, Niels, and Anna would shoulder the burden. Martine and her baby brother probably would have ridden in the handcart from time to time, as she was too small to walk all the way.

Two weeks after her father's death, on October 16, Martine's 3 1/2-month-old baby brother also died. The company had just passed Independence Rock and Devil's Gate. The weather was "splendid" but "cold" and rations had just been reduced again. Three days after Lars' death, the first snow fell and the Willie Company also met their first signs of rescue—an express team of four men sent out from the main rescue party to locate the Willie, Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies. The next day, October 20, the company was completely without food and suffering from a terrible storm and severe cold. Captain Willie and Joseph Elder left to search for the rescue party. The following day, on October 21, Anna Larsen joined her father and brother in death. That evening, this bereaved family rejoiced at the return of their Captain and the first company of rescuers.

(Martine Larsen - Page 2)

Martine, her mother, and Niels left Anne's shallow grave and crossed Rocky Ridge to Rock Creek Hollow on October 23. Fifteen people died before leaving this camp, but Martine and her mother and brother continued on. Niels became very weak and ill and died at the end of their journey, some time in November or the first part of December. Later in life, Martine would tell her children that when her brother died, she cried and cried and wanted to die also. Niels had probably carried Martine at times and helped her a great deal.

Martine and her mother carried on with great courage, and settled in Manti, Utah, where her mother remarried. Martine continued to grow, working at herding cows and in the fields. She also learned to spin, although she had been born with only one hand and little nubs for fingers on the other hand. At age 11 she was sent to live with the Isaac Voorhies family. At age 19, Martine went to live with the William Bench family. William was going away to school for 6 months and needed someone to stay with his wife, Francis Ann, who was expecting a child. Francis and Martine became very close friends and were devoted to one another. Martine raised Francis's children after she died. Martine also married William, and they became the parents of 10 children. They named one of their daughters Francis after William's first wife.

Martine worked hard, taking in wash and selling fruit and vegetables from the family garden to help support the family in times of need, such as when William served a mission to England for two years. In 1877 there was an epidemic of diphtheria which claimed the lives of three of Martine's sons. She and William had to prepare the bodies for burial, build their coffins and bury them with the help of their bishop. Everyone else was too frightened to come near for fear of catching the disease.

Martine was noted as a very compassionate person. She became educated and skilled in nursing. One day when she went out to care for a sick family, she accidentally got some poison in her eyes, which caused her to lose her sight. For the next 24 years, she lived with her daughter, Francis. She continued to attend her meetings and work in the temple. She passed away on August 10, 1933, at the age of 83.

Sources: Family histories, photographs, and genealogy records of Janet Jones, Plain City, Utah; "Peter Larsen and Ane Kirstine Nielsen Borre: History," by Hanna Lititia Bench Crane, daughter of Martine Larsen; "Another sketch of the Life of Martine Larsen Bench," author unknown; "A Sketch of the Life of Francis Ann Bench Westenskow," by Marjorie W. Gardner (Martine's granddaughter); "William Bench Jr.," by Joseph Lionel Bench and Clyde E. Bench; familysearch.org.

JOHN LINFORD

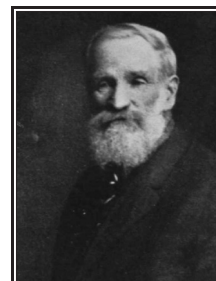
Born: August 28, 1808 England (Died on October 21, 1856)

Age: 48

Willie Handcart Company



Joseph William Linford



Amasa Christian Linford

John left his little town of Graveley, Cambridgeshire, England, where he was born, in April of 1856 with his wife, Maria Bentley Christian (age 43), and sons, George (17), Joseph (14), and Amasa (11). Their oldest son, James (20), did not come with them as he was serving a mission.

John and Maria were married in 1833. They became the parents of six children, one daughter and five boys. Two of their babies died in infancy.

John and Maria attended Methodist meetings at the home of John Fielding, an uncle of Joseph F. Smith who later became the president of the Church. In 1837, John's brother, Joseph Fielding, was serving a mission in England and came to Graveley to visit him. Joseph and the other Elders did not meet with much success, as John Fielding was against them, and they were only able to stay for a few days. They did set up a Sunday meeting, however, which John and Maria and Maria's father, William Christian, attended and were much impressed. William exclaimed, "Why, it is the old gospel come to earth again!"

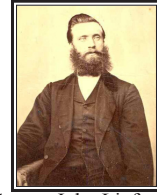
John Fielding died some time later as the result of an accident and Joseph Fielding then returned to Graveley. A man named John Wheeler was the first to be baptized by Elder Fielding. John Wheeler became very enthusiastic about helping spread the gospel. John and Maria were no less excited. They were baptized on December 9, 1842. For a number of years John served as a counselor to John Wheeler in the Graveley Branch presidency. Because John was one of the leaders, he was often the subject of much persecution. Among his persecutors were relatives who were wealthy farmers. They said, "If we cannot persuade him to give up Mormonism we will starve him to it by withholding our work." John's shoemaking business soon suffered so much that he had to let his workmen go. His son, James, said: "During those hard times, Father kept open house for the Elders as usual, and they never knew the straightened circumstances we were in; neither did anyone else. My noble mother stood by my father without a murmur in this hour of trial. It was a dark outlook for a husband and father as financial ruin and starvation stared him in the face. We thanked the Lord for turning away the trial. From the time Father became a member of the Church in 1842 until he emigrated, 1856, he kept open house for the Elders, paid donations to help buy glass for the Nauvoo Temple, contributed to the tithing fund, and also contributed to the support of the local branch. Our house was used for religious meetings, three being held each Sunday."

John began writing a small diary when he left England, where he had served as the President of the Branches of the Church in Graveley, Fenstanton, and Godmanchester. It was a small black leatherbound notebook four and one-half inches long, three inches wide, and one-half inch thick with a metal clasp on one end. Attached to one side of the cover was a long leather loop made to hold a pencil. The diary is now preserved in the archives of the Church. A granddaughter, Donna Linford Putnam, has transcribed the diary. Following are the entries John made beginning April 28, 1856, and then ending abruptly after arriving in America: "1856, April 28th Left Gravely taken train at Offord. Paid 13s.10.1/2d to Peterboro Staid over Night. left for Liverpool Paid 4L.11s.8d Weighted for train at Blisworth Station 3 hours and stoping at every Station We arrived at Liverpool half Past seven secured the Luggage and got to this House About 9 - or ten went to Bed Something after 11. Slept until 5 rose at 6. Wednesday 30/May 1 Went to the office &c. May 2nd Came on board the ship Thornton and secured our births. Saturday was visited by F.D. Richards Gave some Council &c May 4 Launched out with a steady gale Watches set at the hatch way. Sunday received instruction from President Willie &c -- Munday saw 2 Ships following The Saints generally sick. I Myself[,] wife[,] Jos[,] and Amasa some Geo not. Tuesday I am better. Saw four Ships going toward England. Prayer and singing in Each of the wards. Five in number. Thursday Two Deaths an aged woman 75. and a Danish Child. There is a Docter with the Captain to Attend the Sick but he has not much to Do -- the Captain reads over the Corps, but Allows the Elders to Pray over them first &C. Friday rainy the Saints better 13 Hundred Miles from

(John Linford - Page 2)



James Henry Linford



George John Linford

L-pool. Saturday 10 fine morning a good gale rise at Six bed at Nine Cook by wards. Sunday 11 Held Meetings up Deck, The Captain gives President Willie the previledge of standing up on the Poop Deck that is over the first Cabin -- Munday 12 Good Sailing 12 miles an hour &c . Tuesday Calm Sea, Cleaned our Ward &c Called up Deck to hear Preaching by President Willie. Elder hatwod [Millen Atwood], M. Clough [Moses Cluff] his councilers - Also Elder Chislet - untill it was Diner time. Partook of the sacrament. The Daines Came up to Preach &c. it is strange to hear Men talk so long and then be Ignorant of What they Say. but they have one of their President Can talk English. Elder Willie Addressed them. then their President Interpeted What he said &c. Called in our wards by President Baker for family prayer -- Afterwards went to see the Captain and others his Companions 2 feemails 3 men &c. send up some _____ (grand tea) Wednesday 14. Morning Calm and fine Afternoon more gales -- I was called to take Part of this ward to see that they had their water, Pork, Beef, &c. UnExpected to me as i am the same here not Ambisious. you will believe me if i say I did not ask for an office. I am well & All my family. and we Enjoy ourselves first rate -- Tea is now ready the Children run About and Play at Cat after the Mouse or any other thing they Please --"

Early in 1856, John was asked by the local mission leaders if he would let his son, James, become a traveling Elder. John was promised that if his family emigrated that year, James would be released to accompany them. This was agreed to, and James began to labor in the Cambridge Conference in March. Nearly two weeks later, James had a dream that caused him to be sure that he would not journey to America with his family that year. The Linford's soon received notification of their emigration date and the names of their family members that would be going. James was not on the list. James continued serving as a missionary and his family faithfully supported him. James later wrote of this time: "They had made arrangements to emigrate that year not doubting but that I should be released to go with them. It was a great disappointment to all of us. I think I see the hand of the Lord in what occurred, for had I gone with my parents, I might have died on the journey as I was never healthy and strong and undoubtedly could not have stood the hardships suffered by the hand-cart company." On his mission, James supervised the various Branch Presidents, visiting the Saints and their meetings, administering to the sick, collecting the tithing, individual emigration account funds, and money from the Church book agents' accounts. These funds were remitted to the Conference president once a month. James suffered from smallpox and months of severe chills and fever while on his mission, but continued to work faithfully for over four years. He met his future wife, Zillah Crockett, when he was called to go to Liverpool in 1860 to assist with the Church publication, *Millennial Star*.

The Linfords were disappointed but continued with their emigration plans. The entire family worked at farming and other jobs to pay for the upcoming journey. John made enough shoes for the family to last the entire trip and Maria prepared what few things they could take with them. For about 5 pounds they sold a pair of steelyards, a bureau, dining table, peer glass, a set of china, china cups, saucers, and teapot, a buffet, six knives and forks, six rush-bottomed chairs, an oval copper boiler, and a few other items.

The Linfords traveled with the James G. Willie company aboard the ship *Thornton*, and from Iowa City with the Willie handcart company. John was called to be the leader of a group of twenty which shared a tent. He wrote these names and their ages next in his little book. They included his own family, Mary Ann Britin, the Gad[d] family, Maryan and Elizabeth Funnel, Maryann Miller, and Ann Howard. This list was the last entry John made in his diary. He caught cold on the camping ground at Iowa City and gradually grew worse until he could not walk. Maria and her sons had to pull him in their handcart with their bedding and cooking supplies. When the snow began to fall and the cold was intense, John's weakened condition became worse and he succumbed to death. One of John's sons wrote a final entry in his father's diary:

The 19th of October We Mett a snow storm and soon after we mett the brethren from the valey brother wetlock [Cyrus Wheelock] and young [Joseph A. Young] about 270 miles from the valey we had eat up all our flour we have relying upon _____ hundred weight of bisket for a week _____ people then we came to camp and in the morning we were snowed in and had got all our biskets among us brother willey went to meet the wagons on a mule and father died the 21 October 1856 down by the sweet water river at 5 o'clock in the morning he had been ill from florence first the fever and ague and then weekness and the diareah the jurney was to much for him.

Amasa Linford, who was eleven years old at the time of his father's death, later wrote:

We finally reached camp where some five died the first night; fifteen died the second, among whom was my father, John Linford. Fifteen were put in one grave. While father was sick and just before he died of starvation, Levi Savage emptied his flour sack to make him some skilly as it was called; after eating this he died. [The Linford family and this scene is portrayed in the movie *17 Miracles* by T.C. Christensen.]

Prior to John's death, Maria questioned him about their emigration decision and if he was sorry he had come. His reply was: "No, Maria. I am glad we came. I shall not live to reach Salt Lake, but you and the boys will, and I do not regret all we have gone through if our boys can grow up and raise their families in Zion."

Maria and her sons still had much to face. John was spared the tortuous trek up over Rocky Ridge. Maria said that her teenage son, George, was often the only able-bodied man in their company. The elderly women could hardly be persuaded to cross the cold streams, claiming they would rather die. George often carried them over on his back. One of these may have been 62-year-old Mary Ann Winters Funnell, who shared the Linford's tent. She also survived the trek.

Upon arrival in Salt Lake City, the Linford's were met by an old friend, John Ford, and taken to his home in Centerville to recuperate. George then went to live with a Mr. John Wood and Joseph and Amasa to a Mr. Rawlins. Maria found employment at a home in Centerville but was unhappy there as her boys were not allowed to visit her in the house. In July 1857, Maria married



Maria Bentley
Christian Linford
(Rich)

Joseph Rich, the father of LDS Church Apostle Charles C. Rich. He was seventy-one and she was forty-two. Her granddaughter wrote of this event later: Grandmother told me that she worried a lot wondering if she had done the right thing, and what her husband . . . would think about it. Finally, one night she had a dream or vision in which her husband appeared to her and told her not to worry anymore, that it was all right, and he knew she had done it to get a home for her children. After this she felt better. . . . [Joseph Rich] was kind and devoted to her and the boys.

At Maria's grave dedication service in 1885, Apostle George Albert Smith, later President of the Church, remarked: We meet here on this sacred spot to do honor to this dear sister, Maria Bentley Christian Rich. Keep her name in full in your records. She was filled with love, sacrifices, and devotion to family and church and great hardships endured for them. She never lost her faith as long as she lived. She married after reaching the valley in order to have a home for her boys. She was happy to be the wife of Brother Joseph Rich . . . I knew the Rich family and can imagine the love father Joseph Rich had for the Linford boys, which he called his own. This dear sister cared for Brother Joseph Rich as he did for her and the two younger boys. My soul is stirred when I see all these younger generations. Will you live true to the faith of your ancestors? There is royal blood in your veins. Do strive to be worthy of all the sacrifices your ancestors have made for you. Brother James H. Linford Sr. (1836-1925), I knew, and no better man was ever produced." (James Linford stayed in England on his mission until 1861. His picture on page 2 of this sketch was taken in 1860.)

Maria was sealed to John Linford in 1859, with Joseph Rich acting as proxy for John. James completed his mission and emigrated to Utah in 1861. He served in many elected positions in Kaysville and Layton and for thirteen years as the President of Brigham Young College in Logan. He was ordained a Patriarch by Apostle John Taylor in 1903. George married Eliza Wheeler. He served a mission to England in 1864, and in many important positions in his community and as President of the Seventy and the Young Men's MIA. Joseph William married Mary B. Rich, daughter of Charles C. Rich. Joseph helped bring other wagon trains in from Nebraska, served as a county Commissioner, and served a mission to New Zealand. Amasa married Miranda Savage, served as a High Priest, and moved to Bear Lake Valley, Idaho. Maria served as Relief Society President in Paris Idaho. A bowl and saucer and Maria's wedding dress survived the trek across the plains. This treasured heirloom is now on display at the Church History Museum. (See at <https://history.lds.org/article/maria-bentley-christian-linford-wedding-dress?lang=eng>)

Sources: "Diary of John Linford (April 28 to October 30, 1856)," typescript by Donna Linford Putnam, in *Linford Family Heritage*, by Golden C. Linford, 1995; Esshom, Frank, *Pioneers and Prominent Men*; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

OLE MADSEN

Born: 14 February 1815 Denmark (Died October 23/24, 1856, Rock Creek)

Age: 41

Willie Handcart Company



Anna Marie Madsen (Ericksen)

Ole was a farmer and a laborer from Sjaelland, Denmark. He and his family joined the Church, and Ole was an ordained elder at the time of their emigration. In the Madsen's home in Denmark, the elders were often fed and given a place to rest. Branch meetings were sometimes held in the Madsen home in Tornved, which was part of the Ordrup Branch. These meetings were often broken up by mobs who pelted the home with rotten eggs and disrupted in other ways.

Ole traveled to America with his wife, Ane Jensdatter (age 46) and four children, "Johanna" Marie (15), Mette "Christena" (13), Anna "Marie" (10) and Anders [Andrew] (5). The oldest daughter, Karen, went as far as Copenhagen with the family, but did not continue from there. Ane had four children from a previous marriage who also remained in Denmark. It appears that three of them were also members of the Church.

The Madsen family traveled from Copenhagen to Liverpool and there boarded the ship *Thornton* under the direction of James Willie. Elder Johan Ahmanson was a leader over the Danish Saints and served as their translator from Liverpool to Florence. Neils L. Christensen was their captain from Florence into the Valley, with Ahmanson's assistance.

Peter Madsen, clerk for the Danes in the Willie Company, recorded in his diary, September 3, 1856: "4 o'clock up, 7 o'clock prayer, 8 o'clock departure. We traveled several miles over hill and dale and saw buffalo by the thousands. During the noon hour Ole Madsen shot a large buffalo and an Englishman another. Both were distributed, about 2 pounds per person." Perhaps Ole's only son was proud of his father that day. Hunting buffalo was not a skill Ole had learned in Denmark.

Ole was not to be with his son in Utah, however. In less than two months, a winter storm and short rations stopped Ole Madsen's progress. Ole was likely one of the strong ones in the beginning. He carried his family members, and perhaps others, across icy rivers. He shared his rations when they were hardly enough to keep himself alive. Ole left his family in the hands of God and his people when he succumbed to death after the climb across Rocky Ridge on October 23. The next day, thirteen people were buried in a common grave at Rock Creek Hollow. Six of the thirteen buried in the common grave were from Denmark. They were Ole's friends and neighbors.

With the help of rescuers, Ole's family finally reached the Salt Lake Valley on November 9, 1856. Ane and the children were taken in by kind people there. The two younger children then went with their mother to Ephraim where many other Danish Saints had settled. When Christena had recovered sufficiently to travel, she and Johanna went to Ephraim with a man who was driving a cow there. He let the girls ride on the cow's back when they forded the Sanpete River. Once in Ephraim, they went from house to house trying to find their mother. When they did find her, she was lying on the floor with a quilt for a bed, apparently not yet fully recovered. They stayed in Ephraim for 2 years.

Ane married Hans Christensen and lived in Mt. Pleasant until her death in 1864. Christena married Hans Christensen's son, James Christensen Harbro, in December 1859. Christena's husband died in 1880, and she remained a widow for the next 20 years until her death on November 15, 1900. Andrew lived with his sister, Christena, for some time, and even went by the Harbro name. He married Maria Jensen and lived to be 85 years old. Johanna married Martin Aldrich in December 1860. She died in Mt. Pleasant at the age of 101 years and 6 months. She had been a widow for 23 years at the time of her death. Ane Marie married Hans Peter Ericksen in April 1865. Only two of their 10 children lived to adulthood. Six of them died from diphtheria at the same time. Ane Marie was buried in Mt. Pleasant in 1929, shortly after her husband died.

Ole's daughter, Christena, told of the family's immigration experiences: [While studying with the missionaries in Denmark] a mob raged outside [our home] throwing rotten eggs at the windows, and we children was not allowed to go to school because we were Mormons, so we did not get the education we should. ... One half-brother did not join the Church. ... [In Copenhagen] we had to stay a week before our vessel was to sail. While there one of our sisters [Karen] had a dream that our mother's sister was dead and they were preparing the funeral, so she would not go any further. She went back home and sure enough, it was just as she had dreamed so she stayed ... and helped to train the children. ...

Christena's daughter, Annie, continued quoting from Christena's autobiography: Mother used to tell us children some of her experience. She would say, "I could write a book of my life and not tell half of the suffering we went through on our journey over the plains. We took all our bedding and the family Bible with our records written in, but we had to throw them away on the plains." ... [Father] pulled his handcart all day without having anything to eat. At last one evening he rolled up in scanty covers, laid down and passed away. That same night several others died. ... They who died that night were laid in a small ditch with their boots or shoes on and covered. That night the wolves howled all night. They believed the wolves had uncovered the bodies and were eating them. She told of how hard it was for her to think of such a terrible thing, and her now left alone with her children with nothing to eat, frozen and hungry. But they pulled and pushed the handcart until their hands were so cold and fingers so crooked they never again came back into shape. [They] rejoiced when they sighted the relief party sent to meet them loaded with provisions and some clothing for the suffering emigrants. She told how this company of men baked flap jacks, as they called them. Sometimes they would burn them, then would throw them away. Mother Madsen said she would pick them up, take them into the bushes and eat them, she was so hungry.

Family histories indicate that Ole carried his family, one by one across a stream the day he died. He was buried with his boots on because they were frozen to his legs and they could not remove them. A grandson (Mike Ericksen) has participated in a reenactment for a documentary wherein he carried others across the Sweetwater River, and had the same experience of his boots freezing on him immediately.

Family members know that the woman pictured here is Ane Madsen. Given her age at the time of the picture and other facts, they also feel confident that the man pictured at her side is her husband, Ole Madsen. The original picture is a tintype and this setting was a common one for that time period at the port of arrival, in this case, Castle Garden, New York, where it may have been taken.



Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; "Christena Madsen Christensen History," (letter from Christena to her cousin); *Mount Pleasant*, compiled by Hilda Madsen Longsdorf, (Mt. Pleasant Pioneer Historical Association); "Ole Lykke Madsen and Ane Hansen Jensen," compiled by Shirley Porath, edited by Nick A. Ericksen; "Hans Peter Ericksen and Ane Marie Madsen," by Leonard Douglas Ericksen, edited by Nick Ericksen; "Ane Marie Madsen," by Jennette Staples Ericksen and Andrew Madsen, edited by Nick Ericksen; Peter Madsen Diary, Church archives. (A movie about the Madsen family entitled "Walking in Obedience - The Ole Madsen Story," has been created by Madsen descendant, Mike Ericksen. See on YouTube at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dRXHZzqaTnE>. Likewise, the song "Light Up the Land," on the CD *Unsung*, was written for the Madsen family and the Willie handcart company, and used as a theme song for the 2002 Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City, Utah. These can also be found on YouTube. *Upon Destiny's Song*, by Sage Steadman and Mike Ericksen, tells the story of Mike Ericksen's search for his roots, and of his great-grandmother, Anna Marie Madsen (Ericksen).) See *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for artwork and more Madsen family stories.



Johanna Marie (Aldrich)

Mette Christena
(Christiansen)

Anna Marie (Ericksen)

Anders (Andrew)
Madsen

PETER MADSEN

Born: 1794 Denmark (Died in Echo Canyon)

Age: 62

Willie Handcart Company

Peter Madsen was one of the group of Danish Saints who emigrated with the group under the Presidency of James G. Willie. Peter was married to Emmerenze or Emmelen Hermana Abel of Modum, Norway. She died in 1853. They were the parents of at least two children, Petrea and Christian August. Petrea emigrated with her father. Christian came two years later. Christian's wife died along the way. Christian remarried and had at least one son. Christian helped establish the sugar industry in Gunnison and he was Bishop of the Gunnison Ward for 26 years. He was released from this position only four years before he died at the age of 85.

About 1852, Peter Madsen joined the Church. The missionaries had come to Denmark just two years before. This new religion wrought great changes in him, as evidenced by the remarks of his son: "I gave careful attention to his appearance and behavior. The look in his eye was clear and more definite than before. There was a great and attractive change in the expression on his face. Over it rested a calm, satisfied, and happy smile which was very fascinating. This excited in me a thirst to know the cause of the transformation."

Peter and Petrea (age 36) joined 162 Danish Saints bound for their land of promise in 1856. Peter was appointed clerk of this group and wrote an official record as part of his duties. The Madsens became part of the Willie handcart company in Iowa City. At age 62, although accustomed to the heavy labor of a farmer, Peter could not stand up against the deprivations of hunger, cold, and fatigue associated with the experiences of this company. Petrea buried her father in Echo Canyon, with only a few days' journey left to reach their destination in Zion.

Following are a few interesting excerpts from Peter Madsen's diary (Don Smith translation), while on this journey:

"Saturday, April 26, 1856. Weather: unstable. The brethren were called to council at 10 o'clock by President Ahmanson [returning missionary and translator for Danish Saints] who made it known to the brethren that 40 rigsdaler were needed for running expenses. This came in by freewill offering. ... Thereafter the president invited those who were in need of help to make it known. Peder Jensen from Blangs arose and made it known that he was in need of provisions for four persons. Jens Sandberg likewise needed provisions for one person. They were without money and needed provisions on the trip to England. It was proposed and unanimously approved to provide. ... Peter Mortensen offered to feed Sandberg on the trip to England. Teachings and encouragement were given the company ... and the council meeting was closed with prayer.

"Saturday, May 3, 1856. Weather: beautiful. ... President Franklin D. Richards came on board with the brethren of the presidency [and] spoke to the company. ... [He] wished us well and asked the blessings of the Lord to follow us. This was answered with repeated cheers by the company who was happy and thankful for the consideration that was shown us. ... Elder Willie [was] appointed as the president for the whole group during the complete trip to the valley.

"Elder Ahmanson was chosen as his counselor, assistant, and president of the Scandinavian division of the company to whom he gave several instructions and recommended cleanliness and order. ... some tinware was purchased and the payment advanced in behalf of those who couldn't pay. ...

"Wednesday, May 21, 1856. Weather: unstable. ... During the night a fire broke out and burned between the decks, but the Lord preserved us so that the fire did not overpower us. An English boy who had stowed away on the ship was discovered. He had accompanied us without permission and ticket. For this action he would have been punished and caused to bear a wooden jacket or barrel; but since he was a member of the Church he was forgiven. The two pounds which Captain Collins required for his passage were collected by free-will offering. The Danish Saints gave three dollars. 5 o'clock the president held council and instructed the brothers who had watch at night to have

(Peter Madsen - Page 2)

close supervision over the young people that no unallowable association and coming together would take place. It was discovered that such had taken place among the English; and an unclean spirit was found which should be rectified. On the other hand such lewdness was not found at all among the Danish saints. 10 o'clock Captain Collins commanded the whole company to go on deck a few hours while the rooms were cleansed and aired. This was a necessity which must take place in order to prevent sickness, such as cholera or other pestly diseases, that could be dangerous to the company. He will therefore be very strict with those who will not obey when they are able. ...

“Wednesday, June 11, 1856. Weather: beautiful. ... Many sea horses appeared over the water. This morning our belongings were put in order and labels were pasted on all trunks and bags with the address: To Iowa City and the owner's name. ... President Willie presented Captain Collins with a testimonial that he had authored ... which expressed the thankful feelings of himself and the whole company who were grateful to him for his human acts of good will, obligingness, and care for their well being. For this the saints asked the blessings of heaven upon him and his family and those who had taken part in the guidance of the ship. This found universal approval and was applauded with three cheers. Captain Collins replied with much feeling. He presented a testament to Willie in which he expressed his feelings and gave the testimony that the saints' journey had been particularly satisfying to him. It delighted him to see the obedience which the people showed their leaders. No company which he had transported to America could compare with them. He expressed good wishes. ... This was unanimously accepted by the company with three cheers. ... Everyone was happy.

“Saturday, June 14, 1856. Weather: unstable. 8 o'clock there came an American steamship [tug] of unique appearance with machinery on deck. It took the ship Thornton in tow which with its great power gave us good speed. This brought a great stir among the members of the company who for the most part were on deck in order that they might view the land which the Lord has promised us. Here we shall obtain the gifts and exaltation which are promised us if we continue to be faithful and obey the laws of heaven.

“Sunday, June 22, 1856. Weather: beautiful; very warm. ... We arrived in Chicago at 6 o'clock and were placed on a flat, grassy area until evening. As quarters for the night we were assigned a railway warehouse. ... The people in this city are not good. They tried to disturb us.

“Monday, June 30, 1856. Weather: beautiful. . . . Talks by [leaders] against grumbling, dissatisfaction, and complaining which have crept in among the company by some individuals who have not yet learned their duty and obedience to God's law and his servants. [Several of the brethren, including Danish brethren, were called from Iowa City on missions to St. Louis to purchase cattle to drive to the Valley.]

“Friday, July 4, 1856. Weather: beautiful. ... The freedom which one has here is not known in Denmark. Several hundred [acres] of land, exceptionally good ground, is like our own property. Upon it our oxen and mules graze. In the woods we obtain the needed fuel supply. ... The company had shooting practice and gatherings in order to celebrate the day upon which the North American people won their freedom and a constitution.

“Saturday, July 5, 1856. ... Some of the brethren went to Iowa City with transport handcarts loaded with bedding and other items for sale. Some went through the city and sold miscellaneous items for a low price. [At an auction place] the bedding was sold at 27 to 55 cents per pound. Linen and clothing did not sell well. Much effort is required in order to dispose of our surplus items, if one is to be reimbursed for the money expended in transporting extra weight to this place. It cost me \$8.00 for 105 pounds of overweight. The freight from here to the valley is so high that the materials sent would have to be of good quality in order to be profitable.

“Tuesday, July 8, 1856. Weather: unstable; thunder with much rain. ... This evening part of an English company arrived here during a rain and thunderstorm. The group numbers 800 [Martin Handcart Company], who for the most part will travel with a handcart company. They were cheerful and happy to arrive. ...

“Wednesday, July 9, 1856. Weather: beautiful. ... Orders were given to pack up with the return of our beloved brother [Daniel] Spencer. [Immigration agent at Iowa campground.] He has prepared the way for us. We are glad that the time is so near for the continuance of our journey, upon which we will gather experiences that will follow us into eternity. The Lord will bless and preserve the faithful who will do his will. ...

“The Danish division numbers 93 persons ... divided into 5 tents. Each tent has 3 regular handcarts and one covered handcart for the children. ... Each tent was assigned its captain and its people.

“Monday, July 21, 1856. Weather: beautiful; very warm. ... This evening some strangers tried to disturb us and by threats tried to drive us away. President Willie, who knew the people in Illinois, made a comparison and upheld the brethren in arming themselves for battle. Our enemies found it unadvisable [to carry out their threats] and failed to appear.

(Peter Madsen - Page 3)

Thursday, July 31, 1856. ... 3:30 the horn was blown to get up. 5 o'clock prayer, departure thereafter. During the morning hours we passed through [Fort Des Moines] City, a large city which had many nice houses and the inhabitants were also some nice people. Through the city flows the [Des Moines] River by which we camped, outside of the city, where we found water and abundant grazing for the cattle. Here we purchased the necessities. 8 o'clock prayer. Some strangers tried to disturb us so Willie gave orders that the brethren might be dressed and prepared to come when called. The strangers did nothing more than make a little noise. ...

"Sunday, August 3, 1856. Weather: beautiful. ... In the forenoon we passed a terrain, wave like in form, and observed a phenomenon in the air. A beam of fire like a large rocket went through the sky and left behind a wide stripe with wide dots which developed into small clouds that followed the flow of air in the direction of the beam of fire from west to east. Some minutes after it was followed by a loud clap of thunder in otherwise clear air. t noon we camped on a plain by a river and wooded area. We had good opportunity to bathe and wash. A spring gave us the best drinking water.

"Monday, August 11, 1856. Weather: beautiful. 4 o'clock called up. 7 o'clock prayer, departure thereafter. During the forenoon we traveled through Council Bluffs, a city which several years ago came into being and appears to have made good progress due to its good location. In the afternoon we came to the Missouri River and were ferried over by the steamboat to Florence, a city which has arisen this summer. The place is notable because it was known ten years ago as Winter Quarters by those Mormons who were driven from [Illinois]. They lived here until they were again expelled and had to look to the West where they found rest in the mountain valley where they established a city. ... We have here a supply house for the preservation of provisions and other necessities for emigration. We are going to hold up here several days in order to rest and prepare ourselves for the journey through the wilderness. ... The saints were happy, busy with washing, repairing, and daily provisioning which is now given regularly. ... We bathed and visited the beautiful neighborhood and the Mormon ruins. In the evening five brothers and sisters were baptized, the sick were washed. ... They were baptized [for their health] by Wicklund.

"Thursday, August 14, 1856. Weather: beautiful. ... The wagons were loaded with provisions for the trip. All the wagons and handcarts [and] the tents are looked after and repaired. Bewilderment is written [on the faces] of the whole group who will continue with the handcart company regarding what weapons and ammunition they ought to take with them. Some of the English brothers and sisters are remaining behind here and two of the Danish division. ... They have found a place in Council Bluffs where many apostate Mormons are staying and seek to draw others with them. They say that high wages are given. _____ and his wife live there. She has been excommunicated. He visited us and says that he earns 2 dollars, room, and board per day. ... Maren Hansen's possessions were distributed among the poor, [Maren, age 52, had died] and a measurement was taken of the feet of those who needed shoes. Those who needed small shoes were given canvas to use, if they desire it, until they receive new shoes in place of it. ...

"By unanimous vote it was adopted that the presidents, in shifts of half each night, have supervision of the guard. Those who have weapons must be prepared to assemble themselves together when the signal is given on the horn in case the Indians should seek to rob us of something.

"Friday, August 29, 1856. Weather: unstable. ... [We] traveled towards the Indian camp. We met many who came toward us with friendliness and followed us to the camp where we stayed overnight, one mile from the Indian camp. ... Brothers Willie, Atwood, Savage, and Ahmanson presented the chief of the Omaha tribe with presents and paid their respects. They received from him dried buffalo meat. Ahmanson gave him a tattered nightcap. The chief gave him his pipe to smoke and was very friendly towards the brethren. ... They told the brethren that the Cheyenne Indian tribe had killed 2 men and a child on Monday the 25th of August from Secretary Babbit's company of four loaded wagons headed for Utah. These were scattered with the goods and the oxen driven away.

"Saturday, August 30, 1856. Weather: beautiful. ... we traveled past the place where Secretary Babbit's 4 wagons were plundered and 2 _____ were killed by the Indians. We are told the Indians had stolen some mules and were therefore pursued by the military which the United States government has stationed in (Fort Kearney) in order to hold the Indians under observation for peace along the route. The military overtook them and shot 16 Indians. The Indians were furious and sought to revenge them. Babbit who is secretary in Utah is also paid by the states who _____. He is not a Mormon nor his people who drove his wagons. The dead were buried. Some of their things lay about the place which the brethren found bloody and therefore assumed that they were murdered in their beds. Some of the few things that were left nearby were burned [by the Willie Company]. ... Willie shot a large rattlesnake.

"Wednesday, September 4, 1856. Weather: unstable during the night, heavy thunderstorm and much rain. 4 o'clock up, 7 o'clock prayer. Some oxen had gone away during the night, which the brethren were sent out to find. ... During the night a storm raged with strong hurricane (winds) which upset some of the tents and brought much disturbance ...

(Peter Madsen - Page 4)

“Friday, September 5, 1856. Weather: unstable with cold air. ... Council ... decided that Elder [Niels L.] Christensen as captain of some of the Danish brethren was to be sent out to look for the lost oxen, 22 in all. They were not found. ... Bishop Smoot and Rockwell visited us and told us that their company was camped on the other side of the Platte River and were willing to carry some of our flour. ...

“Saturday, September 6, 1856. Weather: unstable. ... Elders Ahmanson and Christensen preached repentance from the wickedness that then prevailed or the Lord’s punishment which now had begun would bring death and destruction upon us. ...

“Sunday, September 7, 1856. Weather: beautiful. ... Before prayer we held council in which it was decided that the handcarts should be loaded with sacks of flour and tents from the wagons. These, namely 5 wagons, should then be drawn with 12 oxen and the best cows. This is to be done in order to continue the journey with the strength we have. We can’t move too fast, but necessity dictates that we traverse the wild waste, where we are surrounded by wild people and animals, as fast as possible. 10 o’clock worship service was held with sermons and encouragement.”

It is not known if Peter Madsen had a second diary, but his last entry in this one was on September 8, 1856. Peter made it through the terrible storms and starvation of the next seven weeks of his life. He crossed the icy waters of the Sweetwater and ascended Rocky Ridge. The Lord blessed him to see his daughter within a few days’ safe arrival in the promised Salt Lake Valley.

Petrea married Bradford Leonard as his second wife on February 2, 1858. They became the parents of one daughter. In the book *Women of Faith and Fortitude*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers publication, vol. II of IV, pg. 140, we read:

“Bradford [Leonard] had farm holdings, a Mercantile Store, was a merchant at Camp Floyd and was in a position to maintain a good life for Petrea as well as his first family. Petrea and Catherine lived in Salt Lake City where Bradford passed away 17 Nov 1871 when Catherine was thirteen and Petrea became a widow, raising her daughter, for about five years, at which time, Catherine married Solomon King 17 Jan 1876. Petrea lived only two months after the wedding and passed away 14 Feb 1876, Valentine’s Day. She is buried beside Bradford in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

“Petrea was a good homemaker, loving to cook and sew. She was called as a Midwife and Nurse, nursing the sick when called on by family and community. She, along with her sister-wife, helped build the early Salt Lake City community.” (Submission for *Women of Faith and Fortitude* by Evelyn Leonard Bjorhn.)

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer histories; Madsen, Peder, Diary 1856 Apr.-Sept., trans. Don H. Smith, 1972, 19-29, Church History Library. (Now available at Mormon Overland Travel Database website.)

Note: Another translation of Peter Madsen’s diary was completed for Paul D. Lyman in 2006. It is available at <http://handcart.byu.edu/Sources/PederMadsen.aspx>. This website contains other resources and analysis by Paul Lyman that have been combined with Peter Madsen’s diary. See also, *The Willie Handcart Company: Their Day-by-Day Experiences, Including Trail Maps and Driving Directions*, by Paul D. Lyman, Brigham Young University, 2006.

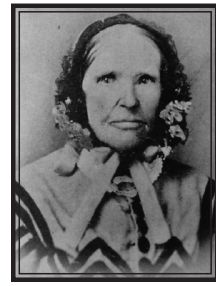
The following source statement is from Paul D. Lyman for the 2006 translation of Peter Madsen’s diary: “Journal of Peder Madsen (Danish), Church Archives. Translated by Tove Holden Jorgensen Johnson. Reasonable attempts have been made to follow the way Peder Madsen spelled names, e.g., ‘President Willie’ is at first spelled ‘President Willard’ and then later spelled ‘President Willei.’ Blank spaces in the journal are indicated by a line _____. Illegible words are indicated by a question mark in brackets [?]. Copyright ownership for this translation rests with Paul D. Lyman, Richfield, Utah, July, 2006. Permission is granted to copy or to reproduce this journal without restriction.”

JOSEPH MCKAY

Born: 1799 Ireland

Age: 57

Willie Handcart Company



Martha Blair McKay

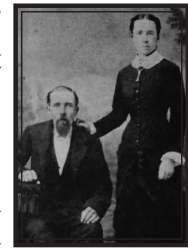
Joseph McKay was born in Ireland on February 12, 1799. He was married to Martha Blair. All of their children were born in Ireland. In 1843, the Smith family moved to Johnstone, Scotland. Joseph worked as a blacksmith and agricultural laborer. When the Church opened a branch in his town in 1848, Joseph and all of his family joined. For the next 8 years their dream and plan was to go to America and join with the Saints in Utah. When enough money was saved for one person to emigrate, Joseph left his family and traveled to America to prepare the way for the rest. He sailed from Liverpool aboard the *Thornton*, accompanied by Andrew Smith (age 19). Andrew was engaged to Joseph's daughter, Jane. Joseph and Andrew began their handcart journey at Iowa City, 1300 miles from their destination in Utah.

Winter came suddenly on October 19, the same day the Willie company distributed the last food rations. At noon on this day, express riders met the company, with the glad news that rescue wagons were not far behind. They finally met these rescue wagons on October 21.

On October 23, the next major obstacle was Rocky Ridge. It stood between them and their next camp 15 miles away at Rock Creek Hollow. The majority of the rescue wagons had been sent on to aid the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt Companies. Joseph's strength was depleted and he struggled to survive. He finally collapsed. Andrew Smith was the one who lifted and carried his future father-in-law through on this day.¹ Joseph thanked God for Andrew Smith and always remembered that Andrew had literally saved his life.

When Joseph reached Utah, his hands and feet were frozen. They eventually healed and after three years he had earned enough money to help 18 members of his family come to Zion. In 1859, Joseph's wife, four unmarried daughters and one married daughter with her husband and children sailed on the *William Tapscott*. They crossed the plains with the 8th handcart company, led by George Rowley. In 1860, the same ship brought Jane and Joseph to America. Their 21-year-old brother, James, apparently had second thoughts after he boarded the ship. The British Mission Record for the *William Tapscott's* list of intended passengers shows the following entry next to James's name: "not going." One family record shows James as "drowned at sea" with no date. One record shows a death date of 1890 with no other information. It is not known at this time what happened to Joseph's son, James McKay.²

Joseph's family settled in Salt Lake City, Heber City, and Wellsville, Utah, and in Malad, Idaho. Martha died in 1869. Joseph subsequently married sisters, Nancy and Jane McClelland. From Joseph's family histories: "Joseph was exceptionally proud of his vegetable garden which he watered from his flowing well. Wilford Woodruff, in passing one day, noted Joseph drinking from the cold flowing water while he was perspiring from hoeing his potato patch. 'Be careful, Joseph. You ought not to drink from that cold stream while you are so warm. You may die with your boots on.' Joseph was 77 years old and needed those words of caution. Some weeks later, he came in from the garden in physical distress. Jane struggled to get his boots off, but the distress was fatal. His obituary states that he died of 'the cramp.' He was buried June 18, 1876, in Salt Lake City, Utah."

Joseph McKay
Jane McClelland

Sources: "Joseph McKay & Martha Blair," by Ila May Maughan (Fisher), 1967, L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, BYU; "The Hero of Linister," by Solomon F. Kimball, *Improvement Era*, January 1913; "Andrew Smith," by Andrew Smith Jr.; "Letter to M. Blair Smith," from his father, Andrew Smith, Jr., 1937 (concerning the life of his mother, Jane McKay); photos and family histories from Nathan McKay Smith, Provo, Utah and Nathan L. Smith, Perryton, Texas.

¹It is an assumption by Jolene Allphin that this event occurred on October 23, based on the history of Andrew Smith.

²McKay family history indicates that James never married, "according to the 'Aunt Martha' letters. ... The long years without him, especially when all the other children were married by 1862, left an emptiness in their hearts that never could be filled."

CHRISTINA MCNEIL

Born: September 22, 1832 in Scotland
 Age: 24
 Willie Handcart Company



Christina was a very independent young woman. She was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the age of 17 on October 2, 1849. The Mormon faith was not kindly received in Scotland at the time and Christina was told to leave her house and never return. Christina was faithful to her beliefs and she spent seven years preparing her own way to Utah. She boarded with a fellow member, the newly widowed Margaret Caldwell, who ran a boarding house. Margaret wrote of some of Christina's experiences:

Christina McNeil, a young girl I had befriended, was working for me. She was happy to join our family. Her mother was a drunkard and only came to see her daughter when she needed money. With my little family and Christina we left for Liverpool in April 1856. . . . June 14, 1856, the ship docked in New York harbor. We landed at Castle Gardens, which is now Ellis Island. Here we started out to find an LDS Sunday School. It was extremely hot for walking. We . . . were well on our way when Christina's nose started bleeding and, try as we would, we could not stop the bleeding. In fact it was to no avail. Finally I administered to her as she had always shown a great deal of faith in the power of healing and administering to the sick.

An incident that happened when the company reached Fort Laramie, Wyoming, is recorded by Margaret's daughter, Agnes:

Mother, in company with . . . a young lady, Christena McNeil, who was making the trip under Mother's care, visited one of the generals in command at the fort to obtain permission to trade some trinkets and silver spoons for flour and meat. The officer said he himself could not use any of the things but to leave the young lady in his office while mother went to another station, where he assured her she would be able to obtain the things she desired . . . During her absence the officer used the time in trying to persuade Christena to stay there, proposing to her and showing her the gold he had, telling her what a fine lady he would make of her. Then he tried discouraging her, pointing out to her how the handcart company would never reach Utah, because of the severe cold, and that they would die of cold and hunger and exposure. Like all noble girls, and true to the cause for which she had left her native Scotland . . . she told him in plain language she would take her chances with the others even though it might mean death. She was greatly relieved to have Mother return. The officer, however, seemed to admire her very much for her loyalty to her faith and gave her a large cured ham and wished her well in her chosen adventure.

Margaret also wrote of this experience: "At the Army Trading Post . . . an Army Officer told us in all sincerity of the cold weather we would encounter and he predicted that none of us would ever reach the Salt Lake Valley alive. He wanted Christina to stay with him, promising her most anything, and telling her she was much too pretty to freeze and be buried on the prairie. Her faith was strong enough to resist all of his offers and she said she would take her chances along with the others."

Others were not as faithful as Christina, as reported in the Willie company journal October 1, 1856: "The first thing this morning, it was discovered that several sisters had left the camp and had taken up their residence at the fort." The journal also reported one girl leaving "with an apostate Mormon."

Christina survived the journey, and in June 1857, she married Warren Ford Reynolds. They were married 44 years and had seven children. Christina remained faithful to her beliefs.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; autobiographies of Margaret Caldwell and Agnes Caldwell Southworth, copies in files of Jolene Allphin. See *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for more information and artwork of Christina as well as the Caldwell family.

ARCHIBALD MCPHAIL

Born: 11 May 1816 Scotland, died Nov. 6, 1856, Echo Canyon
Willie Handcart Company



Henrietta McPhail (Eckersell)

Archibald celebrated his 40th birthday aboard the *Thornton*. He was with his wife, Jane (age 36), daughter, Henrietta (14), from 1st wife (deceased); and Jane [McDonald] (3), recently adopted from Jane's sister, Catherine McKinnon McDonald. Archibald's son, John (14), had died on Christmas day, 1854.

Archibald kept a diary on board the ship. He wrote that at 3:00 a.m. on Friday, the 23rd of May: It began to blow very hard and continued to increase until it blew a complete gale and continued on till Monday morning about five o'clock when afterward it cleared up a fine day with not so much wind as would blow out a candle. ... During the gale the water stove in the glass window that was in the hatchway and came down where we were in the lower deck in torrents until it went over our shoes and with the rocking of the ship it would carry with it pots, pans, kettles, and waterpots with great fury, but was moving about such as heavy chests, trunks, boxes, etc., which we had to lash up tight or have our legs broken. There was one by the name of [James] Laird thrown up against a chest and got his leg out of joint but got it put in the next day and is getting better very fast. This day, Monday the 26th, being very fine, all the women were called up on the deck and heard a good sermon while the men stayed down below and cleaned out the ship. (Transcription available at <http://mormonmigration.lib.byu.edu/>)

Archibald was responsible for a group of immigrants which included the twenty people who shared his tent. Two of these were older women who constantly lagged behind the others. After struggling with his handcart in a blizzard, Archibald reached the camp at Rock Creek Hollow and found that only one of these women had arrived at camp. It was late at night when Archibald went back on the trail four miles and found the missing woman on the other side of a frozen creek. He tried to convince her to come across the ice to him but she refused. She felt that she was dying anyway and did not want to risk the ice breaking. Archibald finally crossed the creek to get her. He picked her up and was in the process of bringing her across when the ice broke and Archibald fell through up to his waist. With his shoes and clothing frozen to him, Archibald was somehow able to get his charge back to camp. He arrived very late at night.

Henrietta McPhail, in later years, described that night to her daughter, Rachel Eckersell Minson, who wrote: "By the time they returned to camp [Archibald's] clothing was frozen on him and he was taking heavy chills. The air was cold and wet and the men were so weak and hungry they could not go in search of dry wood to make a fire; so without anything warm to eat or drink, he was placed in a cold bed [under a handcart] ... Henrietta sat by his bed brushing the snow from his face."

On the night of November 6, 1856, Archibald's wife sat lovingly with his head on her knee and prayed that a small piece of tallow candle she had burning might last until Archibald passed away. Her prayer was answered, for the light of the candle and the life of her husband went out at the same moment. Archibald had made the ultimate sacrifice.



Archibald's wife remarried shortly after reaching the Salt Lake Valley. Henrietta was cared for in Brigham Young's home until she was able to work for room and board at Anthony W. Ivins's home. Henrietta married James Burrows Eckersell and they became the parents of ten children, faithfully moving and pioneering new communities whenever called on to do so. Jane McPhail also grew up in the Zion of her father's dreams, married Alma Peart, and gave birth to ten children.

The same faithfulness exhibited by Archibald McPhail was later reflected in Henrietta's life. Her son, Archibald, and his wife and some of their children fell victims to a criminal act in which they all died. Henrietta's daughter, Rachel, wrote: "In Henrietta's great sorrow she was asked to drink a cup of tea to quiet her nerves but she refused by saying, "I must depend on the Lord for help and not on that which He has forbidden." The Lord did bless her. She was privileged to live to see her children enjoy that which she had sacrificed so much for."

In later years, Archibald's wife stated that she would gladly go through all her trials again for the Gospel. Jane cleaned schools in order to finance her children's education. She was set apart to be a midwife by Wilford Woodruff and practiced obstetrics for more than 30 years, never losing a mother or a baby. (Sources: "History of Archibald McPhail and Jane McKinnon McPhail," from Patty Lichfield, 2004; familysearch.org; DUP history files; British Mission Record for *Thornton*; "Interview with Jane McPhail Peart, July 21, 1938;" "Robert Love Baxter," in *Windows of Wellsville*; "Archibald McPhail Research Notes of Roland and Carol Minson," Nov. 2006; "Sketches from the Life of Henrietta McPhail Eckersell," by Rachel Eckersell Minson; memorial stone photo by Jolene Allphin. See *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for artwork and more McPhail family stories.)

EUPHEMIA MITCHELL

Born: 1833 Scotland

Age: 23

Willie Handcart Company



Euphemia was born in Dundee, Forshire, Scotland, on November 14, 1833, to David and Anne Walker Mitchell. Her family was Presbyterian. Euphemia's father died when she was four years old and she was the youngest of seven children left for her widowed mother to raise.

Euphemia was traveling with the family of Margaret McEwan Bain Smith, a widow (age 51), and her children, May Bain (22), Jane (17), Mary (15), Elizabeth (13) and Alexander (6). Euphemia was friends with May Bain and had gone to a Mormon meeting with her when she was only sixteen. She believed the testimony of the Elders and Joseph Smith and loved how they preached by the Holy Ghost and without pay. May Bain had already been baptized and Euphemia also wished to join the Church. She continued to attend the meetings, but her mother was so bitterly opposed to the Mormons she thought it best to keep it a secret.

In her own words she tells, "There was to be a conference on the following weekend and I agreed with a Brother George Harris that if I could wake at 3:00 o'clock in the morning to prepare to be there I would be baptized. All of us children slept in the same room with our mother and I knew it would be very difficult for me to get up and out of the room without waking Mother. I prayed and prayed that if it be right that I be baptized that I would be able to wake up in time. I did wake that morning and dressed and was baptized where the ice had to be broken. I feared I would catch a fever but no ill effects occurred." The baptism was held this early to avoid disturbances and harassment from the anti-Mormons in the area.

One evening Euphemia's mother asked her if she had joined the Mormons. When Euphemia confirmed her mother's suspicions, she was told she was "not welcome at home anymore." About this same time, May's family was making plans to emigrate to Utah to join their older brother, Robert Bain, who had gone there two years previously. May's mother invited Euphemia to go with them. They sailed from Liverpool in May of 1856 aboard the ship *Thornton* and then left Iowa City, Iowa, with the Willie handcart company in July.

With all of the trials that this family had to face, it is truly remarkable, even miraculous, that none of them died. Euphemia began her trip with five pair of shoes but they all wore out before she reached the Valley. Euphemia remembered praying with all her heart that they would reach Zion alive and says they knew the Lord was with them if they did their part and tried very hard each day. She said: "The campfires at night were very good times. We sang the Church hymns and they inspired us. Come, Come Ye Saints [was] my favorite, and we were happy in our labors. A bond of love and friendship was amongst us. We learned the value of resting and keeping the Sabbath Day. We did not choose to remember the pains of hunger and the cold, but wanted to remember the goodness of God unto us as Dear Mother Bain Smith counseled us so many times."

In Lehi, Utah, Robert Angus Bain had been in bed for four weeks, sick with Mountain Fever. He was so weak he had to be lifted into the wagon and have the whip put in his hands, but when he heard that his family was out on the plains, he went to go and help them. With the help of Robert and the other rescuers, the family made it into the Salt Lake Valley where they were taken in to Captain Willie's home and nursed back to health. Euphemia and Robert fell in love and were married just one month after she reached Zion. May and Euphemia were now sisters as well as best friends. Robert and Euphemia named their first baby girl May.

They continued to live in Lehi until June 1860 when they were called to go north and help settle Smithfield. Euphemia answered the call, but grieved to leave behind the grave site of her little girl who had only lived nine months.

(Euphemia Mitchell - Page 2)

The Bains first lived in the Fort and shared in the tribulations, privations and Indian troubles with the rest of the pioneers there. Euphemia lived in Smithfield seventy-one years of her life until her death in 1931. She was often honored at Pioneer celebrations as the oldest living pioneer there.

Euphemia was an avid reader and well-versed in current events. She taught one of the very first schools because she could read and write and had basic math skills and a great love for children. She gave birth to the first twin girls born in Smithfield. (Three of her great-grandchildren also have twins.) Robert and Euphemia had a store and a farm. Robert was the town Doctor for many years and also pulled teeth. He was an Officiator in the Logan Temple, a Patriarch in Cache County, and took care of the tithing house. He was best known for his profession as a miller. Robert died in May of 1905, leaving Euphemia a widow for the next 26 years. They were the parents of nine children, eight of whom preceded them in death.

Euphemia's obituary reads: For many years she has been "Auntie" or "Grandma Bain" to everyone in the town. She was a jovial sociable being, loving her friends devotedly. Sister Bain was all her life, since conversion, a devoted enthusiastic Latter-day Saint. She was a great reader and until the last year of her life she could converse with her associates on the current happenings of the world at large and the activities of her Church in particular. It may console those who loved her to know that she was well and enjoyed her meals the day before she was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage, and that she then sank into a deep sleep and quietly and peacefully slept away. At her death she was 98 years old.

Following are some excerpts from an autobiographical sketch by Euphemia:

At Iowa City we secured hand carts, and packing in our few belongings we started on the long journey to Zion. We left Iowa City July 15, 1856, with 120 hand carts, and six wagons. Mrs. Bain and her daughters and I pulled one cart. The weather was very hot at times and we suffered considerably but we got along fine for some time, compared with what came to us later. ... Our food now began to run short, and we were put on short rations. We did not have flour to make bread and made a sort of gruel which we had to live on from day to day. We had a terrible time. For two days we had a soda cracker each. Captain Willie tried to encourage us, but things looked gloomy indeed. Deaths were occurring nearly every day. It began to snow and at night we had to sweep the snow away to make down our beds. In sorrow and hunger and falling strength we tugged at our hand carts, hardly able to get them up the little hills.

One day [October 19] we saw a dust coming towards us from the west. It was a lone horseman. It proved to be Brother Wheelock. He called to us and told us help was near. He stood by and said how he never expected to see brethren and sisters in such a condition as we were. Tears ran down his cheeks as he spoke to us and encouraged us, saying help would reach us [soon], and we should have plenty to eat.

Help did come in the shape of several wagon loads of provisions, clothing, etc. [October 21] We were allowed one pound of flour in the morning and the same in the evening. The wagons went on to help the Martin company which was behind us. Other help came to us as we went on, but the weather turned very cold and many froze their feet, and many others died. The Lord blessed our little band, the widow Bain, her daughters and I. We suffered hunger, thirst, and fatigue, but were well, and none of us froze our feet. We all came through safe and sound. we started with about 500 souls, and 66 died on the journey.

We reached Salt Lake City November [9], 1856. When I left Scotland I had five pairs of shoes, but when I reached Salt Lake City I had to tie grass around them to hold them together.

While away out on the plains we met a company of Elders going east on missions.¹ Lorenzo Hatch was with them. He had known Mrs. Bain's son, at Lehi and he hunted us up and told us Robert had a room ready for us at Lehi. Robert had come out to meet us and met us at Green River with a team and we tied our cart behind the wagon, and we got a chance to ride once in a while after that.

¹ The Willie company passed the eastbound missionaries on October 2, near Fort Laramie.

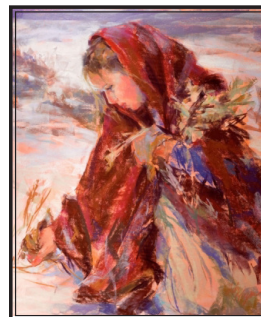
Sources: "A History of Euphemia Mitchell Bain," by Helen Joyce Bean Chappell; "The Tired Mother," *Improvement Era*, July 1919, by Betsy Smith Goodwin; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel online website; interview by Jolene Allphin with Alene Christensen, August 16, 2007; biography of Robert Bain. (See Robert's story in rescuer section and Elizabeth Smith's story in Willie section, *Tell My Story, Too*.) See "Margery Smith Family," Chapter 3 in *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for artwork and more family stories.

BODIL MALENE MORTENSEN

Born: Aug 5, 1846 Denmark (Died October 24, 1856, buried in common grave at Rock Creek)

Age: 9

Willie Handcart Company



The Gathering
by Julie Rogers
Used by permission

Bodil's parents combined her first and middle names into the nickname "Balena." She was the fourth of their five children. Bodil's father, Neils, was a weaver by trade. He also dug wells. He had a particular way of bricking up the well as he dug. He said that he would use an iron ring the size that he wanted the well to be. He would lay the brick on the ring and then start to dig under the ring. As the ring and the brick settled into the hole, he would lay more brick and when he got the well dug down to the water, it would already be bricked up.

When the LDS missionaries came to Denmark, Bodil's oldest sister, Anne Margrette, became interested. At first, her parents did not approve, but they later investigated the Church and were baptized along with Anne and their son, Hans Peter, in November of 1852. When Neils Mortensen heard Elder Erastus Snow preach about the gathering of Israel, he told his children he always believed that he was one of the children of Israel being gathered to the mountains.

In 1856, Bodil emigrated in the care of her parents' friends, Jens and Elsie Nielson. The Peder and Helena Mortensen family paid her ship's passage. Bodil's older sister, Anne Margrette, had crossed the plains and mountains to Utah the previous year. Bodil's parents, Neils and Maren Mortensen, and other siblings, were still in Denmark, planning to make the journey the next season.

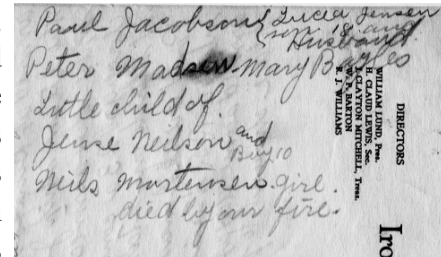
Peter Madsen, one of the Danish Saints, kept a daily diary. He wrote, "The saints were joyous and bid the saints of Copenhagen a hearty farewell. ... The company was happy and thankful; a good spirit and order prevailed." They traveled by train and ship until they arrived in Liverpool, England. On May 1, 1856, they boarded the ship *Thornton*, "a large three decker from America, commanded by Captain Collins. [They] joined the company of 608 English brothers and sisters who had gone on board before [them]."

One of Bodil's responsibilities was to care for Niels Nielson, the 5-year-old son of Jens and Elsie. This must have been quite an adventure for Bodil and Niels. As recorded by Peter Madsen during the month of May, they passed huge icebergs and a damaged ship "not worth retrieving." That was a day selected for worship, prayer, and fasting. Many talks were given and Elder Ahmanson told his Danish flock that they "were highly favored of the Lord." That night "a fire broke out and burned between the decks, but the Lord preserved us so that the fire did not over power us. An English boy who had stowed away on the ship was discovered. He had accompanied us without permission and ticket. For this action he would have been punished and caused to bear a wooden jacket or barrel; but since he was a member of the Church he was forgiven." Surely, Bodil and Niels were saddened as a young boy fell down from the top to the bottom deck and died four days later. He was buried in the same manner as the others who had died previously. This included being wrapped in canvas and the American flag, and then deposited in the ocean.

Bodil and Niels had happy experiences, as well as the tragic. Imagine their delight as they watched "many seahorses" [dolphins] appear on the water during the month of June. After arriving in America, they traveled by train to Iowa City, where they built their handcarts and sewed their tents and prepared for their trek to their promised Valley. Bodil turned 10 years old at Iowa City. Her birthday was probably spent mainly in camp duties.

Winter storms began in October that year and slowed the travel of the company. Beginning October 20, they were stopped near the sixth crossing of the Sweetwater River and the base of Rocky Ridge. The cold was intense. The only remaining provisions were a few hard sea biscuits left over from the ocean voyage. The pioneers were in a very weakened condition. Captain Willie and Joseph Elder left the company to find the rescue wagons. The rescue party had also stopped to wait out the storm. Captain Willie returned with some help and the company resumed their march. What lay immediately ahead on October 23 was the treacherous ascent of Rocky Ridge to the summit of the rockiest part, and another climb immediately after Strawberry Creek where the trail reached its highest elevation, 200 feet higher than the rocky summit, and 71 feet higher than the summit of South Pass. The last members of the company did not reach camp until just before dawn the next morning. While adults wrestled handcarts up the steep trail, Bodil and others had fought their way through the snow, wind, and freezing temperatures to get to Rock Creek, four miles past Strawberry Creek. Some families became separated that day as some lagged behind or went ahead. Others were riding in the few “sick wagons.” Exhausted and weak, Bodil and Niels struggled on their way. Bodil hoped to reach her sister in Salt Lake City, but it was not to be.

Ole Madsen was one of the men who also died that night. The Madsen family was in the same tent with the Nielson’s and Bodil. In an account by Ole’s daughter, Christina Madsen, we learn that Bodil “sat down by the side of the road ... she was so hungry, she also died that same night. They who died that night were laid in a small ditch with their boots or shoes on and covered.” Mette Mortensen, Bodil’s friend, wrote that Bodil (described as “Neils Mortensen[’s] girl”) died by the Mortensen family fire.¹ Mette’s mother, Lena, prepared the bodies for burial. (See Mortensen and Madsen family stories in *Tell My Story, Too*.) Bodil was buried in a common grave with twelve or thirteen others.² One of them was Niels Nielson, shown as “Little child of Jense Neilson” in Mette’s writing. Niels was just five days short of his 6th birthday. What surely began as a grand adventure for these two children, came to a sad but finally blessed end. Before bodies were covered, James Hurren held up his eight-year-old daughter, Mary, to let her see one of her playmates, possibly Bodil, lying among the dead.



Bodil’s father, Neils (age 39), mother, Maren (45), brother, Hans Peter (12), and sister, Maren (7), emigrated to Utah the following year, reportedly leaving Denmark before they could be notified of Bodil’s death. From the outfitting point in Iowa, Niels was a teamster for a prairie schooner and four oxen owned by a friend, John Lund. The Lund family occupied the back of the wagon and the Mortensen family the front. It was late in the fall when they arrived, perhaps expecting to find their daughters together. Bodil’s mother never had vigorous health, and she became despondent upon learning the sad news. Maren reportedly never recovered from the loss of her child, possibly suffered from a breakdown, and died in Parowan in 1862.

Neils became a farmer, but also continued as a weaver. He helped to set up the first looms for weaving in the western part of the United States. He made beautiful tablecloths and suit material for clothing. His charity for others was well known in his community of Parowan, Utah. The farm house opened to the main road. When Neils saw a vehicle approaching in the evening, he would go to the road, wave one of the two canes he had as he got older, and as the vehicle stopped, his standard greeting was, “Vell, vell. Where are you going? Vhen will you be back? Is your mother alive? Is your father dead? Vill you come in to have something to eat?” Passing “hobos” also felt welcome there. They marked the front fence to tell others coming later that they could get a good meal in this house. Neils also housed and fed some Indian boys for several years. Perhaps the years of service he gave helped to soften his heartache at the loss of his little “Balena.”

BODIL MORTENSEN, 1846-1856, WILLIE COMPANY
 ONCE LOST NEVER AGAIN FORGOTTEN, SYMBOL OF THE CHILDEN WHO WALKED
 TOWARD ZION. INSPIRATION OF THE RIVERTON WYOMING STAKE'S "SECOND
 RESCUE" AND ABOVE ALL AN EXAMPLE FOR THOSE WHO HAVE YET TO WALK TO
 THEIR OWN ZION. BOUNTIFUL CHAPTER SONS OF THE UTAH PIONEERS SUP 150,
 STAN WATTS ATLAS BRONZE (Plaque on monument at This Is The Place State Park, Salt Lake
 City, Utah)



(Bodil Mortensen - Page 3)

From the book *History of Iron County Mission, Parowan, Utah* by Mrs. Luella Adams Dalton, we learn a little more of Bodil's father:

About 1870, the shepherders in Parowan decided to put their sheep together in a Cooperative Sheep Herd. Neils Otto Mortensen had acquired quite a large number of sheep and they had increased until he was the biggest sheep man in Parowan, owning about two or three hundred head, so he was put in as President of the organization.

Neils Mortensen used to freight his wool up to the Provo Woolen Mills and trade for cloth and all kinds of merchandise. On his freighting trips, he became acquainted with Charlie Crane of Kanosh, who was one of the leading sheep men of Millard County, and a man who was always ready to help his friends. He had read about the Basques in Spain, who were the owners of a very fine breed of sheep. On one of his trips he had talked it over and had decided to be on the lookout for a bunch of men who were interested in building up their herds by sending to Spain for a bunch of Spanish Merino Rams.

Among others who wanted some purebred rams were Francis Webster [of the Martin handcart company] of Cedar City and Doc Brown of Kanarra. So the Basque rams were sent for and in due time they arrived at York, the southern railroad terminal, just northwest of Nephi. This was the summer of 1880. Charlie Crane with others drove the rams to Kanosh and sent word to Neils Mortensen, Webster and Brown to come and get their sheep.

Neils Mortensen took his son, Samuel, a boy of about 13 years, along on horseback so he could drive the sheep, and Doc Brown drove the camp wagon. When they arrived at Kanosh, they drew lots and Neils Mortensen bought twelve rams, Webster ten and Brown eight. Then Neils and Francis Webster started home leaving the boy, Samuel, and Doc Brown to bring the thirty head of Basque Spanish Merino Rams to Iron County.

They had a lot of trouble with the sheep, as they didn't want to move, and were just about impossible to drive. But they finally hit on to the plan of stringing a little hay along the road back of the wagon every once in awhile. The sheep would follow along after the hay. It took several days to get to Parowan. Some of the rams had brass knobs screwed onto the ends of their horns.

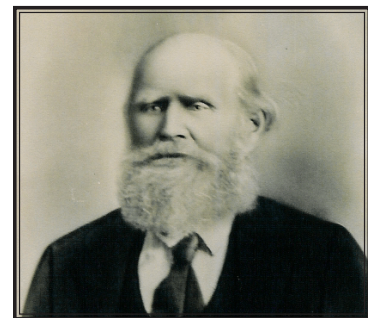
Francis Webster and Randel Lunt met them in Parowan where they loaded the Webster sheep into wagons and hauled them to Cedar. Doc Brown loaded his into his wagon and started for Kanarra.

Prior to this, all the sheep throughout this southern section were a coarse hairy wool breed, and the bringing in of these fine Merino Rams soon made a big difference. They used to shear about 2 lbs. per head, but after a few years it jumped up to seven and eight pounds per head.

The farsightedness of men like Neils Mortensen and Charlie Crane helped out the whole of Southern Utah in bringing in a fine bunch of Spanish Merino Rams and building up the herds in the country. It's men like these whose influence was one of the outstanding pillars in our march of progress. This was the first big stepping stone in what later became a million dollar industry to Southern Utah.

¹ This handwritten note of Mette Mortensen, a girl Bodil's age in the Willie company, also states (not shown): "Those who were with the 14 buried in one grave," meaning people in the company who had been with Bodil, not those buried at Rock Creek. Mette is also naming people who moved to Parowan. Paul Jacobson, who is indicated as Lucia Jensen's husband, died Oct. 13. Lucia remarried, to Peter Jensen. "Son 18" is Rasmus Peder Hansen, an adopted son with Paul and Lucia. He died Nov. 6, three days short of reaching Utah. Of the two men named *Peter Madsen* in the Willie company, this refers to the 49-year-old. He died Nov. 2, 1856. His wife "Mary" remarried, to Herman Bayles Sr.

² There are discrepancies in the number of people buried in the common grave at Rock Creek. The official Willie company journal names 13, but quite a few other sources indicate that 14 were buried in this grave.



Bodil's father,
Neils Otto Mortensen

METTE KIRSTINE MORTENSEN

Born: 2 May 1845 Haarbolle, Fanefjord, Praesto, Denmark

Age: 11

Willie Handcart Company



Mortensen home in Haarbolle, Denmark

Mette's parents, Peder and Helena (Lena) Sanderson Mortensen both came from families that were well-off and well-respected. Peder and Lena likewise owned their own home and farm and were quite well-to-do. They had married in 1827 and were raising their family in the village of Haarbolle in the southwest corner of the little island of Moen, Denmark. In 1855, two LDS missionaries, Soren P. Guhl (or Gould) and Mark Scoby, came to their small town. The two oldest sons, Morten and Anders, heard them speak and came home and told the family that the message was true. Their father's first response was, "There is so much evil said of these Mormons, how can they have the true gospel?" However, after hearing the missionaries themselves, the rest of the family also believed their gospel message and joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Lars Mortensen was 12 years old at the time. He wrote: "I was born of goodly parents whose delight was ever to teach their children according to their best knowledge the ways of truth and virtue. ... The testament [was] used as a reader in the school. It gave me an early knowledge of the Doctrine of our Savior, though not properly understood. ... I attended a conference of the latter day saints held on the island of Falster. ... Much instruction and good counsel was given by the elders in connection with the first principles of the gospel which was set forth in great simplicity. ... My two oldest brothers, Morten and Anders, were baptized and confirmed into the church [of Jesus Christ] of the latter day Saints, this being the first time I had the privilege of witnessing the performance of these ordinances. The feelings I experienced in witnessing these ordinances perhaps I shall never forget."

After the family was baptized, they were no longer respected or accepted by some in their community. One night an angry mob converged on their home, but the family was saved by the sudden collapse of the mob's leader as he stood at their gate. Lars wrote: "As soon as the news spread through our little village that our family had joined the Church of [Jesus Christ of] the latter-day Saints, it began to create a feeling of hatred towards our family and persecution began to reign to quite an extent and our lives and property was endangered at various times. My Father being subject to rheumatism, it was deemed advisable that we should sell our property and come to Utah. ... In the spring of 1856 we bid farewell to the home of our birth with a hope of making a new home in the valleys of the mountains."

The family first traveled to Copenhagen where they stayed in the mission home for a short time, "waiting for the emigration to gather." The mission president asked Peder and Lena to leave their son, Morten, in Denmark as a missionary for three years. Peder and the oldest daughter were handicapped. Losing Morten's assistance would mean a significant sacrifice. The mission president promised that if Morten stayed, they would all reach Zion in safety and they would be protected on sea and on land. In her broken English, Mette expressed: "My oldest Brother was remained on a mission."

Lars summarized the Mortensen's departure from Denmark with a testimony of the faith of his family: "While staying [in Copenhagen] it was deemed advisable that my oldest Brother should remain and preach the gospel. After staying for about a month we took leave of our native land. As it was our calculation to cross the plains with the handcarts and the journey all together was a long and tiresome one, and our family was not in a very good condition for such a journey, the Lord inspired his servant then presiding over the Scandinavian mission to utter a prophesy in relation to our family, that inasmuch as we would keep the commandments of God, we should all reach the vallies of the mountains in safety. Ever having faith in the promises of the Lord through his servants, and a strong determination to serve the Lord, it was ever a stimulant to press on through trials and difficulties to the end of our journey. On our journey from Copenhagen to Kiel, [Germany] we had the privilege once more to view the island of our nativity."

(Mette Mortensen - Page 2)

The Mortensen's left Denmark on April 23, 1856 on the steamship *Rhoda*. Three weeks before that, on March 30, Mette was baptized by her brother, Anders. The family traveled to Liverpool where they boarded the ship *Thornton* on Mette's 11th birthday. The ages of the others were: Peder (age 50), Lena (48), Annie Kirstine ("Steena") (24), Anders Jorgen (22), Hans Jorgen (18), Lars (13), Mary (9), and Caroline (5). Peder Jr. had died previously. Mette recorded:

We prepared to leave our happy little home for the Land of Zion. I remember how rough the north sea was. ... How well I remember the day we went on board the ship at Liverpool. It was the 2nd day of May and my eleventh birthday and on the 4th we set sail. Our trip across the ocean was 7 weeks and 4 days and we arrived in New York. After a few days we left for Iowa City. My father had intended to purchase a team of horses and wagon to bring his family but on account of so many poor Saints they were promised by those in authority if they would come with the handcart company and help others to come that not one of the family should be lost, which blessing was fulfilled, though we suffered much on the way.

The Mortensen family acted on their faith and parted with their means in support of the less fortunate immigrants among them. Anders was placed in charge of one of the Willie Company's six provision wagons which carried tents and other supplies. Peder and Steena were allowed to ride in this wagon. Lena and the other children were provided with two handcarts. After the Willie company suffered the loss of most of their draft animals in early September, a difficult decision was made which required Peder and Steena to ride in the Mortensen family handcarts. Peter Madsen wrote of this day: "[Sept. 4] Up at 4 o'clock. At 7 o'clock prayer. Some oxen had disappeared during the night, and the brethren were sent out to find them. ... During the night a storm raged with strong hurricane like winds that threw some of the tents down and brought much disturbance."

Levi Savage wrote of this day: "Sometime last night thirty of our best working cattle left us. We had a guard around them, but no one knows when or where they went. I and a number of the brethren, spent the day unsuccessfully hunting them. ... We had an awful storm last night."

At this time Mette had walked about 300 miles through Iowa and there was about 1,000 miles left to traverse. Mette wrote: "I remember that the first part of our journey for the children was happy. We thought only of the new home we were going to, but it [was] also sad for many of the things we had brought with us such as clothing and bedding that would have given us many a comfort had to be left behind.

"Many times we were very frightened at the sight of Indians. ... I especially remember our stop at [Fort] Laramie, on account of the cups full of bright colored beads that we children gathered from the ant beds. I suppose they were from the discarded buckskin, for then, as now, the Indians richly embroidered their buckskin. ...

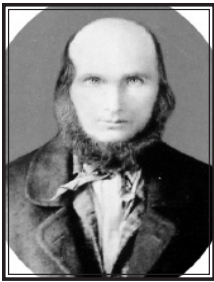
"The journey was hard. How well I remember when the food supply began to get short for we had always had plenty of good food at home and this was hard for me to understand. ... When food became scarce and flour was rationed out in small quantities, Mother would cook and fix it some way so that we got the most good from it, instead of giving each their portion of raw flour as some did."

The Mortensen family struggled on, trusting in God's promises and suffering from hunger, cold and deprivation, along with everyone else. Lena's handwoven linen sheets were sometimes used along the way to cover the bodies of those who died. One of the last of her sheets covered those buried in the common grave at Rock Creek. One sheet made it to the Valley and is preserved in the Daughters of Utah Pioneers museum in Parowan, Utah. Mette wrote: "Cold and storm came early that year and as we neared the mountains, suffering became intense, especially from hunger and cold. I think every one had their darkest hour then, our family certainly did. One day the boys pulled the cart out of the line and lay down beside it saying, 'Mother, we can't go another step.' We children stood by crying, thinking of the terrors in store for us. ... The train had gone on way ahead of us, but oh! how thankful we were to reach camp after dark. ... My brothers helped shovel the snow and picked the frozen ground to bury in one grave 14 bodies and the last one of mother's hand woven linen sheets was covered over them before the dirt was put in. The thing I regret most in all that terrible time was taking a piece of bread from a dead woman's pocket. She was a woman I had walked with day after day and I knew she had this bread she had not eaten. How well I remember now the 14 that were buried in one grave. My two brothers just older than myself helped to prepare the grave and my mother helping to wrap the bodies as best they could. [We stayed there] two nights and one day. ... We were helped the last miles of the journey into Salt Lake, but after what a lot of suffering. I wish we might have been allowed to forget it."

(Mette Mortensen - Page 3)

Perhaps the event which Mette most wished she could forget was the one which was most impressed upon her memory, and was the one she mentioned often—the common grave at Rock Creek. In 1933, Mette’s daughter, Ann, wrote: “There are many descendants [of Peder and Lena Mortensen], but only one member of the [original] family remains—Mrs. Mette Mortensen Rasmussen. At the age of 88 years, she still retains her stalwart character of thrift and frugality. She is still industrious, active and with her mind clear, recalls many of the early experiences, especially her first home in Zion. She also remembers when the 14 were buried in one grave at Rock Creek;¹ her two brothers helping to dig the shallow grave in the frozen ground. Her mother and oldest sister helping to sew up the bodies in sheets and what they could spare.”²

The entire Mortensen family survived and arrived safely in the Valley. Within a few days, the Mortensens were called to go to Parowan to settle. They accepted this assignment and took at least one of their two handcarts with them. For the rest of his life, Peder was carried to church each week in this handcart by his son, Lars. Morten completed his mission and arrived in Utah three years later.



Peder was an only child who had inherited wealth and property. He was well educated and musically talented. He played the clarinet. Peder was disabled in his youth and walked with crutches. He also suffered from severe rheumatism. Peder worked hard as overseer of his farm, shoemaker, cooper, carpenter and craftsman. Peder was resourceful and prepared for his trek to Zion. He had taken pieces of smooth shingles and oiled them. Then taking old worn-out shoes and boot tops, Peder attached them to the shingles so that his children had a sort of shoes and did not go barefoot like many did when bad weather came.

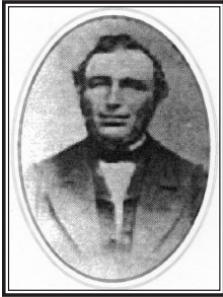


Helena was said to be pleasant and good-natured. She loved peace and harmony and could not bear arguments. A petite and jovial woman, Helena loved to step-dance and often did so for her children and grandchildren. She managed her family’s journey with wisdom, mixing bread at night and rising early in morning to bake it. When rations became very short, she baked tiny biscuits which she kept in her apron pocket and gave little bits to her family throughout the day. She gathered berries along the way and made juice. She also gathered herbs to use in teas, soups and stews. She parched a small amount of grain that Captain Willie gave her and made a warm barley drink. After one day of trudging in heavy sands, her son, Hans, was so weak and faint that he left his handcart and said he could go no further. Helena brought out a little fruit juice and a dry crust of biscuit. She said, “Be brave, my boy—we must go on.” He ate and drank and took up the handcart again. One day she remembered a pincushion she’d brought filled with bran. She tore it open and made a little bread. She also took rawhide from carts, scraped and boiled it and used it in soup. Helena told of her challenges and faith: “We walked by the river day after day, following the Platte six hundred miles, crossing and recrossing it about 90 times. We had to have stout hearts and great faith in meeting these great trials, misfortunes and sickness, pain and death, burying our beloved dead ones, who gave their lives for the sake of the gospel. We wept as we went on our journey. We went before the Lord and pleaded for Him to make good the promises which were given us by His servant when we were in Old Denmark. How we implored Him to raise the sick and give us strength to carry our burdens without complaining for we had the lame to haul on our handcarts, the maimed to care for and our beloved dead ones to bury by the wayside, never to see again the place where they were laid to rest.

“[We] were often reminded of Jeremiah’s vision and prophecy [of the last days] recorded in the 31st chapter [v.6-9, 12, 13]: ‘For there shall be a day that the watchman upon Ephraim shall cry, Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion unto the Lord our God. For thus saith the Lord; Sing with gladness for Jacob, and shout among the chief of the nations:

(Mette Mortensen - Page 4)

publish ye, praise ye, and say, O Lord, save thy people, the remnant of Israel. Behold, I will bring them from the north country and gather them from the coasts of the earth, and with them the blind and the lame, the woman with child and her that travaileth with child together: a great company shall return hither. They shall come with weeping, and with supplications, will I lead them: I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters in a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble: for I am a father to Israel, and Ephraim is my firstborn. ... Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord. ... They shall rejoice in dance, both young ... and old together: for I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow.”



Morten, age 27, was studying to become a Lutheran minister when Elders Guhl and Scoby came from Utah. He attended their meeting out of curiosity and expected to confound them. Instead, went home and told his family that he had found the religion that they had been looking for, the one that was to be established in the last days as taught by Martin Luther. (Morten had been preparing to be a Lutheran minister at the time he met the Mormon missionaries.) Morten stayed in Denmark as a missionary and his unused ticket was used by Bodil Maline Neilsen (Mortensen).



Anders drove a provision wagon for the Willie company. He married Christina Anderson on August 22, 1857. Christina emigrated with her family from Denmark in 1855. Her parents died of cholera in 1855 in Mormon Grove, Kansas. Christina traveled from there to Florence, Nebraska, where she joined the Willie company. She assisted the Mortensen family with their handcarts.

Lars married Cornelia Decker at the age of 21. She later gave this account of an occurrence shortly after the Mortensens arrived in Parowan: “An afternoon party or dance was being held for the children. Lars, who could scarcely speak a word in English, dressed in a factory shirt and a pair of trousers made out of his mother’s cast-off underskirt [and a home-woven straw hat] entered the door. As he stepped into the hall, someone was heard to say, ‘Oh, there is that little Danish boy’ and naturally a titter followed. Luckily for him, he did not understand that it was meant for him. Under his arm he carried his violin. Walking to the front of the hall, he began to play. Never again was he referred to as ‘the little Danish boy,’ but as ‘Lars, the musician.’” (The famous King Sisters and Lex and Ric de Azevedo are descendants of Lars Mortensen.)



Lars and sister, Mary, about 1860



Christen and Mette Rasmussen

Mette married Christen Rasmussen on April 30, 1863, when she was almost 18 years old. He had also emigrated from Denmark and was twenty years older than Mette. He said he had never seen another woman he wanted to marry, so he waited for her to grow up. They lived in Parowan, Utah, and had 9 children. Mette lived to be 90 years old.

Annie Kirstine (called Steena), age 24, was suffering from knee problems and subsequently required to ride in handcart. She assisted in sewing tents and wagon covers until her fingers were raw. Steena also helped her mother with preparing the bodies of those buried in the common grave at Rock Creek.



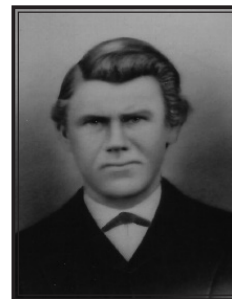
(Mette Mortensen - Page 5)



Caroline turned 6 shortly after leaving Denmark. She rode in a handcart much of the time, but also walked a great deal. Her brothers took turns carrying her on their shoulders. She grew up in Parowan and sang soprano in the ward choir led by Thomas Durham. She married Thomas, who was 22 years her senior, at age 17 in the Endowment House. She, too, had descendants with great musical talent. (See Thomas Durham story *Tell My Story, Too*.)

Caroline's home was open to many visitors, friends, and Church leaders. President Heber J. Grant was a special friend and sent books he loved to Caroline. The Durham family was of musical fame in Utah. When Caroline was 40, she gave birth to her tenth child, never recovered and was an invalid the rest of her life. She died in 1915 at age 65.

Hans lived to be 75 years old. He left a large posterity. A nephew said, "Uncle Hans was of a very lively disposition; agreeable in company; always ready to do his part for entertainment; quick tempered and quick to get over a spell of temper, a member of the choir, a good bass singer; a scientific caller for dances; a good cornet player; a member of the bishopric of Parowan for several years; [and] always thought well of wherever acquainted." Hans worked one summer at grading the right of way for the Union Pacific Railroad.



Mary, age 8, remembered asking her mother if they would ever have enough to eat again. When the rescue party reached them, Mary said it was the happiest day of her life and they all cried for joy. Mary remembered the time when 13 people died and were buried at Rock Creek. The two Danish children buried there, Niels Nielson and Bodil Mortensen, were her playmates.

Mary learned how to card and spin the wool for clothing to help support her family. While in her teens, Mary had a serious illness that left her right hand crippled, making tasks difficult. One day, while Mary sat spinning, she met her future husband. He was a Scandinavian emigrant who had just arrived from the old country. Mary and Peder Jensen were married on his 25th birthday, December 6, 1867. They had five children. They attended the dedications of the St. George, Manti, and Salt Lake Temples. Mary was a faithful worker in the Relief Society and the Primary.

Mary's motto to her children was to never waste food. She never forgot the time in her life when she had seen so many go without for so long. Mary died in 1903 at the age of 56.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files, Parowan Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum; "Peder Mortensen [and] Helena Sanderson," compiled and edited by Carmen R. Smith, June 1961; autobiographical sketches written by Mette Mortensen Rasmussen, in possession of LaKay M. Weber; *Zion Bound: The Ancestry & Descendants of Arlington Peter & Fannie Burnham Mortensen*, by Kathryn Mortensen Harmer; *The Morten P. Mortensen Family*, by Viva Cluff Whetten and Lillian Jones Richins; email from Tony Arnold, Bonnie Brantley and Connie Gibbons regarding Decker and Mortensen ancestors; *The Crossing: Trials of 1856*, by Ron Ray, 1997; www.ldsep.org/denmark/lfm/sp/55lmort.htm; familysearch.org; "Mortensen, Christine," obituary 1910; "History of Christine Anderson Mortensen," by Clara Beck; "Mormon Grove," research by Laura Anderson; email from Laura Anderson, August 2005; "The Mortensen Family," by Anders Mortensen, son of Anders J. and Christine Mortensen, 1917. See *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for artwork and more family stories.

¹The official number of deaths at Rock Creek from the Willie Company Journal is thirteen. Quite a few other reminiscences indicate fourteen as the total.

²This original handwritten account is in LaKay M. Weber's box of histories she inherited from the Rasmussen family. Ann Rasmussen told of "sitting in sewing bees and listening to the stories over and over." For more information, contact Laura Anderson, descendant of Mette Mortensen, 801-898-9085.

JAMES HEBER MOULTON

Born: July 1, 1848 England

Age: 7

Willie Handcart Company



Thomas and Sarah Denton Moulton

James H. Moulton's father, Thomas, was only 2 years old when his father died. Thomas became a child laborer. He lived with and worked for a family by the name of Tunnel. When Thomas was 22 years old, he married Esther Marsh. About this time, Mr. Tunnel made Thomas "superintendent of the livestock," and he was known as the shepherd.

Thomas and Esther had two daughters before Esther died. One of these daughters died at age two. Thomas was left to raise his young daughter, Sarah. Knowing that she needed a mother and he needed a wife, he married Sarah Denton. James Moulton was Thomas and Sarah's 4th child.

Among the first missionaries to preach the gospel in England was the apostle, Heber C. Kimball. One of Elder Kimball's converts, John Tingey, became the branch president in the area where the Moultons lived. Mrs. Tingey was a friend to James's mother. She tried to interest Sarah in the Church, but Sarah was not persuaded. One day Mrs. Tingey visited the Moulton home and left a tract, "The Voice of Warning," by Parley P. Pratt,¹ on the table. Sarah was not home when Thomas came for supper that night, but she had prepared his meal and left the tract sitting next to it. It is said that the tract "was part of the supper he ate" and when Sarah came home, Thomas said, "Mother, where have we been? Here is the gospel!"

Thomas and Sarah were baptized in December 1841. They began to make plans to gather with the Saints, but they did not have enough money. Sarah "turned her desire into resolution and determination" and saved money for the next 15 years in a hidden fruit jar. She carefully resisted the temptation to use her secret cache of money. During the last year before their departure, the family lived chiefly on barley flour in order to save more money. Thomas was hesitant about going because Sarah was expecting another baby, but Sarah had made up her mind and said, "Father, we are going. The Lord will take care of us." Sarah surprised Thomas when she revealed the money she had saved. She also received a blessing promising that the family would arrive safely in Zion.

This family of ten consisted of the parents: Thomas (age 45) and Sarah (38); and children: Sarah (19), Mary Ann (15), William (12), Joseph (10), James Heber (7), Charlotte (4), Sophia Elizabeth (2)², and Charles Alma. Charles was born on the ship *Thornton*, three days after they set sail from Liverpool. The family joined the Willie handcart company at Iowa City, Iowa. They had to leave behind many possessions because there was no room on the carts.³ Thomas was the camp butcher. Although he was weary from each day's trek, it was his responsibility to do the butchering for the camp.⁴ During part of their travels, the Moulton children went out in the fields with their mother to glean wild wheat to add to their food supplies. The Moultons were allowed one covered and one open handcart. The parents pulled the covered cart with Charles and Sophia ("Lizzie") riding. Charlotte ("Lottie") was allowed to ride whenever the cart was going downhill but complained that she would rather ride uphill. James walked behind with a rope tied around his waist to keep him from straying. The other cart was pulled by Sarah, Mary Ann, William and Joseph. James wrote a summary of his family's immigration:

At the age of eight years I emigrated from England to Utah Territory, North America, with my father and his family in the year 1856. While crossing the Rocky Ridge of the Sweetwater where so many perished with the cold while crossing the plains, an old lady led me by the right hand, my left hand being exposed to the cold. I cried with the cold and wanted to go back to my father and mother, but she, knowing that they had all they could manage without my going back to bother them, insisted upon my staying with her.

After a time my fingers ceased to bother me as they had become frozen, and we travelled on until night. When we went to the campfire and my fingers began to thaw I suffered a great deal. No one knew what to do with them. Between that time and the time we arrived in Salt Lake, the flesh all decayed and fell off the bones. The same day that

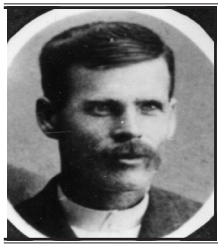


(James Heber Moulton - Page 2)

my fingers were frozen, fourteen people froze to death. They would get tired and sit down by the side of the road and when the teams came along they would be found dead. The teamsters picked the bodies up and brought them into camp that night and a large fire was made to thaw out the ground so that a large grave could be dug to hold all the bodies. As one more person had died during the night, there was fifteen people buried in the one grave.⁵

With the help of rescuers, the Willie Company reached Salt Lake City on November 9. A relative of the Moultons was among those who met the company at Little Mountain. Charlotte wrote: "Father and Mother did not know that they had relatives anywhere in Utah. When the relief trains came to meet us, one of the men said, 'Is there a Thomas Moulton in this company?' And to their surprise it was my mother's brother-in-law by the name of [Samuel] Cussley. He had, oh, so many of the good things that children like; pie, cake, etc., but there was nothing looked so good as the good bread and butter. My father asked me, after eating a piece of cake, 'Lottie, do you want another piece of cake?' I said, 'Could I have another piece of bread and butter instead?'"

Also among the rescuers was John Hawkins. He and James's sister, Sarah, were married about three weeks after their arrival. The baby, Charles, whose frail body had been cradled on a pillow, was reduced to a mere skeleton. "When his pitiful little body was held up to the sun, one could see right through it, so little flesh did he have. ... He was a mere skeleton. People came from all around to see him and give him warm clothing."⁶ Nevertheless, Sarah's promise was fulfilled and not one member of the family was lost. James wrote:



James Heber Moulton

"After arriving in Salt Lake, Dr. Richards amputated the bones. This was before the day of anesthetic and was a very painful operation. The small finger was amputated at the second joint, the ring finger half way between the first and second joint, the second just below the first joint, and the first finger about the center of the nail.

"All the hand cart companies having come to Salt Lake, it became necessary to send some of the people to other settlements. My father's family and a number of other families were sent to Provo and were taken to the meeting house where we lived for a few days. The citizens of Provo were asked to see the immigrants and help them find employment. A man by the name of William Halliday ... questioned my father and found he was just the man he needed."

Shortly after the Moulton family was settled in Provo, the bishop brought the family some squash to eat. James's mother had never seen squash before and asked if they were chairs on which to sit. In Provo, James's mother taught reading and other school lessons in her home. In 1860 the Moultons moved to Heber City, where they built a two-room log house. Later they built a nice rock house on 2nd North and 2nd West. Thomas Moulton was quite strict and expected his boys to stay busy. If they had friends stop by after school, he would ask them if they didn't have work to do at home.⁷

James married Euphemia Ann Carroll in 1874. They became the parents of 13 children. Euphemia died in 1914 at age 56. James then married her sister, Emily Jane Carroll Bentley. James lived to be 86 years old. He provided much service and pioneering in the Heber Valley.⁸

James seemed to deal with the difficulties brought about by his injured hand with hard work and good humor. James's granddaughter, Lois Duke, said of him, "He had one of the most cheerful dispositions I have ever known. ... [He] was always such a cut up and doing things to cause a laugh." Two more sons were born to the Moultons in Utah: John and George.

In the early winter of 1863, three companies of Indians were unable to return to their reservation. They set up their tents across the street from James's home and camped there all winter. The ground had been flooded and was covered with ice. James watched the squaws cut the ice while the men did nothing to help. He finally took an ax from one of the squaws and cut the ice for her. After this incident, the Indians called James "Hebe Hatch Tooichanarient," meaning Hebe cut, very strong. He was called that name by the Indians for many years.

In April 1919, James and Emily moved to Salt Lake City. James worked in the temple the rest of his life. He was a set apart temple worker for a total of 27 years. The temple president, George F. Richards, said of James, "Brother Moulton was a genial, faithful laborer as an ordinance worker in the Salt Lake Temple, the House of the Lord. But few men at his advanced age could do the work he did day after day. His work never appeared drudgery for him, but he did his work with a light heart and a cheerful countenance. Having finished his life's work, the Lord graciously took him home."



(James Heber Moulton - Page 3)

Sources: "Thomas Moulton," by Verda Hicken, great-granddaughter, 1973; "Thomas Moulton [and] Sarah Denton," compiled by Vicki Tovey, obtained August 2009; "William Denton Moulton," obtained from Vicki Tovey; "The History of My Grandfather James Heber Moulton & Family," by Lois Duke; "History of Thomas Moulton," as given by Dorothy Eggleston at the Moulton Reunion in 1951; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; Moulton History, pgs. 167-179; How Beautiful Upon the Mountains, Heber Biographies, pgs. 452-53; "Outstanding Events in the Life of James Heber Moulton-1848," autobiography; ourgrandmasandgrandpas.com. A song entitled "Thomas and Sarah," is available on the CD *Unsung*. It may also be available as a single from iTunes.

¹ Many of these early missionaries visited the Moulton home. It appears that James Heber was named for Heber C. Kimball. Parley P. Pratt also visited the home, and family tradition says that he often cared for the little Moulton boys. In 1856, Elder Pratt was traveling eastward on a mission and passed the Willie handcart company on October 2, near Fort Laramie. He preached a "discourse suitable to the times, which was well received by the people; he bid the camp good by & went on his way to the States." (Willie Company Journal) Moulton family tradition indicates that when Elder Pratt saw the camp, he inquired, "Where are my boys?"

² On November 27, 1932, Sophia Moulton wrote a letter to her granddaughter, Verda Hicken: "Before leaving England our sister was staying with our aunt, and she [the aunt] took smallpox and died. My sister took it, too, but lived. When we left she had only one pox mark. It was on her left wrist. She had some gloves which her mother had made for each of the girls to cover the pox and allow the family to pass the health inspection. When we went to be examined, before we could get in the ship, Father prayed earnestly that they would not take off the glove covering the mark, for if they did, the mark was so fresh they would not have let us come. God answered his prayer. They did not take off the glove. I consider the whole journey faith promoting." (The aunt was probably Ann Denton Chapman who died April 1856, just before the Moultons left for America.)

³ In all, the Moultons had left excess baggage at the port in Liverpool, a box of clothing on board the ship, a trunk of clothing at New York City (with instructions to use it for the poor), a trunk of supplies at Iowa City, and another box of supplies at Florence. Lottie recalled that "one morning Father said, 'Mother, we have just got to lighten our load a little.' So he went through the handcarts. All he could find was the teapot lid so he threw that away. Mother went and picked it up again."

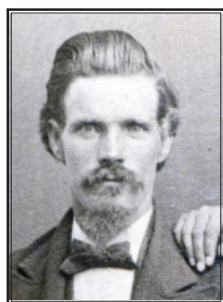
⁴ Charlotte Moulton wrote that "when a beef was killed the children would burn the hair off, put it on long sticks and roast it till crisp. To them it tasted better than pie does to children today."

⁵ The official Willie Company Journal indicates 13 people died Oct. 23. Two more died the next day and were placed in another grave.

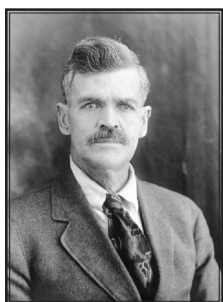
⁶ When Charles was a grown man, he often joked that he was a man born at sea without a country or nationality.

⁷ When James was older, he worked for his brother, William, who owned a prosperous ranch 9 miles north of Heber. William was also the presiding elder of the branch there. He was known for his honesty and influence for good business standards and was called the "model man" of the community. He employed many young men but would not keep any who smoked or drank. Parents asked him to employ their boys to break them of these bad habits. It was said that William's hired help could improve if they would pattern their standards after him in industry, integrity, honesty and in living the gospel. James was fortunate to have this influence in his life.

⁸ "James was an officer, director and promoter in six irrigation companies during their period of construction and improvement." Much of the Timpanogos Canal had to be constructed through granite. Over a mile of it was through sandstone. James "was reluctant to take up the work, as he had no land under the canal; but it was put up to him as a mission by the Wasatch Stake President, William H. Smart," and James accepted. James served in the positions of stake tithing clerk, stake clerk, stake MIA superintendent, and bishop's counselor. James wrote: "I was first counselor to Bishop Joseph A. Rasband of Heber Second Ward and we were in great need of a meetinghouse. I was asked to superintend the building of it. This was about as hard a task as I ever undertook. Details of this work required all my time, very often from daylight to dark. We were backed by an enthusiastic building committee. When the building was completed it was a pleasure to look at, as it was as good a meetinghouse as any in Heber."



Joseph



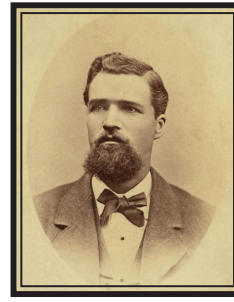
Charles Alma



Sophia Elizabeth (Hicken)



Charlotte (Carroll)



William Denton

ELLA (HELLIE or LOLLIE) NEILSON (or ANDERSON)

Born: 11 June 1834 Denmark (Died October 23/24, 1856, buried at Rock Creek)

Age: 22

Willie Handcart Company

Ella was from Jutland, Denmark. She was called “Hellie” or “Lollie.” She may have begun the first part of her trip from Denmark with one or both of her grandparents. According to one family history, these grandparents died, perhaps on the journey from Denmark to Liverpool. Lollie traveled in the Willie handcart company with the Wicklund family. She had her 22nd birthday on the outfitting campgrounds near Iowa City. After traveling nearly 300 miles on the first leg of their journey, Lollie felt the need to be baptized to renew her health. (This was a fairly common practice in the Church at that time.) Peter Madsen, who was the clerk for the Danish Saints in the Willie company, recorded:

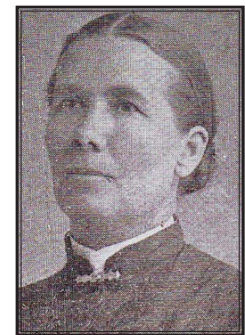
Tuesday, August 12, 1856. [Florence, Nebraska] Weather: beautiful. The saints were happy, busy with washing, repairing, and daily provisioning which is now given regularly. A cow was slaughtered and distributed. Fresh meat soup was eaten. We bathed and visited the beautiful neighborhood and the Mormon ruins [Winter Quarters]. In the evening five brothers and sisters were baptized, the sick were washed, namely Peder Jacobsen, Anne K. Jacobsen, Petrea Madsen, Marie Andersen, and Ellen [Helle] Nielsen. They were baptized (for their health) by [Olof] Wicklund.

The mother in the Wicklund family was also named Ella. She gave birth to a baby boy on October 16, just three days before the company became stranded in the snow and entirely without food. As was the case with many of these noble Saints, Lollie Neilson may have been sharing her meager rations with Sister Wicklund to give her added strength for childbirth. She had no doubt been awake countless hours assisting with the baby as well as the other children.

On October 23, after crossing the Rocky Ridge in a blizzard, Lollie had spent her last ounce of strength. She was wrapped in a buffalo robe and left along the trail to rest and await help. Brother Wicklund returned and carried her back to their camp at Rock Creek. He had his 8-year-old daughter, Christina, sleep next to Lollie to keep her warm. Ella’s biography states: “In spite of this precaution Lollie did not survive, and the next morning Christina awoke to find Lollie frozen to death at her side. Her hair was frozen solid and an ax was used to free it from the ice.”¹

Lollie is buried in a common grave at Rock Creek Hollow, with 12 or 13 others. Brother and Sister Wicklund and their five children all survived and arrived safely in the Valley. Lollie’s biography summarizes:

“Because of the lack of space, families of the deceased were not allowed to take the belongings of their dead loved ones with them. Among the things which Lollie’s family were preparing to throw away were a quilt and a pair of scissors. These were both in better condition than those owned by the Wicklunds, so it was decided that they could be exchanged. The old quilt and scissors of Christina’s family were thrown away and replaced by the better ones. The quilt eventually became worn out but the scissors remained in use through the years. Christina later married Martin Sorenson and she used them during the time she was rearing her family in Monroe, Utah. When Christina’s son, Lionel [Alexander Sorenson], married Clara Larsen, a descendant of the family to which Lollie Anderson belonged, the scissors were given to this young couple who continued to use them. At the present time they still belong to the Sorenson family. They now occupy a place of honor among the family pioneer relics and are brought out only upon the occasion of the retelling of the story of the death on the plains to the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Christina Wicklund and the descendants of the family of Lollie Anderson.—*Dona Sorenson Hansen*”



Hellie’s friend,
Christina Wicklund (Sorenson)

Sources: “Lollie Anderson,” *Treasures of Pioneer History*, “They Came in 1856,” p. 51-52; biography of Christina Wicklund; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files, Diary of Peter Madsen, available in Church archives.

¹It is unclear from the various sources if Christina and Lollie both had their frozen in the ice, and whether an ax or pair of scissors or both was used to cut it.

CAROLINE NEWMAN

Born: May 16, 1849 in England

Age: 7

Willie Handcart Company



Caroline's family began to save for their emigration to Zion as soon as they were baptized in England in 1842. Evidencing their newfound faith, their next child was given the middle name "Moroni." By 1856, they had saved most of the funds and were formulating a plan to leave their 12-year-old son, John Moroni, in England to continue working. He would then follow the rest of the family when he had earned enough money to pay his own passage. However, Caroline's father, John Newman, became very sick in January 1856. On his deathbed he made his wife, Mary Ann, promise to still get to Zion, and take Johnny in his place. When the handcart plan was announced, this courageous new widow was able to leave that year. Her husband died in February. Mary Ann left England on the ship *Thornton* in May 1856.



Mary Ann
Newman

The Newman family consisted of the widowed mother, Mary Ann (age 37), and six children; Eliza (17), William (14), John Moroni (12), Mary Ann (9), Caroline (7) and Ellen Maria (5). They landed in New York on June 14, 1856, traveled mostly by train to Iowa City, and then headed west with their handcart on July 15. This part of their journey was 1,300 miles, a very difficult trek for this family of young children with no father. The older children helped their mother with the handcart. Caroline and Ellen walked the entire way, perhaps with short rides on the cart.

When the early winter storms overtook them in Wyoming, they faced many challenges as did all the members of the company. Sometimes their clothing froze on them and some mornings their hair was frozen to the ground. Caroline's mother heated rocks in the campfire at night and put them in the bed to keep the children warm. Rations were cut and then cut again before the rescuers finally found them. The family arrived in Salt Lake City on November 9, 1856. They were soon taken to Parowan by Bishop William E. Jones of Paragonah and James Guymon of Parowan. Eliza Newman married William Jones in 1857. They had 9 children, 4 of whom died as children. Eliza died with the birth of her last baby which was stillborn. Caroline later helped to raise her sister's children.

As a young woman in Parowan, Caroline worked at the cotton factory running the drawing frame and the two big cards that made rolls of cotton batting for quilts. Her younger sister, Ellen also worked here and ran the speeder. Caroline also worked for Brigham Young in his home in Salt Lake City and at one time in the Lion House. When Caroline was 26 years old, she married John Thomas Mitchell. They lived several places but finally settled in Parowan. Caroline would often be left alone while her husband was gone with his freighting business. In one corner of Caroline's home in Parowan was a General Dry Goods Store and Post Office. Caroline and her husband also operated a ranch at Panquitch Lake where they cut and sold the wild grass for hay. They also had a farm outside of Parowan City limits. Many times the Indians would come and walk right into her home demanding food and sugar. Her children would try to hide for fear of being kidnapped.

The latchstring of Caroline's home always hung out to their friends and acquaintances and to anyone in need. Caroline lived to be 79 years old.

Emily Hodgett, who called herself a "dear and life-long friend" of Caroline's, was a 15-year-old girl when she crossed the plains at the same time as Caroline. (See William B. Hodgett story in Hodgetts company section of this book.) Emily brought a very special blue chest that had been made in England by Caroline's father before he died. Emily also lived in Parowan, and died at 103 years of age.

Caroline and her brother, John Moroni, were the only two Newman children to live into the 1900s. In December 1926, they were two of at least five honored guests at a banquet in Parowan for surviving members of the Willie handcart company. The guests included Mette Mortensen (Rasmussen), Dorthea (Bayles) and Richard Rowley.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; "Caroline Newman Mitchell," by unknown author; "John Newman and Mary Ann Williams Newman," and "Eliza Newman Jones," by unknown author, edited with new information by Lola Ann Johnson Jones, 1994, sent to Jolene Allphin from Traci Jensen, Lewiston, Utah; familysearch.org.

ELSIE [or ELSE] RASMUSSEN NIELSON

Born: 1830 Denmark
 Age: 26
 Willie Handcart Company



As an infant, Elsie was taken into the home of the Beaboum family and had no recollection of her parents. She attended school until she was age fourteen, and then hired out as a farm hand. Here she met another farm hand, Jens Nielson, and they were married in 1850. When they joined the Church, they were shunned and persecuted by friends and family.

In 1856, the Nielson's sailed from Liverpool, England, aboard the ship *Thornton*. Traveling with Elsie was her husband, Jens, (age 35) and her son, Niels (5). The Nielson's were also bringing a little girl by the name of Bodil Mortenson (9), to meet a part of her family that had come to Utah previously.

Jens was known for being a generous man. As the company aboard the *Thornton* approached New York harbor, "an appeal was given to the brothers who had temporal means to help the brothers and sisters who did not." Jens was one of those who stepped forward to contribute to those in need. Upon arriving at the end of the railroad in Iowa, Jens and Elsie parted with the rest of their financial security. The money from the sale of their farm was reportedly donated in full to the Church, except enough to buy a handcart and to stock it with 17 pounds of belongings per person. It took a great deal of faith, courage and compassion for the Nielson's to be so unselfish.

After consuming their last pound of flour several days before, the Nielsons finally arrived at Rock Creek Hollow on October 23. Little Niels and Bodil Mortenson succumbed to their trial here on earth and were buried in a common grave with eleven others. The end appeared to be near for Elsie's dear husband also. His feet became so frozen he could not walk another step. This caused his right foot to be deformed the rest of his life. At this point Jens said to Elsie, "Leave me by the trail in the snow to die, and you go ahead and try to keep up with the company and save your life."

The author of Jens's life history told it this way in *Bishop Jens Nielson*: "In the fury of those storms which raged around them, the bishop and his faithful wife toiled through the frozen snow till his feet were shapeless and useless with frost. He could walk no further. What was to be done? Should he sink in the snow to die of despair? His young wife [less than 5 feet tall]. . . looked at him, how desolate the world would be without him. 'Ride—I can't leave you—I can pull the cart.'" Jens had to suffer the humiliation of riding while Elsie pulled like an ox for about a week until there was a wagon space available in which he could ride.

Elsie followed her faithful husband as he was called to pioneer the Utah communities of Parowan, Paragonah, Circleville, Panguitch, Cedar City, and finally Bluff, in San Juan County. Elsie was frugal and resourceful. She planted mulberry trees to raise silk worms, extracted honey from beehives and wove many beautiful strips of carpet for her home and her neighbors. She made countless hand-sewn buckskin gloves and most boys in town had a baseball covered with buckskin by "Aunt Elsie." She had three more children, all girls. Elsie died in May of 1914 at the age of 84, having been a widow for 8 years. Of their experience, her husband said: "No person can describe it, nor could it be comprehended or understood by any human living in this life, but those who were called to pass through it."

Sources: Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; <http://www.bsmarkham.com/julie/jens.html>; <http://ilovehistory.utah.gov/people/difference/nielsens.html>. See *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for artwork and more complete family stories as well as new documentation.

NIELS NIELSON

Born: 1850 Denmark (Died October 24, 1856, buried at Rock Creek)

Age: 5

Willie Handcart Company

Five-year-old Niels was traveling with his parents, Jens and Elsie Nielson, and a group of about 160 other individuals from Denmark. They had departed from Copenhagen in April on the steamship *Rhoda*. The Scandinavian mission president had appointed a returning missionary, Elder Ahmanson, to be the leader of this company of Danish Saints. Peter Madsen, one of the Danish Saints kept a daily diary. He wrote, “The saints were joyous and bid the saints of Copenhagen a hearty farewell. ... The company was happy and thankful; a good spirit and order prevailed.” They traveled by train and ship until they arrived in Liverpool, England. This must have been quite an adventure for a young lad such as Niels and his 9-year-old friend, Bodil Mortensen, who was traveling with the Nielsons.

On May 1, 1856, they boarded the ship *Thornton* “a large three decker from America, commanded by Captain Collins. [They] joined the company of 608 English brothers and sisters who had gone on board before [them]. As President Franklin D. Richards came on board two days later to wish them well and ask the blessings of the Lord to follow them, it was “answered with repeated cheers by the company who was happy and thankful for the consideration that was shown us.” President Richards appointed Elder James G. Willie “as the president for the whole group during the complete trip to the valley. Elder Ahmanson was chosen as his councilor, assistant, and president of the Scandinavian division of the company to whom he gave several instructions and recommended cleanliness and order.”

The month of May held many adventures for Bodil and Niels. They passed huge icebergs and a damaged ship “not worth retrieving.” That was a day selected for worship, prayer, and fasting. Many talks were given and Elder Ahmanson told his Danish flock that they “were highly favored of the Lord.” That afternoon, “the families who were not clean and orderly were spoken to; warnings and admonitions were given.” That night “a fire broke out and burned between the decks, but the Lord preserved us so that the fire did not overpower us. An English boy who had stowed away on the ship was discovered. He had accompanied us without permission and ticket. For this action he would have been punished and caused to bear a wooden jacket or barrel; but since he was a member of the Church he was forgiven. The two pounds which Captain Collins required for his passage were collected by free-will offering. The Danish Saints gave three dollars.”

Thomas Pedersen, a boy about the same age as Niels, fell down from the top to the bottom deck and died four days later. “He was buried in the sea with the same ceremony as those who died previously.” This included being wrapped in canvas and the American flag, and being then deposited in the ocean. Singing, dancing, marriages, births, worshipping, storms, and more icebergs and deaths are recorded on this eventful journey. Those who were going by aid of the Emigrating Fund had to sign contracts more than once, giving “written assurance that they would pay the fund back either by work or money for the deliverance of others.”

As this company approached the New York harbor, Elder Ahmanson spoke to his Saints: “He prayed that everyone will show benevolence and helpfulness to each other and be orderly in all their undertakings. An appeal was given to the brothers who had temporal means to help the brothers and sisters home who did not.” Niels’s father was one of those who stepped forward the

next day and contributed money for those who needed it. Ane Olsen also stepped forward and donated. Ane would later join Niels in death at Rock Creek. But for now Niels was happy. Imagine his and Bodil's delight as they watched "many seahorses" appear on the water at this time. After they landed and were on their way, Jens Nielsen and Ane Olsen again stepped forward to help others, this time in the form of loans, for which promissory notes were made. Upon arriving at the end of the railroad in Iowa, Jens Nielson parted with more money and security. He had the money from the sale of his farm, but he gave it all to the Church migrating fund to help others.

Finally, what had begun as a grand adventure for Niels and Bodil, came to a sad but a blessed end. They both succumbed to death and were buried in a common grave at Rock Creek with 11 others. The end appeared to be near for Jens, also. His feet became so frozen that he could not walk another step, which caused his right foot to be deformed the rest of his life. At this point Jens said to Elsie, "Leave me by the trail in the snow to die, and you go ahead and try to keep up with the company and save your life." Elsie, a very small woman, replied, "Ride, I can't leave you, I can pull the cart." The following excerpts are from Jens Nielson's own account:

1300 hundred miles from Salt Lake City [is] where we started our Journey with the handcarts. ... At Council Bluff we lay in our supplies for a 1000 miles to S.L.C. Calculated 1 pound of flour for grown people ½ pound for children for 70 days. Instead it took us 90 day journey. Accordingly the Captain had to cut down our flour to ½ pound a day till there was not a pound of flour in camp.

When we started from Iowa there was 20 people to each tent, 5 men and the rest women and children. I was the captain of our tent. ... We had the first snow storm about 500 miles from S.L.C. From that time the people began to die very fast. We traveled about 200 miles farther, sometimes pulling the handcart through the snow two feet deep. The captain told us there was not a pound of flour in camp. He said he would saddle his mule and ride night & day till he found a team with flour for we understood there were teams on the road to meet us with flour. Next night the flour came to camp and there was great rejoicing. We could get very little because they had to pass [it] on [to] another handcart company three weeks behind us.

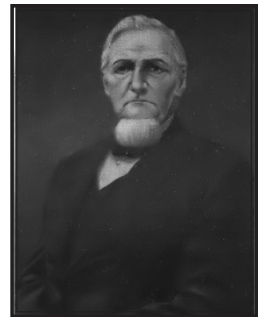
So we had to start our Journey again but before we did we had to dig a hole and bury 14 bodies & my only son [Niels] was among them and a girl [Bodil] who I had along for Bro Martensen. I told you there were 5 men to the tent but now the four was dead and I was the only man left so I had to ask some of the largest and strongest women to help me to raise the tents and it looked like we should all die.¹

I remember my prayers as distinctly today as I did then. If the Lord would let me live to come to S.L.C. that all my days should be spent in usefulness under the direction of his Holy Priesthood. How far I have come short of this promise I do not know but I have been called to make 6 new homes and as far as this goes I have complied.

Speaking of the hardships of the handcart company, no pen can describe nor can it be understood or comprehended by any human being in this life but only those who were called to pass through it. It would not be so terrible had they started in good season & had plenty of food to eat. . . . About 100 miles from there [Omaha] we lost 14 young oxen. Hunted 5 days for them but did not find them. So we had to yoke our steers & heifers which were brought along for beef. These were used to haul food tents and other things we could not get on the handcarts. Then we had to put 100 lbs. of flour on each handcart & it made our journey very slow. About a week after the first team met us with flour, we were met by another team and after this were allowed 1 pound of flour day. If the saints in Zion had not given us a helping hand not one would be able to reach Zion. You have heard about Bro. Kimball's prophesies about a bushel of flour would be worth a bushel of Gold. If I had been offered a bushel of flour or a bushel of gold, I would say keep your gold and give me the flour for the gold could not sustain life. We came to Fort Bridger and teams came from S.L.C. to meet we & here we left our handcarts. We came to S.L.C. on Sunday, Nov. 9th 1856. [Some spelling and punctuation corrected for easier readability.]

¹ While crossing Rocky Ridge on October 23, Jens feet froze. The other four men in Jens Nielson's tent who had died were Ole Madsen (Oct. 23-24), Peter Larsen (Oct. 3), Rasmus P. Hansen (Oct. 19), and Lars Vendin (Oct. 23-24).

Sources: Biographical letter from Jens Nielson to his son, Uriah, March 20, 1901, in *History of Jens Nielson and Family*. comp. Clarka B. Peterson (1998), in files of Jolene Allphin, courtesy Mike Peterson; Diary of Peter Madsen at Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; <http://www.bsmarkham.com/julie/jens.html>; <http://ilovehistory.utah.gov/people/difference/nielsens.html>; See *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for artwork and more complete family stories as well as new documentation.



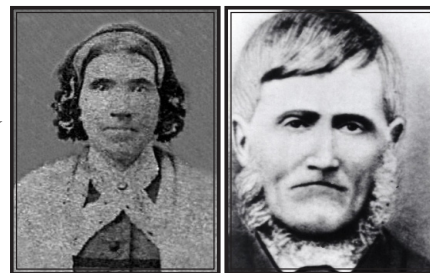
Jens Nielson

RHODA REBECCA OAKEY

Born: 1845 England (Died Nov. 9 at Little Mountain)

Age: 10

Willie Handcart Company



Ann Collett and Thomas Oakey

Rhoda Rebecca Oakey left England in May 1856 with her parents, Thomas (age 42) and Ann Collett (43), and siblings: Ann (22), Charles (18), Jane (16), Heber Thomas (14), Joseph Lorenzo (12), Reuben Hyrum (8), and Sarah Ann (4). Two other boys had died as infants in England.

In 1840, the Oakey family was taught the gospel of Jesus Christ by Elder Wilford Woodruff in Herefordshire. They were impressed by his teaching and were among the first 600 “United Brethren” converts who were baptized. They had an earnest desire to come to America to join with the Saints and they worked hard to try to save enough money to make the journey. In 1856 their dreams came true with help from the Perpetual Emigrating Fund. Aboard the ship *Thornton*, little Sarah celebrated her birthday with her only present being a sea biscuit. She said she remembered all her life how hard it was.

At the outfitting point in Iowa City, the family worked to sew tents and build handcarts. Thomas also worked in nearby grain fields to earn money for the journey. They finally started out with two handcarts, one for the boys and one for the girls. Sarah Oakey rode on top of one of the carts. She later wrote about the family’s experiences:

“The first Indians that we met came up to our carts and pushed our people away and pulled our carts into camp laughing at us. I was four years old and was riding on the top of one of the carts. Mother was frightened when the Indians came up so she took me from the top of the cart. The captain said that they would not harm anyone so Mother put me back.

“Sometimes in the evenings the Indians brought buffalo meat into camp to trade for salt and clothing which was a welcome change. We saw lots of buffalo along the trail but did not shoot any. Twice we had to split the company to let the buffalo pass.

“Rhoda Rebecca had a sweet a sweet soprano voice and many evenings after the camp had been set up and supper eaten she would sing the hymn ‘Come, Come, Ye Saints,’ which helped lift the weary travelers in camp.”

When the family reached the last outfitting camp at Florence, Nebraska Territory, the company met to discuss the advisability of continuing that season. The overwhelming majority voted to go on. But even before reaching Florence, Joseph Oakey had no desire to continue. One day during the noon meal, Joseph turned to one of the younger children, handed his plate to him and left the camp.¹ His parents were frantic when he did not return in the evening. They searched through the handcart train, along the trail, and visited the houses and farms in the area, but were unable to find Joseph and had no choice but to continue on. Thomas felt confident that his son would find work and come to the Salt Lake Valley the next Spring. Ann was given a blessing in which she was promised she would one day see her son again.

As the family struggled on, Rhoda’s father became ill. It was not unusual for the family to leave him resting under a tree or bush and go on into camp only to return for him later. When rescue finally came, the Willie company had to cross Rocky Ridge in a blizzard in order to reach Rock Creek Hollow where they recruited their strength and laid over for a day. Thirteen people were buried in a common grave here and it had taken its toll on the Oakey family as well. Family records report that it was here at Rock Creek that Thomas’s condition grew much worse and Rhoda Rebecca became very ill. Sarah recorded: “Father’s health began to fail and sometimes he would fall down and have to be helped. He would sit down to rest. When he felt better we would go on and catch up with the rest of the company again. . . . There were many people in camp who died but we fared fairly well until we reached the deep snow in Wyoming. Our father froze his feet and hands and his toenails came off. Though the family suffered many hardships we always held our family prayer.”



Sarah Oakey
(Sterrett)
(Humberg)
(Ludlum)

¹ Evidence suggests that Joseph left the company July 29 near Des Moines, Iowa.

(Rhoda Rebecca Oakey - Page 2)

Rhoda and her father struggled on for the next 16 days after leaving Rock Creek. Ann was often called upon to go among the sick of the company and do whatever she could to help them. They looked upon her as a doctor and nurse for the suffering Saints.

Ann stayed up nursing Thomas through the night of November 8-9. When she went to wake the children in the morning she discovered that Rhoda had died. She was so close to Zion! This was the long-awaited day that the company would finally reach the Valley of their dreams. Thomas was gravely ill, rendering him unable to travel. He was left to mourn alone with Rhoda's body. Ann continued with the company and the rest of the children into the valley where she settled them at the home of her brother, Daniel Collett, and then returned for her husband and Rhoda's body.

Rhoda was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery and the rest of the family remained at the Collett home while they were being nursed back to health. The family eventually was called to help settle the Bear Lake Valley in Idaho, where they pioneered in Paris in 1865. Thomas and his sons dug some of the first water wells, fenced fields, and helped build roads, houses, barns and churches in this valley. Thomas was ordained a Seventy and then to the office of Patriarch, which position he held until his death in 1890. Ann was one of the first midwives in Bear Lake and assisted in bringing many babies into the world from St. Charles to Montpelier. Her fee was two dollars per delivery and she usually took that in trade.

These faithful parents accepted their grief and heartache with Rhoda's death and Joseph's disappearance, but never stopped praying for their missing son. Ann particularly was confident she would see Joseph again. In the early 1870's, Charles C. Rich, who was a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles assigned to the Bear Lake area, was going east with his son on business. Thomas and Ann took the opportunity to ask Elder Rich if he would please advertise in the newspapers in Nebraska for any knowledge of their son. Through this advertisement, Joseph was located, at that time living in Kansas. Joseph was now married and had a family. He brought them to meet his parents and siblings in 1876.



Joseph L. & Mary
Stewart "Okee,"
wedding day

Joseph told his family he had left the handcart company twenty years before because he was discouraged, tired and hungry. He had gone to one of the homes in the area—one to which Ann and Thomas had gone seeking him. The family had hidden him and when the handcart company had gone on, they invited Joseph to stay with them. They had raised him as their son. Joseph had changed his name to Joseph Lorenzo O'Kee. He had also fought in the Civil War on the side of the North. On one occasion he was sent into battle with a battalion of 983 men of which only 33 survived.

The Oakey family made faithful payments to the Perpetual Emigrating Fund but they never were able to get the account paid in full. Their account was one of the "faithful poor" that was forgiven by Church President John Taylor during the Jubilee Year in 1880.

Sources: "The Harvest Continues," *Ensign*, November 1987; "Harvest in Herefordshire," by David J. Whittaker, *Ensign*, January 1987, 46; "Original Mormon Chapel Reopens," by Ruth Gledhill, Religion Correspondent, April 24, 2000; Joseph L Okee obituary; photos and Oakey family histories from David Barkdull; family histories of Laura Middleton; interview with Laura Middleton, April 2005; *Infinite Love: Oakey, Passey, Phelps, Price, Allied Lines*, by Dorene Mae Oakey Stoney, 1996; "Our Bear Lake Heritage," by Dorene Oakey Stoney; "Sarah Ann Oakey Ludlum," *Paris Post*, by Milton Rebentisch, 1935; *Our Experience on the Mormon Handcart Trail between the Ice Slough and Rock Creek Hollow, Wyoming*, by Franklin Del Barkdull, David Barkdull, Jason Barkdull, 20-24 Oct. 2006. See *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for artwork and more complete Oakey family stories.

Note: The painting on the cover of *Tell My Story, Too*, entitled "Reverence at Rock Creek" by Julie Rogers, represents Rhoda Rebecca Oakey.

JOHN OBORN



Born: 1844 England

Age: 12

Willie Handcart Company

John came to Zion with his parents, Joseph and Maria Stradling Oborn. His father died on October 30 on the Green River. He was just 10 days short of the end of his journey. John and his mother, bereft of father and husband, continued on to the Valley with their company and the rescue teams. John later said that his father “had given his life cheerfully for the cause that he espoused.”

John wrote about his family and their trek: “I was born November 17, 1843, in Bath, Somersetshire, England, and was the youngest son of Joseph Oborn and Maria Stradling of Wellington, England. My father’s family belonged to the Plymouth Brethren Church, but joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints about the year 1843. Our family soon afterward received the spirit of gathering with the Saints in the valleys of Utah. In the year 1856 all of our possessions were sold for cash and this money turned over to the Church Emigration Fund. Father, mother and I said goodbye to Sister Eliza and Brother Henry and other relatives and friends and took a last farewell look about the old home, realizing we would never again see that always-to-be-remembered “Home, Sweet Home.” We had now cast our lot with the Saints of God and were on our way westward, little realizing and never fearing the terrible hardships between us and the valleys of Utah.

“We traveled by train to Geverfod, where we met other Saints and on Sunday, the 4th of May, 1856, set sail in the good ship “Thornton” under the command of Captain Collins. It was a sailing vessel with very few conveniences. There was one cook stove for each deck and our family was allowed to use it for an hour each week. The ship’s diet was largely bean biscuit soaked overnight. This would still be dry in the center in the morning. But we were happy and after a voyage of forty-one days we landed in New York, Saturday evening, June 4, 1856. Our journey from New York to Iowa was by train and boat. It was comparatively easy without excitement of any kind.

“In Iowa we were assigned to travel with a handcart company under the command of James G. Willie. Our one hundred was under the supervision of Millen Atwood. We left Iowa City, July 15, 1856. The train consisted of one hundred twenty handcarts, six wagons, and six hundred souls. We arrived at Florence, August 11th, and a week later, after repairs to our handcarts, we started. It was very apparent that the handcarts were poorly constructed. We left Florence, following closely along the Missouri [N. Platte] River, going about 10 miles a day. Father would usually pull and mother and I would push. At the end of the day’s journey we would pull our carts into a circle, a meeting would be held and instructions given. I was but a boy of 13 years, but I never shall forget the testimony and the wonderful spirit of sincerity and loyalty of all members of our company.

“Our guides kept us pretty well supplied with buffalo meat, which at that time was plentiful. There were thousands. On August 29 we encountered a tribe of Indians. They were friendly to us and told us of a murder that had been committed by another tribe of Indians a few days previous to this in which a lady and her child were the victims. Our train passed the scene of the murder and we buried the remains.

“We passed through Fort Laramie on September 30, where a few supplies were bought. We soon began to realize that we had started our journey too late in the year. There were no more buffalo to be found, and our rations were getting low. We were reaching the foothills near Rock Springs [Rocky Ridge]. We had already had some snow and the weather conditions looked unfavorable. Our scant rations had reached the point where the amount ordinarily consumed for one meal now had to suffice for a full day. From here on it is beyond my power of description to write. God only can understand and realize the torture and privation, exposure, and starvation we went through. Now word reached us that we must hasten or winter would soon come upon us. Instead of speeding up, the weakened condition of our older members slowed us down.

“Each day one or more would die. A few more days, and then came the most terrible experience of my life. This was October 20th. Winter had come, snow fell continuously. Movement in any direction had practically stopped. Our scant rations were now gone. Ten or twelve of our members, faithful to the last, were buried in a single grave. Starvation was taking its toll. A day or two later my own father closed his eyes, never to wake again. He, too, had given his life cheerfully for the cause that he espoused. We buried him in a lonely grave, its spot unmarked. This was not far from the [Green] River, Wyoming [October 30].¹ During these terrible times it seemed only a matter of days before all would perish.

¹ The Willie company journal recorded: “Thursday, 30th Rolled from Big Sandy [near present-day Farson, Wyoming] to Green River, 11 miles, forded the river and camped on its banks. Many persons were sick & it was late before they were in camp. Bros. Atwood, Woodward & Christiansen staid behind the main body of the camp to urge on the sick & see that none were left behind. Mary Gurdlestone . . . died in the morning. Joseph Oborn from Bath, Somersetshire, England, aged 43 years died in the evening. A large fire was kindled in the evening, a meeting was held & several of the Brethren addressed the audience.”

(John Oborn - Page 2)

“We resorted to eating anything that could be chewed; even bark and leaves of trees. We youngsters ate the rawhide from our boots. This seemed to sustain life. Then when it seemed all would be lost, already 66 of our members dead, like a thunderbolt out of the clear sky, God answered our prayers. A rescue party, bringing food and supplies from Great Salt Lake City, sent by President Brigham Young, came in sight. Those of you who have never had this experience cannot realize its intensity. I shoveled snow out of our tent with a tin plate belonging to my mother’s mother. We were cared for by a dear brother who was very kind to us. He seemed like an angel from heaven. We left our handcars and rode in his wagon and slowly, but safely, he brought us to Zion. We passed through Fort Bridger on November 2, and arrived in Great Salt Lake City, November 9, 1856.

“We lived a short time in the Fifth Ward, then we moved to Union Fort. We soon went to live by ourselves. I worked at farming, sheep raising and mining. We didn’t have a stove, so all our cooking was done over a fireplace. Once our fire failed to keep overnight. I walked to Dry Creek, called Draper, to get live coals. More than once, on my way home, I would fan the coals into a blaze and get fresh coals and continue home. It was several years after this before I saw matches. During the construction of the Salt Lake Temple I hauled granite from Little Cottonwood Canyon. I have been active in church work all my life. For thirty years I acted as ward clerk.”

In 1906, John wrote the following in a letter to the Handcart Veterans Association:

“Union, Utah 3 / Sep 1906 / SS Jones Esq / Chairman of the handcart committee Provo, Utah / Dear Brother, I am one, and the only one now living that came with the Hand Carts in 1856 in this ward. Also, those who went-out-to assist us and bring us in—are dead. I came in JG Willies Company —We arrived in Salt Lake City —to the best of my memory on the 31 Oct² —My father died at Green River, from the want of food —I was 13 years old at the time.

My experience was about the same as Albert Jones who was 15 years old —I was rather big for my age and performed a man’s part in standing guard —putting up tents & etc.

I well remember that snow storm you brethren referred to. And I shoveled the snow away with a tin plate at the 3 crossing of the Sweet Water—I also remember the arrival of Joseph A Young—with his Blue Over Coat—And his Glad tiding of the Relief wagons Soon to meet us.

We were most of us was out of anything to eat for 2 days—And before this we were 2 or 3 weeks on 4 ounces of flour a day—But I had a good appetite and good teeth so I ate rawhide that was used to mend the Carts when they broke down—and also Rawhide the Women converted in to soup when their other shoes gave out. You know they was well flavored and went good—In fact, the demand was greater than the Supply and I quite enjoyed them at the time —but I think the poor Woman Mourned the loss of [her] shoes. But I hope they have forgave me by this time—if they are yet alive.

Now I am going to say what I ought to have said first—I approve of you and the balance of your Committee’s work—in trying to effect a reunion of the remnant that is yet alive of the Hand Cart People.

Included find a Check for \$2.50 in your favor to help the cause along. If it is not enough, write me. / Respectfully / John Oborn / PO Address Sandy R 3 Utah / But Union Utah will find me / Say, Please excuse this long letter—But your Call in the Deseret News—set me to thinking of the long past With tears in my eyes / So please forgive me.

[Light editing for readability by Jolene Allphin]

² The Willie company arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on November 9, 1856. They had camped at Green River on October 30, where John’s father died.

Sources: “Autobiography of John Oborn,” available at mormonmigration.com and Mormon Overland Travel website; letter from John Oborn to SS Jones, 3 Sept 1906, Handcart Veterans Association, Scrapbook 1906-1916 Fd. 2 page 4; Willie company journal.



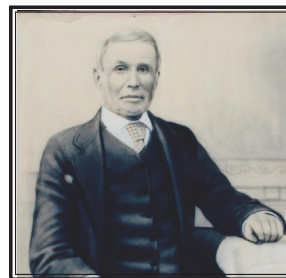
Joseph Oborn, father of John Oborn

JAMES OLIVER

Born: 11 March 1823 in Bowood, Dorsetshire, England

Age: 33

Willie Handcart Company



James was the son of a farmer, the fifth of eight children born to Mathew and Ester Seal Oliver. He was over six feet tall and very strong. He could pick up a sack of wheat containing four bushels and carry it up a flight of stairs. He attended night school to learn reading and writing. He enjoyed music and played the violin and organ. He also sang in a church choir.

James joined the Church in January 1850 and married Elizabeth Wheller that same year. In 1854 they named their first child Moroni. They began to save money for their emigration. James sold his lunches to others who had none, and he worked late hours. He deposited all of his extra money in the Perpetual Emigrating Fund. When Elizabeth changed her mind about gathering with the Saints in Utah, James drew out half the money from the fund and gave it to her. He paid the rest for his passage and worked as a carpenter for his meals.

On board the *Thornton*, James became friends with Andrew Watson. Later they built their handcarts together and shared a tent. James played his violin on board the ship as well as on the trail around the campfire. Often there was dancing before bedtime. At the beginning of the journey, a captain asked if anyone had any experience in handling horses. James answered that he had, so he was chosen to drive the four-mule team that the leaders called “little devils.” The mules kicked and struck and bit and had to be thrown down when they were unharnessed, but James conquered them with kindness and lump sugar. When James spoke to the animals, they obeyed. On August 16, William Woodward wrote: “I had much difficulty in driving the mule team, assisted by others. Bros. James Oliver & Alexander Burt, were to take charge of the mule team under my charge.”

Later in the journey there were many whose strength began to fail them. Some would beg for rides in the provision wagons, but the animals had to be spared. Many were referred to “Oliver” to see if they could ride in his mule-drawn supply wagon. Some died in James Oliver’s wagon. One man who died had a good pair of boots and a coat. James was given the articles of clothing, without which he said he would have frozen to death. Two days after arriving in the valley, Andrew Watson and James were sent to Provo, where they lived for over two years. James developed a serious illness with skin eruptions all over his body. He was kindly nursed by a Brother John Turner and his wife, and he felt they had saved his life.

In 1859, James married Maria Dalley, a former acquaintance from England. They lived in the Jordan River bottoms, first in a wagon, then in a dugout in the bank of the river. It was one good-sized room, with walls of sun-dried adobes. Large logs were laid across the top to form the roof. Cane from the marshes made a thatch, which was then covered with mud and dirt. If the roof leaked, more dirt was put on it. A huge log of wood burned in the spacious chimney. Sometimes cattle and other animals would walk down the hill slope and stop on the roof until they were driven off. The animals would also take shelter from storms in front of this humble home, knocking their horns on the door. James worked hard and finally built his growing family a nice home. He later donated part of his property for a cemetery. He passed away on March 10, 1891, and was buried in that South Jordan cemetery.

James’s son, Moroni, emigrated with his wife and four children aboard the ship *Wyoming* in 1882. They crossed the plains in railroad cars instead of walking.

Sources: “A Teamster” by Amy Oliver Warner; *Treasures of Pioneer History*, 1956, vol. 5; letter from Harold Oliver, 2008; “Biography of James Oliver,” unknown author; familysearch.org; *History of William Woodward*, 1980 & 2005.

DANIEL OSBORNE

Born: 1825 England (died on Nov. 1, 1856, 15 miles west of Green River)

Age: 30

Willie Handcart Company



Susannah Rebecca

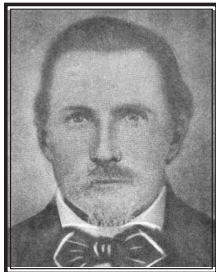


Martha Ann

Daniel Osborne was traveling with his wife, Susannah (age 33), and their four children, Susannah Rebecca (10), Daniel (7), Sarah Ann (3), and Martha Ann (1).

The daily rations had been cut several times, and then were completely gone when the first real snowstorm came overnight October 19-20. It effectively stopped the Willie company. The company journal recorded for Oct. 19: "Weather very cold. ... Some of the children were crying with cold. ... A snow storm came on, which lasted for about half an hour. The company rolled on again & were soon met by Cyrus H. Wheelock & Joseph A. Young & two other brethren from the Valley, bringing us the information that supplies were near at hand. ... During the day ... Daniel Osborn, from Norwich, Norfolk, England died. ... Travelled thro' the day about 16 miles; camped at dark on the banks of the Sweetwater. The teams mistook the road & did not get into camp till about 10 p.m." Little Daniel was unable to share the joy of the rest of the family two days later, as the first rescue wagons arrived and relieved their hunger and much suffering. He was, however, spared the ordeals of Rocky Ridge on October 23, through which the rest of the family were soon required to pass.

The father, Daniel Osborne, struggled on and came very close to his goal of reaching Zion. He died on November 1, 1856. The company journal recorded: "Rolled out of camp, met several teams to assist our company on to the Valley. Drove 15 miles and camped. Daniel Osborn, from Norwich, Norfolk, England, aged 35 years died in the evening. A snow storm came on after we camped but did not last long."



John Saline

Some time on the 4th of November, a 25-year-old Finnish rescuer arrived on the scene. His name was John Saline.¹ He inquired if any stragglers were behind. An older woman who did not speak English told him about the Osborne mother, her three daughters, and another woman traveling with them who were back on the trail. Because John could speak five languages fluently, he understood her. She told John they were too ill to continue and were left behind with the promise that someone would return for them later. John found them all huddled together, nearly frozen. He was able to give them food and place them in his wagon. The mother, Susannah, died the next day. It was now November 5, 1856. They were so very close to their destination! The company journal recorded a final heartbreak for the Osborne family: "Rolled on in the morning & crossed Yellow Creek, ascended a steep hill & then go down Echo Canyon & camped; travelled about 23 miles and camped. Peter Madsen, from Copenhagen, Denmark, aged 66 years, died during the day; Susannah Osborn from Norwich, Norfolk, England, aged 33 years died this day. A snow storm came on this evening. The people are much exposed to cold from lying on the cold ground.

On November 9, the three little Osborne orphans arrived in Salt Lake City. Bishop Silas Richards of Union took these three sisters to raise as his own. Bishop Richards wrote: "The children are very poor from suffering with cold and hunger and the want of proper nourishment and clothing. None of them were able to walk across the room without difficulty. Susannah's feet were badly frostbitten, their only clothing being some remnants of summer apparel. They had no shoes or woolen stockings; they were very feeble and required much care and attention. Young Susannah had to keep oiled rags between her toes to prevent them from growing together."

Susannah Rebecca grew up and married her rescuer, John (Johan) Savilaakso, whose surname had been changed to Saline. They had 10 or 11 children. Susannah died in Pima, Arizona, in 1925. Martha Ann married Elijah Elmer. She died in Safford, Arizona, in 1933. They did not have any children. Sarah Ann died on an unknown date in 1857.

¹ John had been working on a ship headed to America in 1853 when he met two Mormon Elders. They taught John the gospel and he was baptized aboard ship, then continued to Utah.

WILLIAM PAGE

Born: 4 August 1838 Birmingham, England

Age: 17

Willie Handcart Company



William's parents, James and Louisa Graves Page, were baptized members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1848 in Birmingham, England. Two years later, when William was 12, he was also baptized. William was the oldest of fourteen children. His father worked as a railroad engineer and his mother made jewelry and watch chains to supplement the family income. The family did much to help the missionaries and to spread the gospel in Birmingham.

When William was seventeen years old he set sail on the ship *Enoch Train* for America. His parents were concerned that William would be required to fight in the Crimean War when he turned eighteen, so they sent him to Utah ahead of the rest of the family. The *Enoch Train* passenger list noted William's name with an asterisk and a note which read, "go direct to west."

After arriving in Boston, William traveled mostly by rail to the end of the line at Iowa City. This is one of several places where the Church had a campground and immigration agents outfitting the companies going to Utah. Many of the other immigrant Saints on the *Enoch Train* joined with the first three handcart companies of 1856. William and others stayed in Iowa City longer, probably to assist in building handcarts, and caring for the cattle needed to pull the provision and freight wagons. William finally joined with the Willie handcart company and was assigned to a handcart with an older woman, noted as a widow in family histories. In John's 20-person tent group, there were only two single women: Jane Ann Stewart, age 31, and Elizabeth Panting, age 29, with her two small children. It is possible these are the women William assisted.

As the early storms came and the company was delayed with other difficulties, rations also had to be reduced to severely low levels. William had previously made a pair of buckskin moccasins for a girl whose shoes had worn out, but he became so starved that while he was on guard duty one night, he took the moccasins and boiled them in melted snow. He then drank the broth to fill his stomach. William had also resorted to eating the bark from trees and digging roots to eat to keep himself alive.

Rescue finally came from Salt Lake and William was helped into the Valley. Before he left England, he had been promised in a blessing that he would not enter the Salt Lake Valley hungry. He was actually eating some scraps of biscuits from the supply wagon as he entered the Valley. A brother Henry W. Lawrence took William to his home for several months and nursed him back to health. He was fed small amounts of milk and food until he was able to eat normally.

William worked at various jobs and then was hired as a Pony Express rider between Omaha, Nebraska, and Salt Lake City. William had become more than an ordinary horseman in order to procure this job. The Pony Express Company in Salt Lake kept an especially wild horse which William had to ride for a test when he applied. Others with less courage changed their minds about applying when they learned of this wild horse. William had many thrilling and sometimes dangerous experiences. On one of his trips, it was raining through the mountains and by the time he got to Ft. Bridger, his clothes were frozen and the station keeper had to cut them off from him. Once, an Indian demanded William's surcingle, a small leather carrying bag given to him by his father. William refused and the Indian gave chase. William circled into the forest and got behind the Indian, taking him by surprise and pinning him between William's horse and the wall of a mountain.

In his short experience with the mail, William had the wonderful privilege of carrying Abraham Lincoln's inaugural speech to the West.

(William Page - Page 2)

William's parents left England in 1860 on the *S.S. William Tapscott* with their eight children. His mother, Louisa, gave birth to a baby girl on board ship when they were only four days out. They arrived at Castle Garden in June and then sailed up the Hudson River to Albany, New York. Here, the Page family was asked by immigration agents to remain for a time. It seems that Louisa had naturally quite dark skin and eyes and black hair. It was feared that she might be mistaken for being part Negro and it might cause trouble as they traveled. The Civil War was going on and runaway slaves were being returned to the South. The family remained in New York for about a year, then came West where they were met by William at Fort Laramie.

William married Mary Anne Clark of Bountiful, Utah, in March 1863. Mary was also a convert from England, but her parents had disowned her when she joined the Church. Mary was very well educated and taught William to read and write. William benefitted greatly from this tutoring throughout his life as he was called to serve in many important positions in the Church and government. He was elected to four terms as Justice of the Peace, and was a School Trustee, Chairman of the Democratic Committee of Davis County, Watermaster, and Assistant Superintendent of the Sunday School from 1877 until his death. William began an "Old Folks Committee," and helped to build the East Bountiful tabernacle. He was the first "Home Missionary" in the Davis Stake. He also served a mission to Arizona in 1872, leaving Mary Anne and five little girls home.

William and Mary Anne eventually had eight daughters and three sons. William's mother, Louisa, died at his home on March 22, 1864. Mary Anne gave birth the next day in that same room to their first daughter, whom they named Louisa.

William was out walking with Mary Anne on May 28, 1893, when he had a sudden heart attack and died. He was only 55 years old. B.H. Roberts, who was a General Authority of the Church at the time, was one of the speakers at William's funeral. He lauded William's achievements and remarked that William Page was "indeed a diamond in the rough."

Sources: Obituary of William Page, *Davis County Clipper*, 1 June 1893; "They'll Enact Roles of Seventy-Five Years Ago," August 13, 1935, newspaper article showing "Lawrence Page and Merritt Egan, descendants of original Pony Express riders, who will ride in the re running of the Pony Express in Salt Lake City; numerous articles from other newspapers regarding the reenactment; "William Page," timeline by Stanley Page; "History of William Page," by Mary Lou F. Tripp; "William Page," by Adell Barlett; "William Page," by Mary Anne Page Colbert; "William Page: A Pioneer of the West," by LeAnne Davis; interview with Sarah Page Kissell on November 25, 1988; email from Rob Page July 3, 2011; email from Matthew Page, August 2011; family photo from newspaper article "Early resident survived handcart diaster," by *Clipper* Staff Writer, Adam C. Olson; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.



William and Mary Anne Page family
 Home at 200 North and 100 West in Bountiful

ELIZABETH CROOK PANTING

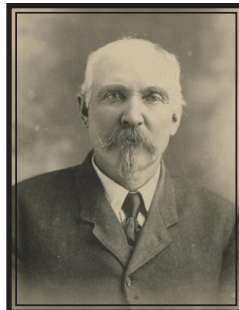
Born: 7 Oct 1827 England

Age: 28

Willie Handcart Company



Elizabeth about 1860



Christopher Panting



Jane Panting (Bell)

Elizabeth Crook was the second oldest of the 11 children of William and Margaret Lane Crook. She married Frederick Panting in England in 1848. Elizabeth apparently had two children, Sarah and Mary Ann, who died four days apart in May of 1852. Some records say she also had a baby, Mary Jane, who was born and died on the same day in January, 1851. Elizabeth also gave birth to twins, Christopher and Clara, in 1850. Clara died as an infant. A daughter, Jane, was born May 7, 1855. Thus, Elizabeth only brought two children with her as she sailed for America. Frederick Panting did not emigrate with his family.

Elizabeth had a brother, Samuel Lane Crook, traveling with her and the children. Samuel was married to Sarah Haines from Gloucestershire aboard the ship *Thornton* on May 29, 1856. We learn of this marriage from the diary of Peter Madsen:

This afternoon at 6 o'clock an English brother had a preparatory marriage which shall be repeated in the valley. The ship's quarterdeck was covered with the American flag. President Willie spoke about the importance of marriage and joined the pair together according to the rules given in the Doctrine and Covenants. After the wedding there was singing and cheers for the bridal pair, for the company, and for Captain Collins. He arose and expressed thanks for the honor and rejoiced over the festive occasion. He said he was an American citizen, that his forefathers for several generations had been, and that he had a legitimate right to such. If several pair wished to follow suit (in marriage) he would be pleased. He was answered with repeated cheers, which were likewise extended to the doctor who is held with respect by the company among whom are the English sisters who have given birth to three children. Samuel Crook from Apperlie, Gloucestershire, and Sarah Haines from Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, were married.

Samuel and Sarah did not continue with the Willie company but remained for a time on the East coast in Delaware. They continued their emigration to Utah in 1860 with their 3-year-old son. Elizabeth was probably very relieved at her escape from her own marriage. We learn from Elizabeth's son, Christopher, why his father did not emigrate with them:

My father was very much against the Mormons and threatened to kill my mother if she did not stay away from the Mormons. He used to hide her shoes so she couldn't go to church. She would have to borrow her neighbors shoes so she could go. He finally got so mean, she took her two children ... and left him. ... She got on a train ... but he followed her and she had to change clothes with another woman on the train so he would not recognize her.

Other children and grandchildren of Elizabeth also relay this story in their biographies, stating that Frederick Panting was a confirmed drunkard and mistreated Elizabeth continually. He resented her association with the Mormons and did threaten her life. However, Jane was given a blessing by Wilford Woodruff in which he promised that she and her children would reach the Salt Lake Valley alive. Elizabeth had great faith to board a train for Liverpool. Elizabeth's son, Wilford Woodruff Cranney, was a fulfillment of that blessing. He wrote:

In 1856 my mother ... was converted to the Church in England by Wilford Woodruff and was given a blessing and promise by brother Woodruff that she would reach the church headquarters in safety with her children. She was leaving her husband under his threat that he would kill her if she did so. With fear allayed by Apostle Woodruff's blessing, she went from her home to Liverpool on the train. Her husband who was hunting for her followed her into the car where she was sitting with her children. ... However, he failed to recognize them and passed by them. He was a confirmed drunkard and mistreated her continuously. She boarded a sailing vessel at Liverpool in the company of emigrants and passed through many trials on the long journey to Zion. However, during the seventeen years that I lived under her influence before she died, I didn't hear her complain that she pulled a handcart ... to Salt Lake City. ... In 1856 she reached Salt Lake City with her little boy and girl tucked safely in the handcart even though many of their company had died on the way. ... This was a great testimony to her from which she never wavered.

One day while on the ocean voyage, Elizabeth discovered a fire on the ship. She told the captain and he asked her to please say nothing to any of the passengers as they might panic and

(Elizabeth Crook Panting - Page 2)

cause trouble. Elizabeth accepted this direction, gathered her children close and prayed. After the fire was out, the captain came and told her that she was a very brave woman.

Elizabeth was privileged to experience another miracle during her journey to Zion. She told the story of this miracle to her daughter, Jane, repeatedly throughout her life. As Jane Panting (Bell) grew older she told this story to her children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews. Elizabeth Panting's granddaughter, June Cranney Monson, wrote:

"I can't remember when I first knew my Aunt Jane Bell, or when I first heard the story of Grandmother Cranney and her trek across the plains. As a child I remember being aware that Grandmother had been with the Willies handcart company and that she had suffered a great deal on the way to Salt Lake City.

"I remember hearing about Aunt Jane being so sick [lying in the handcart] and how Grandmother didn't dare stop to take care of her and she would just go on and call to her small son, Chris, and ask him if Jane was dead yet. I used to think about this and wonder how she could have stood it.

"When I was about fifteen, Aunt Jane came up to the ranch in Star Valley to visit us. She was such a little, quick, spunky character that I loved her very dearly. . . . While she was visiting us she told me the story of her Mother's experience on the plains. . . . Grandmother Cranney and the other members of the Willies handcart company were in terrible shape. The supplies had dwindled until nearly all of the people were starving. Grandmother was out gathering some buffalo chips to make a small fire to warm what little food that they had left for her children. She had on a long, full apron and had almost filled it with the buffalo chips. A man came up to her and talked to her and asked how the members of the company were. She told him that most of them were starving and he asked her to follow him and maybe he could help a little. Aunt Jane said that her mother shook out her apron and went with him. They went over a small hill and were out of sight of the camp. In the side of the hill was sort of a cave and he led Grandmother into the cave. On one side of the cave was a lot of dried buffalo meat hanging up.

"The man loaded as much meat in Grandmother's apron as she could carry and told her to share with the other people. Then he led her out of the cave and to the top of a small hill and pointed out the camp below and told her not to get lost. As Grandmother turned back to him to thank him after she had looked where he had pointed to the camp, he had disappeared. She looked for the cave and could find no trace of it, but she still had the dried meat. She went back to camp and divided the meat out to the ones that were in the most need and it saved many lives.

"Years later when Aunt Jane was an elderly woman, she was in Pocatello, Idaho, visiting her daughter. It was on Mother's Day and her daughter took her to church with her. I remember Aunt Jane said that she hesitated about going because she didn't want to take some other Mother's gift, since she didn't belong to that ward. . . . During this same program an elderly man got up to talk and he told of coming to Utah with his family when he was a small boy with the Willies handcart company and how they were starving and some sister in the company had received some dried meat in some miraculous way and had shared it and he was very grateful to that sweet sister.

"Aunt Jane said she cried when she heard this because so many people had made fun of her story of her mother's experience until she had almost come to doubt it herself. She talked to the gentleman and told him that she was a baby with that company and that it was her mother who had received the meat. She said that it was wonderful to have another witness of this wonderful experience."

CHILDREN OF ELIZABETH CROOK PANTING WILKES CRANNEY



Elizabeth married William Wilkes in 1859. They had two sons, Charles and William. She married Hiram K. Cranney in 1864 and they became the parents of seven children, five boys and two girls. They settled in Logan where Hiram was a High Priest, High Councilor, Probate Judge, Prosecuting Attorney, City Justice, Alderman, and Doctor. Elizabeth had a very busy and full life.

Elizabeth trusted in the Priesthood blessing given her by Elder Wilford Woodruff. In May, 1872, she gave birth to a son whom she named Wilford Woodruff Cranney. Elizabeth remained faithful throughout her life. She died on March 15, 1891, in Logan, Utah, at the age of 63.

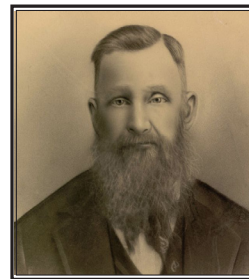
Sources: Diary of Peter Madsen, Church archives; *The Family History of the Charles Morris Bell Family*, by B. Fay Byington, 1982; interviews by Jolene Allphin with June Cranney Monson; "My Grandmother's Journey from England to Utah," by Reta L. DeLo; <http://mormonmigration.lib.byu.edu.>; family histories based on Elizabeth's diary, location unknown; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website. See movie, *17 Miracles*, 2011, by T.C. Christensen, for a wonderful portrayal of the Elizabeth Panting story.

JENS O. PETERSEN

Born: 1820 Denmark

Age: 36

Willie Handcart Company

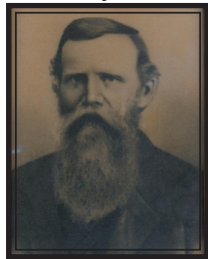


Jens O. Petersen

Anne Marie Jensen
Petersen

Jens worked as a cooper and was also an excellent cabinet maker. He made a sturdy and beautiful doll cradle for one of his daughters that is still in the family. In 1856, the Peterson family decided to emigrate to America. They left Liverpool, England, aboard the sailing ship *Thornton*. Jens had with him his wife, Anne Marie Jensen (age 32), daughters, Johanne Sophia (11), Mette Maria (9), and sons, Hans Peter (7), Christian O. (5), Peter O. (4), and James Christen (1). Ane and five of the six children had birthdays on their way to Zion.

Early in the journey, many of the handcarts broke down and repairs were necessary which caused greater delay. Jens's wife, Ane, worked hard alongside Jens in pulling the cart in which the smaller children rode. When they camped at night, Ane would bake what bread the entire family was to eat the following day. She also washed what clothes they had when possible. One night little Hans dreamed he was hungry and got up and ate all the bread that was to last the whole family the next day. Rations got so low that his mother would take their allowance of flour, wet it in a little cold water, then stir it into some boiling water without any salt.



Peter O. Petersen

Peter wanted to ride on the handcart one day but Jens said he couldn't. His mother picked him up and carried him awhile and let Jens pull the cart alone. The older children always walked, but there was a place fixed in a corner of the handcart for little James (called Jens).

Soon they were compelled to lighten their handcarts by unloading bedding and clothing, which later caused much suffering from the cold. All members of the Peterson family survived their trek.

When the company was stopped by storms near the Sweetwater, the last ration of food was given out. The rescuers reached them soon afterward, and helped them continue their heartrending journey. This was a terribly difficult experience for Jens and his young family. Besides the freezing cold, the blowing snow and uneven rocky ground made traveling very difficult.

Jens recorded an experience he had which was retold by his grandson, Jens Peterson: "When they were having such hard times with low rations and cold weather, one man decided he didn't want to put up with any more so just said he wasn't going another step. Different ones tried to talk to him and urge him to go on, but had no effect upon his decision. Grandpa, Jens O. Peterson, asked for permission to talk to the man. Some told him it wouldn't do any good, so they went on and grandpa tried to reason with him, but that did no good. Finally he said, 'Well, if you are not going, I'm going to give you a whipping before I go on,' and he slapped him quite hard on the face, and started running to catch up with the company. It made the man angry and he started after grandpa and both of them caught up to the company. The man went on and later thanked grandpa for saving his life."

Jens settled his family first at Fort Ephraim, where a daughter was born in September 1857. The family then moved to Brigham City for about two years, and finally settled in Logan. They had a total of twelve children. Jens died in Brigham City in January of 1900, at the age of 80. Ane died one year later, 17 February 1901, in Logan.

Sources: "Mette Maria Peterson Olsen, by Ada O. Morris; email from Howard Bangerter, July 2006; "Biographical Sketch of Elder James Olsen," by himself; "Ane Jensen Pedersen / Petersen," Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

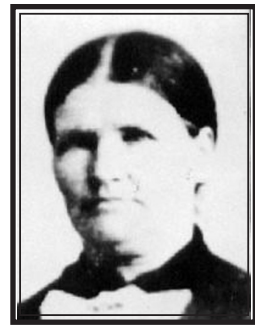
Mette Marie
Peterson

SOPHIE CATRINE WILHELMINE KLAUEN PEDERSEN

Born: 17 August 1824 in VorFrelser, Copenhagen, Denmark

Age: 31

Willie Handcart Company



Sophie married Peder Pedersen when she was fairly young. They had seven children, two of whom died as infants. Peder died of a contagious disease in 1853 when Sophie was expecting her seventh baby. In her grief, Sophie was comforted with a dream:

She was calling the children in at night when she saw two men coming down her lane on the opposite side of the road. They were each carrying a suitcase. They crossed the street and came up to her and said, "We are messengers of God." A few weeks later, she was calling the children in for the night and there were two men walking down the road just as she had seen them in her dream. She recognized them immediately. They came up to her as in the dream and said, "We are messengers of God." She invited them into her home and they promised her that if she accepted the Gospel and lived it that she would have the privilege of shaking hands with a prophet of God.

Sophie was baptized by Elder C.W. Hoshmark and confirmed by Elder L.S. Skooby in December 1855. She made plans to immigrate to Zion and was blessed to sell her homestead for enough to pay the family's passage. Sophie sailed on the *Thornton* in May 1856 with her five children: Peter (age 10), Thomas (7), Emma Sophie (5), Anne Johanne (3), and Otto August Peter (1). Mariane Louise Lautrup (30) was traveling with this family. Sophie also paid Mariane's passage.¹ Sophie gave the balance of her money to two unnamed missionaries for safekeeping until she reached America. It was never returned. On May 3, Peter Madsen recorded in his diary: "Provisions were handed out for seven days: bread, meat, pork, tea, and sugar, oats, wheat flour, rice, etc. Water is given daily, as need arises. We have enough and it is good, likewise with the cooking: at a set time and place. Some tin ware was bought and distributed to those who could not pay, namely for ... Sophie Pedersen, 6 shilling 9 pence."

Four weeks later, on May 29, Sophie's world was shattered when her son, Thomas, "fell through one of the hatchways to the second between deck, a distance of about 20 feet, and very much fractured his skull." (Willie company journal) [At 11 o'clock on June 2, Thomas died.] "At 3 o'clock he was buried in the sea with the same ceremony as those who had previously died."² Elder Ahmunson gave the funeral sermon and Captain Collin read some verses from the New Testament." (Peter Madsen diary)

The rest of the family struggled through the hardships of the handcart trek, and all survived to reach Salt Lake City on November 9. Sophie had some toes amputated due to frostbite. She moved to Manti, where she was cared for in the home of Albert Smith. He and Sophie were married in the Endowment House on February 18, 1857.

In Albert's journal he wrote about his "Danish woman." He recorded that Sophie was economical and kept their clothes neat and clean and patched, even "patch upon patch." He wondered where she got the patches from, but they were always neat and had something they could wear to church. Albert also recorded Sophie's kindness to his children from his first wife, who had died. His son, Azariah, had served in the Mormon Battalion at age 18, along with his father. Albert wrote: "Before we were discharged he was thrown from a horse and hurt his head most severely." Azariah went through a time when his head injury caused him to have violent "fits." One time Azariah fell into a fire during one of his fits and burned himself badly. These episodes lasted for several years but finally cleared up. Albert wrote. "I feel it my duty in justice to say a word or two about Sophiah my Danish wife. ... From the first till he got over his fits and left, she was a mother to Azariah. She kept his clothes neat and clean and waited over him both night and by day, through fear that he might fall into the fire or somehow get hurt." Perhaps Sophie had extra patience and understanding for Azariah because of the death of her own son from a head injury.

(Sophie Pedersen - Page 2)

On June 23, 1868, Sophie's oldest son, Peter, was drowned. He had gone with a number of others to the Missouri River to bring in trains of Mormon immigrants. Albert wrote:

We sent [six boys] from Manti, and Peter [age 22] went for one teamster. All them that went amounted to 500 teams with a driver to each team and a horseman to every 10 to look out for camping grounds and to assist to take care of the team which was three yoke to each wagon. When the camp got to the Green River, it was very high and the water very cold and it was a cold and windy day. They tried all day to swim their cattle across. At night, they, that is the Manti boys, with a boat load of cattle and lots of others, started in a ferry boat. The boat was forced across with rope and pulleys. The boat was too heavily loaded and the cable sagged on one side of the boat and caused it to tip over. Peter and 5 others got drowned. There was five of that number belonged in Sanpete County, and two in Manti. When the news was telegraphed to this place, their sudden death cast a gloom over Manti.

Peter's body was never found, and Sophie was filled with grief. "One morning as [Sophie] was doing her work, she heard Peter coming up the walk, whistling as he always did when happy. She went to the door and saw no one. She then knew that he was happy, so she never worried about him anymore." (Sophie Smith biography, Carol Green)

Sophie and Albert had seven children. Only three lived to maturity: Albertina, Albert and Charlotte. Albert's wife died in April 1889, and Charlotte died in June 1889. One year later, Albertina died. Sophie helped raise seven motherless grandchildren for quite a few years.

Sophie lived to see the fulfillment of the dream she had in Denmark and the promise made to her by the missionaries. Sophie had prayed fervently that she would someday have the opportunity of shaking hands with an apostle. This prayer was answered when she attended a conference in Salt Lake City. Heber C. Kimball walked up the aisle past her, turned around and came back and spoke to her. He told Sophie the Lord was pleased with her. He spoke in English. Sophie responded in Danish. They both understood each other.

Sophie and Albert attended the Manti temple dedication in 1883 and then served in the temple faithfully in their older years three to four times a week. They prepared 1,500 family names for temple work. Albert and Sophie are buried in the cemetery at the foot of the Manti Temple hill.

¹As recorded in the Scandinavian Mission Record

²"The body was wrapped in canvas and covered with the American flag. It was carried out with ceremony by the brethren. ... The body was then lowered into the ocean." (Willie Journal, May 8.)

Sources: Willie Company Journal; Peter Madsen Diary; "Sophie Catrine Wilhelmine Klauen Pedersen Smith," family history (including diary of Albert Smith), compiled by Carol Green, 3rd great-granddaughter; "Emigration from Copenhagen Conference in the spring 1856," Scandinavian Mission Record; familysearch.org; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel.



Emma Sophia Petersen



Otto August Petersen



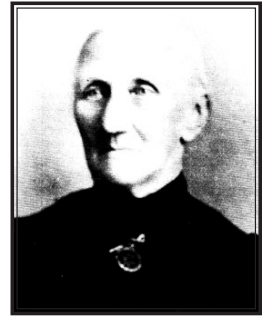
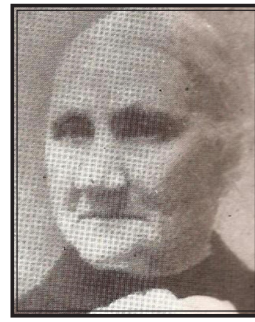
Ane Johanna Marie Petersen

REBECCA PILGRIM

Born: January 1, 1826 England

Age: 30

Willie Handcart Company



Rebecca was born to Samuel and Betsy Coote Pilgrim at the farm of William Read, Madingly Road, Giles Parish, Cambridge, England, the fifth of ten children. Rebecca was joined in her Zion in the Rocky Mountains by at least two siblings. Her brother, Thomas, had sailed on the ship *Ellen Maria* in 1852 and her sister, Susan Elizabeth, in 1863 aboard the *Amazon*. Thomas and Susan both resided in Smithfield, Cache County, after arriving in Utah.

When Rebecca was 16 years old, her father died. As the oldest of 8 children and her mother to look after, Rebecca helped support the family by establishing a laundry business that served the university students and businessmen in the vicinity of her home.

In spite of the opposition of most of her family and friends, Rebecca joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1853. After making her decision to emigrate to be with the Saints in Utah, she went to bid her family a last farewell and was refused entrance to the home. Her belongings, including a feather tick were thrown out of a window. Rebecca's mother tossed her a coin telling her to never spend it except when she and her children might be hungry for bread.

Rebecca sailed from England aboard the *Thornton*. Returning missionary, James G. Willie, presided over this group of about 500 Saints, following their dreams and what they referred to as the "spirit of gathering." From Iowa City, Iowa, to the Great Salt Lake Valley, Rebecca pushed and pulled a handcart for nearly 1,300 miles.

At some point along the Sweetwater River in present day Wyoming, Rebecca sat down on a large rock in a hypothermic and hungry state. Recognizing the seriousness of her condition, her friends quickly commenced giving her warm drinks, rubbing her limbs and forcing her to walk to restore her circulation and prevent her from freezing to death. At this time another girl in the company, name unknown, was also found in a freezing condition. She was placed in one of the wagons where the women worked on her in the same manner. Rebecca and her friends took turns laying on top of and underneath her in an attempt to restore her body temperature. It was too late, however, for this young woman.

Over 100 years after this incident, a descendant of Rebecca's husband, William Goates, was hunting after school one day with two friends in this same mountainous area of Wyoming where storms often come suddenly and unexpectedly. The three teenage boys were caught in the mountains in a snowstorm without food, shelter or warm clothing of any kind as night fell quickly upon them and the temperatures plunged. Phil Nebeker, the descendant who had been taught this story, was able to recommend this method of staying warm to his friends. (As told to Jolene Allphin by Phil's mother about 2005.) They kept a vigil all night long, the three laying on top of each other and changing places every 15 minutes so that each had a turn to be in the middle and receive some body warmth from the other two. The boys miraculously survived and from this experience emerged a beautiful bronze sculpture by Phil Nebeker. It is a representation of some members of the Willie company. A photograph of the sculpture highlights the cover of the book *Remember* by the Riverton Wyoming Stake of the LDS Church.

(Rebecca Pilgrim - Page 2)

Rebecca arrived in the Salt Lake Valley with the Willie company on the 9th of November, 1856, remained in Salt Lake City for a week and then moved to Lehi where she found employment at the home of William Goates.

Rebecca married William Goates the next April. Although she was never able to have children of her own, Rebecca became a faithful and devoted mother to William's six children after the death of his first wife. She was said to be "true and loving to them and just as happy and proud of them as their own mother could have been."

Rebecca worked very hard throughout her life. She said that the sweetest morsel of food she ever ate was a whole wheat cake that she made from the first heads of grain that ripened on their own farm. Rebecca was also noted for her kind and generous ways to her friends and neighbors, often parting with her own clothes and providing food for those in need as she looked after the welfare of others.

After her ordeals in the Willie handcart company, Rebecca still possessed a remarkably strong constitution and enjoyed good health, working hard in her home and in the fields. She was confined to bed for two weeks prior to her death at the home of George Hyrum Goates. She died on April 18, 1909, at the age of 83 and is buried in Lehi, Utah.

Pictured here are both sides of the coin that was tossed her way by her mother as Rebecca left her home in England. (Used by permission of the Goates family.) The current possessor of the coin stated that his Grandfather used to get it out of his dresser drawer and show it to him and tell the story that his (step) grandmother, Rebecca, had told him. There may have been more than one coin, but Rebecca gave this particular one to this grandson.



Rebecca Pilgrim Goates' Coin

Sources: *The History of the William Goates Sr. Family*; email from Ken Goates, April 12, 2006; photos courtesy Russ Goates; familysearch.org; *Remember*, by Riverton Wyoming Stake, 1997, cover art, see pages 195-196 of *Remember* for the inspiring story of Phil Nebeker's sculpture.



QUINN SISTERS

Mary Ann (22), Harriet (18), and Elizabeth (17)
of St. Heliers, Jersey, Channel Islands
Willie and Martin Handcart Companies



Mary Ann Quinn
(Taylor)



Harriet Quinn
(Douglas)



Elizabeth Quinn
(Stevenson)

William W. and Mary Ann Hosking Quinn brought their seven children to America in 1856. They sailed from Liverpool aboard the *Thornton*. Anna Tait, who was also traveling on the *Thornton*, recorded on June 11: “This has been such a day of rejoicing. Brother Quinn was called on to sing a song which he had composed about the voyage.” The Quinn family joined the Willie handcart company at Iowa City, Iowa. When they had traveled as far as Council Bluffs, Iowa, they left the Willie company. Some of the story comes from the obituary of George Quinn, the 14-year-old son in the Quinn family:



George Quinn

Quinn, George, saddler and harnessmaker, and notary public, son of William and Mary A., was born in St. Heliers, Isle of Jersey, England, May 28, 1842. [His] father was a furniture dealer and cabinet and chairmaker. [His] parents joined the Mormon church and came to this country in '56, fitting up handcarts at Iowa City to cross the plains. He tired of the work and stopped to play marbles and was lost from his parents, they stopping at Council Bluffs, where they remained four years.¹ In '60 they came to Utah in Joseph W. Young's company, an ox train, and located in Ephraim, Christmas, '64. His parents died here. During the Black Hawk war George was a member of the martial band and made saddles. He was a member of several theatrical companies, being a comic singer and comedian. [George] was postmaster for seven years and interested in many enterprises. [He] was five years in the firm of Quinn, Larsen & Co., that did a business of \$25,000 annually. In '94 he opened his present place of business, manufacturing harness and saddles and dealing in wagons, buggies, agricultural implements and real estate and loaning money.

Soon after the family stopped at Council Bluffs, the 3 older girls, Mary Ann (age 22), Harriet A. (age 19) and Elizabeth (age 17), decided to continue without their parents. When the Martin handcart company came through a few weeks later, the sisters joined that group. No personal experiences of the girls are known, but an entry from Redick Allred, a rescuer, states: [Upon continuing west from Allred's camp, Nov. 18, 1856]: We then set out for the City with this half starved, half frozen and almost entirely exhausted Company of about 500 saints. But from that time on they did not suffer with hunger or fatigue, but all suffered more or less with cold. As well as I was provided I even lost my toe nails from frost. I had a good tent & took in 5 Bretheren—including Capts. Tyler & Martin, and the 3 sisters Quinn to do our cooking.

Mary Ann married George Taylor on May 27, 1859.² They settled in Ephraim, where they raised 7 children. George was mayor of Ephraim from 1868 to 1874.

Elizabeth married a young widower, James Vickers Stevenson, on January 4, 1860. Their first baby was born shortly after Elizabeth's parents arrived in the valley. They also moved to Ephraim and raised a family of 11 children, 7 of whom lived to adulthood.

Harriett married Graham Douglas before 1862. She died in 1878 in Manti, the day after giving birth to her 8th child, Edwin Douglas. Edwin grew to manhood and married Mary Ann Green, whose mother, Betsy Mee, had also been in the Martin Handcart Company with her sister, Charlotte Mee. Their mothers' stories were very similar.³

William and Mary Ann Quinn, with their children William, George, Isabella, and Joseph Hyrum, came to Utah in October 1860 with the wagon train of Joseph W. Young.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; family histories in files of Jolene Allphin; familysearch.org; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

¹It appears that George's father found employment after locating George, which contributed to the family's decision to remain in Council Bluffs. In the meantime, the Willie handcart company moved on.

²Mary Ann was first sealed to William Cameron Dunbar on February 13, 1857. They did not have any children, but both had large families with their other spouses. Mary Ann may have been worried about her survival and sought the sealing ordinance for this reason. She had known Dunbar before, as he was the president of the French Mission from 1854 to 1856. He was the Elder who baptized her sisters, Elizabeth and Harriet. Like Mary Ann's brother, George, Dunbar was an entertainer, actor, singer, bagpipe player and one of the best known comedians in the west.

³See biographies for Betsy and Charlotte Mee in Allphin, *Tell My Story, Too*, Martin handcart company section.

WILLIAM M.¹ READ

Born: 1793 England (Died Oct. 1, 1856 near Ft. Laramie)

Age: 63

Willie Handcart Company

William was from North Crawley, England, born just before the turn of the century in 1793 or 1794. Little is known about his early life. In 1856 his occupation was a butcher. He may have performed this duty for the Willie handcart company.²

William married Sarah Brimley of Kempston, Buckingham, England, on December 18, 1814, at the age of 20. They became the parents of eleven children, three daughters and eight sons, all born in England. The family accepted the gospel and was baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

William and Sarah's oldest son, William Smith Read, immigrated to Utah in 1853 with his wife, Elizabeth Simmons, and their infant daughter, Sarah. They traveled overland in the Moses Clawson Company. William had come to America and was in St. Louis when he met Elizabeth Simmons. They were married in St. Louis in 1852 at the Hart residence, the family with whom Elizabeth had been staying. Their daughter, Sarah, was born on the plains as they traveled to Utah in 1853. At some time, William M. and Sarah Read's three youngest sons also left England for Utah. These boys were John Brimley, Ezra and Joseph Paul. Ezra died from cholera while in St. Louis. He was buried in an unmarked grave.

William M. Read and his wife, Sarah Brimley (age 63), sailed on the *Thornton* in 1856 with Joseph Read (age 14).³ Joseph appears to be their son, but some family histories indicate he may have been their grandson, the son of Naomi Read (1824-1876). (Naomi is not shown on the Willie company roster or any other overland travel, but died 1876 in Ogden, Utah.) He was likely assisting William with the butchering, as Joseph was a "supply attendant" in the Willie company.

William died somewhere close to Fort Laramie on October 1, 1856. Levi Savage recorded in his journal: "To day Bro Reade died of a disease at the hart. His age is 64." The Willie company journal recorded: "William Read died coming to camp in a wagon—he was born at North Crawley, Buckinghamshire, England, aged 63." Sarah and Joseph survived the journey and with the help of rescuers they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on November 9, 1856.

William Smith Read had already settled in the Ogden area. Sarah and Joseph went to stay with him. Sarah recovered from her ordeal and continued to keep house, administer to the sick and do whatever was needed for the next six years as a widow. She was adept at all the skills needed for her new life: sewing, quilting and cooking.

One day Sarah walked the eight or nine miles to the home of her son, John Brimley Read, in Slaterville. After partaking of a good meal, she curled up by the fireplace as she complained of a small pain and just wanted to rest awhile before retiring. Sarah died quietly by the fireplace on June 18, 1862, at the age of sixty-nine years. She loved the gospel dearly and possessed a great testimony. William and Sarah were together again, and they had given their all to help settle Zion.

Sources: Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel online database; <http://mormonmigration.lib.byu.edu>; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; email from Ray O. Couch to Jolene Allphin, January 8, 2012.

¹"William M Read was christened as William Read, but added an initial because there were three William Reads related and alive, so he put the letter "M" as an initial and it is not the first letter of a name." (Daughters of Utah Pioneers submission from descendant, Margaret Bailey, edited by Lorraine A. Winter, 1993.)

²William Woodward was a sub-captain of 100, and kept the Willie Company Journal after the first of October. In 1906, he wrote a letter to Albert Jones who was organizing a Handcart Veterans Association reunion. In the letter, Woodward indicated: "Our butcher died, so I became butcher."

³A letter written by William M. Read on March 21, 1856, indicates to his children that he was given only two days notice to prepare to leave. He was concerned about his daughter, Amelia, being left without help with her boys, as her husband "went away and told no one" where he was. In the letter, addressed to "Dear Children," William asked, "Is he with you?" Amelia's husband, William Henry Bailey, was said to be a roamer, and he may have gone out to sea.

CAROLINE REEDER

Born: 1839 England (died on October 15, 1856, one mile past Independence Rock)

Age: 17

Willie Handcart Company

Caroline was traveling with her father, David (age 54), her brother, Robert (19), her sister, Eliza, and Eliza's husband, James Hurren, and their 4 children. Caroline's mother had died when she was a newborn, leaving five children motherless. She grew up on the farm of a Mr. Read, where her father was a laborer. It was here that her sister, Eliza, met and married James Hurren. James and Eliza lived with the Reeder family and helped to take care of them.

Caroline walked along the trail with her family. She was a great friend to her nieces. They remembered with fondness how she encouraged and helped and sang with them along the way.

As the nights began to turn cold and food became scarce, their clothing and bedding became altogether insufficient for their comfort. Nearly all suffered at night from the cold. Instead of getting up in the morning strong and refreshed many were seen crawling out of their tents looking haggard and showing a lack of the vitality that they would need to complete the journey. Death was not confined to the old and sick, but also struck the young and strong. Caroline's father died October 1, just past Fort Laramie. The Willie Company Journal recorded that day: "The Handcart Company rolled out of Camp about noon and the 4 wagons then turned back to an elevated spot of ground commanding a full view of the Fort. ... Early this morning Bro David Reeder died, aged 54. ... Some missionaries from Salt Lake passed by our camp & informed us that Brother P.P. Pratt & other missionaries were camped about 4 miles from us up the river."

Levi Savage also wrote of this day: "Platte River. This morning Brother David Reader was found dead in his bed. He has been ill for some time. He had no particular disease, but of debility. He was a good man and a worthy member of the Church."

Two weeks later, on October 15, Levi Savage also wrote of Caroline's death: "Sweet Water. Today we travelled fifteen and a half miles. Last night Caroline Reeder, aged seventeen years, died and was buried this morning.¹ The people are getting weak and failing very fast. A great many are sick. Our teams are also failing fast, and it requires great exertion to make any progress. Our rations were reduced last night."

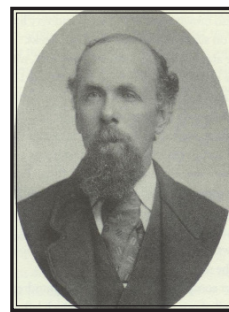
Caroline and her father had suffered greatly, but were spared the severe storms and complete depletion of rations that were yet to come. The Willie company became stranded in deep snow near the Sweetwater River just four days after Caroline's death. Three days later, they were helped by rescuers across Rocky Ridge in freezing cold and on to Rock Creek, where 13 people were buried in a common grave.

Caroline's brother, Robert, wrote: "Nights were getting colder and some would sit down by the roadside and die. My younger sister, Caroline, 17 years old, after traveling all day and seeing the camp being made for the night took off her apron to tie some sage brush in to bring into the camp. She sat down to rest, leaning on her bundle, exhausted. They found her chilled and dying and carried her into camp. She died without gaining consciousness. She, too, was placed in an unmarked grave."

Also from Reeder family records, this entry is found, possibly written by James Hurren, Caroline's brother-in-law: "On October [14th], your sister, Caroline, left the camp one evening to hunt for wood—she was chilled through and through. As she did not return, I went in search and found her crouched down behind a bush. But I was too late. She was departed. All we could do was to lay her tenderly away as best we could."

¹ "Last night" could have meant Oct. 14 or 15. The company journal for Oct. 15 states: "Early this morning, Caroline Reeder, from Linstead, Suffolk, England, aged 17 years, died. The campground where Caroline is buried is one mile west of Independence Rock."

ROBERT REEDER



Born: 1837 England

Age: 19

Willie Handcart Company

From Robert's own writings we learn much about this trek:

I embraced the Gospel 5 May 1852 and was anxious to gather with the Saints in the valleys of the mountains where my brother, George, and sister, Mary, had gone in 1853. We were always talking and wishing to be with them, not having any idea of the trials and hardships to be endured along the way in completing the journey. But being moved by the spirit of gathering, my father, David Reeder, my younger sister, Caroline, my sister Eliza, and her husband, James Hurren, with their three little girls from 2 to 8 years of age, started for Liverpool where we met with others from different parts. There were 721 persons very much all on the same errand.

On the 5th of May we sailed out from Liverpool, England, on the great ocean, which took us a little over six weeks to cross. I was very sick on the way and could not eat such food as they had on "seafare," which consisted of what they called sea biscuits and salt pork and salt beef, also brown sugar and vinegar and very little other food. I got very feeble living principally on sugar and vinegar for three weeks.

I was glad when we arrived at Castle Garden, New York, where we could get a piece of bread once more. We rested here a few days, then pursued our journey by railroad and steamboats, changing from one to the other until we arrived at the Iowa camping ground, where we had to lay over two or three weeks waiting for our outfits.

The Church had a herd of cattle there, which was at the time a general fitting out place. While laying over there, we had to herd those cattle night and day. There were lots of us to change off if all would have taken a part, but it was a very rainy country and some would not take their part, especially in the nighttime. I can well remember those who had charge used to come to us and say, "Will you go and herd again tonight as we cannot get anyone else to go." Me and my father and my brother-in-law, James Hurren, have gone three and four nights out of a week in the pouring rain, wet through from head to foot and in the water part of the time up to our knees—anything to help get fitted out and started on the road.

Eventually we got our outfits of four wagons with ox teams loaded with flour which was calculated to take us to Salt Lake City, making calculations for 60 days and one pound of flour for each grown person per day and half that for all children under 12 years of age. Besides that we had one wagon with four mules loaded with bacon and groceries for the trip and one saddle pony belonging to an elder returning home which was used for hunting campgrounds, and the rest were handcarts, about 120. As a general thing, one to each family, in some cases two young men and two young women to each. Those with handcarts were loaded with their baggage and children that were not able to walk. The company comprised of about 500 people [when they left Iowa City]. In this way we travelled to what was called Florence and this side of the Missouri River. We were again detained waiting for some Independent emigrants who wanted to travel with us as it was very dangerous to cross the plains in those times—one thousand miles of wild Indian country. ...

When we got out about three hundred miles on the road, our cattle stampeded, most all of our best oxen leaving, which left us in a bad state to move any farther. We stayed there for several days, hunting as far as we dared to go to find some of our cattle but could not find any, believing the Indians must have driven them away. Then some of the flour was taken out of the wagons and put on the handcarts according to the strength of the party drawing them. Some had one, others two or three, and, if my memory serves me right, Brother Hurren, being considered the strongest man in the company, had had five sacks put on his cart besides two small girls that were not able to walk and all his baggage and cooking utensils. His wife helped in pulling the cart and walked the entire trail. We made up with the few cattle we had left, one yoke of cattle and one cow to each wagon, and on account of weak teams and handcarts loaded too heavy, we traveled only a few miles each day. Our provisions were going fast while we were making but little headway. Our rations had to be cut down to half and some were sick with bowel and other sickness.

My father, David Reeder, would start out in the morning and pull his cart until he would drop on the road. He did this day after day until he did not arise early on October 1 1856. He was found dead in his bed, and his fellow bedmate had not heard a thing during the night. Sister Eliza wrapped a cherished sheet around him, and we placed him in a shallow grave, hoping the wolves would not disturb. We must go on our way in silent mourning and in a weakened condition.

Our rations were growing shorter, and we reduced them by common consent from day to day. Nights were getting colder, and some would sit down by the roadside and die. My younger sister, Caroline, seventeen years old, after traveling all day and seeing the camp being made for the night, took off her apron to tie some sagebrush in to bring into the camp. She sat down to rest, leaning on her bundle, exhausted. They found her chilled and dying and

carried her to camp. She died without gaining consciousness. She, too, was placed in an unmarked grave near Three Crossings—Sweetwater. She died the evening of October 15, 1856.¹ Her death was another real loss to us, but we must hurry on in threatening weather and colder nights on the Windriver Pass. So it was with others, as many as thirteen being buried in one grave at one time. I think fully one hundred died on this trip.

On October 17, we awoke covered with eight inches of snow and rations about gone.² We pulled our carts sixteen miles in a blinding snowstorm and arrived at Rock Creek, where we sheltered against the hill as best we could to avoid the north wind and blowing snow. Weakened to such an extent and without food, thirteen died that night. All the able-bodied men dug one large grave, but not too deep. My brother-in-law, James Hurren, held out his eight-year-old girl, Mary, to see her little playmate lying among the dead. They were laid in the clothes they wore, in a circle with feet to center and heads out. We covered them with willows and then earth and slid rocks down the hill to keep the wolves from disturbing them. Two of the men who helped dig the grave died and were buried in another nearby. We could go no further. The weather was severe and we had not a morsel of food in camp. We had heard assistance was on the road and we still had hopes.

We had one pony and one mule that were not entirely exhausted and two of the men took these animals and started out to find some relief which they did after traveling to Pacific Springs. The relief party had laid over at Pacific Springs because of the storm, not knowing the dire straits in which the handcart company was at the time. When they heard the report, they left part of the wagons, doubled up teams and came to us as quickly as possible. They reached us after we had been in camp 48 hours. They dared not give us much food for fear of killing us all, which most likely [it would] have done with the few that were left. Potato peelings and rawhide off old handcarts were good if we could get it. I myself, set by the campfire with Brother Hurren and scraped and singed the hair off a piece of hide, some that had been taken off discarded handcarts that had been pulled through the sands hundreds of miles. It was hard but we would boil and soften them and cut them up in small pieces and put in our pockets to chew on the road the next day and it helped to keep life in us.

Through snow and wind we mostly walked behind the relief wagons about three hundred miles to Salt Lake City and arrived on Public Square November 9, 1856. We stopped for about two hours, and many of the Church authorities came and talked to us. Then we were given over to the bishops of the different wards. Each bishop took a few, whom they saw got some kind of work to pay for their keep during the winter. I went out under Bishop Weiler, but I did not stay long. I had a brother, George, in Brigham City, and with my brother-in-law, James Hurren, I started to walk there. My brother-in-law was stronger than I and he soon left me behind. I remember a good lady who took me in one night and fed me when I was almost worn out. That was Sister Bankhead and she lives in Wellsville now (1917). Some day I hope to see her again and let her know how that I shall always be thankful for the food and shelter she gave me that night.

In the summer of 1857, we heard of the coming of Johnston's army, and the man I was working for, Claudius V. Spencer, sent me to represent him at Echo Canyon. I was not there long until I became so badly afflicted with rheumatics that I could not move a limb; could not even feed myself. Then we moved back to Provo Bottoms until the soldiers passed through Salt Lake, then we came back.

It was the fall of 1858 that I was first in Cache Valley. There were no houses here anywhere at that time, except a few at Wellsville. They were log huts and all built together so that one would protect the other from the cold winter.

Robert Reeder crossed the plains several other times—twice to bring immigrants from the Missouri River, and an undetermined number of times bringing cattle, before and after the railroad. While on the first trip he found the grave of his father, David Reeder. Robert married Lydia Wilkinson in 1861 and Ellen Flatt in 1872. He became the father of fourteen children. He was a cattle man, butcher, deputy sheriff, and hay merchant.

¹ The company journal for Oct. 15 states: "Early this morning, Caroline Reeder, from Linstead, Suffolk, England, aged 17 years, died. Levi Savage wrote in his journal for Oct. 15: "Sweet Water. Today we travelled fifteen and a half miles. Last night Caroline Reeder, aged seventeen years, died and was buried this morning." The campground where Caroline is buried is one mile west of Independence Rock. It was the first day the company reached the Sweetwater River and crossed it.

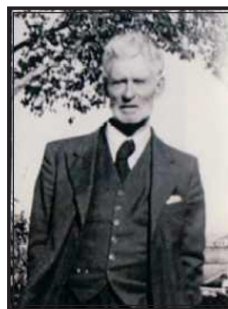
² On October 18, the Willie Company camped near the fifth crossing of the Sweetwater River. The next good water source was 16 miles away, so the Company needed to get through in one day. It was at this last camp that the rations were completely depleted and the snowstorm overnight October 19-20 further stranded the company. It was here that James Willie and Joseph Elder left the company in search of the rescuers. When they returned with a few of them, the company then pushed on, the second day crossing Rocky Ridge and on to Rock Creek, in a "blinding snowstorm."

JAMES REID

Born: 12 Jan 1816 Scotland

Age: 40

McArthur and Willie Handcart Companies



James and Elizabeth Cummings Reid

It seems that James Reid was destined for bad luck in 1856. Full of hope and the spirit of gathering, he brought his family from Scotland to England, where they sailed on the ship *Enoch Train* with other emigrating Saints on March 22, 1856. Elder James Ferguson presided over the Saints on board the ship and Daniel Duncan McArthur, newly released President of the Dundee Mission, was returning to Utah with them.

The Reid family at this time consisted of James, a skilled and noted shoemaker, his wife, Elizabeth Cummings (age 32), daughters, Elizabeth (11) and Mary (3), and sons, James, Jr. (6) and John (16 months). After arriving at the terminus of the railroad in Iowa City, Iowa, the Reid family prepared their handcarts and tents to travel with the Daniel D. McArthur handcart company. They left Iowa City on June 11 with a company of about 500 Saints and soon arrived at Florence, Nebraska, 300 miles away. From here the company would strike out across the wilderness 1,000 more miles to the Salt Lake Valley.

During the time this company camped at Florence, James Reid's identity was mistaken by a man named Kimball, for another man who was about the same build and height. Kimball pulled out a pistol and shot James in the hip. Fellow traveler, Patrick Twiss Bermingham, recorded it this way: "Wednesday, July 16. [1856] Brother Reid was shot in the leg by a Gentile." The Reid family then was forced to lay over in Florence until James could travel. They elected to continue their journey with the Willie handcart company which arrived on August 11 and departed Florence on August 18, 1856. The time spent recuperating from the gunshot wound put the Reid family at their destination about two months later than the McArthur Company.

Within a month, the company began to experience frosty nights along the North Platte River which they followed. Food became short and rationing began the first week of October. The days were very warm until about the middle of October when food was all but gone and early winter storms descended on the company. One night young Elizabeth was attempting to get water from a stream where a hole had been cut in the ice. She slipped and fell through the ice. She was rescued by William Kimball, who was leading the Willie company after being found on October 21. Her parents worked with her all night, taking turns warming blankets over the campfire to keep her alive and as comfortable as possible. The exposure cost Elizabeth her two big toes and James had his fingers badly frozen. When the snow became too deep for James to trudge through with his bad hip, he was placed on a handcart to ride.

Before the rescuers came with food and assistance, the Reid family had shaken out their flour sacks several times in order to make a thin gruel for the children. Desperately needed bedding and other items prepared in Scotland was left along the trail in order to lighten their loads and speed them on their way.

Sister Reid often spoke of one day when she was impressed to put the kettle on the hook above the fire. Several people in camp came to her saying, "Oh, Sister Reid, have you something to eat?" She replied, "No, I haven't anything yet, but when the kettle boils, I think something will be here." Elizabeth reported that soon after making this statement "we saw a rider coming away off in the distance. He came with enough food to save the starving souls so that they would not get sick—just enough to stay their hunger until the wagons came."

(James Reid - Page 2)

By this time, Sister Reid was so weak and malnourished, that when she nursed her infant son, she would faint. The baby nursed blood instead of milk.

The main rescue party finally met the Willie company and brought them back over the Rocky Ridge to their camp at Rock Creek on the 23rd of October. Little Mary turned four years old on this day, probably riding much of the way in the handcart, with a blizzard for a birthday present. The Willie company buried 13 people in a common grave at Rock Creek the next morning. Mary became ill with "mountain fever" about this time.

Due to their suffering and injuries, James was not able to work for many months. When they arrived in Salt Lake City, the family was cared for by James's mother and step-father, James and Mary Murray Reid Muir, who had arrived in the Valley in 1853. Little Mary always remembered this arrival. As she was lifted from the wagon and placed into Grandfather Muir's arms, she collapsed into unconsciousness and was ill for several weeks. She remembered opening her eyes one morning to see her little brother, John, eating a big slice of bread and jelly. She cried for some but was too ill to eat it. Her Grandmother Muir said, "Mary, you can have a whole loaf as soon as you are well enough to eat it." When the family moved into their first little one-room cabin, Elizabeth said, "No Queen was ever more proud of her palace."

The Reid family survived to reach their Zion in the Rocky Mountains. Two more baby girls, Margaret Ann and Isabell, were born to James and Elizabeth in 1860 and 1862, and a son, Robert, was born in 1867.

James Reid lived to be 70 years old. He died in Smithfield, Cache County, Utah, in 1886 on his birthday. Elizabeth lived another 24 years. She died at her daughter's home in Idaho



Elizabeth Cummings Reid
in the snow

Sources: "The Reids Come To America," personal histories (unpublished) by Mable A. Peterson, Margaret Moss, Elizabeth Reid, and others, compiled by Quenalee Nelson, February 2006; familysearch.org; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website, McArthur Handcart Company sources; Birmingham, Twiss, "To Utah--By Hand," *American Legion Magazine*, July 1937, 27, 58-61: (16TH JULY: Brother Reid shot in the leg by a "Gentile."); familysearch.org.



Elizabeth Reid
(Robert Smith) (George Smith)



Mary Reid (Lindsay)



John Cummings Reid

JEMIMA BROWN ROGERS

Born: 1803 England

Age: 53

Willie Handcart Company



Jemima was born on April 13, 1803, at Earlstoke, Wiltshire, England. Jemima had very little education as a girl. Many children were put to work in factories instead of being sent to school. Jemima did participate in the local celebration of the coronation of Queen Victoria in June of 1837.

Jemima married and had a son named Thomas who was born in 1824. Her husband died when Thomas was just a child. Jemima later married Francis Baker Rogers, but was left a widow the second time when her husband died in 1854.

The elders found Jemima in her native land and she was baptized in 1844. She faithfully saved all she could during the next twelve years in order to join the Saints in Utah. Her son, Thomas, had emigrated to Utah earlier, and with his help she was able to sail on the ship *Thornton* with her adopted daughter, Elizabeth (8) for their promised land in Utah.

Jemima and Elizabeth joined the Willie handcart company to cross the plains. They faced many complications from their carts falling apart, the lack of adequate food and warm clothing, and the early winter storms. This was a very hard trip for the 53-year-old Jemima and her young daughter. Jemima said that when their food was gone, all that was left were unground kernels of black pepper, called peppercorns, which only kept their stomachs warm but did not stop hunger.

Jemima used all the extra clothing and covering she had to keep little “Lizzie” from freezing. Jemima suffered such exposure herself that her scalp was badly frozen and all her hair fell out. She wore various little black lace caps the rest of her life.

Jemima and Elizabeth survived this difficult journey. Jemima raised her daughter to be a very fine young lady. Elizabeth married the honorable James Sharp, mayor of Salt Lake City. Jemima lived with them in a mansion on Brigham Street until about 1885. She then moved to North Ogden and lived with her son and his family until her death on January 25, 1891. She was 87 years old. She had done much good in Zion and her faith and testimony were unwavering.

Source: familysearch.org; Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files. There is also a Bible that belonged to Jemima on display in the history room at the DUP history museum in Salt Lake City.

Commissioned by descendants of Jemima, *Closely Knit* depicts Jemima training “Lizzie” in home arts.



Lizzie, about age 5



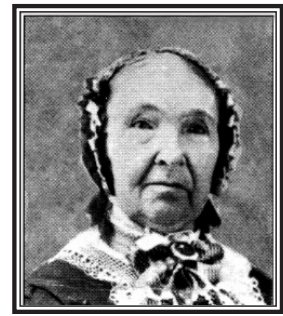
Closely Knit
©Julie Rogers
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ANN JEWELL ROWLEY

Born: 1807 England

Age: 48

Willie Handcart Company



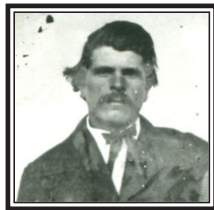
The Rowley family children were brought to Zion by their courageous, 48-year-old widowed mother, Ann Jewell Rowley. Her husband, William, had died in 1848, partly from the effects of persecution after he joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Ann's children traveling with her were Louisa (age 18), Elizabeth (16), John (14), Samuel (12), Richard (11), Thomas (10), and Jane (7). Her stepdaughter, Eliza Rowley (32), also came with her. The family all made it to Zion with the exception of Eliza, who died at the "Fifth Crossing" of the Sweetwater River on October 19, 1856. This was the day the winter storms began and the Willie company, severely weakened, and out of provisions, had come to a grinding halt to await a rescue. It was also Eliza's 33rd birthday. Eliza was spared the tortuous trek over Rocky Ridge that the rest of her family had to face only four days after her death.¹ The following excerpts from Ann's biography tell a little of her life and faith, and reasons for leaving her home in England:

"I married William Rowley 22 Aug 1836. I was 29 years old at the time. ... William was a widower with 7 children. I was considered an old maid. I was uneducated, but an excellent seamstress. I sewed for my wealthy sister, making her gowns and draperies. William was 50 years old, but I loved him, this great man and his children. I thought I had made a good catch. He was fairly well-to-do. He had a beautiful home in a place called 'Mars Hill,' in the Parish of Buckley, Worcestershire, England. We made our living selling 'Hops and Fruits.' We were members of a religious body called the 'United Brethren.' There was more than 600 of us. ... We were continually praying for light and truth.

"Before our first child was born, we were privileged to hear a man named Wilford Woodruff proclaim a new gospel message. We really went to hear this man because we were curious and because we had heard that the Church of England had sent a constable to arrest him, but this man had converted him instead. Then the church sent two spies who were commissioned to set in on the meetings and report back. They too were converted, so the church dared not send anyone else. We all wanted to hear this astonishing man. We had only to hear him once and William and I knew with all our hearts that he was offering us a priceless treasure. We accepted his offer and were baptized into the 'Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.' All but one of the 600 members of the United Brethren were converted and baptized at the time. ...

"We dreamed of going to Zion, where we could be with the main body of the Saints, but money was the problem here too. ... William was never to see Zion ... he died when Jane was 6 months old [February 14, 1848]. I was left a widow with 7 children under 12 years of age and the stepchildren of William's first marriage. I was very grateful for the gospel of Jesus Christ and the comfort it gave me. I knew that our parting was only temporary and that viewed from the eternities, this was but a fleeting moment. I also knew that no matter how fleeting a moment it was, I had to make the best of it. I had a very real job to do. The children had to be fed and clothed, but the big task and the one I must accomplish, is to get us all to Zion. I must be among the people of my faith and I must get the Temple work done for us. Each person that could earn money at all, was required to work. ... Samuel was only 7 and John 9, but they worked in a brick yard tramping mud, to be used for bricks. I would help the little fellows across a narrow dangerous bridge to go to work at daylight and at night I would meet them and help them home. The girls, even 11 year old Elizabeth, worked late in the night making kid gloves, doing mock frocking and other needlework. We did this in our home. Then at the end of the week, I would take them to market where they were sold to the gentry. Our savings were meager [but] with the perpetual aid fund, we were able to book passage. ... Only one of my stepchildren sailed with us, Eliza, a sweet girl, with very frail health. ...



Samuel Rowley

"We were delayed in Iowa City. Handcarts had to be made, supplies gathered, oxen caught and broken to pull the heavy supply wagons, everything that even hinted of being a luxury, must be eliminated. There were many keepsakes that I wanted to take, but couldn't. But there was one thing I didn't consider a luxury and that was my feather-bed. ... no matter how I folded it, it was too bulky. ... But a feather-bed is a feather-bed and when it came to choosing between Zion and a feather-bed, well it was a little too late to turn my back on Zion, so I ripped it open and emptied the feathers on the ground and used the tick to cover the supplies on the handcart. ...

"There came a time when there seemed to be no food at all. Some of the men left to hunt buffalo. Night was coming and there was no food for the evening meal. I asked God's help as I always did. I got on my knees, remembering two hard sea biscuits that were still in my trunk. ... They were not large, and were so hard they couldn't be broken. Surely, that was not enough to feed 8 people, but 5 loaves and 2 fishes were not enough to feed 5,000 people either, but through a miracle, Jesus had done it. So, with God's help, nothing is impossible. I found the biscuits and put them in a dutch oven and covered them with water and asked for God's blessing, then I put the lid on the pan and set it on the coals. When I took off the lid a little later, I found the pan filled with food. I kneeled with my family and thanked God for his goodness. That night my family had sufficient food. ...

"The last time we crossed the Platte River, Samuel's clothes were soaked. By the time he got to camp it was sundown and

(Ann Rowley - Page 2)

his clothes were frozen so stiff he could hardly move. I wrapped a blanket around him and he stood by the fire, while I dried his clothing. ... I watched with alarm, my stepdaughter Eliza, grow weaker each day. She was never very strong. I had always devoted a lot of love and care to her, but she passed away one day and was buried off to the side of the trail. Her long journey was at an end, but ours had a long way yet to go. John, being the oldest boy, had borne the brunt of the hard work. I was grateful for my faith in God, for it was only through this faith, that I was able to carry on at all. I confess, it seemed at times, the Lord had deserted us. I watched John, so cold, drowsy and sick, want to lie down in his tracks, never to rise again. I had to stand helplessly while Captain Willie whipped him, to make him go on. Gladly, would I have taken the whipping myself.

"In traveling at night, in the frost of that altitude, Thomas's right hand froze while he was pushing on the back of the cart and when we stopped at night and his hand got warm, it swelled up, as Samuel said, 'like a toad.' [Thomas] could finally go no farther and I felt my heart would break as I saw him laying beside the trail, waiting for the sick wagon. By the time he was picked up, his body was frozen in two places. That night, 12 people died and the next morning, 3 people joined them. I always thought, I shall be the happiest person, if I could reach Zion, with all my children alive.

"However, the Lord had not deserted us and I was ashamed for thinking for a moment, he had. ... Hope came to us. ... When the rescue party found us ... it was good to see my family eat again. ... Cyrus H. Wheelock ... met us with the provisions and he could not hold back the tears when he saw the condition of our company. With wagons to help us, we unloaded our carts. Samuel felt he could pull our handcart by himself and perhaps it would be useful when we got to the valley. He tried, but the trail was so rough and mud balled up on the wheels. I was very weary of the thing and was glad to see the family push it to one side and leave it. I think none of us cared to see it again. We were able to ride on the wagons when we went downhill and I think that everyone enjoyed that. ... I thanked God ... that the ordeal was over. The last few days I was especially eager to reach the valley, as I had suffered an accident, a piece of sagebrush had gotten into my eye. It was very painful. I was very glad to be where I could get it extracted."



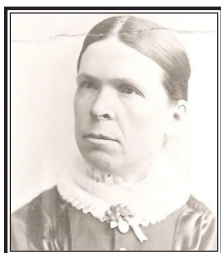
Looking at Mars Hill from the back of the Rowley home in England
(photo courtesy Bernard Haw)

Ann had courageously fulfilled her "dream of going to Zion," with great faith and trust in God. Within ten years Ann had remarried twice and been widowed twice. She was blessed by both of these husbands who she reported were very good to her. Ann ended her story by noting that she "learned to read and write after I came to Utah."

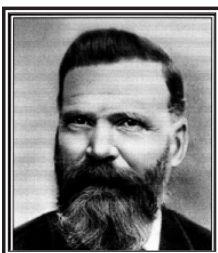
All members of the Rowley family sustained and supported one another throughout their lives. They continued their father's business of fruit farming, as well as many other worthy and successful endeavors in their pioneering years. In spite of their continuing challenges, including some with the Hole-in-the-Rock Expedition, Richard Rowley summarized their family's experience with these words of faith: "By the protecting care of the Lord we were preserved to gather with the Saints in the valleys of the Mountains. ... As a boy I had faith in the Gospel and great respect for the authorities of the church and always had courage to defend them in my weak way. On January 29, 1864, I was ordained an Elder and I have assisted in many ways in making Parowan what it is now. In the winter of 1865 I was called to drive an ox team down the Missouri River to bring emigrants to Utah. I was honored with the call and ... performed the duties of my mission to the best of my ability."

Sources: *Some Early Pioneers of Huntington, Utah and Surrounding Area*, James Albert Jones, 1980; "Autobiography of Ann Jewell Rowley," <http://aprilsancestry.com/RowleyWilliam.html>; *Rowley Family Histories: Treasures of Truth from the Lives of William and Ann Jewell Rowley and Their Children, 1835-1930*, compiled by Frank Richardson, 1992; *The Price We Paid*, by Andrew D. Olsen, 2006; "Richard Rowley," autobiography. See *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, Deseret Book, 2013, for artwork and more Rowley family stories.

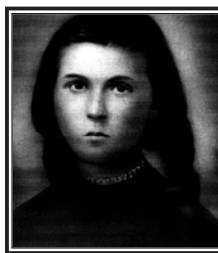
¹"Though the official diary of the company records her death in a single sentence, we could easily underestimate the significance of her death in the lives of Ann Rowley and her children. Eliza was like another mother or older sister to the Rowley children. They had never known life without her. In later years, they wrote of her with reverence and emotion. They named their children after her. It is clear from Rowley family histories that they felt her loss deeply. ... As descendants of these unusually dedicated people, we unitedly raise a cry of tribute to this courageous soul who perished in the act of gathering to Zion in obedience to the counsel of God's prophets. ... [She] walked nearly a thousand miles before she succumbed to hunger, cold, and exhaustion. She died only hours before help arrived. ... God bless us to remember her sacrifice." (*Rowley Family Histories*, p. 55-56)



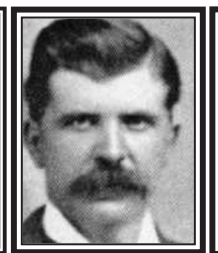
Elizabeth Rowley



John Rowley



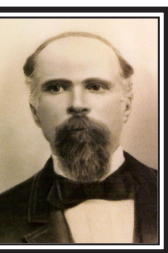
Jane Rowley



Thomas Rowley



Louisa Rowley



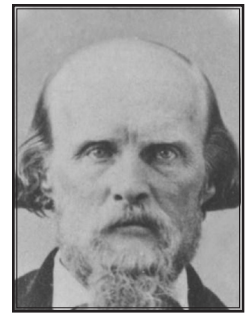
Richard Rowley

LEVI SAVAGE

Born: 1820 Ohio, America

Age: 36

Willie Handcart Company



Beginning with his mission in 1852, Levi Savage kept a daily diary. It survives in the archives at Brigham Young University as the only extant primary source document for Willie company history by a member of that company. Levi Savage is typically recognized in Willie handcart history for speaking his mind in a meeting at Florence, Nebraska, on August 13, 1856. Levi recorded in his diary similar instances during his life where he spoke his mind honestly. Yet once he made his opinions known, he was willing to humbly follow the counsel of his leaders and publicly repent if it seemed to be needed. (Referring to a disagreement prior to this August 13 meeting, Levi wrote, “I asked Bro Willeys and the Saints forgiveness, for all that I had said and done wrong.”) From his efforts with the Mormon Battalion in 1846-47, to his missionary activities in Burma from 1852-56, to his faithful service in the Willie handcart company and to the end of his life, Levi Savage Jr. was known for faithfulness in serving others.

Levi Savage was the second of fifteen children, born just two weeks after the family’s comfortable home and fine furnishings burned to the ground. The family rebuilt, and eventually moved to Michigan where Mormon missionaries from Nauvoo visited the family. The family embraced the gospel, and after the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, “decided to seek a home in the then unknown western wilds of the Rocky Mountains.” In his autobiography, Levi wrote:

“My father and mother, being members of the church, decided to share the weals and woes of the exiled saints. ... So we prepared as well as we could for a long journey into a strange and to us wholly unknown country. ... We bid adieu to the old homestead in Van Buren County, Michigan, and directed our course westward, not knowing the place of destination, only we expected to locate somewhere in the western wilds of the Rocky Mountains. ... At Council Bluffs, Missouri River, we met Colonel Allen, a United States Officer, offering to enlist 500 men from the Mormon immigrants in the United States Army against Mexico. Notwithstanding our government allowed us, the Mormons, to be mobbed from our homes; our leaders, Brigham Young and the council advised the enlistment, or at least approved of it, and the battalion of 500 was raised. I ... was one of the ones to enlist for one year. ... We marched on foot 200 miles down the River Missouri to Fort Leavenworth; thence, to Santa Jose 1100 miles, then to San Diego some 1400 miles, thence 300 miles to Los Angeles, lower California. Our year enlistment was expired and here we were discharged and started for home. But we knew nothing of the whereabouts of our home or friends.”

Levi arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on October 16, 1847. His mother had died on the westward trek, but his father and younger brother, Mathew, had arrived about three weeks before Levi. Jane Mathers had worked as a cook for Levi’s father on this trek. “I had formed some acquaintance with this Miss Jane Mathers while traveling from the vicinity of Nauvoo to Council Bluff. We renewed our acquaintance and on the 23rd day of January 1848, I married her. ... On the 11th of January 1851 she gave birth to my first child, a son. ... On the 29th day of December 1851 his mother died, and on the last day of the year she was buried.”

At the October conference of the Church in 1852, Levi was called on a mission to Siam. “I was called with Elders Ludington, Bly, Dewey and Chancey West. ... I left my little boy ... with my sister Hannah, the wife of Ira Eldrege.”

Aboard the ship *Monsoon*, which departed from San Francisco, Levi recorded his feelings: “Our gallant ship, propelled by a gentle breeze, steered her course across the boisterous deep for our places of destination; leaving behind us our much loved native land. The shores now rose with gentle hills behind us. ... This view brought fresh to our minds past scenes, both pleasant and unpleasant which caused deep, sensitive feelings and varied reflections in the minds and breasts of every Elder on board. But the shades of night soon hid from our natural view the pleasant landscape of our native country and each sought his own place for meditation, and there reflected upon the comforts of his home, the affections of his beloved wife and children or friends, and the happy communion of the Saints in Zion; all of which blessings he so recently enjoyed. But now he was called to take up his abode in the remote parts of the earth, and for what? For the sake of heaping up gold and silver, or to secure for himself the honors, pomp and splendor of this world? No, verily no! But in obedience to the commands of the Lord to carry the message of truth and proclaim salvation to the benighted and superstitious nations.” [Lightly edited for readability]

(Levi Savage - page 2)

Due to war and other problems, Levi never made it to Siam. He arrived in Burma in August, where he and his companions stayed with Brother McCune, the only member of the Church in the area. Levi wrote: "I found a Burmese boy that could talk some English. I made an engagement to teach me Burmese and I would teach him English. He is 13 years old and can read and write well." Levi's diary shows that he continued to serve with great dedication in Burma as well as in Calcutta, India. He wrote in a matter-of-fact manner about visiting the natives in these countries and eating the fish and rice prepared by them in their "filthy manner." The many unsanitary and primitive conditions, however, did not keep Levi from praying for these "friends" and loving them as he attempted to teach them the gospel. Neither did it muffle Levi's sense of humor. He recorded: "September 25, 1854, Monday, Karane Village. This morning when I awoke I could only find a part of myself for during the night the mosquitos had carried away a large portion by piecemeals."

Levi arranged for a translation of the Pearl of Great Price, which at that time included Joseph Smith's account of The First Vision, into the Burmese language. He also organized a school where he taught English. He did have some baptisms, but mostly despaired of any successful feelings. He struggled with the traditions and superstitions of Buddhism which taught that "the height of happiness ... is annihilation of both soul and body." Some acknowledged Levi's teachings as "good" but refused to believe that God was not dead or that He gave revelations. Levi wrote on April 23, 1855: "My faith in regard to their receiving the gospel has become much shaken and my hopes nearly blasted. When I think upon the untiring exertions and the long continued efforts to introduce the gospel among them and without the least success or prospects of success, it is truly discouraging."

Levi began his return journey in October of 1855 aboard the ship *Herbert*. After a rather unpleasant voyage, he arrived in Boston in February 1856. He recorded: "The wind had increased into a perfect gale and the sea was foaming mad and running mountains high in the most irregular form imagineable. When the sea broke upon the ship it would shake and tremble with great violence from stem to stern. As she rode over them, she was lifted high into the air and would drop with great force as if she would go to the bottom. She took great quantities of water in over her bow, over her stern and over both sides, which was dashed from one side to the other with great violence. ... There was scarcely a dry place there to be found. As she rolled from her beam ends on one side to her beam ends on the other, trunks, boxes and lamp from the bunk, which had heretofore remained perfectly secure, were now hurled from their places and thrown across the cabin with great force. The ship screamed and cracked as if she was breaking in pieces. Some of her bulkhead was carried away and a small leak was started in her stern, but that was soon stopped. All on board now carried long faces, I assure you.

"I went into my room and offered up my prayer ... but whether we would sink or swim was uncertain to me. ... Sleep was utterly out of the question for the cracking and crashing noises that the seas made as they broke upon and beat against our ship, her violent tremblings and the heaving and springing of her decks as they struck her in the stern, gave us to fully understand that she could not endure such knocks long. Her continual rolling ... raised [her stern] so high in the air that she stood nearly erect in end [and] made [it] utterly impossible for a man to either lay, sit or stand without bracing against or holding on to something. ... I certainly thank the Lord for landing me safely on my native shores again."

Levi worked and preached in America until June when the *Thornton* arrived with about 500 Saints of the James G. Willie company. Levi assisted Captain Willie in leading this group from New York to Iowa City. Levi was then asked to continue with the handcart company to Utah. On July 11, 1856, Levi recorded his response to this request: "Today, agreeable to council, I reported myself to Brother Daniel Spencer, the agent for forwarding the Saints. He requires my assistance, and I commenced." Levi served as a sub-captain over a group of 100.

The company left Iowa City and traveled about 300 miles on the first leg of their journey. When the company reached Florence, Nebraska Territory, there was a meeting held to discuss the viability of continuing the last 1,000 miles of their journey. Levi recorded his feelings of concern:

(Levi Savage - Page 3)

“Camp of the Saints, Florence Nebraska Territory Tuesday 12 Aug 1856 Today we commenced preparing for our jour[ney] and ascertaining who wishes to go on this fall and who wishes to remain here. Many are a going to stop. Others are faltering, and I myself am not in favor of, but much opposed to taking women & children through, destitute of clothing, when we all know that we are bound to be caught in the snow, and severe cold weather, long before we reach the valley. I have expressed my feelings, in part, to Brother McGaw; Willey; & Atwood. Brother Atwood said to me last night that since he had been a member of this Church, with all of his experience, he had never been placed in a position where things appear so dark to him, as it does to undertake to take this company through at this late season of the year.”

“Florence Nebraska T^u Wednesday 13th Aug 1856 Today we continued preparations for starting. Evening we held meeting in camp. Brother Willey exhorted the Saints to go forward regardless of suffering even to death. After he had spoken, he gave me the opportunity of speaking. I said to him that if I spoke I must speak my mind, let it cut where it would. He said certainly do so. I then related to the Saints the hardships that we should have to endure. I said that we were liable to have to wade in snow up to our knees and shovel at night, wrap ourselves in a thin blanket, and lie on the frozen ground without a bed; that it was not like having a wagon, that we could go into, and wrap ourselves in as much as we liked and lie down. No, said I, we are without wagons, destitute of clothing, and could not carry it if we had it. We must go as we are, &tc. The handcart system, I do not condemn. I think it preferable to unbroken oxen and inexperienced teamsters. The lateness of the season was my only objection of leaving this point for the mountains at this time. I spoke warmly upon the subject, but spoke truth, and the people, judging from appearance and after expressions, felt the force of it (but yet, the most of them, determined to go forward if the authorities say go.) Elder Willey then spoke again in reply to what I had said, evidently dissatisfied, and said that the God that he served was a God that was able to save to the uttermost, that was the God that He served; and he wanted no Job’s comforters with him &tc. I then said that what I had said, was truth; and if Elder Willey does not want me to act in the place where I am, he is at full liberty to place another man in my stead, and I would not think hard of him for it; but I did not care what he said about Jobes comforters. I had spoken nothing but the truth, and he and others knew it. Elder Atwood then spoke mildly, and to the purpose. Said that he had been edified in what had been said, &tc. He exhorted the Saints to pray to God and get a revelation, and know for themselves whether [they] should go or stay, &tc. For it was their privilege to know for themselves. The meeting dismissed, all manifesting a good feeling and spirit.” [Lightly edited for readability. Underlined emphasis by Savage.]

Brother Atwood’s mild speaking apparently calmed many of those present at this meeting, although about 100 Saints decided not to continue to Utah that year. The Willie Company was left with about 400 members. Levi Savage remained committed to help them get through. George Cunningham, age 15, wrote: “I remember being at a meeting when Brother Levi Savage, a returning missionary, arose and spoke. He counseled the old, weak, and sickly to stop until another spring. The tears commenced to flow down his cheeks and he prophesied that if such undertook the journey at that late season of the year, their bones would strew the way. At length we started, but the number was greatly reduced, about a hundred remaining [in Florence].”

Emma James, age 18, wrote: “Brother Savage, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he pleaded with the people. ‘Brothers and sisters, wait until spring to make this journey. Some of the strong may get through in case of bad weather, but the bones of the weak and old will strew the way.’ I can remember that when he finished there was a long time of silence. I was frightened. Father looked pale and sick. I turned to mother to see what she was thinking, and all I saw was her old determined look. She was ready to go on tomorrow. There were many others like her. We really didn’t have much choice. There was no work here for us to keep ourselves through the winter, and our family had to live. ‘We must put our trust in the Lord as we have always done,’ said mother, and that was that.”

One poignant recollection of Levi’s service was written by Amasa Linford about the day his father died. The stranded Willie company had been entirely without food for 2 days. Before dawn on October 21, 1856, Levi Savage mixed his own few ounces of flour rations he had saved and fed it to John Linford. Amasa wrote: “While father was sick and just before he died ... Levi Savage emptied his flour sack to make him some skilly as it was called; after eating this he died.”

Other members of the company also recorded Levi’s continuing service:

“Our captains set the example. They would crowd ahead and be the first in the streams to help others across and they were the last out. They waded every stream, I might say, a dozen times between Iowa City and Green River, with the exception of the Missouri River. Their feet were worn and bleeding, they became exhausted and had to be

(Levi Savage - Page 4)

hauled the balance of the way, some of them not being able to stand. Among these heroic leaders were: James Willie, our captain; Milan [Millen] Atwood, Levi Savage, William Woodard [Woodward] and another Danish brother whose name I have forgotten.” [Johan Ahmanson or Neils L. Christiansen] (George Cunningham, age 15)

“Levi Savage ... was I think the best help we had—resolute & determined his whole soul was for the salvation of our company.” (William Woodward, returning missionary and subcaptain)

On the 9th of November, 1856, after being away for four years, Levi had a happy reunion with his son. He was deeply grateful to his brother-in-law and sister for caring for him so well. Levi married Ann Brummel Cooper in 1858. She had also been in the Willie handcart company. He spent the majority of his life in Toquerville, Utah, where he died December 13, 1910.

Sources: “Diary of Levi Savage,” original diary at L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, BYU; *Journey to Zion: Voices From the Mormon Trail*, by Carol Cornwall Madsen, 1997; “They Required My Assistance,” artwork by Julie Rogers, art description at tellmystorytoo.com by Jolene Allphin; *More Than Miracles*, by T.C. Christiansen and Jolene Allphin, Deseret Book, 2012; “Autobiography of Levi Savage,” in *Levi Savage Jr. Journal*, compiled by Lynn M. Hilton, 1996, pgs. xi-xiii; letter from William Woodward to Joseph F. Smith, Utah State Historical Society, Cache Valley Chapter; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; “Autobiography of George Cunningham,” March 29, 1876; “John Chislett and the Chislett Narrative,” by Jolene S. Allphin, unpublished research paper, April 2012. See *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for artwork and more Levi Savage stories and history. Levi Savage is the main character in T.C. Christiansen’s movie *17 Miracles*.

For ready reference, Levi Savage’s diary entries for October 23/24, 1856, are included here.

Thursday <morning> Oct 23^d we beried our dead, got up our teams, and about [4 or 9] oclock A.M. commenced ascending the Rocky Ridg. This was a severe day. The wind blew awful hard, and colde, The ascent was some five miles long, and some places, steep and covered with deep snow, We became wery, set down to rest, and some became chilled, and commenced to frieze, Brothers Atwood; Wooderd; and myself; remained with the teams, they being perfectly loaded down with the sick, and children, so thickly stoeed, I was fearful, some would smuther. About 10 or 11 oclock in the night, we came to a creek that, we did not like to attempt to cross without help, the being ful of ice and freezing colde. Leaving Bros. Atwood and Wooderd with the teams, I started to the camp for help; I met Bro Willey coming to look for us, he turned for the camp as he could do nogood a loan. I passed several on the road, and arived in camp after about four miles travel, I arrived in Camp; but few tents were pitched, and men, women, and children sit shivering with colde around their small fires, Some time alapsed when two teams started to bring up the rear; Just before daylight they returned, bringing all with them, some badly frozen; some dying, and some dead, It was certainly heartrending to hear children crying for mothers, and mothers, crying for children. By the time I got them, as comfortably situated as circumstances would admit- (which was not very comfortable) day was dawning. I had not shut my eyes for sleep, nor lain down, I was nearly exhosted with fatiguae, and want of rest.

Friday 24th; This morning found us with thirteen corps for berral. These were all put into one grave, Some had actually frozen to death, We were <obliged> to remain in camp, move the tents and people behinde the willows to shelter them from the screaching wind, which blew enough to pearce us through. Several of our cattle died here.



They Required My Assistance
by Julie Rogers
(used with permission)

HARRIET AND ELLEN LOUISA SHOWELL

Ages: Harriet 31; Ellen 14
Born: 6 June 1824; 11 June 1841
Willie Handcart Company

Harriet was the oldest and Ellen was the youngest of the five children of Daniel and Elizabeth King Showell of Shepscombe, England. This entire family joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The girls lost a 20-year-old sister to death in Feb. 1848, and their mother died about a month later. Their father died in 1855. Their brother, Edwin, and his wife and children emigrated to Utah in 1866 and another brother at an unknown time. All of the children lived and died in Pleasant Grove, Utah, after arriving in the Salt Lake Valley.

Before leaving England, Harriet had begun work at a very young age as a domestic servant. She worked for the same family for 20 years. She had a sweetheart that she planned to marry, so she served notice to the people for whom she worked that she was leaving. However, Harriet and her fiancé quarreled, the engagement was cancelled, and Harriet returned to her former work.

When the handcart plan became available, and with the help of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund, Harriet and Ellen boarded the ship *Thornton* in May of 1856, bound for their promised land and Zion in the Rocky Mountains of Utah. It is said that they were very anxious to get there. On board the ship was a family by the name of Cobbley. They had an 8-month-old baby named Charles Augustus Cobbley that the Showell sisters assisted in caring for. Perhaps the Cobbley family helped look after the Showell sisters also.

The girls apparently did not fare very well until Harriet secured a position as a cook for Captain Willie in the handcart company. Conditions improved for them until the time that food became scarce and rations dangerously low. Harriet took the hides of dead cattle, scraped the hair off and boiled the hide to make a broth for the camp. The girls suffered a great deal, but both arrived safely in the Valley on November 9, 1856. They had both celebrated birthdays during their emigration.

Harriet went directly to Pleasant Grove to work for a family by the name of Thorne where she stayed until her marriage to Joseph Daniel Davis on August 31, 1857. They worked hard together in their pioneer life and became the parents of three children before Joseph died in 1865. Harriet then married Thomas Wooley about 1868. She supported him while he served a mission in England from 1870-71.

Ellen also went to Pleasant Grove upon arrival and married Steven Martindale Farnsworth three months later. She gave birth to a baby girl in 1860. They named her Cosmelia Ellen. In 1863 she had another baby, but Ellen and the baby both died at this time.

Harriet's daughter, Emma Louise Davis, grew up and fell in love with Charles Augustus Cobbley, the baby Harriet had cared for on the *Thornton*. Charles and Emma's daughter, Sarah Berthena Cobbley, married George Albert Ash. George and Sarah's daughter, Emma Ash, married Clarence Homer Maxwell. Emma and Clarence became the parents of Elder Neal A. Maxwell, beloved apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, their Savior, whom they loved and had sacrificed so much to serve.

Sources: "Harriet Shoell," compiled by Lynn Jones; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; family group sheet for Daniel Shoell and Elizabeth King; familysearch.org.

ANDREW LAFAYETTE SILER

Born: 4 Dec 1824 Tennessee

Age: 31

Willie Company / Independent Wagons

Andrew Siler apparently never kept a diary or wrote an autobiography. Most of what we know of him comes from his descendants and others who wrote about him. We know that he was well over six feet in height. One unknown author describes him as “about seven feet tall and slim as a rail, and wore about a No. 14 shoe. He was awkward and uncouth, but a real man.”¹

In May of 1854, Andrew was called to serve in the “Georgia N. States” mission. In November of that year, he was assigned to help establish an emigration outfitting point on the Missouri River in the newly opened Kansas Territory. This area, which contained groves of hickory trees, became known as Mormon Grove. The activity of the Mormons in this area gave rise to the nearby town of Atchison, Kansas, making it a viable and busy port on the great western bend of the Missouri River. Andrew served the English Saints at Mormon Grove as their Branch President. He was also the foreman for projects such as building a warehouse and several homes, fencing, digging wells, and establishing a large farm for those traveling by the aid of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund.

The political climate in Kansas at this time was rife with issues that would eventually explode into the Civil War. Andrew’s interpretation of these events was expressed in a letter dated January 29, 1856, to the editor of *The Mormon*, a Church publication in the Eastern States:²

To the Editor of the Mormon: DEAR BROTHER – The snow is now two feet deep here, and the weather is cold enough to require fire at all hours. The Missouri river is now frozen over and has been ever since the 24th of December – teams are crossing all the time; unless there is very warm weather, lasting for several days, the river will remain so for some time yet; if the snow extends west to the mountains, the Missouri river will certainly overflow the bottoms this spring. While I write, the conversation in the room is in regard to late fights in Kansas; the war cloud has not entirely blown away yet. The Saints in Atchison and Mormon Grove are enjoying good health, with peace. There is no work, and but little business of any kind doing. I remain, Your Brother in the Covenant, A.L. SILER.

Mormon Grove was finally dissolved when it was stolen at gunpoint by unscrupulous men. One of the original rock houses is still standing and in use today. According to the Kansas Historical Society, the headstones marking the Mormon Grove cemetery graves were later used for foundation stones for the barns of local farmers or otherwise cleared off the land.

In the spring and early summer months of 1856, needed supplies for the support of the season’s emigration were being shipped upriver to Florence, Nebraska. It was here that the Willie handcart company obtained their final outfitting before heading west across the plains. It was also here that Andrew Siler joined with the Willie company. His mission was completed and he was going home to his family in Utah.

Andrew was called to preside over the four or five Independent wagons that also joined the Willie company at Florence. These included the Cantwell, Geary, and Jost families; Christina Anderson, whose parents had died at Mormon Grove;³ the widow, Ravinia Mount Leason⁴, and her baby, William; Lucinda Melissa Davenport, and William Wilford.

During the Willie Company emigration, others wrote of Andrew’s service in presiding over his group. The following are two examples: “Friday, 22 August. During the afternoon Sister Sophia Geary had her left foot run over by Bro. Wilford’s wagon. She was administered to in the evening by Bros. Siler, Cantwell, and Geary, Capt. Siler officiating. He sealed the blessing of health and strength upon her and promised that inasmuch as she would exercise faith she should walk tomorrow. ... Saturday, 23 Aug. ... Sis. Geary walked a considerable distance pursuant to Bro. Siler’s promise.” (William Woodward Journal)

(Andrew Siler – Page 2)

“Capt. Siler and Bros. Jost and [Joseph] Elder by permission went ahead of the Camp in pursuit of Buffalo and succeeded in killing one which was not brought into Camp till about 11 p.m.” (Willie Company Journal)

When the Willie Company was near Ft. Laramie, the decision was made for Andrew’s company to remain at the fort in order to rest and recruit their animals. They continued from Fort Laramie a short time later with the Hodgett wagon company. They were also traveling closely with the Martin handcart company and assisted them in every way possible, as they had done with the Willie handcart company. After much difficulty with dying oxen, short rations, severe winter weather, and finally snow-filled canyon roads leading into the Valley, the Hodgett company arrived in Salt Lake City in mid-December. Hundreds of heroic rescuers sent by Brigham Young had helped them to accomplish this.

Andrew continued to serve in many capacities. The brethren would ask him to move and he would be obedient to their requests, moving as often as necessary to meet these requests. Finally, he moved his family to “Upper Kanab” near present day Alton, Utah, and declared that he would move no more. He felt that his family was too large and he was too old. His last child was born after settling on this ranch.

Andrew was an educated man. He was a botanist and also practiced law. He was very proud of the fact he never lost a court case. He discovered a very rare cactus near Pipe Springs, Arizona, which was named the “Utahia Sileri” in his honor. Andrew was also a school teacher, but he did not teach his own children to read or write. His daughter, Ruth Ann, tells of sneaking her father’s mail out to a secret spot on a nearby hillside and copying the words until she learned both reading and writing.

Andrew was well known for his gruffness with anyone whose actions did not meet with his approval. One time a neighbor from Kanab stopped for the night at the Siler Ranch. He started for the house when Andrew called, “Wait a minute. I’ll get some grain for your horses.” “Oh, that isn’t necessary, Brother Siler. They’ve got enough to eat. They’re not used to grain anyway,” replied the man. “They’re going to have grain tonight just the same. You’ve driven them hard all day and they look ready to drop in the harness.” Andrew then gave each animal a generous portion of grain, led the man to the road, and stated, “There is no supper or bed here for such as you, sir. A man who thinks no more than you do of his faithful animals does not deserve food or a bed. Get goin!” The poor man continued on foot to the next ranch for the night. He sent the neighbors over the next morning for his animals, afraid to face Andrew himself. But Andrew refused to let the animals be retrieved without several days of rest.

Andrew died in May of 1898 and was buried on his ranch in Upper Kanab, Utah.

One of Andrew’s descendants, Elder Cliff Siler, has served a mission with his wife, Ann, at the Mormon Handcart Historic Sites in Wyoming.

Sources: Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; family histories compiled by and obtained from Anne Siler, in files of Jolene Allphin.

¹Other accounts seem more reasonable in describing him as 6 ft. 6 in. or 6 ft. 8 in.

²Apostle John Taylor was the mission president in New York and editor of *The Mormon*.

³Christina became friends with the Peder and Helena Mortensen family and assisted them with their two handcarts. She later married their son, Anders Mortensen.

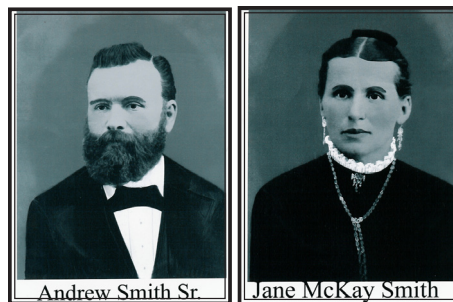
⁴Andrew Siler married Ravinia in January of 1857 and they had three children together.

ANDREW SMITH

Born: 1837 Scotland

Age: 19

Willie Handcart Company



Andrew Smith was the son of Alexander Smith and Elizabeth Young. He was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on January 29, 1852, just short of his 15th birthday. His boyhood was spent herding cows, mining coal, and working in the cotton mill and Paisley shawl factory near his home in Scotland. Andrew may have met his future wife, Jane McKay, while working there. Jane's sister, Frances McKay, also worked at the mill and was engaged to Andrew's brother, John Young Smith. At the tender age of 13, Jane was in love with Andrew Smith.

One night when Andrew visited the McKay home with his brother, John, he told Jane that he had listened to some young men preaching and he believed what they told was the truth. Jane said that she would also like to hear them and she arranged to meet Andrew to go with him that night. From the girls' bedroom above the main part of the house, Jane's sisters helped her out the bedroom window, on to the roof of a nearby shed, and on to the ground to meet Andrew. Her sister, Mary, went with her as a chaperone.

As Jane's mother had taught her children from the Bible and given them passages to memorize and recite, Jane and Mary asked intelligent questions of these preachers from the LDS Church. They believed what the missionaries taught was truth. Frances was waiting up for Jane and Mary when they returned home and gave her the news that Andrew promised to bring his brother, John, to the next meeting. Frances arranged to go with them. The McKay sisters then shared their plans with their married sister, Martha. Martha and her husband, David Fisher, agreed to have the Mormon missionaries come to their home to teach.

Jane's parents eventually learned what their girls had been doing. Their mother was unhappy to learn of their association with the Mormon Elders as she had only heard negative things about them. Jane's father, Joseph, however, had felt there was something lacking in his Bible study, and was anxious to go with Jane to the next meeting. Soon all the McKay family except James McKay, were baptized members of the Church and made plans to emigrate to America. Andrew Smith and Joseph McKay would go first to prepare the way.

Andrew and his future father-in-law left England in 1856 aboard the *Thornton* under the direction of returning missionary James G. Willie. The majority of the emigrants in this group became the 4th handcart company. Andrew became a trusted member of that company and was put in charge of the other 18 people assigned to his tent. This group included three widows with their children, (Margaret Kirkwood, Margaret Caldwell, and Elizabeth Kirkpatrick families); four young single women, (Barbara Kelley, Margaret Darglish, Ann Tait, and Christina McNiel); 22-year-old John McCulley, and 57-year-old Joseph McKay. Andrew also oversaw commissary duties for the people.

As nights became colder and rations were reduced, the old and the sick began to fail and Andrew's responsibilities became heavier. The Willie Company was hit with a heavy storm on the 19th of October that finally brought the company to a halt. A few days later, when the advance rescue party reached them with help, the most difficult part of their journey still lay directly ahead. They had a steep climb across the Rocky Ridge to reach the next camp at Rock Creek Hollow before they could stop again. As they fought through the terrible wind and storm of that day, many faltered, including Joseph McKay.

(Andrew Smith - Page 2)


Joseph had collapsed from the strain of the tortuous trek and blizzard ascending Rocky Ridge and was left for dead. Andrew Smith found him, lifted him and carried him over the summit of the mountain. Andrew then kept returning for others until he was finally forced to stop by other members of his company. Millen Atwood, a captain of 100 in the Willie company reportedly cried out, "Hold on there, Andrew boy, hold on there. You've done enough, my boy. The Lord knows you've done enough!"

Andrew arrived in his promised valley with the Willie company on November 9, 1856. He continued to live a selfless life of service, which was memorialized in an article by Solomon F. Kimball in the Church publication *Improvement Era*, January 1913. It was titled "The Hero of Linister." The following poem was included in that account by Kimball:

Through drifting snow this boy would go, With freezing pilgrims on his back,
Through rivers deep, through slush and sleet, And o'er the hills he 'broke' the track.
He climbed the heights, then sat up nights, Nursing the sick and burying dead;
His heart would bleed when he would feed, Poor, helpless children without bread.
With dauntless will he fought on still, Saving the lives of all he could;
Though he could feel his strength of steel, Waning for want of needed food.

Andrew and Joseph McKay soon set to work to bring their families to Zion. In 1859, Andrew sent all his savings and with some help from the Perpetual Emigrating Fund, brought his family and the McKay family to America. They traveled with the George Rowley Handcart Company. Andrew and his childhood sweetheart, Jane McKay, were finally able to be married and moved into the home Andrew had built. Andrew's son, Andrew Smith, Jr., wrote a tribute on the 100th anniversary of his father's birth. Following are some excerpts from that tribute:

"I am justly proud [of my father]. He was honest with his fellowmen. He was true, moral, indeed he was in keeping with the thirteenth article of our faith; he did hold the faith and keep the truth. He set a good example to his children and to all his associates worthy of emulation. . . . I am hoping that when my course is finished here on this earth, I will not be ashamed to meet him . . . My father was beloved by all good people; he was a friend to the authorities of the church, a body guard to Presidents Young, Taylor, Woodruff, Snow, Smith and Grant. He was a private nurse to President Woodruff for several years before his death, and to President Snow and several of the Apostles. Since his early manhood, he could be depended upon in anything he was asked to do by the leading brethren and was beloved by all of them because of his loyalty. . . . May the memory of him and his good qualities be remembered and followed in good deeds by his descendants forever, and our election will be sure."



Sources: "Joseph McKay & Martha Blair," by Ila May Maughan (Fisher), 1967, L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University; "The Hero of Linister," by Solomon F. Kimball, *Improvement Era*, January 1913; "Andrew Smith," by Andrew Smith Jr.; "Letter to M. Blair Smith," from his father, Andrew Smith, Jr., 1937 (concerning the life of his mother, Jane McKay); tent list in *History of William Woodward*, 1980 & 2005; photos and family histories from Nathan McKay Smith, Provo, Utah, and Nathan L. Smith, Perryton, Texas.

ELIZABETH SMITH

Born: 1843 Scotland

Age: 13

Willie Handcart Company



Elizabeth, known as Betsy, came to Utah with her mother, Marjorie McEwan Bain Smith (age 51); sisters, May Bain (22), Jane Smith (17), Mary Smith (15); and brother, Alexander Smith (6). Also traveling with the family was Euphemia Mitchell who married Betsy's brother, Robert Bain, one month after their arrival in the Valley. Robert had emigrated about two years previously. Betsy's mother was divorced from Mr. Bain. She was the widow of Mr. Smith who died in 1850.

In July of 1919, the Church magazine *Improvement Era* published an article by Betsy entitled: "The Tired Mother: Pioneer Recollections" by Mrs. Betsey Smith Goodwin:

How well I remember when my mother ... said: "Girls, let us try to go to the Valley next season with the handcarts. I have a letter from your brother, Robert A. Bain." Robert, by the way, was the eldest son of my mother. We lived in Scotland, but he had been a traveling elder in England and had worked his passage as cook over the sea. He drove a team across the plains and had arrived safely at Salt Lake City, so my mother told us. Furthermore, she said: "He is located thirty miles south of Salt Lake City at a place named Lehi, and has taken a farm to work on shares, whose owner has gone on a mission to Europe. He says he is trying to raise as much as he can for our comfort. He bids us exert ourselves to emigrate next season, and says he will pray while we work."

We girls laughed at what mother said, as girls would, and exclaimed that he had "the easiest job." But the spirit of gathering to Zion was strong upon us, and we worked at our looms by day, our fancy work by night, and saved the proceeds. By this means we gathered enough in six months to pay our passage across the sea and in many ways we realized that God helps those who help themselves.

In view of all this, we finally took a last farewell of the sacred graves of our dead, the Govan braes and the heather hills of Scotland, and on the third day of the beautiful month of May, in 1856, we embarked on the ship *Thornton* from Liverpool, England, leaving the steam loom mills, the shores of Great Britain, our beloved native land, and dear old Scotland for the Gospel's sake. After six or seven weeks' sailing, seasickness, and stormy weather, we landed in New York City, registered at the Castle Garden, and in a few days we reached Iowa by rail.

There we camped for weeks waiting for the handcarts to be completed for the journey. While there, I was so sick with scarlet fever that I could not open my eyes. I heard Sisters Henderson and McPhail say, "I am sorry she is dying; another death in camp soon." One baby had just died. I seemed to know they were speaking of me, and when Mother came in from the campfire with warm broth she saw the tears in my eyes.

"Are you worse?" she asked me.

"Mother, they think I am dying. I want to live and go to the Valley."

My dear mother, at that time time in her fifty-second year, then sent and brought the Elders who administered to me and rebuked the disease, commanding it to leave both me and the camp. My recovery was rapid. I was able to travel, and on the 15th day of July, 1856, we rolled out of the Iowa City camp, on our way to cross the plains with handcarts. Our captain was James Gray Willie, and his counselors were Millen Atwood and Levi Savage. There were 120 handcarts and six wagons, and about five hundred people, sixty-six of whom died on the journey.

We soon became accustomed to traveling twenty and twenty-four miles a day. My little brother, six years of age, used to travel the distance by me taking his hand to encourage him and by telling him stories of the future and the good things in store for us.

Around the campfire we had very good times. There was Brother [Alexander] Burt [19], Brother David Anderson [17] and others, and our girls, who sang the old songs and hymns that warmed our hearts. While fair weather and full rations lasted, we were all right. We traveled five weeks, never stopping for a Sunday. Then we were in the buffalo country. Our cattle, that had hauled the provision wagons, and some cows, were then stampeded by the Indians, it was supposed. At the stampeding place we camped five days. The men went in all directions seeking for the lost cattle. Only a few were found. Our captain then thought we had done wrong in not stopping to worship on the Sabbath day, for we had lost more than we had gained.

(Elizabeth Smith - Page 2)

Following this experience we kept sacred the Sabbath day for worship and rest, and felt better for it. Owing to the loss of the cattle, there was added to the load of each cart one hundred pounds of flour.

September came, and we were on half rations and had cold weather but we never forgot to pray, and we sang "Come, Come Ye Saints," with great zeal and fervor. We realized that we needed the help of God to see us through. Many were dying from the hardships of the journey.

Let me add that I stood by a grave where sixteen people were buried at once. They were sewed up in sheets and covered with brush then with earth and ashes. This happened during a very cold spell and I think it was while we were coming through the Black Hills. I froze my fingers, but they were saved by good attention when we got to Lehi. At the same time, my mother traveled fifteen miles with little Alex on her back, as he couldn't walk in the snow.

I will not dwell upon the hardships we endured, nor the hunger and cold, but I like to tell of the goodness of God unto us. One day, especially, stands out from among the remainder. The wind blew fresh, as if its breezes came from the sea. It kept blowing harder until it became fierce. Clouds arose; the thunder and lightning were appalling. Even the ox teams ahead refused to face the storm. Our captain, who always rode a mule, dismounted and stepped into the middle of the road, bared his head to the storm, and every man, as he came up, stood by him with bared head—one hundred carts, their pullers and pushers, looking to their captain for counsel. The captain said, "Let us pray." And there was offered such a prayer. He told the Lord our circumstances. He talked to God, as one man talks to another, and as if the Lord was very near. I felt that He was and many others felt the same. Then the storm parted to the right and to the left. We hurried on to camp, got our tents pitched, and some fires built, when the storm burst in all its fury. We had camped on a sidehill and the water ran through the tents in little creeks.

Another circumstance I remember clearly. My mother was taken very sick with cramp and cholera, a very fatal trouble in our weakened condition. We all felt bad about Mother. I remember thinking, "Many are dying. Mother may die, and what a dark world it would be without our dear mother." As I gathered the sage to burn on our campfire, I couldn't keep from crying. When I met Mother, she asked me what was the matter. I told her how badly I felt. She said, "Do not feel like that. Pray for me. I have been out yonder in the snow praying to the Lord to spare our lives, that we might get through to the Valley. I will never murmur nor complain, whatever we pass through, when we get there."

God heard our prayers and she kept her word. Even when, in years following, she went blind with age, she never murmured.

One more incident I will relate. One evening we camped near a marshy meadow spring. Poison parsnips grew there in plenty. Everybody was elated. We had found something to cook and to eat! By this time, our ration was four ounces of flour a day, and neither salt nor soda. Alexander Burt brought some parsnips to our campfire. Mother said, "What have you there, Brother Burt?"

He answered, "They are parsnips, Sister Smith, a sort of white carrot. Put on the pot and let us have a mess."

"I will do that," said Mother, and we cooked and ate our fill of poison parsnips.

I confess we felt like we had been eating rocks, so heavy they lay upon our stomachs. The whole camp ate of them. Our captain arrived late at the camp that night, and when he found what we had been eating, he groaned aloud and cried, "Put them down. Every one contains enough poison to kill an ox." He said, furthermore, that it would be one of the providences of the Almighty if we were not all dead by morning. However, many were glad that they had eaten of them before they knew. We did not realize the truth of his words until the next morning when one brother died—a Scandinavian. We supposed that he had eaten them after he knew they were poison.

It was October now. The flour was gone, and we had enough crackers for only a two-days' ration. We rolled into camp.

"Come, Bessie," said Jane, "Let us gather fuel for our fire."

We went over a little hill toward the west. "Look, Jennie [Jane]. There is a team of horses and two men! See, they are stopping to speak!"

Now, Jennie was eighteen and bashful, and whispered, "You answer," as we went towards them. It was Joseph A. Young and Cyrus H. Wheelock. I learned this afterwards.

Brother Young said, "Sister, where is your camp?"

"Just over the hill yonder."

"Is there any sickness in the camp?"

"No," was the answer. "Just one woman died today while eating a cracker." [These were hard sea biscuits left over from the ocean voyage.]

"Have you any provisions?"

(Elizabeth Smith - Page 3)

“All gone but some crackers.”

“Well, cheer up,” he said. “Help is coming.”

I turned to sister and said, “What ailed that man? I saw him wiping his eyes.”¹

“It may be that he is sorry for us. Let us hurry to camp and hear him speak.”

We did so, and he told us there were many wagons with provisions coming soon, and there were. The relief was followed by great rejoicing, and we thanked the Lord in prayer.

Brothers Young and Wheelock went on next morning to carry the news to Martin and Tyler’s [handcart] company [and the Hodgett and Hunt Wagon Companies], two weeks behind us on the road.

The boys from Utah came the next day. How glad we were and how good they were! They gathered the wood and made the fires, and let the weary ride in the wagons. On the side, I might state, also, that many lasting friendships were made between the boys and the young women.

About three miles on this side of Green River, as I was walking ahead of the train, leading my little brother of six, and encouraging him along by telling him stories of what he would get when we arrived at the Valley, he said, “When we get to that creek, I wish we could see our brother, Rob.”

I said, “Come along, maybe we will, when we get to the top of the bank.”

When we arrived at the top of the bank and looked down we saw a wagon with just one yoke of oxen on. We had never seen the like before, so we waited on the summit until they should pass. The man stared at us, and as his team came beside us, he yelled, “Whoa,” to the oxen. It was then we knew him. He jumped off the wagon and caught his sisters in his arms as they came up with the cart. How we all wept with joy!

The cart was then tied behind the wagon. Little Alex climbed into the wagon as happy as a prince instead of a poor tired child. The next question from Rob was, “Where is Mother and sister Mary?”

“They are behind somewhere, Robby. You will find them by the road.”

Mother was still sick, and when she stopped to rest she had to lie down. She could not sit up. Some had died that way. They would go to sleep and never awaken. Mary was afraid that Mother would do likewise, and tried to arouse her by telling her about a team coming with only one yoke of cattle on.

Mother replied, “Well, never mind, Mary. Don’t bother me. I am so tired.”

“Well, Mother, the man is running this way. It surely is Robert.”

“Oh, no, Mary. That would be too good to be true!”

Well, she was soon convinced, as Robert took her in his arms and helped her into the wagon. As he did so, mother exclaimed, “I couldn’t be more thankful to get into the Kingdom of Heaven than I am to see you, and lie here and rest.”

Explanations followed. Robert stated that he had suffered from a mountain fever, and was just recovering when he received a letter that we were coming. He then borrowed and hired an outfit to come and meet us. None too soon!

We arrived at Lehi in due time, and Bishop Evans welcomed us to his Ward. [They were first taken to Captain Willie’s home.] My sister, Jane, married his stepson, George Coleman, that winter. My sister, Mary, married Andrew A. Anderson, and sister, May, married John R. Murdock. An adopted daughter, Euphemia Mitchell, married [my] brother, Robert. I married Isaac H. Goodwin on December 1, 1859. My little brother, Alex, lived to be twenty-four, and died unmarried. All have gone beyond the veil except Robert’s wife [Euphemia], who is eighty-two, [she lived to be 98] and sister, Jane, an ordinance worker in the Manti Temple, and myself. I am almost seventy-three.

Brother Editor of the Era, you said you would like my story. I have therefore written these few recollections. For the benefit of the youth of Zion who may read this, I bear testimony that I know God hears and answers prayers, and the Lord will help those who help themselves.

Sources: “The Tired Mother,” *Improvement Era*, July 1919, by Betsy Smith Goodwin; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; “A History of Euphemia Mitchell Bain,” by Helen Joyce Bean Chappell; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; interview by Jolene Allphin with Alene Christensen, August 16, 2007; biography of Robert Bain. (See Robert’s story in rescuer section and Euphemia Mitchell’s story in Willie section, *Tell My Story, Too*.) See “Margery Smith Family,” Chapter 3, in *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for artwork and more family stories.

Note: The Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum in Salt Lake City has a shawl on display that was “worn across the plains by Marjory Smith of Willie Company.” It is in the last display cabinet on the left, 1st floor exhibit room. The donors are Jan Wilson Madsen and Mary Wilson Anderson. An image of the shawl is in the book *Follow Me To Zion*. One of Betsy Smith’s descendants related that Betsy had long auburn hair and that every night before she went to bed she sang “Come, Come Ye Saints.”

¹Cyrus Wheelock tells of weeping when he saw the beleaguered condition of the Willie company. Others reports also tell of Joseph Young crying. Susannah Stone of the Willie company later reported that she hadn’t known how terrible she looked until she saw herself in a mirror after arriving in Salt Lake City. Even her friends did not recognize her.

ANN WADDELL STEWART



Born: Scotland 1825

Age: 31

Willie Handcart Company

Ann, an only child, grew up in Dalkeith, Scotland. At age twenty, she moved to Edinburgh. Ann and her husband, John, were both orphans when they met in Edinburgh, Scotland. They were married June 16, 1848. Four children were born to them in Scotland, of whom only two survived to travel with them to Zion—John, age 7, and Margaret Ann about 2 months of age when they left.

On May 3, 1856, the Stewart family sailed from Liverpool on the ship *Thornton* for America. They landed in New York, then went by train to Iowa City, Iowa, where they joined the James G. Willie handcart company. They suffered terribly with the rest of the members of this company.

On October 24 at the Rock Creek campground, fifteen people died—thirteen buried in a common grave. John Stewart, Sr. also seemed to be frozen to death. He was placed with the others on the ground awaiting burial when Ann discovered that he was still breathing. She dragged him to the fire and with the help of others revived him. Most of their remaining possessions needed to be thrown away to make room for John to ride in the handcart. Strapping her now six-month-old baby, Margaret, across her breast with a large paisley shawl, Ann was able to pull the handcart. Perhaps John (Jr.) was big enough to give his mother some help. The baby received severe frostbites which caused her to suffer the rest of her life.

Two days after their arrival in Salt Lake City in November, the family moved to Provo where four more children were born to Ann and John. Ten years later, on October 24, 1866, John Stewart died, leaving their six children fatherless. It was the youngest baby, Mary's, first birthday when John died. Ann was married again in 1869 to Edmund Dugdale, but she did not have any more children.

When the Relief Society was organized in Provo, Ann followed her calling as a teacher. After attending lectures in midwifery in 1873, Ann was set apart as a midwife by Parley P. Pratt, Wilford Woodruff and Joseph F. Smith.

In 1880, at age 55, Ann became the first woman in Provo to undergo cancer surgery. The cancer finally took her life six years later. She passed away at age sixty-one.

Source: "Ann Waddell Stewart Dugdale," *Pioneer Women of Faith and Fortitude*, International Society Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Vol. I, 850.

JANE ANN STEWART

Born: 27 December 1824 in Aberdeen, Scotland

Age: 32

Willie Handcart Company



Jane was orphaned at age seven. She believed that she didn't have any living relatives until she found an uncle, her mother's brother, and felt it was a direct answer to prayer. She was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in August 1843 by the president of the Sterling Branch, Charles R. Minges. This upset her foster parents so much that they placed her clothing and other belongings outside the door and told her to find a new home. Jane's faith never wavered and she began saving money for her emigration. She saved for 13 years.

Jane fell in love with a man named Stephen Cornelius. However, she refused his marriage proposal because he "could not believe in the Gospel as she did." He pleaded and promised her that after their marriage, their daughters could join her church and their sons could join his church. It was a difficult decision for Jane to refuse marriage, as she had known loneliness from the time she was a child.

Before Jane left England, Stephen presented her with a bottle of perfume. While Jane was on board the *Thornton*, she took a slip of paper and wrote "Jane and Stephen" on it, put it in the perfume bottle, sealed it securely and cast it into the ocean.

Jane also had the opportunity to abandon her goals while traveling through Iowa with the Willie handcart company. At one place, she became acquainted with a well-to-do lady who wanted Jane to live with her. After much persuasion and many rosy promises, Jane decided to stay. That night she was given a nice bedroom with many comforts. She fell asleep quickly but awoke at 2 a.m. "with a most dreadful feeling, and she thought she would give everything to overtake the Company, and travel on with them to Zion. Her hardships and privations were forgotten. She got up and dressed herself hurriedly and left the room as quietly as possible. At the gate entrance, she passed a guard who said, 'Who goes there?' Jane Ann answered, 'A friend sir.' He let her pass. She walked and ran the rest of the night. It was just breaking day when she overtook the Company, tired out but overjoyed to be with the Saints again."

Jane arrived safely in the valley and found work in Sessions Settlement. She married Ira Stearns Hatch on March 20, 1857. They had three children: Wealtha Ann, Gilbert Stewart, and Stephen Cornelius, named after her first love. Jane was left a widow when Stephen was only 6 weeks old.

Jane loved books and did a great deal of reading when her eyesight permitted. Due to an accident, Jane had lost the sight in one eye when she was four years old. In 1882, Jane had another accident that caused the loss of sight in her other eye, leaving her completely blind.

Jane struggled throughout her life from the effects of the handcart trek. Her feet were painful, and exposure to the freezing weather had caused some deafness. She was very gifted in doing handwork and supported her family by making bedspreads, table covers, curtains, collars and doilies. She won a blue ribbon at the County Fair for her work.

It is said that "Although blind and deaf she could carry on a conversation wonderful beyond description, by asking questions and receiving an answer by the pat of the hand for yes or the rub of the hand for no. ... She was a woman of extremely fine character, gave close observance to her own affairs, was honorable, full of inspiration, very energetic, and of great determination."

In November 1940, Jane's posterity numbered 145.

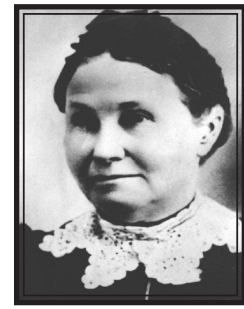
Sources: "Biography of Jane Ann Stewart Hatch," by Clara R. H. Egan; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files.

SUSANNAH STONE

Born: December 24, 1830 in England

Age: 25

Willie Handcart Company



Susannah was the oldest in a family of eight children. She was an avid scripture reader, attended a Wesleyan Sunday School, and often wished she had lived in the days of the apostles and prophets. She heard the missionaries and was baptized at age 17. She found employment and saved her money to go to Utah. The following comes from Susannah's autobiography (as found in Carol Cornwall Madsen, *Journey To Zion: Voices From The Mormon Trail*, Deseret Book, 1997, 632-635); interview by Jolene Allphin with Agnes Pearl Lloyd Poulsen,¹ her great-granddaughter; and other family sources. (See also *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for artwork and more on Susannah.) Agnes Poulsen's narrative is noted in italics:

I had the beautiful, wonderful privilege of sleeping with her [Susannah] in her feather bed. It was a tall bed and we would kneel on the steps. There were steps on both sides of the bed to get in it, and we'd kneel and say our prayers and grandmother would never let me get in the bed before she was ready. But she prayed a lot longer than I did, and so I'd stand and shiver before she'd get through. And then when she was through she would throw the covers back and state "Jump" and we'd jump in the bed together. There would be a rock under the blanket at our feet and we'd cuddle up. I've sat many an hour, many an hour, at her feet as she sat by the pot-bellied stove with a shawl around her and a little black cap on her head. ... When she was eight years old, she carried her mother's train when she was presented to Queen Victoria, so they must have been a well-known family. ... Grandmother joined the Church in her late teens and was disowned by her family and she came to Utah all alone ... in the Willie handcart company.

"My parents, relatives and friends, did all in their power to keep me from coming to America, but I had the spirit of gathering, and the Lord opened up my way, and I came to Utah in 1856 with the handcart company. Brother Willie was our captain, Millen Atwood was his councilor. ... We waded through the cold streams many times, but we murmured not, for our faith in God and our testimony of His work were supreme. Only once did my courage fail. One cold, dreary afternoon, my feet having been frosted, I felt that I could go no further, and withdrew a little from the company, and sat down to await the end, being somewhat in a stupor. After a time, I was aroused by a voice, which seemed as audible as anything could be, which spoke to my very soul of the promises and blessings I had received, and which should surely be fulfilled, and that I had a mission to perform in Zion. I received strength, and was filled with the Spirit of the Lord, and arose and traveled on with a light heart. As I reached camp, I found a search party ready to go back to find me, dead or alive."

When they were stranded in Wyoming she was so discouraged and sick. ... She decided that she was going to wander away and sit down and just will herself to die. ... As she sat down she heard a voice, as plain as anyone could speak: "You must get up and go on to Zion. Your mission is not yet finished." After that was repeated three times, she decided she better get up and go back to camp, which she did and that was when the rescuers came.

"I had no relatives, but many dear and devoted friends, and we did all we could to aid and encourage each other. ... In the blizzards and falling snow, we sat under our hand carts and sang, "Come, Come, Ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear, but with joy, wend your way. Though hard to you, this journey may appear, grace shall be, as your day." While we were traveling thru the United States, the people tried to discourage us by telling us there was famine in Utah, that the grasshoppers had eaten up everything and that there had been a grasshopper war, etc., but we traveled on, trusting in God. [Before arriving in Salt Lake] I had sold my little looking glass to the Indians for buffalo meat, so I borrowed one and I shall never forget how I looked. Some of my old friends did not know me! . . . A young man whom I had kept company with in England but would not promise to marry, as I wanted to be free, died enroute and was buried on the plains with many others. [This was Theophilus Cox who died Nov. 7. Susannah arrived in Salt Lake on November 9. Thomas said when he first saw her that she was "a very thin and tired ... but beautiful Miss Stone."]"

Grandfather Lloyd was a little orphan boy who had been raised by an auntie. ... When he joined the Church as a teenager he was put out of the home. He came to Utah . . . before Grandmother did. They were a great couple and [had a large family] ... and I remember every one of those great aunts and uncles.²

Susannah's frozen feet gave her trouble for many years, but she did not regret her decision. She testified: "I am thankful that I was counted worthy to be a pioneer and a handcart girl. It prepared me to endure hard times in my future life. I often think of the songs we sang to encourage us on our toilsome journey. It was hard to endure, but the Lord gave us strength and courage."

¹Susannah lived to be 94 years old. Agnes was also 94 at time of this interview with Jolene Allphin in December 2004.

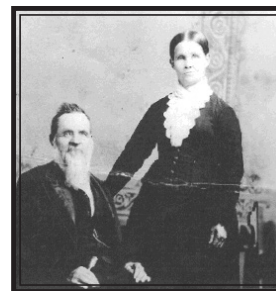
²Susannah and Thomas Lloyd were married the day after Susannah arrived in Salt Lake. They became the parents of 14 children, 10 boys and 4 girls.

EMMA SUMMERS

Born: 1828 England

Age: 28

Willie Handcart Company



Anson and Emma Summers Call

Emma's father worked in a rock quarry and her mother made shirts and kid gloves for the gentlemen of the parish. Emma was a frail child but when she was fifteen she hired out as a house servant. Missionaries from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints taught the gospel to Emma's mother and some of the children in the family. Although her father protested, Emma joined the Church and planned to emigrate to Utah. Emma worked as a housemaid for a wealthy family in England. She saved her money so she could travel to America to be with the Saints and her brothers who had emigrated previously. Emma and another brother, Edwin (age 23), sailed on the ship *Thornton* on May 3, 1856, and arrived in New York on June 14. Emma was rather frail, a little over 5 feet tall, with medium brown hair and soft blue eyes.

On July 9, the Willie handcart company was finally ready to leave from Iowa City. Emma shared a handcart with Mary Anne and Janetta Hodges (mother and daughter), and Sarah Choules, and probably Mary Priscilla Griffiths, making a typical 5 to a handcart. Edwin Summers stayed in Iowa City for several more weeks after Emma left, then traveled with the Hunt wagon company as a teamster. When the Hunt company reached Devil's Gate, Edwin was one who was asked to stay there for the winter to guard the property left there. The Hunt company wagons were needed to carry as many emigrants as possible.

Early snowstorms and reduced rations finally stalled the handcart company. Footwear that had been relied on to take the Saints through to the valley had by this time worn out. The bare feet of many were visible through their dilapidated shoes or boots, while the feet of others were wrapped in skins or any material available. Emma endured some nights sleeping with snow and mud frozen to her clothes and feet.

Under these conditions, the Willie company traveled as far as possible each day. Much of the fuel for fires had been covered by snow. Emma was still among the living, and wearing the sun bonnet which protected her face from the sun and wind of the plains. One day, when more rescuers arrived, one of the teams was driven by George Summers, Emma's older brother. George directed Emma to his home, then he continued eastward to help the Martin company.¹

When Emma arrived in Salt Lake on November 9, she was still wearing her bonnet which had been burned in places by the camp fires. Her hands and feet had been badly frozen and she had lost nearly all of her hair. This grieved her because when she left England she had a beautiful long braid down her back. Her dress hung in shreds below her knees, here and there a patch and scorched spot, but she had achieved her goal to be in Zion among the Saints. Less than four months later, Emma married Anson Call, one of her rescuers on the plains. Emma's mother emigrated in 1866. She was cared for by Emma for the last seven years of her life.

It is said by Emma's family that she was a jolly, witty, and lovable woman. "Even the many years of trials and bitterness had not quenched her joy of life nor dulled the sparkle of her eye."

¹ For an understanding of Edwin's stay at Devil's Gate that winter, see Dan Jones's story in the Rescue company section of *Tell My Story, Too*. Stories from the Hunt company section will also give an idea of Edwin's experiences for close to 1,000 miles. George's story is in the rescuer section of this book, and Sarah Choules has a biography in the Willie company section.

Source: *Emma Summers Call: Utah Pioneer in the Willie Handcart Company*, compiled by Orland Call, 1997; photo, courtesy Ella Rose, Orem, Utah, 2003.

ANNA F. TAIT

Born: 1825 Scotland (Died Oct. 20 - "Sixth Crossing" of Sweetwater)

Age: 31

Willie Handcart Company

Anna was apparently traveling by herself, without any other family members, in the Willie company. What is known about Anna and her emigration are some excerpts from the following letter she wrote June 6, 1856, aboard the ship *Thornton*:

"Dear Brother and Sister Turnbull – We are drawing near our first landing place. I have enjoyed myself first-rate crossing the great water. It has been like a pleasure trip all the time. I have been blessed with the living Spirit of our God all the time, and have never found the moment but what I could thank my God with all my heart for the privilege of going across the Atlantic on such a beautiful ship, under the guidance of so good a captain.

"There has been a great deal of sickness on board, there being many old and infirm. I believe there has never before been a company with so many old and young, halt, blind, and lame, from so many nations, crossed the sea. There have been seven deaths, three births, and two marriages on board . . .

"The under decks were divided into seven wards. Brother Gourlay has charge of the sixth, which is the one that I am in. He is a kind, good man.¹ We have had some good meetings.

"June 11. The pilot came on board last night. It was a joyful sight to see an American pilot. It is a perfect calm, and a real warm day. The sun is so strong that the captain has got sails spread over the passengers to keep it from hurting them. This has been such a day of rejoicing. Brother Quinn was called on to sing a song which he had composed about the voyage. The "Working Bee" was then sung by Brother [Alexander] Burt. President Willie addressed the Saints on "What they were going to America for." There have been no restrictions on the brethren of the priesthood. They have been allowed to speak freely, and they have done so. The captain, doctor, and officers always listened attentively and respectfully. The captain often joined in the songs of Zion. He would not allow any of the sailors to disturb the Saints in any of their preaching or amusement meetings. I have often thought that President F. D. Richards must have breathed his spirit on him at Liverpool.

"June 14. The tug has brought us to New York. We have all passed the doctor, and are now going to land.

"June 15. Castle Garden, New York. I am sitting in the largest house I was ever in. We all landed safe, and got in here at 7:40 p.m. yesterday. Our names were called over, and we had to state where we were going, what money we had, and other particulars, which were entered into a book, and we then passed into the house.

"Since I left you I have had all that I stood in need of, spiritually and temporally. May the God of Israel grant that you may be brought in safety to this beautiful land. ... Give my love to all my friends that may come within the sound of your voice or the reach of your pen. I remain your affectionate sister, Anna F. Tait"

Anna died October 20 near the Sixth Crossing of the Sweetwater. She was spared the devastating effects of the next few days as the company made its way across Rocky Ridge in a blizzard and on to Rock Creek Hollow. The company journal was brief the day Anna died. It included: "This morning there was about 4 inches of snow on the ground. Anna F. Tait from Glasgow, Scotland, aged 31 years died. ... Our provisions were all issued last night & that was hard bread."

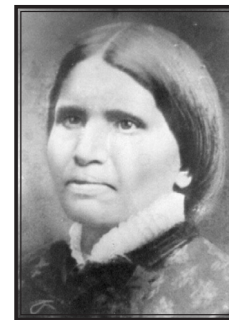
¹ This is a reference to Paul Gourley from Scotland, whose family traveled on the *Thornton*, but not with the Willie handcart company. The Gourley's stayed in Iowa City where Paul's help was needed in constructing handcarts. His two oldest sons, Robert and Alexander, were further separated into the Hodgett wagon company where their help was needed as teamsters.

ELIZABETH XAVIER TAIT

Born: December 23, 1832 in Bombay, India

Age: 24

Willie Handcart Company



Elizabeth was born in India where she met her husband, William Tait. He was a widower from Ireland, and a regimental drill master in Queen Victoria's Army. Elizabeth's father had also been in the service of the Queen. He died when Elizabeth was 10 years old. Elizabeth and William were married January 21, 1850, in India. William had been a member of the Church for nine years. He was baptized in Scotland. Elizabeth was baptized a member of the Church by her husband in October of 1852. This was in Poona where they lived, and where a branch of the Church had just been organized the previous month. Elizabeth and William were a great help to the missionaries and members there. Elder Hugh Findlay's journal tells of the Tait's opening their home to the missionaries and members; inviting others to hear the gospel and attend church services; William's baptism of Elizabeth and others; and William bearing testimony, speaking in tongues, and healing the sick. During this time there was strong opposition to the Church and lies were printed in papers from England. The following entry from Elder Findlay's journal tells how this affected the Tait's:

"Here every soldier receives pay for each member of his family, the Chaplain's certificate for the sprinkling of the new member being the requisite to have it enrolled for pay. Elder Tait of Poona, however, handed in for his son a certificate of Blessing with my name attached, which no one could (or would) receive, till it should go to government. It did go to Government, and the reply received was that all Mormon children are to receive pay the same as any others."

In a letter from William to Elder Findlay in April of 1852, William indicated the difficulty in not receiving information "from any of the Brethren this last 10 years, only what I see in the Papers. The Brethren in Scotland whom I knew, are all gone to America so that I know no one that I could write to. Dear Brother, let me know as soon as possible how the Church is getting on and if it is true that Brother Joseph Smith was Shot, and where Brother Parley P. Pratt is, he covenanted to pray for me and I for him. I should like to know how you are getting on yourself, and when you arrived in Bombay, and if there are any Saints there. Dear Brother, I know no one I may say in Bombay that I could introduce you to, but come to Poona and with the blessing of God you will find a home with me, humble though it is. Dear Brother my soul has often been grieved with the many lies that I hear from day to day about the Saints of the Most High God, and likewise the mysteries and babblings of the Priests of the present day. I as a soldier must go to some place of worship, and I am sick and tired of them. Now my dear Bro., I must conclude this letter, and in doing so I bear my testimony to the work of the living God commenced in these last days; I know that it is of God, and I rejoice in many of the gifts of his Spirit. I have no more to say at present, but remain your Brother in the new and everlasting Covenant. \S\William Tait, 22 April 1852."

At this time Elizabeth and William had been blessed with two sons. The oldest, William James, died suddenly of cholera in 1854. Elizabeth was expecting another baby when William completed his military service in India. They made plans for their emigration to Utah. William and their second son, John, sailed for America ahead of Elizabeth. They left in March of 1855 on the ship *Mary Spencer* for China, obtained passage to California, then traveled to Utah and settled in Cedar City. Elizabeth waited in India to have her baby. This baby girl, Mary Ann, was born a few weeks later on April 22, 1855. Elizabeth and her baby soon left India, ignoring the pleadings and opposition of family. William had sought help for his son's care from Caroline Crosby. She recorded: "Brother Tait wished me to take care of his little son in his absence, while he searched for work. Said he would reward me for the same. He seemed very much afflicted at the idea of parting from the child, as he had taken the sole care of him for several months. The thoughts of his having brought him away from his mother was distressing to him, and he wept so that he could scarcely speak. I told him I would do as well as I could by him and he said I was the only one he knew that could take him. He expressed many thanks for my kindness, and said he would never forget us, in time nor eternity. The little fellow's situation excited much sympathy, from us all. To be turned upon the world in a land of strangers without a mother, at his tender age was truly a pitiable condition. But I believe the lord will protect and defend him.

(Elizabeth Tait - Page 2)

Elizabeth sailed first to Liverpool, England. The journal of Elder Asa Starkweather Calkin records, “February 11 ... Sister Tate and child from East India arrived on her way to the valley, where her husband has gone before her.” Little Mary Ann became very ill while crossing the ocean and died, apparently on July 1 in Iowa City. Edith Huntsman Tait’s history says, “The President of the Mission at Liverpool was very kind to her in her hour of sorrow, and she braced up for her journey to go on.” This may have reference to Elder Franklin D. Richards, as he met with the Willie company while crossing the plains in August and September. Family sources list Mary Ann’s death as July 1, 1856, at Iowa City. The Willie Company journal records the death of an unnamed child on July 1 at Iowa City, with these words: “A child died today.” This child is possibly Mary Ann Tait.

Elizabeth sailed on the ship *Enoch Train*. It left Liverpool earlier in 1856 (March 22) than the majority of the Willie company on board the *Thornton*, which did not leave until May. Elizabeth may have waited at New York or Iowa to go with the Willie company because that company included Allen Findlay, a friend and missionary returning from the Bombay Mission. (Brother Findlay married Jessie Ireland, of Scotland, a few days after leaving Liverpool, on board the *Thornton*.) Elizabeth probably traveled with Brother and Sister Findlay and Sister Findlay’s mother, making the typical four or five people to each handcart.

Elizabeth suffered greatly with the rest of the Willie company when they were delayed and then stranded in the winter storms. She told her descendants many stories of crossing the plains. One personal story she related was as follows: “One day when the company had stopped for dinner, she and another lady companion, strolled out a little way from camp, was so very tired, and foot sore, and weary they lay down thinking to have a little rest, and fell off to sleep. When the company was ready for going on, they couldn’t be found ... couldn’t be woke by their shouts. ... The company went on, while they slept behind a large brush. When they awoke, and finding themselves left, and alone, they were very frightened and horrified at seeing that night was coming on and they were alone, in the wilderness. What should they do? They screamed ... decided to follow the tracks ... ran and they hollered, but to no avail, when dark came on they had not found their company. ... They prayed and they traveled ... wolves and coyotes barking and howling all around them frightened them terribly, but they kept on going, silently praying ... finally coming to a stream of water. Feeling sure that [their] Company had crossed this stream, they stood on the bank and shouted several times, and [finally] heard voices on the other side. It was two men ... that had heard them hollering, and was coming to rescue them. Again they offered up a prayer of thanks and gratitude to God, for his kindness and holy hand in guiding them to their Company. Soon they were safely in camp.”

“Grandmother” Tait also told her descendants about how hungry they became, about leaving many of her possessions behind, and finally about meeting the relief company, among whom was a rescuer she was most happy to see—her husband, William. She said they were only allowed to “have but a few spoons of potatoes” at first, and later “allowing a small piece of bread to be given along with the potatoes. [We] were gradually fed.” Elizabeth and William spent a short time in Salt Lake City, and then traveled by ox team and wagon to Cedar City where William had settled previously. The journey took three weeks.

Elizabeth became a school teacher, assisting her husband who was already teaching when she arrived. She had seven more children. A son died as an infant in 1867. She was an excellent seamstress and a busy homemaker. She died in 1914 at the age of 82. Besides teaching school, William Tait also taught the sword drill to soldiers, served on the committee to plan the building of the Old Tabernacle in Cedar City, Utah, and served as a temple worker in the St. George Temple. He died in 1896 at the age of 78.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; “A Letter to William and Elizabeth Xavier Tait From Your Great Granddaughter Elaine Tait Rogers,” letter written for Deanna Pearl Tait Glover for Relief Society lesson, 2007, recounts history of Elizabeth and William Tait; “Elizabeth Xavier Tait,” and “William Tait,” by Kim S. Whitehead; “James Xavier and Julianne Bell,” pgs. 5-8 of unknown “booklet” by unknown author; “William and Elizabeth Xavier Tait,” by Hattie Mulliner Hunter; *The Willie Handcart Company*, by Paul D. Lyman, 2006; “No Place to Call Home,” by Caroline Barnes Crosby, in “Letter” from Elaine Tait Rogers.



SARAH EMILY WALL

Born: February 7, 1840 in England

Age: 16

Willie Handcart Company

Sarah Emily (or Emily, as she was called) was the second oldest child in a family of nine. Her parents were William and Sarah Sansom Wall. Emily, her brother, Joseph Laban, and her parents were baptized and confirmed members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on October 29, 1849. They wanted to emigrate to America, but they could not afford to send the whole family at once, so they sent the two oldest children first.

Emily and her brother, Joseph (17), traveled to America on the ship *Thornton*. They were traveling with Elder Millen Atwood, a returning missionary who became a sub-captain in the Willie handcart company. Apostle Orson Hyde, who was staying in the Wall home, gave Emily and Joseph a blessing before they left England. He promised them that if they were true and faithful and obeyed the counsel of those in authority over them, they would arrive in Zion in safety. They started out for Utah well prepared to make the journey on foot, as their mother had purchased 15 pairs of shoes for each of them. When the point was reached that the company could not carry so much, Joseph and Emily discarded part of their clothing, giving to those who were not as fortunate.

At one of the river crossings, Joseph nearly drowned. He was rescued by the hair of the head when he was going down the third time. He became ill with pneumonia. Emily pulled him in the handcart, but he grew worse each day. Finally the company stopped for a time to allow him to recover, but he didn't. Those in authority said they would have to leave him behind to be picked up or buried by the next company. Emily said that she would not go on without her brother, and she would stay behind as well.

The company moved on, but after traveling three miles out, one of the captains decided to go back for them. Emily promised to pull her brother on her cart if he would be permitted to come. Consent was given, and with the aid of a young girl, Emily pushed and pulled her brother in the handcart for many days.

One night when they were caught in a blizzard, Joseph slept between two men who froze to death during the night. He was saved by the warmth of their bodies. He did have a frozen toe.

Emily eventually became acquainted a 19-year-old printer by the name of William M. Cowley. In conversation with her, he asked if some day she would marry him. Emily said she didn't know and told him he would have to write to England and get permission from her mother. After being informed that a letter had been written to her mother and that an answer had come saying it was all right for them to be married, provided he was a good man, Emily consented and they were married in 1860. They became the parents of 13 children. One of the children died at the age of two.

Joseph regained his health after their arrival. He was sent to Manti, Utah, where he learned to lay stone and build houses of fine rock. He lived in Manti for five years, then settled in Sevier County. Joseph married Selina Doel Stevens and they had 5 children. All but one preceded them in death. Three of those were infants. Joseph said, "I came to Utah because of my religion and wanted to settle where, in my life, I could do the most good and build up the homes of the Saints, help make this a good place to live and raise families."

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; "Joseph Laban Wall: Pioneer and Settler in Glenwood, Sevier, Utah," by Dora C. Gurr; familysearch.org.

LARS GUDMUNDSSON VENDIN

Born: 1796 Sweden (Died Oct. 23/24, 1856, buried at Rock Creek in the common grave)

Age: 59

Willie Handcart Company

Lars Vendin was from Sweden. Little is known of him prior to his emigration in 1856. He was married to Kristina Caspersdatter and they had at least one child—a son Johan Emanuel Larsson, christened 2 December 1829. The Scandinavian Mission Record lists him as Lars G. Vendin, age 59, from Sweden, watchmaker. His “receiving number” on this record is “34,” directly following the Wicklund family, numbers 28-33. The Wicklund family was also originally from Sweden. The British Mission Record for the ship *Thornton* shows Lars G. Wendin, age 59, from Sweden, watchmaker, and PEF passenger, meaning he was traveling with a loan from the Perpetual Emigrating Fund of the Church.

Lars apparently joined the Church after moving from Sweden to Denmark. According to some accounts, Lars had carried with him a treasured silver watch. After the trek across Rocky Ridge on October 23, Lars could not continue and he lay at death’s door. Rather than be buried with his watch, Lars reportedly asked that it be turned over to the Perpetual Emigrating Fund in order to cover his expenses. Others in the company may have also benefited from this donation.

It appears in the company records that Lars was traveling by himself, without other family members, but surely not without friends.

According to research analysis done by Jolene Allphin, Lars was housed in the same tent with the Jens and Elsie Nielson family, the Ole and Ane Madsen family, the Peter and Ane Larson family, and the Rasmus P. and Anna Hansen family. Ole Madsen died the same night as Lars and was buried in the same grave with him at Rock Creek Hollow. Peter Larson and Rasmus Hansen also died in October, along with two of Peter Larson’s children. Two other children: Neils Neilson (son of Jens and Elsie Nielson), and Bodil Mortensen (who was traveling with the Nielson family) also died the same night as Lars Vendin and are buried in the same grave at Rock Creek.

No doubt Lars did all he could to assist these other families in his tent group before he died. Of the night Lars Vendin died, Jens Nielson wrote: “I told you there were five men to the tent, but now four of them were dead and I was the only man left, so I had to ask some of the largest and strongest women to help me to raise the tent, and it looked like we should all die.”

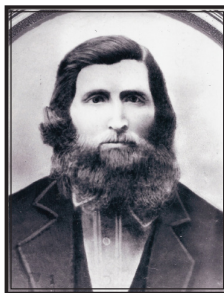
Sources: Scandinavian Mission records and British Mission records (Church history library and Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website); diary of Peter Madsen, clerk for the Danish section of the Willie handcart company, Church History Library; autobiographical letter from Jens Nielson to son, Uriah Nielson, March 20, 1901, in *History of Jens Nielson and Family*, compiled by Clarka B. Peterson (1998), 30, in files of Jolene S. Allphin, courtesy Mike Peterson.

LUCY WARD

Born: 1 May 1833

Age: 23

Willie Handcart Company



James Barnett and Lucy Ward Cole

Lucy was born in London, England, of well-to-do parents: Alfred George and Elizabeth Forth Ward. Most of her youth was spent in Nottingham, where her sister and two brothers were born. The family later moved back to London. Lucy was accustomed to servants and tutors in her childhood home. Lucy had a superior education, was an excellent seamstress, and was taught the millinery skills of her family as well. She was taught to appreciate fine linens and china and to be a proper lady in every way.

Lucy's father died when she was about fourteen years old. A few years after his death, her mother, a sister, and two brothers joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Lucy was also baptized a member in 1851. In the following few years, Lucy's mother and sister died and her two brothers married. Being fully converted to the Church, Lucy decided to gather with the Sints in Utah. She left England when she was twenty-two years old: "Wed. 12. [Dec. 1855] -- The ship *John J. Boyd* sailed from Liverpool, England, with 508 Saints (437 Scandinavians, 41 British and 41 Italians), under the direction of Knud Peterson. It arrived at New York, Feb. 15, 1856. A part of the company remained in Iowa and Illinois for some time, while a portion continued to Utah the same season via St. Louis and Florence [Nebraska]."

Lucy spent her first winter in America working in New York City as a milliner to save money in order to outfit herself for the long journey to Zion. She had to leave many of her precious belongings behind because the handcarts held very little. She joined the Willie handcart company in Iowa City in 1856. Because of the many delays in outfitting and other reasons, the company got off to a late start. Lucy had taken her fur jacket and made herself some warm fur moccasins, a muff, and a hat which she tied on her head with a green mantilla or scarf.¹ Still, her feet were badly frozen before the company was found by rescuers and her journey was through.

On October 19th, express riders met the Willie company near a place called *Ice Springs* with the reassuring information that rescue wagons were not far behind. The company pushed on to the 6th crossing of the Sweetwater. That night it snowed several inches. All the food in camp was gone and the promised rescue wagons had not arrived. Captain James Willie and Joseph Elder left their stranded camp to go in search of the rescuers the morning of October 20th. Millen Atwood was left in charge of the camp. There were many who were too sick to walk, and in the wagons that could not move further without help. Many of the cattle had given out and died.

According to Lucy's biography by her granddaughters, she told them that after Captain Willie and Joseph Elder left, Millen Atwood decided it would be best to push as many as could travel on through the snow, hoping to reach those who would have food to share. After going about 10 miles, they simply couldn't travel any further. Lucy's biography states: "Captain Atwood took over and tried to push on with the company but they were just too weak. They settled in their tracks. This camp was then two miles below Rock Ridge on the Sweet Water."

The next day, October 21st, Captain Willie returned with the rescue wagons. Lucy was surely grateful to finally have something to eat, but this day also produced a love story that Lucy told her children and grandchildren throughout her life:

James Barnet Cole joined the first rescue party as it came through Ft. Bridger, or he may have been in Salt Lake City when the first of many rescue calls was issued. He was traveling with William H. Kimball. One night, while on his way, James dreamed he would meet his future wife with the stranded Saints. He even was shown what she looked like. She had a fur cap and a green veil tied over her cap to keep the wind off, and she was very beautiful. He told his dream to his friend and fellow rescuer, William Kimball, who remarked, "We will see no beautiful girl with a fur cap and a green veil in these frozen Saints."

(Lucy Ward - Page 2)

James Cole said that when they saw the stranded Willie encampment, it looked like an eskimo village. The snow was quite deep and paths had been made from tent to tent. When the people caught sight of the train coming, many shouted and cried and embraced their deliverers. Lucy, however, with her very proper upbringing and ingrained ladylike habits, must have been a little more reserved. As they drove into the camp, William Kimball caught sight of Lucy Ward in her green veil. He drove up to her and said to James Cole, “Brother Jim, there is your dream girl.” James asked Lucy if she wanted to get in the wagon, but Lucy’s reply was, “No, I don’t know you.”

Another incident that shows Lucy’s penchant for propriety occurred earlier when a “fine old man” in camp asked Lucy to wash his clothes. Lucy had just pulled this man’s handcart across the Platte River and then gone back to bring her own. She didn’t refuse his request, but went to her tent to pray about the matter. Before leaving England, Lucy had never even washed her own clothes. “She prayed for strength of character, enough courage to do as she was asked. ... When she went out of the tent she felt almost happy about the prospect, knowing that faith without works is dead. The next night the man died. She was so happy she had washed his clothing. He was buried in them.”

At the time of rescue, Lucy was taken into the care of William Kimball, James Cole, and other rescuers. She must have gotten used to the idea of having James around, and James must have been quite persuasive in winning her heart, because on the way to Salt Lake, on November 2, 1856, they were married at Fort Bridger by William Kimball. Lucy and James stayed at Fort Bridger and nearby Fort Supply during the winter. James had two brothers who were also at Fort Supply— John and Moroni Cole. Lucy was nursed back to health and her feet were saved. Lucy and James came into the Valley the next spring and went to Willard, Utah, to help James’s father run his flour mill.

Brigham Young soon called upon the Cole family to move around Utah colonizing various new communities. Lucy remarked that they would no sooner become comfortable, than they would leave to start all over again in some wilderness. This was common to many families of that time, particularly the hardy handcart pioneers who had already conquered great obstacles.

Lucy and James eventually had eleven children, eight girls and three boys. In June, 1876, James was killed as a result of an accident with a runaway horse on a mowing machine. Lucy’s last baby, Edith, was only four months old. Lucy went to Ogden to live with her daughter, Artemisia, who provided a home for her until her death in 1920. She was 86 years old when she died, having been a widow for 44 years.

At one point Lucy became blind from cataracts, but she continued to find ways to be helpful. She hemmed tablecloths and napkins with exquisitely tiny stitches. She helped her grandchildren with their homework. They said “her mind was like a dictionary.” One particular granddaughter, Ruby Hall, wrote of her: “I think the rudeness of us children was a trial to her. We would talk loud with our mouths full, and kept the floor, so to speak, when someone else had something to say worthwhile. ... She would stand at her full height (five feet) like a princess and say ‘HARK!’ and we would all listen to what she had to say. ... If she was ever annoyed with us, we never knew it. She was sweet and loving all the time. We all just thought her wonderful, as she was. She never got out of place or put her foot in her mouth, so to speak.”

In her widowhood, Lucy worked as a companion to older women. She read to them and wrote letters for them as part of their care. Ruby wrote, “She was James Barnet Cole’s wonderful companion given to him from divine providence. And they were both our darling mother’s parents. ... By their fruits they shall be known. [She] died on February 18, 1920. I lived with her twenty years and to know her was to love her.”

Sources: “Lucy Ward’s Story,” by Isabell May Tinsley Johnson; “Story of Lucy Ward,” by Ruby M.F. Hall, granddaughter; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; Mormon Migration website for the *John J. Boyd*; Diary of Patience Loader.

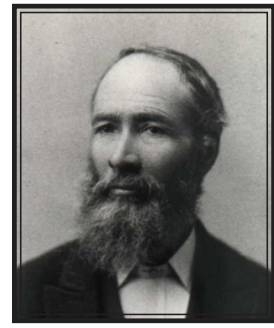
¹Patience Loader of the Martin handcart company mentioned being in New York with Lucy. They had sailed from England on the same ship. Patience Loader worked in a business where these “mantillas” were made. Lucy may have worked at the same place, and made her fur clothing there.

ANDREW A. WATSON

Born: October 13, 1832 Scotland

Age: 23

Willie Handcart Company



At the age of 18 Andrew's father died in a smallpox epidemic and Andrew was left to support his mother and six younger siblings. He was an engine-tender in a coal mine in Fifeshire, Scotland. In 1853, Andrew joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When his brothers and sisters were old enough to take on the responsibility of supporting the family, he decided to go to Utah. Upon leaving his mother's home at Lumphinan in 1856, she gave him ten pounds. The Saints with whom he had labored as a missionary gave him a suit of clothes. Andrew borrowed a wheelbarrow into which he placed his belongings, including a large box of his precious books, which he had sacrificed greatly to obtain. With the help of his siblings, Andrew pushed his cart fourteen miles to Dumferline, where he boarded the train to Liverpool, England. He then sailed to New York aboard the *Thornton*. After traveling to the end of the rail to Iowa City, the Saints had to lighten their handcart loads. Andrew had to leave his books and many other belongings on the street because there was no room in the handcart. He prayed to the Lord that his "precious books might be a light and testimony to some honest soul."

Andrew wrote a biographical letter for the Provo Fourth Ward Jubilee Box, commemorating the 50th anniversary of the Relief Society. In this letter he gives a brief history of his life. The following excerpts are from that letter: "I left my native home Lumphinan where the family resided at that time, and on the 28th of April, 1856, sailed from Liverpool on board the ship *Thornton*, bound for New York. We were six weeks out on the ocean. We traveled from New York by railway and steamship across lakes and up the rivers to Iowa where we pitched our tents, made our handcarts previous to starting from there (I don't remember the exact date) to Salt Lake City.

"We finally came to Council Bluffs and in a short time we started for the plains. Seventeen pounds of luggage to the person was allowed and one man to the handcart, with a wife or a girl or two to help push. We started with one hundred pounds of flour on each cart to lighten what few teams we had with us to carry the sick and infirm. Finally, after much toil and suffering, and many deaths, we arrived in Salt Lake City on the 9th of November, 1856 A.D. Had it not been for the prompt action of President Brigham Young and the blessings of the Lord in sending teams with provisions to meet us, we would have perished on the plains and in the mountains. History will never fully reveal the sufferings of those belated handcarts, but I have ever felt thankful that I got here. After staying in Salt Lake City one night, I, with some others, was brought to Provo in ox teams, having remained here ever since with the exception of a two-year mission to Scotland. I went in the fall of 1877 A.D. and returned in the fall of 1879."

In an interview with Church Historian, Andrew Jensen, in July 1893, Andrew told him of some kind friends in the Willie company. Jensen wrote: "At Rocky Ridge and South Pass a fierce storm was encountered, and again the heroic little band [was] thrown into terrible danger. Fifteen died from the fatigue and exposure during one night and day. Brother Watson himself was thoroughly exhausted, and would have perished but for the kind efforts of some of his companions who encouraged and urged him on. He makes special mention of a Sister [Ellen] Tofield, a Sister [Amelia] Evans, and of William Leadingham, a captain of the guard, who proved themselves in that awful extremity devoted and self-sacrificing friends." [In a later interview, Andrew said that his greatest desire, as he neared the close of life, was to thank those good sisters, his traveling companions.]

A granddaughter, writing of this event, adds that the two women went back many miles through a blizzard when Andrew didn't make it to camp that evening. They pulled him back in his handcart. "He was so near gone that when he was placed near the campfire to dry and get warm, he did not know that his clothing had caught fire." (Margaret Mitchell, Watson family histories)

After settling in Provo, Utah, Andrew married and had six children. He remained a faithful man, and was ordained a Patriarch by Apostle Reed Smoot in 1902. Andrew died Sept. 24, 1908, in Lethbridge, Canada.

Sources: "Andrew Watson & Jean Allan," by Nonavee W. Jones and Ann M. Jones; "Biography of Andrew Watson," by Mamie Watson Dyches, 1936; *History of William Woodward*, 1980 & 2005; "Andrew Watson," *Deseret News*: Pioneer Jubilee Edition, July 24, 1897; "Questing Lights," Relief Society Magazine, July 1948; *Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia*, Vol 2; *Pioneers and Prominent Men*, by Frank Esshom.

OLOF JACOBSON WICKLUND

Born: 31 October 1825 in Storbyn, Dinlla Parish, Sweden

Age: 30

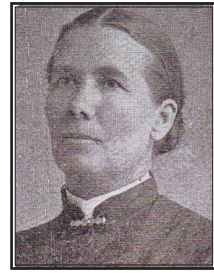
Willie Handcart Company



Sarah Jacobina
Wicklund



Josephine Ephraimeur
Wicklund



Christina
Wicklund

The Wicklund family has a legend about their ancestors: Once there were “four brothers who were princes. They lived in one of the German principalities long before Bismark consolidated the Germanic states. There was a political uprising in which the brothers participated. Their side lost and they were banished from their country. Their name was Buse. They became political refugees. One brother went to St. Petersburg, Russia; one went to Stockholm, Sweden; one went to Wemland, Sweden (Warmland); and one went to Northern Sweden, North Helsingland (Land of Health). This last brother became a landowner and founded a settlement called Buse. He is supposed to be the father of [this] family line.”

Ella Michaelsdatter was born in 1797 in North Helsingland, Sweden. She married a soldier by the name of Jonas Stiner Esbjornsen. Jonas was also born in North Helsingland in 1788. Family tradition indicates that Ella Michaelsdatter married for love, and beneath her social station, since her opportunity for inheritance depended on marrying another landowner. Ella and Jonas had seven children. Only two of those children survived: Ella Johnson and Michael Johnson (or Jonsson).

Like her mother before her, Ella Johnson married a man who had served in the military. His name was Olof Jacobson, the son of Kerstin and Jacob Olsen. While serving in the military, a new method of recording data on the soldiers was initiated. Each soldier was asked to choose a surname. Olof chose the name “Wicklund.” It means “a stream of water running through a woodland or forest.” Olof’s daughter, Christina, said that the place in Sweden where they lived was “so far north that her father walked to the tops of the high mountains near their home and there he saw the midnight sun. In the long summer days he could sit on his porch and read until eleven o’clock at night by the light of day. He was a man who liked the outdoor life and would often take [Christina] into the woods and tell her about the different birds and animals.”

Christina Wicklund used to tell her children stories while sitting around a pine wood fire in their old adobe home in Monroe, Utah. Christina’s son, Nels, recorded the following about one of Olof’s and Christina’s adventures: “On one occasion while walking through the woods they heard a bear. Her father told her to be quiet and they might be able to see him, but the bear got out of sight before they could see it. In the fall of the year, men would hunt places where the bears were preparing to hibernate for the winter. The man who found the place would put his name on the bark of the tree. That bear would be his property, the same as we would put a brand on our cattle.

“In the winter when the snow was deep and frozen over, he would wear snowshoes and take his dogs to find the bear. The dogs would tantalize the bear until he would come out of his den after the dogs. He would be so heavy that he would sink into the snow and fall easy prey for the men on snow shoes. They would use the meat for food and other parts for clothing and for rugs. In the fall and early winter the Laplanders would visit their country with their reindeer much the same as the Gypsies used to do in this country. . . . These begging Laplanders occasionally made their way through these mountains to the delight of the Swedish farm folks. They marveled at their costumes made of two goat hides—one tied in front and one tied behind.”

Olof Wicklund and Ella Johnson were married in 1847. Christina and Jonas were born to the young couple in 1848 and 1849. Olof worked as a tenant farmer in Sweden. He worked the land for the landlord and had no opportunity for ownership. Olof had a cousin who had gone to America and written about the wonderful opportunities he had there. Olof and Ella wanted this for their children. They began saving as much money as possible, but it still wasn’t enough to go to America. Ella finally insisted that they at least make a start, so they moved to Denmark. Ella’s parents and her brother, Michael, went with them. The family obtained an apartment on the 3rd story of an apartment building in Copenhagen, and they went to work. Olof worked on a hand dredge which was used to clean the harbor. The wages were good but not enough to take the family to America. Ella worked at spinning and weaving while her mother tended the children. Two more children were born in Denmark: Sarah Jacobina and Josephine Ephraimeur in 1852 and 1854.

(Olof Wicklund - Page 2)

Nels Sorenson wrote: “One day grandmother heard of a missionary who held meetings down on the beach. He belonged to a church which owned a ship and would take people who belonged to his church to America. ... She went to see him and tell him what she had heard. He said, ‘No, sister, we do not own the ship.’ [He] invited her to come to his meeting. She said she didn’t care about his religion. ... She finally went to hear him speak. The way that he explained his religion, ... and explained the principles of the gospel, made her want to investigate further. ... She was finally converted. She tried to get grandfather interested in the church, but after hearing what he would have to do and how he would have to live, he said he wouldn’t live it as he should, as he used tobacco and took an occasional drink. After he found she was so anxious, he said he would try.”

Olof was also finally converted. He and Ella were baptized in 1851. As Olof entered the river for baptism, Ella noticed a chew of tobacco still in his mouth and she was worried. But Olof stepped into the water, spit out the tobacco, and it went downstream. He never touched tobacco again. Ella’s parents were also baptized on May 18, 1851. They planned to accompany the Wicklund family to America, but their goals were cut short by their deaths in Copenhagen. Ella Michaelsdatter Esbjornsen died of cholera and Jonas Stiner Esbjornsen died from an unknown cause. (Their son, Michael, immigrated to Utah, but the date is not known.)

Olof Wicklund’s family left Copenhagen aboard the steamship *Rhoda* on April 23, 1856. They sailed from Liverpool on the *Thornton* in May 1856. Ella was expecting her 5th child. One of Olof’s descendants wrote: “Apparently, ‘Ole’ Wicklund had advanced rapidly in the Church, because he was an elder at the time of their departure. He was well thought of by the company, which is evidenced by his being called upon to baptize several people for their health and others to renew their covenants.” (Thelma Chamberlain) This was a fairly common practice in the Church at that time. It was not the same as the ordinance of baptism, followed by confirmation, that brought an individual into Church membership. Peter Madsen, who was the clerk for the Danish Saints, recorded: “Tuesday, August 12, 1856. [Florence, Nebraska] Weather: beautiful. The saints were happy, busy with washing, repairing, and daily provisioning which is now given regularly. A cow was slaughtered and distributed. Fresh meat soup was eaten. We bathed and visited the beautiful neighborhood and the Mormon ruins [Winter Quarters]. In the evening five brothers and sisters were baptized, the sick were washed, namely Peder Jacobsen, Anne K. Jacobsen, Petrea Madsen, Marie Andersen, and Ellen [Helle] Nielsen. They were baptized (for their health) by [Olof] Wicklund.”



Jonas Wicklund

Ella “Lollie” Nielsen met the Wicklund family as they traveled to Utah. She was on hand to assist Ella Wicklund when her new baby was born. She may have assisted Olof with the handcart as well. On October 14, the company journal recorded: “Weather splendid.” On October 16, the company journal recorded: “Early this morning, sister Ella, wife of Olof Wicklund was delivered of a son.” They named him Jacob. Ella had already walked nearly a thousand miles since leaving Iowa City, 96½ miles of that in the seven days prior to giving birth. The company had passed Independence Rock and Devil’s Gate the day before Jacob’s birth near Split Rock. They had also “unanimously agreed” to reduce the flour rations again. Three days later they issued the last flour and other foodstuffs and winter arrived with the first snowstorm. When Jacob was born, some of the sisters took Ella behind some shrubs and sheltered her with a sheet for privacy. The company continued another 11 miles that day. Ella Wicklund was allowed an uncomfortable ride in one of the provision wagons for three days. An unnamed “sympathetic gentleman handed her a sweet cookie or cake and later she said it was the best meal she had ever eaten.”

On October 19, the Willie Company met the first group of men sent from Salt Lake City to their aid. These four men brought the good news that rescue wagons were not far behind. Those wagons met the stranded Saints two days later. On October 23, the Willie Company crossed Rocky Ridge in a blizzard. Ella Wicklund and her one-week-old baby somehow survived, but Lollie had spent her last ounce of strength. Olof wrapped her in a buffalo robe and left her on the trail while he saw his family safely to camp at Rock Creek. He then returned and carried her back to camp. He had his 8-year-old daughter, Christina, sleep next to Lollie to keep her warm. Lollie’s biography states:

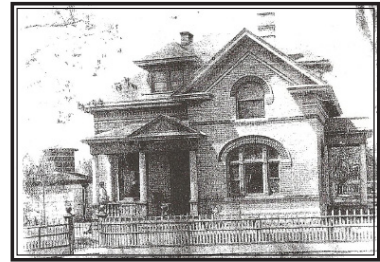
(Olof Wicklund - Page 2)

“In spite of this precaution Lollie did not survive, and the next morning Christina awoke to find Lollie frozen to death at her side. Her hair was frozen solid and an ax was used to free it from the ice.”¹ Lollie is buried in a common grave at Rock Creek Hollow with 12 or 13 others. Brother and Sister Wicklund and their five children all survived and arrived safely in the Valley on November 9, 1856. Lollie’s biography summarizes:

“Because of the lack of space, families of the deceased were not allowed to take the belongings of their dead loved ones with them. Among the things which Lollie’s family [the Wicklunds] were preparing to throw away were a quilt and a pair of scissors. These were both in better condition than those owned by the Wicklunds, so it was decided that they could be exchanged. The old quilt and scissors of Christina’s family were thrown away and replaced by the better ones. The quilt eventually became worn out but the scissors remained in use through the years. Christina later married Martin Sorenson and she used [the scissors] during the time she was rearing her family in Monroe, Utah. When Christina’s son, Lionel [Alexander Sorensen], married Clara Larsen, a descendant of the family to which Lollie Anderson [or Nielsen] belonged, the scissors were given to this young couple who continued to use them. At the present time they still belong to the Sorenson family. They now occupy a place of honor among the family pioneer relics and are brought out only upon the occasion of the retelling of the story of the death on the plains to the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Christina Wicklund and the descendants of the family of Lollie Anderson.—Dona Sorenson Hansen”

Upon arriving in Utah, Olof took his family to Manti, where he built a dugout for their shelter and fashioned some crude furniture out of rough lumber. Olof died one year later, on November 6, 1857. According to family records, Olof was buried in a grave that reportedly remains unmarked, “in a park adjoining the Manti Cemetery,” in the shadow of the Manti Temple.

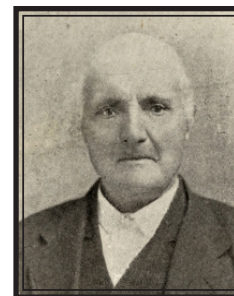
Notes: Ella Wicklund married Morten Sorenson in 1858. She had four more children before she died in Washington, Utah, in 1865. The last two were twins. Christina Wicklund also married Morten Sorenson. They had twelve children. Christina died in Monroe, Utah, where she had served in her ward Relief Society presidency for 25 years, and later as the Stake Relief Society President for nearly 15 years. Jonas married Rachel A. Gifford. They had seven sons, but only the youngest son had any children who lived to adulthood. Jonas died in Hagerman, Idaho. Sarah married Franklin Binning Goold, “a handsome young Welshman,” in 1874 in St. George, where their first two children were born. In 1877 they moved to Monroe, “where they were esteemed as worthy, progressive citizens.” Josephine married Hans Tuft in 1872. Hans “told her she would never go hungry or work again. She later said that she never went hungry, but the work seemed about the same.” They also moved to Monroe, where all three Wicklund sisters then lived on the same block. Josephine had 7 children. She died in 1937 in Monroe. Pictured is Josephine’s fine brick home in Monroe, something she would have not known in Sweden. Jacob Wicklund was blind in one eye, mostly likely as a result of the severe winter weather to which he was exposed the first few weeks of his life. He married Estella Patten in 1882 and Fannie Hansen in 1902. A Utah census for Joseph, Monroe town, Sevier County, in 1900 shows Jacob as a widower with four daughters.



Sources: *Pioneers and Prominent Men*, Frank Eschholm, 1913; “Olaf Jacobsen Wicklund,” in *Mormon Biography II*, (book at Kirtland family history library found by Geraldine Sorenson Adams, 1995); “Lollie Anderson,” *Treasures of Pioneer History*, “They Came in 1856,” p. 51-52; email from George Robison, July 2, 2011; “Ella Michaelsdatter and Ella Wicklund,” by Thelma C. Chamberlain; email from Gregory Perry, June 29, 2010; “Josephine Ephraimeur Wicklund Tuft,” by Nadeane Tuft Nielsen, 5 Apr 2000; “Sarah Jacobina Wicklund 1852-1907,” compiled by Maurine R. Goold, February 1978 (from information furnished by Sarah’s son, Binning Franklin Goold, and daughter, Ella Goold Yergesen Jones); Obituary of Sarah Wickland Goold; Obituary of Josephine Wickland Tuft; familysearch.org; “Morton Sorenson and Christina Wicklund Sorenson,” by Nels Sorenson; Diary of Peter Madsen, (see <https://byustudies.byu.edu/>); *The Willie Handcart Company*, by Paul D. Lyman, 2006.

¹It is unclear from the various sources if Christina and Lollie both had their hair frozen in the ice, and whether an ax or pair of scissors or both were used to cut it.

JAMES G. WILLIE



Born: November 1, 1814 in England

Age: 42

Captain of the Willie Handcart Company

James Willie came to America when he was 21 years old. He first heard the gospel preached in Connecticut. He was baptized in 1842 and served his first mission in 1843, traveling and teaching in Vermont, Connecticut and New York. He was gone during the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and joined the exiled Saints at Winter Quarters, Nebraska, in 1846. In 1852 he returned to England, again as a missionary.¹ In 1856, after four years away from his wife and three children, President Franklin D. Richards of the European Mission appointed James to be the president of the group of Saints on the ship *Thornton*.

Brother Erastus Snow had been at Florence, Nebraska, assisting the returning missionaries and the late handcart companies. An excerpt from a letter Elder Snow wrote to President John Taylor tells a little of what it was like for Elder Willie and his handcart company: “Notwithstanding the hurry and bustle of starting off the last companies and closing up the complicated business of the season, it was a joyful termination of the laborous summer work, and a happy meeting with those faithful men of God, who after long years of separation from home and kindred dear, and of faithful toil and labor in foreign lands, are now about to be released from their labors and rest themselves while they journey across the Plains.” The returning Elder Willie surely did not have a restful journey ahead of him! Continuing, Brother Snow wrote of Elder Willie and the other returning missionaries: “May the choice blessings of Israel’s God, whom they serve, abide upon them, and speed them on their way to the embrace of their anxious and loving families and friends. May they ever live in the affection of the Saints of God, and the memory of their noble deeds never perish.”

James then became the Captain of the Fourth Handcart Company, consisting of about 500 people when they left Iowa City. They had 120 handcarts, five wagons, 24 oxen and 45 beef cattle and cows. About 100 people dropped out before they left Florence, Nebraska, on August 18. James Willie had been over the plains and experienced the road. He was a fluent speaker and was well liked by the people. Near Grand Island, Nebraska, they lost about 30 head of cattle during a severe storm. Not only did the people lose beef rations and milk cows, they didn’t have enough oxen left to pull all of the provisions. The flour had to be divided and each handcart had to carry another 100 pounds of flour. When they reached Fort Laramie, provisions were not waiting as expected. James called a meeting to decide what could be done as they were still many miles from Salt Lake, and at their present rate of consumption, all the food would be gone before they reached their destination. The flour allowance was cut from one pound to 3/4 of a pound per day and every effort was made to travel faster. At Independence Rock it became necessary to reduce the rations even further. Another meeting was called “to take into consideration our provisions & the time it was considered we should have to make it last before we could depend upon supplies. It was unanimously agreed to reduce the rations of flour one fourth.” On October 19, express riders met the company with the good news that supply wagons were close behind and they should meet them the next day. On October 20, the Willie Company came to a grinding halt due to a severe snowstorm. The last of the meager rations had been given out the night before. James Willie knew that he must go ahead to find the relief wagons. He was weak and half-starved, but knew he must save his company. He chose Joseph B. Elder to go with him.

Joseph Elder wrote: “We started ahead in search of our brethren. We rode 12 miles [to the base of Rocky Ridge] where we expected to find them, but they were not there.”

Andrew Olsen pondered these questions: *Imagine what went through James Willie’s mind when he didn’t find them there—the dilemma he faced: Should he turn back, both for his own safety and to provide leadership to his company in their dire circumstances? Or should he take an enormous chance and continue forward searching for the rescuers? As he considered whether to go forward, surely he thought of all these things: If the rescuers weren’t at the base of Rocky Ridge, they wouldn’t be anywhere close.*

(James G. Willie - Page 2)

Perhaps the closest they'd be was on the other side of Rocky Ridge, at least 13 miles away. Going another 13 miles in those conditions was extremely risky, and the thought of it surely gave James Willie pause. If he decided to continue, that meant he wouldn't get back to the camp with help that day, as expected—and needed. He had to wonder how many would survive, not just the one day they thought he'd be gone, but at least two days without food in those conditions. He had to wonder where the rescuers really were; maybe they were farther behind than the express riders had said. ... He had to wonder that even if he made it to the other side of Rocky Ridge, would he possibly miss the rescuers? How would he know, in that wide open country, where they were? And if he passed by their camp unknowingly, what would be the consequences for him personally—and his company? How far would he keep riding? Would he continue another day if he didn't find them that day? That would mean his company would be four days without food—and suffer catastrophic loss of life. He had to worry about losing his way, getting off the trail. Although he knew the trail, he hadn't traveled it in four years and had never traveled it in these conditions, when it was covered in snow and in a disorienting whiteout.

[Joseph Elder wrote:] “We ascended the Rocky Ridge. The snow and an awful cold wind blew in our faces all day. ... Upon the west bank of the North Fork of the Sweetwater we found a friendly guide post which pointed us to their camp down upon the Sweetwater in amongst the willows. When they saw us, they raised a shout and ran out to meet us. Great was their joy to hear from us for they had long been in search of us. They could scarcely give us time to tell our story they were so anxious to hear all about us, their camp being 27 miles from ours.”

Willie and Elder retraced those 27 miles to the Willie Company's camp, the rescuers with them. Rescuer Harvey Cluff [who had placed the “friendly guide post”] called it an “extremely difficult” all-day journey. ... [Captain Willie] had traveled 54 miles in those two days—almost every hour of daylight both days.

Captain Willie then had the awesome task of traveling back over the 27 miles he had just come to bring relief to his beloved company. Somewhat revived, the Willie company pushed on, after sending the majority of the rescue wagons further east to find the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies. On October 23, 1856, the company had their greatest trial, the crossing of Rocky Ridge. It took all day and into the night to get the last persons to Rock Creek, a distance of about 16 miles from where they started that day, traveling through yet another storm. At about 11:00 p.m., it was reported that there were many people that had still not arrived into camp, and Captain Willie was on his way back alone to look for them, traversing the trail for the fourth time on that dreadful day. The very last of his company was not brought in until 5:00 a.m. Fifteen people were buried before the company left Rock Creek two days later.

Captain James Willie was truly a great leader who showed genuine concern for his fellow travelers. George Cunningham wrote the following as a tribute to James Willie, “Our Captain showed us all a noble example. He was furnished a mule to ride on our start from Iowa City, but he said, ‘I will never get on its back, I will show the example, you follow it.’ He did so and the Captains of hundreds followed him. They would crowd on ahead to be the first into the streams to help the women and children across. They waded every stream, I might say, a dozen times between Iowa City and Green River. ... Their feet were worn and bleeding, they became exhausted and had to be hauled the balance of the way, some of them not being able to stand on their feet.”

On November 2, near Fort Bridger, the company journal recorded: “Brother Willie's feet were in such a bad condition from frost that he was unable to walk to the Camp; a wagon was sent for him.” The reason? Again, he had been late getting to camp, having “stayed behind to bring up the sick. ... We had not teams enough to haul the feeble that were left behind.” The company continued on, and with the help of the rescuers, arrived in the Valley on November 9, 1856. A doctor recommended amputation of James's feet, but his wife skillfully nursed him and he was blessed to keep his limbs. In 1859 James moved to Mendon, Cache Valley, Utah, where he was active in the community. He died in 1895 at the age of 85.

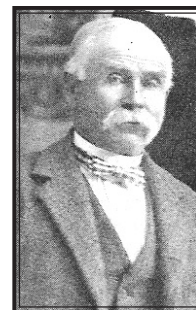


James Willie home in Mendon

Sources: Willie Company Journal in *The Willie Handcart Company*, by Paul D. Lyman, 2006; italicized words from May 2012 fireside talk by Andrew D. Olsen to the missionaries at Martin's Cove, used by permission; *Journals of Joseph B. Elder*; Missionary diaries of James G. Willie; *A Collection of Last Will and Testament of Willie Ancestral Families in England*; “Autobiography of George Cunningham,” March 29, 1876; photo courtesy Alan Willie. See *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for artwork and more on James Willie.

¹James inherited a large sum of money while on his mission, due to the death of his brother, John. He used a small amount of this to defray his mission expenses and gave the rest (about £200) to the Perpetual Emigrating Fund in order to pay passage for many of these emigrants.

WILLIAM (FIELD) WOODWARD



Born: 4 January 1833 in England

Age: 23

Willie Handcart Company

William was born not far from London, England, to William and Sophia Woodward Field. His parents separated when he was 10 months old. He went to live with his maternal grandparents and assumed the name of Woodward. He had a good education and went to school at an early age. His interests were varied and he loved learning, especially Latin, history and geography.

At 15 years of age, William was working on the London railway where he heard talk and ridicule of a peculiar people who had rented a small school house. One Sunday night William decided to go see for himself what it was all about. He wrote (in third person) that he “sat close by the door so he could retire if the services did not suit him. The opening exercises were simple: singing, prayer, and singing. Nothing remarkable in these proceedings, but when the preacher commenced his discourses, it was electrifying. William had never heard the like before. It was Bible doctrine, and William was not familiar with the scriptural passages given. He did not want to leave the meeting till it ended.”

William soon joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and studied all he could. He wrote: “My parents were opposed to the religion I had embraced and I got no encouragement from them. I used to spend much of my evenings at the homes of the Latter-day Saints. I received the doctrine of the Church like a thirsty ox does water.” William also received the doctrine of gathering “with joy,” arranging to leave England in January 1850. William turned 17 years old that month, and wrote: “The second of January came; my mother had been crying nearly all night. It was hard to separate. I bid farewell to my mother in tears. I hurried to the Railway Station to be in time for the train. Several Saints were waiting for the train who were ready to bid farewell to their native land. We arrived in Liverpool the same night.... I got on board the same day and slept there till I got to New Orleans. I sent my mother a letter saying I got there safe and was well. She sent me one saying they were sick and broke her heart and wanted me to return. My mind was made up before I started that I was to go to the Valley.... We sang the songs of Zion as we were going out of the dock.”

William finally arrived in the Valley just before General Conference in 1851, at the age of 18. He said, “This was the occasion that I had wished to see—To see the leaders of the church, the First Presidency and Apostles. Brigham Young—his form and features and above all his plain simple preaching, his wise counsels filled my soul with joy and admiration. I felt repaid for my journey and trials, and resolved in my heart to continue in the faith I had accepted, and to try to live a life of devotion ... and spend the rest of my life in trying to build up the Zion that was instilled into my mind.”

William eventually worked and boarded with Heber C. Kimball and also returned to school at the University of Deseret, where the “terms of education per quarter was 5 dollars.” William had barely been in the Valley for one year when he was called with several other Elders to serve a mission to Europe. He had two weeks to prepare. After serving faithfully in England for a period of over three years, William was released from his labors and prepared to return home. On his 23rd birthday, before he left England, he noted in his diary: “I ascended a hill overlooking the sea in the morning, and sang a hymn, and engaged in prayer thanking the Lord for preserving my life up to the present time, and asking him to bless and preserve me through this present year.” William had no money for the clothing and other things he would need, but soon his friends and Saints in England provided for him.

When William arrived in Iowa City, Iowa, he helped get the first three handcart companies on their way that season. He said that “the returning missionaries were held to labor for the welfare of Mormon Emigrants till they arrived in Salt Lake City.” On June 3, 1856, he records going “to the woods to chop logs for “hand-cart” timber 6 miles distant from camp.” When James Willie’s group arrived at Iowa City, William was appointed to assist them and traveled to Zion as a sub-captain over a hundred. His was the third of five companies of one hundred, principally Scotch. He spent his time assisting and leading others, standing guard and fulfilling other assignments.

William would later state this opinion: “We never ought to have left M[issouri] River. ... While at Florence a meeting of our Company was held—I had been sent to Omaha & Council Bluffs, when Levi Savage told of the cold & suffering [that] might be expected on the trip. Bro. Willie assumed all responsibility & Bro. Savage was condemned for his recital of what might be expected on our journey. Bro. Willie gave me the information when I returned from Council Bluffs. Every word spoken by Bro. Savage came true.”

After traveling nearly 1,000 miles, it became much colder and food rationing began. Many of the company members felt they would perish. They met the first signs of relief on Oct. 19th: “An Express from the relief train met us about Ice Springs in the Sweetwater Valley, C.H. Wheelock, Jos. A. Young, Steve Taylor and a Bro. Garr. Some of these brethren advised us to give out all the flour we had at night to our famished people. We did so. A snow fell on us that night about a foot deep. It was a sorry sight, over 400 people with hand carts, short of bedding, & to sleep on the cold ground. One thought is enough for a lifetime.

“James G. Willie and Joseph B. Elder started out to find the relief camp, & found it on the Sweetwater. They came to us next night. Had it not have been for the timely aid sent us, it seems we must have all perished. A few might have got to Fort Bridger; but the women & children the sick & feeble would have succumbed to the cold & hunger. Teams & help with food & clothing [were] sent by the good people of Utah to our rescue, God bless them. Levi Savage who was censured for his truthful statement at Florence, was I think the best help we had -- resolute & determined his whole soul was for the salvation of our company.

“In crossing the Rocky Ridge two of our teamsters abandoned their teams. Millen Atwood & myself took the teamsters’ places -- Bro. Savage was with us -- we picked up all the stragglers & our wagons were filled. We had about 3 steers & 3 Arkansas cows to our wagons & toiled along as best we could. We arrived at a small stream with a steep hill to pull up after we got over the creek. It was dark at night, all other teams gone, Levi Savage went to camp. Teams were gathered to help us & relieve our loads, & teamsters sent to relieve us, & best of all bread sent to feed our hungry loads of people. What kind boys they were who were sent to our help. Prest. Brigham Young seemed to be inspired and seemed alive to the occasion. God bless his memory.”

William also later wrote: “Snow was on the ground and looked dismal. ... Crossing the Rocky ridge was a severe & disastrous day to health. The weather was cold & it snowed & blowed some of the time making it bad for the sick who rode in the wagons & for those who pulled the handcars. The next day we buried 13 souls near Willow Creek on the banks of the Sweetwater.¹ From that time till we entered the Valley many died. They were the old, the infirm, & the debilitated. Oftentimes the snow had to be cleared from the ground that the tents might be set & the people have a place to sleep. The provisions were given out every night & often it was from 10 to 12 p.m. before all the camp could retire to rest. Help, in the shape of wagons & provisions continued to reach us till we arrived in G.S.L. City.” William arrived with the Willie Company on November 9, 1856.

Years later, William’s son, Cecil, shared the following story: “A number of years after the handcart trek, William Woodward was at a general conference in Salt Lake. He met a woman who had been one of his Hundred. She reminded him of some good rawhide shoes which were owned by one of the men in the party. William did remember them, and she then asked if he ever wondered what had happened to them. [They had evidently turned up missing during the trek.] The woman told William that she had taken them one night and made soup with them.”

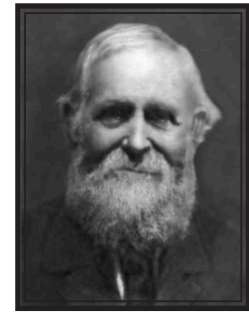
In a 1906 letter to Albert Jones of the Handcart Veterans Association, William wrote: “Seeing an announcement in the Deseret News of Sep 3, I was anxious to correspond with you. ... Some of you tell of hardships; hardships they were truly. We buried 68. I kept the camp journal as our clerk gave out. Our butcher died, so I became butcher. In crossing Rocky Ridge, two of our teamsters gave out in a bitter snow storm. Atwood and I had to take their places and we picked up the stragglers. Our wagons were full of people, we got to camp away in the night; next day we buried 13 and the 2nd morning 2 more besides them. We arrived in SL City Nov 9th. To talk of our experiences is a thrilling theme. ... I have lived here more than 46 years. Yours T W. Woodward. ... I would like to see a history of the companies of 1856 published. I was a returning missionary at the time 23 years old. W.W. Albert Jones, I think I saw you once in Franklin.

William married Harriet Hogan in February 1857. He eventually settled in Franklin, Idaho, where he died and was buried in 1908.

¹ Although the camp was at Rock Creek, it was not named that until 1858. Guidebooks commonly called it “Branch of Sweetwater,” but diarists, including company clerks, often just called it “Sweetwater.” Willow Creek is only two miles west of Rock Creek, and was the closest defining landmark.

THOMAS YOUNG

Born: 8 Feb 1836 England
 Age: 20
 Willie Handcart Company



Thomas Young's sister, Lucy, wrote about Thomas's conversion to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in England:

When Tom became interested in Mormonism, Father said he would rather bury him than see him become a Mormon. Then when Tom did join the Church and was determined to go to America, Father relented and said, "Don't leave us, Tom, I'll let you go to your meetings and have any of the people here." Tom answered, "I'm not satisfied. I can't stay here. I want to go to the gathering place of the Saints. When you join the Church, as you will, you will know why. Don't grieve too much, Father, for you will see me again." Father clung to the promise with the thought that perhaps Tom would come back there on a mission.

Father met with several severe accidents and one time he had serious throat trouble and had to breathe through a tube. The doctor told him he would have to be very careful or he might lose his life and Father said, "Don't talk to me of dying. I have a son in America who promised me I would see him again and I haven't yet and I know I will."

Eighteen years later, Father and Mother came to Utah and Tom's promise was realized and what a glorious meeting it was. Tom had built a little two-room home in the orchard for them near him and they lived there the remainder of their lives.

Mother was very bitter against a Church that would take her boy away from her and she was unhappy and sad for some time until finally she decided she would visit the Church and see just what they taught that would take a boy from his family. She went with a very antagonistic spirit and was greeted by the Presiding Elder who was a neighbor and he said, "Well, Ann, I am glad to see you, come and sit down," to which mother replied, "I don't think much of a religion that would persuade a boy to leave his folks and go away to a far country." He again said he was glad to see her and here perhaps she would find the reason why her boy had gone to America.

She said she was glad to get away from that meeting but two weeks later she went again and against her will received a testimony of the Gospel and at the close of the meeting told the Presiding Elder she was ready for baptism and soon she too became a member and she said from that time England was no more her home though 18 years passed before she was able to immigrate to Utah.

She did enjoy her little home in Three Mile Creek[, Utah] as it was then called and for many years she was a Sunday School teacher. And many many years later one of her pupils said he remembered her as a very good teacher and he laughingly added, "And sometimes she would bring dried fruit for us to eat while she gave the lesson." Another pupil said, "She was so kind and often would take two of us home to dinner on Sunday and we were so happy when it came our turn to go to her home and have dinner with our Sunday School teacher." Just a week before she passed away she ran a foot race with some of her pupils.

Shortly after Thomas's mother joined the Church, his father and all but one of his nine siblings also joined and eventually came to Utah. Thomas's oldest sister, Sarah, had looked on Thomas as her favorite brother and was very bitter about his newfound faith. Lucy wrote: "When the Elders would come to our home she would leave and said she never wanted anything to do with a religion that would persuade her loved brother to leave home and go so far away. ... She never did accept the Gospel or overcome her animosity."

Thomas's brother, Samuel, also wrote of the family:

Tom was a very serious boy and never seemed to care to play marbles or any games. He would go out and watch the other boys for awhile, then go in the house and read or study. He went to school parts of two summers. The book they studied was the New Testament. Later he resumed his education at night school. ... Tom was always of a religious turn of mind and ... he knew Mormonism was the truth when he first heard it and became a member at the age of 19 and soon after was ordained a Priest. Tom and I were almost inseparable and I was more lonesome when he left for America than I was two years later when I came to America and left the remainder of the family.

Thomas Young wrote his autobiography and history of travel in the Willie handcart company in 1915, the year prior to his death at age 80. The following are excerpts from that autobiography:

(Thomas Young - Page 2)

I was born on February 8, 1836, at Upper Caldicott, near Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, England. I was the son of George Young and Anne Willshire Young. I was the grandson of Thomas Young and Sarah Humphries, and James Willshire. I do not know my [other] grandmother's maiden name. [He later learned that it was Jane Silby.]

I was baptized into the Church on February 5, 1855, and confirmed the same day. Samuel Wagstaff baptised me; I was confirmed by John Sears. I immigrated to Utah in 1856, leaving England in the middle of February (18, 1855) . I landed in New York on March 27, 1856. I crossed the sea in the ship "Caravan" and reached St. Louis on April 5, 1856, by railroad. I secured work on a farm and worked until the first of August, then left [Missouri] to get ready to cross the plains.

We began our great adventure on August 8 [The Willie Company was near Council Bluffs, Iowa, across the Missouri River from Florence, Nebraska, at this time. The Abraham Smoot Company was still in Missouri.] and reached Salt Lake City on November 9. I walked all the way and drove an ox team for Abraham Smoot, father of Reed Smoot. We came in the Captain James Willie Company.¹ There were five hundred people, one hundred twenty hand carts, five wagons, twenty-four oxen and forty-five beef cattle. When we reached Florence [Nebraska Territory] there were several days delay on account of the handcarts. We mended old carts, made new ones, and obtained supplies.

We had many thrilling experiences crossing the plains, and some that made it very hard for our company. One was the Indians driving off our beef cattle. There was an extremely early winter that year and no one had warm enough clothing nor enough bedding to keep warm. The handcarts were so rickety that it took rawhide a plenty to tie them together. The provisions were so low that on October 12 every one was rationed out with ten ounces of flour. On the nineteenth [of October] the snow began to fall and fell eighteen inches deep on the level. We pushed on as far as we could but were forced to make camp on the Sweet Water. ...

[When] Brigham Young learned of [us] in the October conference[,] he dismissed the conference and sent twenty wagons, each with two teamsters, provisions, quilts and all kinds of supplies that had been volunteered to aid our company and others who were on the plains. Two men were sent ahead to let the Saints know that help was coming and to encourage them. Help came just in time; we had had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours. Nine of our company died the night help came. When we reached the valley, one sixteenth of our company had been left buried by the wayside.

I stayed with Brigham H. Young, son of Brigham Young, one year – driving a team of mules, hauling wood from the canyon, then I married Martha Webb Campkin. We had crossed in the James Willie Company. Her husband died of pneumonia while we were in St. Louis, leaving her with five small children to care for. Before he died he asked me if I would see they reached their destination.

Now being a married man, I started out for myself. In July 1857, I was ordained by Elder Joseph Young, brother to Brigham Young. About this time I joined the Nauvoo Legion, and we used to train every Saturday afternoon as we heard there was an army of soldiers coming to kill us and burn our homes. I enlisted in Colonel I.D. Ross' Co., H.D. Park was captain, and I was Lieutenant. We had some [enjoyable] times.

About the middle of October, we were called to shoulder our guns and go out to meet the soldiers and stop them from coming into the valley. We loosened great boulders, and had rocks of various sizes stacked available. A few men could roll these rocks down upon the army as it crossed through the narrow canyon pass. We went to Echo Canyon, and stayed there for six weeks. Then we heard they couldn't come in 'til spring, so we went back home for the winter.

In the Spring of 1858, we were told to pack up our things and go south and not stop short of Lehi, twenty-five miles south of Salt Lake City. I went about thirty miles, stopping one night on the way. It rained very hard and five families had to stay in one old cellar all one night. The mud leaked through. The next morning we were a sorry looking sight but glad that it was no worse. Starting out the next morning, we went to American Fork where we stayed till the first of August 1858. Then we were told we could return.

I went to Bountiful, and worked for Israel Barlowe in 1859. Here our first child, a daughter we named Fannie, was born. In the Spring of 1860 I moved to Three Mile Creek, later called Perry. I arrived on the 9th of April and lived on James Neilson's old farm. Henry Tingey bought it from a man named Allen. I lived there one year then moved to a place called the Stauffer farm. I sold it to Richard Thorne, and went to live in a house a little above Barnard White's house. [Barnard White traveled in the Hunt wagon company in 1856. See Elizabeth White in Hunt company section of *Tell My Story, Too.*]

I worked for Mr. Thorne for two years, and then bought another place and moved there on March 1, 1864. This was the time of the Civil War when green backs were worth only fifty cents on the dollar so I had to pay fifteen hundred dollars in gold or double that in green backs. I had three years to pay for it at five hundred dollars a year. All

(Thomas Young - Page 3)

I had to start with was one yoke of oxen. He took them for one hundred dollars. Now I had a farm but no team to work with so concluded I would make a pasture of it and rent another farm to work. So I rented the farm Mr. Hansen had, but a Mr. Perry owned it, then Heber Perry's grandfather. I do not know that I ever learned his given name [Henry Elisha Perry, whose son, Henry, later married Thomas' oldest daughter]. ...

The first year I made the payment alright and had a few dollars to spare with which I bought some calves so as to have something to help with the next year's payment, which I also made all right. It took all I had to make the next year's payment. I had only a "Squatters" right, no title to the land.

When the land came into market in 1865, I had to go and buy it all over again from the government at a dollar and fifty cents cash down and no grumbling. ...

There was only one log room on the place, the south one. I bought the north one, and had it shingled, as there was only boards and dirt roof on it. It leaked every time it stormed. After a while I added two more rooms at the back and built a big rock cellar on the north.

After my family grew up I built a six room adobe house just east of the log one. I accepted the principle of plural marriage, marrying Harriet Campkin. The [federal] marshals caused a great many trials and hardships. Many times the men would have to quit work to keep out of their way. But I, with many others, was convicted of polygamy and served six months in the state penitentiary at Salt Lake City. ... I was soon let out as a trustee to work on the penitentiary farm.

Then I divided my farm into three pieces. Each wife and I drew separate portions, Harriet getting the piece with the house. By building the house and buying fine bred cattle, I became involved in a debt for three thousand dollars. Each piece of property was to assume one thousand dollars of the debt. I let my property go to satisfy creditors and went south of Salt Lake for several years. In the meantime both of my wives had died.

I married Lily May Andrus and went to Lewiston, buying a piece of ground near the schoolhouse. I planted fruit trees and raised strawberries and sugar beets to pay for my small place. I also served as janitor for the schoolhouse part of the time. I lived in Lewiston for fifteen years and after my third wife died I came to live with my son, Wallace. I was the father of seven children, three sons and four daughters. Fannie, Thomas, and Albert being born to my first wife, Martha Webb Campkin. Then Eliza, Wallace, Ida, and Sarah were the children born to my second wife, Harriet Campkin, daughter of my first wife, Martha Webb Campkin.

Lillian Knight summarized the family's admiration for Thomas Young in these words: "We descendants are grateful that this lad of 19 had the faith and courage to unite with the misunderstood Mormons and the determination to come to America and thus lead the way ... for [his parents' family] to come and enjoy the blessings and privileges of living the remainder of their lives in these Valleys of the Rocky Mountains[;] for us to be born and live in this 'Choice above all other lands: America.' "

Thomas Young left a great posterity to honor his name. Among them are Thomas and Martha Webb Campkin's great-grandson, Apostle L. Tom Perry (1922-2015).

Sources: 1) Four transcripts of the "Autobiography of Thomas Young" with various small differences in each. However, all indicate the original writing was by Thomas Young. The whereabouts of an original handwritten autobiography is unknown at this time. Three transcripts were typed respectively by descendants Lillian J. Knight, Shirley Larsen, and Rosa Young. The fourth typist is unnamed. Rosa Young was the wife of Thomas's son, Wallace, with whom Thomas lived the last few years of his life. He was in Wallace and Rosa's home in 1915 when he "penned" this account. 2) Daughters of Utah Pioneers history file on Thomas Young. Submission by Lillian J. Knight includes Rosa Young's interviews with Thomas's siblings, Samuel Young and Lucy Young Woodward. 3) Interviews with various descendants of Thomas Young by Jolene Allphin. 4) Research by Jolene Allphin on teamsters or "drivers" for Abraham O. Smoot's 1856 wagon train and Smoot wagons.



Martha Webb Campkin
(Young)



Harriet Campkin
(Young)

“I feel grateful that my ancestors accepted the Gospel and had the courage to come to this country. When I think of them trudging along singing the handcart song . . . in the face of the hardships they endured, my greatest desire is that I might appreciate the heritage they left me and ever prove true to the Gospel for which they suffered so much.”

(Descendant of Ann Wood Wheeler, Willie handcart company)

MARTIN COMPANY

1856

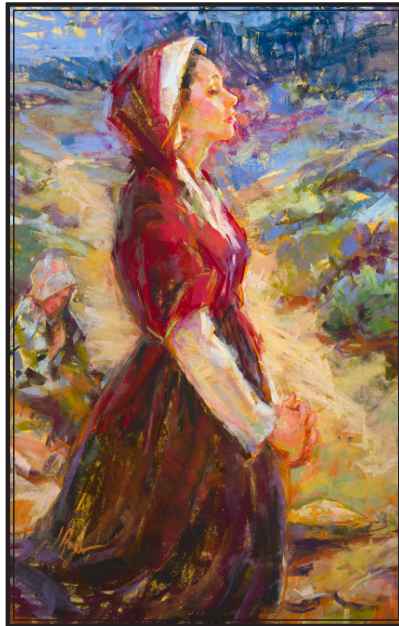
“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?
shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution,
or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?
Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors
through him that loved us.”

Romans 8:35,37



“Many had their limbs badly frozen, myself and William among the number. I could not stand on my feet for three months after I arrived. I know it is the work of God and I hope and trust that any of my posterity that may come in possession of this may be strengthened in their faith by it and be worthy of such parentage for truly we suffered much for the truth’s sake but the reward of the faithful is sure.”

Mary Soar Taylor
Widow with two sons,
William Henry (12), Jesse Soar (9)



Louisa Mellor finds a freshly baked pie in the road after
praying for her mother.

“I picked it up and gave it to mother to eat, and after resting
awhile we started on our journey, thanking God for his
blessings.”

Red Buttes Camp Quotes and timeline for October 24-28

“We put up our tents and then shoveled out the snow and put it around the bottom of the tent in order to keep out the winds and to make ourselves somewhat comfortable. We [had] continued here for several days ... and all the flour in the camp nearly used up and were not able to move and about 370 miles from [Great Salt Lake] City, and it being by far the nearest to look for succor. Yet, we did not despair. We look[ed] forward for support with gleaming hope upon [our] countenances.

“In the midst of all this uncertainty and doubt our hopes were realized, for lo and behold, Joseph A. Young and two others with him came riding into the camp; voices from all parts of the camp, help for the camp, we all rushed together to hear the news. He told us that there were about ten wagons loaded with flour and sent out from the valley for our relief and was about 50 miles ahead of us at a place called Devil’s Gate. After they had learned our circumstances, they started back again in order to have them come out and to meet us. In the morning, we summoned all our efforts and strength, impulsed with the prospect of deliverance, we again started on our journey. After traveling about two or three days, and they traveling towards us, we met. The last flour was all ate before we met them.” (Samuel Openshaw—age 22)

“At last the Company gave up and decided they could go no further. We all gathered around and held a meeting, praying God to help us, as we knew it was Him alone who could deliver us from death. We were happy and willing to die for a just cause.” (Louisa Mellor—age 15)

“We camped at the [Platte] River. A meeting was held. It was decided that we could go no further, the snow so deep and no food. We were doomed to starvation. They gave me a bone of an ox that had died. I cut off the skin and put the bone in the fire to roast. And when it was done some big boys came and ran away with it. Then I took the skin and boiled it, drank the soup, and ate the skin, and it was a good supper. The next day we had nothing to eat but some bark from trees. ... That day we got word that some teams were coming to meet us from the Valley. ... No one but a person having gone through what we had suffered can imagine what a happy moment it was for this ‘belated handcart company.’ Men, women, and children knelt down and thanked the Almighty God for our delivery from certain death. It put new life into all the Saints.” (Peter McBride—age 6)

“The weather was getting colder, food was getting less and storms more frequent. The animals drawing the wagons were getting weaker. ... We traveled on until a heavy snow storm overtook us and further progress could not be made. ... The Captain called us all together and stated that we must lay our bodies down, and ‘were we willing to do so for the Gospel’s sake?’ Many a poor, starved man shouted with their remaining strength, ‘Aye,’ but mothers could not say that, so were quiet. Food would have suited us better, for we did not think altogether about religion, but my faith was still in my Father in Heaven.” (Elizabeth Sermon—age 37)

“Worn out with the wearisome journey, half-starved, footsore and heartsick, Eliza Morton told in after years how she often sat on a bank as a stop was made along the dreary journey, surrounded by deep and glistening snow, and thought of the home she had forsaken. Eliza also related how when the weather was below zero, she carried water from a river for camp purposes when the handles of the buckets would freeze to her hands. So desperate was their situation when almost without food, snowbound in the Black Hill [Red Buttes], ... Captain Edward Martin stood before them as they sat huddled about the embers of a dying campfire and asked whether, if it should be the will of the Lord that they may perish there, they were willing to submit to his will. Each man and woman raised his or her hand as a signal of their submission. Characteristic of her faith, Eliza Morton remarked, ‘I held up my hand but I didn’t believe we were going to die.’ ... Imbued with the true spirit of the pioneers, and supported by a mightier power than man’s, [they sang] the songs of Zion as ... they gathered about the campfire.” (Eliza Morton—age 20)

“The people were called together for prayer and asked if they were willing to die if the Lord so willed it, or if they were sorry they had come. They all answered that they were willing to die if the Lord so willed it, but they were not sorry they had come. Almost at the same moment was witnessed the approach of Joseph A. Young on a white horse. He was hailed by us as the arrival of an angel. Men and women surrounded him, weeping and holding onto him, pleading with him to save them from death. Elder Young went back and reported, and the next night we received a pound of flour each.” (Alice Brooks—age 21)

Timeline and significance of these quotes:

Oct. 16, 1856 - Weather has started to get cold. Feed for the cattle is scarce. Flour rations reduced from 1 lb. to 12 oz. per day for adults, from 8 oz. to 6 oz. for children.

Oct. 17, 1856 - Near Deer Creek. Baggage reduced from 17 lbs. to 10 lbs. for adults and to 5 lbs. for children. Discarded and burned items included clothing, bed linens and blankets.

Oct. 19, 1856 - Martin company crossed the North Platte River for the last time at the “Upper Crossing.” The Church had operated a ferry at that site a few years previously, but it was no longer there.¹

There was a toll bridge that they had passed about 5 miles previous, but the toll was too high for them to afford. It was known as “Richard’s Bridge” (pronounced “Reshaw”), after its principal builder, John Baptiste Richard. It is this bridge that Jonathan Stone of the Martin company crossed by himself after dark on October 19. He did not survive an attack by wolves.

As the Martin company crossed this wide and swift river at Upper Crossing, the first winter storm of mostly rain and hail descended, adding to the misery of the “ice cakes” already floating down the river and cutting their legs. Some were swept off their feet and downstream. Many were the heroics of that day, as members of the Hodgett and Hunt wagon companies as well as the Martin company helped to carry others across the river.

The storm and the river crossing took its toll on the people and the animals. The Martin and Hodgett companies traveled not far from the river to camp. It began snowing late that night and little progress was made the next few days.

Oct. 20, 1856 - Moved only 3 1/2 miles through deep snow. Reduced rations again.

Oct. 21-22 - More snow. Unable to move. (Rescue wagons arrive at Willie Camp below Rocky Ridge. Of the 14 relief wagons, 10 are sent on to find and rescue the Martin, Hodgett, and Hunt companies.)

Oct. 23, 1856 - Move 5-6 miles to “Red Buttes” camp on North Platte River. More snow. (Willie handcart company is ascending Rocky Ridge in a blizzard.)

Oct. 24, 1856 - Unable to move. More snow. (Willie handcart company buries 13 or 14 in a common grave at Rock Creek.)

Oct. 25, 1856 - Unable to move. Reduce rations again.

Oct. 26, 1856 - Unable to move.

Oct. 27, 1856 - Unable to move. Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson records the appearance of her recently deceased husband on October 27, counseling her to “cheer up” because “deliverance [was] at hand.” Grace Wignall tells of similar angelic messenger on October 27, who said, “Cheer up, Sister Wignall. There are mules, horses and wagon teams coming to meet you. In the morning ... they will arrive.” Jane Bitton’s account also indicates that she thought death might be imminent. She had gone down to the river to wash and put on clean clothing so she could “die clean.” (See these stories in the Martin company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

Oct. 28, 1856 - Express riders Joseph A. Young, Abel Garr and Daniel W. Jones find the Martin company. (See their stories in the rescuers’ section of *Tell My Story, Too*.) “It was at this place that Joseph A. Young arrived as the leader of the [express] relief party sent from the valleys by President Brigham Young—he rode a white mule down a snow covered hill or dug way. The white mule was lost sight of on the white background of snow, and Joseph A. with his big blue soldier’s overcoat, its large cape and capacious skirts rising and falling with the motion of the mule, gave the appearance of a big blue winged angel flying to our rescue. The scene that presented itself on his arrival I shall never forget; women and men surrounded him, weeping and crying aloud; on their knees, holding to the skirts of his coat, as though afraid he would escape from their grasp and fly away. Joseph stood in their midst drawn up to his full height and gazed upon their upturned faces, his eyes full of tears. I, boy as I was, prayed ‘God bless him.’ (Albert Jones—age 16)

¹ Another bridge and trading post was built at “Upper Crossing,” in 1859 by Louis Guinnard. Fort Caspar was also built at the Upper Crossing site in 1865.

SARAH ELLEN ASHTON



Born: 24 Dec. 1848 England

Age: 7

Martin Handcart Company

After Sarah Ellen's family was converted to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints they made plans to sail for America and join the Saints in Zion. Sarah's parents, William (age 34) and Sarah Ann Barlow Ashton (33), and their children, Betsy (11), Sarah Ellen (7), Mary (4), and Elizabeth Ann (2), left Liverpool, England, in May 1856 on the ship *Horizon*. The family left behind in England the grave of another little daughter, Esther, who had died in infancy.

Sorrow found this family again on July 2, 1856, as the *Horizon* was docked at Boston and little Elizabeth died. Heartbroken, the Ashton's left behind another daughter's grave and traveled to Iowa City, Iowa, mostly by rail. Here they spent three weeks, finishing handcarts and tents. The Martin company arrived at their final outfitting camp in Florence, Nebraska Territory, on the 22nd of August, and spent three days there gathering supplies and cattle and preparing to cross the 1,000 miles of plains and mountains between there and the Salt Lake Valley. Sarah's family had successfully walked and pulled their handcart about 300 miles already.

On the 26th of August, the day after the Martin company left Florence, another baby girl was born to the Ashton family. They named her Sarah Ann, after her mother. The mother died in childbirth and 16 days later on September 11, the new baby Sarah Ann also died.

William cared for his three motherless girls as best he could. When the company reached Fort Laramie on October 9, William enlisted in Company G of the 6th U.S. Infantry and left his little girls with others, possibly with the Barlow family. Expected provisions at Fort Laramie were in short supply and so food rations were cut, the captains not knowing when promised help from Salt Lake would reach them. Enlisting may have been an opportunity for William to supplement his children's diet and possibly obtain blankets by drawing on the commissary and sutler's store against future pay. The Martin company would also have an extra adult ration without him there. William completed his enlistment and received an honorable release. During his five-year enlistment, he marched all the way east to Kansas and west to California.¹ He returned to England on an unknown date, apparently believing rumors that the entire handcart company had perished.

The Saints cared for the little girls as well as they could. They all suffered greatly from food shortages and the lack of warm clothing. The severe weather began at the last crossing of the North Platte River (near present day Casper, Wyoming) on October 19. The Martin company became stranded near there for over a week before they were finally located by the rescue party from Salt Lake. Sarah Ellen's oldest sister, Betsy, was only 11 years old, but surely must have felt great responsibility toward her younger sisters. It finally proved too much for her and she joined her mother and other sisters in death on an unknown date. This left Sarah Ellen and her sister, Mary, to continue on to the Salt Lake Valley. Sarah Ellen lost her sight in one eye during this journey. The company finally arrived in the Valley on November 30. They were met by Saints who took them to their various homes and cared for them. At some point Mary and Sarah Ellen found a home with the Hatfield family in Farmington, Utah. At the age of 12, Sarah Ellen was living with the Joseph Carlisle family and working for them as a domestic.

Sarah Ellen married Thomas W. Beckstead when she was 15. She and Thomas had 10 children, four of whom died as infants. Mary was possibly living with them in South Jordan, Utah, as she later married Isaac Wardle who had lived with and worked for Thomas Beckstead's father, Alex Beckstead, Sr.

Sarah Ellen Ashton (Page 2)

Isaac Wardle had also been with the Martin handcart company. He was much older than Mary, but may have come to know the Ashton family on their journey. (See Isaac Wardle story in *Tell My Story, Too*.) Mary and Isaac had one son who they named William Ashton Wardle, perhaps after Mary's father. Mary only lived for four hours after her son was born. The baby survived and has a large posterity in the Church today.

Sarah Ellen devoted her life to her children, her husband, and her church. In 1887, the Beckstead family moved to Whitney, Idaho, to settle that area. Sarah Ellen did not let her handicap stand in her way. She churned butter and sold eggs and also worked as a midwife. She insisted that her children receive a good education. It was during these first years in Idaho that a man by the name of Clark came to Sarah Ellen's home with a copy of the *Millennial Star*, a Church publication in England. It contained this ad: "WANTED. - Elder William Ashton is very anxious to learn the address of any one, or all of his daughters, Betsey, Sarah, and Mary who emigrated from Stockport, England, on the 18th of May, 1856. They crossed the plains in one of the "Handcart Companies." Brother Ashton's address is Charlesworth, near Broadbottom, Derbyshire, England. - *Utah papers please copy.*" Thomas and Sarah responded by sending her father the means to come to Idaho where he was well loved and cared for until his death in 1891. Grandpa Ashton participated with several of his grandchildren in a community program on July 4, 1889, by giving a patriotic speech.

Sarah Ellen reportedly spent much time helping the sick and needy. She lived to be 92 years old. One of her granddaughters wrote of her: "[She made] a tremendous impression on me when I was a little girl. I used to stay with her. She was so clean, neat and orderly—always had her windows filled with blooming plants, even in the winter time, and carefully covered them with paper each night so they would not freeze. She was a wonderful cook and I can still remember the good bread, butter and jam she made. Her cellar smelled wonderful, where she stored everything and kept pans of milk to be skimmed of thick heavy cream used to make butter. ... I've often wondered what happened to the exquisite samplers grandmother made as a girl. Her aprons always had handwork across the bottoms. ... I stayed with her many times while I attended the Whitney school. This is where she had all the family together to a dinner a few weeks before her death. Her flower garden on the old place was so lovely to me. I well remember the Sweet Williams, pansies and old-fashioned flowers she had growing there. She would send me with a cooked chicken and flowers to our mother when she was in bed with the birth of a child. She has always stayed in my memory for her fine qualities and goodness."

Sources: "William Ashton: Handcart Pioneer and Five-Year Foot Soldier," by Curtis R. Allen, in files of Jolene Allphin, courtesy Curtis Allen; *The Latter-day Saints Millennial Star*, December 31, 1888, No. 53, Vol. I, p. 839; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; *Life history and writings of John Jaques including a diary of the Martin Handcart Company*, by Stella Jaques Bell, 1978, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah.

¹ The regiment was not called upon to participate in any arduous campaigns that winter, but in the spring of 1857, the Cheyenne were upset about encroachments on their land by settlers and the army, and they began raiding immigrant trains and settlements. Company G of the 6th calvary served under Colonel Edwin Sumner in settling these difficulties. "During this expedition, the infantry suffered not only great fatigue but deprivation of food and shelter, as the expedition commander, Colonel Sumner chased the Indians with his cavalry, requiring exhausting forced marches by the foot soldiers in an attempt to keep up. The marches took them into what is now Southeastern Colorado, into central Kansas and on to Fort Leavenworth in northeastern Kansas. In Kansas, Company G was involved in the battle of Solomon's Fork where numerous Cheyenne were killed or wounded. ... Food ran short and the soldiers subsisted on scrawny beef and went days without nourishing food. At one point, the men were reduced to eating coyotes, skunks and buzzards. ... As the campaign ended, Company G was in the vicinity of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas." From here they were ordered to Utah Territory to reinforce Johnston's Army. Company G arrived at Ft. Bridger July 31, 1858. William was within 130 miles of his two surviving daughters, but probably unaware of their survival. While at Bridger, General Johnston was ordered to select a regiment to be sent to Benicia, California. William's regiment was chosen. (Curtis Allen)

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

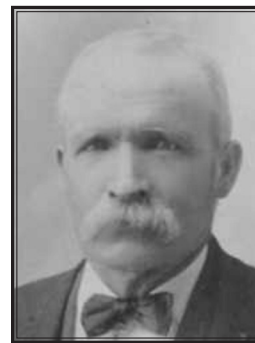
Sources: "Reminiscences and Journal of Langley Allgood Bailey," Mormon Migration website; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; Olsen, Andrew D., *The Price We Paid*, 2006; "History of Mary Goble Pay," Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; "John Bailey Sr. and Jane Allgood," family history compiled 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.

JOSEPH SMITH BARLOW

Born: 11 May 1849 England

Age: 7

Martin Handcart Company



Joseph Smith Barlow Ann Crompton Barlow

Joseph was the youngest in a family of eight children. He emigrated with his mother, Ann Crompton Barlow (age 50), and siblings, John (17), and Jane (15). Two older brothers, Oswald and Richard, had emigrated previously. His father, James Barlow, was one of the first to be baptized in their community of Prestwich in 1839, and they were active participants in the Manchester branch. One day James had just preached a sermon when the presiding Elder arose and said that James would be called to depart this life to serve a mission in the spirit world. James died soon after this event on July 22, 1849, at the age of 47. Joseph was just one year old at the time.

Joseph's mother continued the family dream and the handcart plan finally made emigration possible. Also emigrating with Ann was her sister, Elizabeth Crompton Haydock and daughter Mary; and Ann's oldest son's mother-in-law, Jane Nightingale and her children: Sarah, Jemima, and Joseph. Of these three families headed by single mothers, not one life was lost. Descendants of Ann Barlow remember her today as a true heroine who had the faith and courage to persevere.

Joseph and John may have been participants in the activities described by fellow traveler, John William Southwell aboard the train to Iowa City: "The seats were two inch plank with no back. In this miserable way we were conveyed to Cleveland, Ohio, at a very slow pace. The country along the track was studded with fine orchard, bearing fine apples and all kinds of fruit. The fruit was so tempting that at that rate of travel, the young men would jump from the train, fill their pockets, and overtake the slow moving institution." Upon reaching Iowa City, Heber McBride remembered: "Swimming was the order of the day with all the small boys in camp."

When the Barlow's reached Fort Laramie on October 8, Joseph's brother, John, enlisted in the army as a contract laborer. (John arrived in Utah in 1857.) Before arriving in the Valley, Joseph and Jane both became very ill. Joseph's feet and legs were frozen and Jane was not expected to live. Jane was left at Fort Bridger or nearby Fort Supply in hopes that she would recover or receive a decent burial. At least part of the time, Jane stayed at John Pulsipher's home at Fort Supply. Jane was nursed back to health and about four months later she married a Fort Bridger blacksmith, John Long, on March 15, 1857, at the home of John Pulsipher. Jane and her new husband later settled in Pleasant Grove. John Pulsipher recorded the involvement of the missionaries at Fort Supply in the rescue efforts: "As soon as we heard of their sufferings we sent out all teams to help the poor sufferers. Truly they were in a deplorable situation. Mostly women and children, poorly dressed, on foot and pulling their carts in the snow. Our teams would load with all they could take of them [to] the Valley and then go back and meet others and load again and do likewise. We that were at Ft. Supply saved the lives of many. ... [Feb. 8, 1857]: "The latter part of this winter I kept a girl that had no home - had lost her friends crossing the mountains in the late hand cart companies and she was wintering here. [March 15, 1857] ... In the afternoon meeting Br. [Lewis] Robison from Fort Bridger was with us and in the Evening we had a wedding at our house, the girl that we had kept through the winter was married to John Long the blacksmith at Bridger by Bro. Robinson."

Upon arriving in Salt Lake City, Dr. Anderson advised amputation of Joseph's legs. His mother would not consent, saying that if he died, he must die whole and not in pieces. She had faith that he would be healed. An older woman visited and told Ann to scrape raw potatoes and put them on his legs, which she did. Joseph walked again after 18 months, but was never very healthy.

Joseph and his mother eventually settled in Fairfield. Joseph married Amanda Morgan when he was 19 years old. She was expecting their fourth baby when Joseph died of appendicitis.

Sources: "James Barlow and Ann Crompton" book on CD by Kathryn Kimber Anderson; "William Ashton: Handcart Pioneer and Five-Year Foot Soldier" by Curtis R. Allen; "Autobiography of John William Southwell."

MARY JANE BARNES

Born: July 24, 1856 Iowa City, Iowa

Age: Infant

Martin Handcart Company



Mary Jane Barnes



Jane Howard Barnes



Elizabeth Barnes

Mary Jane was born in Iowa City on Utah's "pioneer day." Her mother was assisted in this birth by a friend and possible relative, Margaret Howard McBride. Returning missionaries, Elder William Dunbar and J.D.T. McAllister,¹ stood outside the tent and sang during the baby's birth. Afterward, they came into the tent and blessed the mother and the baby. Mary Jane was blessed to "live and become a mother in Israel." The Martin company began their trek four days later.

At the last crossing of the North Platte River on October 19, 1856, the emigrants encountered their first cold winter storm. Mary Jane's father, George Barnes (age 41), like many others, was sharing his meager rations with his family to save their lives. George helped his family across the icy river. The company was then stranded in deep snow before rescuers from the Salt Lake Valley found them on October 28. George died during this time, possibly on October 24, 1856.² Family records also indicate that George had stood guard duty for several consecutive nights, contributing to his illness and eventual death. Benjamin Platt of the Martin Company later wrote, "We had to herd at nights and pull handcarts all day and many times I have been kept up until midnight and then stood guard until morning and then started again [on the trail], and it was this everlasting guarding that killed the people."

Jane Howard (age 41), was left alone to bring her family of six children into Salt Lake. Margaret (15), Betsy (12), Esther (10)³, Deborah (8), William L. (5), and Mary Jane all survived. They lived with William Barnes, the brother of Mary Jane's father. He had come to Utah previously and had a home ready

for them. In the spring, Jane and William were married. William wrote:

In the year 1855 I sent for my Brother and family but they did not leave England until the eighteen hundred and fifty six. They left Liverpool in the spring and landed at Boston, United States. They then traveled to Omaha and lay over in camp until they got ready to start on their journey across the plains. They traveled with hand Carts across the plains and over the Rocky Mountains. My Brother George died on the way, ... and left a wife and six Children, the youngest only two month old, having been born on the journey. They arrived in Salt Lake about the last of November in perilous condition, suffering great hardship in their travels across the plains. They were mere skeletons when they arrived in Salt Lake City. One of the daughters, [Esther], had her toes [frozen] off both feet. I had got a home ready for their arrival and every thing comfortable for them on their arrival. By the Blessing of God I employed a doctor to attend to the girl whose toes were froze. [He had] to [cut] the toes all off. In time she



Esther Barnes

[got] well [so] that you could scarcely notice her lameness.

When Mary Jane was sixteen years old, she married Fred Parkin. They became the parents of ten children. Mary Jane was a pioneer in the Salt Lake Valley; St. George and Nephi, Utah; and in Willow Creek, Idaho. Her courageous mother was a nurse and mid-wife in St. George, "aiding the distressed in the early days of Dixie." Her mother lived to be 90 years old.

Sources: "The George and Jane Howard Barnes Family," by Leon S. Pitman, great-grandson, 1998; St. George and Salt Lake Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; "Autobiographical sketch" of William Barnes, on Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; "Brief Sketch of the Barnes Family," by Margaret Mudd Calkins, granddaughter.

¹John D.T. McAllister wrote the handcart song and taught it to all five handcart companies at Iowa City that summer. He reached Salt Lake on October 4 and returned on the rescue November 23. See his story in rescuer section of this book.

²Family histories indicate varying dates for George's death, with one as early as July 28 at Iowa City. However, George's name appears in "Immigration to Utah," *Deseret News Weekly*, 15 Oct. 1856, 254, indicating that he was present in Florence (270 miles west of Iowa City) when this list of names was forwarded to Salt Lake City. Circumstances described in various family histories suggest that October 24 was the most likely death date for George Barnes. The Martin company was stranded at Red Buttes on that date. Many members of the Martin company died between October 19 and 28.

³"The morning before they arrived in [the] Salt Lake Valley ... Esther was thought to be dead, but they were so near the Valley that Sister Barnes [sent word to] the captain that everything in their wagon was all right. ... Just as they were on top of Emigration Hill, she put her husband's watch to the child's mouth, and the watch showed breath in the child's body." (Calkins) When the family arrived in the Valley, Esther was in such a bad condition that Dr. Anderson was called. He had to amputate Esther's toes to save her frozen feet.

MARY BARTON

Born: 13 Jan 1842 in Southport, Lancashire, England

Age: 14

Martin Handcart Company



Mary was the daughter of William and Jeannette Carr Barton, the youngest of seven children. Mary's mother died shortly after her birth. William Barton was a plasterer and paperhanger by trade and made a fairly good living. Mary's older sisters helped to raise her until her father remarried. Mary later wrote: "At the age of six I went to school but had to stop when I reached my tenth birthday. At twelve I went out to work for my living, and when fourteen years old I left England to come to Utah for the Gospel sake."

Mary sailed from England in May of 1856 aboard the *Horizon* with her father, William (age 47), step-mother, Mary Ann (33), and step-sisters, Francis (3), and Elizabeth (1). Her older siblings apparently did not join the Church as they are reported to have persecuted the rest of the family for so doing. Even after coming to America, Mary was saddened many times by the unkind things said to her in letters from her relatives in England. Mary recorded many interesting things about her journey:

One day while on the ship, I was up in the cooking room cooking dinner. It was so crowded there was hardly standing room. The people were all cooking their dinner, one man was boiling soup in a milk can. When he took the soup from the stove, he lifted it over my head in order to carry it through the crowd. While doing so somebody knocked him and it fell out of his hand on my back. My father stood outside waiting for me to come with the dinner. I ran out to him and he said, 'Come downstairs and let's get some oil.' So we ran down the steps and got one of the Elders to administer to me. It was better in a few minutes, the pain had entirely gone and I never felt any more of it. Some of the soup went on the hands of the man who had spilled it on me. He ran and put his hands in a bucket of cold water and wasn't administered to. He, not being a convert, wouldn't hear to having the Elders pray for him. His hands were blistered and they didn't get better until two weeks.

On July 4, the Martin company arrived by train in Cleveland, Ohio, amidst parades and fireworks. They stayed in a large warehouse overnight, during which time there was a great rainstorm. They were also pestered by a mob with stones and bats all night. Although Mary did not write about it, her baby sister, Elizabeth, died July 6. Mary wrote:

We had been five weeks on the sea when we landed in Boston. We were very glad to walk on land again. We left Boston for Iowa and were eight days on the train. When we arrived in Iowa, we had three miles to walk to the camp grounds. It rained all the way, and we were soaking wet when we reached camp that night at twelve o'clock.

We had to stay on the camp grounds five weeks waiting for the handcarts to be made. When everything was ready we started. Traveling through Ohio and Council Bluffs (Nebraska), we had to cross the Missouri River which was about a mile from Florence. ... So many of our company took sick that we had to camp at Florence for two weeks. Then we started on a journey of [one thousand] miles across the plains. The people began to get sick and died from drinking muddy water. We had to drink pools of rain water most of the time. While traveling, one of the wagons split and let flour out. The Indians who were nearly starved to death came along behind picking it up and eating it, dirt and all. One day while we were camped an Indian came to me and asked me to give him my shawl which I had on my shoulders. I told him it was all I had to keep me from freezing to death. He turned and walked away.

Some of us had to stand guard every night to keep the Indians from stealing our cattle. One day as we were going along we came across three Indians buried in the ground with just their heads sticking out. Upon reaching the Platt River we found Indians wrapped in blankets and laid across the boughs of trees. This was another form of burial the Indians had for their dead. The soldiers came and guarded us past Chimney Rock. They stayed with us until we reached Fort [Laramie]. There they stopped and we had to go on alone. When we got on one side of Devils Gate, we had to rest about a week, and our cattle died. We roasted the feet and the hides. Then we ate them. Joseph Young came on a donkey to meet us. He told us to come on about three miles [days] further. Then we would meet the Mormons who were coming to meet us with wagons of provisions. They could only carry a small amount because the snow was so deep, and they had to carry grain for their horses.

After reaching Devil's Gate, the company was moved to a cove in the nearby mountain for five days. Mary wrote:

After pitching our tents we lay down on the ground to get some sleep and rest. In the night the tents all blew over. It was all ice and snow where I was laying, and when the tents blew off I didn't wake up I was so tired. One man

(Mary Barton - Page 2)

came and looked at me. He called some more men over saying, "I wonder if she is dead?" He patted me on the head and just then I opened my eyes. He jumped back. I tried to raise my head but found that my hair was frozen to the ground. They chopped the ice all around my hair, and I got up and went over to the fire and melted the large pieces of ice that were clinging to my hair. The men laughed to think that I could lie there all night with my hair frozen in the ice, but were very glad that I wasn't dead. This same night the handcarts all blew away, and some of us had to walk until we met some other wagons. Mrs. Unthanks¹ got her feet frozen and had to have them taken off, but when we met more wagons we could all ride. There were four men in our tent, and all of them died, father dying first."

William was not well when the company started out from Iowa City, but bravely managed to help his family over 600 miles before he succumbed to death near Chimney Rock. Mary's granddaughter, Molly Farrow Grimshaw, recorded:

The stepmother and young Mary pulled the cart while the sick father held onto the back of it, dragging his weary and swollen feet. ... He ate grass with the oxen, and wild berries he found along the way. These made him have some kind of dropsy, swelling his legs and feet and making it very difficult for him. ... After dragging on the rear of their handcart for days, one night came when he could only creep around. A captain came along and gave him a push with his foot, telling him to get up and not to give up that way, to be brave about it. That night, [September 30] ... just as the guard was calling out the twelve o'clock shift, Mary Barton's father died. She was lying by him, as her stepmother was caring for the sick girl.

Mary reached the Valley on November 30, 1856. The family was taken first to the tithing yard to receive food and supplies. Mary first stayed with a King family and then with the Allen family in Spanish Fork. Mary married John Allen the next spring. She became the mother of twelve children, seven girls and five boys.

Mary derived a lot of pleasure from singing. She led the choir in what became her hometown of Summit for many years. Her granddaughter, Molly, remembers Mary's later years, being confined to her sickroom, and sharing stories and singing songs to her: "She often sang to me, and one of her favorites was the 'Handcart Song.' She seemed proud to have lived through such harrowing experiences and that she had been strong enough to surmount so many difficulties, but in later years she would not talk of these things. She died of a sudden stroke in her seventy-first year."

In 1907 Mary wrote a letter to Thomas Dobson and the Handcart Veterans Association:

Summit Iron Co Utah / September 19, 1907 / Brother Dobson, I take the liberty to write a few lines to you about the handcart company. I see in the Deseret News a list of all the Survivors of said Companies. I read all of the names in the news. I do every year, but I have never seen My name in it. Maybe they don't never hear of me, but I think if you was to see me you would remember me. My name was Mary Barton. My father's name was William Barton. We Came from Southport, Lancashire. Father died on the plains and one of my father's old friends also died soon after. I think you can remember him. His name was Robert McBride. And other Brothers—one, Father [George P.] Waugh, [age 67] and Father [Richard] Venner [age 70] also died in our tent.¹ I was very young When We came to Utah and I don't remember many of the Company, but I can remember your Mother and your Sister and you and a few more. I am sixty five years old and I am a very poor Writer. Dear Brother, could you tell me any thing about the McBride family, where they live? If so, Will you let me know? They were very dear friends of mine and My father's. There is a few of the handcart folks lives in Parowan and Red Creek - Thomas Durham of Parowan and William Williamson of Red Creek. They live in the Same County as I do, but not in the same town.² Please excuse my taking the liberty of Writing to you. I will stop. From your Sister in the gospel, Address—Mrs. Mary Allen, Summit, Iron County, Utah
[Lightly edited for readability by Jolene Allphin]

¹ Mary is referring to 9-year-old Ellen (Nellie) Pucell of the Martin company. Nellie later married William Unthank and lived near Mary Barton in Southern Utah. See Nellie's story in the Martin company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

² See Dobson, McBride, Waugh, Durham, and Williamson stories in the Martin company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

Sources: Handcart Veterans Association, Scrapbook 1906-1914, Fd. 3 letter 6, L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University; "Autobiography of Mary Ann Barton Allen," <http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~jleatham/maryAnn.htm>; family histories by Molly Farrow Grimshaw.

EMMA LOUISE BATCHELOR (or Bachelor)

Born: 1836 England

Age: 20

Martin Handcart Company



Emma Batchelor crossed the Ocean on the *Horizon* with the Edward Martin company. After arriving at Iowa City, this large group was split. Emma began her handcart trek with the first group—the Jesse Haven handcart company. After arriving at Florence, Nebraska, Haven’s group was reincorporated into the Martin company and Jesse Haven then traveled with the Hodgett wagon company. However, Emma only remained with Haven’s company for a few days after leaving Iowa City.

The following journal entries made by Jesse Haven show some of the difficulties he had in commanding cooperation in his group: “July 30, This morning at prayers, we disfellowshipped Emma Batchelor, who left us yesterday and went out among the gentiles to tarry there. August 1, [three or four had left the night before and] Two families talk of leaving and wish to get my counsel. To do so, at the last, I told one of them he might do as he thought proper, and I would not disfellowship him for it. ... Brother Moses left today with his family, also Brother Hunter and his family. Saturday, August 9 ... camped on the Middle Coon River ... Saints traveled badly today. Much problems after we got into camp. Eleven left us.”

On July 29, the Martin and Haven companies had barely left Iowa City. There were nearby towns where Emma could have received lodging, probably only for one or two nights. She then resumed her travel with the Martin handcart company when it came through.

After the Haven and Martin companies were consolidated at Florence, Emma was assigned to travel with the Paul Gourley family. Sister Ellison Gourley had been ill and Emma’s help was very much appreciated. The Gourley family had two handcarts, one pulled just by the younger children. George Gourley, age 7, wrote, “We were glad to have [Emma] because she was young and strong and meant more flour for our mess.” Nicholas Gourley, age 11, said that Emma “proved to be a Godsend to them, a mother to the younger children and a great help to the ill wife.” There are many stories throughout Emma’s life of her compassion and skill in the medical field.

Emma told how she helped Paul Gourley, age 2: “When we came to a stream, I stopped and took off my shoes and stockings and outer skirt and put them on top of the cart. Then, after I got the cart across, I came back and carried little Paul over on my back. Then I sat down and scrubbed my feet hard with my woolen neckerchief and put on dry shoes and stockings.”

A most fitting tribute to Emma was a journal entry made by her first husband, John Lee, while on their honeymoon, calling her a “kindhearted, industrious, and affectionate wife. ... She covenanted to follow me through Poverty, privation, or affliction to the end of her days and I believe that her intentions are real and her integrity true.” When John Lee died and before she remarried, Emma stayed with the Gourley family for a time in Goshen, Utah.

Sources: Gourley family histories; Emma Batchelor Lee French family records (for more information on Emma’s remarkable and difficult life, see http://www.wadhome.org/wikiwad/Emma_Louise_Batchelor); interviews with Gourley descendants by Jolene Allphin indicate the continuing friendship and support for Emma.

Note:

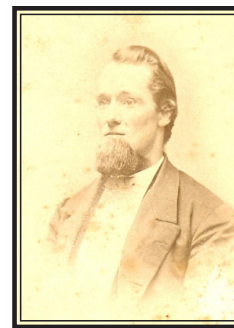
The book, *Emma Lee*, by Juanita Brooks, is a wonderful book with good information about Emma’s life, but it is unreliable for Emma’s Martin handcart company experience. It contains several errors that should not be perpetuated. (See endnote 1 in “Ellison Jap Gourley” biography, Martin company section of *Tell My Story, Too*, 8th edition, for examples.)

WILLIAM LAWRENCE SPICER BINDER

Born: 10 July “at three fifty-five Post Meridian” 1832 London, England

Age: 23

Martin Handcart Company



Excerpts from the autobiography, journal, and reminiscences of William Binder yield much information regarding his convictions and experiences of life in this biographical sketch. (Minimal changes in some spelling and punctuation have been made for clarity only.)

William married Eliza Camp on Christmas day 1853 at “old Church Tottenham ... which event was an important one and I felt it such, with the understanding that I now have of the principles of the everlasting gospel, looking forward with the joyful anticipation and hope to the time when our marriage vow would be administered and sealed by God’s Holy Priesthood to stand forever inasmuch as we would be faithful.” William and Eliza had become acquainted about 18 months previous to their marriage and William wrote: “My attachment for her became stronger ... and as I had been taught to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in my destiny and also to try to know his mind and will concerning all that I did, I made it a matter of prayer respecting my selection of a partner in life and in answer to my prayer, the Lord overruled circumstances and blessed me with a good girl for a wife, whom I afterwards found my wife Lizzie to be.”

From the age of four until ten, William attended an “infant school most of the time and a small portion of the time ... a free grammar school at High Cross.” At the age of ten he sought employment from home “in consequence of a large family depending upon the labors of a Mother for their support.” He worked for several bakers as well as a “Chemist & Druggist” before deciding that he really wanted his trade to be that of a joiner and carpenter. He wrote:

I expressed this wish to my parents who considered the matter and would have acceded to my wishes, but the expense of purchasing the necessary amount of tools being out of their reach, the matter, or the idea of learning this branch of mechanism had to be given up ... and I was bound apprentice to the trade [of] bread and biscuit baker ... for the term of seven years. ... I spent a very agreeable time with Mr. Whittet and the members of his family and through a strictly moral life I secured their good feeling and kindness.

I had great occasion to be grateful to my Heavenly Father for His constant care and protection which I enjoyed through my youthful days. I had been preserved from the paths of vice and sin to a very great extent, and the teachings and early religious impressions which I had received from a kind and affectionate Mother had a wonderful influence in preserving my footsteps in the path of rectitude.

In the latter part of the summer of the same year that I was apprenticed [1849], my ears were saluted with the glorious latter-day work, being invited by a fellow-servant to read some tracts and some copies of the Latter-day-Saints Millennial Star, after which I was induced to attend the Saints meetings, all of which created in my mind a thirst for knowledge and an earnest desire to obtain the promised blessings which are the result of obedience.

Having already received a conviction of the truth of [the] Work and the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith, I offered myself as a candidate for Baptism, fully believing that I should obtain a remission of my sins. Accordingly I was initiated a member of the Church by baptism, Elder Edward Sutherland officiating on the thirteenth day of November one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints on the ----- day of the same month and year, receiving at the same time a promise of the Holy Ghost which should be as a well of water springing up unto everlasting life upon conditions of humility and obedience.

I was associated with the Theobald’s Read Branch in the London Conference (Elder John Hyde presiding) untill March second of the following year ... when the Finsbury branch was organized with Elder David Shorten as president and I removed with several others to form the branch. Our efforts to spread the Gospel and a knowledge of its principles were not in vain for during that same year many were added to the Church and made to rejoice in its principles.

(William Lawrence Spicer Binder - Page 2)

Between January 1851 and May 1856, William was ordained to the various offices of the Aaronic and Melchizedek Priesthood, serving faithfully as a missionary and in other capacities. He was president of the Lambeth Branch from March 1855 until his emigration in May 1856.

In answer to my earnest and unceasing prayers the Lord opened my way to gather with His People to Utah. I enjoyed the confidence of the Saints of the Lambeth branch and many seasons of rejoicing while I labored there. Several of the members left and accompanied me to Utah, among them Brother Richard Collins and family who kindly assisted me with some means to emigrate. ...

On the 23rd day of May 1856, myself and wife and her Mother and Father [James and Sarah Pomplin Camp] and Nephew, John Isaac, met a large company of Saints at Euston Station en route for Liverpool. Here were assembled a large company consisting of Saints and the friends and relatives of those who were leaving for America. Among them were my Mother and Sisters who were very much affected by our leaving, but God had commanded and I had received a testimony of His revealed will and although it was a trial to part with dear friends, I had counted the cost and was determined to serve and follow Him for the sake of Life Eternal in the world to come. I felt to leave my blessing (though a poor one) with a kind and devoted Mother and the train left the Euston Station at Sun-rise and arrived at Liverpool at 3 p.m. ...

We beheld the fine American sailing ship *Horizon* this morning, having been informed that she was ready for the emigrants. Having been kindly helped to our berths by Pres. [Edward] Martin, we endeavored to make ourselves as comfortable as we possible could in our new town. ... The *Horizon* set sail [with] Captain William Reed commanding. While lying off the port awaiting the arrival of Captain Reed a mutiny broke out between the chief officers and seamen, on occurrence of which the chief mate telegraphed to the Captain by signals who immediately came on board and discharged all the seamen and engaged a fresh crew. The Saints were organized by appointing Captains of hundreds with Elder Edward Martin as Pres. ... There were about 1000 souls in the company exclusive of ships crew. ... The presidency of the European Mission, with a good many of the American Elders, accompanied the ship out to sea as far as the steam tug went.

I experienced some illness from sea sickness all the way. Lizzie's health was pretty good for most of the sea voyage, and I experienced much comfort from her attentions. Our vessel arrived at Boston on the 29th of June. Captain Reed was extremely kind to the Saints and he won the esteem and lasting regard of the sick especially. On our arrival Pres. Martin called a meeting of the company and an expression of the saints good feeling towards the captain was manifested in a vote of thanks. Captain Reed responded in a few remarks, thanking the company for good order and cleanliness that had been observed by them on the voyage.

[From this point, excerpts from William's journal will be included without (...) to indicate days that are not included in this biographical sketch. William's writing in its entirety will be linked to his name at the website tellymysterytoo.com.]

June 30th: The company passed the examination of the Government officers and medical men, who gave us credit for being "clean and healthy looking."

July 2nd: My wife's father and mother had not means sufficient to go any farther than Boston. We very much regretted to leave them behind. Our luggage being all aboard early in the morning we were ready and the train conveying us left Boston at 11 a.m. and travelling most of the night arrived at Albany at one a.m.

July 4th: At Buffalo, having arrived here at 12 noon. The City was full of life enjoying the celebration of the Nation's birthday.

July 7th: Quite a number of the enemies of the people gathered around this morning and were very liberal in circulating lies respecting the life and character of the prophet Joseph Smith and used their efforts to influence the weak and inexperienced. The brethren had several times to invite roughs to leave the building during the night, their motives being anything but pure. Sr. [Sister] [Ann Adey] Palmer was buried today in Chicago.

July 9th: Left by first train this morning having the luggage in charge for Iowa City. Large forces of armed men were here on their way to Kansas. A political trouble was disturbing the peace of the State. Lizzie was on a visit from the Camp to the City. I proceeded to the Camp ground which lay about 3 miles from the City. There were about 2000 Saints camped here awaiting for their outfit. We were detained here awaiting the completion of some hand-carts untill the last of July, during which time I assisted John Watkins to build a lime kiln for Mr. Burns who lived about 5 miles from the camp ground. I obtained \$4½ dollars for my labor which enabled me to send about fifty pounds of freight to Salt Lake City. Most of our clothing we had to give away here for the want of means to pay the freight on it to Utah. We experienced several severe thunder storms while we were camped here.

Sunday 28th July: Our company was fully and completely organized with Elder Edward Martin as captain and

(William Lawrence Spicer Binder - Page 3)

Daniel Tyler his assistant and several men appointed as captains of hundreds. Our travelling accomodation were one tent and three hand carts for every fifteen persons. Our tent which was the 2nd was occupied by Bro. Richard Collins and family, Bro John Watkins and family, Sr. Patching, Sr. White, and myself and wife Lizzie. We were pleased with the arrangement seeing that we had all been long acquainted with each other. Today being Sunday we held meeting and much good instruction was given by Elder Martin.

July 31: Did 6 hours guard duty last night, or went on guard with that understanding, but no relief coming I stood guard all night.

August 1st: Travelled 6 miles today. Wheather intensely hot.

August 2nd: Made 10 miles today. Wheather cloudy and cool which was preceeded by a heavy thunder storm lasting about 2 hours. Arrived in camp at 7 p.m. and immediately afterwards went on guard and remained there all night. Wheather very cold and chilly all night.

Aug. 3: Travelled 7 miles today. Soon after we had started from camp we saw a bright luminary descend very rapidly and when within about 50 feet of the surface of the earth it suddenly disappeared. The object was seen by all the camp. The wheather was very hot.

Sunday August 10th: We did not travel today. Pres. Martin called the Saints together in the afternoon and held Meeting. Elder Daniel Tyler addressed the Saints upon the subject of the gathering. Bro. Norminton's child died today from diareaha.

Tuesday 12th: Passed through Fort Des Moine today about 10 a.m. This is a small town on the Des Moines River, while crossing the river the inhabitants ridiculed our mode of travel and made some very unkind remarks about us, but we gave them to understand that we were fulfilling the commandments of God and while they scoffed the Saints rejoiced. Travelled 14 miles today.

Throughout the month of August, William's writings reflect awe and respect in contemplating the history of those Saints who traversed the trail before him, particularly the Nauvoo exiles and the Mormon Battalion. From Iowa City to Florence, the Martin Company was split into two companies, the advance company being led by Jesse Haven. When the companies were combined at Florence, William says the number in the Martin company was now doubled and "numbered nearly 700 souls, which made an immense string of handcarts when they were travelling." With 1,000 miles left to traverse, the sheer size of this handcart company would be one of the major factors in their delay. Captain Martin made a difficult decision on the 17th of October:

Friday Oct. 17th: Travelled about 5 miles when we arrived at a good camping place. At this place the authorities of the camp deeming it advisable to lighten up our luggage issued orders to emigrants to reduce the amount of their personal luggage to 10 lbs. per head; this action of the Elders in charge seemed to us a terrible hardship, as we were only very scantily provided with clothes and bedding and to stand by and see our bits of clothing and bedding burned on the spot, caused anything but a good feeling to exist in our hearts towards our leaders. Already the snow clouds were making their appearance on the Black Hills.

Saturday Oct. 18th: I did not record the number of miles done by the company today, wheather colder.

Sunday Oct. 19th: We travelled along the South side of the Platte for a number of miles, and Captain Hunt's company immediately behind ours. About noon we commenced to cross the Platte River, at the point known as the "Upper Crossing" in the Emigrant's guide. Bro. William Spicer, an acquaintance of some years standing, came up to us from Hunt's company, to the crossing and very kindly assisted a number of women and children by carrying them across the river on his back and among the number was my dear wife, Lizzie, and for which token of respect and friendship we were very grateful. On this occasion I drew the handcart through the stream by myself, heretofore Lizzie had invariably been by my side and assisted. I experienced the water was very cold and the "Black Hills" presented a threatening appearance with the black storm clouds. Lizzie had reached the north side of the stream.

William's daily writing in his journal apparently ended at this point of severe hardship, as the first winter storm descended on the Martin company the day of this last crossing of the Platte River. However, he recorded these events by date later in his journal - excerpts as follows:

Oct 20th Bro A[aron] Jackson died from exhaustion early this morning. To our great surprise when camp was aroused some 3 - 4 inches of snow had fallen on the ground, which, add to the intense cold morning had a very discouraging effect upon us. Bro Stone, an aged gentleman who crossed the River on the Bridge to avoid wading, was benighted and supposed lost his way as he never came into camp again but this morning an English boot with a human foot in it was brought to camp by Bro Jos McMurran which were identified as all that was left of Bro Stone.

(William Lawrence Spicer Binder - Page 4)

It is supposed that being very fatigued had lain himself down to rest and was attacked and eaten by wolves. Near the middle of the day our camp was moved to a locality where we would be nearer the River and where also we could be then better sheltered from the piercing winds. We arrived at the Red Buttes at the close of day meeting (the whole of our days march a bitterly keen wind and drifting snow) Before we could pitch our tents we had to remove several inches of snow which labour took a long time to perform on account principally of a scarcity of spades and shovels in the company.

At this camp we remained until the morning of the 29th instant. During our sojourn at this camp we were placed under very trying circumstances; being reduced to very low rations of flour; a scanty supply of clothing and in addition to these evils, it became our painful duty to bury very many of our friends and traveling companions, also to see our cattle perish from our view through starvation every day.

During the morning of the 28th our Captain had rallied the camp as was our custom every day to meet for general prayers, and while there he made known to the Saints the startling fact that our provisions had nearly exhausted. He informed us that if we were willing to reduce our amount of flour to one half of what it then was, there would be enough to last us two days which he proposed we do. We accepted the proposition not knowing where or when we should have another supply. A few minutes after the meeting was dispersed, our hearts were made glad with the appearance of three brethren who had come as an express from the relief company who were stationed at Devil's Gate. It is impossible to describe the joy and gratitude that filled every heart upon the arrival of such messengers of salvation.

On the morning of the 29th we broke camp and travelled westward to meet our Valley friends and remained for the night at Rocky Avenue.

On the night of the 30th we camped at the Willow Springs and on the 31st we met our relief at Grease Wood Creek. We received some articles of clothing, some vegetables and a little flour. Many of our company travelled barefooted through the mud and slush in moving from Greasewood Creek to the Sweetwater where we reached on the evening of the Nov 1st.

Nov 2nd Was out in the surrounding country looking up our scattered stock and while absent a meeting of the camp was convened. I returned in time (about midday) to hear the closing remarks of Bro Geo D. Grant. We left this camp about noon and travelled to the Fort which was situated immediately West of Devil's Gate where we arrived in a very cold and almost perished condition. A part of the log houses was torn down to furnish fuels for the company. We remained at the Fort three days.

Nov 6th [4th] We moved from the Fort and located the camp in a small ravine on the North Side of the Sweetwater. We experienced a good deal of difficulty in crossing the River it being most intensely cold. After I had crossed I again went in the stream and assisted Bros SS and Albert Jones out of the water, they being fast in the bed of the River and perfectly discouraged so that they could not pull an ounce. Several of the Valley brethren whose names I did not know labored dilligently for hours in carrying the women and children over the stream. After we had got to camp Captain Martin sent me and another brother back to the River with a message to the brethren on which occasion through my clothes being so wet I got severely frozen. While at this Camp our rations were reduced to 4 ounces of flour per day.

William's last entry reflects the time spent in what is now known as Martin's Cove. It was the second time that rations were so severely reduced. This time, however, the rescuers were on reduced rations with the handcart pioneers. This period of time when William was so ill may also be the setting for the story told in John Watkins's account wherein Lizzie, John Watkins, and a Brother Hunter, snuck out of camp in the night to retrieve a dying ox. (See story in John Watkins, Martin section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)



Eliza Camp Binder
"Lizzie"

William Binder's desire to live a virtuous and moral life from boyhood is reflected in the words of Albert Jones: "Our old time friend Wm. L. Binder, a man of unbounded charity and a lovable disposition ... carried me across the Sweetwater when it was freezing terribly hard."

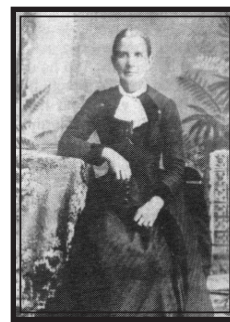
Sources: "Biography and Journal of William Lawrence S. Binder," copied from original on August 13, 1947. Original in the hands of Mrs. R.S. Schimke, Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; Binder, William Lawrence Spicer, "Papers," (MS2941) and "Reminiscences," (MS14688) Church history library.

JANE BITTON

Born: September 3, 1836 in London, England

Age: 19

Martin Handcart Company



Jane came from a large family of 10 children. Her father, William, who had been injured in an accident at sea, lost his eyesight and the children had to work to help provide for the family. Jane went to work as a nursemaid at the age of nine years. Later she worked with a milliner and learned to braid and sew straw to make hats. She learned many crafts such as sewing, knitting, netting and embroidery which helped her prepare for hard times in later years.

William had a brother who attended a meeting where the Mormon missionaries preached. He went home and told Jane's parents that he had found just what he had been looking for. Jane's family embraced the gospel. Jane was baptized in 1851 at the age of 15, a year before her parents. The minister where they had previously attended church felt Jane's father had lost his mind and said to him, "William, you have been temporally blind and now you are spiritually blind as well!"

Jane's older brother, John, married Sarah Susannah Wintle on May 13, 1856. Twelve days after their marriage, Sarah and John set sail from Liverpool, England, on the vessel ship *Horizon* for their Zion in America. Jane traveled to Utah with them on this "honeymoon" voyage and trek.

At Iowa City, Sarah and Jane helped with the sewing of the tents while John helped build handcarts. They left Iowa City on July 28, 1856, with the Edward Martin handcart company. After being on the trail about six weeks, Jane's new sister-in-law, Sarah, found herself expecting a child. Going through all the hardship and suffering they endured by being so late getting started, it is remarkable that she never lost this child. (See John Bitton story in *Tell My Story, Too*.)

They had to cross the icy streams and rivers filled with sharp cakes of ice which cut into their legs. The food rations were cut to four ounces of flour a day per person, but soon that was gone and they had to depend on the half-starved animals they could kill. It was after the last crossing of the N. Platte River that the Martin company became stranded and Jane felt her time to die had come. She said that if she was going to die, she would die clean. She took clean underwear and went to the nearby river and washed herself in its icy water. As she was dressing, she heard a great commotion and shouting from the camp. Hurriedly she finished dressing and started back when she met an elderly Scotsman who was crying and asked him what was wrong. He answered, "Aye, lassie, we're saved! We're saved!" Jane replied, "Then what in the world are you cryin' for?"

Jane and John and Sarah were assigned to the John R. Poole rescue wagon. Upon arrival in the Valley, Mr. Poole gave them shelter in his home in Ogden. The following year Jane married John Poole. They had nine children. In his later years, John jokingly said that he had rescued Jane from a snow bank so he felt he had a right to marry her. Jane stated that indeed, she had left many a bloody footprint in the snow. With her brother John's help, Jane's parents and sister, Harriet, also emigrated in 1863. Harriet also married John Poole and they had eight children.

Jane lived to be 85 years of age, after a widowhood of 27 years. A granddaughter, Vendla Richardson Duffin, wrote of her, "Jane had a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ and remained true to her faith. She never forgot how hungry she got while on the plains. If she had a small piece of bread left when she finished a meal, she would wrap it in a napkin, take it to her room, and tuck it in the corner of her bureau drawer. Her daughter Mary Ann would often find it much later, all dried out."

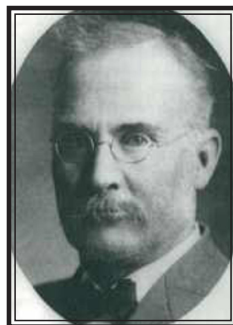
Sources: "History of Jane Bitton Poole" by her daughter, Mary Ann Poole Richardson; History of Idaho by Hiram T. French, vol. 3 p 1213; family history by granddaughter, Vendla Richardson Duffin; "History of John Evington Bitton," by Dee. F. Bitton (Grandson); Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files.

JOHN E. BITTON

Born: 12 April 1830 London, England

Age: 26

Martin Handcart Company



John and Sarah Wintle Bitton

John Evington Bitton hired out as a cabin boy on a sailing vessel at the age of thirteen. He later served as a seaman and during his seafaring life he sailed around the world three times. As the oldest son in a family of ten children, John saved his money and helped take care of his family as his father, William, was totally blind. He had also been a seaman, but due to an injury sustained at sea as a young man, he began to lose his eyesight.

John studied very diligently in order to better himself until he gained the position of second mate. His first voyage in this position was to India. Upon returning home he gave six hundred dollars to his parents. In 1848, his ship made port in California during the gold rush. John remained faithful to his Captain as many of the other shipmates deserted in order to search for gold. The grateful captain promoted John to first mate for his loyalty.

John's family heard the missionaries from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints while John was home in Great Yarmouth, England, between sailing trips around 1851. They all accepted the gospel and John was baptized in 1852. The family's former minister came to John's father and said, "William, you have been temporally blind and now you are spiritually blind as well!" Nevertheless, with John's assistance, his parents and sister, Harriet, emigrated in 1863.

On the 13th of May, 1856, John married his sweetheart, Sarah Susannah Wintle. Just twelve days later, the newlyweds sailed with over 800 other converts on the ship *Horizon* from Liverpool. They took John's sister, Jane (19), with them. (Sarah's family also emigrated to Utah later.)

When the Bittons arrived at the campground in Iowa City, they were put to work for about three weeks. John worked on handcarts and Sarah and Jane stayed busy sewing tents and making other preparations. The Martin handcart company pulled out of Iowa City on July 28, 1856, with the Willie handcart company about two weeks ahead of them, and the Hodgett and Hunt wagon companies close behind. These wagon companies would travel close to the Martin company the rest of the way, rendering assistance when they could and also suffering along with them.

After the company crossed the North Platte River for the last time on October 19, they became stranded due to bad weather, loss of cattle, reduced rations and loss of lives. The Platte River crossing took a terrible toll as ice cakes cut their legs and swift and cold water swept their feet from under them. The stronger of the men and women carried the others across, and many soon lost their lives from this terrible exposure. John seems to have been one with some strength left, as he assisted in burials. At one time he assisted in taking nine corpses on his handcart back down the trail for burial. The frozen ground could not be dug, so the bodies were only able to be covered with rocks and snow. Wolves exhumed the bodies as soon as John and the others left. Even knowing this would happen, Sarah tore up her wedding dress to make coverings for the dead. Although she was weak and expecting a baby, Sarah often helped to nurse and cheer others.

John and Sarah eventually moved to West Weber, living first in their wagon box and building a crude log home with dirt floors. The first church services held in West Weber were in this home. John built a larger and lovely home in 1875 which is still standing today, just north of the West Weber Church building. It is marked as a historical site.



Source: "John Evington and Sarah Susannah Wintle Bitton," chapter four of unknown book; interview with descendant, Brett Benson, Layton, Utah.

MARTHA BLACKHAM

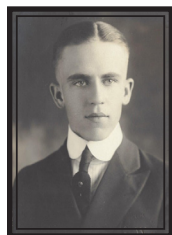
Born: 22 March 1807 Heaton Norris, Stockport, England
 Age: 49
 Martin Handcart Company



Martha Robinson married Samuel Blackham Sr. when they were both 22 years old. They had seven children. Martha and her five children who came to Utah joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints between 1848 and 1852.¹ Samuel Blackham parted with his family some time before 1851. He died in a workhouse in March 1854 of smallpox. In 1850, Martha's 17-year-old son, William, died of "hematemesis." In 1852, her 17-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, died of meningitis. These two teenage children had worked in the factories and cotton mills of Manchester. Life must have been very difficult for Martha as a single mother at this time.

One experience that surely strengthened Martha occurred about the time of her baptism. Her daughter, Sarah, was extremely ill, and doctors did not expect her to live. She was given a priesthood blessing and was immediately healed.

Martha's two oldest sons, John and James, emigrated to Utah in 1855 and 1853, respectively. The other three children, Samuel (21), Sarah (16), and Thomas (14), came with Martha in 1856. They traveled with the assistance of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund.²



Samuel
Blackham

By the time the Martin company reached Fort Laramie on October 8, it became "apparent the late departure, limited food supply, and lack of warm clothing would threaten the company." (Curtis Allen) A few men from the Martin Company, including Samuel Blackham, enlisted in the army at Ft. Laramie,³ joining with Company G of the 6th United States Infantry. Samuel probably saw it as an opportunity to help his family, as he could earn money to send them when they reached Utah. "Often, when a regiment's ranks were depleted by desertions and other causes, the army offered cash and other inducements to enlistees. The new men also became eligible to draw on the commissary and sutler's stores against future pay." (Curtis Allen) So Samuel may have been able to provide some supplies to his family immediately. The Martin company began rationing their flour on October 16 and reduced their baggage from 17 pounds per person to 10 pounds on October 17. Many blankets and articles of clothing were discarded and burned in order to move the company more quickly toward anticipated rescue.

The winter storms began at the last crossing of the North Platte River on October 19. During the next few days, the Martin Company made very little progress and finally became stranded in deep snow. By October 27, they were almost entirely destitute of rations.⁴ The next day the first rescuers finally found them, giving them hope of reaching Salt Lake. Martha and her children all survived the next five grueling weeks, which included five frigid days and nights in Martin's Cove.

In Salt Lake, Brigham Young continued making calls for rescue long after the initial call on October 5. Many men were needed to keep the roads open over Big and Little Mountains and through Emigration Canyon. Hundreds were working there, keeping fires going every ¼ mile as the Martin Company came through. Martha's son, John, was with them.⁵

When John was preparing to leave Salt Lake City, his employer, Heber C. Kimball, met him and wanted to add to the provisions John had already gathered. He supplied him with clothing, food, two cook ovens, and two more men.⁶ Also with John was Cyrus Wheelock. Cyrus had already been out on the rescue for nine weeks. On November 25, when the Martin company was almost to Echo Canyon, Cyrus was sent on an express ride to Salt Lake to report needs and conditions. He then turned back on the trail to continue his assistance to the Martin company, and was with John Blackham when Martha, Sarah and Thomas came through:

(Martha Blackham - Page 2)

Brother Wheelock rode a horse and John was driving the wagon. When they reached the summit of “Big Little Mountain,” they saw smoke issuing from a distant grove of trees. At first sight they thought it was Indians, but upon going nearer they saw it was the ill-fated Martin Handcart Company. Brother Wheelock on his horse reached there first and heard Thomas cry out, “Here comes our Jack.” Never had there been a more happy reunion. Tears would flow from [John Blackham’s] eyes, as he would relate the story. He said, “Never have I received a more welcome greeting.” (John Blackham history)

John found that his mother had also been a rescuer during her trek. Traveling with Martha’s family was Thomas Wallwork and his 6-year-old son, William. Thomas died on an unknown date during the trek, and Martha had continued to look after little “Billy.” She brought him into Salt Lake with her and “took him to her heart.” Billy died from the effects of frozen feet in March 1857.

Martha’s family was sent to Nephi and spent the winter of 1856-57 there. Martha received her patriarchal blessing that winter from John Murdock, who had also participated in the last weeks of the rescue. (See John R. Murdock in rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

After two years, Martha went faithfully with her children and grandchildren to settle Moroni, Utah. They first lived in dugouts along the San Pitch River bottom, where they endured the winter cold, little food and sometimes hostile Indians. Martha’s grandson, John Blackham Jr., was the first child born in this new settlement in August 1859. Sarah Blackham, who had married Charles Kemp, also brought Martha a new grandson in Moroni the following month.

Martha lived to be 81 years old. She died in Moroni on December 11, 1888. Her granddaughter wrote the following tribute:

Though we of this generation did not personally know grandmother Martha Robinson Blackham, we can read of her times, her life, and give gratitude for her faith and courage to accept the Gospel, leaving husband, friends and country, to come to this country. She endured the hardships of ocean travel, of the ill-fated Martin Handcart company—how did she and her children survive this ordeal—then to follow children to make the new settlement of Moroni, here suffering from lack of food, shelter, and threats from hostile Indians for many years. Praise her, live as she did, worthy to be called a “daughter of God.” (Frances Blackham Cunningham)

Sources: “A Worthy Daughter of God” by Frances Blackham Cunningham; Family History of John and Susannah Lees Blackham (unknown author); “John Blackham, Sr.” by Lorena Blackham Draper, “written under the direction of his living son, Alma and Mrs. Josiah Blackham”; familysearch.org; “William Ashton: Handcart Pioneer and Five-Year Foot Soldier,” by Curtis R. Allen; Wallwork family research of historians Craig and Laura Anderson, 2012; various other Blackham family histories in files of Jolene Allphin.

¹Martha was the first to be baptized on May 26, 1848. Her daughter, Sarah, was baptized at age 12 on December 6, 1852. Cyrus H. Wheelock baptized her. After his mission, Cyrus arrived in Salt Lake City on October 4, 1856. Three days later he was with the first group of rescuers to leave Salt Lake in search of the Martin company.

²Brigham Young wrote to the bishop of Moroni, “We will receive an ox from Sister Martha Blackham to apply on her indebtedness to the P. E. Company for her immigration, at such price as it may be appraised at when it reaches here. Should the ox be in condition for beef and you soon meet a good chance for sending it before it shrinks, it may be well to forward it at once, otherwise sister Blackham had better winter it and forward it in the Spring, for cattle, other than those fit for beef, are of no use to us until another season.” (Frances Cunningham)

³In the spring of 1857, the Cheyenne were upset about encroachments on their land by settlers and the army, and they began raiding immigrant trains and settlements. Company G of the 6th calvary served under Colonel Edwin Sumner in settling these difficulties. “During this expedition, the infantry suffered not only great fatigue but deprivation of food and shelter, ... requiring exhausting forced marches by the foot soldiers. ... The marches took them into what is now Southeastern Colorado, into central Kansas and on to Fort Leavenworth in northeastern Kansas. In Kansas, Company G was involved in the battle of Solomon’s Fork. ... Food ran short and ... at one point, the men were reduced to eating coyotes, skunks and buzzards. Many soldiers deserted, perhaps justifiably, including two recruits from the Martin Company, Aaron Harrison and Samuel Blackham. ... As the campaign ended, Company G was in the vicinity of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Available records of the Blackham families have no mention of Samuel’s military service.” (Curtis Allen) Samuel married Mary Ann Lamb, age 20, in 1859 or 1860. Their first baby was born in Pennsylvania, where Mary Ann had probably been living since 1853. They traveled to Utah in 1862. In 1870 they moved to Evanston, Wyoming, where they stayed.

⁴See Red Buttes meeting summary at beginning of the Martin Company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

⁵James Blackham was living in Fillmore in 1856 and appears not to have gone on the rescue.

⁶“One of these was an old sea captain, who with President John Taylor, had converted the Blackhams to the gospel in England.” (Frances Cunningham)

CAROLINE GARSTONE WILLIAMS BLAKEY

Age: 40
 Born: England
 Martin Handcart Company



Caroline G.
Williams Blakey
(Price)



Richard Brigham
Blakey



John Moroni
Blakey

Caroline was born in the hills of Malvern in the town of Shaknell, Herefordshire, England, on September 2, 1815. Her first marriage was in 1840 to George Williams, a member of the Royal Marines. They had one baby, Caroline. George died when Caroline was an infant.

Caroline next married Richard John Blakey. Richard and Caroline had both been converted to “Mormonism” by Wilford Woodruff as he was serving a mission in England. Caroline was especially fond of Elder Woodruff and referred to him as her “Gospel Father.” Richard served as president of the Crossmore Branch of the Church until the family moved to Liverpool in 1855.

In May 1856 the Blakey’s boarded the ship *Horizon* with their two small sons, John Moroni, age 6, and Richard Brigham, 8 months.¹ 16-year-old Caroline Williams was signed up to go with them, but her grandparents dissuaded her from going with untruths about the Mormons.² Caroline wrote to her daughter for years but only once received a reply, the letters being kept from her.

Caroline helped Richard with the handcart as much as possible, but also had to keep an eye on her little sons. Richard Brigham was carried or rode in the handcart. John Moroni walked part of the time. When Richard became ill from exposure and the extreme hardships, Caroline put both her boys in the handcart and pulled it herself. One night Caroline made Richard comfortable and put their little boys in the arms of their father, one on each side. The next morning she found the boys still asleep in his arms, but her husband had died. This exact date is not recorded, but was between October 19 and 28, while the company was stranded at Red Buttes near the last crossing of the North Platte River. Richard was reportedly buried in a shallow grave with seven other brethren. Each was wrapped in a much needed blanket or sheet. Burial coverings were donated at great sacrifice.

Caroline and her two little boys survived their trek, but Caroline’s head had become frozen and caused her hair to turn white for a time. On November 30, 1856, Caroline walked into the Salt Lake Valley. Two of John’s toes were badly frozen and had to be amputated.

In 1857 Caroline married Charles Price who was said to have witnessed Caroline’s great sorrows and admired her courage. They had a daughter, Emily Maria. Emily Maria married Alfred Alma Bybee. They had nine daughters who each received a college teaching degree.

Caroline lived to be 64 years old. Her descendants said of her: “She was an educated woman and taught her own and the neighbor children to read, write and figure. (Thatcher) She had a hard frontier life. She was small and quick and had dark brown eyes. She was very spiritual and enjoyed many inspirations from the Holy Spirit.” Caroline’s obituary, published in the *Deseret News* and the *Millennial Star*, concludes: “[She] crossed the plains with the handcarts. On that tedious journey she lost her husband and 1 child. She bore a strong testimony to the truth of the gospel to the last. She leaves two children and three more, that she was truly a mother to,³ and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss, those who knew her best, loved her most.”

Sources: Email from Laraine Harris, 2008; “The Life sketch of Caroline Garstone Gaston and Richard John Blakey,” history and letter from Aldene Rasmussen, 2006; family histories from Stephen B. Smith; Daughters of Utah Pioneers histories.

¹There may have been another baby. A Blakey family history submitted to Daughters of Utah Pioneers in 2001 by Roberta Holt Thatcher states: “Great grandmother’s infant daughter was born and buried at sea.”

²On British Mission Records for *Horizon* as Caroline Blakey, age 16, with her family.

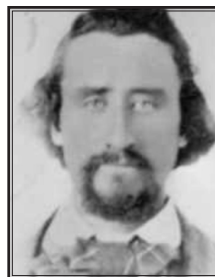
³Charles Price also married Ann Oakey of the Willie handcart company in 1857. Ann died in 1865, leaving three small children. These are the children that Caroline raised.

JAMES GODSON BLEAK SR.

Born: 1829 England

Age: 26

Martin Handcart Company



James Godson and Elizabeth Moore Bleak

James Godson Bleak (pronounced Blake) was born on November 15, 1829, in Southwork, Surrey, England. He was the third of six children, but the only child to grow to adulthood. One sister and three brothers died in infancy, leaving only James and his brother, John. When James was 14 years old, his father died, and James could no longer pursue his formal education. Two years later, his mother died. James and John then went to live with an aunt. In the next two years, this aunt and John also both died. His losses caused him so much sorrow that he could scarcely overcome it. He was now 18 years old. But James kept studying and, being a natural scholar, he became a well educated and widely read man. He also learned the silver and gold smith trade and became an expert silversmith.

James did have some happy memories from his childhood to share with his children and grandchildren. As a young boy, James would often wait in the park in London where Queen Victoria would drive each morning. As the queen passed by, James would take off his hat and bow to her. Many times she would stop her buggy to speak to him or pat him on the head and say, “How are you, my young lad?” This pleased him very much. James was a descendant of Horatio Nelson, one of England’s naval heroes, and he had great respect for the queen.

James married Elizabeth Moore in St. James Church, London, England, in June 1849. About two years later, James was invited to a meeting of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by a friend, Joseph Lewis Thompson. Joseph’s father spoke in the meeting that day and James felt greatly impressed. At the close of the services, Brother Thompson noticed that James had weak eyes. He explained to James the ordinance of anointing the sick and administering to their relief and invited him to receive this blessing. At first James replied that he had no faith, but finally agreed to the blessing. Later, James told his friend about it in these words:

When I came to the meeting, I could scarcely see anything. Around the gaslights on the streets were halos or rainbow colors, but when I left the building all of that was gone and my vision was clear and bright. I had been healed by the power of God. I have never suffered with that trouble to my eyes since. This miracle and the sermon I had listened to convinced me that your father was a servant of God. So I continued to attend the services and after a thorough investigation of the principles of the gospel, I applied for baptism, and your father baptized and confirmed me a member of the Church. A little while after I was ordained an elder and when your father was called to preside over the Nottingham Conference I succeeded him as president of the White Chapel Branch [in London].

Elizabeth also joined the Church. She and James were very active. After serving as the Branch president for several years, James was released in 1856 and immediately made ready to come to America. Shortly before leaving England, James presided at a Church conference where a woman bore her testimony and spoke with the gift of tongues concerning the Bleak family. James was given the interpretation, but, as he said, “refrained from speaking it.” However, another woman did arise and gave the interpretation as follows: “I, the Lord, am well pleased with the offering made by my servant Elder Bleak; and notwithstanding he shall see the angel of death laying waste on his right and on his left, on his front and on his rearward, yet he and his family shall gather to Zion in safety, and not one of them shall fall by the way.”

James and Elizabeth and their four children: Richard Moore (6), Thomas Nelson (4), James Godson, Jr. (2), and Mary Moore (11 months) sailed on the ship *Horizon* from Liverpool on May 23, 1856. The following excerpts are from a letter written to Elizabeth’s parents while on board: Ship *Horizon* / Liverpool / May 23rd/56 / Dear Father and Mother. We have arrived safely and fare all well so far. We have a very comfortable place on board and go out of dock today. Liverpool is the dirtiest place we ever saw. London is exceedingly clean in comparison. Provisions on board are of first rate quality and plenty for us. ... Remember us kindly to all enquirers. Farewell and may God our Father bless you both is the earnest prayer of your son and daughter.



Thomas

James (Jr.)

Richard

Mary

At the end of the sea voyage, their letter home said they had “a very pleasant journey of 34 days across the Atlantic. Betsy [Elizabeth] was not sea sick at all and I was sea sick one day. The children were all very healthy with the exception of James who had the measles on board.” They reached Iowa City by train. Before leaving Iowa City, James wrote one last letter home: “This is certainly a most beautiful country. The climate is hotter at present than in England but agrees with us all first rate. We are very brown. For the last fortnight we have been living in a tent in camp. We expect to start on the plains tomorrow. We have yet to travel thirteen hundred miles before we reach home. The testimony of us both is that we like “Mormonism” better than ever and we would like all in that respect on the earth to be engaged in the same good cause. If you know anyone who thinks of coming to America, tell them to come to the western states and not to stay in the Eastern cities as wages are much better in the west than in the east and living is also cheaper. In this state [Iowa] common laborers get 4.3 a day, mechanics get 6.3 a day. Flour of the very best quality is 12.1 per 100, ham 5 a pound, butter 10, eggs 4 ½ a dozen, cheese 5 a pound, beef 3 and mutton 4 ½ a pound for the best parts. We shall write again when we reach the valley.”

The Bleaks’ journey with the Martin handcart company was fraught with more delays and the onset of winter. Rations were drastically reduced while waiting for more rescuers to arrive. After moving from Devil’s Gate into Martin’s Cove, James wrote in his journal: “Our ration of flour was reduced to 4 oz. and 2 oz. for the children, making 1 lb a day for the 6 of us. Through the blessing of our Father we felt as contented as when we had 1 lb per head.”

At one time the members of the Bleak family were all very sick. The family began to fall behind the rest of the company. Elizabeth was very frightened and fearful they would all freeze to death. As James’s condition worsened, he asked Elizabeth to leave him and get the children to camp. She wrapped him in a blanket and laid him alongside the trail. When Elizabeth caught up with the rest of the company they were making camp. A family friend, Maria Normington, who had recently lost her husband to death came to inquire about James’s health. When Elizabeth told her they had left James back on the trail, Maria said, “No, it can’t be.” Maria told Elizabeth she should not have permitted him to be left because of the promise he had been given in England. Maria and some others took a handcart and went back until they found James, brought him back to the camp and helped to restore him to health.¹ Maria was reportedly the woman who had prophesied in tongues that the Bleak family would all make it to Zion. This family indeed was one of those miraculous ones that had no deaths. However, they had another close call which James later wrote about in the Church magazine *Juvenile Instructor* (June 15, 1902, pgs. 365-67). He wrote it third person, using the pseudonym “Scribo” as the author. The following excerpt is from that account:

Two good sisters, one, an aged widow, the other unmarried, in the kindness of their womanly hearts, had volunteered to assist the mother [Elizabeth Bleak] by taking charge of one of the children at the close of each day’s travel till the following morning. The offer was gratefully accepted and the four and a half year old [Thomas], blue eyed, fair haired boy, became the chosen one to share the added protection of their tender care.

One morning, after a very cold night, when winter had overtaken the company, these sisters were horrified to find their little pet lying between them dead, as they decided, and in this condition they brought him to his parents. His father [James], who had already made a fire, took the child and began by anointing him with consecrated oil, and praying over him, calling upon the Lord to keep His promise that not one of the family should fall by the way in gathering to Zion. Tests were applied, but not a heartbeat or other sign of life was in the child. The father continued to administer, to chafe the limbs and body, and to call upon the Lord to fulfill His promise. After what appeared to be the sympathetic fellow travelers and sufferers as a very long time, the father thought he saw a slight flutter in the child’s throat; this encouraged further rubbing, chafing and administration until finally, by God’s power and blessing, the dear child unclosed his eyes and is now a resident of Salt Lake City, father of nine children and likewise a grandfather.

That word of the Lord, given by the gift of tongues, inspired a faith, an assurance, which prompted administrations and prayers in behalf of a child who was looked upon as dead by the scores present in that camp; and it is the father’s conviction that, if that promise had not been made the boy would have been given up as dead; and would have been laid with the hundreds of that company who were buried by the wayside in that trying journey.”

¹ Annie Hicks and Jemima Nightingale were two who helped get James Bleak to camp. See biography for Annie Hicks in this section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

James's suffering, as well as his typical positive attitude, is reflected in the following excerpts from his journal and letters to his in-laws:

(Trail diary): Monday 15th [September] We travelled 22 miles. I began to draw the Handcart this morning but was obliged to leave it. Br. Francis Webster very Kindly persuaded me to get on his handcart and drew me 17 miles. Elder Hunter and the two sisters Brown [Elizabeth and Jane] very kindly drew me about 4 miles. For which Kindness I feel grateful, and pray God to bless them with health and strength. Tuesday 16th [September] We travelled 9 miles. Through the blessing of God I was able to draw the handcart to day, but am still very ill. Sunday 9th November [leaving Martin's Cove after 5 days there] We travelled 5 miles. I have suffered very much to day with my feet, which are frost-bitten. I walked the 5 miles not wishing to burden the teams. Sunday 30th [November] I feel to rejoice greatly and give praise to God for my safe arrival in Zion with my wife and children after a journey of 6 months and 1 week.

(Letter to in-laws, December 3, 1856): We should not have been so long performing the journey but we were detained on the road in consequence of the snow falling considerably towards the latter part of our journey. The scenery across the plains is certainly not to be surpassed. We saw the prairie on fire several times and consider it one of the grandest sights in nature. While the weather was fine we had an abundance of excellent plums and grapes which grow wild in the woods - also cherries and gooseberries small, but of a nice flavor. Our health as a general thing has been very good. Betsy has enjoyed better health on the whole of the journey than she did at home. Mary is rather poorly at present and I have my feet frostbitten in consequence of which I am not able to do any thing like work and do not expect to be able for at least 2 months. But thank God I am consoled to know that neither my wife or children will want for anything, neither will they have to apply anywhere for relief. We are in a room by ourselves and are liberally supplied with food and firing which treatment will continue until I am able to work but of course no longer. Do not understand that I am running in debt and that I shall have to pay when I get well. Such is not the case. What is supplied to us is given - not trusted at the same time. I believe this to be about the worst place for idle or lazy people to come to.

(Letter to in-laws, May 1856): I have not as yet recovered the full use of one of my feet, but I am able to walk, and shall not be a cripple when I do get well. I have not been able to do anything towards maintaining my family yet, but thanks be to the Lord and our brethren, we have not yet wanted for food. We have experienced nothing but kindness since we entered the valley. At present we live in a house that has a large piece of ground attached to it planted with peas, cabbages, lettuce, radishes, squashes, pumpkins, vegetable marrows, water melons, mush melons, citrons, etc. for us. I have also some potatoes, onions, parsnips, etc. planted for me on a farm about a mile from where we live. When this quarter is out I am to be schoolmaster in this ward or as you say, parish. This will bring me in about 60 dollars a month ... which will enable me to obtain oxen, cows and farming implements which are necessary here. Then I can employ hands to farm for me while I am attending my school. Money is scarce here but we get on just as well without. For instance, if we want to buy anything we pay for it in wheat, oats, indian corn or butter, each of which have a settled price. Betsy and the children enjoy excellent health and look first rate. Mary is just beginning to walk alone. She is backward in consequence of so much riding. Richard and Thomas have just said they would like to see grandfather and grandmother here. This is a fine country and very productive. Seven crops of wheat have been raised on the same ground without changing the crop. ... We have no more to say at present but wish you to remember us to all friends and pray God to bless you.

Notes: James's trail diary can be found online in the Mormon Pioneer Overland Trail database. Other items of interest are also in the Church archives. Michael Landon wrote about James Bleak in *Trail of Hope: The Story of the Mormon Trail*, pgs. 131-133. James first made his home in North Ogden. He joined the Nauvoo Legion and participated in the Utah War. In 1861, he was called to help settle Southern Utah. In 1872, he was called on a mission to England. He served as editor of the *Millennial Star* during his mission. At this time he had also been called to enter plural marriage. Elizabeth had borne six more children to him, including twins who were just seven years old when he left for his mission. James eventually had four wives and 33 children who all honored and loved him. His obituary listed his posterity at about 250 people, including 160 grandchildren. After losing all his family as a child, he had certainly been compensated.

James's self-education served him well his entire life. He was secretary of the United Order in St. George and also private secretary to President Brigham Young when he was in St. George. In 1881, he was appointed a temple worker and in 1909, ordained a patriarch. He served as the temple recorder until he was incapacitated by age and also served as a counselor to the temple president. He was a clerk in the Tithing Office, a Stake clerk, clerk in the Co-op store, postmaster, historian of the Dixie Mission for almost 50 years, and a critic and coach of early dramatic clubs of the community. He served in the Bishopric and High Council. He belonged to the Board of Education which established the St. George Stake Academy, which is now Dixie College. James's and Elizabeth's pictures hang in the front office of Brigham Young's home in St. George. Brigham's walking cane was given to the Bleak family, but after many years it was returned to the Church and is now in a museum. For a time, Elizabeth worked as a telegraph operator for Brigham Young. Elizabeth was among the first women called to labor in the St. George Temple, where she worked until the very day of her death, which occurred six days before Christmas in 1899. James made a memoranda to the effect that she worked in the Temple as usual during the day and at night just went to sleep.

ELIZABETH SIMPSON HAIGH BRADSHAW

Born: Feb. 10, 1808 England

Age: 48

Martin Handcart Company



Robert Bradshaw



Isabella Bradshaw (Astle)



Richard Bradshaw family

Elizabeth was born to a well-to-do family, but orphaned at age nine. She was then reared in the family of her father's sister. She married William Haigh in 1834, and to them were born two children: Samuel and Sarah Ann. William died about 1840. Elizabeth joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints soon after. At age thirty-six, Elizabeth married Richard Bradshaw, also a member of the Church. They had four children—one died as an infant. They had been preparing to leave England when the news of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith reached them. They were advised to remain in England until affairs quieted down. Before they could leave for America, Richard died of pneumonia in October 1849. Elizabeth was expecting a baby at the time. She was blessed with a little boy whom she named Richard.

In her second widowhood, she never gave up the hope of gathering to Zion. She worked, waited and prayed. The opportunity came in May 1856, when she found herself and five children on the ship *Horizon* ready to sail from Liverpool to America. Her brothers tried to persuade her to remain in England and promised to educate her children and care for all of them if she would stay. She turned to them and said, "I am going to Zion."

Elizabeth and her five children: Samuel Haigh (age 20), Sarah Ann Haigh (19), Robert Hall Bradshaw (11), Isabella Jane Bradshaw (10), and Richard Paul Bradshaw (6), sailed on the ship *Horizon* to Boston, then went by train to Iowa. Here they joined the Martin handcart company. Elizabeth had left England with plenty of clothing and other belongings, but she could only take a small amount. Most of her supplies were given away to those in need. She did pay for her two wedding dresses to be sent to Utah, and later was able to give them to her two daughters.

Elizabeth was a woman of great faith. Before she left England, she had received a blessing that promised she would take all her children to Zion. When the company reached the last crossing of the Platte River, the winter storm began. Everyone had to cross. Many were too old and weak and some too small. Rations had previously been reduced. Elizabeth's oldest daughter, 19-year-old Sarah Ann Haigh, carried many people across the river on her back. Undoubtedly many lives were saved by this heroic girl, as 13 to 18 people died the next day. Some who died were also those who had spent their last strength carrying others across this river. It was here that Elizabeth proved her great faith once again. She was a very small and dainty woman, less than 5 feet tall. She took 6-year-old Richard, and seated him upon her shoulders with his legs around her neck as he held to her head. As they started across, they were caught by the current and carried downstream. Several called, "Let the boy go ... or you will both be drowned. Save yourself." She refused to give them heed and struggled on until she finally made it to the opposite side where Richard was lifted off her shoulders and she was helped out of the water. In her exhausted condition, she raised her right arm to the square and bore witness to the onlookers that God had saved her and her son.

At another time as conditions became worse for the company, Samuel was pronounced dead and brought to his mother. Elizabeth's faith was strong. She still believed she would take all of her children to Zion. She asked that the Elders anoint him with oil and administer to him. The Elders did so and Samuel recovered.

Elizabeth and her children arrived in Salt Lake City on November 30, 1856. They were sent to Bountiful to the home of Bishop Stoker. They stayed there for six years, then moved to Hyrum. Her first home was a log building with a dirt roof and floor. She died on October 24, 1872, at the age of 64, a humble and faithful pioneer woman.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; *The Millers*, volumes I and II, compiled by Bonnie Miller, 2010; *Autobiography of Elwyn Fred Ralph*, 2012; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website. See Sarah Ann Haigh in Martin section of *Tell My Story, Too* for artwork depicting the carrying stories of Elizabeth and her daughter, Sarah. Elizabeth's story is portrayed in the T.C. Christensen movie *Ephraim's Rescue*.

JANE BRICE

Born: 7 June 1846 Littlerock, Shropshire, England

Age: 9

Martin Handcart Company



Jane Brice was baptized by her father in May 1855, when she eight years old. Her childhood covenant seems to have strengthened her when she faced the trials that would soon come her way. One day Jane ran into the house from playing outside and told her mother that she was hungry. Her mother responded by handing Jane something to eat and saying, “No, my child, you are not hungry, but you will be before you get to Zion.” The family had been planning their emigration since Jane’s parents joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1846. They sold what belongings they could in order to help pay their way. Jane was broken-hearted when she had to part with a much loved wax doll that had been a gift from her sister, Emma.

Jane celebrated her 10th birthday aboard the ship *Horizon*. She also had the measles aboard ship. She sailed with her parents, Hannah Edwards¹ (Ledder) (50) and Richard Brice (51), and her brother, John (11). Her older siblings were opposed to this venture and did not go with them. All the Brice family members celebrated birthdays during their emigration except Jane’s mother, Hannah, who died on the trail, possibly on November 12, near the “Three Crossings” of the Sweetwater River. Hannah had already experienced the most difficult parts of the journey, crossing the Platte River and being stranded at Red Buttes; and crossing the Sweetwater and spending 5 days in Martin’s Cove. On the journey, Jane’s shoes wore out and she had to tie rags around them for protection. She never had feeling in her feet again in her life. To keep her hands from freezing, Jane would put them in her thick long black hair.

The handcart company arrived in Salt Lake City on November 30, 1856, a full six months after sailing from Liverpool. Jane’s father became discouraged and disillusioned with what he termed “a God-forsaken desert” and decided to return to England.² He and John left Utah in the spring of 1858. Jane did not want to go back with them so she hid in a pile of wood until she was certain they were gone. Jane stayed with two different families for the next several years, working very hard to earn her keep. She married James Welsh on April 11, 1870.

One of Jane’s granddaughters said, “Her life was never easy, and she had many hardships and heartaches throughout her entire life. ... James Welsh owned a sawmill in the South Fork of Weber Canyon, about 25 miles from Coalville, Utah. The sawmill furnished timber for the silver mines at Park City and for settlements along the road to Coalville. He donated lumber from this mill for the Coalville Tabernacle.”

Jane became the mother of six children. James and one of the sons served missions. With special empathy, Jane cared for the seven living children of James’s second wife when she died after childbirth. Jane finally got a letter from her brother in 1868. He had learned to read and write by attending night school after working in the mines all day. He excitedly told his sister, “By mine own hand I write this.” Jane died of pneumonia on January 3, 1924, at the age of 77, at her daughter’s home in Carey, Idaho. She had been a widow for 24 years. Rhea Murdock wrote of her, “Grandma was a very wonderful woman & I greatly admire & love her.”

¹Edwards is Hannah’s maiden name. She and her husband both had previous marriages with children.

²Jane said, “When Mother died, Father’s faith must have died also. I don’t know why my brother, John, went back unless of his habit of obedience to Father.”

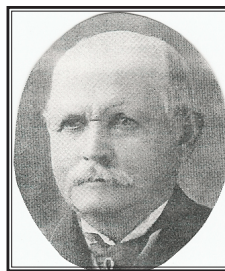
Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history: “Family history compiled by Emma A. Anderberg & Rhea W. Murdock, as given orally to them by their mothers, Emma J. Welsh Armstrong & May Welsh Wilde, while Jane Brice (Welsh) was still alive & residing with one or the other of her daughters.”; “The story of Jane Brice Welsh,” as dictated April 1916 by Jane Brice Welsh to granddaughter Blanche Armstrong Heilbut, typescripts by Dennis Carl Riggs, and Sherrie L. Heilbut Summers; photo of Jane courtesy Sherrie Summers.

JAMES THOMAS BRIGGS

Born: January 4, 1845 in England

Age: 11

Martin Handcart Company



James T. Briggs Rachel Briggs (Crane)

John Briggs was a weaver by trade. He married Ruth Butterworth in 1835 and together they joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in August 1840. For sixteen years, the family planned and prepared to emigrate to America to be with the Saints in Utah. In May 1856, the Briggs family set sail on the *Horizon*. John (age 42) and Ruth (39) brought all seven children with them—Eliza (19), Thomas (13), James (11), Mary Hannah (7), Sarah Ann (4), Rachel (3), and baby Emma (8 months). They arrived in Boston and then traveled mostly by train to Iowa City, where they spent about three weeks preparing for their trek across the plains and mountains. It was a very difficult trip. James and his older siblings took turns pulling and pushing the handcart along with their parents. They also took turns carrying their baby sister, Emma, sometimes carrying her under their clothing so she might get some warmth.

At the last crossing of the Platte River on October 19, many of the people, particularly the men, became extremely weak and ill due to the exposure and getting their families across this river. The first severe winter storm set in soon after crossing and the company did not make much progress. Many died and were buried in common graves. Rescuers finally found James's family on October 28 and helped them as far as Devil's Gate where another storm and sub-zero temperatures stopped them again. On November 3, 1856, James's mother arose to find his father had died during the night. Another immigrant in the Martin Company, Alice Walsh, who was widowed at this time, wrote: "We arrived at Devil's Gate about the 1st of November [and] on account of the nightly fatalities of the male members of our company for 2 or 3 weeks previously, there were many widows in our camp and the women and children had to pitch and put up the tents, shoveling the snow away with tin plate[s], etc. making our beds on the ground and getting up in the morning with melted snow and lye on our clothing. ... My husband died and was buried at or near Devil's Gate and the ground was frozen so hard that the men had a difficult task in digging the grave deep enough in which to inter him and nine others that morning, and it is more than probable that several were only covered over with snow." From November 4-9, the Martin Company took shelter in a cove, and then moved on. James's brother, Thomas, died on November 11. Within a week there were enough wagons that all were allowed to ride. The Briggs family struggled forward, without father and brother. Fellow company member, John Jaques, wrote: "On the 27th [Nov.] the company camped on East Canyon Creek, on the 28th the Big Mountain was crossed and the company camped at its west base. At a spring here, Fera Little, Joseph A. Young, his brother Brigham and others, who had been busy keeping the roads broken in the vicinity, had their camp. On the 29th the company crossed over Little Mountain, or part of it, and camped at Killian's Canyon, near the head of Emigration Canyon, and on Sunday the 30th passed down the latter canyon and arrived in Salt Lake City about noon, driving into East Temple Street as the congregation was leaving the old adobie tabernacle in the southwest corner of Temple block."

Salt Lake City was so very close, but it was too late for Mary Hannah Briggs, who joined her father and brother in death on November 29, one day short of their journey's end.

The Briggs family, except Eliza, was kindly taken in by the Benjamin Thomas Clark family. On June 28, 1857, Ruth Briggs married Mr. Clark in order to secure a home for herself and her children. They had a baby girl in 1860—Lavinia Alice. She died at the age of two. Two months after Lavinia's birth, Ruth was stung on the neck by a scorpion during the night and died.

Eliza Briggs was taken to the James and Frances Stratton home. Frances was the daughter of Benjamin Clark. She nursed Eliza's badly frozen feet for months and grew very fond of her. She asked her husband to take Eliza as a second wife. Eliza's daughter later said that Eliza's feet always hurt her. She wrote, "At nite she would bath them and we children rub them so she could sleep better."

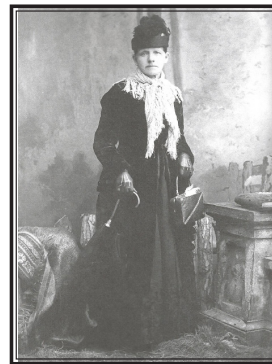
James served in the Black Hawk Indian War and held the priesthood office of Seventy.

ALICE BROOKS

Born: 16 February 1835 in Bolton, Lancashire, England

Age: 21

Martin Handcart Company



Alice Brooks was one of four children born to Samuel and Sarah Astley Brooks. Her mother died when Alice was 8 years old. Her father then married Alice Cockshott, a widow with three living children. Alice and her step-sister, Mary Alice Cockshott, were both interested in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, but their parents were against it.¹ Sometimes the girls would sneak away to attend meetings anyway. After much coaxing, the parents finally gave the girls permission to attend a baptism. They were both baptized on that day, June 26, 1849, when Alice was 14. It is said that before morning, Alice was desiring to gather with the Saints in Zion. She worked hard as a weaver in a cotton mill for the next 7 years to earn money to emigrate. Alice and Mary² walked long distances to attend Sunday meetings.

Although Alice faced much opposition from her father, she never lost sight of her goal to reach Zion. When she reached legal age and her departure was imminent, she left home one night and went to stay with an LDS family.³ When Samuel Brooks found his daughter missing, he made one last desperate effort to get her to change her mind. At 2:00 a.m., he went to the house where she was staying and ordered her to return home. Alice tearfully told her father that she would never come home again. He tried to find a policeman, thinking to force her to obey, but was unsuccessful. Returning to the home, Samuel demanded that Alice turn over her clothes, which she did, but she still did not change her mind.⁴

Alice bore her testimony at the last “Fast Meeting” she attended before leaving England. After she spoke, an unnamed person arose and spoke by the gift of tongues, which was then interpreted by that same gift. The prophecy was that Alice would reach Zion through much tribulation. She was promised that she would become a “mother in Israel” and that her last days on earth would be her best. This promise strengthened her many times during her difficult journey.

In May 1856, Alice boarded the ship *Horizon* in company with her aunt and uncle, Alice Smith Brooks (age 53) and Nathan Brooks (60), who had also been baptized in 1849. Their traveling companions were the Peter Mayoh family and the Robert Holt family. Robert Holt was the elder who had confirmed Alice a member of the Church. Alice gave her own account of her journey with the Martin handcart company:

Some days we traveled from ten to fifteen miles and one day we journeyed thirty miles. We usually pitched our tents at night near water and gathered buffalo chips for fuel. Having left most of our clothes behind, we were compelled to spread gunny-snacks on the snow for bedding. We often sat and held our feet in our hands at night to keep them from freezing. Our eatables consisted chiefly of flour, tea and sugar, and we had to depend upon the killing of buffaloes for meat. During that time, when our cattle gave out, we boiled their bones for soup, as there was no meat. We also roasted raw hides and ate them.

At last we found ourselves encamped in a ravine near Devils Gate with just four ounces of flour to each person per day for four days. A great number of people died, sometimes half a dozen a day, and on one occasion sixteen persons were buried in one day in one grave. People would walk until exhausted and then drop down by the wayside dead, leaving their bodies to be eaten by wolves, as the survivors, on account of the frozen ground, were not able to dig graves deep enough to secure them. ... We climbed mountains to get icicles off sage brush and melted the snow to obtain water where with to mix our flour. At Devils Gate⁵ the people were called together for prayer and asked if they were willing to die if the Lord so willed it, or if they were sorry they had come. They all answered that they were willing to die if the Lord so willed it, but they were not sorry they had come.⁶ Almost at the same moment was witnessed the approach of Joseph A. Young on a white horse. He was hailed by us as the arrival of an angel.

(Alice Brooks - Page 2)

Men and women surrounded him, weeping and holding onto him, pleading with him to save them from death. Elder Young went back and reported,⁷ and the next night we received a pound of flour each. In traveling through Echo canyon, camp fires were built every quarter of a mile to thaw those who lingered behind. At last we arrived in Salt Lake City, November 30, 1856.

Alice married Andrew Arne Andersen in March 1857 in the Endowment House. In 1860 they moved to Hyrum, Cache Valley, Utah, where she resided until her death in 1915. She had a large family of five sons and five daughters, “all of whom were married in the temple except Sara Marie and Samuel, who died soon after reaching maturity.” Alice’s daughter, Martha Marinda Anderson, married Louis Thomas Miller in 1886. Louis was the son of Sarah Ann Haigh, who had also traveled in the Martin handcart company.⁸ The Andersons became very successful farmers in Cache Valley. Alice wrote of some challenges in the early days of pioneering:

“Indians were hostile; we camped in an Indian wikiup, with a fire in the center. One day a rattlesnake wrapped itself around the willows in the wikiup, and a small boy helped me and we succeeded in killing it. There were twenty-five rattles on that snake. There were many snakes and crickets around the camp.”

Alice lived to see all the blessings fulfilled that had been promised to her, including the promise that her last days would be her best. Her health was reportedly better after middle age than it had been before, and she died “quietly and quickly as a snuff of a candle” at the age of 80. In 1950, it was estimated that Alice had over 500 descendants.

¹Family histories record: “[Samuel Brooks] never accepted the teachings of the LDS church, however it is evident he was dissatisfied with the Church of England as he and his two wives and the two children they lost in childhood, are buried in the Unitarian Churchyard at Ainsworth, Lancashire England.”

²Mary Alice Cockshott also emigrated to Utah. She traveled in the Israel Evans Handcart Company in 1857. This was a very small handcart company, with only 28 handcarts and 149 individuals. Alice’s sister, Nancy Brooks, and two other stepsisters, Martha and Alice Cockshott, were also baptized. Alice Cockshot emigrated and settled in Hyrum with Alice Brooks Anderson and Mary Alice Cockshot.

³This may have been the Robert Holt family, as the British Mission Record shows that Alice’s ticket for the ship *Horizon* was sent “Care of Robert Holt” to his address in Bolton. A daughter, Margaret, was close to Alice’s age.

⁴One family history records: “She received her clothes shortly before sailing. Alice was engaged to a young Mormon boy before she left England. She promised him she would wait a year before marrying someone else. . . . After she left, her father feeling that she would be better off with her fiance . . . in America, gave the young man his fare and told him to hurry to America and marry Alice. He caught the next boat (three weeks later). His Company waited until spring before starting west. In Salt Lake, Alice Brooks and Andrew Andersen kept company with each other for a short time. They received a call to go to the Endowment House, which they interpreted as a call to be married. They were married. So when her sweetheart arrived, he found her the wife of another man, although he came within the year she had given him. He died heart-broken and never married.”

⁵This event was not at Devil’s Gate, but at a place known as “Red Buttes,” near the Bessemer Bend of the North Platte River, where the Martin company had been stranded for several days. They were in a similar condition a week later “in a ravine near Devil’s Gate.”

⁶See Allphin, *Tell My Story, Too*, beginning of Martin company section, for other accounts of this meeting.

⁷See Allphin, *Tell My Story, Too*, biography of Joseph Angell Young, for clarification.

⁸See biographies for Sarah Ann Haigh and her mother, Elizabeth Simpson Haigh Bradshaw, in *Tell My Story, Too*.

Sources: Miller, Bonnie, *The Millers: The Ancestors & Descendants of Louis Thomas Miller and Martha Marinda Andersen*, 2010, volume I of II; family records in files of Jolene Allphin; Ralph, Elwyn Fred, *Autobiography of Elwyn Fred Ralph*, 2012; photos courtesy of Elwyn F. Ralph.

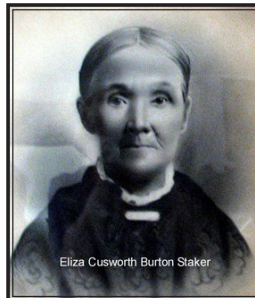


ELIZA CUSWORTH BURTON

Born: 19 January 1824 Lockwood, Yorkshire, England

Age: 32

Martin Handcart Company



Martha Ann Burton

Eliza was one of four children born to John and Martha Brook Cusworth. They were well-to-do farmers. Eliza attended the schools of England, getting a common education for that time. At the coronation of Queen Victoria, Eliza was a flower girl. There were quite a number of small girls who acted in this capacity, carrying flowers and singing “God Save the Queen.”

Eliza married Joseph Burton in June 1846. She was left a widow on an unknown date. She had great faith to bring her two small children to Utah in a handcart company. When they left England in May 1856, Joseph Friend was 6 years old and Martha Elizabeth was 4. Joseph had a birthday soon after boarding the ship *Horizon*.

The Burton family started their 1,300-mile journey with the Martin handcart company in Iowa City in July. By the third week in October, the weather turned cold. Joseph told of reaching a spring and pitching camp. They had to use fry pans and tin plates to clean away some snow in order to pitch their tent, for they had no shovels. Before rescuers reached them, their rations dwindled to almost nothing. One time Eliza made three trips across the Sweetwater River.¹ Her daughter, Eliza Jane Staker Day wrote: “First she took her boy across on her back. When she reached the other shore she put him down, but he was frightened and tried to follow her back. She was forced to tie him to a nearby tree while she went back to get his sister. She then had to make the third trip to get her handcart. She spent part of the night drying her clothing and it was freezing weather.”

Eliza had hoped to stay with a cousin, William Cusworth, when she reached Salt Lake City, but found he had “become discouraged and apostatized, and had taken his family back [to] Iowa.” Eliza, Joseph and Martha were taken to the home of Isaac Laney where they were cared for and remained for a few weeks. Joseph’s foot was frozen and he lost two of his toes. The family was then taken to Pleasant Grove, where Eliza met Nathan Staker, a widower with several children. They were married February 18, 1857. Nathan was 23 years older than Eliza. They had a happy marriage and loved each other’s children. They had five more children together. In 1859, they moved to Mt. Pleasant, and helped to settle San Pete County.

Nathan’s mother came from Illinois to live with the family when she was 94 years old. She was blind and could not do much besides sit in her room. Eliza was very kind and took good care of her. Grandmother Staker lived to be 100 years old. Eliza lived to be 90 years old. At the time of her death she had been a widow for 31 years and had 96 living descendants.

On Eliza’s 87th birthday, her step-daughter, Mary Staker Farnsworth, wrote a 17-stanza poem for her, rehearsing her father’s lonely state before Eliza came into his life, Eliza’s courageous handcart trek, the participation of one of Mary’s brothers as a rescuer, and her love and gratitude for Eliza as a stepmother. The poem indicates that Eliza’s first husband died shortly before Eliza left England. He “blest” Eliza and encouraged her to continue their emigration plans: “Go on my babes and wife, For you shall reach the promised land, With no more loss of precious life, For God will hold you in his hand.”

¹This may have been the crossing of the Sweetwater on November 4, as the Martin company moved from Devil’s Gate to Martin’s Cove.

Sources: “Eliza Cusworth Burton Staker,” by Eliza Jane Staker Day, daughter; familysearch.org; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; www.lynric.org.



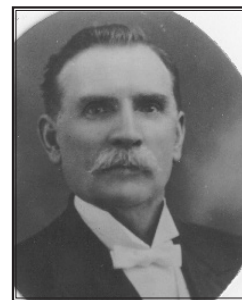
Joseph Friend Burton

ELLEN JACKSON CARTER

Age: 40

Born: 18 May 1812

Martin Handcart Company



Ellen Jackson Carter and son, John Carter

Ellen Carter traveled to Zion with her parents, Charles Jackson (age 60) and Mary Loxam Jackson (62); her brother, William Jackson (21); her son, John (10), and her deceased husband's brother, Luke Carter (45), who was a widower.

Ellen's mother died on October 18, 1856, at 2:30 a.m. She was buried that morning and the company then traveled 17 miles. She was spared the terrible ordeal of last crossing of the North Platte River and first early winter storm on October 19. The Martin company was stranded near this crossing for the next nine days before the first rescue party found them.

Ellen's father managed to survive these difficulties as well as the terrible cold and storms that sent the company into a cove near Devil's Gate, two miles off the trail, for another waiting period—November 4-9. Charles Jackson then joined his wife in death on November 19. The Martin company had reached "dry Sandy" that day and recorded the weather as being cold and snowing. Ellen's life story indicates that "the ground was so hard that they couldn't bury him. They just covered him up with rocks and snow. They could hear the wolves howling near where he was buried as they traveled on their way."

Ellen's brother-in-law, Luke Carter, also died some time in October or November, possibly at Martin's Cove. Family accounts indicate that he had been helpful in digging graves for others.

Bereft of all but her son and brother, Ellen faced her trials with much courage. She had known heartache before as her husband had died when their little son was only a few weeks old. Her parents were among the first converts to the Church in England, being baptized in the River Ribble by Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde. Her father, Charles, was promptly disinherited by his own father who was quite a wealthy man. Charles was a gardener and also raised birds, but was not a strong man and he had been unable to do much hard labor.

Ellen's mother, Mary, had been sought after for her beautiful singing voice. A man once requested that Mary sing while he was dying which she did. She also worked hard at weaving to help earn the living for the family. When she was baptized in January 1838, it was a very cold day and it was necessary to break a hole in the ice of the river. She had been ill with an arthritis siege at the time. She was very crippled from this disease and unable to walk. She had to be carried to the river for her baptism. Immediately after the baptism, in spite of the inclement weather and cold water, she felt much better and was able to walk home, something she had been unable to do for some time, even in good weather.

When Ellen decided to emigrate to Utah, her parents insisted on coming with her, even though neither of them were in good health. Ellen and her brother, William, probably had the full responsibility of tugging the handcart along. Perhaps John was also able to help with this when he wasn't assisting his grandparents. Ellen remarried when she got to Utah. She and William Stuart Seeley had two sons. Ellen died in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, at the age of 92.

Sources: Family records of Gayle Hunting and Melanie Hunting North; "History of My Maternal Great Great Grandmother" by Louise Madsen Watts, files of Melanie North, Riverton, Wyoming.

LUKE CARTER

Born: 1811 England (died, probably near Ft. Laramie)

Age: 45

Martin Handcart Company

Luke Carter and William Edwards were sharing the pulling of a handcart. A fellow traveler, Josiah Rogerson, wrote:

“Two bachelors named Luke Carter from the Clitheroe Branch, Yorkshire, England, and William Edward from Manchester, England ... had pulled a covered cart together from Iowa City, Iowa, to here; slept in the same tent, cooked and bunked together, but for several days previous unpleasant and cross words had passed between them. Edwards was a tall, loosely built and slender man physically, and Carter more stocky and sturdy. [Carter] had favored Edwards by letting the latter pull what he could in the shafts for some time. This morning he grumbled and complained ... about being tired, give out and that he couldn't go any further. They were having quite a discussion. Edwards was known as a constant grumbler, and this day, grumbling more than usual, he declared that he would rather die than pull anymore. Carter retorted: ‘Come on. Come on. You'll be all right again when we get a bit of dinner at noon.’ But Edwards kept on begging for him to stop the cart and let him lie down and die. Carter replied, ‘Well, get out and die then.’ The cart was instantly stopped. Carter raised the shafts of the cart. Edwards walked from under the cart and to the south of the road a couple of rods, laid his body down on the level prairie, and in ten minutes he was a corpse.

“We waited (a few carts of us) a few minutes longer till the captain came up and closed Edwards' eyes. A light-loaded open cart was unloaded. The body was put thereon, covered with a quilt, and the writer pulled him to the noon camp, some five or six miles, where we dug his grave and buried him a short distance west of Fort Kearney, Nebraska ...

“Just before Edwards closed his eyes and was dying, Br. Albert Jones ... brought to him a drink of water in a tin pannican and therewith moistened his dying lips.”

Luke Carter also died a few weeks later. Luke had been helping dig graves for others up to this point. Part of Luke Carter's story is also recorded in an account given in the biography of Richard and Emma Laurence Collins, who were pulling their handcart with their four little children and a baby, next to Carter and Edwards. Although the Collins and Josiah Rogerson refer to Luke as a bachelor, he was actually a widower, having married Hannah Pye in 1833. Hannah died on March 10, 1846. Luke's 16-year-old daughter, Nancy, had originally signed up to travel on the ship *Horizon* with her father, but she did not continue her plans.

Luke Carter's brother, John, had also died in 1846. John's widow, Ellen Jackson Carter, and her ten-year-old son, John, were also traveling with the Martin company, possibly with Luke's help. Ellen's parents, Charles and Mary Loxam Jackson, and her brother, William, were also in the company. Charles and Mary Jackson died about the same time as Luke Carter.

Sources: familysearch.org; Josiah Rogerson history; family records of Gayle Gunderson Hunting and Melanie Hunting North.

MARGARETTA UNWIN CLARK

Born: 1828 England

Age: 28

Martin Handcart Company



One day while returning from her work in a Nottingham factory, Margaretta was attracted by a street meeting. She said the preacher dressed more like a laborer in his best, his manner different, the subject matter different, and all had a magnetic power to her soul.

She “hugged to her heart” the newfound truth with such fervor that her mother, Mary, and her sisters Ann, Mary Ann, and Eliza all espoused the revealed religion of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They all remained true to it throughout their lives.

Margaretta was also responsible for Mary Ann Biddle Farmer in the Hunt wagon company becoming a member of the Church and thereby in this emigration. Mary Ann’s parents had both died when she was a small girl and she was placed in an orphanage. “While there, a young girl (only three years older than Mary Ann) by the name of Margaretta Clark walked by the orphanage every day and would sometimes stop. Finally, Margaretta asked her parents if Mary Ann could come live with them, to which the Clarks consented.” (See story of Mary Ann Biddle Farmer in Hunt company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

The day after her twenty-eighth birthday, Margaretta sailed down the Mersey River on the first fragment of her trip to Zion. “For days and weeks they wandered on the waves. She was lashed to the rigging in the brow of the ship that she might experience the full rise and dip of the waves so she could overcome the sea sickness more quickly.”

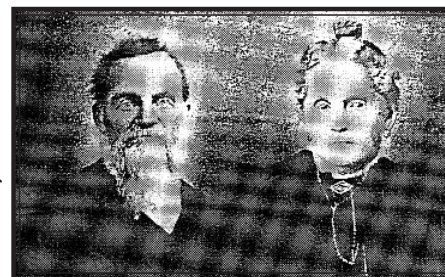
While crossing the plains, Margaretta felt terrorized by the Indians, at one time meeting over a thousand of them. Large buffalo herds interfered with their travels. Some days they suffered for water. Other days they waded the rivers and slept in wet clothing. Rations were cut and winter came early. By the end of October, Margaretta was among the survivors who were camping in deep snow without food, almost without fire, and too sick and weak to care for each other or dig graves when the rescuers from Salt Lake finally reached them.

Margaretta became a passenger in the wagon of rescuer Anson Call whom she married two months later. Their son, Willard Call, in a history of his mother, wrote:

While the loads were being arranged, ... Margaretta waited in Anson’s wagon gnawing at a frozen squash which had been intended for his horses. When [Anson] saw the situation through the back of the wagon he knew that [she] was freezing to death. In his rough venacular, acquired in the West, he told her of her condition and she replied: ‘Oh no Sir, I have been quite cold but I am comfortable now.’ When he took her by the hand she said, ‘Hold on Sir, my hand is a bit sore, you hurt it.’ As she struggled he said, ‘I calculate to hold on,’ and she landed in the snow. With the help of another man he ran her up and down in the snow to induce circulation and so saved for himself a wife who later bore him six children. Father told us that he knew she had passed the suffering point in a freezing death and if left to herself her mortal life would soon be a thing of memory, but mother always maintained that a gentleman from England would have been much more gentle and not so persistent.

Another descendant wrote:

“Margretta had many pioneering experiences during her thirty-three years of marriage. The first of her six children was born along the river bottoms near Provo on May 28, 1858, while the family was there in exile during the evacuation caused by the arrival of Johnston’s army. Trained in nursing, she was much in demand to administer to the needs of the sick. She was a faithful church worker and a steady supporter of her busy and much-respected husband. Margretta died in December 1908, in Bountiful, Utah.” (Oaks)



Anson and Margaretta Clark Call

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files, “Life Sketch of Margaretta Unwin Clark Call,” by Willard Call; *50 PIONEERS: The Pioneer Ancestors of Dallin Harris Oaks and June Dixon Oaks*, by Dallin H. Oaks, June 1997.

ALICE CLEGG

Born: 23 Oct 1846

Age: 9

Martin Handcart Company



Alice came to Utah with her parents, Jonathan (age 40) and Ellen Walmsley Clegg (40), and her siblings William (14), Henry (3) and Margaret (6 months). Another brother, James, was serving in the Crimean War at the time and didn't come to Utah until 1869. Alice's Uncle Henry Clegg, Jr. had come to Utah the previous year. He lost his wife and young son to cholera at Mormon Grove, Kansas. Uncle Henry later married Margaret Ann Griffeths, who had also been in the Martin Company with the Clegg family. (See Margaret's story in *Tell My Story, Too*.)

In letters written from Alice's grandfather, Henry Clegg, Sr., to his sons, Jonathan and Henry, we understand some of the yearning for family that the aged man had:

Aug 4, 1856: "Henry, be thou gets this letter our Jonathan and his family will have arived with thee and I hope all will be well with them. ... I think Elin will have had many a hard tug and I am sure our Jonathan will have had many a hard day and night. May the lord Bless him and all his family in all there undertakings amen. If I was there with Billy we would have Plenty of fun catching fish and those Butiful Birds thou speaks of. Be a good lad Billy, it may happen be the case some time. ... I hope the crickets will not have again destroyed your crops this year. ... I am 68 this day. ... Tell Israel his Granmother is often talking of him. ... I hope our Jonathan will send all [particulars] of his vouage as soon as he arives. ... I must now bid you farewell. It may be I shall never hear from you again but I hope to meet with you on Zion Hill."

1862: "Henry, ... Things here are in a very bad way. Factories are some of them shut up all together and some running short time 2 days and some 3 days a week. ... Thy mother and me are still living on this earth but our time is very short. ... I am very thankful for the [monies] thou sent. It has done us good. ... We stand greatly in need of help but we cannot expect that thou can have anything to share having a wife and 6 children to keep thou has enough to do. We would like to see thy wife, thyself, and thy children. But we never shall. Thy wife is like a fruitful vine. They are a great blessing to you. We wish to know how our Jonathan is going on and Ellen and all her children and what they are doing for a living and what is William doing? We would like to see all of you but we never can. ... Thy mother will send her likeness [photograph] if its possible but she cannot go to Preston—she is so lame."

Alice would probably have loved to have seen her grandparents, also. But her parents were among the first converts to the Church in Preston, England, and they had already been waiting almost 20 years to gather with their fellow Saints in Zion. Alice's grandfather Clegg was reportedly with his son, Jonathan, in the Preston town center in July 1837. He heard Heber C. Kimball say, "Amen!" when Heber saw the political banner inscribed with the words, "Truth Will Prevail." Jonathan was baptized 2 months later and Ellen 7 months later.



Margaret Ellen Clegg

During their 1300-mile trek with the Martin handcart company, Jonathan and Ellen Clegg were noted by fellow travelers as being of much service, going among the tents with a lantern at night, seeking to aid the sick and dying, making poultices for swollen feet, and soothing those with fever. At one time Ellen would have to shake the flour from the sacks in order to combine it with a little water for a thin gruel to eat. They also made thin soup by boiling pieces of rawhide.



Henry Clegg



William Clegg

(Alice Clegg - Page 2)

One cold morning, probably in Martin's Cove, Alice slipped off her bed covers and had her long hair frozen to the icy ground. Her parents heated some water and poured it on the ice to loosen her hair. In Alice's later years, she told her children of the awful suffering they endured. They saw many die, but was grateful no one in their family succumbed to the cold and privations. When the food became scarce, Alice remembered her mother making small hard cakes for the children, telling them to suck on them so they wouldn't get so hungry. She also remembered the sleet that wet their clothing and the cold wind that would freeze their dresses stiff as they walked along. Once, when crossing an icy stream where her feet could not touch the bottom, she clung to the staves of the handcart that her brother, William, was pulling until she could reach the bottom.

The Clegg's settled in the Heber Valley, first living in a dugout on their 160-acre homestead. Ellen was called to serve there as a midwife, where she delivered over 800 babies. In the extremely cold winters of that high mountain valley, Ellen would sometimes hold onto the horse's tail as she plowed through deep snow and blizzards, arriving with her shoes and stockings frozen to her. Many of Heber Valley's children called her "Aunt Ellen" or "Grandma Clegg."

Jonathan was the leader of the martial band for many years in Heber as well as a choir leader. The story is told that when he was leading the singing at a conference, he was told to sing only three verses of the closing song as the time was short. Instead, he led the congregation through all the verses, and when he was later reprimanded for so doing, replied, "If they didn't want them all sung, they wouldn't have them in the book!"

At the age of 14, Alice married Robert Broadhead. They had thirteen children, ten of whom lived to adulthood. They raised their large family in the Heber Valley near Alice's parents.

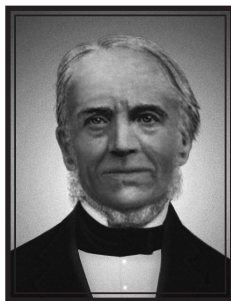
In 1890, Alice and her husband traveled with her parents to the Logan temple to complete the temple work for their deceased family members in England. When the Salt Lake Temple was completed, and had electric lights installed in and around it, they were also there to witness the occasion. Jonathan turned to Ellen with tears rolling down his face and said, "I have seen my patriarchal blessing fulfilled. I have seen the temple of the Lord lit up like a pillar of fire."

Alice's parents lived long and useful lives in the Heber Valley. Jonathan sold, for a very small amount of money, the majority of his homestead, in support of the local schools. Bishop John Watkins, who had been their friend in the Martin handcart company, spoke at both Jonathan's and Ellen's funerals. The Martial Band led Jonathan's funeral procession and played at the funeral. Ellen's funeral procession was a half-mile long, led by two Relief Societies, the city's young women, the primary children, then forty vehicles. Her coffin was covered with layers of flowers placed there by over 200 children.

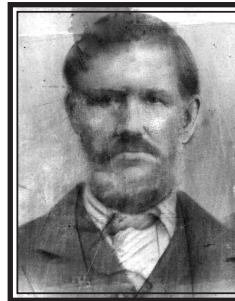
Alice lived to be almost 74 years old, true to the faith for which she and her family had sacrificed so much. The "many a hard tug" of the handcart spoken of by her Grandfather Clegg, had brought them to their promised land.

Sources:

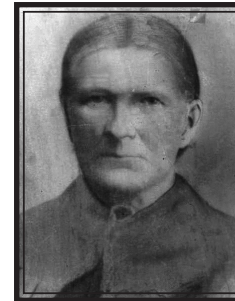
Clegg, Melodee, "Jonathan and Ellen Walmsley Clegg", 2001, as submitted to www.clegghistory.org. (Photographs, letters and other information also gathered from this site); familysearch.org; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.



Henry Clegg, Sr.
Alice's grandfather
in England



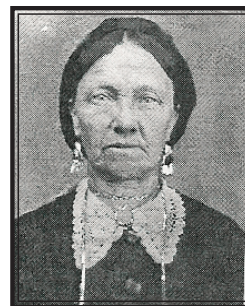
Jonathan Clegg



Ellen Walmsley Clegg

EMMA HANNAH LAWRENCE COLLINGS

Born: November 26, 1825 in London, England
 Age: 30
 Martin Handcart Company



Emma was born to Simon and Ann Archer Lawrence. Growing up in London, Emma remembered seeing Victoria crowned Queen of England in 1837.

Emma married Richard Collings on May 26, 1844. In May 1845, Emma and Richard had their first child, a daughter they named Alice, who died when she was 4 years old. A few years later they joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and began making plans to join the Saints in Utah.

In 1856 Emma and Richard emigrated to America with their five young children, Louisa (9), Fred (7), David (5), George (3) and Samuel (4 months). Fellow traveler in the Martin company, William Binder, who had been president of the Lambeth Branch where the Collings family attended church wrote, "Brother Richard Collins and family kindly assisted me with some means to emigrate."

One clear evening on the deck of the ship *Horizon*, Emma remarked to her husband, "Well, I have seen the mighty deep in its anger, with our ship nearly on her bends, and I have seen it, as now, under a cloudless sky with scarcely a ripple on its surface, yet I know not which to admire most. I feel most powerfully the force of those words 'The Mighty God' which Handel so beautifully expressed in one of his chronicles."

The Collins family apparently had the means and first intended to travel across the plains by team and wagon, but made the decision to go by handcart instead. A little harness was made for Louisa and Fred and they helped their parents pull the handcart. Five-year-old David walked all the way. Three-year-old George rode on the cart, and Emma carried baby Samuel and sometimes helped push on the cart. They suffered with the rest of the Saints traveling with the Martin company. Fellow traveler, John Kirkman, wrote: "Scores were frostbitten. Fred Collings, a seven-year-old boy, had his big toe on each foot come off when his boots were removed. Louise Collings, twelve years old, while helping her weakened father pull the cart through the sleet and snow had the harness she wore frozen to her body, which when removed, left scars that she wore throughout her long life."

Family records indicate that both Fred's and David's feet were so badly frozen, the flesh came off of their heels. Several times on the journey, Louisa's hair became frozen to the ground and hot water was poured around her head to free her.

The Collings family first settled in Springville, Utah. Emma had many new experiences in learning to churn butter and bake bread. She was used to buying these items in London. She learned to make clothing for the family from the wool they raised. She bore four more children here and the family was then called to help settle in Monroe, Utah.

In 1879, after their nine children were raised, Richard and Emma accepted a call to help settle St. Johns, Arizona. After seven years on this mission, they returned to Monroe.

Emma was a faithful Relief Society teacher for many years. She attended church meetings regularly and bore her testimony often. She had a good singing voice and was often called upon to sing the "Handcart Song." Emma was making a fire one day when the sleeve of her nightgown was caught in the flames. She passed away eleven days after her eighty-ninth birthday, due to the burns received in this fire.

Sources: Mary J. Chase Findley, *A History of Springville*; DUP publication, *Women of Faith and Fortitude*, vol. 1, p. 642; Frank Esshom, *Pioneers and Prominent Men*; Sylvia Collings Musig, *Richard Collings, Emma Lawrence, A History* (1 copy from Connie Wilcox, 2nd copy from Merial Musig Hawkins, with some additional information); Elaine Poulson, *Biography of Emma Lawrence Collings and Richard Collings*, (1 copy from research files of Joann Mellor Felix, 2nd copy, with photos not in this sketch, from Quenalee Nelson); diary of William Binder: "Our tent ... was occupied by Bro. Richard Collins and family, Br John Watkins and family, [Susannah] Patching, [Maria Christmas] White and myself and wife Lizzie. We were pleased with the arrangement seeing that we had all been long acquainted with each other." Also, in a letter to the Handcart Veterans Association September 23, 1907, Emma indicated that "Bro Jas V Williams," a Mormon Battallion veteran, was one who came to their rescue. Williams was on the list of the first 50 teamsters who signed up to go at the October 6 Conference call.

JEMIMA COOK

Born: March 10, 1828 in England

Age: 28

Martin Handcart Company



Jemima was the youngest daughter in a family of four girls and four boys. She received a few months of education each year, but also had to work at a young age to help support the family. Jemima was said to be “a bright little girl.” She worked hard and learned the profession of tailoress.

Jemima heard missionaries from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints preach the gospel and became very interested. Her family did not wish for her to participate in the Mormon meetings. Sometimes Jemima would slip out at night when her parents thought she was in bed, attend a meeting, and slip back in through a window. On one of these occasions, in February 1854, she was baptized.

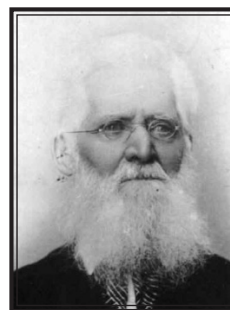
She had the tailor for whom she worked hold a little of her earnings back each week until she could leave for America. The night she left, she wrote her parents a note, then slipped quietly through a window. Her parents rushed to the harbor to stop her but the ship *Horizon* had already set sail.

After landing in America she joined with the Martin handcart company and started her journey to Utah. The journey was filled with many trials. Jemima often pushed her handcart through deep snow. At night when the pioneers stopped, their ice-stiffened clothes were sometimes frozen to their bodies.

When the company was at Devil’s Gate, the decision was made to move the company to a nearby ravine. John Toone, a returning missionary, was captain of a hundred in the Martin company. He asked Jemima if she was going to cross the Sweetwater River to get there. She said that she was. The river was deep with chunks of ice floating on top. As Jemima sat on the bank to remove her shoes in preparation to cross, John picked her up and carried her across to safety. He also helped with her handcart.

They arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in November and four months later, 29-year-old Jemima married 44-year-old John Toone and became his third wife. They had seven children. Jemima loved the gospel. She lived to be 77 years old.

Source: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; See John Toone biography in Martin company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.



John Toone

SARAH CROSSLEY

Born: 1843 England

Age: 13

Martin Handcart Company



When Sarah was only three years old, the missionaries of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came to her home in Radcliff, Manchester, England, and her mother, Mary Jarvis Smith Crossley, was baptized that year. Many of the Elders stayed in the Crossley home at various times, including Elder Perrigrine Sessions, President of the Manchester Mission. Sarah's father, James Crossley, teased her mother about her new-found religion, but Mary prophesied, "James, you shall yet see as I do and be baptized and shall go first to the new Zion established in the tops of the mountains." In fulfillment of her prophecy, James was baptized in 1847 and in 1854 he emigrated to Utah, leaving his wife and young children to follow as soon as he could prepare a home for them.

Two years later, the way was opened up for Sarah's family to emigrate. Sarah's mother sold all their possessions except for a chosen few that could easily be carried on a handcart. She boarded the ship *Horizon* with her children, Joseph Smith (age 20) (a son from a previous marriage);¹ Hannah (16), Sarah (13), and Ephraim (6) Crossley. Joseph was noted for his intelligence, and was a school teacher. He was crippled from a hip disease, and required extra help from the family.

Sarah later wrote a narrative of her experience, some of which is quoted here:

The handcart Plan was introduced into England, and it seemed so cheap and easy, only nine pounds or forty-five dollars in United States money, for each of us. We were so anxious to join our father and many friends who had gone before, that we decided to go. Mother was a frail woman and Joseph, our crippled brother could never walk across that 1300 miles of plains; but Hannah and I were very healthy and strong girls. Ephraim was a lad and very willing, so we gathered together what clothing and bedding we were able to take and sold our little home and all else we had. We bade farewell to our many friends and merry old England, sailing from Liverpool early in the spring of 1856. We landed in New York City [Boston] and went to Iowa city, the gathering place for the hand cart companies. There we were detained several weeks for lack of carts and provisions. It was the last of July before we started on this long terrible journey; but we knew not the hardships that lay before us, and started off happy, ... singing as we went, a merrier company could not have been found. ... We were making fourteen and fifteen miles daily over the Plains covered with green grass and dotted with wild flowers. It seemed so easy to us then, but as soon as the grass turned brown and the flowers disappeared then the plains rose up into the Great Rocky Mountains. . . .

Many of the carts gave out and had to wait for repair and we had to double up our loads as some had to be discarded and left. It was hard work. We always had to pull Joseph along but what was that to a girl ... robust and strong? All went well until our supplies ran low, and we were put on rations and our bodies began to weaken, making travel slower every day.

September came and the first frost was upon us. Out in the open with few clothes and little shelter, then we began our real suffering. But we tried to be brave and not complain more than necessary to each other. We children felt we should help dear Mother all we could. Poor little Joseph, it was so hard on him jolting over the uneven road. He suffered greatly and became thin and pale. I would do my best, almost anything, to keep his spirits up. We had always cared so tenderly for him, and he missed the good nourishing food and the comforts he had always had, but he seldom complained. He seemed only to dwindle in body and spirit. . . .

¹ Also signed up to travel on the *Horizon* was Mary Jarvis Smith Crossley's daughter, Mary Ann Smith (age 22) and her 1-year-old son, William. They are listed on the British Mission Record for the *Horizon* as Mary Ann Crossley and William Crossley, on the same PEF Bond as Mary Jarvis Crossley. James Crossley paid the balance of this bond in 1858. It does not appear that Mary Ann and William ever boarded the ship, but they may have. Family lore states that they traveled as far as Iowa City, then Mary Ann chose to return to England, and left her son William to go to the valley with the rest of the family. There doesn't seem to be any documentation of William in Utah, and Sarah does not mention this in her autobiography. The Find A Grave website indicates that Mary Ann was adopted by James Crossley; she married Thomas Broad in 1854; they had 4 children—William Broad, John Edward Broad, Sarah Broad, and Alfred Broad; and Mary Ann died in England in July 1887.

(Sarah Crossley - Page 2)

So we struggled on day by day. Soon we came upon the Platte River's icy waters and this time we had to ford and wade. Some of the stronger men carried the women and children across on their backs. ... A terrible disease crept into our little fold and death became a frequent visitor to our little train. ... Was it no wonder that our dear brother Joseph was stricken with this terrible disease? Each morning we gave him our clothing to keep warm. His suffering was over one morning as we found him frozen in his bed. We were so numbed with our suffering and the sight of death that I think we were almost glad he had gone. We felt that he had gone only a little ahead of us, that we would soon be with him. I did pray though that the commissioner of provisions would not know of it until I had received Joseph's portion of flour. I cannot tell you the pang that smote my heart as he counted out the spoons full and when he came to Joseph's he said, "Oh, Joseph died last night didn't he?" I had lost my brother's portion and it hurt me worse than it did to first look upon his still white face.

We left him by the side of the road. ... The ground was so frozen that we could not dig a grave. We wrapped him in a large blanket and left him by the side of the trail; before we had got out of sight, we heard the wolves had reached it. This was a terrible trial for my Mother to bear, but she did not complain to the Lord and did not lose faith in him. I think she felt it had been a merciful hand rather than a hard one that had taken her son.

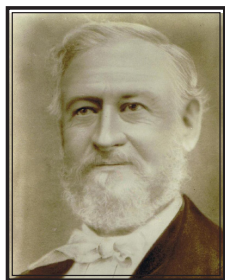
We had not reached Sweet Water River and our provisions were gone. We found a small ravine since named Martin's Ravine. Here we made our camp in a clump of willows that grew close together. We settled down as we could not go on farther. We must wait for help or death must come to us. Few of us cared which. In the morning to add to our suffering a heavy snow had fallen upon us. We had camped in a circle so we did not know which way to go or from which we had come. Here we were lost, starving, and buried in two feet of snow. Three days we lived through this and then at the sunset from over the rim of the ravine came a covered wagon with men breaking a road for the horses. Such cries of joy were never heard before. We laughed and all shouted together, here was help and food coming, but we were careful, we could not eat but a small portion or we would have all died. In the morning there were thirteen dead and two more died during the day. While we were preparing to go on, the dead were gathered and placed in one large grave.

We started on with new hope and courage. As we came to South Pass, the weather moderated and we did not suffer so much. On the thirtieth day of November, we arrived in Salt Lake City, what was left of us. There was five hundred and eighty-four members in the company in Iowa City, and one hundred and forty-six of this little band were left along the plains and in the mountains to tell the tale of our experience.

We were met by dear Father and many of our friends. In fact most of the city came to look upon the suffering of this company. They gave us aid by taking us into their homes to nurse us back to life—from the very jaws of death through which we had passed. [Perrigrine] Sessions came and begged to be permitted to take one of us to care for. As I felt very near to him for his kindness to us while on his mission in England, I was allowed to go and live with his sister [Sylvia]. She cared for me very kindly and brought me back to health. I never did recover fully to my former strength. As long as I lived, I have been a weakling.

I lived most of the time with Mr. Session's family and at the age of eighteen I was married to him. I think I had loved him from my childhood; and although I was his fourth (plural) wife and many years younger, I was the happiest woman in the world. I went to live with his other wives in a large house until some years later Ester, his youngest wife and I lived together in a log house of six rooms. Here I had my family of eleven children and Ester had ten. We loved each other dearer than sister[s]. She cared for me most tenderly doing all the hard work, allowing me to do only the lighter things about the home. For seventeen years we lived together in perfect happiness. Then we were given a nice new home of our own, but we parted with many regrets and we have always remained the dearest of companions. I was a widow at the age of fifty with my family in comfortable circumstances and loving companionship of all the other wives. There were six of us at this time and we have always been a great blessing to each other."

Sources: "Sarah Crossley Sessions Member Martin Handcart Company," submitted by Olive Sessions Howells, <http://thefurtrapper.com/home/sarah-crossley/>; PEF Financial Accounts 1849-1886, Ledger B, 240-241; British Mission Record for ship *Horizon*, 1856, pg. 162; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; <http://acruger.blogspot.com/2010/05/mary-jarvis-crossley-and-james-crossley.html>; <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/5416254>.



James and Mary Jarvis Smith Crossley

Hannah Crossley (Winn)

Ephraim Crossley family



Born: 14 Jun 1837 Preston, England

Age: 18

Martin Handcart Company

Thomas celebrated his 19th birthday aboard the ship *Horizon* with his mother, Alice Pickup Dobson (48), and siblings, Mary Ann (23) and Willard Richards (17). Thomas was born in Preston, England, the city where “Mormonism” was first publicly preached in Great Britain. His christening in the Church of England was by Reverend James Fielding. In this same church, and on the same day of his christening in July 1837, Heber C. Kimball and other LDS missionaries taught Reverend Fielding’s congregation. Alice Dobson was one of the first seven women to be converted and baptized. Thomas was baptized at age eight by Elder Orson Hyde, who had also baptized his mother in September 1837. Alice was a courageous woman and full of faith to bring her children to Utah by handcart 19 years later. Her husband and two sons had already passed away. In 1906, Thomas was asked to tell his story for a *Deseret News* article: They were members of the last handcart company of the season, the one that suffered most. Thomas was 19 years old, and from the Sweetwater to the end of the journey was entirely without shoes. Both his big toes were so badly frozen that it was thought he would lose the members. Elder Ephraim K. Hanks administered to the youth and promised him that his toes would be saved. Later in the evening Thomas performed a clog dance by request, and he declares that from the same moment until the present time the toes have never troubled him. The members of the Dobson family arrived safely in Salt Lake Valley. For 30 years prior to 1903, Thomas was a nightwatchman in this city, and few men in Salt Lake were more extensively known. Since the years mentioned, he has resided in Centerville, Davis County, where as he terms it, he is “taking life easy.”

In 1906, Thomas was elected to serve as the “third vice president” of the Handcart Veterans Association for the coming year. In October 1907, Thomas wrote his own account of the miraculous healing of his feet: I wore out my shoes on the way, and had to make a good many miles of it on foot. My feet froze and it was no small task hobbling over the rough roads wheeling a handcart. Brother Eph Hanks promised me the first pair of shoes that came to camp. But my feet had swollen so that nothing would fit them. “Tommy,” says Eph, “it’s too bad; but there’s no shoes for you; and the best I can do is to wrap you up in this piece of cotton. Now, I tell you what you do. Stand up and sing the handcart song and I promise you in the name of Israel’s God your feet shall be made whole.” That night I was wakened by a sound of fiddling. A couple in our company got married and the camp was celebrating with a dance. I hobbled out to the fire and stood there listening to the music. “Tommy,” said one of the brethren in a joke, “why don’t you get up there and give us a jig.” Now, I come from Lancashire, and maybe you know what that place is for dancing. I’d known how to clog dance ever since I could remember and when that man told me to dance I got out there and danced as I never had before. That was the last of my lame feet.

Ephraim Knowlton Hanks’s grandsons reported Ephraim’s story in 1948: One evening after having gone as far as Ft. Bridger, I was requested by a sister to come and administer to her son, whose name was Thomas Dobson. He was very sick indeed and his friends expected he would die that night. When I came to the place where he lay he was moaning pitifully, and was almost too weak to turn around in his bed. I felt the power of God resting upon me and addressing the young man said, “Will you believe the words I tell you?” His response was, “Yes.” I then administered to him and he was immediately healed. He got up, dressed himself and danced the hornpipe on the inboard of a wagon, which I procured for that purpose.

Thomas married Catherine Baty on December 15, 1866. They had no children of their own, but adopted a boy who was called Henry Dobson (Johan Henry Wolfensberger) and also raised a little girl, Lucy Addie Quigley, at her father’s request just prior to his death. Addie wrote of Thomas: “No father could have loved these children more.” Addie’s son, Thomas Q. Williams, wrote that Thomas and Catherine “took my mother to raise as their very own and were most kind and lovable to her. They were most kind and tender in their treatment to us as grandchildren and we loved them very much.” Thomas was a noted Pony Express Rider who received official commendation from the federal government. He was also active in many Utah militia units. In 1871 Thomas served a mission in England.

Mary Ann Dobson married James Pearson Clark in 1857 and had nine children. Willard Richards Dobson died in Brigham City, Utah, at age 73. It appears he never married. Alice Pickup Dobson died in Thomas’s home in Salt Lake in 1886. Her obituary states she died “in full faith of the Gospel.”

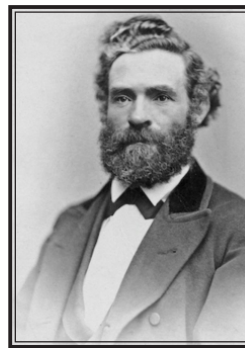
Sources: *Scouting for the Mormons on the Great Frontier*, by Sidney Alvarus Hanks and Ephraim Kay Hanks, 1948, 139-140; “Handcart Veterans Select Officers,” 1906 newspaper clipping, copy in Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files (Mary A. Schaer newspaper clippings, states: “Original copy at Martin’s Cove Museum”); “Utah Heroes Who Pulled Their All Across the Plains: Thomas Dobson’s Experience,” *Deseret Evening News*, 1 Sept. 1906; “Aged Veterans of the Handcarts,” *Deseret Evening News*, 4 Oct. 1907, 7 (as transcribed on Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel Database website); familysearch.org; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; “Died,” *Salt Lake Herald*, Oct. 2, 1886. Thomas Dobson’s story is portrayed in the T.C. Christensen movie *Ephraim’s Rescue*.

THOMAS DURHAM

Born: 2 May 1828 Oldham, England

Age: 28

Martin Handcart Company



Thomas Durham, well-known in Utah for his talent in music, was also a very athletic young man, excelling in running broad jump and similar events. No doubt his father influenced him to stay away from smoking which was very popular at the time, as he told Thomas that “if the Lord had intended that men should smoke tobacco that he would have provided a little chimney somewhere on the anatomy to take care of the smoke.” (All quotes are from Thomas’s son, Alfred Durham.)

Thomas’s family moved to Stalybridge, England, when the children were young. Here, Thomas received as much education as the family could afford and a very liberal education in music with a beloved teacher, Mr. John Farrington. Thomas was also “apprenticed out in his youth, as was the custom, to learn . . . woodturning, and he applied this knowledge for some time in turning the spools for one of the big cotton factories in Manchester.”

As a young man, Thomas came in contact with the elders of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He “never doubted its truth” but took his time to “fully satisfy himself before taking the final step . . . when he became of age, being baptized [in] 1850.” For four years prior to Thomas’s baptism, he served as the choir leader of the branch. For the next six years he served also as the branch clerk and president. At age 21 he married Mary Morton, also a member of the Church.

Elder Cyrus H. Wheelock was one of the Elders who frequently visited the Durham home. Prior to the Durhams’ emigration in 1856, Elder Wheelock gave Thomas a blessing and told him, “You will go to Zion but it will be as by the skin of your teeth; and when you get there the Angels of Heaven will sing to you and give you music as you sleep, and you will be able to write it and sing it in the Temples of our God.” (Cyrus wrote the words to Hymn 319, “Ye Elders of Israel”.) Thomas’s parents pleaded with him not to leave England for this new religion which they did not accept, but in May of 1856, Thomas boarded the ship *Horizon*, bound for America and Zion.

From Iowa City and westward, Thomas and Mary and Mary’s sister, Eliza Morton, shared a handcart with one other woman and traveled with the last handcart company of 1856 under Captain Edward Martin. Before leaving Florence, Nebraska, some of Thomas’s friends there tried to persuade him to remain over until the next season, but Thomas felt urgency to get to Zion and did not want to wait another year.

“They trudged along, making but few miles per day, and wearily making their camp at night. The men had to take turns herding the few cattle they had along on the few wagons that carried a portion of the supplies, this task coming about every other night. Snow fell early . . . and the suffering from this time on was too terrible to be described. Father says that he waded rivers and streams day after day with the ice floating down and cutting his bare limbs until they would bleed, making sometimes several trips back and forth, carrying women and children on his back and then dragging into camp, making a fire and drying his scanty clothing out, so he could be ready for the ordeal another day. The food became scarce, and they were compelled to be rationed down to four ounces of flour per day for a time . . . Father said they would mix the pound of flour with a little water each morning, bake the mixture, cut it in four parts, for his group, and that was their supply until the next morning. The snow fell in such quantities that they were compelled to leave much of their personal clothing and effects, in order to make any headway at all . . . He relates that many times he has gone out after reaching camp, and found men who had given up, practically frozen to death, and weary of it all, and has literally dragged them into camp, warmed and revived them and thus saved their lives. He helped bury many in shallow graves, . . . as many as fourteen in a single grave at one time.”

Elder Cyrus Wheelock, returning from England with other missionaries, passed the emigrants on the plains. When he reached Salt Lake, he loaded up with other rescuers and headed

(Thomas Durham - Page 2)

back east to help the late companies. With these rescuers' help, Thomas, Mary, and Eliza arrived in Salt Lake on November 30, 1856. After only a few days recuperation, they were sent south to settle in Parowan, where they arrived on Friday, December 12. That Sunday, Thomas was asked to lead the choir, which he did until his death in 1909. Combined with his service in England, this was over 62 years.

Thomas and Mary were unable to have any children. In 1860, Thomas married Mary Mitchell, widow of William Mitchell. One daughter was born to them. In 1867, he married Caroline Mortensen, a Danish girl who had also emigrated in 1856 with her family in the Willie handcart company. Thomas and Caroline had ten children, among whom was Alfred M. Durham, the composer and arranger of much Church and pioneer music. Alfred wrote of his father:

“His home life was an exceptionally happy one. The families were united, living under the same roof, agreeing almost perfectly, the other members of the family taking as much interest in my mother’s children as though we were their very own. This came about as a result of father’s impartiality and the tact he used in ministering family affairs, governing in the spirit of love and having companions who worked in perfect harmony with him in the home.”

Of his step-mother, Mary Morton Durham, Alfred wrote that “She was a woman of ability and refinement and a wife and companion of whom any man could be proud.” Mary wrote the words to the hymn “Sweet Is the Peace the Gospel Brings.” (See Hymn 14, *LDS Hymnbook*) Alfred composed the music to this beloved hymn.

Thomas’s life is summed up in the following excerpts from Alfred’s writings:

“Father made his livelihood from manual labor most of his life being engaged as . . . manager of a carpenter shop which employed a number of men in the making of all kinds of furniture from native wood which was plentiful in the mountains nearby. . . . this carpenter shop . . . supplied most of Southern Utah. . . . All the coffins used for burials were also made here according to measurement and besides making coffins he furnished the music and was often the speaker at the funerals. . . . [He] chaired County Fair committees [and] was honored with numerous ecclesiastical positions [including] Patriarch. . . . Scarcely a week passed but what one or more people . . . stayed at our home. The family were friend makers and splendid entertainers. There always seemed to be room to make two or three extra beds and to provide good wholesome meals . . . many of the general authorities of the church used to make our home their home when attending quarterly conferences . . . he organized the harmonic society, an organization which produced high class secular music in the form of concerts and programs . . . and which developed a love for the better in music . . . [Twice] he [brought] his choir to Salt Lake City to sing at the General Conference of the church, the company traveling in wagons the 250 miles distance to so participate. . . . He and his choir also furnished the music for the dedicatory services of the St. George Temple in April 1877 . . . Father was one who keenly sensed appropriateness in the selection of music for the various occasions, whether for religious or secular affairs, making choice of those numbers which were strictly in keeping with . . . sermons delivered or the program at hand.”

Thomas loved gardening—his flower and vegetable gardens being noted for their abundance, variety, neatness and beauty. He regularly communicated with the USDA, trying new plant varieties as they were developed. He was a voluntary weather observer for a number of years and appointed to be in charge of the U.S. experiment farm in the Parowan valley.

“Perhaps his greatest spiritual experiences were in fulfillment of Elder Wheelock’s prediction about receiving Heavenly music in his dreams. This manifestation came to him not only once, but on several occasions, and true to the blessing, he wrote these numbers and sang them himself in two temples . . . One of these [was] known as the ‘Nephite Lamentation’ . . . [This melody was often used to sing *O My Father*, hymn 292 in *LDS Hymnbook*.]

“He had an abiding faith in the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and gave life of unselfish service in the interest of the restored gospel and the people among whom he labored . . . He was kindly disposed, had a keen sense of humor, . . . [and] enjoyed a good time as long as he lived.”

Thomas enjoyed good health up until a few days before he died. On March 4, 1909, he got up and dressed and then passed peacefully away a few hours later.

Sources: Mortensen and Durham family histories in files of Jolene Allphin; Daughters of Utah Pioneers histories in Salt Lake City DUP Museum and Parowan DUP Museum; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

SARAH FOSTER



Age: 25
 Born: 9 Sept 1830, Hyson Green, Nottingham, England
 Martin Handcart Company

Sarah Foster was one of three daughters and six sons of William and Eliza Tomlinson Foster, who were born and raised in Scotland, but moved to England after their marriage due to “hard times.” William was a merchantman and operated a number of seafaring ships. The family was well off financially and employed many servants. Sarah was reportedly also a great niece of Lady Ellenore Gray of Scotland. When one of Sarah’s grandmothers married the gardener of a certain royal family, she was disowned by her own family for doing so. Sarah soon learned what this type of treatment would mean personally.

At the age of eighteen, Sarah heard the LDS missionaries teaching on a street corner. Interested in their message, she returned the following evening. The third evening that she attended, she “felt the Holy Ghost bear witness to her that they were preaching the true gospel of Jesus Christ.” That evening her parents questioned why she was coming home late to the evening meal. When she told them of her whereabouts and newfound faith, they became alarmed and had a long and serious discussion with her. They forbid her to read the Book of Mormon, but she did so at night by candlelight. Sarah told her parents of the Gospel principles she had learned from the missionaries from America, of the prophet Joseph Smith who had talked with God the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, and of her intentions to be baptized and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Her parents told her that they would consider this a disgrace to the family and that if she followed through with her plans she would be disowned by them. They told her that she would find the doors locked and they would never allow her to come home again.

Sarah stated that she knew that if she denied the testimony she had received, it would be displeasing to God. She was baptized the next day, September 21, 1848. She said she felt so happy after her baptism that she was sure she would be able to pass a little of this happiness on, so she went to her home but found her parents unwilling to see her. One of the servants met her at the door and told her he had been instructed to not let her enter. Sarah said that she did not have any hard feelings toward her parents as she walked away, only sorrow that she could not make them understand. She was especially close to her youngest brother, Isaac, and missed him terribly. Some Church members took Sarah in and for the first time in her life she had to work to earn money for her board and room. She saved for her emigration to be with the Saints in Utah.

For almost eight years Sarah endured cheerfully, depending on her faith and prayers for guidance and comfort. It is reported that she was very patient and kind and eager to learn God’s will for her and attended all of her Church meetings. She made friends with two other girls who had also joined the Church and these three made their plans to come to Zion together. (It is not known at this time who these other two girls were.) When the long-awaited day came, these three friends stood on the deck of the ship *Horizon*, watching until England was completely out of sight.

Sarah had saved enough for her trip that she actually had extra money. While in Iowa City, she noticed that some of the little children from poor families actually had no shoes. She used her extra money to purchase shoes for them. When Sarah’s own shoes became completely worn through, she took the oxen hide wrappings from the wagon wheels to wrap her frozen feet in. Later this hide was washed, boiled and eaten to keep from starving. Sarah’s feet gave her trouble the rest of her life and she never again wore shoes with any degree of comfort.

Sarah became especially close to the Ollerton family. James Ollerton (age 56), died on November 12, just three days after resuming their journey after their five-day stay at Martin’s Cove. James had no doubt been like a father to Sarah. Eight days later, the mother, Alice Dandy Ollerton (age 53), also succumbed to death, leaving her own three daughters orphaned.¹ Sarah and the Ollerton daughters kept a watchful vigil as well as a fire going all that night. They said Alice felt she was dying, but was afraid they might only think she was dead in the morning and go on without her. She died during the night and the fire had thawed the ground enough for a decent grave to be dug for their mother, dear friend and surrogate mother of Sarah Foster. Shortly after arriving in Salt Lake City, the 19-year-old daughter, Alice Ollerton, also died.

(Sarah Foster - Page 2)

Sarah had some other friends with whom she had become acquainted in England—Thomas Jackson Schofield and his wife, Martha Whitworth Schofield. They had already come to Utah in 1853 and were living in Nephi. When they learned that Sarah had come with the Martin handcart company, they sent for her by asking their friends, Brother David Udall and his wife,² to bring her to Nephi. Sarah lived in the Udall's home for about a year, doing housework and sewing for the family after she recovered sufficiently.

Sarah married Thomas Schofield as his second wife in October 1857. Brigham Young performed the marriage in his office with the Udall's, Amasa Lyman, Lorenzo Snow, and Martha Whitworth Schofield as witnesses. When they returned to Nephi, Martha and Sarah lived in the same home where their children said “the two women were peaceful, quiet ladies and saw that peace and harmony ruled in their home.”

Sarah gave birth to a baby girl, Ellen Lovina, in January of 1860 and in December of 1861 the Schofield families were sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. The following spring, Thomas Schofield was blessed by Sarah's gift of prophecy. Thomas needed to get his crops planted, but his oxen had strayed away and he had already spent a week searching unsuccessfully for them. He was a very discouraged man as he returned home to tell Sarah the bad news. She listened quietly and then said, “Thomas, if you go right now, two miles up [this certain canyon (which she described to him)] and go up the ravine to the left, you will find your oxen there behind some oak brush.” Thomas did not question Sarah's inspiration and left immediately, returning a short time later with his oxen, “a very humble and grateful man.”

Sarah gave birth to a baby boy, William Jonah, on 19 March 1862. She died one week later, leaving her two little children for Martha and Thomas to raise. These children reported that their father and Martha “assumed this responsibility in a noble way, instilling a testimony of the gospel, giving spiritual strength to them to endure to the end. They grew up honoring their mother, Sarah Foster Schofield It is with the greatest respect and feeling of thankfulness for her courage in giving up her parents, sisters and brothers, and worldly goods and placing her faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, knowing her testimony was true, that her posterity love and honor her. They are grateful for her humble faith and strong testimony and stalwart character to walk each step across this country, pulling her handcart in the year 1856.” The children said that Martha often told them stories from Sarah's life.

A few years after Sarah's death, a letter came to Nephi from England, addressed to Sarah Foster Schofield's heirs. The letter was from the courts of England and stated that the William Foster estate had bequeathed the sum of \$5,000.00 to Sarah Foster's heirs. This was apparently the smallest amount required and then compelled to be disbursed to Sarah's posterity by the law of England. The money was placed in a trust fund for Sarah's two children until they became of age. This letter and inheritance was said to be the only tie that the children ever had with their Foster relatives in England.

Although Sarah did not live to see her little ones grow to adulthood, they brought her a large posterity to honor her name in her new home in the Rocky Mountains. William married and had 13 children. Ellen became the mother of 9 children.

¹John and Alice Dandy Ollerton had three of their unmarried daughters with them; Alice (19), Jane Ann (15), and Sarah (5), as well as their married daughter, Elizabeth Ollerton Wilson (24), and her husband, James Wilson (26). Elizabeth gave birth to a baby girl on the ship just a few days after leaving England. She and James named her Nancy *Horizon* Wilson. The baby lived less than a month and was buried at sea on June 19, 1856. The Ollerton's also had a son, Seth, who was married to Jane Rogerson, whose mother and siblings were also in the Martin handcart company. Seth and Jane emigrated in 1864. Sarah would have been deeply involved with all of the heartache experienced by this family. It is possible that Alice and Jane Ann Ollerton were the “two friends” with whom Sarah planned her emigration.

²David Udall married Eliza King in 1850 in England and they became the parents of 9 children. Eliza King is likely the “wife” referenced here. In April of 1857, David married Elizabeth Rowley who had also just arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in November with the Willie handcart company. (See Ann Jewell Rowley story in Willie section of *Tell My Story, Too*.) David and Elizabeth became the parents of 15 children. During 1857, the David Udall family was thus caring for two handcart girls and helping them to recover from their ordeal. In 1880, David and Elizabeth Rowley Udall's daughter, Sarah Jane Udall, married Sarah Foster Schofield's son, William Jonah Schofield, thus uniting these two families and their 1856 handcart heritage again.

THOMAS JOB FRANKLIN

Born: 1823 England

Age: 33

Martin Handcart Company

Thomas Franklin was traveling with his daughter, Lydia (14) and his wife, Jane (34). Lydia wrote a little about the family's experiences and indicated that her father drove an "ambulance" wagon for those too sick to walk:

"My Mother was sick with fever and ague and she had a bed springs and Mattress placed on 2 trunks in the ambulance. My Father drove 2 span of mules to haul . . . the sick and aged. . . . We had to travel as far as we could every day as we were very late in the season to make it through before winter set in. I was a healthy young girl. I was very troubled for fear of losing my Mother. I walked from Iowa City to Council Bluffs, crossed the Missoura river there and that was the last house of civilization."

By mid-October, the late companies had reduced their food rations and left extra warm clothing and bedding on the plains. From the writings of John Bond of the Hodgett company, we learn of the sacrifice of Thomas at the last North Platte River crossing on October 19:

"The road was fair, though rolling . . . the wind blowing badly, very cold indeed and had every appearance of a snow storm coming which would entail on the tireless, struggling hand cart Saints . . . In the early morn, the Captain [called] to get up and yoke the cattle for a drive to the last crossing of the North Platte River, a distance of some twenty-seven miles. This took two days driving, as the cattle were commencing to get weak and in some cases, lying down by the wayside. October 18 or 19 we arrived at the river the second day and camped for noon on the west side. I was detailed to herd the oxen while my sisters made the food ready. It started raining while I was herding and then the rain turned to sleet, growing steadily colder just as the courageous hand cart Saints arrived on the opposite side of the river. Daniel Tyler gave orders for the Saints of all ages who could stand the stream, to cross. The water was waist deep and running very swiftly, taking even the strong ones off their feet, making them look quite wretched . . . the air was piercing cold and the sleet still fell thick and fast as the Saints pulled the carts into the river. The weaker ones [fell] into the river as they [were] carried off their feet. But with manly courage, John Laty, T. J. Franklin, George H. Dove, George Haines [Ainge] and others [carried] the weak ones to the opposite side of the river and set them down, giving them every care as all were brought from the icy river.

"They made several trips, carrying the aged and weak on their backs, exhausting themselves, which is a kind heartedness worthy of commendation to be handed down to future generations. We camped on the opposite bank of the river for a short time to eat the scanty meal. Their clothing was like icicles."

These four men, two of whom were teenagers, did not die from this heroic deed. Other heroes of that cold October day did succumb to the cold and privations, many leaving wives and children to travel on to Zion, bereft of their fathers. Reports of from 13 to 18 people were buried in a mass grave after this cold crossing. Surely, Thomas Franklin saved many more from this fate.

After this last crossing of the North Platte River, the companies were stranded for several days. Lydia Franklin wrote about the day the first rescuers found them, and the rest of their journey:

"I was sitting front of the ambulance [wagon] and looking up the road that we would have to travel[.] I saw two or three men with packed horses or burros coming toward us. I called Captain Martin to bring his glasses to see who they were. They seemed to me to be white men. They proved to be a party looking for us. They had left their wagon and had started to find us. They had principally clothing for us but there was wagons loaded with pr[o]visions and everything needed for to help the poor emigrants. When the Captain told the People that help was coming to relieve us and to help us through the Mountains and we would travel on as soon as possible and meet the parties and would reach our journey's end, it was a sight to behold to see the old and young go right to those men and almost try to pull them off their horses and caress them for their goodness in trying to help them to the land of promise.

We had to travel over . . . mountains before reaching Salt Lake City. . . . All that could was ordered to walk as it was hard pulling for the animals. They built fires here and there to warm by. It was Sunday Noon just as the Latter Day Saints were coming out of their church and Brigham Young had told the people to meet us and all that could possibly help us to take those poor souls to their homes and help them, give them food and clothes and shelter till they could help themselves."

Sources: *Handcarts West in '56* by John Bond, and Lydia Franklin's autobiography are both available online at Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

SARAH FRANKS



Born: England

Age: 24

Martin Handcart Company

Sarah Franks was born May 9, 1832, at Sheephead, Leicestershire, England, to Joshua and Sarah Stanley Franks, the fifth of nine children. She was not able to receive much education as she had to work at a young age to help support her family.

At the age of 16 years, Sarah heard the preaching of the Mormon Elders and made the decision to be baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She was baptized by Elder Henry Allgood in April of 1848. Her parents were unhappy about this decision at the time, especially her father, and she had to leave home for a time. Sarah's family was also converted, however, and followed her example at a later date. Sarah's father died in 1853 in England. Her mother and three sisters emigrated from England to Utah some years after Sarah.

It is said that Sarah was a "very attractive" girl "with dark curly hair and dark eyes." Ambitious, enthusiastic, and full of faith, she left England with her fiancé, George Padley, and good friend, Ann Malin, in May 1856. Sarah and George were postponing their marriage until they reached Salt Lake City, determined to wait to receive their endowments and eternal sealing in Salt Lake City. Sarah and George subsequently left Iowa City, Iowa, with the Martin handcart company while Ann joined the Hunt wagon company which followed close behind and where she was employed as a cook. Sarah and George were known as the "sweethearts" of their company as they traveled along, doing much talking and planning of their future home in the Valley.

During the journey, Sarah became so weak and ill with chills and fever that she collapsed and had to be dug out of a snowdrift, reportedly by Thomas Dobson, an 18-year-old boy in the Martin company. George was also very ill, having sacrificed much for Sarah and others in the company. George developed pneumonia and died at Martin's Cove. Sarah took her long-fringed shawl that her mother had given her as she left England from her own cold body and had the brethren wrap George's body in it and suspend it from a tree. Here it would be protected from wolves and buried by others later when a deep enough grave could be dug. In the 1990's, President James E. Faust of the First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints visited Martin's Cove. He was very moved when he was told the love story of Sarah Franks and George Padley. With a tear in his eye he said it had to be one of the great love stories of the western migration.

One of Sarah's several biographies written by descendants says that another of Sarah's friends died on the plains, leaving a little boy, who Sarah promised to bring on and care for. The friend and boy are not named. This would have likely been earlier in the journey, as Sarah was too ill later to have cared for anyone else.

It is said that Sarah was overwhelmed with disappointment upon finally witnessing the Salt Lake Valley. She was sent to the home of Jacob Butterfield, located at a place west of the Jordan River where the Cottonwood Creek empties into it. Here she received care and nursing for a short time. One day a neighbor, Ann Mackay, was making a regular Relief Society visit at the Butterfield home and met Sarah for the first time. Upon hearing of her illness and trials in the handcart company, she took Sarah to her own home for continued care and nursing. The following year Sarah became the third wife of Ann's husband, Thomas Mackay. These three wives and their children worked hard, loved and served each other and are said to have had very successful relationships.

(Sarah Franks - Page 2)

Sarah often took her freshly churned butter, packed in a basket of fresh cool grass or leaves, into Salt Lake City to regular customers, walking 8 miles each way. She washed, carded and spun wool from their sheep, making quilts and clothing during the winter months.

Sarah's husband died when their youngest of 9 children was only 6 years old. Thomas Mackay had been a well respected and prosperous farmer and stock raiser, an influential citizen and stalwart member of the Church and community. Sarah's children and grandchildren remember that she often told them of how hungry she became crossing the plains and said, "Waste not shall want not." They also said of her:

"She was wise, prudent, and shared herself with all, having the capacity to bring herself down to the level of each little child, understanding his feelings and well being. Her birthday parties are well remembered. She could hardly endure to see a little child wait for his elders to finish eating before his own appetite would be appeased, but would give out to any little one near her some little goodie from the table. It might be a chicken leg or a piece of cake or cookie, whichever she could manage at the time. Her visits were looked forward to with great delight. Her grandchildren could hardly wait to return home from school on such occasions. She was particularly interested in each child, and in greeting them she would raise up her hands and say, "Good Luck-a-daisy! You are growing so big," or "You are getting prettier each time I see you," and then give a hug and kiss to each one. She always made one feel happy to be near her. One of the joys of her visits was prevailing upon her to cook, using her special English recipes.

She set us a wonderful example of loving one another. And sometimes as children often do, we would have our childish disputes, [and] she would always say, "Blessed are the peacemakers." And we knew what that meant. No other words were needed. . . . She would sing the old handcart song, "For some must push and some must pull as we go marching up the hill; So merrily on our way we go until we reach the Valley O." As she spoke of her past, she never gave the impression that she would change any part of her life if it were possible to do so. . . . God bless her memory. She died January 31, 1911, at the age of seventy-nine years, and was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery."

Another granddaughter wrote:

"She was especially admired and loved for her thoughtfulness of little children. She always had a surprise awaiting them when they called to see her. She would always bring us a little gift, such as a pretty little china cup and saucer, a little toy, or a box of lovely assorted cookies. Whenever we left her home after a visit with her she would always give us some food to eat on the way should we become hungry. We always remember the large pockets in her long skirts and in her aprons where we could always find some nice candy or a cookie. She was dearly loved by all. Every memory we have of her—every thought and action—was a pleasant one."

The following are excerpts from Sarah's patriarchal blessing, given by Patriarch Archibald Frame when Sarah was in her later years:

"The Lord is pleased with you in accepting the Gospel in your native land and for the sacrifice that you have made in leaving your native land, kindred and friends and gathering here to the bosom of the Church. For the patience and perseverance in the trials and privations you have had to pass through in order to accomplish this end. And inasmuch as your desire is to serve him even as you have done in the past in keeping his laws and commandments He still will bless you and smile upon you. . . . Your posterity shall be numerous and they shall rise up in your declining years and call you blessed. Your name shall be had in honorable remembrance amongst the mothers in Israel as a Daughter of Sarah. . . . I bless you that your last days may be your best days upon this earth with the Spirit of the Lord that it may comfort and sustain you in every trial and give you strength to acknowledge His hand in all things you have to pass through. I bless you that you may go forth and receive the Ordinances that await you in the house of the Lord. Your inheritance shall be upon Mount Zion."

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; Interview by Jolene Allphin with Dale Mackay of Provo, Utah (Dale said: "Sarah's mother gave her the shawl when she left England."); *Remember*, Riverton Wyoming Stake; *Descendants of Thomas Mackay – Utah Pioneer*, volume I, 1964; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website. See *More Than Miracles*, by T.C. Christensen and Jolene S. Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2012, for more information and in-depth documentation on Sarah Franks and George Padley, especially as depicted in the T.C. Christensen's movie, *17 Miracles*.



ELLISON JAP GOURLEY

Born: June 14, 1833 in Scotland
 Age: 23
 Martin Handcart Company



Paul and Margaret Glass Gourley were among the first converts to the Church in Scotland in 1842. The family had hoped to gather with the Saints in Nauvoo, but they were unable to realize that goal. Margaret died in 1852, leaving five children ranging in age from one to thirteen. The next year, Paul Gourley married a woman named Ellison Jap, who was also a member of the Church. Ellison was the youngest of six children born to Thomas Jap and Janet Harvey. Paul's children grew to love Ellison as their mother.

When Paul and Ellison were married, Paul had already been serving for ten years as the presiding elder of the Holston or Sterling branch in the Glasgow Conference. His service continued for three more years until the family's emigration in 1856. Paul's occupation was that of a joiner and carpenter. His sons, Robert and Alexander, had worked in the mines, as did many young boys at that time.

The Gourley family sailed from Liverpool on the ship *Thornton* in May 1856. James Willie presided over the group on board, and most of these emigrants continued to Utah with the Willie handcart company. The Kirkwood and Caldwell families and Andrew Smith of the Willie company were listed on the British Mission Record with the Gourleys as part of the emigrant "allotment" from the Glasgow Conference. (See their stories in the Willie section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

Paul Gourley was called to preside over a group on board the ship. Anna F. Tait recorded: "The under decks were divided into seven wards. Brother Gourley has charge of the sixth, which is the one that I am in. He is a kind, good man. We had some good meetings."

The Gourley family was assigned bunk number 103, a 6 x 6 ft. space. The family of nine slept in shifts. The Gourley children at the time were sons Robert (17), Alexander (15), George (7) and Paul Jr. (2), as well as daughters Nicholas (11), Janet (8) and Margaret (5 months).

The family arrived in Iowa City on June 26 and began preparations for their 1,300-mile trek to Utah. On July 15, Ellison bid farewell to approximately 100 Scottish immigrants with whom she had traveled the last 2½ months. She stayed because Paul was "called" by immigration agents to remain in Iowa City. His carpentry skills were needed to continue building handcarts for the large number of immigrants in the Martin company who had just arrived.

The Martin company left Iowa City almost two weeks after the Willie company. The Martin company was actually two separate companies as they departed from Iowa City. The Gourley's traveled with the first contingent as the Jesse Haven handcart company. As they prepared to go, the Gourley family made another sacrifice. Robert and Alexander were asked to assist the Hodgett wagon company as teamsters. The Hodgett company traveled to Utah close to the Martin handcart company, so the boys were never far away, but they could not assist the family with their handcarts. Ellison also could not assist much as she was reportedly very ill.

Paul and 7-year-old George pulled Ellison and the two youngest children in one of the family's handcarts. Nicholas and Janet pulled the other handcart containing the family's belongings. Paul Gourley had completed his assignment to build handcarts, but his carpentry skills would soon be needed again. Only two short weeks into the handcart trek, at West Scottia, Iowa, little Margaret died from an unknown cause. Captain Haven recorded in his journal: "15 August 1856: A child was buried this morning. The coffin had to be made, which delayed us until about 8 o'clock. We traveled about 13 miles and pitched our tents about half past twelve o'clock, which gave us a chance to wash a little." Paul Gourley wrote in the family Bible: "Our fourth daughter, Margaret Glass, died ... between Iowa and Florence Aug 15, 1856. She was buried by the trail in an unmarked grave." Little Paul also died shortly after reaching Salt Lake City, leaving Ellison bereft of all but her stepchildren. She never had any more children of her own.

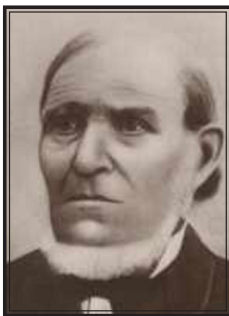
Nicholas Gourley, said to be named after “a Russian Czar,” missed her own mother terribly on this journey. She had clung to an old copper washtub that belonged to her mother. When the captain ordered the loads to be lightened, Nicholas stayed behind with the wash tub, crying and refusing to part with it. Her father finally brought it along, fastened to the back of the handcart. The tub later served the sad purpose of pulling her brother, George, through the snow, as his feet had become frozen. The children’s shoes had become so badly worn that they had to wrap their feet in sacks, and when they took the wrappings off little George’s feet, one of his toes came off in the wrapping. A few days later some more came off. Paul’s feet were also badly frozen, but as soon as he was able to hobble around a bit, he found a job chopping wood and earned a meager existence for his family that winter. Paul later worked as a carpenter on the Salt Lake Temple.

The Gourley family eventually settled in Goshen. At one time, when severe disputes over water rights arose between the towns of Goshen and Mona, the Bishop and entire ward in Goshen were suspended from the Church, with the exception of George Gourley. As a trusted man, George was called to preside over the Goshen Ward until the matter was cleared up. George was called as a counselor to Bishop William Price when Bishop Price was reinstated in 1881.

In 1860, Sidney Teeple came to Goshen to visit his brother. He met Nicholas Gourley there and fell in love with her. They were married in 1861. Not until many years later did they realize that Nicholas was one of the suffering members of the Martin handcart company whom Sidney had helped rescue in 1856. Nicholas lived to be almost 94 years old. When she died, she was thought by some to be the oldest surviving member of the Martin handcart company. She was known for her cheerful disposition. Nicholas was very anxious that no one would blame the members of the Martin company nor any Church leaders responsible for the emigration that year. She said: “Ten years before, the Donner Company in the Sierra Nevada Mountains were trapped in the cold by such a winter and perished. These people would have shared the same fate if it had not been for their resolution and faith in God. We had a man of God at our head who was a master executive and God was on his side. He was not to blame. It was just one of those things that happen. It was purely a miscalculation, a combination of adversities over which no one had control.”

Ellison Gourley raised all of Paul’s children to adulthood. She died at the age of 75. She had been a widow for 18 years. The Gourley children said of her, “She endured with a gentle spirit.” Nicholas named one of her daughters after her step-mother. Ellison served in the Relief Society presidency in Goshen.

Sources: British Mission Record, *Thornton*, p.132; “Goshen Valley History,” p.40; “Personal Interviews, February 23, 1937,” interview with Nicholas Gourley Teeple by Mary Lyman Reeve; “Pioneer Personal Sketches,” interview with Nicholas Gourley Teeple by Mary Lyman Reeve, November 20, 1936; “Nicholas Gourley Teeple,” by Shirley G. Coyne, compiled from Mary Reeve interview and numerous other documented sources; DUP history files; “Biographical Sketch of Nicholaus Gourley Teeple,” interview with Nicholas by Milton R. Hunter, grandson, April 3, 1927; Paul Gourley family Bible, quoted in *Daughters of Utah Pioneers* submission by Barbara Samson, cites “Compiled Family History Book: From Here to Eternity”; “Experience of the Paul Gourley Family 1856 With the Martin Hand-cart Company,” hand written by Nicholas Gourley Teeple.



Paul Gourley



Nicholas Gourley (Teeple)



Janet Gourley (Powelson)

ELIZABETH GREEN



Born: 17 March 1833 Manchester, England

Age: 23

Martin Handcart Company

Elizabeth was the daughter of James and Mary Bellis Green. Her father was a musician. He conducted the theater orchestra in Manchester. Elizabeth also enjoyed music. She had a beautiful soprano voice, and sang in her church choir. When Elizabeth was about ten years old, her mother and father both died. She went to live with her Aunt Elizabeth Bellis Broadmeadow in Liverpool. At the age of eighteen, she joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Aunt Betsy had been very kind to Elizabeth until this time, but then turned bitterly against her.

While she was in Liverpool, she helped to care for a friend afflicted with tuberculosis and contracted the disease. She asked for a blessing and was promised that if she went to Zion, the consumption should be cast from her. Therefore, she boarded the ship *Horizon* and sailed in faith. She was very seasick, but the “consumption was cast from her [and] she never was afflicted again.”

The younger members of the handcart company were put with the older members. Elizabeth was placed with an older woman named Mary Harper, age 64. Mary’s faith matched that of Elizabeth’s. She was known as “Aunt Mary” on the trail. She actually was an aunt to Henry Arnold, who had come to Utah prior to 1856. Henry had sent Mary money to emigrate to Utah with a wagon train. When she got to Iowa and found out that five people could come if she walked instead of rode, she cashed in her ticket and came by handcart in spite of being in her sixties.

The journey was very hard for Mary and she soon became too weak to walk. Elizabeth put her on the cart and pulled her for several days. As she pulled Mary along in the extreme heat, Elizabeth had a craving for salt. She knelt down and told the Lord that without salt she just could not go on. Soon a man saw her standing by a rock crying and asked her what was the matter. She told him of her craving for salt. He told Elizabeth to go to a certain wagon in a train that was passing. He knew there was some salt down in one corner of that wagon. She could have it if she would get it. Elizabeth had to unload and reload the wagon of its bags of wheat. In the cracks of the floor of the wagon box she was able to find almost a cupful of salt which she carefully rationed. She scooped it up in a clean cloth and very carefully used it as she went along to make her food more palatable. To her dying day she could not bear to see anyone waste a grain of salt. She said, “If you had ever been as hungry for salt as I have, you would never waste even a grain of it.” One day Elizabeth struggled at the end of the train and was late getting to camp. When she finally arrived, she realized that Mary had died. It appears Mary’s death was in Martin’s Cove.

Relief trains finally brought the Martin company to the Salt Lake Valley, arriving November 30, 1856. Henry Arnold came to meet his Aunt Mary, but instead, Elizabeth had to tell him the sad news that she had died on the Plains. Henry took Elizabeth to his home to be nursed back to health. They were married a short time later. Aunt Mary did not make it to the Salt Lake Valley, but perhaps five other people did because she chose to push a handcart. Through Mary Harper’s need of help with her handcart, Elizabeth Green was blessed to meet her husband. Elizabeth also received the promised blessing of health. She and Henry had nine children.

On September 18, 1907, Elizabeth wrote a letter to Thomas Dobson, regarding the upcoming Handcart Veterans Association reunion: “In reading over the names of the Hand cart company in Saturday’s news I find there are a few names that have not been reported, my own included. As you are one of the committee, I thought I had better write to you. I think that you will be glad to add them to the list as I think that every living member of the noble hand cart com[pany] should be reported. . . . hoping you will see to this matter . . . and oblige your old friend, Elizabeth G. Arnold / 316 Wall Street / Salt Lake City.” Besides her own name, Elizabeth added eight names to the list.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; “Elizabeth Green Arnold biographical sketch,” by Emma Rich Bingham, in history files of JoAnn Mellor Felix (“Historical Department Call # MS 12571”); photo and untitled biography of Elizabeth Green from Gaylene Burbidge, Farmington, Utah; MS 11378: Handcart Veterans Association scrapbook 1906-1914, folder 3, items 29-31, Church History Library.

MARY ANN GREENING

Born: 17 Jan 1829 Brixton Hill, Surry, London, England

Age: 27

Martin Handcart Company



Mary Ann with daughter, Emily Cluff,
and granddaughter, Birda Cluff

Mary Ann was reportedly the oldest of 17 children and the only member of her family to join the Mormon Church. Her mother, Mary Elizabeth Twaites Greening, was fearful of the difficulties her daughter would endure during her emigration and afterwards residing in the deserts of Utah. She therefore insisted that Mary Ann take several steamer trunks of clothing and shoes. The family was and continued to be well-off and generous, later giving financial assistance to Mary Ann's grandson when he served a mission in England.

Mary Ann sailed from Liverpool on the *Horizon* in May 1856. Upon arriving in Iowa City, Iowa, the company spent the next three weeks building handcarts and disposing of extra property. Fellow traveler in the Martin company, John Jacques, wrote:

“As only a very limited amount of baggage could be taken with the handcarts, during the long stay in the Iowa City camping ground there was a general lightening of such things as could best be done without. Many things were sold cheaply to residents of that vicinity, and many more things were left on the camping ground for anybody to take or leave at his pleasure. It was grievous to see the heaps of books and other articles thus left in the sun and rain and dust, representing a respectable amount of money spent therefore in England, but thenceforth a waste and a dead loss to the owners.” (*Salt Lake Daily Herald*, 1 Dec. 1878, 1.)

Of the 100 pounds of luggage and personal belongings that were allowed each person on the sea voyage, only 17 pounds per person would be allowed on the handcart expedition. However, for Mary Ann, this likely did not affect her so drastically as she apparently had the money to pay for her trunks to be freighted, possibly with the Hodgett or Hunt wagon companies. These two wagon companies were the last to leave Iowa City that year, traveling closely with the Martin handcart company across the plains. Mary Ann's biography records that “As others wore out shoes or needed clothing, she gave them their needs from the trunks her mother had insisted upon.”

Mary Ann shared her ocean voyage and the pulling and pushing of a handcart with Sarah Ann Bradshaw Till Jones, her two sons, Albert and Samuel, and Samuel's fiancé, Lydia E. Hooker. Mary Ann later told her children that the journey began as “somewhat of a lark.” But Mary Ann would soon also share the sufferings of the Jones family as they struggled through the early winter storms and lacked adequate clothing and food.

This valiant little band was finally met by rescuers, including Sarah Ann Jones's son, Robert Till. He had emigrated to the Salt Lake Valley previously and was now prepared to help his mother and half-brothers. His assistance seems to have been extended to Mary Ann as well, as she went to Provo with the Jones family and married Robert Till in March of 1857. Robert and Mary Ann pioneered the area called the “Sand Town dugout communities,” later known as Goshen, Utah.

Other rescuers reported to assist Mary Ann were the 18-year-old Hunting twins, Nathan and William. One of Nathan Hunting's granddaughters later married one of Mary Ann's grandsons.

In a blessing given Mary Ann by Patriarch Zebedee Coltrin in Goshen, she was reminded of her rights to all of the blessings, ordinances, powers, knowledge and understanding given in the House of the Lord. She was admonished that she had been “called to do a great work”—as a “cornerstone in the house of the Mothers of Israel”; as “an example to teach the daughters of Zion”; and as a “Prophetess in the Stakes of Zion.” From a life of privilege to living in a dugout—from first embracing the gospel to making and keeping sacred covenants in the temple in her Rocky Mountain “Zion,”—Mary Ann sought and obtained that for which she yearned as a young woman in England.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; “James Hunting,” Lichfield family history book, courtesy Walter Lichfield; Nathan and William Hunting family histories, courtesy Gayle Hunting; familysearch.org. See Albert Jones sketch in Martin company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

JOHN GRIFFITHS

Born: 1811 England

Age: 45

Martin Handcart Company

John Griffiths and his family were baptized in 1840 by Elder John Taylor. In 1856, John Griffiths brought his wife, Mary Elizabeth (age 30), two daughters, Margaret Ann (16) and Jane E. (8), and two sons, John (11) and Herbert (5), to America. They joined the ill-fated Martin handcart company. John Jr. and Herbert died on the plains, and John Sr. died the day after they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley. John's daughter, Margaret, recorded some of the experiences of this trek:

We left Florence, Nebraska [Territory], on the first day of September 1856, as happy a lot of people as ever crossed the plains. Little did we realize on that bright September morning the hardships through which we were destined to pass or the suffering, sickness and death awaiting us. It never occurred to my young mind, being but sixteen years of age, that we should experience anything but joy and happiness on our long pilgrimage to that promised land. I shall never forget the last time we crossed the Platte River [October 19]. I was the only female that drew a handcart through the icy waters of the river at the last crossing. Captain Jesse Haven's Company of wagons that traveled with us most of the way, brought their teams and took most of the women and children across and also the feeble men, my father among them; for he was so affected with rheumatism that he could not walk. The next morning when we awoke the mountains were clad almost to their base with a white mantle of snow and the storms of winter were gathering and very cold.

John became ill and had to ride in the provision wagon. He felt better one day and tried to walk. He was not able to keep up so he took hold of the rod of the endgate of the last wagon. When the teamster saw John, he tried to rouse him by using his whip, but the sick man fell to the ground and could not get up. The handcarts were ahead and Margaret did not know what had happened to her father until they reached camp that night. Although her poor feet were aching, she went back three miles but could not find him. There was another camp in another direction. John had seen their tracks and crawled on his hands and knees in the deep snow to their camp. That night at 11:00 p.m., two men took him back to his own family and company. Margaret wrote:

It almost seemed that we would perish. In fact, many of our company froze to death, my twelve-year-old brother among them, and we buried him there in the desolate wilderness fifty miles the other side of Devil's Gate. We camped there for two weeks, our rations being four ounces of flour a day to each person. Some teams from Salt Lake came to our rescue bringing with them flour, salt and other things; then we moved on from there to Devil's Gate. After a few days of rest we came on to Independence Rock on the Sweetwater where we met more teams from Salt Lake. There we left our handcarts and all of the other things that were not actually needed and came on. All those that could, walked, and those who could not walk rode in wagons. At Independence Rock my other brother, six years old, died from cold and exposure and my only sister had her feet so badly frozen that she lost the two first joints of her big toes. We reached the valley of Salt Lake on the 30th day of November, 1856, after two months of the most indescribable suffering and hardships, the worst, we thought, any company of men, women and children was ever called upon to endure. My father, John Griffiths, was ill most of the way with rheumatism and died the next morning after reaching Salt Lake City, from the cold, exposure and privations of that terrible journey.

Sources: *We Remember: The Griffiths Story*, by Matthew A. Misbach; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; photo of Margaret with two granddaughters courtesy of Rett Ashby; "Autobiography of Margaret Ann Griffiths Clegg, written by Margaret in 1910 in her own handwriting. ... She only had six weeks schooling in her life. At the age of 85 years she had the privilege of riding in an airplane which she greatly enjoyed. She had a wonderful mind and was very progressive and had a great desire to not be a burden upon anyone and remained very active until the last year and a half of her life. She never recovered from an automobile accident." (available at www.clegghistory.org)



SARAH ANN HAIGH

Born: 1837 England

Age: 19

Martin Handcart Company



Sarah Ann's maternal grandparents' line, the Simpsons, were clock makers by trade and descendants claim they were the inventors of the famous grandfather clock. At the early age of nine years, Elizabeth Simpson, Sarah's mother, was left an orphan, along with several brothers and sisters. She was reared in the family of an aunt, her father's sister. At age twenty-six, she married William Haigh, October 10, 1834, and to them were born two children, Samuel and Sarah Ann. Sarah's father died about 1840. Shortly after the death of William, Elizabeth joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

At age thirty-six, Elizabeth married Richard Bradshaw. They had four children. One died as an infant. Richard was also a member of the Church. They had been preparing to leave England for Utah when the news of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith reached them. They were advised to remain in England until affairs quieted down. Before they could leave for America, Richard died of pneumonia on October 16, 1849. Elizabeth was expecting a baby at the time of Richard's death. She was blessed with a little boy whom she named Richard.

In her second widowhood, Sarah's mother never gave up the hope of gathering to Zion. She worked, waited, and prayed. The opportunity came in May 1856, when Elizabeth (48) found herself and five children, Samuel Haigh (21), Sarah Ann Haigh (19), Robert Hall Bradshaw (11), Isabella Jane Bradshaw (10), and Richard Paul Bradshaw (6), on the ship *Horizon*, ready to sail from Liverpool to America. Elizabeth's brothers tried to persuade her to remain in England and promised to educate her children and care for all of them if she would stay. She turned to them and said, "I am going to Zion."

They landed at Boston, Massachusetts, and went by train to Iowa. Here they waited for handcarts to be built and joined with the Martin handcart company. Sarah Ann's family had left England with plenty of clothing and other belongings, but could only take what could be packed into the one handcart for the family. Most of their supplies were given away to those in need. Elizabeth did keep her two wedding dresses and later was able to give them to her two daughters.

Before they left England, Sarah Ann's mother received a blessing promising she would take all her children safely to Zion. When the company reached the last crossing of the icy North Platte River, the early winter storm began. Everyone had to cross, the old and weak and small. Sarah Ann made 32 trips across the swiftly running river, carrying sixteen people to safety on her back. She was only about five feet tall herself. The next day, 13 to 18 people died, some being those who had spent their last strength carrying others across this river. Sarah told how the icicles jingled from her wet skirts and mud froze to their feet. She later told her children that she wondered if it was the end and if the Lord had led them over that long hard road just to let them perish in the storm and cold.

Also at this crossing, Sarah's mother, a small and dainty woman, took her youngest son, Richard, a lad of six years, and seated him upon her shoulders with his legs around her neck as he held to her head. As they started across the stream, they were caught by the current and carried downstream. Several called, "Let the boy go . . . or you will both be drowned. Save yourself." She refused to give them heed and struggled on until she made it to the opposite side. Finally, others came to help her out of the water. Immediately, in her exhausted condition, she raised

(Sarah Ann Haigh - Page 2)

her right arm to the square as a witness of the testimony she then bore to the waiting crowd that God had protected and saved her and her son. Another time, Sarah's brother, Samuel, was brought into camp and pronounced dead. It appeared that he was, but his mother's faith was strong in the promise of taking all her children to Zion. She asked that the Elders anoint him with oil and administer to him and Samuel recovered.

Sarah Ann's family survived the terrible experiences of the Martin company and arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on November 30, 1856. They were sent to Bountiful to the home of Bishop Stoker. Sarah married Franklin Standley, one of the young men who had come out from Salt Lake City on the Rescue. They had one daughter, born in 1858. Franklin died in 1859. Sarah later married a German man, Louis Miller. They were blessed with six children, five boys and one girl. The girl died in infancy.

Sarah and her family stayed in Bountiful for six years, then moved to Hyrum, Utah. Her home was simple after having been born to people of wealth and influence in her native England. Louis died in Hyrum, Utah, in 1909. Sarah died a year later at the age of 73. Sarah's granddaughter wrote: "At the present time a large posterity are very proud to be the descendants of Grandma Miller. We are proud of her courage and strength of character, of the culture she brought with her from Old England. This culture showed itself in the very neat way she always kept herself and her home, in her love of beautiful handiwork and dainty nice things, lovely flowers [and] the lovely way she cooked and served her meals. She was a real lady."

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; *The Millers*, volumes I and II, compiled by Bonnie Miller, 2010; *Autobiography of Elwyn Fred Ralph*, 2012.

Note: Sarah reported that as rations were cut and people began to lose weight, she never did, even though she was starving, too. Of the meager ration of a little flour stirred with water in a tin cup, Sarah said, "Even that didn't make me thin. Most of the camp were just skin and bones." Her descendants have suggested that perhaps she had a slow metabolism to go with her determined attitude and tremendous amount of faith. Sarah's story of carrying people across the Platte River on October 19 is portrayed in T.C. Christensen's movie *17 Miracles*, although Sarah is not named. Elizabeth Simpson Haigh Bradshaw's story is portrayed in T.C. Christensen's movie *Ephraim's Rescue*.

"I'LL NEVER LET GO"

Elizabeth Bradshaw
and son, Richard

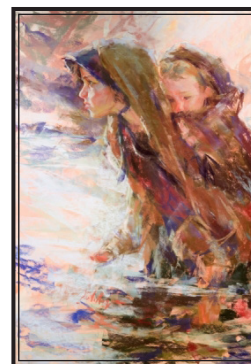
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"NOT THE END"

Sarah Ann Haigh
carries others

by artist Julie Rogers
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MARY THEACH¹ HARPER

Born: 1792 England (Died along the trail)

Age: 64

Martin Handcart Company

Mary was known as “Aunt Mary” on the trail. She actually was an Aunt to Henry Arnold, who had come to Utah previously. Henry had sent her money to emigrate to Utah. When she got to Iowa and found out that five people could come if she walked instead of rode, she cashed in her ticket, in spite of being in her sixties.

Mary was assigned to pull a handcart with 23-year-old Elizabeth Green, who was also traveling by herself. Elizabeth had been orphaned as a young child and sent to live with an aunt in Liverpool. She joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when she was eighteen and was turned out of her aunt’s home. While Elizabeth was in Liverpool she helped to care for a friend afflicted with tuberculosis and contracted the disease. She asked for a blessing and was promised that if she went to Zion, the consumption should be cast from her. Therefore, she boarded the ship *Horizon* and ended up pulling a handcart with Mary Harper.

The journey was exceedingly hard for Mary and she soon became too weak to walk. Elizabeth put her on the cart and pulled her for several days. As she pulled the old woman along in the extreme heat, Elizabeth had a craving for salt. She knelt down and told the Lord that without salt she just could not go on. There was a wagon train camped nearby. She was impressed to go to the wagonmaster and ask for some salt. He refused to give her any. Then, as an afterthought, he told her that one of the wagons in the train had, on a previous trip, carried salt. He told her it was loaded with 100 pound sacks of wheat, but, if she would care to unload and reload it she might find some salt on the floor. In the cracks of the floor of the wagon box she was able to find almost a cupful of salt which she carefully rationed. To her dying day, she could never waste, nor see anyone waste salt. She said, “If you had ever been as hungry for salt as I have, you would never waste even a grain of it.” Mary was no doubt grateful to share in the carefully rationed salt.

The relief trains finally came to the rescue of Mary and Elizabeth and took the Martin company to the Salt Lake Valley, arriving November 30, 1856. Henry Arnold came to meet his Aunt Mary, but instead, Elizabeth had to tell him the sad news that she had died on the plains. Henry took Elizabeth to his home. They were married a short time later.

Aunt Mary did not make it to the Salt Lake Valley, but perhaps five other people did because she chose to push a handcart. Through her need of help with her handcart, Elizabeth Green was blessed with a husband. Elizabeth received the promised blessing of health, and she and Henry had nine children.

¹ Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website lists her name as “Mary Monk Harper,” birthdate 20 November 1791.

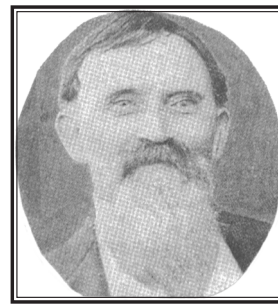
Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; “Elizabeth Green Arnold biographical sketch,” by Emma Rich Bingham, in history files of JoAnn Mellor Felix (“Historical Department Call # MS 12571”); *Remember*, Riverton Wyoming Stake publication (personal letter to R. Scott Lorimer from Eldon Bingham); family history from Gaylene Burbidge, Farmington, Utah.

GEORGE HARRISON

Born: August 24, 1841 England

Age: 14

Martin Handcart Company



George came to Utah with his parents, William (age 41) and Hannah Louise (38), his brother Aaron (18), and sisters, Mary Ann (12), Alice (10), Olivia (7), Hannah “Caddie” (almost 2) and Sarah Ellen (5 months). Actually, George and Aaron only came part of the way. But first, a little about George’s family: William and Hannah were both born in England, married in 1836 and became the parents of eleven children. Three sons died in infancy and were buried in England. Another daughter was added to the family in Springville, Utah, in 1858. In 1855 William Harrison wrote a letter to Brigham Young, excerpts as follows [lightly edited for readability]:

No 155 Butler St. Oldham Road, Manchester President Brigham Young, Dear Sir, By the counsel of Elder C.H. Wheelock I take the liberty of writing to you at this time to inform you of my situation and also my earnest desire to be gathered with my family to the Vallies of the Mountains. ... My youngest son is a Glass blower and my oldest son is a Mechanic, we are all in the Church. I have been in thirteen years, my wife has been in fourteen. We greatly long for the day to come when we shall have the Privilege of Beholding the faces of our Brethren and sisters in the Vallies of Ephraim and where we shall not be ground down by the Iron hand of Oppression, and also where [we] can have the Privilege of training up our Children in the way they Should go so that when they get Old they may not depart from it. Dear President, things are in a bad state here. Trade is at a very low ebb and the People Seem to grow worse every day. Well might the Savior Say, “Except those days were cut short in Righteousness there should no flesh be saved.” My wife has got a brother in the Valley, he arrived in Nov last. We have received a letter from him. He says the Valley is a first rate place for those that desire to do right. His trade is a Carpenter. He says he has got Employment and doing very well. He says he will send for his wife next spring. He has no Children. He also states that he will send for two of my sons, But I feel very desirous that we should all go together that I might have the watchcare over them, and we are sensible that you know the mind and will of God and if you deem it wisdom to send for us all at once we shall feel truly grateful and shall do our utmost to repay whatever may be Expended upon us in our Emigration. ... I am writing to my brother in law to inform him that I have written to you and also desiring him to Call upon you at the office and he can send us the necessary Information. His name is Joseph Ellis. I now conclude Praying heaven’s Choicest Blessings to rest upon you. I Remain your Brother in the new and everlasting Covenant. William Harrison.”

The Harrisons left England in May 1856, sailing on the ship *Horizon*. From the port in Boston, Massachusetts, they traveled to Iowa City, Iowa, by steamship and rail. From Iowa City they hiked three miles to a campground where they obtained handcarts and began their overland trek to Utah with the Martin handcart company.

The family suffered a great deal, but all miraculously survived. When the family reached Fort Laramie on October 10, 1856, Aaron decided to stay and enlist in the army. The family suffered much as the daily rations began to be reduced at this time. The rations were reduced again and again before rescuers came with supplies. At one time Hannah became so starved that when her baby would nurse, all she could get was blood. It is recorded that Hannah would make a snowball and ask the Lord to bless it. She said it tasted like manna to her.

The Harrison family arrived in Utah on November 30, 1856. They went to Springville where they first stayed with the Bishop Aaron Johnson family, then homesteaded and built an adobe and log house. They planted fruit trees and strawberries and farmed the land. William died in 1881. Hannah carried on with the farm work and care of her garden until she was 70 years old. George’s colorful story is best told in his own words:

“My father was a glass blower, and I remember how hard he had to work in the old factory not far from our humble home, making glasses, bottles and other ware. I can see him yet as he would dip his blower into her hot liquid glass and then with puffed cheeks blow bubbles, and with the help of different molds, shape the bubbles into tumblers, goblets and flasks. He would come home very tired at night, but he always found good cheer there. Mother had worked just as hard to keep things tidy and clean and she always had some good food for him and us hungry children.

“It wasn’t long before I was helping out too. When I was eight years old, Father found me a job with him in the glass factory. Of course, I could not do any blowing, but I could carry the articles which he had blown to the large ovens where they were placed to cool off slowly or ‘anneal’ as they called it. For this work I had to use a forked tool and I had to watch my step to see that I did not drop what was on it.

(George Harrison - Page 2)

“Our boss was a huge fellow. Sometimes when he had been drinking too much liquor he would be cross and mean. Once in a while he might box my ears if I didn’t do what he thought I should.

“Missionaries of the Mormon faith came to Manchester. Mother and father attended meetings they held in one of the halls. Afterwards they brought the gospel into our home and taught it to us and our neighbors. As a result, my parents and many of their friends were converted. Finally they and all of us children who were over eight years old were baptized and made members of the new church. They [my parents] became very unpopular with some of their friends, but were willing to stand the jibes and persecution for the sake of what they felt was the truth.

“The talk then was all about getting to Zion. Three times every Sunday we would go to church. I always knew when the missionaries would be at our home for dinner because mother would always set a large mince pie in the oven for when we arrived home. Oh, it was good after the long walk and the long meeting.

“A great many people joined the church. The question was how to get all they wanted to go to Utah. There were hardly enough teams to carry the emigrants. Finally, however, it was decided to form handcart companies to cross the plains from the end of the railroad in Iowa to the valley of the mountains. The plan looked hard, but not impossible, and the people were so eager to get to Zion with the saints that nothing seemed too difficult. Would not the Lord open the way?

“We joined a company made up of 975 souls—men, women and children. On the good ship ‘Horizon’ at the Liverpool harbor. A Mr. Reed was captain of the vessel. We embarked on this sailing vessel in the summer of 1856. For 35 days we were on the ocean having a pleasant trip. We spent the time happily. We had meetings frequently, and we would often join in singing, so that the time did not seem long.

“It was while on board this ship that I got my first desire to be a cook. One day I stood watching the ship’s cook, a big Mulatto, making pancakes. I became so interested watching him pour out the batter and flip the cakes that I asked him to let me try it. ‘Sure, enuf, boy!’ he said, and I was given my first practice in cooking.

“At the end of the voyage we landed in Boston. After a short stay there, we boarded the train for Iowa. We were on the train a week or 10 days. The cars were so crude and the railroad so rough we were all tired out when we arrived in Iowa City . . . But our difficulties were not over when we reached the end of the railroad. They were only just begun. Thirteen hundred or more miles of journey over the plains and mountains lay before us. We must walk all of this weary way and push or pull our handcarts. Our thoughts were all centered on getting to Zion.

“Our handcarts were not ready which caused a delay of three weeks. We were camped on the banks of the Iowa river. While there we had a terrible rain storm which nearly washed us away. The water poured into our tents until we were all drenched. Father and mother had to work hard to keep it from drowning my little baby sister.

“Finally the day came when we were ordered to pack our bedding and food on to the handcarts and take up our march. Some of the leaders advised against our going, but their advice was not followed. Everybody wanted to get to the valley and go they would at all costs; so off we started with our handcart train stringing along over the old rolling hills of the Iowa trail towards the Rocky Mountain Valleys. They journeyed through Iowa to Florence, Nebraska.

“In August they made the start to cross the plains. Then 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, Oh.’

“Nearly two hundred carts filled high with food, clothing, bedding and utensils, and a number of ox-drawn covered wagons, too, were scattered along the caravan. These carried extra supplies, and served also to carry those who fell ill. After a few days of steady traveling we camped on the Des Moines River. There were a few log cabins and a few Indian Tepees. That night Father traded with the redmen for some venison and for two pairs of moccasins. Lieutenant Tyler said these Indians have been tamed, but we might meet some wild ones out on the plains. That second night, when we camped by another pleasant stream, I was out with my brother, Aaron, and Sammy Jones on a hillside. As we set there chatting, off in the distance we heard a sweet toned cow bell making music at twilight which reminded us of the vesper bells of Bonny England. Aaron said, ‘It makes us a little homesick for old England.’ About eight more days we came to the Missouri River.

“That night we camped on the outskirts of winter quarters. While we lingered about the town, Aaron, with some other boys and I decided to take a swim. To do so in the swift, muddy Missouri would have been dangerous. We finally found a greenish looking pool near a saw mill. It was thick with mosquitoes that welted my skin plenty. Some few days later some of the boys and I were very sick. One of the leaders said, ‘Those boys have the chills and fever. They have been swimming in a slough.’ Luckily, brother Aaron escaped the illness. He could go on well as ever helping father and our sisters roll our handcarts along the trail. But I was so ill I had to be taken into one of the wagons. As I grew better I could hardly walk.

“In August they started to cross the plains. All went well until they encountered rain, hail and wind storms, causing slow progress in traveling. The snow came early, and the company was placed on rations--one pint of flour a day for each family. They were all very hungry. One day my mother made a snowball and asked the Lord to bless it. She said it tasted like manna from heaven.

(George Harrison - Page 3)

“I was 14 years of age and began to get very weak, was unable to help pull the handcart, and became very sick and weak. Our father told us to put on our best clothes and he burned the old ones, so the handcarts would be easier to pull. But before he threw my old clothes on the fire, he felt in the pocket and found a piece of rawhide which I had burned the hair from and had been chewing. Father said “Aye, lad has it come to this?” I became very sick and weak. This was in October.¹

“As for me I made a decision right there. I was not going any farther. Acting on this, I slipped away into the willows that bordered the creek and hid. In the excitement, no one noticed my absence, not even my own folks. It was not long before the handcart caravan had disappeared over a hill to the west. Why did I do this? Well, I was starving. I thought if I thought any thing clearly that my family would be better off without me.

“I felt I might get back to my brother Aaron. At any rate I had acted. For a few minutes I stood weak and dazed, but determined not to follow the train any farther. What to do I hardly knew. Then I remembered seeing a camp of Indians about a mile back on the trail, so I turned and started out to find it. My hunger simply drove me to take this desperate chance with the savages, rather than face starvation with the handcart company.

“When I lifted the flap of the tepee, I found an Indian family inside. There was the mother with half a dozen papooses of various sizes. They all stared at me in open mouth astonishment. An iron kettle was on the coals of a fire in the center of the tepee. Something was cooking inside of it. Pointing to the kettle I pleaded, ‘Give me some, give me some.’ The Indian mother understood. She looked at me pitifully as she took a tin plate and fork and heaped the plate up with boiled buffalo meat. I began to eat ravenously. When I had finished the last mouthful, I reached the plate out saying “give me some more.” Oh, exclaimed the red mother, with a touch of sympathy in her tone. She heaped my plate the second time and I devoured the meat just as hungrily as before. I was simply famished.

“When the kind woman motioned for me to go, I turned to obey her. I swooned and fell headlong on a pile of buffalo robes in the tent. This Indian was married to a French trader. When he came in and saw me, he said something to the Indian mother in Sioux Language and they went away. I remained in the tepee and rested, while my meal began to digest. It is really a wonder I am alive to tell about it now. If I had not had a strong stomach I certainly should have died. As it was, I was ill from over eating.

“Next day my poor old father came trudging back to find his lost boy. Until the company went into camp that night no one had missed me. When I did not show up, mother was frantic. Father was overjoyed to find me, but when it came to taking me on with him, new difficulties arose. I was so thin and weak I could hardly stand up.² I was in no condition to make the difficult journey.

“The French trader came to my rescue. ‘Why don’t you leave that boy here with the Indians?’ he asked. ‘He will be much better off than to try to make that hard trip over the mountains with next to nothing to eat. That would simply be the death of him.’ ‘But his mother will go wild,’ said Father. ‘I cannot leave the lad here.’ ‘Well, you can’t take him,’ said the mountaineer. ‘He can’t walk.’ ‘I’ll carry him,’ said Father. ‘Oh, come now, old man. Be sensible. You can hardly carry yourself. Leave here. The Indians will treat him alright, and next Spring he can go on with some other emigrant train.’

“Father was forced to acknowledge the wisdom of the mountain man’s advice. It almost broke his heart to leave me. Then after giving me some fatherly counsel and his blessing, he went trudging along the lonely trail to overtake the handcart train now a day or two ahead of him. I was left ill and alone among the Indians. They were all very kind to me. I remained among the Indians fourteen months and learned to speak their language fluently.

“The company had pretty tough going after I was left with the Indians. I’ve had the story told me many times by Father and Mother. Well, they kept struggling on up the North Platte making only a few miles a day. Folks were getting so weak from want of food that they just could not get on very fast. My mother and father have told me many times of the suffering which they endured after I was left with the Indians. [As follows:]

“One day when the company were about exhausted, and many had died, the way looked dreary and hopeless. It was, however, just the darkest hour before dawn. Suddenly they heard a shout. Everyone looked up. On a hill ahead appeared three horsemen riding as fast as the snow would let them towards our caravan. It was Joseph Young, Dan Jones and Abe Garr, messengers for [their] relief.

“What glad cries arose, as the cheering word was passed along the line. Very soon the horsemen rode by us with our captain. ‘Pull on into Willow Springs,’ said our leader. ‘Yes and get yourselves ready for a good meal. It is only a mile to the springs.’ We went off rations that night. Our last hard pull was to get over Big Mountain, a high divide in the Wasatch Range. Snow was very deep in some places, it had drifted 20 feet deep. Some mountain men kept the way open by dragging great pine trees with oxen back and forth through the drifts. At last in November, they rolled out of Emigration Canyon into Salt Lake City where the folks welcomed them and gave them food.

“While I was still with the Indians, what clothing I had on, even the best pair of trousers I donned the day our old clothing was burned, soon wore out. My red mother made me a real Indian suit of buckskin. One day she gave it to me, all fringed and beaded. I was an Indian boy for sure from head to foot when I put on these new clothes.

“Spring had just come and our Indian band was breaking camp for a trip to a trading post. We were up so early to get the packing done. My Indian pal and I kept at the head of the caravan all day. Just before evening, he went racing up a hill. Suddenly I saw him beckoning to me to come on, so I hastened to the top where he was standing. What I saw when I reached him gave me such a thrill of joy as I had never felt before. There in the valley below was old Fort Laramie. Above it, in the golden rays of the setting sun waved the Stars and Stripes. It was the prettiest sight of my life.

“Johnston’s Army was camped there. They were on their way to Utah to subdue the Mormons. When some of the men from the Army saw that I was a white boy, they wanted to know why I was with the Indians. I told them the whole story. Then they said they must take me to my parents. They then went and talked to my foster mother. She cried and did not want me to go. That night I remained with the Indians. The next morning I obtained permission to visit the Army post. There, of course, I found my brother, Aaron.

“What a surprise I gave him and what a joyous visit we had that evening. He had heard no word from our family nor from me since we had parted six months before. Brother knew nothing about me going off with the Indians. He was eager to hear the whole story. [After hearing it, he said,] ‘You certainly do not look like the skin and bones lad who left there half a year ago.’ ‘You are looking pretty husky yourself, Aaron. Soldier life seems to agree with you.’ A bugle call broke up our visit and I returned to the tepee. Next morning Aaron visited the Indian village.

“My red mother in her quiet way made him feel at home. I had to act as interpreter for what little talk went on. The French trader told Aaron how he first found me trying to kill myself eating meat and how he persuaded Father to leave me with the Indians. Later the mountain man went with my Indian mother to the Sutter’s store in the fort to trade some furs and buckskin for food. I then went to the Army. At the invitation of Aaron’s sergeant I had my dinner with them. It surely tasted good after all the months of Indian food to have some flapjacks, bacon and beans, with a bit of jam to top off the meal. A few days later with their trading done, the Indian band took the trail westward to spend the summer in the mountains. I tried not to show how happy I was when I carried the word to my red mother that I was going with the Army and would have a job helping the cook, for which I would receive pay. She felt very bad that I was leaving them and the papooses all cried. I was always interested in cooking, though I hadn’t had much practice beyond helping the mulatto on the ship *Horizon* flip pancakes. My life with the Indians gave me some good experience too, handling meat, which proved to make me famous.³

“Sometime in March of 1858, the commander at Fort Laramie was ordered to go to Fort Bridger and [was] halted at Jim Bridger’s old trading post. When we finally reached Horseshoe Bend, I happened to see a camp of Indians. Thinking they might be my old friends I went over to their tepees. Sure enough, it was my red mother and family. The French father was not with them. He had gone out after game.

“All were delighted to see me. The papooses hugged my legs and danced with glee. But my Indian mother was troubled. Finally she told me they were without food. This nearly broke me up. I remembered vividly how she shared with me when I first came to her tepee. ‘I’ll do what I can for you,’ I promised, and away I went to the Army camp. I said to the commanding officer, ‘There’s an Indian family across the creek, starving, and it is the one who saved my life when I was nigh unto death’s door and now I want to help them with some food.’ But the officer said, ‘I don’t think I can do a thing for you, although I am sorry boy,’ he said. ‘As you know we have been put on rations.’ ‘But I must have some food for them. I can’t see these dear friends starve. Won’t you please get the quartermaster to let me have some food and take the money out of my wages to pay for it?’ ‘It’s no question of money,’ he replied. ‘You could have it in a minute, if there was food to spare. I’m afraid it won’t do any good.’ With that I began to cry bitterly. ‘Here, here,’ he said ‘hold on now, Georgie, I’ll do my best for you.’ Over he went to the quartermaster’s tent. How he got it I never leaned, but pretty soon he came back with a sack full of supplies, bacon, flour, beans and some sugar. I thanked him with all my heart and struck straight for the Indian camp. I received as much as I could carry on my back. Removed my shoes again and waded across the river to them. You never saw happier, more grateful people than those red friends of mine, with their little gift. But they were not nearly so happy as I was to be able to give it to them. It was small pay for all they had done for me.

“Then I told my Indian mother it was time for me to go. When I bade them goodbye the papooses cried again and begged me to stay. Their mother showed her appreciation by giving me a fine pair of beaded moccasins. That was the last I ever saw of these dear Indian friends. But I have kept them close to my heart through all the years.

“As the Army started toward the west at Devil gate, there were the remains of a rock fort. Several broken handcarts were scattered about. Nearby were a number of mounds where the dead had been laid away. Up on Rock Creek we also found one large mound. Later I learned that twelve [thirteen] more of the handcart pioneers had been buried in this common grave.⁴



William Harrison



Hannah Louise



Mary Ann



Olivia



Alice



Aaron

(George Harrison - Page 5)

“We camped one night at Pacific Springs. Next day we were on the Big Sandy Creek. It was along this stream that Lot Smith and his band of Utah militia had halted and burned a freight train. This was to stop Johnston’s army until the trouble that had sent some of the soldiers west could be peacefully settled.

“As I was riding with one of the soldiers, he said to me, ‘Aren’t you afraid that when we get to Utah we will kill your father and mother and the rest of the people there?’ ‘No,’ I answered, ‘you would not kill anything.’ The soldiers joked me a great deal about being a Mormon boy but they were pretty kind to me nevertheless.

“A few days later orders came for Johnston’s troops to march on farther into Utah. An agreement between the officers of the territory and the Army had been reached. To protect the emigrant trails across the desert, the soldiers might proceed and establish a military post. It must not be closer, however, than thirty miles from Salt Lake City.

“A joyous day it was for me when we started for the valleys and for Brother Aaron, too, since his company was to march along with us. Over the hills we went, across the rim of the Great Basin and down Echo Canyon. Again, we had to climb over a high ridge of the Wasatch Range. It was from the top of this that I really saw the ‘Valleys of the Mountains’ of which we had sung way off in old England.

“A few hours later we reached Salt Lake City, only to find it deserted. Folk there, not sure the Army would keep its word and leave the place unmolested, had moved away into the valleys to the north and south. True to his word, our commander marched straight through without even stopping. Southward along the Jordan River the soldiers journeyed until Utah Lake was reached. After camping for a few days where Utah Jordan River begins, the troops were again ordered to move on. This time it was into Cedar Valley just over the ridge to the west.

“There at an oasis in the desert where a large spring of water gushed forth, our army post was built. Camp Floyd it was named, in honor of John Floyd of Virginia. He was Secretary of War under President James Buchanan. We had been in Camp Floyd but a few days when my old father came to find his boys. He had walked about forty miles from Springville where he had made our pioneer home. It was a happy meeting you may be sure. We had not seen each other since that dreary autumn day when he left me among the Indians to trudge his lonely way back to the suffering handcart company. After he had told me briefly of Mother and the rest of our family, we hunted up Aaron and had a good visit with him. Then I took Father to see Lieutenant Bumstead.⁵ The Lieutenant greeted Father kindly. I then asked him if I might get my money.

“‘Certainly,’ he said, going to the place where he had kept it for me. I had asked the Lieutenant to take care of my money for me because I knew if the soldiers knew I had it they would want to borrow it to gamble with. When he gave the money to me I handed over all the gold pieces which was \$85.00 to my father, telling him I had saved them to help him out. ‘God bless thee, my lad,’ said Father, his eyes filling with tears. ‘You may be proud of your son, Mr. Harrison,’ said the Lieutenant. ‘It is not many boys who could live in any army camp, keep straight, and save all his wages as he had done.’ I thanked him for his kindness. ‘Don’t mention it,’ he said. ‘I am glad to help you.’ That eighty five dollars proved to be a godsend to Father. With the money he bought a yoke of oxen from the government. They helped him greatly in his struggle to make a living.



“In Camp Floyd, I remained cooking for the officers as long as it was an army post. It seemed the best way for me to help my struggling parents. Army life ended for me and for Brother Aaron, too, when Camp Floyd was abandoned in the spring of 1861 at the outbreak of the Civil War.

“I decided to return to Springville [to] this pleasant town under the Wasatch Mountains, with the beautiful Utah Lake shining like a silver mirror to the west, where I have ever since spent my life. It was there I found a dear girl, Rosella D. White. We decided to make a home of our own and were married on May 4, 1865. After we were married, I did freighting to Pioche, Nevada. Then later I peddled vegetables, eggs, butter and fruit to Ophir and Bingham Canyon. A few years later I purchased a half acre of ground on Main Street where the Safeway and Penny Stores are located, and paid \$300.00 for it. Then I paid \$75.00 for a frame building and paid 25 bushels of wheat to have it moved onto the ground where I opened a restaurant just across from the Denver & Rio Grand Depot which stood in the middle of Main Street. I fed the crews on freight trains with beefsteak meals for 35 cents. Later, I built a hotel which was known as the Harrison Hotel.”

George Harrison visiting in Pleasant Grove at the home of Patience Loader Rosza Archer, also of the Martin company.

(George Harrison - Page 6)

The rest of this narrative is written by George's daughter, Mae Harrison Smith:

"After opening the hotel, it was a pioneer home in comfort and spirit. It had always a warm welcome for the tired traveler. Beefsteak was one thing in which he took pride, as he was soon known as "Beefsteak Harrison" from New York to San Francisco. Well, you would soon guess why if you were ever lucky enough to eat a dinner there. His style of cooking he learned while with the Army. He was very entertaining to his guests both in song and prose and often had guests join in singing. He was a Black Hawk [war] veteran and was one of the first who organized the first Black Hawk reunion which was ever held in Utah County. All of the veterans and their wives were invited to the reunion where they were served with a bounteous banquet program and dance. The reunion was held in Reynolds Hall and the veterans had a large bonfire in the street so the visitors would know where the reunion was being held.



George "Beefsteak" Harrison at the Harrison Hotel

"Father served as chorister for the Indian War Veterans at the campfires and the funerals of the warriors. He was always present to lead in community singing. Before the town of Springville was divided into Wards, church for the whole town was held in the old white meetinghouse. He acted as chorister for many years and was always prompt in taking charge of the music. He was also a member of a quartet with Walter and David Wheeler and Joseph Tuckett. Their singing was always enjoyed by all. They would often visit the schools and sing for the pupils and were always willing to sing at any public gathering. They had the pupils join in the singing. Besides being famous for steak, he made the most delicious soup which everyone enjoyed who were lucky enough to receive some. If he knew anyone was ill, he would always have a small bucket of soup on its way to the person who was ill. One man once said he had given enough soup away to 'float him right to heaven.' He also gave many a nice steak to the sick, also a trout. He had good health and was very active until shortly after the death of his wife when his health began to fail.

"On February 1, 1921, he sent for the three members of his old quartet to hasten to his bedside. They came. He asked them to sing his favorite song. They did so with tears in their eyes. He then shook each of their hands and bid them goodbye. Then on the 3rd day of February, 1921, he passed peacefully away."

¹ Oct. 17, near Deer Creek, Wyoming.

² The Indians nicknamed George "White Skeleton."

³ George spoke at a 50-year-reunion of handcart pioneers in 1906 where he "gave an account of how he stayed behind at Fort Laramie, and cooked for Doctor Getty of the W.S.A.[.] how kind the military were to him—and also of his adventures among the Indians." George also mentioned Doctor Getty to Howard Driggs when Driggs interviewed him and subsequently wrote the children's book, *George, the Handcart Boy*. This appears to be Thomas Murray Getty, assistant surgeon in the Medical Department of the U.S. Army. George did not mention Getty in his autobiography.

⁴ This common grave at Rock Creek was only 20 months old when George came through in late June 1858. Thirteen people from the Willie handcart company were buried together in the grave on Oct. 24, 1856. Frederick Lander's group of government engineers and surveyors had officially named Rock Creek on their maps on June 18, 1858. (Prior to this it was generally known only as a branch of Sweetwater.) George may have learned more about the site as a handcart grave from his parents who had spent their first year in Utah housed in Springville with the Jane James family. Jane's husband, William, was one of the thirteen persons from the Willie company buried in this common grave.

⁵ "Bumstead" appears to be a transcription error. Historian Curtis Allen believes this may have been Lieutenant Franck S. Armistead of the 10th Infantry, who was serving at that time.

Sources: "History of George Harrison," written by himself; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; Letter from William Harrison to Brigham Young, Church History Library, CR 1234_1, box 24, folder 4, items 10-14; Handcart Veterans Association scrapbook, folder 1, document 1, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, minutes of reunion meeting Oct. 4, 1906; emails from Curtis R. Allen to Jolene Allphin, Oct. 31, 2007, and from William MacKinnon and Curtis Allen, March 23, 2016; Curtis R. Allen, *George "Beefsteak" Harrison*, 2005, courtesy Curtis Allen; Harvey E. Brown, *The Medical Department of the United States Army from 1775-1873*, pgs. 288, 294; photos of George Harrison and Patience Loader, and George Harrison at his hotel, courtesy Gerald R. Sherratt Library, Southern Utah University, Cedar City, Utah, Howard Driggs collection; some family photos from Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

SARAH WELLS HARTLEY

Born: 10 August 1836 England

Age: 19

Martin Handcart Company



Sarah Hartley



Eliza Gill Hartley

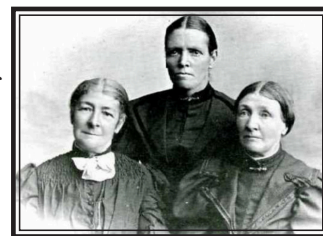
Sarah was born to Samuel and Eliza Gill Hartley in Sheffield, Yorkshire, England. From her sister, Josephine's, autobiography we read: "My mother joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and had her children baptized during Wilford Woodruff's mission in England in the early forties. There were seven children born, four boys and three girls; however a boy and a girl died in infancy and were buried in England.¹ The other children emigrated to Utah with our mother. Father did not join the Church and the family never saw him again." Eliza was known for her kindness to the poor in England, including the persecuted Mormon Elders. At age 39, she brought her children, Sarah (age 19), Matilda Jane (17), Samuel (Jr.) (14), Josephine Lucy Smith (10), Farewell Harrison (7), and sailed on the *Horizon* from Liverpool in May 1856. Eliza's sister, Hannah Richardson, came to see them off. The father, Samuel, also came to Liverpool and reportedly attempted to keep one of the children from leaving, but he was not successful. Samuel's drinking had placed a permanent wedge in the family. He died in England on October 16, 1856.

Josephine continues, "On August 25, 1856, we started on a thousand mile journey across the plains [from Florence]. I was ten years old at this time, and to my great sorrow, I had chills and fever, and had to have my Mother pull me on the handcart, which was heavily loaded with our provisions. The deep sand, rocky roads, and fording streams made it almost impossible for Mother to pull it, so we had to leave some of our things along the roadside. Mother would cook our meals, then rest for the night, and then take up the journey again.

"We continued on our journey with many hardships until we reached [Fort] Laramie, Wyoming, about October 8, 1856. We rested here for a short time, and it was necessary for us to dispose of our prized possessions and buy cornmeal, beans, and other food stuffs, as our supply was gone. We were rationed to a pound of flour per day. The portion was decreased several times until all of our flour was gone. The captain was very kind to mother and gave her some of the flour sacks to scrape off with a knife what little flour was left along with the lint. With this she was able to make some cakes and mush to help sustain life. ... We had to reduce our belongings to 10 pounds for adults and 5 pounds for children, sacrificing our bedding, which added to our misery and suffering. My mother's and sister's skirts were frozen stiff. They would try to dry them out in the evening by the fires, but were not very successful. My brother, Samuel's, feet were frozen, and he lost one leg below the knee and always wore a peg leg after that. On our way, we camped at a gulch called 'Martin's Ravine.' Here we suffered terribly with the cold. It was only with the power of God that we survived. When we reached Devil's Gate, we met wagons from Salt Lake City with provisions and clothing waiting for us. From this time on, the journey was better and much easier."

Samuel Hartley is remembered as a jolly person who sometimes tried to dance a jig. He never married, but lived for a time with his brother, Farewell, and his wife, Carline Carlson. Josephine married Thomas Zundel. They had any children of their own, but were known as Aunt Josephine and Uncle Tom to all. They did adopt an Indian boy named Bennie. Matilda married 3 times and had 5 children. Eliza married Samuel John Couch. He died shortly after in Fillmore, Utah. Eliza died in 1891 at age 77, in Oak City, Utah.

Sarah had two sons with her first husband, but was later divorced. She married Lyman Curtis who adopted these boys. Sarah and Lyman had 6 children. Sarah was a talented weaver, and made her family's clothing. Peach leaves and sagebrush were used to dye the cloth. She knit stockings and sweaters for the needy and for the men in the armed services during World War I. She made temple clothing for members of the Church. She made and quilted dozens of quilts for family and friends. Sarah was well educated, having attended a private school in England. She instilled in her family a love for good literature and especially for the gospel of Jesus Christ. She was a person of great spiritual strength, like her brave mother who brought the family to Zion. Eliza supported herself and children with hard work in Utah. They milked many cows, and built up a large herd of cattle and horses. She had a beautiful flower garden, grape vineyard and orchard. Eliza regularly drove her wagon to Salt Lake to sell produce and dairy products. As an original pioneer of Oak City, Utah, Eliza was noted for her strong character and for standing up for what was right.



Sarah Wells Hartley (Curtis),
Josephine Lucy Smith Hartley
(Zundle), Matilda Jane Hartley
(Brownell) (White) (Overson)

¹ Family histories indicate eight children. Three who died in England were Robert Gill, Clementine Emma, and Lorenzo James.

MARY HAYDOCK

Born: England 1835

Age: 21

Martin Handcart Company



Mary Haydock was born January 29, 1835, the oldest child of William Orlando and Elizabeth Crompton Haydock. Mary's father died when she was seven years old. At 12 years old, she was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Mary was employed in a silk factory as soon as she was old enough to work away from home.

Mary and her widowed mother (age 55) left Liverpool on the sailing ship *Horizon*, bound for America, on May 25, 1856. Accompanying them on this journey was Mary's mother's sister, Ann Crompton Barlow (50), who was also a widow. She brought three children with her. Ann had two sons who had previously emigrated to the Valley, and the mother-in-law of her oldest son, Jane Nightingale (57), also traveled in the Martin company with her three children. Of these three families headed by older single women, it is remarkable that none of them perished.

The ocean voyage took five weeks. They landed in Boston and then traveled to Iowa City mostly by train. There they became part of the 576-member handcart company captained by Edward Martin, and suffered many hardships and deprivations on the ill-fated journey. The severe season, starvation, the deep snow and many other difficulties caused great loss of life.

From the autobiography of Mary's son, William H. Luke, we read: "One morning she [Mary] was so cold she dropped out of camp and buried herself in the snow. The Company moved on, the pack of wolves following came near to her. Her mother, missing her, gave the alarm and stopped the company. She was found and picked up and put in one of the wagons. Her feet were badly frozen and gave her grief all her life."

Mary and her mother arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on November 30, 1856. Soon after, Mary was joined by her sweetheart, William Luke, Jr. He had previously arrived in Zion October 16, 1853, and was living in Manti, Utah. They were married on January 10, 1857, in Salt Lake City, Utah, and settled in Manti. There she gave birth to ten children, raising seven to maturity.

Mary was an active member of the Church. She was loved by all that knew her. A talented singer, she sang for the public many times. Her great faith was demonstrated just before she died in Manti in January 1904, at the age of 69. She said to her husband, "Don't cry my love, you will soon be with me." Her husband, William Luke, Jr., died eight months later. Both are buried in Manti, Utah.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; familysearch.org; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel Website.



Elizabeth Crompton Haydock



Born: January 8, 1837 in England

Age: 19

Martin Handcart Company

Annie wrote of her early life and conversion in her autobiography:

I was born in Barking, Essex, England, on the 8th of January 1837, the younger daughter of Daniel Hicks, a sailor, and Hannah Wenlock Hicks. I knew very little of my father's family. My mother was born of Scotch and English parents. Father being a confirmed invalid, I had, as it were, to keep and care for myself, assuming the responsibilities of a woman when I was a mere girl. As a child, I was very devout, praying and asking God for guidance and firmly believing that he would protect me from all wrong. And surely, I have been saved many times from most certain evil.

I was alone, or rather away from my own people at the time I first heard the Gospel and I think I loved it the first time I heard it; it seemd so quiet and pleasant to me. I embraced the Gospel and was baptized on the 17th of January, 1855, in the White Chapel Branch in London. Shortly after my baptism, before I had been confirmed, my relatives sent me a terrible book against the Mormons, marking it in places for me to read. The tales were so wicked, I was afraid I had done wrong and decided to ask the Lord to direct me aright. I fervently pleaded with our Father to answer my prayer that night as my confirmation was to take place the following morning.

I immediately was comforted by a wonderful dream. A book (The Book of Life) was opened to me and the leaves were turned in rapid succession until the page with my record was found. On the page was my name without a mar or blemish against it. A loud clear voice spoke to me saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." I was overjoyed at this revelation and have never doubted the gospel from that time on. You may be assured I was confirmed the next day feeling perfectly happy and satisfied.¹ From then on my relatives were unkind and cruel to me. I worked very hard to obtain enough money to come to America. I would knit from early morning until evening in the London workshop.

On the 25th of May, 1856, I sailed for America on the ship *Horizon*, beginning our journey to Zion. I crossed the plains with the belated Handcart Company of Edward Martin. We underwent numerous hardships and lost many of our good and faithful band on the road. I reached the valley on the last day of November 1856, with not a friend to meet me--but I am still here with the saints and many friends in the valley of the mountains. [Annie worked for the Ellerbeck family doing housework and needlecraft.] I was married to Absolom Pennington Free, a Patriarch of the Church on March 5, 1857, and am the mother of seven children, all of whom are living. I am also proud of my thirty-four grandchildren and the thirty great grandchildren.

Annie left a legacy of courage and compassion to her children and grandchildren, as well as to her companions in the Martin handcart company. Annie wrote many lovely poems. Some were published in the Church periodical *Women's Exponent*. Every Sunday evening, her grandchildren were welcomed into her home for "a sacred hour." Wearing her best gown and a white apron, she played the organ, sang, told stories and read scriptures with her grandchildren.

One story Annie told her children was that she shared a handcart with Jemima Nightingale (age 21), Jemima's widowed mother, and two of Jemima's siblings, making the typical five people to a handcart. One day, "Annie and Jemima Nightingale saw Brother Blake [Bleak], whose feet were frozen, crawl off to die.

In the evening Brother Blake was missing, so Annie and Jemima went back, cutting across the trail and found him. They pulled him to where they were met by wagons."² Annie had been in the White Chapel Branch in London where James G. Bleak was the presiding Elder.

Another incident in the handcart trek where Annie rescued another was at the traumatic crossing of the North Platte River on October 19, 1856. Annie wrote:

I have been asked to relate an incident or two that might be of interest to you. One which I recall very clearly, occured as we crossed the Platte River. The stream was very strong and the water bitter cold, making it very hard to cross. In the company was a widow with her family. Her oldest boy, a fine young chap, had started across the river with his handcart but the current was so strong that he was borne down stream. Seeing the boy's condition I ran down the bank of the river and went out into it in time to catch the boy and his handcart. I helped the boy to shore but he was almost frozen. In the evening when the company made camp, the boy's mother was going out to gather chips of wood but the boy insisted upon going himself. When he had been gone a long time, a search was made for him and he was found frozen to death with his sticks in his arms.³

Annie lived to be 89 years old. She died August 27, 1926, and was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.



Jemima Nightingale

¹ Annie also wrote this account of her dream and her testimony with a little more detail when she was 61 years old. See http://thefrees.com/histories/annie_hicks_free.html.

² From "Annie Hicks Free and the handcart" LaRae Free Kerr, 2012. (See <http://lafaenddoliiewadsworth.blogspot.com/2012/12/annie-hicks-free-and-handcart.html>.) It is the opinion of Jolene Allphin that this event took place in the late afternoon of November 9, the day the Martin company left Martin's Cove. See James Bleak and Maria Normington stories in *Tell My Story, Too*, for more information about James Bleak's rescue.

³ Careful analysis by Jolene Allphin shows that this young man was James Hawkey, age 14. He must have felt very protective of his widowed step-mother, Hannah Middleton Hawkey (Sinfield), age 33 (1822-1903), and his two little half-sisters, Margaret Ann Hawkey (Mills), age 5 (1851-1880), and Hannah Hawkey (Welch), age 3. They made it to Salt Lake safely, but with frozen feet. James's father, Foster Hawkey, drowned at sea in 1852. James's mother had also died previously.

MARY HORROCKS

Born: September 11, 1836 in England

Age: 19

Martin Handcart Company



Mary emigrated to Utah with her older sister, Elizabeth Jackson, and Elizabeth's husband and three young children. They sailed from England on the ship *Horizon* in May 1856 and traveled overland with the Martin handcart company. By the first of October, their provisions were scant. As they reached Fort Laramie, food had to be rationed further in order to make it last as long as possible. Clothing, bedding and other provisions were soon left behind.

On October 19, the company crossed the North Platte River at Red Buttes. Mary's brother-in-law, Aaron Jackson, was very ill with Mountain Fever. Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson wrote: "My husband attempted to ford the stream. He had only gone a short distance when he reached a sand bar in the river on which he sank down through weakness and exhaustion. My sister, Mary Horrocks Leavitt, waded through the water to his assistance. She raised him up to his feet. Shortly afterward, a man came along on a horseback and conveyed him to the other side of the river, placed him on the bank and left him there. My sister then helped me to pull my cart with my three children and other matters on it. We had scarcely crossed the river when we were visited with a tremendous storm of snow, hail, sand and fierce winds. It was a terrible storm from which both the people and teams suffered." Aaron was then put on a handcart and pulled to camp from the river crossing by 15-year-old Josiah Rogerson, whose family shared the same tent with Mary and her sister. Snow started to fall in earnest that night. When Josiah was called to guard duty at midnight, he noticed Aaron had died.

Mary was not much help or comfort to her grieving sister at this time because she had become very ill. Mary was so sick that she even became deranged in her mind, and for several days she ate nothing but hard frozen snow. Elizabeth wrote of her sister: "A few days after the death of my husband, the male members of the company had become reduced in number by death; and those who remained were so weak and emaciated by sickness, that on reaching the camping place at night, there were not sufficient men with strength enough to raise the poles and pitch the tents. ... My sick sister, the first part of the night, climbed up hill to the place where some men had built a fire. She remained there until the people made down their beds and retired, to sleep, if they could. She then climbed or slid down the hill on the snow, to where there was another fire which was kept alive by some persons who were watching the body of a man who had died that night. There she remained until daylight."

Josiah Rogerson also wrote of Mary: "The results of the wading of this river [on October 19] by the female members of our company was immediately followed by partial and temporary dementia, from which several did not recover till the next spring. ... One of the young ladies whose mind became affected by the fatal crossing had left her own campfire immediately after the last relief wagon had rolled out from here [Martin's Cove] in the snow on the morning of Sunday, Nov. 9, apparently in search of some scraps of food or meat, and had got to a fire round a point in the rocks, near to where my brother and I were roasting some pieces of meat and rawhide for lunch. As we arose to go and catch the wagons (divest now of our carts), we caught sight of the young woman sitting at the fire and staring at us with dazed eyes. We tried to rouse her from her lethargy, but she was all childish indifference. Sending my brother ahead to stop the last wagon, he returned, and making a chair of our arms, we carried her a rod or two at a time for a couple of hundred yards, as she was not able to walk, and the teamster coming to our relief, she soon was placed in his wagon. In the early part of our journey she ranked as one of the most beautiful in face, tall and well formed, in the company, and had we not discovered her when we did, the chances are that in less than an hour she would have met her death—as Father Stone did—a feast for the mountain wolves. She was then about 20 years of age. Succeeding in reaching Utah with us, she recovered her mind by kind nursing that winter, and in the spring or summer following married one of the most prominent and well-to-do first settlers of Ogden city."

Mary and her sister went to Ogden to stay with their brother, Samuel Horrocks. Mary married Nathaniel Leavitt, Jr. on April 4, 1857. Nathaniel was noted as an "extremely prosperous" and prominent man in Ogden, and generous to neighbors and Indians alike. He and Mary became the parents of 12 children. Mary was active in the Church all her life. She died in 1908.

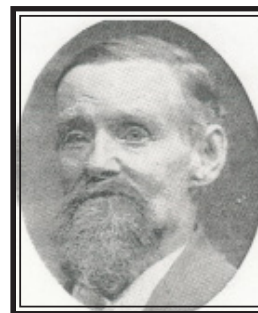
Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; *Leaves from the Life of Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson Kingsford*, Ogden, Utah, 1908, available at Family History Library in Salt Lake; see Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website for trail excerpts of Elizabeth's biography, as well as various writings of Josiah Rogerson; "The Life of Nathaniel Leavitt," at <http://leavittfamilies.org>.

GEORGE FREDERICK HOUSLEY

Born: November 29, 1836, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Nottingham, England

Age: 19

Martin Handcart Company



George Housley traveled to Zion with his courageous and remarkable mother, Harriet Agnes Cook Housley (age 44). George had a brother, Charles, born in 1833, and a sister, Charlotte, born in 1835. In George's young childhood, his mother had to flee twice from her abusive husband. Relatives tried to help the family but could not afford to keep them all, so two of the children were put in a workhouse until rescued by their mother. The Parish then allowed Harriet two schillings a week for support. After some time, the father reconciled with Harriet, promising to behave better if she would come back and not rely on the Parish any longer. Harriet did return, but her husband was unable to keep his promise. The last contact he had with his family was when he abandoned young Charles on a street in the town where Harriet had gone to live with the other two children. Of this, Charles said, "So Father got shut of us all and we were all with mother and did rejoice, for truly a mother she was."¹

Missionaries from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints found Harriet and her children, and they were all converted. Charles and Charlotte were baptized March 23, 1849, at ages 15 and 13 respectively. Their mother was baptized in December of that same year, and George was baptized in 1854, at the age of 17. (Charles Housley was ordained an Elder in 1852 and served as a missionary in England for the next 9 years until his immigration to Utah in 1861. Charlotte immigrated in 1868 with her husband, George Oscroft, and their four children.) In 1856, the Martin handcart company provided the opportunity for George and his mother to travel to Utah. Even as Charles had recognized the strength of his mother in earlier years, George would later recognize the faith of his mother as a sustaining influence during this trek.

In his later years, George helped built the Second Ward church building in Hyrum, Utah, where he and his wife were long-time choir members. It was not uncommon for him to arise in a fast-day meeting and sing a hymn of praise and thanksgiving as his testimony. One day the bishop of the ward asked George to speak in church and tell about coming across the plains. George declined, as he never felt that he could be a public speaker. However, George did agree to dictate his story privately. He invited his wife's brother-in-law, George Wood, who was a lawyer, to come to his home and record it in shorthand:²

In the year of 1856, I with mother left our native land England, with about 600 others for our America "The Zion of Our God," on the good ship "Horizon," spending five weeks in our voyage to Boston. Where we took passage on a steamboat to Iowa. Awaiting there for three weeks for our hand-carts to be made that were to carry our "all" across the vast stretch of the plains to Utah. Each family supplying themselves with the necessary food for their journey if they were well. At Iowa City, where we were camped, a gentleman told me that we would starve to death if we went there at this season. One of our people and his family decided to stay over. I became tempted to do likewise and upon telling my mother that we better stay she became much depressed in spirit and told me to wait a little while. During the time she prayed to Our Heavenly Father for guidance. One fellow traveler, after deciding to stay, sent out one day in the woods to hunt for game, and while away was seized with fever and ague. He hurried home and upon entering the tent where mother I were awaiting him, he laid upon the cot and commenced singing in poetry and rhyme, telling mother to take me with her to the valley and that we should get through alright. Mother told me she had made it a matter of prayer and by this means her prayers were answered. I told her then that we would go to the valley at all hazards because I was satisfied all would be well.

Upon the company starting we were in line with our cart and ready. All went well as we joyously sang, "For some must push and some must pull as we go marching up the hill. As merrily on the way we go, until we reach the valley, Oh!" As days wore on, our spirits lagged as we became weary. Some of our people became sick and were

(George F. Housley – Page 2)

compelled to ride, thus compelling others to be more heavily loaded. Provisions commencing to get scarce as the days wore on, necessitating our captain to put us on shorter rations. Many dying by the wayside where they were buried each night where we camped and their graves were left unmarked except by our tears. At this season and at this part of the plains it commenced getting cold, and [we] were again placed on shorter rations of 4 ounces of flour to each person per day. We traveled to the Sweet Waters River where we camped, being so weak and exhausted that it was almost impossible to move. Many of our people while there died of starvation while others froze to death by the wayside. . . . Receivers were sent out from the Valley to assist us in and could not find us, thinking we were lost on the plains the rescue party concluded to return to the Valley. But one of their number stated that he would go to the States but what he would find us. About noon a horseman was seen coming into our camp, and he looked like an angel to us poor starving emigrants who had eaten nothing but flour for three days. With words of encouragement he entreated us to make another start. But, many, while their will was good, their strength failed them and they dropped and froze to death by the way. The relief party returned and met us and assisted us with some provisions. But scores of our brethren and sisters died and were left in unmarked graves by the wayside. At this time I was permitted to sleep in a tent with two of my companions. Each of them dying by my side where I slep[t] by them ‘till morning when they were taken away and buried. . . . [In a 1906 letter to the Handcart Veterans Association, George reported that he was in Captain James Stone’s tent group.] At the time of my companions death[s] I became [so] despondent through weakness that I longed for death and tried to hide myself from the company that I might die, but one of the brethren returning back for something, found me sitting behind the rock where I had hoped to die. He took me along with him for a day before we caught up with the company. I was permitted to sleep in a wagon that night, where I slep[t] with a dead man all night.

The next day we were permitted to see and enter into the Valley (November 29, my birthday). Although I was too weak to walk, my feet being much swollen I wrapped them in my mother’s shaw[l] until we were taken care of by kind friends who were awaiting us. But brother Slack, our kind friend, would not allow me only a limited amount of bread as he was afraid it would kill me. But after they had gone to meeting I finished up the whole pot pie which had been prepared for the family, and I am alive yet and I have been hungry to this day.

In later years, George again met this determined rescuer, who found George behind the rock, hoping to die, and whose name he did not know previously. More than one of George’s grandchildren wrote of the occasion. The following is from granddaughter Emma Housley Auger:

One time while visiting in Mapleton at his son Ben’s home, grandfather George F. Housley and my grandfather Marshall Franklin Allen were reminiscing over old times. Grandfather Allen told of one time when “Brother Brigham” had called him to accompany several other young men in going out to meet the Handcart Company, to take them some provisions and assist them into the Valley. As he knelt in prayer the evening before going, He said that he told the Lord that it was a foolish thing to do, going out in such weather and with no roads to follow. But while he was still in the act of prayer, it was made known to him that he should go. It was also made known that he would be able to save many of their lives. After searching many hours the rescue party became discouraged. Thinking the Handcart Company had been lost on the plains, they decided to return to the Valley. [But] Grandfather said, “I told them I would go ‘till I reached the States but what I would find them.” About noon they found a group of handcarts with their poor, starving people. Thinking there may be more farther back, he rode on for some distance. He saw a dark spot among some rocks. Upon investigating, he found it to be a young man. He wrapped his blankets around him and helped him onto his horse.

Then Grandfather Housley spoke up and said: “The horse had one white leg, a white strip in its forehead and the rest of it was coal black.” Grandfather Allen: “Yes.” Grandfather Housley said, “It was a bright plaid blanket.” Grandfather Allen asked, “How did you know?” Grandfather Housley said, “Because I was the one you found.” Then he stood up and said, “and I want to tell you, if it hadn’t been for the prayers of my mother and the faith of the Saints, I would not have lived ‘till you found me and I never would have reached the valley.” (See also “Marshall Frank Allen” biography in rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

George was always a hard-working man. He made two return trips on the pioneer trail to bring immigrants to Utah. He worked as an Indian Scout, war veteran, mail carrier, salesman, logger, miller, farmer and freighter. George was known for his compassion and charity and often waited on the sick in his community, whether it was in the middle of the night, mid-winter or during an epidemic. Emma H. Auger wrote:

“He would always go but would usually say ‘I don’t see why they always call on me. I’m not going to go. I’ll not go another time.’ But all the time he was dressing and putting on his coat and boots and hurrying off to do whatever was needed for his sick neighbors. Among the pioneer remedies he would use a warm baked potato to bind on the throat. He also spent a lot of time in the evenings going up to Gregory’s and reading the paper to Mr. Gregory. They were an aged couple and Brother Gregory was blind. George liked to carry a few raisins in his pocket to give to his little children when he came home.”

(George F. Housley – Page 3)

At one time George had a small café in Logan called “The Little Broom Hotel.” However, he gave away so many meals that he “lost out” and had to sell this business. George’s kind nature was also shown at home. When differences arose between George and his wife, Maria, “he would just put on his hat and walk a block or so and return, open the door, and throw his hat in—would laugh and say, ‘Please, may I come in?’ ” Maria passed away in March 1896, after a lingering illness of more than twenty years.

In November 1896, George married a widow from Hyrum by the name of Mary Ann Buckley Baron. She was thirty-six years old and the mother of ten children. Three of these had died and those still living were between the ages of two-and-a-half and twenty years. Three children were born to George and Mary Ann: one boy and two girls. Emma H. Auger wrote:

Mary Ann was a good cook and they did a lot of entertaining on special occasions such as having dinners for birthdays, anniversaries, and holidays. Just as always, both he and his good wife were continually waiting on the sick, many of the sick, lame, and crippled were taken into their home and cared for. Some of them were nursed back to health, others passed away, but they never expected pay. . . .

George was a good entertainer, both of the old and the young. He would gather the children around him and maybe one or two on his knee while he sang songs, rhymes and ditties to them such as “Oh Susannah,” “Yankee Doodle,” and many others. He would also play tunes by flipping his fingers against his teeth. The children would sit spell bound and as soon as he would stop they would say, “Grandpa do that again.”

He was a small man, his average weight being about 110 pounds. He had a sandy complexion, blue eyes and he wore a beard. He was quick both in speech and action. He stood erect being but very little bent in his later years.

He was the father of fifteen children; and he had ninety-four grandchildren at the time of his death. His funeral was held in the Second Ward Church House. One of the speakers spoke of the good name he had left us and admonished the grandchildren to work hard to keep it that way. He also told us that it was up to us to take the name back to him as pure and undefiled as he had left it to us.

George worked hard to support his mother when he first came to Utah. They lived and worked in Draper before George moved to Cache County. Harriet remarried and was sealed to Benjamin Green in 1862.³ Charles Housley and Charlotte Housley (Oscroft) (Whetman) also chose to be sealed to Benjamin while he was still living (1892). Harriet died in Draper, Utah, in 1879, having faithfully seen her children and children’s children in Zion.

¹George F. Housley told his children that “the last time he and his mother saw his father was when their ship was pulling out of the harbor at Liverpool. They saw him take a white handkerchief, hold it against his face, and sob into it.” George’s father, Charles Douben Housley, died Aug. 8, 1857, in England.

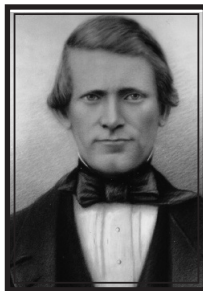
²The biography was then typed by George’s granddaughter, Emma Housley Auger, as well as other unnamed transcribers. The transcript was read at a family reunion while George was still alive.

³Perpetual Emigrating Fund records show that Benjamin Green had paid for Harriet’s emigration in advance. (Church History Library, CR-376-1-R3 Fd 2 Scan 44, Sept. 1855)

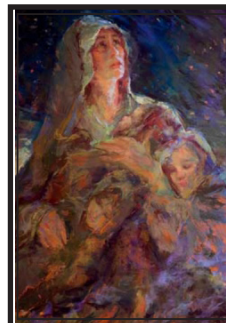
Sources: “Narration of Mr. Geo. Housley (written on Northern States Mission, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, German E. Ellsworth, President, Chicago, Illinois stationery),” original document in Special Collections, HBLL, BYU, Provo, Utah (now online at <http://net.lib.byu.edu/imaging/into/latepc/41gfhifs.html>); letter from Donna Olsen, April 12, 2004, citing interview with Marilyn Housley Hill; email, Price and Betty Davenport, 2008; “The Story of Two Grandfathers” by Clarissa Housley Talbot; interview by Jolene Allphin with Elder Clair Layton, handcart missionary in Wyoming (Elder Layton’s mother was present at the Housley/Allen grandfather’s meeting); email interviews with descendant Fran Jensen, 2012; interviews with and emails from Sister NaDene Nordick, a granddaughter of George Housley and Frank Allen, 2016. (Elder and Sister Nordick have served several missions tirelessly at three different handcart sites in Wyoming, and currently (2017) in Argentina); “George Housley’s History” by Emma Housley Auger, granddaughter of George Frederick Housley, courtesy Fran Jensen, Sandy, Utah. (This history cites Charles Cook Housley’s diary, among other primary sources.)

ELIZABETH HORROCKS
JACKSON

Born: August 5, 1826 in England
Age: 30
Martin Handcart Company



Aaron and Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson



The Vault of Heaven
© Julie Rogers

Elizabeth was the oldest of eleven children. At age seven she was placed to work in a silk factory. When she was 15 years old, she was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by James Gally. Her parents, Edward and Alice Houghton Horrocks, were also baptized. In February 1856, just before Alice passed away, she “blessed me [Elizabeth] and told me that I should never want for bread; and I can truly say that blessing has been realized; for up to the present time, although I have been short on many other comforts of life, I have always had bread enough for my children and myself to eat. For this great blessing I thank God, the giver of every good thing that has come to us in this life.” Elizabeth seemed to have a gift of gratitude. Elizabeth’s father, Edward Horrocks, and her sister, Ann, traveled to Utah in 1857 with the Jesse B. Martin wagon company. Edward died in an avalanche in Ogden Canyon in March 1865.

Elizabeth and her husband, Aaron, (age 32), their children, Martha Ann (7), Mary Elizabeth (4), Aaron Jr. (2) and Elizabeth’s sister, Mary Horrocks (19), left for Zion together with the Martin handcart company in 1856. Elizabeth left a poignant account of her experiences. She said “I have a desire to leave records of scenes and events through which I have passed that my posterity may read what their ancestors were willing to suffer for the Gospel’s sake and that what I now word is the history of hundreds of others who passed through and suffered as we did for the Kingdom of God’s sake.” She mentions that the long journey “pulling our handcarts filled with provisions and little children through deep sands and rocky hills or fording streams was a dreary time. We reached camp, cooked supper, ate and retired for the night to rest our weary limbs only to pursue our monotonous course the next day.”

Elizabeth recorded some of the awful suffering of the company. By October their food rations were very scant. They reached Fort Laramie on October 8, 1856, and shortly after leaving this area, it became necessary to reduce the flour rations. The rations were reduced several times, finally to less than a half-pound a day in order to make them last as long as possible.

Elizabeth’s husband, Aaron, became very ill with mountain fever. He rode in a wagon one day, but said the conditions were so terrible he would not go back, no matter what it took for him to continue. They came to the last North Platte River crossing on October 19 and Aaron attempted to cross the stream. He reached a sand bar and sank in exhaustion. Elizabeth’s sister, Mary, waded in to help him. Aaron was placed on a handcart and pulled him into camp. A storm came just as they crossed the river.

Once in camp, Elizabeth fed Aaron what little she had and made him a bed. Elizabeth lamented: “He tried to eat but failed. He had not the strength to swallow. I put him to bed as quickly as I could ... Bedding had become very scarce, so I did not disrobe, I slept until ... about midnight. I was extremely cold. The weather was bitter. I listened to hear if my husband breathed--he lay so still. I could not hear him. I became alarmed. I put my hand on his body, when to my horror I discovered that my worst fears were confirmed. My husband was dead! I called for help to the other inmates of the tent. They could render me no aid; and there was no alternative but to remain alone by the side of the corpse till morning. The night was enveloped in almost Egyptian darkness. There was nothing with which to produce a light or kindle a fire. Of course I could not sleep. I could only watch, wait, and pray for the dawn. But oh, how these dreary hours drew their tedious length along. When daylight came, some of the male part of the company prepared the body for burial ... They wrapped him in a blanket and placed him in a pile with thirteen others who had died, and then covered him up in the snow. The ground was frozen so hard that they could not dig a grave.”

Elizabeth's sister, Mary, was also sick at this time and she became somewhat deranged in her mind. For several days she ate nothing but hard frozen snow. A few days after the death of Aaron, members of the company were so weak that there were not enough men with strength to raise the poles and pitch the tents. Elizabeth wrote, "The result was that we camped out with nothing but the vault of Heaven for a roof, and the stars for companions. The snow lay several inches deep upon the ground. The night was bitterly cold. I sat down on a rock with one child in my lap and one on each side of me. In that condition I remained until morning."

Elizabeth also became very depressed. She wrote: "It will be readily perceived that under such circumstances I had become despondent. I was six or seven thousand miles from my native land, in a wild, rocky, mountain country, in a destitute condition, the ground covered with snow, the waters covered with ice, and I with three fatherless children with scarcely nothing to protect them from the merciless storms. When I retired to bed that night, being the 27th of Oct., I had a stunning revelation. In my dream, my husband stood by me and said, 'Cheer up, Elizabeth, deliverance is at hand.'"

The next morning the advance rescue team found the Martin company, bringing joyful news that wagons were not far behind. The family was helped into the Salt Lake Valley on November 30, 1856, and taken to Elizabeth's brother's home in Ogden, Utah. Samuel Horrocks had emigrated two years prior. Elizabeth married a widower, William R. Kingford, in July 1857. She became a successful business woman in Ogden. She wrote: "The Lord has blessed me, and rewarded me with abundance of this world's goods, for all my sufferings, and has also blessed me with the highest blessings of a spiritual nature that can be conferred upon man or woman, in His Holy Temple, in Mortality." William and Elizabeth stood proxy for each other's deceased spouse for the sealing ordinances. They worked together in the Logan temple in performing ordinances for many.

Elizabeth later wrote: "I will not attempt to describe my feelings at finding myself thus left a widow with three children, under such excruciating circumstances. I cannot do it. But I believe the Recording Angel has inscribed in the archives above, and that my sufferings for the Gospel's sake will be sanctified unto me for my good ... I [appealed] to the Lord ... He who had promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. I appealed to him and he came to my aid ... Aaron was left there to sleep in peace until the trump of the Lord shall sound, and the dead in Christ shall awake and come forth in the morning of the first resurrection. We shall then again unite our hearts and lives, and eternity will furnish us with life forever more.

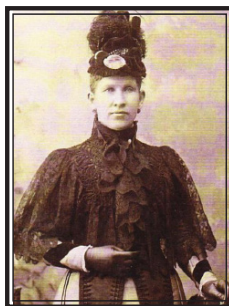
"I have a desire to leave a record of those scenes and events, thru which I have passed, that my children, down to my latest posterity may read what their ancestors were willing to suffer, and did suffer, patiently for the Gospel's sake. And I wish them to understand, too, that what I now word is the history of hundreds of others, both men, women and children, who have passed thru many like scenes for a similar cause, at the same time we did. I also desire them to know that it was in obedience to the commandments of the true and living God, and with the assurance of an eternal reward - an exaltation to eternal life in His kingdom - that we suffered these things. I hope, too, that it will inspire my posterity with fortitude to stand firm and faithful to the truth, and be willing to suffer, and sacrifice all things they may be required to pass thru for the Kingdom of God's sake."



Elizabeth and William Kingsford
Martha Ann, Mary Elizabeth, and
Aaron Jackson, Jr. (standing)

At the end of her life, Elizabeth was filled with gratitude for the blessings of the Gospel. She said, "I have a happy home for which I thank my Father in Heaven."

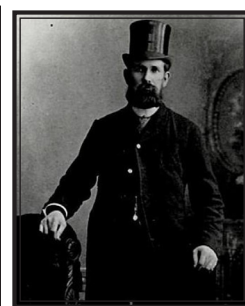
Sources: *Leaves from the Life of Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson Kingsford*, Ogden, Utah, 1908, available at Family History Library; see Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website for trail excerpts; familysearch.org; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; <http://elizabethhorrocksjackson.blogspot.com>; Julie Rogers art used by permission (see tellymystorytoo.com). (See Mary Horrocks and Josiah Rogerson sketches in *Tell My Story, Too*.)



Martha Ann Jackson
(Pearce)



Mary Elizabeth Jackson
(Poulter)



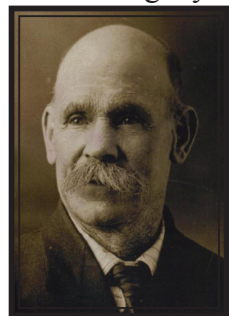
Aaron Jackson, Jr.

SAMUEL JACKSON

Age: 11
 Born: 13 July 1844 England
 Martin Handcart Company



Samuel was the eighth of nine children born to Benjamin and Ann Grimshaw Jackson, early converts to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in England. Benjamin emigrated to America about three years before the rest of the family with the intention of earning money to send for them to follow. He did this for awhile and was then lured to California seeking gold. His family was then left to “shift for themselves” and they did not hear anything more of Benjamin for seven or eight years after they came to Utah. He did move to Utah at that time, but brought no gold.



Nephi Jackson

The Jackson family with the Martin company included Ann Grimshaw Jackson (50), daughters Elizabeth (23), Martha (22), and sons Joseph (16), Samuel (turned 12 in Iowa), and Nephi (9).

Samuel’s family sailed on the ship *Horizon* from Liverpool to Boston. Samuel had a strong desire to immigrate and “had always dreamed of coming to the valleys of the mountains.” When the family passed through Boston, Samuel refused to go and visit his older brother, John, who was living there. Samuel was fearful that his brother might persuade him to stay there instead of continuing to Utah. Samuel did not want that influence.

The Jackson family had two handcarts, one pulled by Elizabeth and Martha and one by Joseph and Samuel. Ann was afflicted with a heart ailment and walked with Nephi. Those two would start ahead of the handcarts every morning and when rations were low, they often had only one dry biscuit between them. Often Nephi would become so tired and fretful that his mother would give him her share of the bread and then carry him on her back.

Samuel related how they would find carcasses of animals along the route, break the sun parched bones and suck the marrow out of them. They also singed the hair from the animal hides and roasted them for food. One time Samuel cut the high tops off his shoes and boiled them for soup. He also told how he would crawl under the rescuers’ horses and as the horses ate corn it would drop from their mouths and freeze as soon as it hit the ground, and he would grab the kernels to eat. He told how good and sweet it seemed to his taste. After more rescue supply wagons arrived to help, he was warned to be very careful not to eat too much.

The Martin company had been stranded near the last crossing of the North Platte River for several days when the first rescuers found them. They had been through much suffering because of this river crossing of October 19. Samuel’s sister, Elizabeth, had been carrying her younger brother, Nephi, across on her back, when she slipped. They both fell into the river and were carried downstream some distance before being rescued by a man on horseback.

Upon reaching the Salt Lake Valley on November 30, 1856, the Jacksons went to Nephi, Utah, to live. Six days later, Samuel woke to find Joseph’s lifeless body next to his. He had finally succumbed to the hardships. Boys the age of Joseph in the Martin company had regularly been assigned to take turns guarding the cattle at night and other taxing chores, which would have also fallen on Joseph in great measure as the oldest male in his family. His mother, Ann, was reportedly grateful that Joseph’s life had been spared until they reached Utah. It was a great consolation to know that she could visit his grave and that it would not be disturbed by wolves. One week after Joseph’s death, on what would have been his 17th birthday, his sister, Elizabeth, married John

(Samuel Jackson - page 2)

Kirkman. John had emigrated only one month previous to the Jacksons, traveling with the John Banks St. Louis wagon company. That company had also camped at Devil's Gate (near Martin's Cove), during September. While there "it snowed and the ground froze into thick ice" and "Some cattle died." John had experienced a taste of what his new bride had been through. Samuel also had a heartfelt sympathy for other immigrants. He answered the call in 1863 to go back on the trail to the Missouri River help to transport a group of Saints to Utah. He encountered many hardships on that six-month trip.

Samuel had much responsibility in helping his family and worked hard to help his mother make a start in their new home. He helped haul blue clay from the flats near Nephi to make adobes to build houses, including their own. Many of his boyhood days were spent helping to guard the home from Indian attacks. At one time Samuel was in the mountains trailing some Indians and he slipped and fell from a cliff, but managed to grab hold of a tree limb. He was able to hang on for quite some time before he was rescued.

Samuel was always willing to do what was asked by Church leaders. One time some General Authorities were in Nephi holding a conference and wanted to go further south before returning to Salt Lake. They requested volunteers to take them on which Samuel readily accepted. Samuel's neighbors ridiculed him as the ground was just ready to plant molasses cane. They said Samuel was too liberal with his time, but he replied that he had faith enough to know that he could go and still have time to plant and harvest a good crop. After Samuel and the authorities left, his neighbors planted their crops which was followed by a severe rain storm and the ground crusted so hard that the cane could not come up. Samuel returned home just as the land was ready to work, planted his crop and had a very successful harvest.

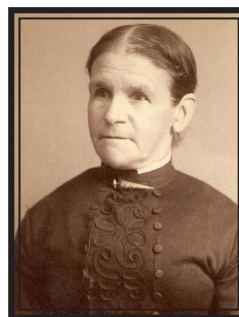
Samuel married Hannah Maria Jaques in 1867 and they became the parents of five children. Samuel started a successful freighting business and also continued farming. In 1881 he was called on a mission to the Southern States where he labored in Alabama and Tennessee. After his mission he married Martha Ann Jackson who bore him three daughters. He served in the Nephi Second Ward Bishopric before moving to a Mormon settlement in Manassa, Colorado. He burned the first kiln of brick there and later built a fine large home. Samuel entered into the sheep business where his sheep became widely known for their superior quality. He also started the Jackson Investment Company which was very successful and he served as vice-president of the Colonial State Bank.

In 1896 Samuel was ordained Bishop of the Manassa Ward, which position he held for the next 21 years. He was especially known for his kindness to the poor and needy. He was also noted as being a hard worker, putting in many long hours, yet being seen playing tag and having fun with his boys as they were growing up. Samuel died in 1919 at the age of 75 in St. George where he had gone to seek improvement in his health. He was taken back to Manassa for burial.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; "History of Samuel Jackson," by Mary Rasmussen, courtesy Linda Paulson; Linda Paulson interview with her mother, Athalia Sowards Lewis, 2006; family history information courtesy Kristy Hodgson and Madelyn Newman.



Ann Grimshaw Jackson



Martha Ann Jackson
(Jones)



Elizabeth Jackson
(Kirkman)

ALPHA LOADER JACQUES



BABY: born on the trek, August 27, 1856, near Florence, Nebraska
Martin Handcart Company

Alpha Loader Jacques was born on the plains at Cutler's Park, Nebraska, on August 27, 1856. He was with his sister, Flora; parents, John and Zilpah Jacques; and his mother's family, the Loaders. These two families were blessed with many spiritual manifestations during their travels with the Martin handcart company. Alpha's father was a great writer and biographer. Among other things, he has given us the Hymns, "Softly Beams the Sacred Dawning" and "Oh, Say What Is Truth." Alpha survived this trek, but his 1-year-old sister, Flora, did not. She died just one week before the family reached the Salt Lake Valley.

The following are some experiences recorded concerning the time of Alpha's birth by his aunt, Patience Loader:

"That night [of Alpha's birth], my sister, Zilpah Jacques, was confined at twelve o'clock and my sister, Tamar, was very sick with mountain fever. My sister got through her confinement quite well ... The next morning we got ready to start. The captain came to our tent and told us to be ready to start as soon as we could get ready. There lay my sister, Zilpah, on the ground ... She was lying on some quilts in one corner of the tent and my sister, Tamar, was lying on quilts in the other corner of the tent, neither of the poor things able to move. Captain Martin said, 'Put them up on the wagon,' as there was a wagon for the sick who were unable to walk. I asked, 'Can one of us ride with them to take care of them?' He said, 'No, they will have to take care of themselves.' Then I said, 'They will not go. We will stay here for a day or two and take care of our two sick sisters.'

"So we were left there all alone as the company started about seven o'clock that morning. When night came, my poor father and my brother-in-law, John Jacques, had to be up all night to make a big fire to keep the wolves away from us. I never heard such a terrible howling of wolves in my life as we experienced that lonesome night. We were all glad to see daylight ... Brother Joseph A. Young [came] on horseback riding at great speed to our camp to see what was the cause of the big fire. They had watched the light all night ... When he came into the tent and saw my sister with her new born babe lying on the ground on some quilts he was overcome with sympathy. The tears ran down his cheeks. Then he blessed my sister and tried to comfort and cheer her by saying, 'Well, Sister Jacques, I suppose you will name your boy 'Handcart,' having been born under such circumstances?' 'No,' she said, 'I will want a prettier name than that for him.' ...

"[In starting on our journey again the next day] we packed our handcart, struck our tent, packed it on my handcart, then lay my sister, Tamar, on that, then Brother Jacques packed his cart, then lay my sister and her two children on the cart. We tied the tent poles alongside of the cart. Our cooking utensils we tied under the cart ... This was very hard on my poor sick father after having to be up all night, no rest or sleep. But it surely did prove that God was with us for my dear father seemed better that day than he had been for weeks past. Surely God gave him new strength that day for we traveled twenty-two miles before we overtook the company.

"[While traveling to catch up to the handcart company] we were overtaken by a Brother William Cluff who had ridden out from Florence after Brother Joseph A. Young had returned from our camp and told them who it was that had made the fire. He fetched a rope with him and tied it to our handcart and then to the pomel of his saddle and gave us a rest ... I was very thankful, more on account of my dear sick father than for us girls because we were young and healthy in those days. [Alpha's Grandfather Loader died on the plains one month later.]

"[Brother Cluff, who had to return to his camp at Florence] had hardly left us when five great Indians came out of a cave in the mountains and got on their horses and came to meet us. They were all painted and naked except for breech cloth, had their tommyhawks and hatchets, bows and arrows. They stopped us in the road and talked but we could not understand them. When they saw our sick and my sister with her new born babe, they moved out of the road and motioned for us to go on. I think this was as near to being killed by the Indians as I wish to be. They were quite impudent in their manners to us and made fun of us pulling the handcart. We were somewhat afraid of them and I dare say they could see that. At the time, we put our faith and trust in God, our Father, that he would take care of us and not let those Indians hurt us. I know it was nothing but the power of God that saved us from those Indians that day."

Perhaps few people have this much drama in their entire lives, let alone a newborn babe in the first few days of his life. Alpha grew to manhood and married his first cousin, Amy Eliza Ricks, the daughter of his Aunt Tamar Loader Ricks. They became the parents of fourteen children. Alpha died December 12, 1945, in Sugar City, Idaho. He was 89 years old.

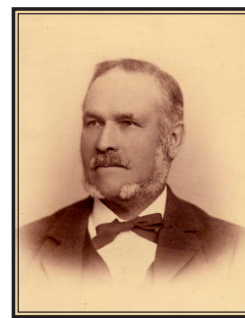
Sources: *Life history and writings of John Jaques including a diary of the Martin Handcart Company*, by Stella Jaques Bell, 1978; Sandra Ailey Petree, *Recollections of Past Days: The Autobiography of Patience Loader Rozsa Archer*, 2006, All USU Press Publications, Book 37. Some excerpts available at Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

JOHN JACQUES

Born: January 7, 1827 Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, England

Age: 29

Martin Handcart Company



John Jacques was a most colorful and interesting handcart pioneer. We learn of his life from his own writings:

“My father was naturally in manner a little gruff and short tempered but I never knew him to knowingly do a dishonorable thing. As to my mother if she had any fault at all, I never knew what it was. ... My mother said I was a good boy, though I could hardly believe that myself. I remember her hiding me with her apron when my father wanted to whip me. In my earlier years I used to go to an old woman’s school, whom we knew as grandmother Palmer. When I was seven ... I went to the Free Grammar School. We had to be able to read a chapter in the Bible as a requisite for admittance. I remember the festivities of Queen Victoria’s Coronation. We had games in the market place, such as ducking in a tub for oranges, hands tied behind back; climbing a greasy pole for a prize at the top; eating treachled buns hung at the end of a string, hands tied behind. The buns would bob around our head.”

“Besides going to school I had to work in the gardens. ... Nearly everybody had gardens [and] very proud the people were of their gardens. Manure was not wasted there as it is here. It was carefully gathered up on the roads and used on the gardens or sold to the farmers. I had a wheelbarrow and used to go out along the road, gather up all I could and put it in a heap by the road side until I had a cart load, and then I would sell it to the farmers. A good cart load of horse manure brought four schillings. That was a little fortune for a boy.”

At the age of 13, John was sent to a cabinet maker and upholsterer as an indentured apprentice. “Most of the men where I worked when apprenticed and after were corrupt. [As a religious boy, I] was consequently unmercifully plagued and made the butt of ridicule. These were not good moral schools for boys. I always had the highest regard for truth and virtue. ... No matter who is the tempter nor what is the temptation, your virtue is worth more than them all, it is the pearl of great price. It is beyond all price. ... No offer involved is worth a moment’s consideration. The unailing motto should be “Never surrender.”

In spite of the bad influences surrounding John’s teenage years, a journeyman by the name of Thomas B. Ward came to work for John’s employer. Thomas was a Latter-day Saint. This was about the time of the death of Joseph Smith. John became interested in the things Thomas Ward spoke of: “There seemed to be good scriptural reason for the faith that was in him and the doctrines he taught. I was earnestly seeking the true religion. ... I arranged ... that I should be baptized in three weeks. But I could not wait three weeks. ... My master ... sent word to my father as a deplorable matter that I had become a Mormon.” John’s father felt the same way and urged John to give up his new religion. He sent him anti-Mormon pamphlets which John tried unsuccessfully to show the error of to his father.

John began to write articles and poetry for the Church publication *Millennial Star*. He wrote the hymns, “Softly Beams the Sacred Dawning” and “O Say What Is Truth?” He loved to visit Shakespeare’s garden in Stratford-on-Avon where he was connected to the branch of the Church for a time. It was here in the garden that he composed “O Say What Is Truth.” This hymn at one time was published in the Pearl of Great Price.

Just two and a half years after John’s baptism, he was called to serve as a traveling missionary. He was 20 years old. He recorded many interesting and amazing experiences:

“Went to Coleshill with Elder Cordon to a sister by the name of Goodes. Sister Goodes was lame previous to her coming into the church. She was taken in a cart to be baptized, but she came out of the water and was able to walk home without help though it was a distance of two miles. The professors of religion and neighbors said she was a hypocrit and could have walked before if she had tried, which they knew was a lie. The saints however gave the glory to God.”

“Went to visit my father’s house, found all pretty well. My father and mother were very vexed at my having left my trade to go to preach The Gospel. They said I was idle and done so that I might live without working by subsisting upon other people. The manner in which my father ranted at me induced me to go over to Leicester to a tea party our people were getting up in the chapel. Came back to Bosworth, my father would not bid me goodbye, told me I need not write to, nor visit him until I began to work at my trade again.” [This was the last time John ever saw his father. When John returned for his second mission in England in 1869, his father had passed away.]

(John Jaques - page 2)

“Went to Tysoe, changed some tracts but could not get a bed. I stayed under a porch nearly all night. Cold, wet morning. ... Went on to Shipston, obtained lodging at the old widow’s where I had slept before. She refused to take any money from me. ... Went to Moreton. I called at a house and asked for some food. The man at the house told me that I looked as if I was more accustomed to dine with gentlemen than with such as he. He said I could not eat his food for he had nothing good enough. ... An old man told me a Quakeress was going to preach and that all the town was going to hear her. Upon receipt of this news I determined to go myself. ... The Quakeress prayed and in a few minutes after she stood up and preached. She took no text. (The large audience was thanked and dismissed.) I immediately arose, stood upon a bench and said to the following effect. ‘Friends, listen a moment. I bear testimony in the name of the Lord that he has restored the everlasting gospel in these latter days, that he has apostles once more in the church and that the Holy Ghost is now enjoyed as formerly by dreams, by visions, by revelations, and by the gift and interpretation of tongues. And I say to everyone of you repent of your sins and be baptized for the remission of them and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost. I am sent to preach this gospel without purse or scrip. I depend entirely on God and good people. I have nowhere to lay my head this night. If any will take me home I will inform them more fully upon these subjects and the Lord will bless them.’ Some laughed, no one spoke a word. Not an individual condescended to exchange a single sentence with me. ... I walked about [12 miles] and applied as a servant of the Lord for some food [in Moreton]. A poor woman, the wife of a shoemaker, gave me some in my hand.”

The next four years found John as the assistant editor of the *Millennial Star*. He is known for writing a religious study for children called the Catechism for Children. It was a set of questions and answers, with references to the answers for the children to familiarize themselves with the Standard Works. From the Utah towns of Ephraim and Manti comes this information about their yearly festivals using the catechism: “All wards would gather at a given point ... from where the gayly dressed children would march under their own banner to the place of meeting which had been decorated for the occasion. The banners would be placed so as to divide the hall in sections and each ward would sit behind its own banner. Recitations in concert was a major part of the program (using the catechism). The teacher would ask, ‘Who led the children of Israel out of the wilderness?’ The class would repeat in concert, ‘The children of Israel were led out of the wilderness by Moses,’ and so on for ten or twelve questions. The Articles of Faith and the Ten Commandments were also repeated. After the morning exercises, the teachers and children from visiting towns were taken into homes and good, country dinners served to them.”

John also was married during this time—just three years before he came to Utah. He had met Zilpah Loader when he was a traveling missionary. He wrote: “She was a beautiful woman. ... Marriage is a wonderful thing, the wonder of wonders. It is a veritable garden of delights, of felicities unspeakable, a perennial fountain of the most exquisite sweetness, happiness, pleasures imaginable, a land of enchantment. ... At our wedding supper we had by invitation a dozen of the poorest Saints in Liverpool, in accordance with the instructions of the Savior of his disciples. ... Man is never happier than when making woman happy, in enobling, assisting her to fulfill her royal destiny according to the original intent and heavenly design. ... Not only honorable is marriage and undefiled, but that estate the consummation of all delights, the crowning of every heavenly desire, no mortal tongue can tell how good it is, and those who know its real ecstasy will chant its praise throughout eternity. But it is nothing without love, pureborn, that in its nature is itself divine and all essential to the perfect life.”

John and Zilpah had one child, a little girl named Flora, before they emigrated to Zion. Flora was John’s pride and joy. His journal entries record frequent walks in the parks and gardens with Flora. He took her with him nearly everywhere he went. John and his wife attended many plays, concerts, and performances.

In August of 1855, Brigham Young wrote a letter to the mission president, Franklin D. Richards, requesting that John Jaques “might come to the Valley the ensuing season.” John answered this call and began to prepare. President Richards gave him a gun and John bought some books about guns and hunting, and did some practicing. He no doubt had visions of crossing the plains and providing for his family from the spoils of the hunt. All John ever shot were four blackbirds and a crow, but his guns must have given him a feeling of protection against prowling Indians and wolves.

Even though many of the emigrants had prayed and wept for an opportunity to gather to Zion, surely this parting was accompanied with much sorrow. John left behind his parents, four brothers and four sisters, and some were very bitter toward him because of his new found

(John Jaques - page 3)

religion. Only one brother, James, relented and came to see him before his departure. Several members of John's wife's family, the Loaders, had already sailed for America the year before. They would meet up with them in Iowa City and then travel with them to Utah. John's sister-in-law, Tamar Loader, came with John and Zilpah. John wrote a beautiful poem on the ship *Horizon* entitled "Farewell to Thee England." Following are just two of the nine stanzas:

Farewell to thee England, and farewell to all
Whose love hath but hallow'd my pathway below,
Though sadly I leave thee, I would not recall
One hour of the past for the present to know.

Yes, England, I leave thee, all dear though thou art,
A country more precious lies over the wave,
With hope for thee, Albion, I turn to depart,
God guard thee my country - protect thee and save.

John gives us some insight into what a shipload of emigrating Saints was like. Whenever there were speeches made by the Captain or the brethren, or weddings or other noteworthy events, they were met with three cheers of "Hurrah" by the emigrants.

One interesting event of a later group of Saints was the visit of the great author, Charles Dickens, before they left. Mr. Dickens had come to visit for the express purpose of seeing for himself these Mormons of which he had heard so many terrible things, and exposing them by writing about them in the newspaper. However, he was truly surprised and instead wrote a glowing report of their goodness, saying: "These people are so strikingly different from all the other people in like circumstances. ... The captain said the most of these came aboard yesterday evening. They came from various parts of England [and other countries] in small parties that had never seen one another before. Yet, they had not been a couple of hours on board, when they established their police, made their own regulations, and set their own watches at all the hatchways. Before nine o'clock, the ship was as orderly and as quiet as a man-of-war. I should have said they were in their degree, the pick and flower of England."

From John's journal: "Sun. 29: Very warm day. ... Our Flora was very cross. ... Meeting on the main deck at 3 p.m. Three cheers for the captain and three for the officers and crew. The captain responded and said that this company of emigrants was the best he had brought across the sea. (The worst, he claimed, were the Irish with their "numerous bloody quarrels.") He complimented them on their good behavior and said that we sung, 'We'll Marry None But Mormons,' and he said he would say that he should 'Carry None But Mormons.'"

The Saints likewise honored Captain Reed and sent a letter to the Editor of the *Daily Journal* in Boston when they arrived there. It read in part: "Of Captain Reed we cannot speak too highly. He deserves and has our sincere gratitude for the gentlemanly conduct and kind manner in which he has constantly treated the company, visiting the sick, having given them many comforts from his own stores." Seventeen years later Captain Reed crossed the American continent and called on a few of the emigrants residing in Salt Lake, whom he had carried across the Atlantic. He was "very much pleased" to see them. Not everyone on the ship loved the Mormons, however. John wrote of the first mate, "First mate pled guilty of disliking our guarding. Said no women go on deck without guarding ways and manners, with other emigrants. Our morality is hard upon those outside. Makes these sailors good whether or not, better than they otherwise would be, better than they wish to be. Hard to keep outside of us and hard to get in among us. Sailors pled guilty of divers attempts to get below, but said it was no go, a guard everywhere."

During the course of John's overland travel preparations, he passed Nauvoo, Illinois. John wrote that it was "a fine site for a city. The ruins of the temple looked noble in their desolation." In one town along the way he "tasted ice-cream for the first time. Liked it very well, but would rather have had a draught of new milk."

At Iowa City, John was appointed to be captain of the second hundred of handcart emigrants, and sent with other brethren to procure some provisions for the camp before they began their trek. He tells of leaving: "I received my instructions, while a mule was being saddled and bridled to carry me to the railroad depot. Some of the brethren from the mountains testify how awkward they feel when they are sent into the world to preach. I suppose that I felt about as awkward at the thought of being fixed on the back of this mule, as such brethren do when they think of being fixed upon the public platform. However, as I do all my preaching in the name of the Lord, I resolved to do my riding in His name, too. So I mounted my steed accordingly, and, though I had not sat on any animal's back for about fourteen years, my good mule brought me safe to the depot."

(John Jaques - page 4)

Upon returning to Iowa City, John and his wife, and her family, prepared to leave. “As only a very limited amount of baggage could be taken with the handcarts, during the stay in the Iowa camping grounds there was a general lightening of such things as could best be done without. Many things were sold cheaply to residents of that vicinity, and many more things were left on the camping ground for anybody to take or leave at pleasure. It was grievous to see the heaps of books and other articles thus left in the sun and rain and dust, representing a respectable amount of money spent therefore in England, but thenceforth a waste and a dead loss to the owners.”

President Richards and Cyrus Wheelock left England after the Martin company, yet arrived a day ahead of them in Florence, Nebraska, having traveled by steamship across the ocean. President Richards administered to the sick and gave many great blessings and promises which were fulfilled to the faithful. He wrote a letter from there to President Brigham Young in which he said, “It certainly would warm your heart with melting kindness to pass the line of camp going by handcarts, and receive the cordial shakes of the hand, with fervent ‘God bless you,’ as I did when I visited Captain Martin’s train, several of whom expressed their thanks in a particular manner for being permitted to come out this year.”

John had been working extra hard up to this point. His father-in-law and his sister-in-law, Tamar, had been very ill. John had pulled Tamar for one hundred fifty miles, then his wife, who had just had a baby, the next one hundred fifty miles. His father-in-law recovered for a while, due to a blessing given him by President Richards, but died later from the effects of diaphrea. John and Zilpah’s new baby was named Alpha Loader Jacques. He gained the notoriety later in life of reportedly being the longest-lived member of the Martin handcart company.

The Martin company began to ration their flour, knowing that supplies from the Valley would meet them, but not knowing when. Then the winter came. John writes, “On the 19th of October the company crossed the Platte for the last time at Red Buttes, about 5 miles above the bridge. That was a bitter cold day. Winter came on all at once, and that was the first day of it. The river was wide, the current strong, the water exceedingly cold and up to the wagon beds in the deepest parts, and the bed of the river was covered with cobble stones. Some of the men carried some of the women over on their backs or in their arms, but others of the women tied up their skirts and waded through, like heroines as they were, and as they had done through many other rivers and creeks. The company was barely over when snow, hail and sleet began to fall, accompanied by a piercing north wind. ... That was a nipping night, and it told on the oxen as well as on the people. ... The next day after crossing the Platte, the company moved on slowly. ... It snowed three days ... and the teams and many of the people were so far given out that it was deemed advisable not to proceed further for a few days. ... Here the flour fell to four ounces per day. In addition to the flour ration, considerable beef was killed and served to the company, as had been the case most of the journey. But the cattle had now grown so poor that there was little flesh left on them, and that little was as lean as could be. Stewed meat and soups were found to be bad for diarrhea and dysentery, of which there was considerable in the company. ... The outlook was certainly not encouraging, but it need not be supposed that the company was in despair, notwithstanding the situation was rather desperate. Oh! No! A hopeful and cheerful spirit pervaded the camp, and the ‘Songs of Zion’ were frequently heard at this time, though the company was in the very depths of privation. Though the bodies of the people were worn down, their spirits were buoyant, while at the same time they had become so accustomed to looking death in the face that they seemed to have no fear of it.”

After the Martin company had been stopped by the storms and lack of food for nearly a week, John writes, “The 28th of October was the red letter day to this handcart expedition. On that memorable day Joseph A. Young, Daniel W. Jones and Abel Garr galloped unexpectedly into camp amid the cheers and tears and smiles and laughter of the emigrants. Those three men being the most advanced relief company from Salt Lake, brought the glad word that assistance, provisions, and clothing were near, that ten wagons were waiting at Devil’s Gate for the emigrants. ... All was now animation and bustle in the handcart camp, everybody was busy at once in making preparations for a renewed start in the morning. The revived spirits of the company were still exhilarated by an increased ration of flour that day.”

The Martin company continued to push on, meeting a few more wagons each day with more supplies and clothing. Many of the pioneers were barefoot or nearly barefoot, leaving a path of blood in the snow. They still had many crossings of the Sweetwater, as well as the Rocky Ridge, that the Willie company had just passed a few weeks before. John wrote:

(John (John Jaques - page 5))

“On the evening of November 1st, the handcart company camped at the Sweetwater bridge, on this side of the river, [at Independence Rock] about five miles before reaching Devil’s Gate, arriving there about dark. There was a foot or eighteen inches of snow on the ground. As there were but one or two spades in camp, the emigrants had to shovel it away with their frying pans, or tin plates, or anything they could use for that purpose, before they could pitch their tents, and then the ground was frozen so hard that it was almost impossible to drive the tent pegs into it. Some of the men were so weak that it took them an hour or two to clear the places for their tents and set them up.”

At Devil’s Gate, an earnest council was held to determine whether to endeavor to winter the emigrants at that point, or to push them on to Salt Lake as fast as possible. It was decided to continue the march to Salt Lake. When the Hodgett and Hunt wagon companies arrived at Devil’s Gate it was decided to store most of the freight at that point for the winter, which was done, and twenty men were left, under the direction of Daniel W. Jones, to take care of the goods. A few miles west of Devil’s Gate, on November 4, the Martin company crossed the Sweetwater to the north side and camped at a place known since as Martin’s Cove or Martin’s Ravine.

The passage of the Sweetwater at this point was a severe operation to many of the company. It was here that at least four members of the relief party waded the river for hours, helping the handcarts through and carrying the women and children and some of the weaker men over. John was struck by a sharp cake of floating ice below the surface of the water against his bare shins, inflicting wounds which never healed until he arrived at Salt Lake four weeks later, and leaving permanent scars. The company was detained at Martin’s Cove for five days. Several died and the cold was extreme.

On November 9, the majority of the handcarts were left as there were now enough wagons in which more of the sick and weak could ride. They trudged onward. There were miracles and heavenly manifestations to encourage them. They recorded angels appearing to them to give encouragement. It surely was needed, for when the company neared Fort Bridger, John’s precious little Flora died. She had contracted the measles just as they were leaving the ship and was never thoroughly healthy afterwards. John, Zilpah, her baby that was born at Cutler’s Park, and her dear little dead child were taken home by Franklin D. Richards when they reached Salt Lake City. John said little Flora looked like a piece of marble. She was buried in Franklin D. Richards’ lot.

John wrote of ways that he thought such migrations should be: “In all such journeys there should be a reasonable sufficiency and variety of food to maintain health and strength. The object should be not to see how much a man can endure and live and drag through the journey with reasonable economy, and at the same time with as little hardship as can be, so as to have no unnecessary expenditure of vitality and no loss of good feeling, if possible to help it. No traveling company should be wearied and harassed and tormented with needlessly frequent and lengthy public meetings. Nor would it add to the efficiency or happiness of the emigrants to be preached to death. ... There are people who believe in doing very disagreeable and painful penance and in suffering horrible self torture, but there seems to me to be a great deal more sense in trying to pass through the world with all reasonable comfort consistent with the performance of duty. ... If we must walk through this vale of tears with peas in our shoes, whether all or part of our allotted time, we need not have the peas raw and hard. ... We may just as well take the liberty to boil our peas and keep them as soft as we comfortably can, so as to make our walking as easy as possible.”

John also wrote that he did not blame anyone for his handcart company’s misfortune. He praised Captains Martin and Tyler as being active, careful and vigilant and doing the best they could under the circumstances. He highly praised the residents of Salt Lake Valley who sent so many provisions to help them and then kindly took them into their homes when they arrived. Forty years later, he wrote: “Although suffering so much privation, at no time did the emigrants feel despondent. They felt nothing like the discouragement which many people feel now-a-days, when they go to the city to pay their burdensome taxes.” John Jaques became a great and notable man in his own right, and left a posterity that honors his name through the generations.

Sources: *Life history and writings of John Jaques including a diary of the Martin Handcart Company*, by Stella Jaques Bell, 1978; Sandra Ailey Petree, *Recollections of Past Days: The Autobiography of Patience Loader Rozsa Archer*, 2006, All USU Press Publications, Book 37. Some excerpts available at Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

ZILPAH LOADER JAQUES

Born: 1832 England

Age: 34

Martin Handcart Company



Zilpah came to Zion with her husband, John Jaques, and one-year-old baby, Flora. Also traveling with them were her parents, James and Amy Loader, five sisters and a brother, Robert. These two families had many great spiritual manifestations given to them by a merciful God during their travels with the Martin handcart company. Zilpah's husband was a great writer and biographer.

Zilpah had many heartaches on her journey. Her father died, and finally her precious daughter, Flora, died just one week before they reached their destination in the Salt Lake Valley. Zilpah also gave birth to a baby on the plains in August. She named him Alpha Loader Jacques. Alpha not only survived this trek, but was thought by some to be the longest-lived member of the Martin handcart company. (He died December 12, 1945.)

The following are some experiences recorded concerning the time of Alpha's birth by his aunt, Patience Loader:

"That night, my sister, Zilpah Jacques, was confined at twelve o'clock and my sister, Tamar, was very sick with mountain fever. My sister got through her confinement quite well . . . The next morning we got ready to start. The captain came to our tent and told us to be ready to start as soon as we could get ready. There lay my sister, Zilpah, on the ground . . . She was lying on some quilts in one corner of the tent and my sister, Tamar, was lying on quilts in the other corner of the tent, neither of the poor things able to move. Captain Martin said, 'Put them up on the wagon,' as there was a wagon for the sick who were unable to walk. I asked, 'Can one of us ride with them to take care of them?' He said, 'No, they will have to take care of themselves.' Then I said, 'They will not go. We will stay here for a day or two and take care of our two sick sisters.' So we were left there all alone as the company started about seven o'clock that morning.

"When night came my poor father and my brother-in-law, John Jacques, had to be up all night to make a big fire to keep the wolves away from us. I never heard such a terrible howling of wolves in my life as we experienced that lonesome night. We were all glad to see daylight . . . Brother Joseph A. Young [came] on horseback riding at great speed to our camp to see what was the cause of the big fire. They had watched the light all night . . . When he came into the tent and saw my sister with her new born babe lying on the ground on some quilts he was overcome with sympathy. The tears ran down his cheeks. Then he blessed my sister and tried to comfort and cheer her by saying, 'Well, Sister Jacques, I suppose you will name your boy Handcart, having been born under such circumstances?' 'No', she said, 'I will want a prettier name than that for him.'

"[In starting on our journey again the next day] we packed our handcart, struck our tent, packed it on my handcart, then lay my sister, Tamar, on that, then Brother Jacques packed his cart, then lay my sister and her two children on the cart. We tied the tent poles alongside of the cart. Our cooking utensils we tied under the cart . . . This was very hard on my poor sick father after having to be up all night, no rest or sleep. But it surely did prove that God was with us for my dear father seemed better that day than he had been for weeks past. Surely God gave him new strength that day for we traveled twenty-two miles before we overtook the company.

"[While traveling to catch up to the handcart company] we were overtaken by a Brother William Cluff who had ridden out from Florence after Brother Joseph A. Young had returned from our camp and told them who it was that had made the fire. He fetched a rope with him and tied it to our handcart and then to the pomel of his saddle and gave us a rest . . . I was very thankful, more on account of my dear sick father than for us girls because we were young and healthy in those days. (Alpha's Grandfather Loader died on the plains one month later.)

"[Brother Cluff, who had to return to his camp at Florence], had hardly left us when five great Indians came out of a cave in the mountains and got on their horses and came to meet us. They were all painted and naked except for breech cloth, had their tommyhawks and hatchets, bows and arrows. They stopped us in the road and talked but we could not understand them. When they saw our sick and my sister with her new born babe, they moved out of the road and motioned for us to go on. I think this was as near to being killed by the Indians as I wish to be. They were quite impudent in their manners to us and made fun of us pulling the handcart. We were somewhat afraid of them and

(Zilpah Jaques - Page 2)

I dare say they could see that. At the time we put our faith and trust in God, our Father, that he would take care of us and not let those Indians hurt us. I know it was nothing but the power of God that saved us from those Indians that day.”

Zilpah’s husband adored her. Following are some of John’s writings:

HAST THOU A HEART

Hast thou a heart my dearest maid
To freely give away?
Nay do not blush nor be afraid
The simple truth to say.

For love’s a power none can withstand
Which death alone can part.
And I’d not wish to have thy hand
Unless I have thy heart.

I’d have you ask the question well
Nor let the prisoner free
Until you feel that it can dwell
Where one is kept for thee.

If thou could love as I can love
No two or all the earth
The power of love more pure could prove
Than that which we’d give birth.

Then tell me dearest, tell me true
When reason says you may
If love would meet return from you
If so we’ll fix the day.

For love’s a power none can withstand
Which death alone can part.
But mark me! I’d not have thy hand
Unless I had your heart.

“She was a beautiful woman, beautiful but not strong, having poor health. She had much better health after her marriage than before, though always delicate. Marriage is a wonderful thing, the wonder of wonders. It is a veritable garden of delights, of felicities unspeakable, a perennial fountain of the most exquisite sweetness, happiness, pleasures imaginable, a land of enchantment. The riches and honor of the world are nothing in comparison with it. In fact, it seems as if heaven would be nothing without the estate of marriage. Consequently, I thank the Lord that he created such a suitable and delightful companion and helpmeet for man. I would rather be married twenty times than live all my life without being married at all.

“In fact, my wife and I were married to each other three times - first, by the registrar in Liverpool; second, the same day by Elder Samuel Richards; third, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City by President Heber C. Kimball. My wife always wished to be married in white apparel, but never was until her third marriage.

“Her friends could not believe that she would ever become the mother of nine children.

“At our wedding supper we had by invitation a dozen of the poorest Saints in Liverpool, in accordance with the instructions of the Savior of his disciples . . .

“What a glorious thing is marriage. I think it, and I am never tired of sounding its praises. Man is never happier than when making woman happy, in enobling, assisting her to fulfill her royal destiny according to the original intent and heavenly design.

“Not only honorable is marriage and undefiled, but that estate the consummation of all delights, the crowning of every heavenly desire, no mortal tongue can tell how good it is, and those who know its real ecstasy will chant its praise throughout eternity. But it is nothing without love, pureborn, that in its nature is itself divine and all essential to the perfect life.

“To be the husband of a good woman with mutual love abounding, and to be the father of her children, is the grandest of earthly conditions, in fact it is heavenly. It is worth more than anything else on earth, and consequently is more to be desired, and more worthy of the highest appreciation.”

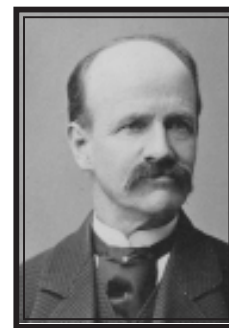
Sources: *Life history and writings of John Jaques including a diary of the Martin Handcart Company*, by Stella Jaques Bell, 1978; Sandra Ailey Petree, *Recollections of Past Days: The Autobiography of Patience Loader Rozsa Archer*, 2006, All USU Press Publications, Book 37. Some excerpts available at Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

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.¹ 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)

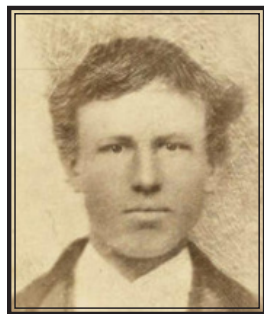
too, went for days with feet terribly frozen, without removing their boots, seemingly unconscious of any pain, their systems so reduced that the weak blood ceased to communicate to the nerves that acute pain which would have racked the system of the full fleshed and well nourished body . . .

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.

¹ 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.

SAMUEL STEPHEN JONES

Born: February 9, 1837 England

Age: 19

Martin Handcart Company



Samuel S. and mother, Sarah Ann Bradshaw Till Jones

Samuel came to Zion with his mother, Sarah Ann Bradshaw Till Jones (age 55), his brother, Albert Jones (16), and his fiancé, Lydia Elizabeth Hooker (20). A half-brother, Robert Till, had emigrated to America in 1852 and settled in Provo.

Samuel's Bradshaw grandparents were bakers by trade and were good honest people. His mother's first husband, Robert Till, ran the "Angel Inn" with its large, old-fashioned dining room, its large yards and stable, furnishing accommodations for a great number of horses and omnibuses staying there. Coaches calling there made it a good business in the hand of Mr. Till. With Sarah Ann's business tact, considerable money was saved. Unfortunately, Mr. Till died and Sarah was left a widow until she married Samuel's father, whose name was also Samuel.

Samuel's mother learned of a new religion which the family embraced. Young Samuel opposed it at first but soon became convinced it was what he wanted. They joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and decided to emigrate. Due to the alcoholism of Samuel's father, his parents divorced, and his father did not emigrate with the family. He died in England in 1861. Samuel's mother married Daniel Vicent after arriving in Utah.

Samuel's family set sail on the ship *Horizon* on May 25, 1856. His mother, Sarah Ann, was very congenial and was called "Sister Unity" because she so often talked of the principle of unity which was emphasized by the Church.

Upon arrival in Iowa City, the family was outfitted with handcarts with the Edward Martin handcart company. They had a good start, but winter came early and many died. They were in critical condition. The handcart company was saved from certain death by the rescue teams from Salt Lake City and finally filed into Salt Lake and into the arms of sympathetic compassion on November 30, 1856. Rescuer George W. Bean took the Jones family to his home for recovery for a few days. The family then went to stay with Robert in Provo. It is recorded that the Jones family, particularly Samuel's mother, was true to the faith for which she lived valiantly, always being kind, loving and gentle.



Lydia Elizabeth Hooker

Samuel married his sweetheart, Lydia, about ten weeks after their arrival, on February 9, 1857. They had nine children, six of whom died in infancy. Samuel eventually became the father of 22 children. Samuel is said to have been very aristocratic looking. He was five feet, eight inches in height, had dark hair, bluish gray eyes, and wore a beard.

As a young boy, Samuel had worked in a tea merchant's store and learned good business methods. He also took every opportunity on his own to learn and get an education. His efforts surely bore fruit as Samuel became a successful merchandiser, farmer, contractor and miner. He was also interested in civic affairs, serving as mayor, city councilman and alderman. He was active in the Church and held many positions. He served a mission to England from 1872-1873 where he was editor of the *Millennial Star*. Upon his return from his mission, he brought a company of 980 Saints with him. He was a devout member of the Church all his life.

(Samuel Jones - Page 2)

Samuel wrote “Adown Provo River,” and other poems on Utah. Especially well-known was “Utah’s Natal Days,” which was rendered on the State’s 21st birthday, under the Bowery, in Brigham Young’s presence. “Home of the Old Years” and “The Life of the Master” are some of the masterpieces from his pen. He died in 1923 at the age of 86.

Samuel’s great-great granddaughter, Chris Perry, wrote:

“Samuel Stephen Jones, known as SS Jones, gave up all he had - all he knew - to join with the Saints. He came with his mother, brother and the young woman who was to be his wife . . . with the ill-fated Martin handcart company.

“SS Jones was a strong young man of 19 years. He was said to be ‘as active and able-bodied as anyone in the company.’ He did well until they arrived at Devils Gate. At this point - the cold - the hunger - the fatigue took its toll and broke him down. He fell while trying to get his handcart across the Sweetwater River. The exposure seemed to be the end of him - his fiancé despaired for his life. She wrote that if the rescuers had not come from Salt Lake - she is sure he would not have survived.

“He suffered all his life from the effects of that experience - but he only increased in faith and testimony.”

This faith and testimony is evidenced in the following transcription of a letter he wrote:

SS Jones

A

Feb 9 1912

I am Seventy five years old to day. We spent a very happy Christmas time. All of my sons and daughters, with their children were present with the exception of my daughters Polly and Annie and their families, but we placed their pictures on the Piano, and made believe they were present.

The winter has pass’d pleasantly thus far and I thank my Heavenly Father that I am feeling well in mind and body, although my sight [is] quite poor.

In looking back over my past life from this stand point, I wonder how I have been able to outlive the many struggles and difficulties I have pass’d through and I feel to bow my head reverently before the Lord and thank Him for His protecting care. I know not how much longer I may sojourn here on earth, But my testimony at this time is that the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith is true, and that I rejoice in its principals more and more, as my years on earth advance, And I pray that my Sons and my daughters may continue in the faith, and bring up their children to do the same, for we are living in the last days, and it is not very long untill the Lord will take vengeance upon the wicked, and come and dwell upon this earth with His Saints upon an earth redeemed. So it behooveth us all, each and every one to live in a manner, that we will not be ashamed to meet Him.

Source: Harold B. Lee Library, L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Brigham Young University Provo, Utah. Some excerpts are available online at Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; letter by Samuel S. Jones courtesy Chris Perry.

MARGARET ADELINE KEWLEY

Born: 5 March 1840, Kirk German, Isle of Man

Age: 16

Martin Handcart Company



Margaret was the third of eight children born to James and Ann Karren Kewley. Her parents joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when she was just two months old. Margaret was baptized a member at the age of eight. She was a vivacious and happy girl who loved to pick the abundance of wildflowers near her home in Peel, Isle of Man.

In May 1856, the Kewley family left behind the graves of three of their children who died when they were young. Their two oldest daughters, Ann and Elizabeth, did not emigrate with them. The five Kewley family members who boarded the ship *Horizon* were James (age 54), Ann (41), Margaret (16), Robert¹ (11) and Thomas (3). Elder James Little, one of the missionaries in Liverpool, came to see them off. He would later play an important role in Margaret's family.

The *Horizon* arrived in Boston on July 1 after five weeks on the sea. Seven babies or small children died that first week after arriving in America. Thomas Kewley was one of them. A measles outbreak on the voyage may have been the cause. He was buried in Cleveland, Ohio, on July 5.

From Iowa City to Florence, Margaret walked much of the way barefooted. As she reached each little town in Iowa, she dusted her feet and replaced her shoes so she could walk through the town respectably. The weather was warm and Margaret could still find pretty wild flowers along the way. After leaving Florence, Nebraska Territory, Margaret no longer needed to be concerned about this kind of respectability, as there was little of civilization in this last 1,000 miles of their journey. They passed through Indian and buffalo country, where Margaret could find tiny Indian beads in the anthills and large buffalo chips which were gathered for fuel. As they drew nearer the mountains, the nights became frosty, and the winter weather finally caught them on October 19. They forded the Platte River for the last time on this day.

Margaret's father helped others at this river crossing, carrying some on his back. His legs were wounded by sharp cakes of ice that were floating down the river. Margaret said that the water was up to their waists and when her "father had landed his family over, he rushed back into the stream and saved two poor women from going down the stream." James became weak and ill. Margaret and Robert broke off pieces from their own small "dough cakes" and fed their father.

The Martin company made very little progress in their journey for the next few days and finally came to a halt at an area known as Red Buttes, about 10 miles beyond the Platte crossing. The night before the first rescuers arrived, James laid down to rest and told Margaret he feared he would never get up again. Margaret told about the hope brought back to camp the next day as Joseph A. Young arrived: "When we saw him coming he looked like an angel riding down to us upon a big white horse and said 'Cheer up, provisions and help will soon arrive.' I took my father by the hand and tried to get him to arise but he was too weak and sick, but he smiled up at me for he knew his children would have care and food."

The rescuers helped the beleaguered Saints continue their journey. Near Devil's Gate they had to stop for almost a week, during which time they sought shelter off the trail in a cove in the mountains. Margaret's legs and feet froze, and several of her toes later required amputation. Margaret was often reluctant to speak of these hardships later in her life, though her feet never stopped aching. One of her descendants wrote: "Her natural cheerfulness and good humor made all who knew her revere her. Her childhood love of flowers she kept all her life. She grew many varieties and tended her garden with loving care. She sold bouquets to supplement the budget. She also grew fruits and vegetables. She owned a small greenhouse and there she nurtured many potted plants and seedlings. Margaret had trouble with her eyes, but loved books and was well read. Often she was found sitting by the fire with a reading glass and a favorite volume of Sir Walter Scott."

(Margaret Kewley - Page 2)

One of the rescuers who assisted the Kewley family was John Carlisle. He may have looked a little different, as his coat was lined with newspapers to help him stay warm. However, it is said that he was “a very handsome man with sparkling black eyes under bushy brown brows. He was lean and tall, giving the appearance of strength.”² He and Margaret were married 4 ½ months later. In 1869, Margaret and John moved their little family of five children to Nebraska and became somewhat disaffiliated with the Church. Their oldest son, John E. Carlisle, had been baptized in August of that year by David Hyrum Smith, a son of Joseph Smith, who was on a mission in Utah for the RLDS church. It is not known why the family moved to Nebraska, but seven years later, their friend, James Little, returned to their lives.

In March 1876, James had just returned to Utah from a mission in New York when Brigham Young asked him to come to April conference, ready to go on another mission. This was a serious test of James’ faith, as he was already struggling to make a living when he left for his previous mission and found that his ranch in Kanab had suffered further heavy losses while he was gone. James wrote: “And taking all things into consideration, it was still worse for me to leave home in the spring than it was in the fall before, but I still decided to try to meet his requirements, no matter what the sacrifice, so I determined if possible to be at conference.”

James did attend conference and afterward was appointed to preside in the “North Western States” mission. Brigham Young wrote to James: “In the field of labor to which you are assigned you will find many who have once tasted of the pure principles of the gospel who have turned away from the same, and who delight to argue and cavil with regard to the plan of salvation. Treat such with kindness; present the truth to them in meekness, but avoid all argument and disputation; bear your testimony, proclaim your message and leave the results with the Lord, let his spirit supply the arguments, and when your words reach those truly honest the result will be apparent in the due time of the Lord.”

Margaret and John do not appear to be among those who “turned away” from the gospel, but James’s influence must have had an impact. James wrote: “Friday 16th. [June 1876] I went by railway to Nebraska City, Nebraska, by invitation to visit Brother John Carlisle and family. I found them enjoying much of the spirit of the Gospel. ... 17th. I spent the day mostly in reading and conversation at Brother Carlisle’s. ... 18th. After we had eaten dinner a hymn was sung followed by prayer at the house when Brother Carlisle and family went with me to a place which had been prepared, and baptized five of Brother Carlisle’s children, the oldest eighteen years and the youngest eight years old. We returned to the house where I confirmed those who had been baptized, ordained the oldest an Elder, administered to Sister Carlisle for her health, blessed the babe, and assisted by Brother Carlisle, administered the Sacrament. We were blessed with much of the Holy Spirit and rejoiced together. ... 19th. I spent most of the day at Brother Carlisle’s. I returned in the evening to Council Bluffs.”

The Carlisle family was back in Utah less than two months later. This time, the 1000-mile journey by train took them five days. They went to Logan, where Margaret’s brother, Robert, had settled in 1860. Several other families from Peel were also living there. Margaret’s son, John E. Carlisle, served two missions: first to the Southern States, and later to England, where he was an assistant editor of the *Millennial Star*. When he was older he served for many years in the presidency of the Logan Temple. Margaret died in Logan, Utah, on March 11, 1923, at the age of 83. John died on December 10, 1912, at the age of 86.

Sources: lythgoes.net/genealogy/history/; communication from Mary Lythgoe Bradford, Leesburg, Virginia, 2010; familysearch.org.

¹Robert returned to the Isle of Man in 1880. He paid a visit to the widow of the man for whom his father used to work. Robert wrote: “Mrs. Graves said she remembered very well the last Sunday my father & mother ate supper at their house, and how agravated they was to think they had joined the Mormons. She said my father worked 22 years for them, and a honest man they never saw.”

²Perhaps John Carlisle was the unnamed man that fellow rescuer, Dan W. Jones, referred to as “Handsome Cupid.”



MARY LAWSON KIRKMAN

Born: February 1823 in England

Age: 33

Martin Handcart Company



As a young child, Mary worked in a factory winding thread on spools to help support her family. She learned to read without the benefit of schooling, but never to write.

Mary was one of the early converts to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Lancashire, England. She was baptized September 18, 1841, at the age of 18. Her parents disowned her when she joined the Church. She never received any letters from her parents or other family members after coming to America, and she never spoke of them to her children or grandchildren.

Mary met another convert, Robert Kirkman, at her branch in Lancashire. They fell in love and were married in January 1845. They became the parents of five sons and were expecting their sixth when they left to join the Saints in Utah. They boarded the sailing vessel *Horizon* in May of 1856 with their sons, Robert (age 10), John (8), Joseph (6), Hyrum (4), and James (2). After five long weeks, the steamer “Huron” towed them into Boston Harbor on June 30, 1856. They traveled to Iowa City, Iowa, by steamship and rail, arriving July 8, 1856. Mary spent this day in her final stages of labor, to the accompaniment of a severe thunderstorm. We learn of this day from the journal of 18-year-old Elizabeth White, “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 five hundred 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.” Fifteen-year-old George Cunningham described it this way, “I think that it is written somewhere that the devil is prince and power of the air. If so, he must have been in an awful rage.” The next day, Mary was delivered of her sixth son whom they named Peter.

After delays to build handcarts, the family joined with the Jesse Haven handcart company. (This handcart company was originally separate from the Martin company, but later combined with it, and Jesse Haven went to the Hodgett wagon company.) Robert was a saddle maker and had been offered a position for the winter so he had decided to stay in Iowa City until Spring. However, others in the company kept coming to see him and urge him to travel with them so that after talking it over with Mary, they agreed to go with the company “live or die.” (Perhaps this occurrence was not in Iowa, but closer to Florence, Nebraska, the main starting point of the trek.) Robert’s friend, Samuel Openshaw, wrote in his journal on August 16, “We ... crossed over the North Coon with our handcarts in the water which is about knee deep. Close by is the town of Adel which is the county of Edeby. We found Robert [Kirkman]. He had stopped behind from Haven company last Saturday night and was cut off from the Church. We took him along with us and crossed over another river which is also about knee deep.” That previous Saturday, August 9, Jesse Haven’s journal records, “Camped on the Middle Coon River. ... Saints traveled badly today. Much problems after we got into camp. Eleven left us.” Apparently Robert Kirkman was one of these. It should be understood that the Captains needed strict obedience in order to move that many people across the plains. They had authority to excommunicate or “cut off” any who refused to comply with their orders. It seems that Jesse Haven had used this power before.

(Mary Kirkman - Page 2)

On July 30 he recorded, "This morning at prayers, we disfellowshipped Emma Batchelor, who left us yesterday and went out among the gentiles to tarry there." On August 1, Jesse Haven recorded that three or four had left the camp the night before and "Two families talk of leaving and wish to get my counsel. To do so, at the last, I told one of them he might do as he thought proper, and I would not disfellowship him for it. I had established the rule, if any left the camp without counsel, they should be disfellowshipped from the church. Brother Moses left today with his family, also Brother Hunter and his family."

Perhaps Robert, like many others, was having second thoughts about starting out so late in the season, especially when he had been offered a job and could have supported his family if he had stayed in Iowa City. At any rate, he continued on and was very faithful to Mary and his children.

It was a very difficult journey. When they arrived at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, the amount of expected provisions for resupply were not there. This required more rationing of the little food they had. They also had to leave more belongings behind in order to travel faster. These items included blankets and coats that they would soon need. The ox teams carrying their provisions and tents were also rapidly failing due to the increasingly cold weather and lack of feed.

When the Kirkman's reached the last crossing of the North Platte River on October 19, snow began to fall and the Saints had to cross in freezing conditions. Some of the men from the Martin and Hunt companies made many trips back and forth across this icy river, carrying their wives and children. Their clothing froze on them, and the storm did not abate. The company became stranded for over a week after this last cold crossing. Each day and night took its toll of lives. Mary was weak with the care of a nursing baby and five other young children. Robert was weak from want of food, having denied himself for his wife and children. Many of the men had been giving their meager rations to their families. Many of the men of the Martin company died here.

The strain of the journey was too much for Robert and one night, near the Bitter Cottonwood Creek, just west of Split Rock, he passed quietly away. Baby Peter also died that same night, November 11, 1856. They were buried together in the same grave. Mary's son, John, told it this way: "Snow fell and winds blew. We waded the cold water of the river which was about two feet deep with a thin covering of ice. Our clothes were frozen to our bodies. We scooped away the deep snow as best we could with frying pans and sticks as we had left our shovels by the roadside. There was hardly a man that had strength enough to drive the pegs into the hard frozen ground. ... Upon waking one morning, I found my father, Robert Kirkman and my infant brother with fifteen others frozen to death. Little Jimmy, my two-year-old brother, had his feet frozen so badly that one half of each came off." ("History of Springville", Mary Jane Chase Finley, 1948) John's daughter, Lou Kirkman Potee, interviewed John once and then wrote it this way: "Robert found some wood and built a fire to melt the snow and thaw the ground so it would be warm for sleeping. Robert took Peter into his arms to keep the little infant as warm as possible. Robert had denied himself food so the children would not starve. During the night Robert died. Peter also died in his father's arms. The next morning, Robert, with Peter still in his arms, was ... wrapped in a blanket and laid tenderly away. Mary Lawson Kirkman, with five little boys, took up the journey to Zion, alone."

After the Martin company left this sad scene, they were met more regularly with rescue wagons from the Valley and they were finally all able to ride. They reached Salt Lake on November 30, 1856, and were met by William Clyde with a wagon and taken to Springville. They first stayed one night with the Bishop of American Fork, and then were treated very kindly as they arrived in Springville the next day. Some of the children's feet were frozen so badly they had to lie down all the while. Little Jimmy had to always have special boots made for him and he had lost half of

(Mary Kirkman - Page 3)

both his feet. The oldest son, Robert, lost three toes from each foot. Their family doctor, known as Father Bird, came to their home every day for months and dressed the wounds with Mary's help. Other kind people supplied all their needs as Mary's time was taken up caring for the children.

In 1857, Mary married a widower, Charles Hulet. She was sealed to her first husband on this same day. Charles was 68 years old and Mary was only 34. He was a fine, caring man and provided a good home for Mary and her children. Mary was finally blessed with two daughters by Charles Hulet. He died in 1861.

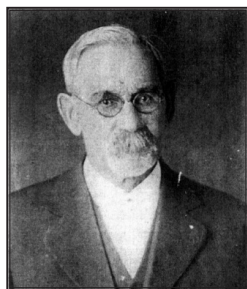
In 1864, Mary married again to Joseph Wood Cook. They were divorced a short time later when she surmised he was after her property left to her by Charles Hulet. She had another daughter from this marriage in 1865.

Mary's descendants honor her as being always loving and sympathetic to those in need, and never complaining, even with all her suffering. They said that she never could endure the sight of a handcart. It brought back such sad memories of the past and she could never be induced to join in any handcart parade.

Mary's grandson, John Hulet Patrick, told of Mary's home being only one block from the railroad tracks: "In July when the raspberries were ripe, Grandma and I would pick as many cups as we could before another train came and then I would run down to the tracks and sell the raspberries to people on the train. I would run right along the tracks and sell through the windows. We sold those berries for 25 cents a cup. ... Some years when we had a lot of snow, Utah Lake would rise high enough to come right to the edge of [her] property. ... Grandmother made sure she took good care of her pigs. When they would kill a 'porker' each fall, she would bring it into the room next to the two adobe rooms and she would make a sausage roll five feet from the floor to the ceiling. She always made a big pan of head cheese, using all of the pig's head. The head cheese never froze so hard that it couldn't be sliced. ... I don't know where Grandmother learned to read, but each evening after an early supper, she would read for about one hour and then she would put her book away, usually the Book of Mormon. ... Grandmother never missed a church meeting. She was devoted to the Church and walked to every meeting. ... She never received any letters from her parents or other family members after she came to America. In all the years I lived with her she never once spoke of them to me."

Mary served in the Church as President of the Primary and Young Women's organizations. She also served many years in the Relief Society. She remained a pillar of strength for her family. She had taught herself to read and was an avid reader of the scriptures. She lived to be 76 years old.

Sources: *A History of Springville*, by Mary J. Chase Finley; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; photos and family histories sent to Jolene Allphin by Mike Baird, Beaverton, Oregon; photo of Mary Lawson Kirkman, courtesy of Laura Bunker, September 2004; interviews with other family members: John Kirkman of Lehi, Utah, and Cody Ann Ricks of Clinton, Utah; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.



John Kirkman



Joseph Kirkman



Kirkman family home
in Balton, England

GEORGE LAWLEY

Born: about 1801 England, died October 21, 1856

Age: 55

Martin Handcart Company

George Lawley was traveling without any other family members. However, he was with two other men from his branch in England: James Thorne and Jonathan Stone. It appears that these three men were traveling to the valley ahead of their families to prepare the way for them to follow. This was a fairly common practice. Unfortunately, all three men died. (See Jonathan Stone's story in Martin section and Annie Thorne's story in Hunt section of *Tell My Story, Too*.) The James and Amy Loader family was also from the same Church branch in England. Patience Loader of the Martin Company wrote about the night George Lawley died:

We girls had drank our broth and mother was still drinking hers when the captain of the company and two other brethren fetched poor Brother Lawley to our tent. Since our father had died, this brother had stayed in our tent as he had no friends with him. He was one of the invalids who was lost.

The story of the lost invalids occurred after the last crossing of the North Platte River on October 19. (This is also the night that George's friend, Jonathan Stone, died.) We learn of it from the journal of John Jaques, brother-in-law of Patience Loader of the Martin company:

That night the ground was frozen so hard we were unable to drive any tent pins in and the tent was wet. When we had taken it down in the morning it was somewhat frozen so we stretched it open the best we could and got in under it until morning. The bugle sounded early in the morning for we had to travel seven miles before we could get any wood to make a fire. We had many sick people, more than could ride in the sick wagon, so Captain Martin appointed Brother [George P.] Waugh to take charge of the invalids as he had traveled the plains so many times, having been on several missions. Brother Waugh was started from camp long before the main company started. The poor man mistook the road and they were lost. It was a terrible day. It snowed and drifted and the wind blew all day. When we camped there was no sign of Brother Waugh and his sick brethren. Captain Martin called for some of the brethren to go back and find the company of invalids. When it was getting dark they returned bringing nineteen, all chilled. I never knew if that was all that started out in the morning or not.

George Lawley's condition continued to worsen, but the Loader family nursed him as best they could. Patience wrote:

Brother [James] Stone[s]¹ said to mother, "Give him something warm." Mother said, "I have a little hot soup Patience made for us. I will share with him." We tried to give him a little soup with a teaspoon, but could not get the spoon between his teeth. Poor man, he looked at us, but could not speak a word. He was nearly frozen dead. We wrapped him up the best we could to try to get him warm, but he was too far gone.

We all lay down on the frozen ground to try to get warm in our quilts. My mother, myself and sister Jane in one bed. Poor man, he had only one old blanket to wrap himself in and we had a burlap robe which we put over him. He commenced to talk to himself. He called for his wife and children. He had told me previously that he had a wife and nine children in London and that they would come out as soon as he could make enough money to send for them.

In the night we could not hear him talking anymore. I said to mother, "I think the poor brother is dead. I have not heard him for the last hour." Mother asked me to get up and go to him. I got up but everything seemed so silent and dark I said, "I cannot." She told me to get back in bed and keep warm and wait until daylight. Of course, we did not sleep. As soon as there was a little light I got up and went to the poor man and found him dead, frozen to the tent as I turned him over to look at his face. Never can I forget that sight. I told mother he was dead. She said to go tell Brother [John] Toone. I went to his tent and told him. He told me to wrap him in a quilt and I said he had no quilts, only a small, thin blanket and we could not spare any of our quilts as we had already used one to wrap my dear father in when he died. So we wrapped him in his own little blanket and the brethren came and took him away to bury him with eighteen more that died during the night. What a deplorable condition we were in at the time."

¹James Stones and John Toone mentioned by Patience were subcaptains in the Martin Company. James Stones was not related to Jonathan Stone.

LEAH (or LEIGH)**James H. Leah**, husband (57)

Born: 11 Dec. 1798, of Manchester, Lancashire, England (in Beswick)

Died: between 14 and 31 Oct 1856

Sarah M. Berry Leah, wife (56 or 57)

Born: 31 Jul 1798, Hulme, Lancashire, England / or

19 Jan 1800, Kirkheaton, Yorkshire, England

Died: 4 Oct 1856, near Scott's Bluff, Nebraska

MARTIN HANDCART COMPANY

After joining The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Manchester, England, James and Sarah Leah courageously decided to emigrate to America with other Saints longing to be in "Zion" in the Rocky Mountains of Utah. They left a comfortable apartment and James's profession working in a silk mill. They sailed on the ship *Horizon* under the direction of Edward Martin, who also became the captain of their handcart company upon reaching Iowa City, Iowa.

Sarah and James walked and pulled their handcart the 300 miles from Iowa City to Florence, Nebraska Territory, between July 28 and August 22 of that year. The more difficult part of their journey that lay ahead, however, was the next thousand miles of plains and mountains between Florence and the Zion of their dreams in Salt Lake City, Utah. Sarah survived the first 6 weeks of this part of the journey. Completely worn out, and probably suffering from dysentery, she died the same day as two others, as recorded by fellow traveler, John Jacques: "Oct. 4, Sarah Leah, wife of James Leah, Manchester, worn out, died 2 miles east of Scott's Bluff at 12 ½ PM."

Sarah may have died while sitting on a rock in her husband's arms, as a grandson, Stephen James Hart, remembers the retelling of the story this way: "*[Sarah and James Leah] were separated or side tracked somehow from the rest of the company. Becoming alarmed at their long absence, search parties were sent out to find them. I don't know how long they were lost, or how long they searched for them, but when the searchers were about to give up hope of finding them, they found them sitting on a rock. Grandfather was leaning forward with his forehead resting on his hands which were supported by his cane; and grandmother was huddled close beside him, her head resting on his shoulder ... [a] mute testimony of unconquered faith.*"¹ Their names are reportedly carved on Chimney Rock, which they passed on Oct. 2, just two days before Sarah's death.

It was much colder by the time James Leah died. On October 17, the Martin company lightened their handcart loads by discarding and burning bedding and clothing. They desperately tried to hurry on with their large company, but two days later they had to ford the icy and deep North Platte River as the first winter storms descended on them. They made little progress the next few days and had all but given up when the first rescuers found them stranded by the river on October 28. Many died between October 19 and 28. The names are not all recorded, but this is the probable time period in which James died.

James and Sarah would not be in the Salt Lake Valley to welcome their daughter's family when they emigrated in 1864. Sarah Ann Leah Hart (age 31) was a highly skilled tailoress and had received a diploma for this work. She and her husband worked hard to save money for their own journey, but they were still short, so Sarah Ann's husband, Samuel C. Hart, stayed in England to work a little longer while Sarah and her four children emigrated in 1864. They traveled across the plains with the William S. Warren Wagon Company. Due to persecution, Samuel did not stay in England as long as planned and soon joined his family in Utah.

(James H. Leah & Sarah M. Berry Leah - Page 2)

There are some similarities recorded regarding Sarah's immigration with the Warren Company to that of her parents eight years earlier. One is the singing of a song around the nightly campfires. It was also very popular among the Martin company members. It was included in the 1840 Manchester Hymnal that had been compiled by Wilford Woodruff during his mission to England. It was entitled, "O Zion, When I Think of Thee." Sarah probably had sung this hymn with her parents while they were all still together in England.² Robert McBride, who was the chorister in the Martin company, sang this song the night before he died, which was during the same time period that James Leah died.

Sarah Ann Leah Hart was not to enjoy being in the Valley with her beloved parents, but she passed on her faith to their posterity. The legacy left by James and Sarah Leah is recorded in a poem that their daughter, Sarah Ann, loved and often recited. It was written by Sarah Ann's daughter, Marantha Hart Guest:

When you come to the 'Red Sea' place in your life
And you hardly know what to do
When there's no way back and no way ahead
And only one way and that's through
Then trust in the Lord with a faith supreme
Till the night and the storm is gone
He will still the winds and part the waves
When he says to your soul, "Go on!"



Sarah Ann Leah
Hart

Sources: E-mail communications, Dec. 2008, between Matt Hart, Andrew Olsen, and Jolene Allphin; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files, Salt Lake City, Utah, (Various biographies of the Leah's daughter, Sarah Ann Leah Hart her mother, Sarah M. Berry Leah, by descendants); Mormon Immigration Index CD, ships *Horizon* - 1856, and *General McClelland* - 1864; *Tragedy and Triumph, Your Guide to the Rescue of the 1856 Willie and Martin Handcart Companies*, by Howard K. Bangarter and Cory W. Bangarter

¹Stephen J. Hart's account also indicates "Thus, they were found - frozen to death." Although the nights were frosty by this time, the daytime temperatures in the various diaries are recorded as "HOT" and "WARM." Sarah's death is reported at half past noon by John Jacques, disproving the grandson's account of freezing to death. Also, if correct as noted in other biographical sources, James died two to five weeks later than Sarah. Although James's exact death date is not known, it seems that Jacques would have recorded it along with his wife's if they had died together. (John Jacques quit writing later for a time as it was too cold.)

² Words to this song are included in art work entitled "Trust in God" on the Fine Art link at www.tellmystorytoo.com.

AMY BRITWELL LOADER

Born: 1802 England

Age: 54

Martin Handcart Company



Amy Loader



Tamar Loader (Ricks)

James and Amy Loader came to America in 1855. James had worked in England as foreman and head gardener for a wealthy gentleman by the name of Sir Henry Lambert. James and Amy's four sons and nine daughters were all born on this estate where James had worked for 35 years. In the 1850s, the Loaders joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and James was fired from his job as a consequence. In November 1855, they left for America on the ship *John J. Boyd* with at least five of their unmarried children. Their oldest daughter, Ann (Dalling), had already emigrated and was awaiting their arrival in Utah. Sarah Loader wrote that four of the thirteen Loader children "would not come to America. . . . The four who did not join the church were the ones who stayed in England, and we never saw them again."



The Loader family first went to Williamsburg, New York, where they worked for a time. Even their daughter, Sarah, who was not yet twelve, worked as a nursemaid in the home of a wealthy family by the name of Sawyer. They left there in June of 1856 and traveled to Iowa where they joined with their daughter, Zilpah, her husband, John Jacques, and daughter, Flora. Zilpah was expecting a baby, which was born on the plains in August, shortly after their handcart trek began.

James Loader died from the effects of diarrhea and dysentery on September 27, having been ill for over a month. His family had pulled him in the handcart all day. Due to the deep sand and steep hills, it was one of the worst days for James and his family. His daughter, Patience, wrote of starting out that morning: "My poor mother and all our family . . . were all kneeling on the ground around him. Poor, dear father realizing he had to leave us, but too weak to talk to us. He looked at us all with tears in his eyes, then he said to mother with great difficulty, "You know I love my children." . . . These were the last words he ever said. . . . It was a great comfort to us all that we had him with us on the cart as the teams had such a terrible time to get through the sand and the last of them did not get up until after dark. The brethren came to administer to Father in the afternoon. They anointed him, oiled his lips, they were so dry and parched. They put oil on his lips and then he opened his mouth and licked the oil from them and smiled but did not speak. The brethren knew he was dying. They said, "We will seal Father Loader up to the Lord for He alone is worthy of him. He has done his work, been a faithful servant in the church and we the servants of God seal him unto God, our Father." To our surprise my dear father said, "Amen," to the blessing. . . . We started again from that place at six o'clock in the evening to find a camping place where we could get wood and water. It got dark long before we camped. We traveled over brush and an awful rough road. We did not camp until past ten o'clock. We could not move poor Father as he was not yet dead, so we put the tent up and took the handcart into the tent and our dear Father died . . . at fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock, that night. . . . we had lost and were bereft of one of the best of earthly Fathers. . . . The next morning Brother Samuel Jones and his Brother Albert dug [his grave]. . . . We had to wrap my dear father in a quilt, all we had to use and put him in the grave with the earth thrown in upon his poor body. It did seem a great trial to have to leave our dear father behind that morning, knowing we had looked upon that sweet smiling face for the last time on earth, but not without hope of meeting him again on the morning of the resurrection for he had been a faithful servant of God and bore testimony to the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ numbers of times and we know if we, his children, follow his example that we will meet our dear father again and be reunited with him to dwell in unity and love all through eternity. . . . One comfort to our minds, our father had a good deep grave so that the wolves could not get to him and we felt to thank God and ask Him to bless our brethren for their kindness to us in our great sorrow."

While Amy was considered a very fragile woman at the beginning of the trek, she became a very strong woman in guiding her family to Zion as a new widow. She put on all the extra clothing she could carry under her own, so when the children needed dry clothing, she always had it, including dry stockings for them after fording streams. As the weather became colder and provisions shorter, they were given 4 ounces of flour a day for each person. Instead of the usual



Robert Loader

(Amy Loader - Page 2)

gruel, Mother Loader made hers into little biscuits and would have them through the day, thus having a bite or two for the children when they were tired and faint.

One day, a man lying by the roadside, said he could only get up if he had a little bread. Amy gave him some from her meager supply. The man later thanked Amy for saving his life.

After one exceptionally cold night, Amy could not get her daughters to arise. Patience recorded, "Mother says, 'come girls, this will not do. I believe I will have to dance to you and try to make you feel better.'" Sarah wrote: "Mother got up and pretended to step dance (She was a step dancer in her life). She slipped down and they all laughed and then they all got up." Patience continued: "In a moment we was all up to help our dear Mother up for we was afraid she was hurt. She laughed and said, 'I thought I could soon make you all jump up if I danced to you.' Then we found that she fell down purposely for she knew we would all get up to see if she was hurt. She said that she was afraid her girls was going to give out and get discouraged and she said that would never do to give up."

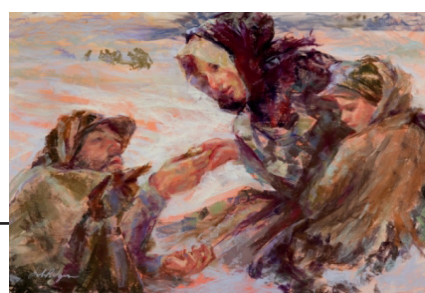
Amy Loader was not alone in encouraging her children. Patience related that one day as she was pulling the handcart through the deep snow a strange man appeared to her: "He came and looked in my face. He said, 'Are you Patience?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'I thought it was you. Travel on, there is help for you. You will come to a good place. There is plenty.' With this he was gone. He disappeared. I looked but never saw where he went. This seemed very strange to me. I took this as someone sent to encourage us and give us strength." The Loader family was met by more rescuers at camp that night.

After arriving in the Valley, Amy went to Pleasant Grove to the home of her daughter and son-in-law, Amy and John Dalling. She remained there until her death in 1885 at the age of 83. Her descendants have written of her, "Amy Britnell Loader protected, sustained and cheered her children and others without complaining and manifested great faith in God." Her son-in-law, John Jaques, wrote: "[James Loader's] chief solicitude was for his wife, who, he feared, would not be able to endure the journey. But she did endure it. She endured it bravely, although it made her a sorrowing widow. She has lived a life of usefulness to the present time, yet still a widow, for she could never believe there was a man left in the world equal to her husband."



Loader sisters at Salt Lake Temple dedication, 1893. Seated: Patience Loader Rozsa Archer, Ann Loader Dalling Paul. Standing: Sarah Loader Harris Holman, Zilpah Loader Jaques, Tamar Loader Ricks, Maria Loader Harris.

(Photo courtesy of Loader descendants serving as missionaries at Martin's Cove, 2012.)



The Bread of Life
painting by Julie Rogers

Sources: *Life history and writings of John Jaques including a diary of the Martin Handcart Company*, by Stella Jaques Bell, 1978; Sandra Ailey Petree, *Recollections of Past Days: The Autobiography of Patience Loader Rozsa Archer*, 2006, All USU Press Publications, Book 37 (online at http://digitalcommons.usu.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1036&context=usupress_pubs), excerpts at Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; "Sarah Loader Harris Holman," in Merrill D. Beal research files, 1938-1969, MS 4022, folder 3, Church History Library. (Quotes from the accounts of Sarah and Patience Loader have been edited for readability by Jolene Allphin.)

PATIENCE LOADER

Born: 1827 England - daughter of James and Amy Loader

Age: 29

Martin Handcart Company



James and Amy Loader sailed to America in 1855. James had worked in England as foreman and head gardener for a wealthy gentleman by the name of Sir Henry Lambert. Patience and her eight sisters and four brothers were all born here on this estate where James had worked for 35 years. After the Loaders joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, James was fired from his job. Patience was fired from her job in London for the same reason. In November 1855, James and Amy left for America on the sailing ship *John J. Boyd* with five of their unmarried children—Patience (age 29), Mariah (19), Jane (14), Sarah (12), and Robert (10). Their oldest daughter, Ann (Dalling), had already emigrated with her husband and was awaiting their arrival in Utah. A married son and his family also was onboard: John Loader (34), Harriett (40), Harry (3) and Zilpah (1 year). Patience’s sister, Sarah, recorded: “My oldest brother, his wife and two children, came with us across the sea and they buried their little child on the sea. She was thirteen months old and was just teething. My father took the little baby in his arms and waited until a big wave came even with the ship, and he layed the baby on the wave and she rolled away. We all watched.” John’s family reached New York but did not continue to Utah until 1866. Four other Loader children stayed in England: Jonas, Eliza, Emma, and Marshall. Jonas and Marshall died in 1865; Emma (wife of Frederick Stopes) in 1869; and Eliza (wife of Thomas Heritage) on an unknown date.

Patience recorded a rather precarious experience upon leaving England: “After my parents and my sister and I got all our baggage on board the ship, we found that it would not sail until the next day, so I decided to go back to stay at my married sister’s house that night. The next afternoon I went back to the ship and found it ready to depart. The men were just taking away the last plank. There were all my folks standing on deck watching anxiously for me and shouting at the top of their voices, ‘For Lord’s sake bring our girl on the ship and don’t leave her behind.’ There was just one plank to walk on from the dock to the ship and father and mother were afraid I should fall off into the water.

“The sailors said, ‘Miss, do you think you can walk the plank?’ I told them I thought I could, but they thought I might get dizzy and fall off so they were very kind. One man went on the plank before me and took my hand, the second man came behind me on the plank and took my left hand. They said if I slipped they would save me from going into the water . . . There was great anxiety among them when they saw me walking the plank with the sailors, and there was great rejoicing when I was safe on the vessel with them.”

The Loader family first went to Williamsburg, New York, where they all found work. Patience and her sister, Maria, worked in “the store in Grant Street making mantillas” where they made good wages.¹ The Loaders left New York in June of 1856 and traveled to Iowa City where they joined their daughters, Tamar (28) and Zilpah Jaques (24) with her husband, John, and 1-year-old, Flora. They had sailed on the *Horizon* in 1856 and joined the family for the Martin handcart trek. A baby boy was born to Zilpah about a month into their handcart trek. He survived, but Flora died a week before entering the valley.

Patience’s father, James, died fairly early in the trek, leaving his wife and daughters to finish the trek alone. Patience wrote a poignant account of her father’s death, which she concluded with this testimony: It did seem a great trial to have to leave our dear father behind that morning, knowing we had looked upon that sweet smiling face for the last time on earth, but not without hope of meeting him again on the morning of the resurrection for he had been a faithful servant of God and bore testimony to the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ numbers of times and we know if we, his children, follow his example that we will meet our dear father again and be reunited with him to dwell in unity and love all through eternity.

¹ Lucy Ward of the Willie handcart company also worked in New York with Patience, and traveled to Iowa City with her in 1856. It was likely the place where Lucy obtained her green mantilla or scarf. (See Lucy Ward story in Willie company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.) On a layover at Dunkirk, Lucy and Patience went for a walk and bathed in Lake Erie.

Patience had become engaged to Alexander Ott during the time the family was in New York. She promised to wait for him, to be married as soon as he returned from his mission the next year. However, President John Taylor wrote to Patience and informed her that Alexander had married a widow woman. Patience wrote: “He proved false to me and ... I considered myself free from all promises.” The Loader family’s handcart journey finally began.

Sarah told how the two family handcarts were managed: “There was a bar across the front of the two shafts. The two older sisters got inside and pushed, and [a] little sister (14) and myself (12) had ropes tied to the bar and we pulled. Two of my sisters, Brother Jaques wife [Zilpah] and another sister [Tamar] came together. She had mountain fever all the way across and wasn’t able to push or pull. ... My father pulled a hand cart but he died on the plains. ... We hauled him on the hand cart the day before he died. The day before ... he walked seventeen miles. Some ladies told mother they helped pick him up because he fell.”

Patience’s sister, Tamar, was very much grieved when she left England. She had been unable to convert her sweetheart and he remained. One night, while on the plains, Tamar had a dream. The next morning she told her mother she had dreamed that her sweetheart came and stood beside her and he seemed so real. But he was not alone. Another man was with him. In the dream the sweetheart finally faded away but the other man remained. When Tamar first saw Thomas E. Ricks in the rescue party, she took her mother by the arm and said, “Mother, that’s the man.” She did marry Thomas Ricks. Ricks College—now BYU Idaho—was named after him.

Patience had spiritual experiences on her trek. She relates that one day as she was pulling the handcart through the deep snow, a strange man appeared to her: “He came and looked in my face. He said, ‘Are you Patience?’ I said, ‘Yes.’ He said, ‘I thought it was you. Travel on, there is help for you. You will come to a good place. There is plenty.’ With this he was gone. He disappeared. I looked but never saw where he went. This seemed very strange to me. I took this as someone sent to encourage us and give us strength.”

Patience also wrote: “We did not get but very little meat as the bone had been picked the night before and we did not have only the half of a small biscuit as we only was having four oz. of flour a day. This we divided into portions so we could have a small peice three times a day. This we ate with thankful hearts and we always asked God to bless to our use and that it would strengthen our bodies day by day so that we could perform our duties. And I can testify that our Heavenly Father heard and answered our prayers and we was blessed with health and strength day by day to endure the severe trials we had to pass through on that terrible journey before we got to Salt Lake City. We know that if God had not been with us that our strength would have failed us. ... I can say we put our trust in God and he heard and answered our prayers and brought us through to the valleys.”

Patience married a U.S. soldier and convert to the Church, John Eugene Rozsa, in 1858. She traveled back across the plains with him and her young son to Washington D.C. in 1861 at the beginning of the Civil War. She worked as a laundress for the army. She had two more sons here and also ran a boarding house for a time. After the war, John died on the return trip to Utah. Patience returned to her home in American Fork where her mother was living. Patience continued to care for her mother to the end of her life. Patience married John Archer about 1878.

Patience continued to live an active social and family life. She raised her cousin’s infant son after his mother died, cared for a stepdaughter, and had other children in her home. About 1901, a girl named Ruth was intentionally left at Patience’s doorstep to be raised. Patience and John adopted Ruth. In the Church, Patience served as ward Relief Society president; and in her community of Pleasant Grove she was elected treasurer. (Her daughter, Amy, was next elected treasurer.) When Patience was close to 90 years old she learned to play the organ. She wrote letters to dozens of missionaries, and enjoyed having people young and old in her home. Maintaining her English heritage until her death, Patience kept a picture of Queen Victoria on her wall.

Sources: *Life history and writings of John Jaques including a diary of the Martin Handcart Company*, by Stella Jaques Bell, 1978; Sandra Ailey Petree, *Recollections of Past Days: The Autobiography of Patience Loader Rozsa Archer*, 2006, All USU Press Publications, Book 37 (online at http://digitalcommons.usu.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1036&context=usupress_pubs), excerpts at Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.; “Sarah Loader Harris Holman,” in Merrill D. Beal research files, 1938-1969, MS 4022, folder 3, Church History Library. (Quotes from the accounts of Sarah and Patience Loader have been edited for readability by Jolene Allphin.)

MARION BROWN (or Fleming) MARSHALL

Born: 12 May 1822 England

Age: 34

Martin Handcart Company



Marion's mother died when she was very young. Her father was an officer in the Royal English Navy and was therefore unable to be home to care for her after her mother died. It is believed that Marion's father was Admiral Charles Fleming. She was placed in the care of a family by the name of Brown as a young girl where she was given all the advantages of a child of wealth and also took their name. As a teenager, Marion's guardians were changed to the Peter Hughes family. About this same time, the Hughes family fell heir to a large fortune which Marion always believed belonged to her. (This was about the same time that Charles Fleming died.) Of the beautiful clothes and silver and other things taken from chests and used in the Hughes household, Marion overheard a servant say, "It's a wicked shame. They belong to the child." Marion was not happy in the Hughes home and finally ran away to work in a shop making bonnets for ladies where she was very skilled and successful.

Marion married Charles Montague Marshall in Liverpool about 1845. They moved to Ireland where they had two children, Emily and Gifford. Gifford died Oct 9, 1850, and Charles died February 23, 1851. In her widowhood, Marion supported her daughter as a forewoman in a millinery store. It was while working here that she heard the Mormon missionaries preach. She attended their meeting with friends, expecting to ridicule the Elders and their teachings. At the end of the service she said to her friends, "Oh girls, I could not laugh at this." When she informed her late husband's family of her intentions to be baptized, they told her they would never again recognize her. Nevertheless, Marion borrowed a Book of Mormon, was taught the gospel by James Ferguson and was baptized by Elder Gilbert Clements in Dublin, Ireland. Her daughter, Emily, was eight years old.

One day at a meeting, Brother Ferguson spoke to Marion about Priesthood blessings and having Emily administered to. Emily had been left deaf for some time from Scarlet Fever. Marion agreed to seek the healing blessing for her daughter. A few minutes after administering to her, Elder Ferguson spoke softly to Emily who was standing across the room with her back to him. He said, "Would you like a bag of sweets, Emily?" She turned, smiled and said, "Oh, thank you, sir."

Marion and Emily soon answered the call to gather to Zion. Later in life Marion told her daughter that she had felt the spirit of gathering, that the Lord was about to establish His kingdom and she did not want to delay her coming, fearing the opportunity would be taken from her. Marion's obedience and faith were rewarded with another blessing from the Elders, as they promised her that she would cross the seas in safety and comfort. She had been dreading the crossing from Ireland to England as well as to America, as she had been so desperately ill before when she sailed. This pronounced promise was fulfilled to her.

Marion and Emily crossed the Atlantic Ocean on the *Horizon*, arriving in Boston June 30, 1856. This large company of Saints, led by Edward Martin, traveled to Iowa City, Iowa, mostly by train, where they prepared their tents and handcarts and discarded all but 17 pounds of personal luggage for their trek.

Marion told the stories of her trek to her children and grandchildren. Excerpts are quoted here as written by her granddaughter, Viona Leta Banks Petersen:

(Marion Marshall - page 2)

“When they crossed the Platte [River] for the first time, Emily had gone while they camped [nooned] for awhile, with some other children, to gather flowers. When they started to cross the river, Marion thought Emily had been carried across with the rest of the children. When everyone was over, she looked for Emily and saw to her dismay that the child had been left and was running, her arms laden with flowers, toward the fording place. The child thought others had waded and seemed intent on wading alone.

“Marion called frantically to the child, ‘Go back, go back,’ gesturing wildly to her. It seemed no one sensed her danger immediately and no one offered to go after the child. Marion cried out, ‘Isn’t there someone who could go after my child?’ It was necessary for one of the brethren to swim across and bring the child over. His name we would like to know.

“After they passed Ft. Laramie it was deemed advisable to curtail the [daily] allowance [of flour] to three-quarter pound to make the food hold out as long as possible. Later it fell to one-half pound and subsequently still lower. They were advised by the leaders to divide the allowance of food into three portions, one for breakfast, one for dinner and one for the evening meal. Some were obedient and some hungrily ate all at the first or second meal. These suffered most through their lack of wisdom. Grandmother [Marion] made two sacks in which to store the dinner and evening meals worth of flour. She then hid it in the sleeves of her dress to keep it for later use. The flour cakes were made of flour and water only. They didn’t have salt. Emily got sick without salt and asked for it. . . . This was a great trial for a girl of [nine] because she could remember the comforts of home in Dublin.

“Grandmother told that the obedient ones suffered the least. Some, tired at night, exhausted and weak, would lie down to sleep in their wet shoes. The advice had been given to remove them and dry the feet at night. Some of them had their feet frozen and suffered in later years as a result. Nothing short of a miracle enabled her to cross the plains in the dead of winter, a widow with a little girl to care for. They arrived in Salt Lake City on November 30, 1856. She was taken to the home of Margaret Judd Clauson, wife of Hiram Clauson who was Bishop of the 18th ward. Margaret Clauson and my grandmother became lifelong friends.”

One of the rescuers who came out from the Valley to rescue these pioneers was Elder James Ferguson who had taught the gospel to Marion. Marion married Henry Ebenezer Bowring in 1857 and had three more daughters. Emily Marshall celebrated her 10th birthday the day after arriving in the Valley. She married Thomas Orchard and had three children. After suffering from severe depression, Emily died in 1884. Her youngest was only 3 years old.

Marion had various letters and other papers pertaining to her family history which were kept by her daughters in a chest of drawers after her death. The family owned a millinery store in Ogden and had a housekeeper do the work at home. Upon returning from work one day, the new housekeeper was asked how she had gotten along. She replied, “Oh, just fine. I cleaned out the drawers in that chest and rid it of all those old papers.” All that was left was the ashes of the papers Marion had brought from England. Included in those papers were “beautiful verses of poetry” written by Marion on “ribbon paper.” As writing paper was not plentiful in those days, Marion wrote on this paper that had been used for bolts of ribbon to keep the ribbon smooth. She had plenty of this “ribbon paper” to bring home from the millinery store. It must have looked like useless clutter to the housekeeper.

Marion had received a good education in England, was well-read and refined. She had taught Sunday School in the Episcopal Church before her first marriage. When living in Salt Lake City she was a member of the Salt Lake Dramatic Club. One history (Tullidge) recalls her talent: “During these performances our home company did excellent work, not only in the support of the eastern stars who played here, but also in their own comedies and farces. Mrs. Marion Bowring long held the stage as a local actress. Her Elvira is remembered to this day as a powerful and impassioned performance. Even Lyne as Pizarrio was fully matched by Mrs. Bowring as Elvira. She also made an excellent Emilla in Othello as she did Juliana in The Honeymoon.”

In later life, when Marion’s daughters asked her if she would endure her 1856 journey again, she bravely replied, “If I knew that was the only way I could get to Zion and obtain the blessings of the gospel, I most certainly would.”

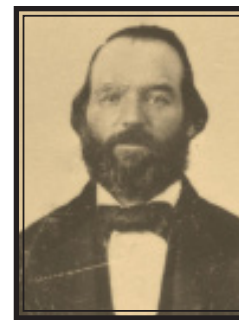
Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; “Mrs. Marion Bowring,” obituary, Ogden Standard, Feb. 25, 1891; Edward William Tullidge, *History of Salt Lake City*.

EDWARD MARTIN

Born: 1818 England

Age: 38

Martin Handcart Company



Edward was born in Preston, Lancashire, England, November 18, 1818. He was baptized in the River Ribble in 1837 by Elder Orson Hyde. He and his wife, Alice Clayton, left England and arrived in Nauvoo in April 1841, where they were greeted by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Edward had been apprenticed as a painter in England. His skills were put to use on the interiors of the Nauvoo Temple and Joseph Smith's store. Edward was also a musician and played the violin in the Nauvoo band. On their exile from Nauvoo in 1846, Edward wrote: "We had a very wet spring. There was something like 500 families all out of doors through frost and snow and mud and rain, day after day and week after week, in consequence of which we made very little progress." Edward was one of the Saints called upon to defend his country as a member of the Mormon Battalion in 1846. Of this experience he wrote, "The suffering and privations we had to pass through I say nothing about, but suffice it to say we did it for Christ and the Gospel's sake." By 1856, when Edward was returning from a mission to England, he had been well-prepared to lead the large handcart company to Utah.

The Martin handcart company actually left Iowa City as two companies. Edward Martin was the captain of one and Jesse Haven, a returning missionary from South Africa, was the captain of the other. They traveled separately until they reached Florence, Nebraska, where Elder Haven joined the Hodgett wagon company, and the two handcart companies combined under Martin. Peter McBride, a young boy in the Martin Company, wrote: "We had to burn buffalo chips for wood, not a tree in sight, no wood to be found anywhere. Just dry earth and rivers. We children and old folks would start early so we wouldn't be too far behind at night. A great many handcarts broke down, oxen strayed away, which made traveling rather slow. Quite an undertaking to get nearly one thousand persons who had never had any camping experience to travel, eat, and cook over campfires. It took much patience for the captain to get them used to settling down at night and to get started in the morning."

Josiah Rogerson gave a kind evaluation of Captain Martin's leadership when he said: "If he [Martin] ever gave any thought as to his health or fatigue, we fail to remember it. ... To the end of our fearful journey ... he was everywhere he was needed and responded to every call of sickness and death. When our company was traveling, he was in the front, in the center, and in the rear, aiding, assisting, and cheering in every instance needed."

As the handcart company sought the shelter of the northern mountains in a ravine later to be named Martin's Cove, they had many difficulties. Icy winds blew over a number of tents and many of the immigrants died. One afternoon, Captain Martin, together with two or three other men, set out from the camp at Devil's Gate, when they were surprised by a snowstorm and they lost their way. After wandering about for several hours, the men came near perishing and endeavored to make a fire to warm themselves. They gathered some cedar twigs and struck match after match to light them, but in vain. At length, with their last match and the aid of portions of their clothing, they succeeded in starting a fire. This was seen from the handcart camp, from which, after all their anxious and weary wanderings, they were only about a half-mile distant. Help soon came to the wanderers and the rescuers carried Captain Martin, who was nearly exhausted, back to camp.

With the help of the rescuers, the Martin company arrived in Salt Lake City on November 30, 1856. Edward resumed his painting business for a time, started a photography business, then worked in the real estate industry. Edward died in Salt Lake City at the age of 64, on August 8, 1882. Of his 21 children, 14 or 15 had preceded him in death. Edward fulfilled the promise given in his patriarchal blessing, where he had been told that he would lead thousands to Zion.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; familysearch.org; *Chariots of Hope*, by Darvil McBride and Bruce McBride, 1983; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website. (See *The Price We Paid*, by Andrew D. Olsen, 2006, for more information about Edward Martin and his family. Olsen included poignant letters from Martin's daughter while he was serving in the missionfield. See *The Mormon Battalion*, by Norma Ricketts, 1996, for good information about Martin's service as a soldier.

REBECCA SIMMONS MAISEY (or MASSEY)

Born: 13 February 1822

Age: 34

Martin Handcart Company



Rebecca was born in Gloucestershire, England, to John and Sarah Bryan Simmons (or Simmonds). Her father was an architect by trade and the family enjoyed a comfortable living. Rebecca's mother was a woman of cultural and personal refinement, so Rebecca had a very proper upbringing. They had become dissatisfied with the Church of England and were seeking and praying for more light and truth.

When Apostle Wilford Woodruff arrived at Ridge Way Crossing on March 15, 1840, Rebecca's sister, Hannah, was there to hear him. At this time Hannah was living with the family of Benjamin Hill. Mr. and Mrs. Hill taught classes in music, needlework, trades, etc. to young people in the village. The Hills invited Elder Woodruff to their home to preach to their neighbors and friends, and Hannah invited her sister, Rebecca. Hundreds of converts were baptized in this area, including the Simmons sisters.

Rebecca married Daniel Massey in 1849. In 1856 they boarded the ship *Horizon* at the Liverpool docks with their three children: Silas Benjamin (5), George (3), and Rebecca (18 months), bound for Utah. (Hannah had already emigrated in 1841 along with the Hill family and was living in Kaysville, Utah. They had sailed on the *Harmony* to Quebec, and then gone to Nauvoo, Illinois.)

When the Martin handcart company began serious food rationing in October, Rebecca's husband, Daniel (age 39), went without his portion many times in order that his wife and children might have a little more to eat. His health finally failed and he became too weak to walk. After reportedly riding in a wagon for only half an hour one day, Daniel passed away and was buried in a shallow grave on an unknown date.

Rebecca told in later years of the difficulty in crossing the streams where ice chunks floating by would cut their legs and they didn't have enough warm clothing. At some point along the way, little George lost both of his feet and Silas lost the toes of one foot.

Rebecca and the children were taken to Hannah's home in Kaysville where she and her husband, Edward Phillips, nursed this little family back to health. On February 4, 1857, the *Deseret News* (Weekly) ran an ad entitled "Lost in G.S.L. City." It read: "From a luggage wagon in Capt. Mayer's [Mayo] hundred, Capt. [Reddick] Allred's ten, on Sunday, Nov. 30, a coarse linen SACK, with a leather patch, and tied with a piece of rope, containing a small sack marked H.W., in which were the following articles: - one black silk dress, one blue French merino embroidered skirt of dress, two dress patterns, one alpacca dress, one new flannel dressing gown, and three flannel petticoats without bands. The above articles were lost by a widow named Maisey. Information will be recieved by Dr. Levi Richards, opposite, west, of Stewart and Co's Store."

Rebecca married James Ware in 1857. He was a kind father to her children who needed a little more attention than ordinary. George went about the house on his hands and knees. When he was 12 years old, George died from diphtheria. Silas walked with a limp the rest of his life. He married twice, had four children and four step-children. James and Rebecca had five sons and one daughter, who died as a child.

Known for her refined and patient ways, some were said to be surprised when Rebecca "almost lost her patience on one occasion." Her daughter, Rebecca, had handed out all the food in the house to an Indian who begged his living from the neighborhood. Because the girl was alone at the time and frightened, she had thought this was the quickest way to get rid of him.

Rebecca was reported to be a "most lovable grandmother" by those who knew her. She passed away on August 23, 1888, at the age of 66 in Kaysville, Utah.

Sources: Biography by granddaughter, Sarah Kershaw Adams; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; Mormon Immigration Index; familysearch.org.



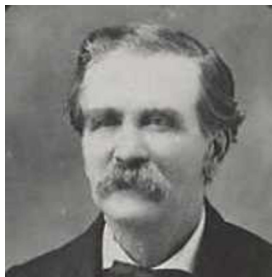
Ruth, George, and Emily Maisey, children of Silas's 2nd marriage.

ROBERT MATTINSON, JR.

Born: July 16, 1835 Lancashire, England

Age: 20

Martin Handcart Company

Robert Mattinson
About 1895

Robert came to Zion with his parents, Robert (52) and Ann Pshaw (44), and his siblings, John (17), George (12), and Elizabeth Ann (3). The following excerpts are from his own account:

“At the age of twenty, I, with my parents, who had joined the Church in 1847, emigrated to America. We landed at Boston and from there traveled to Chicago by railroad. It was then a mere village. The first night we spent there was the third of July. The noise was terrific, as they were starting to celebrate the Fourth of July.

“From there we traveled to Iowa City, where I, with my parents, two brothers and one sister joined the Martin’s Handcart Company, and commenced our journey of thirteen hundred miles to Utah.

“We ... traveled three hundred miles [and] crossed the Missouri River ... to Florence to refit and lighten our loads. The company set forth from Florence the last of July [August]. On each handcart was placed flour and our clothing, as the wagons would not hold the entire load. At first we traveled fifteen miles a day, although delays were caused by the breaking of wheels and axles, the heat and dryness making many of them rickety and unable to sustain their loads without frequent repairs.

“We traveled along, standing guard at night. We had ox teams, which hauled the tents and what provisions we had, and when we came to a sandy, bad road, we helped the teams what we could by pulling. We took turns in herding the loose cattle, and all that were able helped stand guard at night. There was plenty of game and hundreds of buffalo but were too far away to shoot. We now came to the open prairie country where nothing could be seen but grass and passed the remains of the outfit of A.W. Babbitt, Thomas Margetts and one woman, who were killed by the Indians and everything burned. There were other companies ahead, and we could read on the bleached buffalo heads how far ahead they were.

“Provisions were scarce, and we were cut down to one pound of flour a day. After that, my father began to weaken but never failed to do his share of the work and help pull the handcart. He worked all day with little to eat, and when night came, he gathered wood to build a fire, set up the tent, then went to lie down. When he was called to supper, he could not be awakened. He died that night, but we could tell nothing about his death, only by the breathing and rattling of his throat, as we had no light. He was buried the next morning near Deer creek. [Although familysearch gives a death date of October 15, if Robert Sr. died and was buried near Deer Creek, it would have been October 17.] Robert’s father was spared the terrible ordeal of crossing the freezing North Platte River and the early winter storms that came with it just four days later.]

“Nights were getting colder and guarding began to be very oppressive. Deaths were frequent. Gradually the old and infirm began to droop, even able-bodied men, a few of them continuing to pull their carts until the day of their death. Rations were again cut and we had not enough to keep up our strength. When we reached Laramie I tried to buy a little food of some kind, but could get nothing but a quart of corn, which we ate without cooking. Traveling began to be very tedious. Every day brought its hardships, fighting against hunger and cold weather and bed covering was not sufficient to keep us warm. It would be midnight many nights before all the company would be assembled. Men were detailed to help the weak ones into camp and many were frost bitten, losing fingers, toes and ears and dying from exposure.

“After leaving Laramie rations were cut to a quarter of a pound of flour a day, and at one camping ground thirteen corpses were buried. After crossing the North Platte, we had our first snow storm. We could not make distances. Cattle were too poor, so we had to give up night herding. After the snow, we stopped for two or three days to get rested and grease the carts. Some shod the axles with old leather, others with old tin from their mess outfit, while for grease they used their allowance of bacon and even what little soap they had. We made very short drives. Days were getting shorter and the people weary. The snow fell and many of the cattle were devoured by wolves, while others perished from cold. Here we saw the first Salt Lake man, Joseph A. Young, the first of the relief party that came to find us. After seeing this brother, it seemed to give the people new strength and we were allowed a little more flour out of the two remaining sacks.

“In the evening as we neared Devil’s Gate, there were many who did not expect to see the light of another day. It had stormed all day and was one of the worst days. We traveled on through the storm and it was hard to keep the people alive. The night was terrible. Part of the stockade was cut down to burn, and the other part was left to shelter us from the piercing cold.

“The next evening we crossed Sweetwater to Martin’s Ravine, where there was plenty of cedar wood. The water was waist deep and just freezing enough to let us through the ice. It was a bitter cold night. Some of the relief party that were with us carried the women and children over. People too weary and cold, ate their scanty bit of flour dry. We put up our tent, cleaned out the snow, and that night the wind did not blow.

(Robert Mattinson, Jr. - Page 2)

“After leaving this camping ground, we traveled about seven miles a day and it was the first time I did not pull a handcart. The relief party that were with us carried the women and children in their wagons. Even those short distances, it was a hardship to walk. Every day brought a few more of the relief party, and from that time on we began to get a little more to eat.

“We next stopped at Green River and the day we crossed, it was given out by the captain that everyone who was able must cross on the ice, the river being frozen over. The weather was bitter cold, but we had good fires as the relief party found the most convenient places where there was wood. In the meantime there were from seven to ten deaths a night. The next morning they were buried, nothing to put them in but the grave. I was called to help bury the dead. It was a terrible job, as they are buried just as they were dressed.

“At last we arrived at the foot of the Big Mountain. The cattle and wagons had broken a track, so it was possible for us to walk over, and there was not a woman that crossed who had on a pair of stockings, and everyone who was able was ordered to walk. It took just one whole day to get over it, and we camped in between the mountains. It was a cold night and nothing but green willows to burn. But we had plenty to eat for the first time, together with some clothing and buffalo robes for the worst off.

“The next day, being the last day of November, brought us into Salt Lake, Sunday, November 30, 1856. Meeting was dismissed for the people to get those they knew. Some old friends of Mother’s took us to their home for a few days. Later I came to Payson and after resting for a few weeks, went to work with others in the canyon to make a dugway. In this way we had our wood to burn, as Mother had also settled in Payson.

“In the spring of 1857 I again went to Salt Lake to work for Bishop Sharp of the Twentieth Ward for ten dollars a month and board. While working for this man, a letter came from England which cost a quarter. I did not have it, nor could not get it, but my employer got it out of the office for me.

“The people went up big Cottonwood Canyon to celebrate the 24th of July. I was working for John Sharp at the time, so went with his family. The Saints were gathered about one thousand in number, when word came that the United States Army was coming. They had stopped the mail and were coming to stop the ‘Mormon Rebellion.’ It was here that Brigham Young made his speech. He said they had been settled in Utah ten years, and that he asked no odds of them, and if they came he would treat them as an armed mob, as he was Governor and had not been notified of their coming. The Saints danced all night as there were two large dancing floors. They sang patriotic songs and made speeches. They were not discouraged by the news of the soldiers coming.

“Next day, all returned to their homes. As the army approached Salt Lake, President Young called out the minutemen to watch the soldiers which they did all through the summer and fall. When the troops were in express distance there was a correspondence between President Young and Colonel Alexandra, and the messages were read to the people on Sundays.

“Our men hindered them all they could. They captured some cattle and mules, among them was a white mule, a favorite of Colonel Alexandra’s, and he sent word to President Young he would like it sent back and was told he could get it in the Spring in good condition.

“Later that Fall the troops reached Bridger, where General [Johnston] joined them and was determined to come into Salt Lake. There was quite a number of men called out. Echo Canyon was fortified. I was on guard in Salt Lake at the time. The army had made a move to Hams Fork where they were snowed in. The Saints would pray that the troops would be prevented from entering Salt Lake.

“In the Spring of 1858, the people were determined if the soldiers did enter they would leave and leave it as they found it—a desert. They were going to burn their homes and cut all the trees down. All the missions were abandoned and the missionaries called home. The people were determined to leave the city, and I was called with others to go to the White Mountains and find a place for the Saints to retreat to. [This was generally known as the ‘Move South.’ All Saints from Brigham City south to Point of the Mountain, abandoned their homes and moved further south to Utah county.]

“We left in March, and as we traveled south, we gathered our company. We took seeds and plows to put in crops, but the country was too dry; nothing could be raised on account of having no water. Meantime, the Peace Commissioners and the new governor, Governor Cummings, arrived, and the troops were sent to Cedar Valley, known as Camp Floyd, so the city was quiet once more.”

Robert obtained various forms of employment, including working on the road and stations for the Pony Express Company. At the request of Brigham Young, he went back to the States to help bring other emigrant companies into the Valley. Robert married Betsy C. Burnhope in 1869 and they made their home in Payson, Utah. They became parents to at least five children.

Source: “Robert Mattison,” autobiography and younger photo obtained from Frances Hutchins, Salt Lake City, Utah; also “Robert Mattinson,” autobiography dictated to his daughter Effie Mattinson Simons, Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files, St. George, Utah; *Pioneers and Prominent Men*, by Frank Esshom, 1913. Mattinson older photo from Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

JEANETTA ANN MCBRIDE

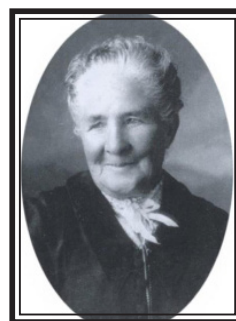
Born: 1839 England

Age: 16

Martin Handcart Company



Heber Robert McBride



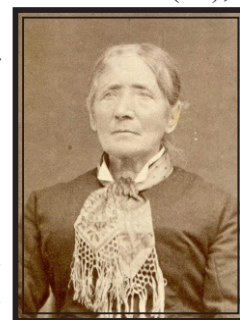
Jeanetta Ann McBride

Jeanetta Ann was the first baby born to her parents that lived past infancy. Two had died previously. She came on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1839. Her family lived in South Port, England, until she was five years old. She then went to Scotland to stay with her father's parents as she was sickly and it was hoped the sea air would help her. She got most of her schooling there.

When Jeanetta was nine years old, she was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the River Clyde on New Year's Eve. Her family lived in Scotland until she was twelve, then moved back to South Port. At the age of fourteen, Jeanetta began to learn the dressmaking trade.

When Jeanetta was about six years old, Apostle Heber C. Kimball wrote a letter to her father, Robert, encouraging him to bring his family to Zion when they were able. About ten years later the family boarded the ship *Horizon* to emigrate to America. The McBride family included father, Robert (age 52), mother, Margaret Howard (41), and their children, Jeanetta Ann (16), Heber Robert (13), Ether Enos (8), Peter Howard (6), and Margaret Alice (3).

Being the oldest children, Jeanetta and Heber had a big responsibility for their family. Jeanetta's mother became sick after they left Florence, Nebraska, and could not help very much with the pulling of the handcart. Heber wrote: "I was the oldest [boy], being just past 13 years old, and my sister [Janetta] was three years [older] than I. We had to pull the handcart all the way. Mother, being sick and having nothing for her comfort, failed very fast. She would start out in the morning and walk as far as she could, then she would give out and lie down to wait until we came along. We would take her on our cart and haul her along until we came to camp."

Margaret Howard
McBride

As the journey continued, the provisions began to run out and Jeanetta's father became very ill and weak. Heber wrote: "Father began to fail rapidly, and got so reduced, that he could not pull the handcart any more, but he could manage to walk along for a few days. Then, he and Mother would start out in the morning and walk as far as they could, along with the others who were sick and tired. There were three children younger than I. One . . . had to ride all the way, for she was only about 4 years old. The other two, being boys, managed to walk by holding onto the cart. It seemed as though death would be a blessing. We used to pray that we might die to get out of our misery.

"By this time, it was getting cold and our clothing was almost worn out, and we hadn't enough bed clothes to keep us warm. We would lie and suffer from night until morning with the cold. By this time, the teams were given out entirely, and we had to take more load on our carts. I had to haul Father and Mother.

"Sometimes we would find Mother lying by the side of the road first, then we would get her on the cart and haul her along till we would find Father lying, as if he were dead; then Mother would be rested a little and she would try to walk so Father could get on and ride. Then, we used to feel so bad; we would never get into camp until way after dark. Then we would have to hunt something to make a fire.

"Jeanetta had all the worry of taking care of us children. She carried water from the river for cooking purposes, her shoes gave out and she walked through the snow barefoot, actually leaving bloody tracks in the snow."

The family reached the last crossing of the Platte River on October 19, 1856. Jeanetta's father, in his already weakened condition, worked all day pulling, pushing, wading through the icy water, and he made an estimated 25 trips across the river helping to get all the people and carts across. Heber wrote: "The next morning there was about 6 inches of snow on the ground. What we had to suffer can never be told. Father was very bad that morning; he could hardly sit up in the tent. We had to travel that day through the snow and I managed to get Father into one of the wagons that morning. That was the last we saw of him alive."

Jeanetta and Heber had to make it to camp and pitch a tent and get some wood for a fire. After making their mother as comfortable as possible, they went looking for their father. It was after dark, the wind was blowing the snow badly and the wagons hadn't yet come in. They couldn't find their father that night. Heber continued: "The next morning, the snow was about 18 inches deep, and awfully cold. While my sister was preparing our little bit of breakfast, I went to look for Father. At last, I found him under a wagon with snow all over him. He was stiff and dead. I felt as though my heart would burst. I sat down beside him on the snow, took one of his hands in mine and cried, 'Oh, Father, Father!' There we were, away out on the plains, with hardly anything to eat, Father dead, and Mother sick and a widow with five small children, and not hardly able to live from one day to the next. After I had my cry out, I went back to the tent to tell Mother. To try and write or tell the feelings of Mother and the other children is out of the question."

Jeanetta's father was reportedly buried in a common grave with 14 other men who had died. The rest of the family struggled on, and finally rescuers found them. "After stopping a few days, word came to camp that there were ten wagons from Salt Lake that had come to meet us. They were camped about 40 or 50 miles from where we were. . . . When we got word of the wagons ahead, we received an extra one-half pound of flour, and orders to start out in the morning. . . . The news of the wagons seemed to put new life into all of us.

"When we got as far as Devil's Gate, the snow was getting too deep to pull the handcarts. . . . We camped in a cove in the mountains . . . where the wind could not get at us. . . . Nearly all the children would cry themselves to sleep every night. My two little brothers would get the sack the flour had been in, turn it wrong side out, and suck the sack for the flour. . . .

"We left this place and left our handcarts behind. This was a great relief. . . . All the small children, and the old and those that were weak and worn out, had the privilege of riding in the wagons. My sister and I saw Mother, Peter and Maggie fixed in the wagon. Ether, Jennetta and I would walk along with the others. There was snow on the ground every place we camped, and there was also some bitter cold weather. There were a great many who froze their toes and feet. . . . Those that lived to get through were in a very pitiful condition."

The McBride family arrived in the Valley on November 30, 1856. They were taken to the home of Samuel Ferrin to recuperate. Jeanetta's mother married Samuel Ferrin in May 1857. Jeanetta married his son, Jacob Samuel Ferrin on March 29, 1857. They settled in Ogden, Utah, and became the parents of eleven children.

In October 1881, Jeanetta and Jacob moved to Pima, Arizona. Jeanetta drove a team with a six-month-old baby in her arms. Jacob worked as a freighter. Only nine months later, Jacob was killed by Indians at the San Carlos Indian Reservation, leaving Jeanetta a widow with eight children still at home. The men in town built her a house as they had not yet obtained one. She stayed in Pima as a widow for forty-one years, traveling to Utah on occasion to see her children.

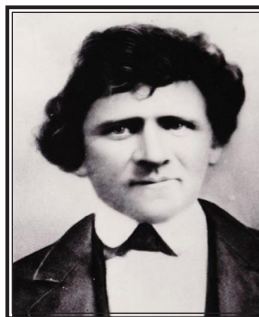
Sources: *Chariots of Hope*, by Darvil McBride and Bruce McBride, 1983; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; see trail excerpts at Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel online database, see also mormonmigration.lib.byu.edu.

PETER HOWARD MCBRIDE

Born: May 3, 1850 in Scotland

Age: 6

Martin Handcart Company



Peter Howard McBride



Margaret Alice McBride

Peter came to America with his family, consisting of father, Robert (age 52) and mother, Margaret Howard (41), and five children, Janetta Ann (16), Heber Robert (13), Ether Enos (8), Peter (6) and Margaret Alice (3).

From Peter's journal, written later in his life, we read: "My grandfather [McBride] was a sailor. I have heard him say that he had landed in every port that a ship could stick its hull. I well remember when he anchored his ship close to our home on the Isle of Bute, launched a boat with his effects and rode toward shore, got a wheelbarrow and piled his things on it. He placed me on top of the load and we hurried for the house. A wave struck, and by the time we were up the hill the water stood thirty feet where we had just been. My grandfather had a fine home in Ireland, but he was seldom there."

Peter's family had also lived in England where his father was baptized in the River Ribble at Preston by Orson Hyde on August 1, 1837. This was just two days after the baptism of George D. Watts, the first person in the British Isles to be baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. For this honor, George Watts had won a foot race to the water's edge, beating another man. Deeply religious, Peter's parents had heard Heber C. Kimball speak in the Vauxhall Chapel, headed by Reverend Fielding, and felt to embrace his teachings. The McBride's always welcomed the missionaries in their home. They came often, held meetings there, and were always provided food and lodging. Peter's mother provided the items for the sacrament.

Peter's father became a leader and missionary for the Church in England. The children also often participated, by spending Sunday afternoons passing out missionary tracts. The family prepared for many years to be able to emigrate and gather to the physical "Zion" in Utah, as the call was at that time. From Peter's and his sibling's writings, we pick up some of the stories of what they experienced on their heartbreaking trek across the Plains:

"We had to burn buffalo chips for wood, not a tree in sight, no wood to be found anywhere. Just dry earth and rivers. We children and old folks would start early so we wouldn't be too far behind at night. A great many handcarts broke down, oxen strayed away, which made traveling rather slow. Quite an undertaking to get nearly one thousand persons who had never had any camping experience to travel, eat, and cook over campfires. It took much patience for the captain to get them used to settling down at night and to get started in the morning.

"We saw a great many buffalo as we traveled up the Platte River. The people were forbidden to kill them, as it made the Indians angry . . . one time our company met three thousand Sioux Indians, all warriors all in war paint. Our people were much frightened, fear held the whole camp in its grip as they all expected to be annihilated. But their fears were groundless. They told our interpreters they were going to fight the Pawnee tribes. They wouldn't hurt us because we were mostly squaws and papooses. It would be cowardly to fight us, so they gave us the road. . . .

"My baby sister and I were . . . really hungry. Our teams gave out and died, and we were glad to eat the meat. I remember some men passed us one day and stopped to talk. They gave my baby sister some cookies. She carried them in her little pocket, and I was always with her and would tease for a bite. She would give me a taste once in a while, and it was so good. No cake I



Cookies In Her Pocket

© Julie Rogers

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ever tasted since was ever so good. The exposure to cold, rain, snow, and ice, pushing carts all day, the scarcity of food and wood caused many strong men to perish.

“A man by the name of Cyrus Wheelock, just returning from a mission to the Eastern States, was riding a horse. He carried some of the children across the river, even helped pull some of the handcarts by a rope fastened to his saddle. One time he had three little boys on his horse, one in front and two behind him. I was the last boy on that side of the river and tried to wade across. He told me to climb up behind the last boy behind his saddle, which I did. We crossed the river all right, then the horse leaped up the steep bank, and I slid off in the shallow water. I held on to the horse’s tail and came out all right.”

Peter’s mother had become ill on the journey after they left Florence, Nebraska. She soon was unable to help pull the handcart and could only walk a short distance. She would then be placed on the handcart and the rest of the family would pull her to camp. Peter’s youngest sister, Margaret Alice, would also ride on the handcart because she was too little to walk much. Of this Peter writes: “My mother was sick all the way over, and my sister, Jeanetta, had the worry of us children. She carried water from the river to do the cooking. Her shoes gave out, and she walked through the snow barefoot, actually leaving bloody tracks in the snow. Father was a good singer. He had charge of the singing in our company, and the night he died he sang a song, the first verse that reads ‘O Zion, when I think of you, I long for pinions like a dove, And mourn to think I should be so distant from the land I love.’” Peter’s father truly did dream of being in Zion. As a token of his dreams, Robert had carefully stashed away in the corner of his cart, a masonry trowel with which he hoped to help build the Temple in Zion.

Robert became increasingly weak and sick and was unable to help the family as much. It was very difficult for this young family of children to take care of each other, as well as their sick parents, and the brunt of the responsibility fell on the two oldest siblings, Janetta and Heber.

On October 19, 1856, as the company crossed the Platte River for the last time, it began to snow. Peter’s father made the supreme sacrifice here. Even in his weakened condition, he worked all day pulling, pushing, and wading through the icy water. He made an estimated 25 trips across the river, helping to get all the people and carts across. By the next morning there was 6 inches of snow on the ground. Peter’s father was so ill he could hardly sit up. Peter’s brother, Heber, wrote of that morning, “We had to travel that day through the snow and I managed to get Father into one of the wagons that morning. That was the last we saw of him alive. We only made one drive, as it began to snow very hard. When we camped, the snow was getting very deep. My sister and I had to pitch our tent and get some wood . . . After we had made Mother as comfortable as we could, we went to try to find Father. The wind was blowing the snow so bad, we could not see anything and the wagons had not yet come into camp. It was then after dark, so we did not find him that night. The next morning, the snow was about 18 inches deep, and awfully cold. While my sister was preparing our little bit of breakfast, I went to look for Father. At last, I found him under a wagon with snow all over him. He was stiff and dead. It felt as though my heart would burst.”

Heber then had the task of breaking the sad news to his mother and the rest of the children. Robert McBride was buried on October 20, 1856, reportedly in a common grave with 14 others who had died. When Peter saw them bury his father, he ran out and started crying. Someone stopped him and tried to console him about his father’s death. He cried more. He walked to the place where they had buried him and said, “My father had my fish hooks in his pocket and I want them.”

The rest of Peter's story is also told best in his own words: "We camped at the Sweetwater River. A meeting was held. It was decided that we could go no further, the snow so deep and no food. We were doomed to starvation. They gave me a bone of an ox that had died. I cut off the skin and put the bone in the fire to roast. And when it was done some big boys came and ran away with it. Then I took the skin and boiled it, drank the soup, and ate the skin, and it was a good supper."

"The next day we had nothing to eat but some bark from trees. Later we had a terrible cold spell; the wind drifted so much I knew I would die. The wind blew the tent down. They all crawled out but me. The snow fell on it. I went to sleep and slept warm all night. In the morning I heard someone say, 'How many are dead in this tent?' My sister said, 'Well, my little brother must be frozen to death in that tent.' So they jerked the tent loose, sent it scurrying over the snow. My hair was frozen to the tent. I picked myself up and came out quite alive, to their surprise.

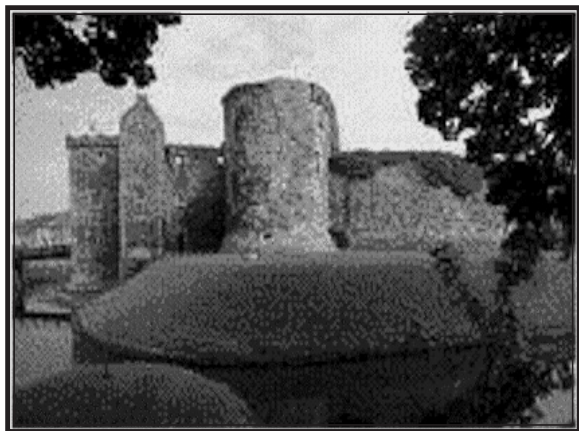
"That day we got word that some teams were coming to meet us from the Valley. Three teams came that night. No one but a person having gone through what we had suffered can imagine what a happy moment it was for this 'belated handcart company.' Men, women, and children knelt down and thanked the Almighty God for our delivery from certain death. It put new life into all the Saints. The next day several more teams arrived, and there was room for all to ride.

"We finally arrived in Salt Lake City, November 30, 1856. Our teamster took us to his sister's place, where we were kindly treated . . . All my life I have worried for fear my children might get as hungry as I was, but thank goodness they have never wanted for food."

Peter's family settled in Ogden first, then later in Eden, Utah. He grew up and became the father of 22 children. Peter was very musically talented - he sang, composed humorous songs, and played numerous instruments. He was called by President Brigham Young to "help promote music and singing" in their area. This "mission" lasted throughout his lifetime. He later moved his family to Gila Valley, Arizona, where they had a 160-acre farm and he taught vocal classes at the St. Joseph Academy in Thatcher. He served in the bishopric for twenty years.

Sources: *Chariots of Hope*, by Darvil McBride and Bruce McBride, 1983; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; familysearch.org; see trail excerpts at Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website, see also mormonmigration.lib.byu.edu.

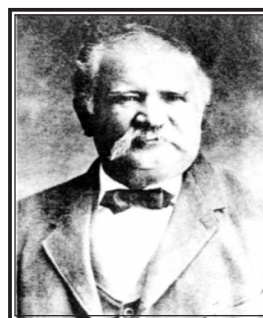
Rothsay Castle, near McBride home in Scotland



Robert McBride



Margaret Ann Howard McBride



Ether Enos McBride

ISABELLA MCMURRIN

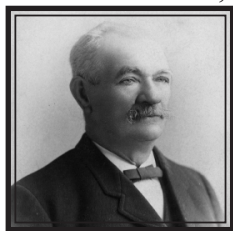
Born: November 23, 1838 in Scotland

Age: 17

Martin Handcart Company/Hunt Wagon Company



Isabella was the youngest of a large family of fifteen children. Her parents were Joseph McMurrin and Margaret Irvine. Isabella joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the age of thirteen and in her enthusiasm to emigrate to Zion indentured herself to the owner of a mill in Hollyoak, Massachusetts, where she operated a steam loom. She left Scotland on her own on December 14, 1855. In June 1856, Isabella's brother, Joseph (age 33), and his wife, Margaret (32), along with their children, Margaret (10),¹ Mary (7) and Jeanette (1) came to America. Isabella's mother, Margaret (61), came with them as well. As the McMurrins passed through Massachusetts on their way to Utah, Joseph and his mother paid off Isabella's indenture and she was able to join them.



Joseph McMurrin, Jr.

Joseph was a cooper, fitting iron tires to the wheels of handcarts, so the McMurrin family did not leave Florence, Nebraska, for Salt Lake until September 2, insuring a very difficult journey through snow. It appears they traveled first with the Martin handcart company. They did have a wagon in which to haul Joseph's equipment. Later, as their cattle began to suffer from lack of feed and the cold weather, they joined with the Hunt wagon company, but still followed the Martin handcart company closely, carrying much of their belongings and assisting in every way they could. One of these times of great trial and need was the last crossing of the Platte River on October 19, when some of the men of the Hunt company crossed as many as 75 times, carrying the beleaguered Martin handcart pioneers through the icy water in the first early winter storm. They suffered along with the handcart pioneers as their oxen gave out and food had to be rationed. Isabella walked the entire distance. It was a miracle that this entire family, including Isabella's mother, made it safely to Zion. They did not arrive in the Salt Lake Valley until December 14, 1856, a year to the day that Isabella, had left Scotland.

Isabella found work to support herself and her mother by caring for George Sims, his ailing wife, Caroline, and their four children. Isabella married George as his second wife in polygamy one month after her arrival in the Valley. Caroline Sims died shortly thereafter and Isabella raised her children. She had three children of her own; Hester, Joseph, and Caroline (named for George's first wife). Five years after their marriage, George was called on a mission to Great Britain, leaving Isabella to carry on with her now large family of children and step-children. He was returning home after serving an honorable mission for four years when he was drowned in the North Fork of the Platte River. Isabella remained a widow for four and one-half years.

In 1870, Isabella married Adam B. Smith, said to be the best dancer in Pine Canyon, Utah. She had six more children, but her descendants report that "the marriage was not a love match." She returned to Salt Lake City for her later years.

Her family says that she was an accomplished knitter, providing for the many children she raised alone by selling her needlework as well as working in homes. She wrote poetry for her own satisfaction. She never had it published. She raised nine children of her own, four stepchildren, and one grandchild. She was a very devoted daughter in caring for her mother in her declining years.



Margaret McMurrin
(Lee)

¹ Margaret later became the grandmother to LDS Church President Harold B. Lee.

BETSY MEE

Born: March 4, 1842 Coalville, Leicestershire, England

Age: 14

Martin Handcart Company



Betsy was the youngest of nine children born to William Mee and Rose Hallam. Her mother died in 1848, three years after her father had died, leaving Betsy an orphan at only six years of age.

In 1847, as the first group of Saints were entering the Salt Lake Valley, Betsy's sister, Charlotte, was baptized a member of the Church. Betsy's oldest sister, Sarah, also got married in October of this year to Thomas Wright. Sarah and Thomas soon joined the westward movement of the Saints. Their first baby was born in St. Louis, Missouri. By 1856, they had five children and were living in Nephi, Utah. Betsy and Charlotte were finally ready to join them in Zion. They boarded the ship *Horizon* under the leadership of Edward Martin, and later made a start from Iowa City, Iowa, with the Martin handcart company.

Betsy's sister, Charlotte, who was 20 years old, had been crippled from an accident three years earlier. Charlotte wrote: "I sprained or broke some of the ligaments in my ankle and the doctor said I must lose my leg, but I refused to have it amputated. I was forced to use crutches for nearly four years."

Charlotte had to rely on the kindness of her sister as well as the others close to her in the company. Both girls mention the Bailey family among others. No doubt Betsy assisted her sister many times as Charlotte states: "Part of the way I walked, and part of the way I was hauled in a wagon or handcart. One day I walked and crawled eight miles, and my knees finally bled. We had a very hard trip." Charlotte had surgery on her ankle shortly after arriving in the Salt Lake Valley.

Betsy and her sister were finally reunited with their sister in Nephi. Soon, however, Betsy learned that there was domestic help needed in Ephraim. Betsy worked there in the home of Peter Greaves. Here she met a very tall young man by the name of Henry Green, ten years her senior. Betsy and Henry were married shortly after Betsy's 18th birthday.

Betsy was a very petite woman, her full height reaching only to Henry's shoulder. Peter Greaves praised her as a "good-looking" woman with dark brown curls and blue eyes, always neat and trim. In her humble pioneer home in Ephraim at 1st South and Main Street, Betsy gave birth to 10 children. When one of her babies was born in the lean-to bedroom, the temperature was such that a thin layer of ice froze during the night over a barrel of water at the foot of the bed.

Their large property became known as "Green's Corner" and was near the tabernacle, the dance hall, and the stores. The corner was a favorite gathering place for the Ephraim's young people, who met there to talk, sing, and carve their names and initials in the poles of the fence. The family later moved to a home 1 block South of their pioneer home.

Betsy's granddaughter, Leda Thompson Jensen, wrote a loving tribute to Betsy which includes these excerpts:

"Grandmother told me stories and read to me [and] taught me nursery rhymes. . . . My most unforgettable picture of my grandmother is seeing her sitting in her rocker at one end of the kitchen range, reading her Bible or Book of Mormon or knitting. She knit socks for all of her grandchildren. When it was bedtime, she greased my chappy hands with mutton tallow, helped me with my prayer, and put me in bed with the soft warm feather bed to sink into and a warm brick at my feet. The door would be left open a crack until she knew I was asleep. . . . It was fun to have

(Betsy Mee - Page 2)

a bath at grandma's house because the bath tub was built in. It was long enough so we could stretch out our legs and there was cold running water. . . . Quilting bees were annual affairs at grandma's, and while aunties and neighbors sat around the quilt, I well remember playing under the quilt and lying on my back watching the designs grow on the underside of the quilt.

"Grandma always took care of the chickens. I helped her feed them and gather the eggs. Whenever she went into the chicken yard, she picked up the lower corners of her long waist apron, and together we'd pick up the fluffy clean feathers the chickens had shed and put them into the apron. They were put away in clean flour sacks and before long there were enough to make a pillow. Feathers plucked from the chickens killed for food, which weren't so fluffy after the chickens had been scalded so feathers could be plucked, went into feather beds. Sunday eggs were gathered and set aside for temple donations.

"She did a great deal of reading—the Deseret News, the Woman's Exponent, . . . the Young Woman's Journal, . . . the Era, . . . the Contributor. . . . She had saved these magazines for years, and I read from them when I spent time with her. . . .

"Sorrow came into her life too often. Six of her ten children [and her husband] preceded her in death. [When] I was twelve years of age, I remember so well on our return from the cemetery [after Uncle Will was buried], as we walked through the front gate leading up to the house, of hearing grandma say, 'I have to be the next one. I can't go through this again.'

"She died May 17, 1916. . . . My first reaction to her passing was, 'She got her wish to go before she had to part with any more of her family.' I am glad she was my grandmother. She was a great soul. I am looking forward with fond anticipation to seeing her again."

Sources: "Life Sketch of Charlotte Mee Beal," autobiography, Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; email from Pamela Gassman, Tacoma Washington, May 12, 2010, to Jolene Allphin; photo of "Betsy Mee courtesy of Pamela Gassman; *Beneath the casing rock: the George Smith Rust family*, by Ethel R. Jensen, available at Family History Library; "My memories of My Maternal Grandmother, Betsy Mee Green," by Leda Thompson Jensen, sent from Melisa Clark, Tooele, Utah.

CHARLOTTE MEE

Born: February 2, 1836 Loughhons, Lestershire, England

Age: 20

Martin Handcart Company

Charlotte and her sister Betsy (14) had been orphaned at young ages by the deaths of their parents. A sister, Sarah, who was much older, had emigrated to Utah with her husband, Thomas Wright, in 1849, and settled in Nephi. Other friends and fellow Saints mentioned in Charlotte's account likely looked after the girls as well. Charlotte left a brief history, best told in her own words:

"My father's name was William Mee and mother's name was Rose Helen Mee. ... When I was nine years old my father died. When I was twelve years old, mother died, leaving a family of eight, two of them younger than myself.

"I went out to work immediately. I was baptized into the Church at eleven years of age, before mother died. When I was seventeen years old [1853], I sprained or broke some of the ligaments in my ankle and the doctor said I must lose my leg, but I refused to have it amputated. I was forced to use crutches for nearly four years. With my fourteen-year-old sister, I set sail for America on May 25th, 1856, on the ship *Horizon* under Captain Reed. Brother and Sister William Paxman, Sister McPherson, and Langley A. Bailey came over in the same company to Boston. Brother and Sister Thomas Ord also came at the same time.¹

"From Iowa, we came by handcart. Part of the way I walked, and part of the way I was hauled in a wagon or handcart. One day I walked and crawled eight miles, and my knees finally bled. We had a very hard trip.²

"Bad weather came on early and we suffered from cold and hunger, finally reaching Salt Lake City November 30th 1856. The next month my ankle was operated upon and the year following I was baptized for my health and was able to walk soon after.

"In 1856 I was married to George Hill. . . . We were called to St. George and I went through all the hardships of the early settlement of Utah Dixie. Hill died in 1866, after having been everything but a kind and loving husband. He even maltreated me, physically, and made me work in the fields. A year after his death I married Lyman Franklin Beal, to whom I have been sealed . . . for time and eternity.

"We lived together happily for forty-seven years, notwithstanding the hardships of pioneer life. We went through the Indian troubles of Sevier County, living at Glenwood, from which place we moved to Richfield to avoid being killed by the Indians. We moved from Sevier County to Nephi [in] June, 1868, and since then we have lived at Sterling, Ephraim and Nephi. At present I reside at Ephraim. [1909]

"My husband died January 4, 1914. I had one child by my first marriage, a boy who lived to be fourteen months old. This was the only child I was blessed with and had he lived, he would now be nearing sixty years old. I have never regretted coming to Zion, even though my life has been one of hardship and trial." Charlotte Mee Beal died on April 22, 1917, at the age of 81.

Sources: "Life Sketch of Charlotte Mee Beal," autobiography, Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; email from Pamela Gassman, Tacoma Washington, May 12, 2010, to Jolene Allphin; *Beneath the casing rock: the George Smith Rust family*, by Ethel R. Jensen, available at Family History Library; "My memories of My Maternal Grandmother, Betsy Mee Green," by Leda Thompson Jensen, sent from Melisa Clark, Tooele, Utah.

¹Thomas and Eleanor Ord were newlyweds. Langley Bailey (age 18) was with his parents and three younger brothers. William Paxman's wife, Ann, gave birth to a son on June 12 aboard ship. They named him William Reed Horizon Paxman after the ship and Captain Reed. The Paxman family stayed in Philadelphia for a time before completing their journey to Utah. They are grandparents of Marjorie Pay Hinckley. "Sister McPherson" is a reference to Jane Ann Ollerton, age 15, with her family in the Martin company. She later married James R. McPherson. All of these families settled in Nephi. (Ord, Bailey, and Ollerton sketches are in this section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

²One family account states that Charlotte used crutches off and on throughout her life.

LOUISA MELLOR

Born: 1841 England

Age: 15

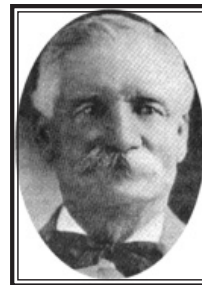
Martin Handcart Company



Mary Ann Payne Mellor



Louisa Mellor (Clark)

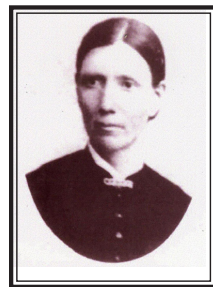


James Mellor, Sr.

Louisa's parents loved the gospel and were willing to sacrifice for it. Her father, James, Sr., had served as branch president in Blaby, England, often traveling 30 miles each Sunday to preach in several different towns. Louisa often accompanied her father on these Sunday visits. Later, James was also president of the Leicester Branch for two years. He held camp meetings in town, in the public market place and in all the principle parts of the town. He also distributed tracts in the villages all around. He later converted his older brother, John, and his family. They also emigrated to Utah. When James taught his mother-in-law, Charlotte Squires Payne, about the Gospel, she was too ill to be baptized. She "begged James to go to Zion and there attend to her salvation." She died soon after this.

Louisa relates, "The hardest thing [we] had to do was to leave my poor grandfather [Payne] for he was a good man. He wept and offered money to his dear daughter, my dear Mother, but relief was offered too late, for the Gospel was dearer than anything else. My dear Mother grieved for her dear old Father, which brought sickness on, and she came near losing her life."

After the Mellor's arrived in Liverpool, James and his family worked diligently to gather the supplies they would require on the voyage to America. The family consisted of James (age 37) and Mary Ann (36), Clara and Emma (twins - age 2), William Charles (age 5), James Jr. (Age 7), Mary Ann (Jr.) (Age 10), Charlotte Elizabeth (age 14), and Louisa (age 15). Mary Ann, grief-stricken over parting from her aged father, worried and suffering from overexertion in their preparations, became ill and gave premature birth to conjoined twin girls on the day the ship was to leave. The babies lived for seven hours and then died together. The family had to decide whether to abandon their long-awaited voyage, or leave Mary Ann behind as she wanted them to do. Mary Ann begged the family to follow through with their original plans since their passage had already been arranged and their few worldly possessions were already packed and on board the ship. James finally agreed to leave his wife in the hospital in her desperately ill condition and took five of the children on board the ship. Louisa, the eldest of the children, had anticipated celebrating her 16th birthday on the ship that very day. Instead, she stayed behind to assist in the care of her ailing mother, as well as one of her twin sisters, Emma Marintha. James and the other five children boarded the ship *Horizon*, left the dock at Liverpool and cast anchor in the River Mersey.



Emma Marintha Mellor

Bad weather delayed the actual departure of the ship for two days, and James was able to go ashore to see his wife. Although Mary Ann was seriously ill, she was determined that they should carry her onto the ship where the rest of her family was awaiting the moment of departure. The doctor was upset and predicted that Mary Ann would die and the sharks would follow the ship until she did. Even so, James said that he wouldn't give her up if she was determined to come along. On Sunday, May 25, 1856, Mary Ann was carried on a stretcher to the shore where she was placed on a steamer going out to meet the sailing vessel which was preparing to leave. She was able to board the ship. When the captain learned of her presence on the ship in her condition he commented that she would likely soon be food for the sharks. Elders George Goddard and Cyrus H. Wheelock came on board to bid the Saints farewell and administered to Mary Ann, promising her that she would "come to Utah" and "see her seed in Zion," and that her mission on this earth was not yet finished. Five months later, Elder Wheelock would add a physical rescue to this spiritual and emotional rescue, as he was one of the first rescuers to help the Martin company.



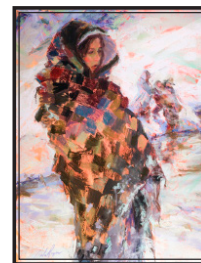
James Mellor, Jr.

Louisa and her family all made it to Utah, where her mother did have another child. The Elders who had given Mary Ann the blessing, didn't recognize James because his hair had changed from black to white as snow, yet he was only 38 years old.

While on the trail, a few weeks before the last terrible crossing of the Platte River, Louisa's mother had felt overcome with weakness and a wave of homesickness. She persuaded the family to let her stop and rest beside the trail. The company could not wait for her, so James said goodbye, promising to return after getting the children settled in camp. Mary Ann kissed each of the children and tried to reassure them. Louisa told her sister Elizabeth to take care of the rest of the family and that she would stay with their mother. After awhile, Mary Ann became quite discouraged and she sat down on a boulder and wept. Louisa had faith that the Lord would help her know what to do. She said that she went a few yards away from where her mother was, knelt and prayed with faith that God would help them, that He would protect them from the wolves, and that He would let them reach camp. Louisa wrote: "As I was going back to where Mother was sitting, I found a pie in the road. I picked it up and gave it to mother to eat, and after resting awhile we started on our journey, thanking God for His blessings. A few miles before we reached camp we met my father coming out to meet us. What a joyful meeting that was. We arrived in camp at 10:00 p.m. Many times . . . Mother felt like giving up and quitting; but then she would remember how wonderful the Lord had been to spare her so many times, and she offered a prayer of gratitude instead."

Louisa's brother, William, told about their father catching a large turtle one day. He thought it would make good soup for his family. The children gathered around while James tried to kill the turtle, but he couldn't break the shell. This was an amusing diversion for the children, but James finally became so exasperated that he plopped the stubborn turtle into the kettle of boiling water alive. James had to hold the lid on the pot in order to keep the turtle from flopping out. Later, Charles said, "The soup was sure good."

On October 19, the Martin company made their final crossing of the North Platte River. It was very cold and the Saints were already in a weakened condition from rations having been cut recently. Louisa and her sisters tied up their dresses and waded in water up to their waists as they navigated their handcart through the chunks of ice and swift water. When Louisa's sister, Charlotte, was older she told about it in these words: "On entering the water, our first impulse was to turn back and not wade across. The water was so cold that it sent pains right to the bone and the muscles cramped. We steadied ourselves as we held on to the cart and pushed. Father pulled. By the time we got across, our limbs were so numb that we could hardly keep from falling as we trudged along. The north wind cut like a sharp knife. We finally camped where we could get some cottonwood and willows for firewood." [Nine days later, the first rescuers would locate them near this place, stranded in deep snow, and many dying. Louisa wrote:] "We were so fatigued and hungry that we would sometimes stop and get rawhide to chew on, as our food was diminished. We tried to keep a little flour as long as we could to make porridge for the children; at first it was biscuits; then pancakes; then porridge. Often we would cook a hide, or a piece of it, to get a little strength. It being winter, we could not find weeds to help out."



The North Wind
©Julie Rogers
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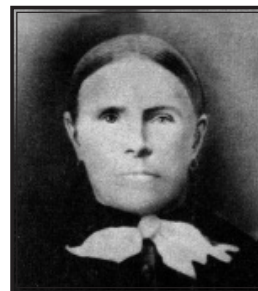
On Sunday, November 30, 1856, Brigham Young told a group of Saints gathered for Sabbath day meetings that the Martin handcart company would arrive in the Valley that afternoon. He told the Saints to take them to their homes and nurse them back to health, both body and spirit.

Henry Roper, age 19, told about meeting Charlotte Elizabeth Mellor that day when she was brought to his mother's home: "As I carried her into the house, I looked into her dark eyes and there was a romance born. It was love at first sight. . . . We were married Feb. 4, 1857."

Louisa concluded her autobiography with an invitation to her posterity to "hunt up our records" after they were dead, as they had not had time to do all of the temple work. She promised that "if it is consistent with the will of our Father in Heaven, we your parents, will aid you and bless you in all righteousness."

ELIZA MORTON

Age: 20

Born: Nov. 23, 1835 Staley Bridge, Lancashire, England
Martin Handcart Company

Eliza and her sister, Mary, were born to Joshua and Harriet Schofield Morton, a well-to-do family in England. Their father died at age 32 and their mother later remarried. The two girls then lived with their grandmother and worked in the factories. After listening to “Mormon” missionaries, they were baptized by Cyrus H. Wheelock, who would later become one of the first rescuers they would meet in their stranded condition on the plains at the end of October 1856.

The Martin handcart company had been stranded for nine days near the last crossing of the North Platte River at Red Buttes. The early winter storms had come upon them as they had crossed this frigid, swift and wide river on October 19. John Jaques recorded the following of meeting the first main rescue party: “Cyrus Wheelock could scarcely refrain from shedding tears, and he declared that he would willingly give his own life if that would save the lives of the emigrants.”

Eliza was traveling with her sister and her sister’s new husband, Thomas Durham, probably sharing a handcart with one or two other people. Years later Eliza’s daughter, Harriet Yardley, and Harriet’s children, recorded the experiences that Eliza had shared with them about her trek to Utah: “Worn out with the wearisome journey, half starved, footsore and heartsick, Eliza Morton told in after years how she often sat on a bank as a stop was made along the dreary journey, surrounded by deep and glistening snow, and thought of the home she had forsaken. Eliza also related how when the weather was below zero, she carried water from a river for camp purposes when the handles of the buckets would freeze to her hands. So desperate was their situation when almost without food, snowbound in the Black Hill [Red Buttes], their Captain, Edward Martin, stood before them as they sat huddled about the embers of a dying campfire and asked whether if it should be the will of the Lord that they may perish there, they were willing to submit to his will. Each man and woman raised his or her hand as a signal of their submission. Characteristic of her faith, Eliza Morton remarked, ‘I held up my hand but I didn’t believe we were going to die.’ None of those imbued with the true spirit of the pioneers, and supported by a mightier power than man’s, could have sung the songs of Zion as did those staunch emigrants as they gathered about the campfire.” (See pages 155-156, Martin Company section, *Tell My Story, Too*, for more information and timeline about this event.)

Eliza first settled in Parowan with the Durhams. Here she attended a dance one evening and danced with James Pace Anderson. He was 31 years old and it is said that his parents had given up on him getting married. To the surprise of his family, James announced the next morning that he had met the girl he was going to marry at the dance. His family laughed, but James and Eliza were married six weeks later on March 10, 1857. They became the parents of five children, three of whom lived to maturity. In 1954 the family recorded 104 living descendants.

The Andersons moved to Beaver where Eliza became the town’s first school teacher. She taught in a 20’ by 20’ log building on the town square where the Beaver City Library now stands. Her home on Main Street was always a gathering place for the young people of the community. Everyone was made welcome at her table. James died 10 years after their marriage and Eliza remained a widow for 52 years. Her children wrote:

“Every known hardship of those early trying days were passed through. Her faith and courage and her testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ never faltered.”

Before Eliza died in 1917, she divided up her belongings between her three living children, a son and two daughters. So that neither girl felt bad, she took the shawl that she had worn crossing the plains in the Martin handcart company and cut it up the middle so both girls would have a half.



Sources: “History of Eliza Morton Anderson,” compiled by Sara & Melba Yardley, with Harriet Anderson Yardley; email from Alison Webb, January 30, 2007; “ ‘Aunt’ Eliza M. Anderson, Handcart Pioneer, Dies” (Special Correspondence, Beaver, Dec. 16, 1917, newspaper article reporting Eliza’s death and funeral on December 14. Obituary reports the “high esteem held in the community for the deceased.”)

MARY MURRAY MURDOCH

Born: October 13, 1782 in Scotland (died Oct. 3 on the trail)

Age: 73

Martin Handcart Company



James Steel brought Mary to America

Mary was born to John and Margaret McCall Murray. On January 10, 1811, at the age of 28, she married James Murdoch, son of James Murdoch and Janet Osborne. They became the parents of eight children. Two of the children died in childhood. Her husband was employed at the Lime Works in Gaswater, Scotland, and lost his life on October 20, 1831, while trying to rescue a man who had become a victim of poisonous air in a mine shaft. (James was reportedly a second cousin of William Murdoch, the inventor of gas lighting.) Mary and her children were already accustomed to hard work. Mary's energy and thrifty disposition were a great help to her in raising and providing for her fatherless children. A few years after her husband's death, Mary was able, with the help of her sons, to build a little thatched-roof stone cottage.¹

Mary's son, John, married Ann Steele. Ann's brother, James Steele, visited from England and shared his message about the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. After he returned to England, he sent missionaries to Mary's home. The family was baptized on December 22, 1851. Mary was 67 years old. John and Ann emigrated to Utah in 1852. It was a difficult journey for them and their two young children both died. In 1856, John sent money for his mother's fare to join him in Zion. She was 73 years old, but she bravely sailed on the ship *Horizon* in May 1856. She traveled with James Steele, his wife, Elizabeth, their two young children, and Elizabeth's mother, Mary Ann Wylie.

Mary had a great deal of "Scottish" determination to undertake such an adventure at her age. She was known as "Wee Granny" as she was only 4 feet and 7 inches tall, and weighed only about 90 pounds. The anticipation of seeing her son, John, and his family after four years must have surely helped to motivate her. On the morning of October 3, 1856, word was sent through the camp that sister Mary Murray Murdoch had passed away during the night. The company was near Chimney Rock, Nebraska. Mary's spirit was strong, but her body was not able to finish the journey to Zion to join her son, John. Mary would have been 74 years old in ten more days. She died just a couple of weeks short of the first debilitating winter storm of 1856 and was thus taken home by a kind Heavenly Father who spared her the further trauma that was just ahead for the Martin handcart company. Mary's death was attended to by James Steele and his family. The last words spoken by Mary were a plea that her faithfulness and love would be made known to her son. She said, "Tell John I died with my face toward Zion."

James Steele, who had been such a faithful friend to the Murdoch family, also succumbed to death a few weeks later. He died on November 10 just east of the landmark Split Rock, about 20 miles west of Devil's Gate. Upon arriving in the Valley, John and Ann Murdoch took James's widow and her children into their home and cared for them until she remarried in July 1857. Mary Murdoch's children who immigrated to Utah are John, William, Mary (Mair) (McMillan), and Veronica (Caldow) (Giles). They all settled in Heber City. Janet Murdoch (Smith) joined the Church and has descendants who came to Utah, but she died in Scotland in 1866. (A photo of Janet was erroneously published as being her mother in some previous editions of *Tell My Story, Too*, and in a *Church News* article.)

One of James Steele's descendants, LDS artist Clark Kelley Price, honored Mary in a painting that depicts her death. The title of the painting is Mary's last words. Joanne Doxey, one of Mary's descendants, also honored Mary by composing two songs, "Wee Granny, Our Granny" and "Face Toward Zion." Mary was blessed with 72 grandchildren. In 2001, more than 450 of her descendants held a memorial service and dedication of a monument in her honor in Scottsbluff, Nebraska. Dallas Murdoch spoke at this service and said, "I am sure that the Lord wants us to be bonded to our ancestors in order to withstand the temptations of an ever darkening world. That may be one reason it is so important we honor and revere their memory." Mary's legacy is truly a sweet reminder of the joys and blessings of those who labor for Zion and endure to the end.

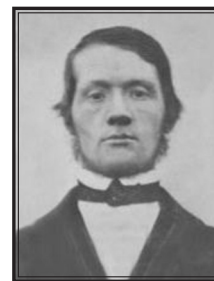
¹In 1907, William Lindsay visited Ayrshire, Scotland, and saw the ruins of Wee Granny's cottage. He also saw the spot where James Murdoch lost his life. The shaft in which he died was a new one, about 25 feet deep. After the tragedy it was never sunk any deeper, but was allowed to cave in and fill up. The depression Lindsay saw was about 5 feet deep and had wild daisies growing in it.

MARIA JACKSON NORMINGTON

Born: 1820 England

Age: 35

Martin Handcart Company

Maria Jackson
Normington (Parker)

Thomas Normington

Maria was born in Haggate, England, on Christmas Day, December 25, 1820. She married Thomas Normington in England when she was 19 years old. When Thomas and Maria left England in 1856, they left behind the graves of their daughter, Jane Ann, and two sons, Joseph and Mathew Heber, who had previously died. The children who were with them were Lovinia (age 10), Mary Ellen (8), Hannah (6), Ephraim Robert (4), and Daniel (18 months).

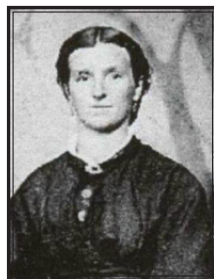
Maria was gifted with a beautiful singing voice and is said to have had a jolly and cheerful disposition. Her favorite song was “Come, Come Ye Saints” and it was a great comfort to sing as her family pushed and pulled their handcart.

Maria and the other pioneer women were well organized and would have dinner ready before camp was made for the night. From their carefully rationed flour they made biscuits along the way by mixing soda with a cup of sour milk, pouring it into the top of the flour sack, adding a pinch of salt and quickly shaping the biscuits which were cooked as soon as they stopped. However, the flour rations eventually had to be reduced from 1 pound to 12 ounces of flour per adult per day and later to 8 ounces and finally to 4 ounces. Clothing, blankets, and “extra” things that weighed down their carts were finally abandoned along the trail in order to hasten their march.

Maria lost three more children during her immigration to her Zion in the Rocky Mountains of Utah. Her little son, Daniel, died on August 12, 1856, as the family was about half-way between their starting point in Iowa City and their resupply and regrouping camp in Florence, Nebraska. They had only traveled about 150 miles of their 1,300-mile journey. Maria was permitted to ride a half-day in the wagon with her son’s body until camp was made and he could be buried. Soon after this, Maria gave birth to a new baby who was likely stillborn.¹

As the days became shorter and the nights colder, the Martin company crossed and recrossed the Platte River many times through Nebraska Territory. On the morning of October 19 they faced the last crossing near what is today, Casper, Wyoming. The deep and wide and freezing cold river also introduced them to winter as the first storm arrived at this time. Josiah Rogerson of the Martin company recorded: “The [last] crossing of the North Platte was fraught with more fatalities than any other incident of the entire journey. . . . More than a score or two of the young female members of our company waded the stream that in many places was waist deep and deeper, and if they unfortunately stepped off one of the smooth boulders, they found the water a foot deeper. Blocks of mushy snow and ice had to be dodged in many instances by the wader, with the sad information that the snow had already fallen farther up the Platte and its tributaries, through which we had to pass before reaching the Sweetwater [River].”

John Jaques of the Martin company made this record of October 19: “That was a bitter cold day. Winter came on all at once, and that was the first day of it. The river was wide, the current strong, the water exceedingly cold and up to the wagon beds in the deepest parts, and the bed of the river was covered with cobble stones. Some of the men carried some of the women over on their backs or in their arms, but others of the women tied up their skirts and waded through, like the heroines as they were, and as they had done through many other rivers and creeks. The company was barely over when snow, hail and sleet began to fall, accompanied by a piercing north wind . . . That was a nipping night, and it told on the oxen as well as the people.”

Mary Ellen
Normington (Cook)Hannah Normington
(Ott)Lovinia
Normington
(Wright)

(Maria Normington - Page 2)

It is not known whether Thomas brought his handcart across the North Platte River or carried his wife and children across, but Thomas and his little son, Ephraim Robert, also soon died.² (Other family accounts indicate that Ephraim Robert was the child who died in August and Daniel died in October or November.) Maria had now borne the grief of burying six of her children as well as her husband. In her weak and bereft condition, this amazing and faithful woman would yet assist in bringing forth a prophecy made in England before her emigration from that place.

The Normington family had belonged to the same Conference (White Chapel branch of the Church in London, England) as the Bleak and Webster families in the Martin Company. James G. Bleak had been the presiding Elder of this congregation for several years prior to their emigration. Shortly before leaving England, James presided at a meeting where a woman bore her testimony and spoke with the gift of tongues concerning the Bleak family. James was given the interpretation, but, as he said, “. . . refrained from speaking it.” However, another woman did arise and gave the interpretation as follows: “I, the Lord, am well pleased with the offering made by my servant Elder Bleak; and notwithstanding he shall see the angel of death laying waste on his right and on his left, on his front and on his rearward, yet he and his family shall gather to Zion in safety, and not one of them shall fall by the way.”³

Maria was at this meeting and was reportedly the woman who exercised the gift of tongues or the interpretation of tongues. Confidence in this prophecy would later sustain her and Elder Bleak. After restoring his son’s life through a Priesthood blessing, James Bleak wrote, “That word of the Lord, given by the gift of tongues, inspired a faith, an assurance, which prompted administrations and prayers in behalf of the child who was looked upon as dead by the scores present in that camp; and it is the father’s conviction that, if that promise had not been made the boy would have been given up as dead; and would have been laid with the hundreds of that company who were buried by the wayside in that trying journey.”⁴

Prior to this event with Thomas, James Bleak had also been close to death. As he was unable to walk, his wife left him by the side of the trail one day. (This was not an unusual practice for this large company, as they had to keep moving to make it to the next camp. Someone would then typically return to bring in those who had been left behind.) When Maria inquired as to the well-being of Brother Bleak and learned that he had been left behind, she and Jemima Nightingale and Annie Hicks took a handcart back on the trail to bring him in to camp where they assisted in nursing him back to health. Maria stated that leaving him should not have been permitted because he had been promised in England by the gift of tongues that he should reach Zion in peace and safety.⁵ (See Annie Hicks biography in Martin company section of *Tell My Story, Too*; also see Haydock and Barlow stories for Nightingale relatives. A separate story of the Nightingale family may be posted at tellyourstorytoo.com in the future.)

Maria’s great faith and determination finally caused her to give her meager rations to her three little girls, while Maria ate dirt in an attempt to satisfy her own hunger pains. She walked until her feet were so frozen and sore that she actually crawled along on her hands and knees. When her hands were so frozen she could no longer use them, she actually went on her knees and elbows. Overcome with hardship, starvation and grief, Maria slipped into unconsciousness and remembered nothing of the last part of her journey in the blessed rescue wagon sent by John Parker.⁶ John’s son, William, who was the driver of this wagon, took Maria and her daughters to the valley and later to his father’s home where they continued to be nursed back to health.⁷ Care had to be taken to not overeat, but it was still difficult not to continue to feel hungry all the time. Mary Ellen’s daughter wrote:

“One night, after all had gone to bed, Mary Ellen, whose hunger was still not satisfied, stole into the kitchen in search of something more to eat. There, on the table, at one side of the room, was a large bowl of well-seasoned squash. Just as she had helped herself to a handful, the door opened suddenly and frightened her. Away she ran, jumped into bed and pulled the covers over her, holding the squash in her hand, the best she could. She waited – and listened. When all was quiet again and safe, she sat up quickly and ate the squash.”⁸

(Maria Normington - Page 3)

Maria married John Parker in 1857 and they had two children together. John and Maria were called on a mission to southern Utah to raise cotton and help to settle the town of Virgin. They left their comfortable homes again and moved their cattle and sheep to help build up and redeem a rough and desolate area. Maria's home was first a dugout and later a log house. She was thrifty and industrious, washing and scouring wool from their sheep, carding and dyeing it with dock roots or madder, then weaving it into cloth for their dresses and suits, which she also made.

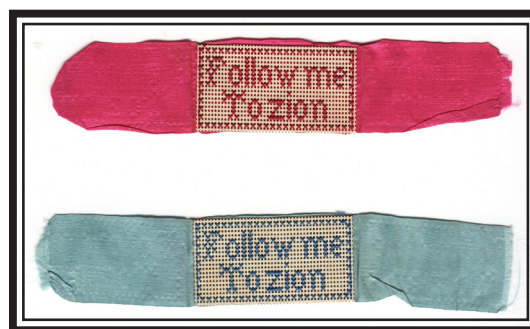
John built the first flour mill and cotton gin in Virgin, organized the first cattle co-op and the first store. Maria was the storekeeper while her husband worked at his other jobs. She also supported him as the first Bishop in Virgin and President of the United Order.

Maria gave much service to the people of her community. Her family reports that she was never heard to censure anyone for her trials nor complain because her lot was hard. She was cheerful and faithful throughout her life and felt that the gospel of Jesus Christ, for which she had endured so much, was the most glorious of all blessings. Her family loved to hear her pray. She seemed to actually see and talk with her Father in Heaven as she expressed her gratitude and asked for the blessings they needed. Maria died in Virgin City, Utah, on March 19, 1881, at the age of 61.

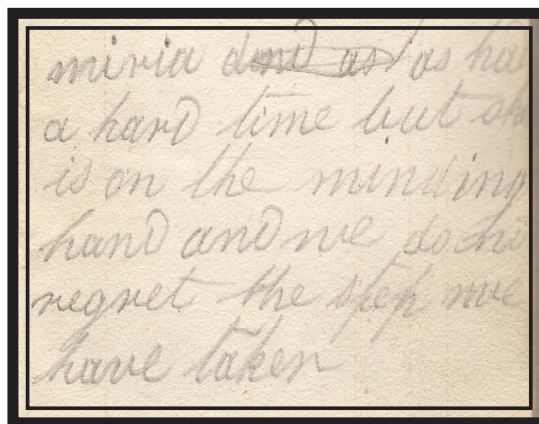
Pictured l to r: Hannah Normington (Ott)
Lovenia Normington (Wright)
Mary Ellen Normington (Cook)



Small diary in the pocket of Thomas Normington's vest



Bookmarks inside Thomas Normington's diary



miria has had a hard time but she is on the minding hand and we do not regret the step we have taken

(Last entry in Thomas Normington's journal)

Maria Normington - page 4)

¹Some have questioned whether or not Maria gave birth to another child during her emigration, reasoning that she did not have this child sealed to her and her husband, Thomas Normington, as she did their other children. The writings of Richard Parker (1859-1941), son of Maria Jackson Normington and John Parker, state: “Thomas Normington [husband], a newborn baby, and two little boys died while on this journey, and mother came near to the door of death.” (As found in the book *The Thomas Normington Family—Mormon Handcart Pioneers—Martin Handcart Company of 1856*, by Stephan Rich McDonald and Karen B. Wright, pg. 54.) A second statement by Maria’s granddaughter, Annie Hilton Bishop, written June 1929, also indicates another child: “About this time the baby boy, one and a half years old, [Daniel] of Grandmother’s died. She was permitted to ride one half day, with her dead child, until the company stopped and it could be buried. Soon after, a new baby was born to her which also died.” (Ibid. pg. 2)

²a. “One of the boys [Ephraim Robert or Daniel] cried for bread. Someone found him a small piece. He died with it between his teeth. Hannah, the youngest girl took it from his mouth and ate it.” (“The Life of My Father, John Parker,” by daughter, Alice Parker Isom, in McDonald and Wright, *The Thomas Normington Family*, Appendix I, pg. 8) b. “Four-year-old Robert [Ephraim Robert] became ill. Feeling his hot head and face, Maria placed him on the cart, covered him with a blanket, and tried to give him relief His condition was worsening fast. He begged for a piece of biscuit. Maria asked Thomas to stop. She dug into the rations and found a small piece of bread which she tried to feed him. She laid it on his lips, but they remained closed, and she realized he was dying. Little Hannah, who had climbed up on the cart, reached over and snatched the bread from his lips and ate it. Maria was permitted to ride in one of the [provision] wagons for half a day with her dead child, until the company stopped, and he could be buried.” (*History of John Parker* by Ruth Winder Rogers, 1992, BYU Press, pg. 28-29) It is the opinion of the author, Jolene Allphin, that this story involving Hannah refers to the death of her brother, Daniel, and was in fact in August 1856, and that Ephraim Robert died in October or November.

³“An Item of Hand Cart Experience” by James G. Bleak (signed “Scribo”), *Juvenile Instructor*, June 15, 1902, pgs. 365-367.)

⁴Ibid.

⁵*The Daily Herald*, newspaper (Provo, Utah), March 16, 1977, by Lula Marie Hilton Henriksen of Lindon, Utah.

⁶All accounts written of Maria’s life mention this. Following are three statements by those who knew her best:

a. “Grandmother tried to eat the dirt to satisfy the pangs of hunger. She walked until her feet were so terribly frozen and sore, she could walk no more; then she crawled along on her hands and knees. When her hands were so frozen she could use them no more, she went on her knees and elbows. Even after many years, at the time of her death. there were great scars on her knees and elbows from this awful experience. Grandmother was so overcome with hardships. starvation, and grief that when the relief wagons came she was unconscious and almost out of her mind. She remembered nothing of the last part of the journey.” (McDonald and Wright, Annie H. Bishop [granddaughter], pg. 3) b. “[Maria] many times tried to eat the soil of the earth to satisfy her longing for food. ... her hands and her feet had become so badly frozen that she was compelled to crawl on her elbows and knees. Scars of this suffering she carried for many a day” (Ibid., Mabel Cook [granddaughter], pg. 35-36)

c. “Her hands and feet were so badly frozen that she had to crawl on her elbows and knees on the frozen ground. She had great scars on her elbows and knees. Her feet were so badly frozen the toe nails came off.” (Ibid., Richard Parker, son, pg. 54)

⁷“Lovina, eleven, was taken into the home of Brother Alexander, Mary Ellen came to my sister Mary’s. She was aged nine. The mother and Hannah, aged seven, were taken to the home of Brother Empey. Later Sister Normington and Hannah came to live with us and in 1857 father married the widow. It was a long time before Aunt Maria, as we always called her, fairly recovered.” (“The Life of My Father, John Parker,” by daughter, Alice Parker Isom, in McDonald and Wright, *The Thomas Normington Family*, Appendix I, pg. 8).

⁸“Mary Ellen Normington Cook” by daughter, Mabel Cook (McDonald and Wright, pg. 36).



Thomas Normington’s vest
with journal in pocket

See also <https://www.lds.org/ensign/1995/08/brief-mission-constant-harvest?lang=eng>

ALICE DANDY OLLERTON

Born: 4 Oct 1802 England

Age: 53

Martin Handcart Company



Alice Dandy Ollerton



Jane Ann Ollerton

Alice was one of six children born to James and Elizabeth Ogden Dandy. At the age of 23 she married John Ollerton and together they had fifteen children, nine of whom lived to maturity.

Among the very first converts to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in England, John and Alice were baptized in 1837 and 1838, respectively. Many of their children were baptized at various ages and at different times, the strong faith of their parents being a religious influence.

On May 22, 1856, John and Alice and their four daughters, Alice (age 19), Jane Ann (15), Sarah (5), and Elizabeth (Wilson) (24) with her husband, James (26), sailed from Liverpool on the *Horizon*, bound for their Zion and promised land in Utah. Elizabeth gave birth to a baby girl on the ship and named her Nancy Horizon Wilson. The baby only lived 3 weeks and was buried at sea. Also traveling with them was Mary Harrison Rogerson and her six unmarried children. Alice's son, Seth Ollerton was married to Mary's daughter, Jane Rogerson. (Seth and Jane and their five children emigrated in 1864.) Mary Rogerson and Alice Ollerton must have surely enjoyed each other's company enjoyed talking about their common grandchildren back in England.

Alice and John survived the worst events of this journey—the reduction of rations and handcart luggage, including warm bedding; the dreadful final crossing of the North Platte River on October 19 when they were hit with the first storm; their stranded condition at Red Buttes until they were located 9 days later; and the November 4 crossing of the Sweetwater into Martin's Cove and subsequent plunge in temperatures and another reduction of rations. They had witnessed Elizabeth pull her husband in the handcart as his feet were too frozen to help. When the cry went up, "Teams with [more] food from Utah has arrived," John had just said he could go no further, but now asked Alice, "Hurry, Mother, and bring me some food." John Ollerton died with the uneaten food in his hands. Alice died eight days later on November 20, a mere 10 days from her goal to be in Zion with her family. Her daughter, Alice, died the day after reaching the Salt Lake Valley.

On the night Alice (Sr.) died, her three daughters and their friend, Sarah Foster, kept an all-night vigil by their fire. They said that Alice felt that she was dying, but was afraid they might only think she was dead in the morning and go on without her, so she asked them to watch with her and be sure. Alice did die during the night and the fire had thawed the ground enough for a decent grave to be dug for their mother, dear friend and surrogate mother. Mary Rogerson's son, Josiah, wrote of these things:

Here Sister Alice Ollerton died and was buried the next morning where our family had kept a fire burning nearly the whole night. She was about 60 years of age, and the relict of John Ollerton, who died on the 12th and was buried on a bench immediately west of the three crossings of the Sweetwater.¹ She had been the mother of fifteen or sixteen children, only four daughters succeeding in reaching Salt Lake that season—Mrs. Betsy Wilson of Levan, Juab county; Mrs. Jane Ann McPherson of Nephi; Mrs. Sarah Eatough, the relict of George Eatough, a miner, and for many years a resident of Eureka and Bingham mining camps, Utah, and a daughter named Alice, aged 17 [19] years, whose feet and back became so badly frozen between the Red Buttes and Bridger that she was brought into Salt Lake more dead than alive, expiring the next day and buried Dec. 3. the same day President Jedediah M. Grant was buried in the cemetery in this city.

¹ If John Ollerton died on Nov. 12, he was probably buried at the Ice Springs Bench, just west of Fifth Crossing, not Three Crossings. This matches the story of rescue wagons having just met them—Arza Hinckley and whoever was with him met the Martin company at Ice Springs on Nov. 12. Alice Dandy Ollerton died on Nov. 20. The company camped that night at a bend on the Big Sandy River. That morning they had left their camp at Dry Sandy, about 14 miles west of South Pass. Since Alice died "during the night," this is likely where she is buried.

Sources: "Jane Rogerson Ollerton," in Daughters of Utah Pioneers publication *Our Heritage*, unknown volume, pgs. 464-465; DUP history files; family histories courtesy George T. Crane, Tooele, Utah; See Robert T. Burton, William Broomhead, Arza Hinckley, and Sarah Foster biographies; Jolene S. Alphin, "1856 Rescue Timeline of the Smoot, Willie, Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies," unpublished (2017) mauscript, pgs. 190-204.



The James R. McPherson Family, c. 1911
 (Left to right, seated: Amelia (Lala), Jane Ann, Bertha, James R., Lavina;
 Standing: Jane, John, Ruby, Elizabeth, Seth, Estelle, Jim, Rose, Heber, Alice.)

SAMUEL OPENSHAW

Born: 1834 England

Age: 22

Martin Handcart Company



Samuel's parents embraced the gospel with some of the earliest English converts in Lancashire in 1840. The spirit of gathering to Zion was very strong with them and everyone worked hard toward this goal. Some worked in the linen mills 12 hours a day. In 1854, Samuel's brothers, Roger and Eli, were the first to leave England. Roger left behind his new bride, Eliza Booth. In Utah, Roger and Eli lived on meager rations for two years in order to save money to send for the rest of the family. This included Samuel's parents, William (age 60) and Ann (50); his siblings, Levi (19), Mary (17), Eleanor (14), and Mary Ann (10); and Roger's wife, Eliza Booth (19).

Samuel kept a diary aboard the ship *Horizon* and across the plains until the first week of October, after which time Samuel did not date his summarized entries. Excerpts from Samuel's diary in this biographical sketch tell some of the family's experiences:

Aug. 7—traveled through a beautiful country where we could stand and gaze upon the prairies as far as the eye could carry, even until the prairies themselves seemed to meet the sky on all sides ... Thought how many thousands of people are there in England who have scarce room to breathe and not enough to eat. Yet, all this good land lying dormant, except for the prairie grass to grow and decay, which if men would spread themselves and obey the commandment of God to replenish the earth, instead of thronging together in cities and towns and causing the air to be tainted with stinks and giving rise to disease, what a blessing it would be for men (people).

Aug. 22 - arrived at the Missouri River where we were ferried across to Florence [Nebraska]. We went to the top of a hill where we could view the country all round and the Missouri River to a great distance. Every place we came through we were admired by the people very much. Some looked upon us as if we were deceived; others who were old apostates came with all the subtlety of the devil, and all the cunning they have gained by their own experience, trying to turn the Saints to the right hand or to the left, but thanks be to God, but few or none adhered to their advice.

Sept. 7 - Eleanor has the Ague and Diree and is so badly that we had to pull her in the hand cart. Eliza also is yet so weak that we had to pull her also in the hand cart which made it just as much as we could pull.

Sept. 8 - We started about 8 o'clock this morning; traveled until 1 o'clock; stopped for dinner one hour, started again and traveled until 10 o'clock at night on account of not being able to find any water or wood. Traveled about 24 miles and found some (little) water in holes that had been dug in the sand. We pulled Eliza on the hand cart all day.

Sept 9 - traveled through a very hard, sandy, up hill and down road; halted for dinner about 2 o'clock but there was not water, but an old mud pit; started again at 6 o'clock. It thundered and lightened awfully, and rain at a distance, but as if to give everyone their share it rolled over and gave us a good soaking in the rain, rolled on until it died away at a distance. We were almost worried with mosquitos. Traveled until 11 o'clock when we camped at the Prairie Creek, which is very good water. We have traveled two days without water except mud water and that only twice.

Sept. 16 - Started at half past 8 o'clock. The weather is extremely hot which makes it hard traveling. Stopped at one o'clock, but moved no farther today. It would truly be an amusing and interesting scene if the people of the old country could have a bird's eye view of us when in camp; to see everyone busy -- some fetching water, others gathering Buffalo chips, some cooking and so forth upon these wild prairies where the air is not tainted with the smoke of cities or factories, but is quiet here. One may see a creek at a distance and start and travel one hour towards it, yet seem no nigher than you did when you started.

Sept. 19 - ... still continued to travel over the sandy bluffs which is very hard pulling. Eliza continues in a lingering state so that we have to haul her on the hand cart.

Sept. 21 - Eliza on account of being exposed to the weather is considerably worse.

Sept. 23 - traveled 11 3/4 miles today, and it is, I think, the hardest day we have had on account of deep sands. We had to pull Eliza all through them.

(Samuel Openshaw - Page 2)

The Martin Company became stranded near the last crossing of the Platte River from October 19-28. Eliza reportedly died on October 18. Samuel summarized:

We are now seeing the storms increasing upon us in the midst of an inclement and howling desert, far away from human succor and having only a few days rations in the camp. We have summoned all our strength and efforts to make another move, but our oxen having died off and our strength being very much reduced - the snow, cold, the blasting winds, it seemed impossible for us to travel. In fact, we were traveling all day, cold, hungry and fatigued and only traveled about 5 miles. We put up our tents, and then shoveled out the snow and put it around the bottom of the tent, in order to keep out the winds and to make ourselves somewhat comfortable. . . . After camping here [at Red Buttes] several days, and all the flour in the camp nearly used up and were not able to move and about 370 miles from [Great Salt Lake] City, and it being by far the nearest to look for succor. Yet, we did not despair. We looked forward for support with gleaming hope upon our countenances. In the midst of all this uncertainty and doubt, our hopes were realized for lo and behold, Joseph A. Young and two others with him, came riding into camp. [Oct. 28] Voices from all parts of the camp rang out, 'help for the camp.' We all rushed together to hear the news. He told us that there were about 10 wagons loaded with flour, sent out from the valley for our relief, and was about 50 miles ahead of us at a place called Devil's Gate. In the morning, we summoned all our efforts and strength, impelled with the prospect of deliverance, and we again started on our journey. We now had one pound of flour per day, which in a measure began to recruit our strength so that we were enabled to perform the journey before us. The brethren which came out to meet us, did administer every comfort and help that was within their power, to the sick and the infirm. [A few days after arriving at Devil's Gate, it became necessary to seek better shelter.] We traveled about two miles, crossed over the Sweetwater, some on the ice and others waded through, which was about 3 ½ feet deep. James Lord and myself pulled the handcart across the creek. The women and children were all carried across by some of the brethren who had come from the valley. We then went into a canyon where we camped [for five days]. [This "canyon" later was known as Martin's Cove.]

When word about their family reached Roger and Eli Openshaw, they rushed with other rescuers to take assistance to them. Roger was heartbroken when he learned that his bride, Eliza, had been too frail to withstand the journey and had died along the way. A biography of Eli's life tells of him meeting his mother: "He learned from the first wagon that his mother had become so weak that she had to be hauled and that she would be found in the provision wagon. He immediately made his way to the wagon. He lifted up the cover from the side saying, "How you all." For a moment there was silence, then his mother replied, "Aye, Aye, Eli, is that you?" and she began to cry. The only way she had of recognizing him was by his voice, for his clothing was made from an old wagon cover and his face was whiskered and he showed sign of worry and hard work."

The Openshaw family finally arrived in the Valley on November 30, 1856. After a short stay in Salt Lake to recuperate, they traveled to Santaquin to the two-room log home Roger and Eli had built for them. Eliza Booth's parents and sisters emigrated in 1864. Her mother died on the trail near Devil's Gate, about 50 miles west from where her daughter, Eliza, had died eight years earlier. Upon arrival in the Valley, the Openshaws took the Booth family into their home for care. The Openshaw family continued to be active in the Church and in their community as well-respected citizens. Samuel's brother, Levi, was known for his fine sense of humor and cheerful disposition. However, his experiences in the Martin Handcart Company "were stamped on his memory so strongly that they remained there the rest of his life and he would burst into tears when pressed by his friends and relatives to relate his experiences." (Emma Ellen Openshaw Kay)

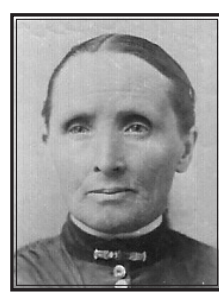
Sources: Keele, Pearl Holman, 1887-1979: "Eli Openshaw biographical sketch," MS12260, begins frame 1139, Church History Library; Madsen, Carol Cornwall, *Journey to Zion: Voices from the Mormon Trail*, Deseret Book, 1997, 640-654; Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; Openshaw family histories in files of Jolene Allphin. See "Experience of a descendant of Mary Openshaw" at http://www.tellmystorytoo.com/member_pdfs/maryopenshaw_1286.pdf; See art and story depicting a miraculous rescue of Ann Openshaw at <http://www.tellmystorytoo.com/fine-arts/julie-rogers/bringing-them-home>



Eleanor
Openshaw



Ann Walmsley
Greenhalgh
Openshaw



Mary Openshaw

ELEANOR GRANT ORD

Born: June 14, 1828 in Leicester, England

Age: 28

Martin Handcart Company

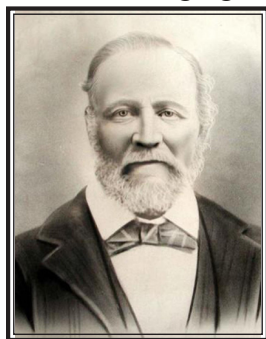


Eleanor was the youngest of nine children of John and Mary Hall Grant. Her mother died when she was only two years old. Her father then remarried and had more children. Eleanor attended school for awhile, but she eventually was required to work to help support the family. For a time she went to school at night and worked during the day as a frame work knitter.

Eleanor became converted to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints after hearing the gospel message from missionaries at the age of 18. She was baptized May 4, 1847, by Crandal Dunn, and confirmed by Thomas Severson. Due to opposition from her father, Eleanor did this with much faith.

Eleanor later met a traveling Elder by the name of Thomas Ord.¹ One of his last Church assignments was President of the branch in Leicester where Eleanor lived. After his release from that calling, he was ready to emigrate to Utah. Thomas visited the factory where Eleanor worked and asked her to go for a walk with him. She was excused from her work and after their short walk they had become engaged. They made plans to go together to Zion. They were married on March 4, 1856, and sailed on the ship *Horizon* in May of 1856 as newlyweds. Then, for more than 1,000 miles across the American continent, Eleanor walked and pulled a handcart alongside her husband. She and Thomas also pulled an unnamed eight-year-old crippled child for its mother. The child eventually died from exposure. Later, the Ords also pulled a man too ill to walk further. Thomas also served as a sub-captain in the Martin handcart company.

Shortly after their arrival in the Salt Lake Valley Eleanor and Thomas were sent to Nephi, Utah, where they spent the rest of their lives. Their efforts as pioneers in Nephi included building the town and the protective wall around the city. Their first home was in the northwest corner of the old fort. Although the sod and willow roof leaked, they were grateful to be in Zion and free to build their future without persecution.² They eventually had a nice home in Nephi. The home also served as a school where Thomas was the teacher. Here Eleanor raised her seven children and lived to be 86 years old. Eleanor loved to share her testimony and spend time doing temple work. She also loved singing and teaching.



Thomas Ord

The Ord family had a farm and sheep herd. Thomas also worked as a lawyer, and later as a judge in Nephi. He served many years on the Stake High Council. A granddaughter wrote of him: “He was a natural student and it was seldom that a day passed without his having learned something new. He kept abreast with the times through reading and study. ... His use of the English language was perfect. Even in old age ... the events of his life seemed to be ever ready in his memory. My younger brother John and our sister Martha were giving words to each other from the dictionary in preparation for a spelling match the following day. Grandfather listened to them quietly until one of them would make a mistake, then he would spell it for them. They gave him difficult words then and he spelled all correctly. This was amazing to all of us. This was just a week or two before his death.”

¹ Thomas was baptized September 9, 1843, and confirmed by George P. Waugh. Elder Waugh, at age 67, was also a member of the Martin handcart company. See his story in Martin section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

² Eleanor’s granddaughter, Maud Schofield Richins, remembered “seeing grandma putting pans, etc, around on the beds and elsewhere as the rain would filter through” this roof.

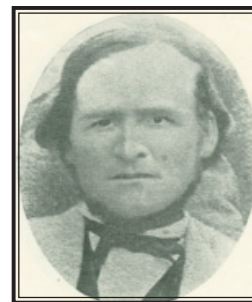
Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; *Pioneers and Prominent Men*, Frank Esshom, 1913; *Pioneer Women of Faith and Fortitude*, International Society Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1998; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; familysearch.org; “Thomas Ord,” by Maud Schofield Richins, granddaughter (on familysearch.org.).

SAMUEL WASHINGTON ORME

Born: 4 July 1832 Mentor, Ohio

Age: 23

Martin Handcart Company



Samuel's parents, Samuel and Amy Kirby Orme, first emigrated from England around 1831 to live near Amy's parents in Ohio. It was at this time that the first gathering of the Saints was occurring in nearby Kirtland. Samuel Orme, Sr. heard some men preaching the gospel in a town near Mentor and was impressed with the truth of their message, though he did not learn the names of the men or the religious sect to which they belonged.

The only son of Samuel and Amy was born in Ohio on Independence Day. His parents felt that in addition to carrying his father's name, he should have an additional name suggestive of this great event in American history. Accordingly, he was named Samuel Washington Orme.

Shortly after Samuel's birth, the family returned to England to assist Grandfather John Orme, who was in his declining years and wished his son to return. The family moved to Coalville where young Samuel remembered his father taking him and his younger sister by the hand and going a short distance to see the first train go through Coalville. Samuel, Sr. was a bookkeeper for the Midland Railway Company.

When Samuel W. was 9 years old, his father died. Samuel W. became an apprentice to a blacksmith for the next 7 years and also worked in the nearby coal mine. He was an excellent penman and learned somewhat of his father's trade, but did not become a bookkeeper. He finally earned enough money at his blacksmith's trade that he supported his mother and sisters comfortably.

Before Samuel Orme, Sr. died, he reminded his wife about his strong impressions of the preachers back in Ohio. He had studied the Bible, pondered about it, and knew it was true. He told his wife that she must join this church whenever she heard about it. He said, "When you hear the first sermon, you will feel as I feel, that it is true. A strange spirit will come over you, and you shall feel as if the truth of it is burning into your very soul." Only a few months after Samuel's death, Amy heard of two brothers, John and James Burrow, who were preaching a "strange" doctrine in nearby Whitwick. She took her children to go and hear them and at the close of the meeting she was ready for baptism. She said, "Why, I feel as if my very soul is on fire. I know it is true, although I don't know where these men got their truths. Yet I know it is the same as my husband heard in America years ago." Amy and her children who were over 8 years of age were baptized at this time. Samuel was active in church work, becoming a local Elder as well as a clerk of that branch. They began to save money to emigrate to be with the other Saints in Utah.

Samuel's older sister, Eliza, emigrated in 1849 with her husband, Michael Holden, and baby girl, Jane. Another sister, Caroline, went with them. Eliza died of cholera in Missouri and Caroline worked for a time in St. Louis and emigrated to Utah in 1882. Three other sisters had died as young children while still in England. Amy (52), Sarah Ann (30), Samuel W. and Rebecca (18) were able to start in 1856 when the handcart plan was introduced. They boarded the ship *Horizon* in Liverpool with a large company of other Saints bound for Zion under the direction of Edward Martin, a returning missionary. Martin's handcart company was organized in Iowa City, Iowa. It was the 5th and last handcart company of the year. The Hodgett and Hunt wagon companies were following closely along, and assisting as much as possible. However, because of their delayed start and early winter storms in Wyoming, they all suffered together from hunger and cold.

(Samuel Washington Orme - Page 2)

As flour rations were cut, and then cut again before the rescuers came from Salt Lake City, the Orme family was down to four ounces per day per person. Samuel's courageous mother saw her son quickly weakening. She proposed to her girls that they each cut their own rations even further in order to feed Samuel more. They all agreed to make this sacrifice and it saved Samuel's life. His sisters and mother also survived, although Rebecca had to have several toes amputated.

Amy Kirby Orme outlived all her children but Caroline. Sarah Ann died in 1866 giving birth to twins who also died. Rebecca died in 1871 leaving a feeble husband and three boys. Amy took over and raised these children.

Samuel had left his sweetheart, Sarah Cross, in England. She emigrated the next year and she and Samuel were married. They soon moved to Tooele where Samuel became prominent in the community, serving in many positions in the church and community, including mayor of Tooele two terms without pay. He was an earnest advocate for better schools and did much work as a trustee. Samuel died in 1889 at the age of 57. At this writing (2005), Samuel still has a living granddaughter, 92 years of age. Evelyn Orme Palmer grew up with the stories of her grandfather's life being saved by his devoted mother and sisters. She also knew of the heritage of honesty and integrity that he left his posterity.

Samuel's son, Lafayette, went to his father's home town in England, 50 years after his father had left there. He said, "I got a voluntary testimony as to his character while I was [there]. . . . I inquired for the oldest resident [in Coalville]. One man, William Sheffield, said he came to Coalville in 1851 but said he did not know my father. I found another man named John Starkey who said, 'I knew your father well. We were boys together. There are only a few of us old timers left. Your father and many of his type left years ago, and we have a much less desirable class to take their place. But say, William Sheffield should remember your father.' 'No,' said I, 'he told me he never knew anyone by that name.' Mr. Starkey wondered at this at first, then he said, 'I know why he doesn't remember your father. He came here to start a saloon, and your father was one of the few boys who would not patronize him. Your father as a boy never touched intoxicating liquor. He was honest and moral in every respect.' Thus from all friends and even foes comes the testimony that he was honest, true, temperate, and loyal to his country. His foes were those who were foes to Mormonism. He had no personal foes. He was as humble as a little child. The sun seldom went down on his wrath. If he offended anyone, he was quick to ask forgiveness. On offending one of his sons, the son, instead of flying into a rage, went from the room in tears. On returning the father said, 'My boy, I've hurt your feelings. I spoke too hasty. I want you to forgive me. If need be, I'll go on my knees to plead forgiveness.' Such was the humility of our father."

Sources: Interview with Mark Engh, by Jolene Allphin; "Samuel Washington Orme," by LaFayette Orme, son of Samuel Washington Orme, edited by Ruth Orme Yancey, May 1992; "Amy Kirby Orme," unknown author; *History of the Orme Family*, journal of Lafayette Orme; *Pioneers and Prominent Men*, Frank Esshom, 1913; "Correspondence from the Camp at Florence," J.H. Latey, *The Mormon*, 30 Aug. 1856, 2 (Posted on Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website); familysearch.org.



Amy Kirby Orme



Rebecca Orme (Lee)

GEORGE W. PADLEY

Born: 28 Dec 1835 (Died in Martin's Cove)

Age: 20

Martin Handcart Company

George Padley's feelings at the beginning of his handcart trek from Iowa and Nebraska may have echoed that of fellow traveler, Samuel Openshaw, of the same age in the company:

We started about 7 o'clock this morning and traveled through a beautiful country, where we could stand and gaze upon the prairies as far as the eye could see, even until the prairies themselves seemed to meet the sky on all sides, without being able to see a house. I thought, how many thousands of people are there in England who have scarce room to breathe and not enough to eat. Yet all this good land is lying dormant, except for the prairie grass to grow and decay.

George had come from the same area in England as his sweetheart and fiancé, Sarah Ann Franks, who was also in the Martin handcart company. He had worked near there (in Nottingham) as a tailor. Sarah and George were waiting until they reached Utah to be married for time and all eternity in the Endowment House. Their plans were cut short, however, when George died from exposure and pneumonia. He was among those who carried others across the icy North Platte River on October 19, 1856. Fellow traveler, John Jaques, wrote of this:

On the 19th of October the company crossed the N. Platte River for the last time. That was a bitter cold day. Winter came on all at once, and that was the first day of it. The river was wide, the current strong, the water exceedingly cold and up to the wagon beds in the deepest parts, and the bed of the river was covered with cobble stones. Some of the men carried some of the women over on their backs or in their arms. . . . The company was barely over when snow, hail and sleet began to fall, accompanied by a piercing north wind.

George had also taken his turn staying up nights guarding the cattle. With the shortened rations and severe exposure, he became very ill. On November 4, George was likely carried by others across the Sweetwater and into Martin's Cove for shelter. Just prior to his death at this place, George approached Mary Taylor, a 31-year-old widow in the company and said, "Mary, I feel so weak. Will you make me a little gruel?" She said that she would, but her feet were frozen so badly that the captain of their group insisted that George get his own fuel to make enough fire to prepare the meal. George did gather the fuel and Mary made him some gruel. George drank it and retired to bed and died sometime during that night. (See Jesse Taylor story in *Tell My Story, Too*.)

Sarah Ann could not bear the thoughts of George's body being placed in a shallow grave and subjected to the depredations of the wolves. She left behind her warm paisley shawl in which George's body was wrapped and hung in a tree for protection, to await a proper burial in the spring and a glorious resurrection at some time in the future.

The book *Remember* by the Riverton Wyoming Stake states that President James E. Faust was told this story during a visit to Martin's Cove and was very moved by it. With a tear in his eye he said it had to be one of the great love stories of the western migration. (See Sarah Franks story in this *Tell My Story, Too*.)

Other Sources: British Mission Record for *Horizon*; excerpt from audiotape interview of Kim McKinnon with Kathleen Thacker, transcript courtesy Donna Olsen, Riverton, Wyoming, email 2012; "Biography of Jesse Soar Taylor: Came to Utah in 1856," by Ethel Taylor Page, his daughter, courtesy Taylor family; "Autobiography of Mary Ann Barton Allen," <http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~jleatham/martyAnn.htm>; Interview by Jolene Allphin with Dale Mackay of Provo, Utah (Dale said: "Sarah's mother gave her the shawl when she left England."); *Remember*, Riverton Wyoming Stake; *Descendants of Thomas Mackay – Utah Pioneer*, volume I, 1964; see *More Than Miracles*, by T.C. Christensen and Jolene S. Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2012, for more information and in-depth documentation on Sarah Franks and George Padley, especially as depicted in the T.C. Christensen's movie, *17 Miracles*.

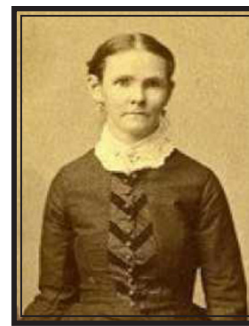
(For representative painting of George Padley, see www.tellmystorytoo.com/fine-arts/julie-rogers/the-river-was-wide.)

ELLEN PARKINSON

Born: 1851 England

Age: 5

Martin Handcart Company



Ellen's parents, John and Ellen Smalley Parkinson, were among the very first converts to the Church in Preston, England, in 1837. John was fairly well to do, owning his own shoemaking business and employing servants in his home. He served a full-time mission with William Speakman as his companion between 1840-42. Elder Speakman's daughter, Hannah, was employed in the Parkinson household in 1856, and traveled to Zion with them.

In a letter Elders Parkinson and Speakman wrote to their mission president, Orson Pratt, on Sept. 29, 1841, we learn something of their missionary experience:

“We take the liberty to inform you that we have been laboring in Westmorland and through the mercy of God, in the midst of persecution and lying editors, the work of the Lord rolls on. . . . At one of our meetings in the open air, four pretended preachers of the Gospel came up, and one of them publicly demanded our Elder to take some arsenic, which he had brought with him, in order to have a sign to enable him to believe the Bible. The people, however, seemed to have more reason and good sense: for they were very much hurt with his conduct, and told him that if he were a Man of God, he would not disturb a meeting. . . . There are many who say that we preach erroneous doctrine and lies: and yet they say show us a sign and we will believe. It seems by this that they are willing to believe errors and falsehoods, if they can have a sign, but we have not so learned Christ.”

Ellen's first memory of her emigration was of her father carrying her on board the ship *Horizon*, sitting her on a plank and giving her a sea biscuit. This large family consisted of parents, John (age 37), Ellen (37); and 9 children - Samuel (18), Joseph (15), Jane Elizabeth (11), Margaret (8), John (7), Ellen (5), Mary (3), Esther (2), and William (infant). (A daughter was also born and died in 1843.) John Parkinson had paid for a wagon and ox team, but it was “not to be had” upon reaching Iowa City. The Parkinson's made a major decision there, to discard many belongings and travel by handcart that year.

The Parkinson family probably lost more members than any other family in the company. The death dates are not known, but family records indicate they were all in October. Joseph collapsed while still in his handcart harness. William, Mary and Esther also died. The night that Ellen's father died, her mother took his coat to keep herself warm and had Ellen sleep next to her. Ellen became very cold and tried to wake her mother, but could not. She snuggled next to her mother's body through the night and when morning finally came, Ellen's mother was wrapped in a blanket and buried in a shallow grave with several others. Samuel left the family at some point and returned back on the trail to Florence. Ellen was now bereft of parents and 5 siblings, including two older brothers who had often carried her on their shoulders.

Ellen, Jane, Margaret and John continued to the Valley where Ellen and Jane were taken to the home of Leonard Hardy to recuperate. Brother Hardy had stayed at the Parkinson's home in England when he was there on a mission and had blessed Jane as a child. A Mr. Atwood took Margaret and John into his home. It is said that when Ellen was a “young lady” she ran away from the Hardy home and spent her time between her two sisters' homes until she married Hyrum Covey at the age of 16. Jane married Hyrum's brother, Joseph. Margaret married a German man, William Deppe. John (Jr.), called Johnnie, moved from the Atwood home when he was of age and went to work in the mines near Salt Lake. He was killed in a logging accident 9 May 1864 at the age of 15. Samuel married, returned to Utah for a time with his family, and died in Nevada in 1883.

(Ellen Parkinson - Page 2)

In July 1889, Ellen's two sisters died about 2 weeks apart from each other. Ellen was the lone survivor of this large family. One day a gentleman representing the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company approached Ellen and offered to pay her the difference for the wagon and team her father had paid for and the cost of the handcart journey. Ellen was hurt and offended and refused the money. It is said that she gave the PEF representative "a most thorough scolding."

Ellen lived until 1915. Her posterity wrote of her: "She was a kind mother and friend. She never turned anyone away from her door. She had a keen sense of humor. She spent much time seeking information about her ancestors." It seems that the following excerpt from John Parkinson's Patriarchal blessing was fulfilled in Ellen: "Thy posterity shall be blest and they shall rejoice even as they shall enjoy the good things of the Land of Promise." (Given 24 Aug 1840 in Preston by Patriarch Peter Melling)

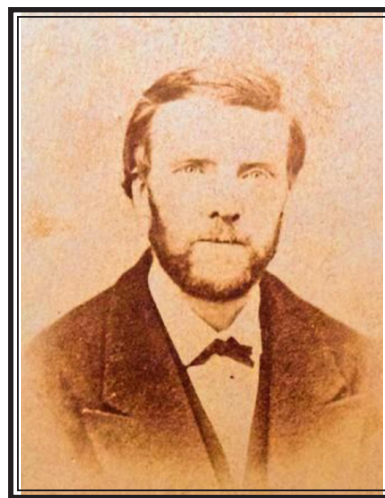
Sources: *The Parkinson Family of Lancashire*, by Doyle J. Bauman, 1990, pgs. 48-114; "Ellen Parkinson Covey," *Women of Faith and Fortitude*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers publication, 1:685-686.



Margaret Parkinson (Deppe)



Jane Elizabeth Parkinson
(Covey)



Samuel Parkinson

ROBERT PIERCE (or PEARCE)

Born: England (died, probably on September 18, 1856, Nebraska Territory)

Age: 31

Martin Handcart Company

Little is known of Robert Pierce's background. The British Mission Record (BMR) for the Latter-day-Saint emigrants who signed up to sail on the ship *Horizon*, tells us that Robert was 31 years old with an occupation as a "pedlar."¹ Robert's ticket was sent to "Jn Kay, L'pool." Because emigrant tickets were often sent to one of the Elders, it is assumed that this is a reference to Elder John Moburn Kay, whose missionary assignments located him in Liverpool at this time.² A Liverpool branch record indicates that Robert had been received earlier from the Cheltenham branch of the Church. Early LDS branch records for Cheltenham are not available, so it is not known if Robert was born in the Cheltenham area or when he traveled to Liverpool.

Because of diaries and reminiscences written by five members of the Martin handcart company, we know that Robert was a remarkably determined man with a severely handicapped body. We also know that on September 12, 1856, Robert got separated from the group long enough to make a wrong turn and he found himself in a serious and vulnerable situation:

James G. Bleak: *Friday 12th We travelled but 6 miles, in consequence of it being discovered that a cripple had been left behind.*

Samuel Openshaw: *Sept. 12—Started about 8 o'clock, traveled about 4 miles when we came to the Wood River which we crossed on a small bridge yankee; continued down the side of it, stopped for dinner at 12 o'clock. For ought we knew, but a cripple, a young man who walked with crutches, had been left behind. We sent four men back to search for him, which caused us to move none today. About sunset they brought him into the camp.*

William Binder: *Friday Sept. 12th: The wheather was excessively hot today. The company was detained today through a cripple stopping behind and only travelled 7 miles.*

John Jaques: *Fri. 12: Left camp about 8 a.m. In about three miles crossed Wood River after crossing a dry creek with steep banks, taking the cattle off the wagons to cross both. Kept along side of the river for five miles and baited. Robert Pearce was missing and several men were sent out with a handcart to find him. This detained the company here for the night. He had gone up the side of Wood River instead of crossing it.*

John William Southwell: *There were the invalids to be looked after and cared for. An old gentleman 70 years old was elected to this office. [This reference is to Elder George P. Waugh, a returning missionary and counselor to Captain Edward Martin. See his story in Martin section of *Tell My Story, Too*.] He would muster them together, make an early start and travel them so far as they were able to walk. Those who tired out would fall back to be taken up by some young man and carried to camp on his hand cart, which was a light, frail article. . . . In the morning father Waugh called his invalids together early and started on the road. In his company was one of the worst cripples I ever saw to be a traveler. His lower limbs were paralyzed and his body badly deformed but he was strong in the faith. He was able to propel himself with surprising speed with the use of crutches.*

On the road the old father missed him. The road followed down an old dry bed of a creek but finally crossed on to the other side where we expected to get back of him. There were, on the road he was traveling, faint tracks that had been used by stock, perhaps buffalo, and the poor fellow followed those tracks instead of crossing on the other side. We camped for noon near the loup part of the Platt[e] River. Myself and two other men, taking a hand cart, went back to where we left the buffalo tracks and followed down about a mile when to our horror we saw around an old tree two large gray wolves prowling around, and half a dozen eagles hovering over the tree waiting for him to quit his screams and gestulations with his crutches so they would pounce upon him and devour him in his cramped position under the roots of the tree, screaming out his death knell.

We arrived in time to save him from his pending fate, took him out and placed him on the cart we had brought, placed him in position to ride back to camp. How the poor fellow begged us to let him walk, as he said he had promised brother [Daniel] Tyler when we started on our trip that he would walk every foot of the way to Salt Lake City. However, we only saved him to travel a few days longer, when at the close of the sixth days march his trouble in this world came to an end and he was buried on the banks of the Elkhorn River where one other passed beyond the veil of tears.

It appears from Southwell's account that Robert Pierce died about September 18. John Jaques did not write on that date. James Bleak wrote but did not mention any deaths. However, Bleak's entry indicates that the company traveled 23 miles on that very difficult day. The other two diarists, Openshaw and Binder, wrote of only one person dying on September 18, but Southwell indicated that two persons died on that day.

Samuel Openshaw: *Sept. 18—Started at 7 o'clock this morning, traveled until 1 o'clock when we stopped for dinner at the Platte River. Old Sister [Ann] Gregory from Chew Moore died and was buried on the banks of the Platte River. Started again and traveled over the sandy bloffs [bluffs] and camped again at the Platte River.*

William Binder: *Thursday Sept. 18th: Wheather milder today but the roads were very sandy. Sr. [text missing, Sister Ann Gregory] died at noon today. Travelled 20 miles today.*

James G. Bleak: *Thursday 18th Sept. We travelled 23 miles to day. According to Clayton's Guide we are 294¼ miles from W. Quarters.*

It is truly remarkable that Robert Pierce had already traveled 600 miles on his crutches before he succumbed to the hardships of the trail. His heart's desire had been to gather with the Saints in Zion and not be a burden to any of his fellow travelers. He had signed a PEF bond promising to repay the emigration loan after reaching Utah. Robert did not want any handouts or special treatment.

Early records for the St. George Temple indicate that James G. Bleak did not forget Robert. Bleak listed himself as a cousin to Robert when he completed ordinance work for Robert shortly after the St. George Temple opened.

The character of Robert Pierce is portrayed as "Albert" in T.C. Christensen's movie "17 Miracles" (released in 2011), and again in the movie "Ephraim's Rescue" (released in 2013).

Sources: British Mission Records (*Horizon*, 1856); St. George Temple records; "John Moburn Kay," in *Biographical Encyclopedia*, by Andrew Jensen, vol. 3; see Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website for journals quoted. (*17 Miracles* and *Ephraim's Rescue* are available through Deseret Book Company.)

Excerpt from "On a Distant Shore" - a song about Robert Pierce by Jolene Allphin:

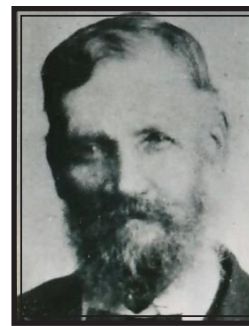
Tucked in the cart,	Where all is light	And the wolves don't prowl
I saw God's face.	And peace and rest.	And the wolves don't howl
He bid me rise,	I'd fought the fight	At the Shepherd's door.
Go to His place,	And passed the test.	

¹Robert's ticket was #60, his PEF bond was #1485, his notification number was 166, his acknowledgement of notification was April 28, 1856, and he was numbered among others with the Liverpool Conference allotment for this emigration. He is on the same ticket number as the Richard Blakey family, who had been living in Liverpool since 1855. He may have been traveling in their care.

²John Jaques' diary entry for January 8, 1856, indicates that Elder Kay was with him when copies of the *Deseret News* arrived in Liverpool. That newspaper contained a copy of the recently released official "Epistle" announcing the handcart plan. Brother Jaques wrote: "Tues. 8: The Utah November mail came in, bringing 'Deseret News' No. 30 to 34, the last number containing the Thirteenth General Epistle of the First Presidency. About 8 o'clock P.M. went with my wife, and her sister, Tamar, and my daughter, Flora Loader [Jaques], to Elder George Tumbull's, Miss Margaret Aison Fait having been married to him on the 2nd instant. Flora, being unwell, was rather peevish. Elders George D. Grant, John Kay, William H. Kimball, Spicer W. Crandall, Asa Calkins, Thomas Williams, and James Linforth and wife, and Brother William Perks were present. Spent a very pleasant evening. Left for home at 12 1/2." John M. Kay was returning to Utah from another English mission in 1864 when he died on the plains. A Daughters of Utah Pioneers history of John Kay is praiseworthy of him as a champion for the underdog: "His spirit was chivalrous and he would always defend the oppressed. It was partly due to his disposition that he became a Latter-day Saint. One of his fellow employees (Samuel Croyer) at St. Helens, to which town he had removed [from Bury] to work in a foundry, was a member of the 'Mormon' Church, and being a small, timid man, he was ridiculed by his shopmates, who went so far as to offer him violence. Without knowing anything about his religion, John Kay defended him and thrashed his leading assailant. Curiosity then led him to inquire into the little man's faith. The result was his conversion and baptism in the fall of 1841." Kay's relationship, if any, with Robert Pierce is unknown.

BENJAMIN PLATT

Born: 12 Apr 1833 England
 Age: 23
 Martin Handcart Company



Benjamin Platt traveled to Utah with his wife, Mary (age 19). Ann Wrigley (age 63) also traveled with them. In 1899, Benjamin recorded his own narrative, portions of which are included here:

“My parents were very poor and were common laborers. My father worked on railroads and other such work. He was a good butcher and a good shoemaker and sometimes he went peeling bark for tanning and in his latter days he rented a small farm. My mother in her young days was a hand loom weaver. She was the mother of 13 children, 8 sons and 5 daughters. We did not have the benefit of a common education. We had to go to work when we were very young and it required great economy to provide for us food and raiment. I don’t remember going to school more than about six weeks except to Sabbath school, but when about 14 years of age I commenced going to a night school where a few young boys clubbed together and taught each other.

“At about the age of fifteen and a half years, the Latter-day Saints came in the neighborhood where I lived . . . One John Yates and Isaac Duffin came and preached the doctrine of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and on the 7th of October I was baptized . . . About two years after this I was ordained a Deacon. In this office I labored for about 3 years and was then ordained a Priest and went out preaching in the highways and public places around in the neighborhood.”

In late 1855 or early 1856, Benjamin began to make plans to emigrate to Utah by handcart. He was married on the 13th of April 1856 at the Oldham church in Lancashire to Mary Graves. Together, they set sail on the *Horizon* May 25, 1856, from Liverpool “. . . and arrived in Boston Harbor on the 28th of June.”

“On the 2nd of July we met Orson Pratt and Ezra T. Benson going to England. We took train at Boston for Albany, New York, crossed the Hudson and took train and passed through Rochester and Utica on to Cleveland and Toledo and Chicago, from there to Rock Island and crossed the Mississippi and on to Iowa City to the end of the track. We stopped here three weeks waiting for the handcarts that were being built here and our time was spent in herding cattle that were to haul our wagons and other stock that was being brought through. We traveled by handcart [with Jesse Haven’s company] through Iowa three hundred miles to the Missouri River and crossed into Nebraska to old Winter Quarters called Florence on a high hill west of the river.”

“We here stopped three weeks waiting for Edward Martin’s handcart company and repaired our handcarts, they having worn their axles through and we had to cut them shorter and shoulder them up or put the wheels on further and when we started from here for Salt Lake we had to put on each cart 100 lbs. of flour and all our luggage and our tents and the carts being without skins on the axles it was too much work for them and they commenced to break down and that hindered us and caused great delay.

“We here [at Florence] joined the two companies together on account of hostile Indians on the plains which retarded our progress and caused us to be late in the season. I think we started from Florence on the 27th of August for a trip of 1,000 miles and had it not been that we were delayed by our carts breaking down we might have been in Salt Lake City in October where as [instead] it was the last day of November. Apostle Franklin D. Richards called a meeting and advised us to stop at Florence until the next season but there were some apostates there or Josephites and we did

(Benjamin Platt - Page 2)

not want to stay and we declared we would go through or die trying and we prevailed and he seeing we were determined, he consented. But he said he did not want anyone to try that could not walk every foot of the way. But we started, men, women and children, and the result was great suffering. He told us that President Young had promised to send out teams to meet us and that we might have ten weeks of Indian Summer and we might get within reach of the teams before the cold weather set in.

“By October we had reached the last crossing of the Platte River and the snowstorms started and cold weather set in and our rations being limited, starvation and cold began to tell on us and many began to die and I have helped to bury as many as nine in a morning. At the last crossing of the Platte I took off my shoes and stockings and carried my wife over on my back and then went back for my handcart and that night we had a snowstorm but we had plenty of wood and we stayed here for several days, and it was here that Joseph A. Young and another man met us, having been sent out to meet us. At this time we had 4 pounds of flour to each individual in camp and 400 miles from Salt Lake City. . . .

“[On the trail] I met two brethren from Oldham that I was well acquainted with and they were going back to the States and they tried to persuade me to go back with them, but the Spirit told me not to go back. At parting with them, Thomas Eccles said, ‘Ben, if you are going back, let us have your handcart.’ And I said to them, ‘Goodbye, I guess I will go on,’ and we parted - them to damnation and me to Salvation, I hope.

“After the two brethren spoken of above that came out to meet us, we traveled one day and found eleven wagons loaded with flour and clothing and I fitted me out with a large pair of shoes lined with stockingleg that came up above my knees and they kept my feet from freezing and we kept meeting teams every day after this. When we got to Devil’s Gate or Sweetwater River, we left our handcart and went in wagons and then the feet of the people began to freeze on account of inaction or want of exercise. Our captains were hard on us and we had to herd at nights and pull handcarts all days and many times I have been kept up until midnight and then stood guard until morning and then started again and it was this everlasting guarding that killed the people. . . .

“[We] arrived in Salt Lake City on the last day of November 1856 on Sunday as the people were coming out of the meeting. We were on the streets awaiting friends to take care of us and we were taken down to John Olgers, that is me and my wife and Thomas Eccles and family and an old lady that came with us named Ann Wrigley. The next day, me and my wife were taken down to Zera Pulcifers . . . next night we camped in the tithing yard and next morning the watchman told us that Jedediah Grant died in the night. . . . [in the] morning we started for Iron County and arrived at Fort Harmony about 1 week before Christmas, and the Bishop, W. R. Davis, sent us to stay with Henry Barney with intent to stay until Spring, but in about a week we were sent to stay at John D. Lee’s and in the Spring I hired out for the year for \$15.00 per month.”

Benjamin moved his family to the Southern Utah town of Grafton (now a ghost town) in 1860. His descendants have written a book “Ghost Town on the Rio Virgin” about this settlement.



Sources: *The Platt family history*, compiled by Lyman De Platt (available at Family History Library; “Diary of Benjamin Platt 1856-1863,” copied by the Brigham Young University Library, 1947; files of Joann Mellor Felix; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

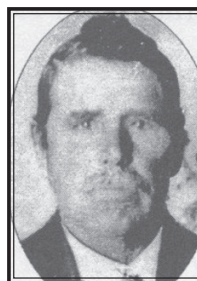
Mary Graves Platt

THOMAS PORRITT JR.

Born: August 13, 1849 in England

Age: 7

Martin Handcart Company



Thomas and Sarah E. Hampton Porritt

Thomas's parents joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1839. They were disowned by their family but were happy raising and caring for their four children. They wanted to come to America and join with the Saints very much. Thomas's father was preaching the gospel with the missionaries in England when he contracted pneumonia after sleeping out in the cold. He died January 21, 1851.

Thomas's mother, Margaret McCann Porritt (age 37), with her three children, continued with plans to go to America. Her daughter, Jane (born 1845), died prior to leaving England. In May 1856, Margaret, Nathaniel (15), Rebecca (12), and Thomas Jr. (7), sailed on the ship *Horizon*. Thomas remembered that sometimes they had fresh fish to eat because the Captain of the ship traded some nails to the fishermen in exchange for fish.

The Porritt family arrived in Boston, traveled by train to Iowa City, then began their journey to Utah with the Martin handcart company. It was a very difficult experience. They faced carts breaking down, heat, rain, mud, fatigue, hunger, cold and death, but all of Thomas's family survived the journey. They arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on November 30, 1856.

In 1868, when Thomas was 19, he married Sarah Elizabeth Hampton. Sarah was born in Big Pigeon, Iowa, the fifth of six children. Her father had died in 1858 in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Sarah crossed the plains with an unknown company in 1859 when she was six years old.¹ When Sarah was 15 years old, her mother had remarried and her stepfather wanted to arrange a marriage for Sarah. Neither Sarah nor her mother wished it. Sarah was in love with Thomas Porritt. Her mother lowered Sarah's clothes out of the upstairs window on a rope so that Sarah could run away and marry Thomas.

Thomas and Sarah had 13 children and lived in Idaho. Thomas was a farmer and worked on the railroad. For a short period of time, Thomas and Sarah lived in Lost River. On the trip to Lost River they ran into acres of crickets. They then moved to Ashton, Idaho, where they lived until their deaths. Thomas's mother lived with them until her death in 1882. Thomas died of influenza in 1918 at the age of 69.

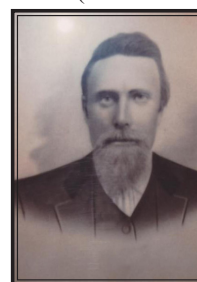
According to family records, Rebecca and Nathaniel both died in Idaho, in 1878 and 1882, respectively.

¹ Some incorrect family histories were cited in earlier editions of *Tell My Story, Too*. These indicated that Sarah's father died in 1856 and the rest of the family came to Utah with the Martin handcart company. This was not the case.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; "Thomas Porritt, Jr.," Sons of Utah Pioneers history files; letter from R. Marie Tidwell, Pasco, Washington, October 14, 2011; "History of Margaret McCann," by Sarah Jane Porritt Marler; picture pedigree of Rosa Katherine Porritt Whitmill; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website (for Sarah Porritt's family); familysearch.org.



Margaret McCann Porritt



Nathaniel Porritt

ELLEN PUCELL

Born: 1856 England

Age: 9

Martin Handcart Company



Samuel and Margaret Perren Pucell

Ellen's mother, Margaret Perren Pucell, rejoiced to hear the glad tidings of the restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as preached by Apostles Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde. Ten days later, she was among those baptized at the River Ribble. She held the distinction of being the second woman baptized into the Church in England and she and Ellen's father, Samuel, gave the first sixpence to the Mormon Elders there.

Margaret kept her baptism a secret from Samuel for three months until he surprised her and confessed that he had also been baptized the previous month. For nineteen years the couple saved for their emigration to Utah. In the meantime, they entertained the missionaries in their small home and often had to put their children to bed hungry in order to provide food for the missionaries. Surely Ellen had been blessed with a foundation for faithfulness and courage from righteous parents.

On May 25, 1856, Ellen and her parents, Samuel and Margaret, and two sisters, Maggie (age 14) and Ann (age 25), joined the group of emigrants leaving Liverpool for America on the ship *Horizon*. Also traveling with them was her brother, William, his wife, Eliza, and their 3-month-old son, Robert. When the company landed in Boston, William reportedly found that he didn't have enough money to continue the journey west, so he decided that he should outfit his wife and son as best he could and send them on with his parents and sisters, while he remained behind to work for additional means so that he could join them in Utah. Ann Pucell also stayed in Massachusetts.



Margaret Augusta Pucell (Walker)

The rest of the Pucell family continued their journey to Utah by handcart from Iowa City. Ellen's mother became ill and had to ride in the handcart part of the way. Her father grew so weary and weakened from the lack of food that this additional burden caused him to slip and fall as he crossed the North Platte River on October 19. Having to travel that night in the cold, wintry weather with wet clothing to the next campground, Samuel Pucell became ill and died from hunger and exposure on October 22. Ellen's mother died five days later, on October 27, leaving Ellen and Maggie orphans. Rescuers first arrived on October 28. For a time Maggie walked and was pulled along by a rope behind one of the rescue wagons. The walking for Maggie saved her legs from freezing, but nothing could be done to save Ellen's. They were later amputated at the knees.

The Pucell girls were first taken to Parowan with the Rogerson family. Margaret married John Smith Walker and they had 11 children. Ellen married William Unthank, and even with her handicap she still bore and raised six children. Ellen remained faithful throughout her life. In Cedar City, Utah, there is a beautiful bronze monument on the campus of Southern Utah University, dedicated to Ellen by LDS Church President Gordon B. Hinckley. A member of British Parliament, Baroness Caroline Anne Cox, was the featured speaker at the dedication, along with then Utah Governor Bangerter.

Ellen's leg stumps were raw the rest of her life. She first crawled on a piece of leather. Her husband then made her some cupped covers for her leg stubs from quakingasp poles, a lightweight wood. He hollowed out the wood to fit her legs and filled up the hollows part way with wool. She also used crutches to help out. The Cedar City Ward Relief Society and other friends paid for artificial legs to be made from plaster of paris for Ellen. She wore these to parties and to church, but could never wear them for long periods of time as it was too painful. Each prosthetic weighed ten pounds.)

(Ellen Pucell - Page 2)

The following is taken from a biography written by William Palmer entitled “She Stood Tall on Her Knees” about Ellen “Nellie” Pucell (Unthank):

“Nellie’s parents were among those who died and were laid to rest in snow banks. Poor little Nellie, nothing could be done to save her feet. When they took off her shoes and stockings the skin with pieces of flesh came off too. The doctor said her feet must be taken off to save her life. They strapped her to a board and without an anesthetic the surgery was performed. With a butcher knife and a carpenter’s saw they cut the blackened limbs off. It was poor surgery, too, for the flesh was not brought over to cushion the ends. The bones stuck out through the ends of the stumps and in pain she waddled through the rest of her life on her knees.

“In poverty and pain she reared a family of six children but never asked for favors of pity or charity because of her tragic handicap. William was a poor man and unable to provide fully for his family; so Nellie did all she could for herself. She took in washings. Kneeling by a tub on the floor she scrubbed the clothes to whiteness on the washboard. She knit stockings to sell, carded wool and crocheted table pieces. She seldom accepted gifts or charity from friends or neighbors unless she could do a bundle of darning or mending to repay the kindness.

“The bishop and the Relief Society sometimes gave a little assistance which Nellie gratefully accepted, but once a year, to even the score, she took her children and cleaned the meetinghouse. The boy carried water, the girls washed the windows and Nellie, on her knees, scrubbed the floor.

“This heroic woman gave to William Unthank a posterity to perpetuate his name in the earth and he gave her a home and a family to give comfort and care in her old age.

“In memory I recall her wrinkled forehead, her soft dark eyes that told of toil and pain and suffering, and the deep grooves that encircled the corners of her strong mouth. But in that face there was no trace of bitterness or railings at her fate. There was patience and serenity for in spite of her handicap she had earned her keep and justified her existence. She had given more to family, friends and to the world than she had received.”

The writings of 15-year-old Josiah Rogerson of the Martin Handcart Company give us some personal insight into the sufferings and the faithfulness of the Pucell family:

“One morning while at the [Red] Buttes [October 22] the wife of Samuel Pucell, about 55 or 60 years of age, from the Ashton-Under-Lyne branch, Lancashire, England, came to our tent and, pushing aside the cloth door, said, calling to my mother: “Mary, our Sam’s (her husband) dead, and I’ll not be long after him. When I’m de-ad, do thee take care of my two lassies after thou gets to the valley, and be a good mother to ‘em. I’ll not reach there.” No words of mother could cheer her up, or dispel her conclusion. The next morning afterward, not later than the second [of November], she had gone to her Sam [October 27] . . . The two daughters, Margaret and Helen, went with my mother to Parowan, Iron county, Utah, the same winter, and have been residents of Cedar City, Utah, for the last forty-five years, and well known as Mrs. John Walker and Mrs. Unthinks. Their mother and father, just referred to, were among the first members of the Preston branch of the church. Lancashire, England, organized there in July, 1837, by President Heber C. Kimball and others, and I have it from my mother that Sister Pucell (I think her name was



William and Nellie Unthank family

Margaret) at one time, hearing that some of the six or eight associate elders of President Kimball hadn’t anything to eat one day, took one of her skirts and pawned it for enough to buy a loaf of bread, a few ounces of tea and sugar and half a pound of butter, which she took to the elders, begging them to accept the donation. The youngest daughter, Helen [Ellen], of the Pucell family, then about 12 years of age, arrived in Salt Lake with her feet so badly frozen that both were amputated soon afterward. Of such Saints and graduates in the primitive love of the gospel was Captain Edward Martin’s handcart company composed.”

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; familysearch.org; Rogerson, Josiah, “Martin’s Handcart Company, 1856 [No. 8],” *Salt Lake Herald*, 24 Nov. 1907; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website (Photo of young Nellie Pucell); “Biography of My Grandmother Ellen Pucell Unthank,” by Wealth Reeves Millett, copy of this and other family items, including family photo, from Pucell descendant Elder John Fenn, missionary and director with his wife, Jean Fenn, at Mormon Historic Handcart Sites in Wyoming, 2010-2012. Elder and Sister Fenn reported that what touched them the

most during their mission “is when people who aren’t related by ancestry come through and recognize that they share in that legacy. . . . [that] gives members of the Church a chance to reflect on what it is those people did to allow us to believe what we believe. We are who we are because they were who they were.” (*Church News*, 21 July 2011)



Martin
Company

ELIZABETH GEORGIANA QUILLEY READ

Born: 1805 England

Age: 51

Martin Handcart Company



Elizabeth was an intelligent, gracious, ambitious person. When she heard the Gospel of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, she and all except her youngest child were baptized. She left England with her husband, Samuel George, and children, Alicia (age 15), Samuel M. (14), Thisbe (11) and Walter (7). The oldest daughter, Clara (17), apparently did not come with them. The Reads were a wealthy family. When they left England they stored or sold their goods and many possessions. Elizabeth used some of this money to invest in medicine and first aid equipment to take with her, as she was gifted in taking care of the sick. She tucked some medical supplies and herbs in every corner of her handcart, and also kept a few dry twigs and grass to readily start a fire. Her medical knowledge assisted her family as well as the other members of the company.

On August 8, young Walter wandered away from camp and took a ride with some strangers. When he was missed, the father and oldest son stayed behind to hunt for him. Elizabeth went on ahead, pulling the handcart. Her two daughters, Alicia and Thisbe, pushed from behind. Their handcart company suffered terribly by being caught in early snow without ample food and clothing. Elizabeth was called upon to help relieve what suffering she could. After the first group of rescuers found the Martin company, there were two prophecies made in the company that were fulfilled. Fresh meat had been promised the famished group and they were promised they would ride into the Valley. Soon, Ephraim Hanks rode into camp leading two horses with great pieces of buffalo hung on each side of the animals. They thought he was an angel. Six years later, Thisbe married this “angel.” Both prophecies were fulfilled as these people rode into the valley on November 30.

Elizabeth worked for Brigham Young as a nurse and helper in his household and did nursing throughout the Valley. While here, Alicia met and married Orson P. Arnold. They first lived in Pioneer Fort and later had a beautiful home on a large piece of ground. Alicia was noted for her hospitality. The front room of her home had a secret room built under it with a trap door under the dining room table for access. This room was a hiding place for those who were being persecuted.

In 1858, Elizabeth and her daughter, Thisbe, went back across the plains and found her husband had fallen in love with a widow. Heartbroken, she agreed to give him a divorce and he was to try one more time to locate their son. Three years later, after Walter had been found, Elizabeth and Thisbe made their third trip across the Plains. Walter and his mother and sister drove an ox team to Salt Lake City. In January of 1863, Elizabeth married John Rodwell, who had also been in the Martin company. They lived in Nephi. Elizabeth delivered babies and nursed the sick for many years as the only doctor there.

Elizabeth testified in a letter to her children in England: “My dear children, we have suffered beyond anything you can imagine. We have seen our comrades weaken and die and be buried in trenches of snow. But in all this suffering we have come face to face with God. It was God who upheld us when our weary bodies would have given up the ghost. It was God who preserved Thisbe to us when it seemed that she would never live. Yes, my children, for the first time in my life I know God. I know that He hears our prayers, and that in his wisdom all is for the best.”

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; *The Tempered Wind: The Life Story of Thisbe Read Hanks*, by Sidney Alvarus Hanks, 1956; research files of Joanne Mellor Felix. (Elder Mervyn B. Arnold Of the Seventy is a descendant of Alicia Q. Read Arnold and General Authority of the Church. He spoke of rescuing in an April 2016 General Conference: <https://www.lds.org/general-conference/2016/04/to-the-rescue-we-can-do-it?lang=eng>)

Alicia Quilley
Read (Arnold)Thisbe Quilley
Read (Hanks)

THOMAS CATON RILEY

Born: England 1844

Age: 12

Martin Handcart Company



Thomas came to Zion with his 40-year-old mother, Mary Ann Malley Riley. They both survived the trek. Mary Ann and her father, Benjamin Malley, were baptized by Joseph Fielding Smith on August 15, 1837, in the River Ribble, just two months after the first missionaries arrived in England. Orson Hyde confirmed Mary Ann in September 1837.

Benjamin's grandfather Malley died in 1855, and life became very difficult for Thomas and his mother. The Saints were advised to go to Zion as soon as ways and means could be arranged. Mary Ann determined to take Thomas to Utah. While his mother was making preparations for the journey, Thomas was kidnapped and hidden by his father's sister. He was, however, returned in time to sail on the ship *Horizon*. They departed on May 25, 1856, with 856 English Saints on board under the direction of Edward Martin. Thomas's father remained in England.

As Mary Ann had very little money, she joined the Edward Martin handcart company in Iowa City, Iowa. Even though they reached Florence, Nebraska Territory, in less than four weeks, it was late August before they arrived there at the Missouri River, with 1,000 miles still to travel.

October found them at the North Platte River with early frost. There were bitter, cold winter storms after October 19. Food allotments were cut. Many were ill and overcome with exhaustion. Some of the emigrants chewed rawhide to reduce their hunger pains.

Thomas's mother had a friend to help her during this very hard time. It was Grace Wignall, who was traveling with her husband and six children, including a newborn. Mary Ann and Thomas had evidently been helping their family, and they probably shared the same tent. After going to bed one night, Grace had a heavenly messenger appear to her. Grace told of this remarkable manifestation:

On the 28th [19th] of October, Sunday afternoon, we crossed the Platt River for the last time. That evening the snow fell about 18 inches deep. ... The camp moved about nine miles to a bluff, called by us, the Red Point. We were there 9 days; the snow was then about two feet deep. We had only one-fourth of a lb. of flour per day to eat. My husband was taken sick. I called in the Elders to administer to him, and he was healed immediately. I went to bed and a Heavenly Messenger came to my bed-side and said, "Cheer up, Sister Wignall, there are mule teams, horse teams, and ox teams coming to meet you with provisions and clothing from the valley and tomorrow morning when Mary Ann (Riley) is combing your hair, there will be a man with two pack mules come into camp." Sure enough, just as she was combing my hair about 9 a.m. (there was a great shout). Joseph A. Young and a man who now lives in Provo, I have forgotten his name, rode into camp just as I had been told." (Letter from Grace Wignall to Oliver B. Huntington, Dec. 22, 1881, in Oliver B. Huntington, *Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files.*)

Joseph A. Young, Daniel W. Jones and Abel Garr rode into camp on October 28, as had been revealed to Grace Wignall. Mary Ann and Thomas were taken to Spanish Fork to the home of John and Sarah Bates Murray and their nine children. In 1862, Mary Ann was married and sealed to John Murray, Jr., who was twenty years younger than she. Mary Ann died in January of 1881 at the age of 64. Thomas and his descendants expressed gratitude for this faithful mother who had a testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ strong enough to sustain her through countless obstacles and hardships. Thomas joined the Nauvoo Legion militia at the age of 17 and fought in the BlackHawk War. He served the Church in many capacities and was Sunday School president for many years. He bore his testimony often—in March 1903, he declared: "The Gospel never was upon the face of the earth without prophets, seers, & revelators. . . . the ordinances of God are for the salvation of mankind. . . . I know this is the Plan of Salvation. I know that Joseph Smith was a prophet."

Sources: *Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files*; "Autobiography of William Wignall," (DUP submission by Beth Baugh, 2007); *Malley Lane: Mary Ann Malley and her son, Thomas Caton Riley*, by Roger Scanland, 2005, Volume Two, Family History Library; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

Born: 28 June 1838 in Darlington, Durham, England

Age: 18

Martin Handcart Company



The Robinson family included the parents, George (53) and Margaret Angus (52), and children, Dorothy (27), Elizabeth (18), and George Jr. (13). An older son, William, was already in Utah. After their ship arrived in Boston, they traveled to Iowa City, Iowa, by steamer and rail. In Iowa City they made preparations for their 1,300-mile handcart trek.

The first 300 miles took them through small towns of Iowa. Emily Hill, a 20-year-old woman in the Willie handcart company, wrote about passing through Iowa: “Surely if we had been natural or unnatural curiosities we could not have been commented on or stared at any more by the people surrounding us. ‘Mormons, men, women, and children, and worse, a lot of young girls, bound for Salt Lake and going to pull ‘hand carts!’ Shocking!’ . . . Anonymous letters, and warnings from sympathizing outsiders were mysteriously conveyed to us, setting forth the hardships and impossibilities of such a journey, and offering us inducements to stay. Many who started out with us backed out in a few days; my sister [Julia] broke down and was unable to walk and I remember asking myself (footsore and weary with the first week of walking and working) if it was possible for me, faith or no faith, to walk twelve hundred miles further.”

The Martin company was the last handcart company to leave Iowa City that 1856 season, making a very late start at the end of July. After only two weeks of travel (about 150 miles), the Robinson family made a decision that had serious consequences. The diary of Gibson Condie, a rescuer who would later marry Elizabeth, explains what happened:

“When they came [through] Iowa, pulling their handcarts, little George ran away from camp. His father went in search for him [and] he did succeed[,] in where he was it appears a man induce[d] him not to go to Salt Lake. [The man] made great promises if he would live with him. [He said] he would give him horse money, etc. and [George] would soon be rich. Father tried hard for George to go with him to camp, but George would not go. The man then induced the Father to stay and not go. It was late in the season to cross the plains. [There] would be work for him to make furniture. He would do well and have money enough to buy an outfit for next spring to go to the vallies and not pull a handcart across the plains. Father then persuaded his wife and his daughters, Elizabeth & Dorothy to stay in Iowa [and] wait until next spring. Mother [was] willing to stay, but Elizabeth would not stay. She had great inducements. They would give big wages to live with respectable families. But she would not stay. She was determined to go to the vallies. There then the family were separated. Father would not leave little George. He stayed. The mother then, with her two daughters went on. Elizabeth and Dorthy had a cart to pull. It was very distressing, scarcity of food, winter set in, passed thru severe trials and hardships, hundreds died, starvation and cold. It was a hard relating scene to explain. I do think the ones who passed thru this trial will have a great reward. God will bless them. . . . [Elizabeth’s] folks were comfortable in England. Her father made furniture and sold them. He was a good mechanic and made a comfortable living. . . . Shortly after we were married, sister Dorthy, got married to Solomon Rossiter in the twenty ward. Dorothy was the oldest of the family. She had a good home.”

After much trial, Elizabeth made it to Utah with her mother and sister. Her father died in Panora, Iowa, in 1857. George Jr. also died in Panora in 1909, having married and raised a family there. Elizabeth married Gibson Condie three months after arriving in the Valley. She had 12 children before she died at age 50 from appendicitis. Her descendants said she was always busy serving this large family. “At night she would gather her children around her while she was knitting and tell them of her childhood days, crossing the Atlantic Ocean and the Plains, or teaching them Gospel Principles.” These children were aunts and uncles to President Thomas S. Monson.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; family histories in files of Jolene Allphin; diary of Gibson Condie, on film at Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah, transcribed excerpts here with light editing by Jolene Allphin (see Gibson Condie in rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*); Autobiography of Emily Hill, in Leonard J. Arrington Historical Archives, Utah State University, Special Collections; familysearch.org.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON¹

Born: May 17, 1836 England

Age: 20

Martin Handcart Company



Beth, as she was known to the family and friends of her youth, was the ninth child in a family of ten children, three girls and seven boys. She came to Utah with her 23-year-old brother, Solomon. Elizabeth received a good education in a private school and also taught an “Infants School” in the parlor of her parents home. She also worked at home doing fancy stitching on the back of black gloves for a company in Nottingham, England.

The Robinson family kept open house for the Latter-day Saint missionaries and Elizabeth was known as a valiant defender of Mormonism from the time she was a very young girl, although she was not a member of the Church. As a diligent student of the Bible, she had an outstanding knowledge of the scriptures and was always successful in her defense of the principles of the Church. Other Bible students and teachers at her school attacked and maligned her and even called her minister to the school to try to prove by the scriptures that Elizabeth was wrong and convince her to have nothing more to do with Mormons. Elizabeth chose to be baptized when she was 17.

Elizabeth and Solomon left England on the ship *Horizon* under the direction of returning missionary, Edward Martin, who later captained their handcart company. The captain of the ship enjoyed the singing of the Saints and often asked Elizabeth as well as some of the other girls to sing for him. One song they entertained him with was entitled “I’ll Marry None but Mormons.” The Captain answered by saying, “Now I shall ‘Carry None but Mormons.’”

Along the way, Elizabeth and the others had been required to leave many things behind on the trail. Among the things she did not discard were her precious books, including her Church works, a Barclay’s dictionary and books belonging to Solomon, who was a surveyor.

The Martin company reached the last crossing of the North Platte River on October 19. It was a terrible ordeal to the weary travelers. It was intensely cold. The river was wide and swift and full of sharp cakes of ice which bruised the emigrants’ legs severely. The water was deep and many were unable to wade. The company had been on shortened rations for several days. The water came up under Elizabeth’s arms as she waded across. Many died as a result of this terrible crossing, and Solomon was also near death as a result. The rescuers sent from Salt Lake were still 10 days away from reaching them.

After the rescuers found the company and brought them as far as Devil’s Gate, the weather became so severe that they were forced to seek shelter in a nearby ravine. They again had to cross a river, this time the Sweetwater. One of the men offered to carry Elizabeth across but she said she would wade the river if they would carry her brother, Solomon, as he was so ill she knew he would die in the water. She started to wade across but another man came and insisted on carrying her over. This was November 4, 1856. Solomon died the next day in Martin’s Cove.

Heartbroken at her loss, but still concerned about others, Elizabeth allowed another young woman to take the boots off Solomon’s feet and wear them as her own were full of holes. Elizabeth wore another pair of Solomon’s boots as her feet were so badly swollen that she couldn’t wear any shoes. Elizabeth also wore her brother’s coat and tied one of his handkerchiefs on her head as the wind had blown her hat away.

(Elizabeth Robinson - Page 2)

After leaving the Cove, the company continued to be met with more rescue wagons from Salt Lake until finally, all were able to ride. Elizabeth was one of the last to do so. She said it was only the thought of her parents in faraway England, and their grief if they received the message that she as well as her brother had died of hunger and cold on the plains that made it possible for her to continue on. When her frozen feet could not carry her another step, she called to Anson Call, a member of the relief party, to please allow her to ride in his wagon. He said his team was too weary to take her up the hill but she could ride when he reached the summit. He was very much surprised that she hadn't been given a ride sooner. Elizabeth managed by supreme effort to reach the top of the hill. Anson then had to carry her to get her in the wagon. That afternoon Elizabeth spent her time mending Anson's coat which was badly tattered. She felt grateful for the opportunity to repay his kindness. When they reached camp that night Elizabeth could not step out of the wagon. She had to be carried to the campfire and have Solomon's boots cut from her black and frozen feet. They were wrapped in gunny sacks and amputation was suggested, but Elizabeth would not consent to it. She persisted in her faith and received every care, her feet being bathed in warm water every night and morning. It was Jesse Perkins of South Bountiful, a member of the relief party, who carried Elizabeth back and forth from the wagon to the campfire every day for the remainder of the journey to the Valley. She did not walk again for some time. Elizabeth's grief and tears finally found expression for the first time when they arrived in the Valley on Sunday, November 30, and the Saints came out to greet them.

Elizabeth was taken to the home of Anson Call where she was revived and nursed back to health. Three months later, Elizabeth married John Telford in the Endowment House. They became the parents of ten children, one whom they named Brigham Young Telford.

Elizabeth's descendants write glowingly of her skills, personality, and integrity:

She was broadminded, scrupulously honest and truthful. . . . unselfish and conscientious to a fault, and had a wonderful sense of justice. She was educated and refined, proud and sensitive. . . . fastidious in dress and in thought; quiet, modest and unassuming in manner. She was of a highly spiritual nature and very reverent, keen of perception and a good reader of character. . . . a lover of nature in all her moods and seasons. She loved animals, especially fine horses. She loved to read good books and was interested in all the cultural things of life. Her old fashioned flower garden was a joy to all who knew her.

She was a good housekeeper, thrifty and efficient and always neat and clean . . . an excellent seamstress, doing all her own sewing by hand, the finest of stitching and tucking. . . . the tucks . . . but two threads wide and the shirts laundered to perfection. She also knitted for her family and made the finest of knitted and crocheted laces.

When she was only a little girl in England, Elizabeth knitted a lace edging for a table cloth for a surprise present for her mother. She used number 100 thread which she set up on pins, instead of using her mother's knitting needles. When her mother received the lace and found out that it was knitted on pins, she asked to see Beth's hands. When she saw their condition she said, "The poor little pricked fingers," as she tenderly kissed each finger tip. . . . It was a sweet memory of her wise and understanding mother that Elizabeth always carried in her heart.

Elizabeth died at the age of 74 years at her home in Richmond, Cache County, Utah, "admired and respected by all who knew her."

Source: letter, Joleen Comstock, December 2007.

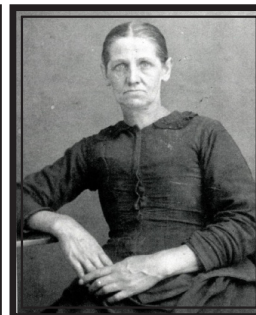
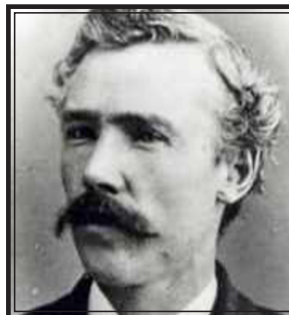
¹There were two other women by the name of Elizabeth Robinson in the Martin company. One was 17-year-old Elizabeth Gambles Robinson with her husband Frederic C. Robinson (age 29). They were also from England. The other young lady was also seventeen years of age, and was traveling with her family consisting of parents, George and Margaret (52), Dorothy (32) and George, Jr. (12). This Elizabeth Robinson married one of her rescuers, Gibson Condie. See his story in rescuers section and Elizabeth's story in Martin company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

JOSIAH ROGERSON

Born: 27 Jan 1841 Preston, Lancashire, England

Age: 15

Martin Handcart Company



Josiah and mother, Mary Farren Harrison Rogerson

Josiah's entire family, except for his father, William, was converted to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and planned to gather to "Zion." Mary Farren Harrison Rogerson (age 53) and her children James (25), Bridgett (23), William Valentine (22), Josiah (15), Sarah Ann (13), and John Edward (9), sailed from Liverpool on the ship *Horizon*. They traveled from Iowa City with the Martin handcart company. An older daughter, Jane Rogerson Ollerton, emigrated a few years later but died on the trail. Josiah's father refused to come with the family. James apparently had some kind of handicap and did not realize he would have to walk all the way, so decided upon reaching Iowa City to go back to England. Perhaps he felt he would be a burden on the family.

Jane Rogerson Ollerton's father-in-law and mother-in-law and their four daughters and one son-in-law (James Wilson) were also with the Martin company. Both Ollerton parents died on the trail and the oldest daughter died shortly after arriving in Salt Lake City. James and Elizabeth Ollerton Wilson survived, but their baby, Nancy Horizon Wilson, who was born on the ship, died three weeks later and was buried at sea.

Josiah's mother was a very determined and resourceful person to bring her family out of England and continue across the plains with five children. She had a quilted petticoat with thimbles, crochet hooks, hair pins, broaches and other keepsakes sewn between the top and the lining. Her daughter, Sarah Ann, had a similar petticoat. In this way, they could keep their luggage allowance to 17 pounds per person and still bring some other things with them. She also traded some clothing items at a Fort along the way for jerky and different kinds of pepper which, when made into a hot soup, helped warm them from the inside out. This entire family, led by their courageous mother, all miraculously survived the trek and soon moved to Parowan after arriving in the Salt Lake Valley.

Sarah Ann

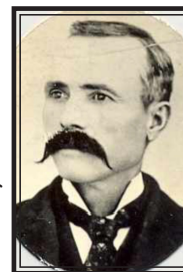


One cold stormy morning, Sarah Ann tried to get out of bed, but couldn't raise her head. The wind had drifted the snow under the edge of the tent onto her long braids of hair and they were frozen tightly. Josiah or another brother came to her rescue and cut off her hair with his pocket knife. She had to walk away, leaving her braids frozen fast to the ground.

Josiah had a keen sense of history and the importance of keeping a record. As an adult he began collecting histories of those with whom he shared his emigration in 1856. Some of these were published in the *Salt Lake Herald*, *Salt Lake Tribune*, *Deseret Evening News* and other places over the years. The following paragraphs are only a few excerpts from those writings (as found on Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website) and give many insights into the overall story as well as what Josiah and other boys his age experienced:¹

This will not be a romance, nor the history of "an extinct race that never existed," but the truthful narrative, travelings, hardships, sufferings and privations of one of the most devoted band of Christians that ever knelt in prayer and worship to the Living God and His Son, the Christ.

There are several reasons why the emigration of 1856 was augmented in numbers above that of many years previous ... but the main reason ... was that hundreds of the first converts to Mormonism, in 1837, 1840 and till 1850, had been so whole-souled in their importunities to President Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, Orson Pratt, Willard Richards and other prominent elders that first went to England, Scotland and Wales, with the gospel for "deliverance from the British Isles," that President Young became determined to meet the emergency with the handcart experiment.



John Edward

¹ See Ellen Pucell story in Martin section of *Tell My Story, Too*, to learn of the Rogerson's service to the beleaguered Pucell family (also written by Josiah).

(Josiah Rogerson - Page 2)

That we started a month too late, and that the snowstorms in the Wind river and Rocky mountains came on a month earlier than usual and than general, tells the story in a nutshell.

August 22 we . . . made camp close to . . . [the Saints' 1847] winter quarters near Florence, Neb[raska]. . . . We rested in the camp ground near the old Mormon sawmill three full days, and after a very remarkable meeting of all the members of our company and being informed fully by President Franklin D. Richards of the possibility of our encountering snowstorms . . . and that we were then three weeks or a month late in starting from there to make the 1031 miles journey . . . we all consented with uplifted hands to go on and take the risks.

One very commendable fact has been omitted in all the sketches heretofore written and it deserves special record and credit. [John Middleton, age 15, half-brother of Ann Webster of the Martin Co.] and [his father, William Middleton, age 40] were in charge of one of the provision wagons of Martin's handcart company. . . . From Fort Kearney . . . and up to the time this ill-fated company became snowbound at the Devil's Gate, [they] would pick up the children that were walking with their mothers and take others from the arms of their parents and put them in their wagon. The fatherly and kindly solicitude characteristic of [William Middleton] and his son deserves all praise. . . .

We made camp at Deer Creek on Saturday, October 18, having made 125 miles in the last nine days; but little did we dream that we were nearing our "Valley Forge," our death rate began to increase nightly. Here we took from our cart sacks which we had brought from all parts of Great Britain, every souvenir and present and every bit of clothing that was not necessary for every-day wear and warmth and burned them on this Indian meadow camp ground, one of the most beautiful camp grounds on the whole journey.



Bridgett

The [last] crossing of the North Platte [River] was fraught with more fatalities than any other incident of the entire journey. Several of the male members of our company, who had pulled their carts over 1000 miles [from Iowa City] . . . were stricken with fear and quailed, and had to be put into the wagons, the younger ones pulling the carts across. I rolled up my trousers and waded that cold river, six or eight rods wide, slipping betimes off the smooth stones and boulders into deeper water. . . . I found my elder brother too weak and timid to undertake the crossing. Soon getting into the rope harness on the lead of the cart, with brother in the shafts and an elder sister wading waist deep in several places, but keeping by my side, I made the crossing again without accident.

More than a score or two of the young female members of our company waded the stream that in many places was waist deep and deeper, and if they unfortunately stepped off one of the smooth boulders, they found the water a foot deeper. Blocks of mushy snow and ice had to be dodged in many instances by the wader, with the sad information that the snow had already fallen farther up the Platte and its tributaries, through which we had to pass before reaching the Sweetwater. . . . The writer has been able to find but one diary that was continually kept by any member of the company after this fatal event, and even the historian, John Jacques, stopped his diary at this point.

Aaron Jackson was found so weak and exhausted when he came to the crossing of the North Platte, October 19, that he could not make it, and after he was carried across the ford in a wagon [I] was again detailed to wheel the dying Aaron on an empty cart, with his feet dangling over the end bar, to camp. After putting up his tent, I assisted his wife in laying him in his blankets. It was one of the bitter cold, blackfrost nights, . . . and notwithstanding the hard journey the day before, I was awakened at midnight to go on guard again till 6 or 7 in the morning.

Putting jacket or coat on (for both sexes had for weeks past lain down at night in the clothing we had traveled in during the day), and passing out through the middle of the tent, my feet struck those of poor Aaron. They were stiff, and rebounded at my accidental stumbling. Reaching my hand to his face, I found that he was dead, with his exhausted wife and little ones by his side, all sound asleep. The faithful and good man Aaron had pulled his last cart. I did not wake his wife, but whispered the fact to my mother. After reaching my hand to the side of the tent and feeling it heavy and weighted with snow, I said: "Mother, the snow has come."

Returning to my tent from the night's guarding, I found there one of the most touching pictures of grief and bereavement in the annals of our journey. Mrs. Jackson . . . was sitting by the side of her dead husband. Her face was suffused in tears, and between her bursts of grief and wails of sorrow, she would wring her hands and tear her hair. Her children blended their cries of "Father" with that of the mother. This was love; this was affection – grief of the heart and bereavement of the soul – the like of which I have never seen since. It would have immortalized any artist by its faithful portrayal, a counterpart of the death scene of Minnehaha. Aaron's demise was not the only one by a half dozen that night, but I am writing only what I saw and know. Enough regarding the fatalities.

In conclusion, I will only add that I never could find words ample and sufficient to express thanks and gratitude to the veterans of the relief party and rescuers sent out by President Brigham Young from Utah.

(See Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website for more of Josiah Rogerson's writings. More may also be posted at tellmystorytoo.com)

JESSAMINE ELIZABETH ROUTLEDGE

Born: 29 Jan 1837 London, England

Age: 19

Martin Handcart Company or Hunt Wagon Company



Jessamine Elizabeth Routledge was born into a loving and prosperous family with a twin brother, John, and eight other siblings. The family lived near the Tower of London and Jessamine remembered watching Queen Victoria and her attendants pass along nearby streets. Jessamine often rode in a coach to visit her father at his office. He took her on a trip to Paris and Scotland and at Christmastime he would tie oranges from Spain on the branches of their backyard cherry trees.

Jessamine's mother, Martha Boozy or Petts, died during childbirth while Jessamine was a young girl. When Jessamine was a young woman, her father, Isaac Routledge, also died. He had rendered a decision in a legal matter that angered the woman he ruled against and she then poisoned Isaac. The woman was convicted of the crime and Jessamine said she was "transported for life." She said that she had never seen such a long funeral procession as the one for her father.

One day while walking on the streets of London with a friend, Jessamine heard two young Mormon missionaries singing and stopped to listen to their message, which she readily accepted. Her friends and family tried in vain to stop her but she was baptized in the Finnsbury Branch of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at about age 17 by Henry Maben. She then began to make plans to gather with the Saints in Utah. She tried to get some of her inheritance but was told she could not have any until she was twenty-one years old, so she began saving her allowance.

When her brothers saw her determination, they took her to the stores and told her to buy what she needed. She was not experienced in buying clothing and other items for such an adventure. Instead of sturdy, practical items, Jessamine bought pretty and frivolous things.

At the age of 19, Jessamine had saved enough to pay for first class passage on the ship *Horizon*. It broke her heart to leave her family, especially her twin brother, John. Jessamine's brothers all begged her to stay, going so far as following the ship out to sea, hoping to the last that she would change her mind.

As the Martin handcart company began its journey, Jessamine realized that her pretty clothes were not the most useful. She lost her shoes and someone loaned her a pair of boots that were much too large for her, but she was most grateful for them. A bundle of her finery went down a river at a crossing. When the food supplies dwindled and the storms began, Jessamine suffered much with other members of the company. When they reached the Salt Lake Valley, they were welcomed with open arms by the Saints. Warm clothes, good food, rest and shelter were ready for them. For a while Jessamine lived at the home of Emmaline B. Wells. Here she met Francis Martin Pomeroy and they soon married. Sometimes when she would tell their six children stories of her emigration, they would cry and say, "Do not tell us. It is all too awful."

Jessamine cared for her family and many others during her lifetime. At one time her brothers wrote and told her that they would meet her in New York with money for her to return to London. Her husband, Francis, worried that she might never return and asked her not to go. She never received her inheritance and never heard from her family in England again. Jessamine's descendants say that she was a naturally jolly person and was not bitter, though she longed for word from her family. Jessamine and Francis were called to colonize in Northern Utah and then in Southern Arizona. Jessamine passed away at the age of 63 in Mesa, Arizona.

Sources: "Francis Martin Pomeroy," in *Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah*, by Frank Eschholm, 1913; "Story of Jessamine Elizabeth Routledge Pomeroy," by Hazel Pomeroy Millet, Oct. 1960 (later submitted to Daughters of Utah Pioneers). (Jessamine may have been with the Hunt wagon company, not the Martin company as noted in these sources.)

ELIZABETH WHITTEAR SERMON

Born: May 14, 1819 in England

Age: 37

Martin Handcart Company



Elizabeth joined the Church in 1852. It is not known if her husband, Joseph Sermon, joined the Church, but he accompanied his wife to America. She was 37 at the time of her journey. Joseph was 53. They brought four young children with them, John (age 9), Henry (7), Robert (5), and Marion (3). Their oldest child, Charles, did not want to come to America and stayed in England with a grandparent.

Elizabeth had an extremely trying journey. Her husband did not share all her religious beliefs about gathering with the Saints, and questioned the decision to go to America. He lost his life on this trek, and their two sons, John and Robert, had their feet frozen very badly. In all of these trials, Elizabeth kept her faith, even when it was most difficult. The following excerpts are from a letter she wrote to her children on March 16, 1892, at the age of 73 years:

My Dear Children:

As I approach the end of my earthly career, and according to your request, I will try and write a few lines of my journey across the plains; although this brings back to my mind many painful remembrances, and caused me many tears. I will begin with the time I joined the Church, which was in the year 1852. I was then living in London, England, in quite comfortable circumstances. Your father had been employed with the same firm . . . from boyhood, and, by his industry, had saved considerable money, enough to buy two houses in the suburbs of London, one we lived in. The other was rented. Both were sold to provide funds to emigrate to America.

Your father still could not see clearly into the religion of the Latter-day-Saints. It appeared too high sounding a name for him, and even though he could not, in all conscience embrace the religion, he would not agree for me to come alone. We left our home, came to Liverpool, and went on board the sailing ship, "Caravan," which was considered an almost worn out vessel; but in all events, after a long, rough, uneventful journey, landed us safely in Castle Garden, New York. When we started from New York by train, we were to be in an Independent Company, paying our own expenses, and were to go from Iowa by wagon and mules. When we arrived in Iowa, a number of us rented a house at \$20.00 a month, until the camp grounds were ready, then we bought material for our tent, made it, and moved into it. Our money was getting lower and because of high prices, the mule and wagon operation had to be abandoned.

We stayed in the camp grounds until the last company was formed, of which Brother Martin was Captain. Your father hesitated much about leaving Iowa City, consequently, we remained on the camp grounds while four companies were formed and had started west. Sometimes your father would decide not to go further, then on my persuasion, would decide to go to Zion, his head full of misgivings. So, against the Elders' Counsel, we stayed until the last.

At last, all was in readiness for our start on the journey . . . I think I pulled first rate for a new beginner, in shafts and harness, for the Elders said, 'Sister Sermon will get there, she draws well' . . . I weakened considerable before my journey was completed, but my faith was never lost. My heart was happy, and I rejoiced in singing the songs of Zion, my only hope and desire was to reach the Valley where my children could be raised in the true gospel.

When we were out a considerable distance on the plains, the Captain emptied one wagon of flour, and put 100 pounds on each handcart, which we had to draw in addition to our regular load. Our children had to walk, which greatly annoyed your father and caused me to think, but I drew my cart, and said nothing, knowing I was the innocent cause of your father's troubles. These incidents did him no good, and caused him to say many times, "I told you how it would be." At times, as the time passed, we were very hungry, but dared not touch the flour we were hauling. Our regular allowance was 1 lb. for each adult, and 1/4 lb. for each child per day. I used to make a sort of a pound cake, so we could eat it all at one meal.

The way was rough and the travel slow and hard. Your father's health began to fail, and his heart almost broken, he would say, 'What have you brought us to, you, yourself in the shafts, drawing like a beast of burden, your children hungry and almost naked, myself will soon be gone, and My God, what will become of you and the children? You will find out how true all that I have told you is, when it is too late.

I stopped my cart at noon that day, took the flour out of my cart, and threw it on the ground. I told Captain Martin if I and my children could not eat some of it, I would not draw it any further, as it is my duty to look after my husband and family first. He told me I must be obedient or "we will leave you on the plains as food for the wolves." I said, "Brother Martin, leave those two girls you have in your carriage for food to the wolves, not me."¹

¹ The extra flour on the carts would have been near the beginning of the trip from Florence. The girls in the carriage were likely Zilpah Loader Jaques and Tamar Loader. Patience Loader wrote that Tamar had been injured and then sick with Mountain Fever early in the journey and Zilpah had just given birth shortly after leaving Florence: "[Tamar] and my sister with her new born babe was allowed to ride for a time in the wagon with the other inveloads." (Patience Loader diary)

(Elizabeth Whittear Sermon - Page 2)

I was wounded and a severe wound it was, but I did not draw the flour any further, neither did a Brother Thomby² draw his, as did also a few others who had heard Captain Martin speak to me as he did . . .

Many trials came to me after this, my eldest boy had the Mountain Fever, and we had to haul him on the cart, as there was no room in the wagons. One day, we started him out before the carts started in the morning, to walk with the aged and sick, but we had not gone far on our journey, when we found him lying by the roadside, unable to go any further. I picked him up and put him on my back, and pulled my cart as well as I could, but could not manage for very far, so I put him in the cart, which made children, my baggage, my failing husband, besides our regular load. The Captain put a young man to help me pull for a short time. My other son, Henry, at seven years, walked almost the entire 1300 miles.

On some days, we made good time. Other days, a cart or two would break down, or a death, sometimes more than one, would happen . . . Our food was giving out, our bodies growing weak . . . It was a miracle any of us lived. Your father continued failing. A young woman, Caroline Marchant, assisted me with the cart for some time.

The weather was getting colder, food was getting less and storms more frequent. The animals drawing the wagons were getting weaker . . . We traveled on until a heavy snow storm overtook us, and further progress could not be made . . . The Captain called us all together and stated that we must lay our bodies down, and, "were we willing to do so for the Gospel's sake?" Many a poor, starved man shouted with their remaining strength, "Aye," but mothers could not say that, so were quiet. Food would have suited us better, for we did not think altogether about religion, but my faith was still in my Father in Heaven.

I have never lost my faith in Him. It is as sweet today to trust in Him, and my prayers are, that I may always trust Him. You may perhaps say, "why you did not ask Him to save you then, when you needed it?" I did, and he spared me through many trials to my family. I have struggled long and hard for you all, and have done my best, if it is small. Your poor father's suffering has always pained me, and I will never forget it.

It was after wading a very wide river, that the freezing commenced. We had no wood, only sage brush. I went out and cut the sage to keep a fire all night, covering you all, with your feet to the fire, and then I went out and cut more sagebrush . . . Well, we got through that night. Next day, we moved on our way again, painful and slow. Your father could hardly walk now. He would get into wagon after wagon, only to be turned out. The oxen were giving out . . . Your father would take my arm, walk a little distance, fall on his knees with weakness, then try again. And so we moved on.

Brother David Kimball³ packed us over a river as well as many more besides us. Your father blessed him. After our food had given out, we went to our tents, a great many to die. Myself, I always thought I should get through to Salt Lake, and tried so hard to encourage your father, but he was starving. He had always lived good at home, and could not stand the severe hardships. Next morning, there was a shout in camp. Joseph Young and others had come on pack mules and brought us some flour, meat and onions. I got some. We had no salt, but we had a good meal and blessed Brother Joseph and Brother Little⁴ from the depths of our hearts.

They told us we had 70 miles to travel to get to the wagons that had been sent from Salt Lake, with food and clothing. Your father, after having some food and clothing, seemed to revive. He called you children to him and told you to be good children, do all you could for me, then he said to me, 'God bless you, Eliza,' that being the name he called me, 'You have saved my life this time. I will try hard to hold out now and get to the wagons' . . . soon, very soon, he failed again under the short rations and hard strain on his bodily strength. I think he would not have died if we could have gotten food, but he was spared the trial. We went to bed about 3 o'clock, he put his arm around me and said, 'I am done,' and breathed his last.

I called brother John, and they sewed him up in a quilt with his clothes on, except his boots, which I put on my feet; his overcoat, I put on John to keep him warm . . . In the early morning, your father was buried with eight others in one grave. I stood like a statue, bewildered, tears, cold chills . . . even now as I write, creep over my body and it seems I can still hear and see the wolves waiting for their bodies, as they would come down to camp before we were very far away.

I again went into the harness and pulled the cart . . . All that could, had to walk . . . Poor Robert had to ride from this time on, and most of the time, John as well as Marion, and frequently Henry for a time. When we got into camp, I would clear the snow away with a tin plate, gather my wood, get our bedclothes from the wagons. I was too weak to haul much. I would get my allowance of flour, then pack the children to the fire, make their bed on the ground. The tent was so frozen, and ground so hard, we could not set the tent up. We went to bed without supper so that we could have more for breakfast. I found it some help to toast the rawhide on the coals and chew it. It kind of kept the terrible hunger away, for I assure you, I was feeling it rather keenly now.

We finally met up with the main body of wagons that were sent out to us . . . some days, we rode all day, and got a little more food. A severe storm came up . . . my eldest boy John, his feet decaying, my other boy's also. Both of



Joseph Sermon

² This may be a transcription error as there is no identifiable person by that name in the Martin handcart company.

³ David Kimball was not with the Martin company at this time. Elizabeth appears to be confusing the last crossing of the Platte on Oct. 19, with the Sweetwater crossing into Martin's Cove on Nov. 4. David P. Kimball did carry many people across the Sweetwater on Nov. 4.

⁴ The men who came as express riders who first met the Martin company at Red Buttes on Oct. 28 were Joseph A. Young, Abel Garr, and Daniel W. Jones. "Brother Little" would be a reference to Feramor Little who was not on the rescue scene until the last week of November, keeping the roads open in the canyons near Big Mountain. He was with Joseph A. Young at that time.

(Elizabeth Whittear Sermon - Page 3)

them losing their limbs, their father dead, and my own feet very painful . . . I had to take a portion of Robert's feet off, portions that were decaying. Everyday, some portion was decaying and had to be removed, until my poor boy's feet were nearly all gone. Then John's feet began to freeze, and after awhile, my own, but thank God, none had to be cut as much as Robert's. . . . On a bright Sunday morning we were met in Emigration Canyon by hundreds of people in buggies and wagons and horseback to see us. We stopped near the tithing house, many had their friends to meet them and take them to their homes. Nobody came for me.

Elizabeth and her children arrived in Salt Lake on November 30. They were taken to the home of Eli Whittear, Elizabeth's brother, in Farmington, Utah, by Lot Smith, where they were tenderly cared for. In 1907 Eli wrote a letter to Albert Jones of the Handcart Veterans Association: "Mrs Sermon toes froze, John Sermon foot froze off, Robert Sermon both feet froze off. Henry Sermon not frozen.⁵ Polly Sermon toes froze, Myself and D B Lamareau did the nursing and poulticed the feet. Mrs Sermon died in San Francisco." (Eli indicates that the family left the Church except John. In 1878, John married "Bishop Atwood's daughter," Abby Angenett Cram Atwood. (See Millen Atwood story in Willie section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

Elizabeth soon married Robert Camm. They had a daughter, Caroline Jane, in 1860, in Farmington, where they lived for several years, then moved to Logan.⁶ (The memorial to Joseph and Elizabeth Sermon pictured on pg. 1 is in Logan.) In 1859, while still in Farmington, Elizabeth wrote a letter to Brigham Young:

Dear Brother, For some time past I have been inclined to see you about my Children that was Frozen on the Plains in Capt Martins Company of Handcarts one boy now 8 years old lost both his feet another boy 12 years old one foot consequently their being crippled for life at times pierces me most bitterly with such weight that a Mother only knows[.] I inform you of this as my last resourse to know if you would be kind enough to use your influence to have my Children Provided for & Educated[,] particularly the one that has lost both feet[,] at something that they can[,] when grown up[,] be able to obtain there own Living[,] my Husband having died on <near> the [sentence unfinished] [.] I feel it a duty incumbent on me to Lose no more time respecting them[.] Yours in the Gospel Elizabeth Camm (Source: Church History Library, CR 1234 1:Brigham Young office files 1832-1878, Ca, 1859, reel 36, box 26, folder 18.) [Robert Camm was apparently given property in Cache Valley to support his family in response to this letter.]

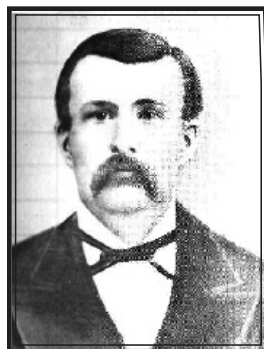
One can readily appreciate Elizabeth's reluctance to heed the counsel of the Elders—first, to emigrate without her husband whom she dearly loved, and second, to leave Iowa City at an earlier date than they did, with her husband still so skeptical. She told her children that if she had heeded the Elder's counsel, "[your father's] life might have been spared, you children might not have been made cripples, and the many trials which we passed through, would have been avoided." However, surely the Lord blessed Elizabeth, as to her dying day she said "I hungered for the gospel of Christ . . . It is as sweet today to trust in Him, and my prayers are that I may always trust Him."

⁵ Henry is the child who Elizabeth said "walked almost the entire 1300 miles." This may have helped save his feet.

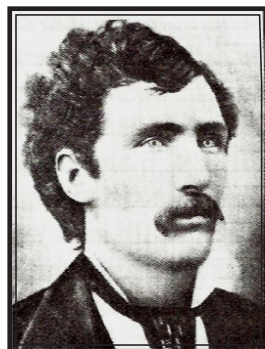
⁶ Robert Camm and Elizabeth ended up in California some time after November 1886 when Robert appeared in a Logan court on serious charges for which he had already spent 47 days in jail. Camm was released and fined after a plea deal.

Sources: Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; Mormon Migration website; emails from Robb Smith, Salt Lake City, March 2015, and Denise McLaurin, Texas Woman's University, March 2015; familysearch.org; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; "Before Judge Henderson," *Salt Lake Herald*, Dec. 14, 1886, 4; "First District Court," *Ogden Herald*, Dec. 13, 1886.

Note: John Bond was a young boy in the Hodgett wagon company who later wrote a book titled *Handcarts West in '56*. Following are excerpts from what he wrote about Elizabeth Sermon: "Mrs. Sirman was a true type of womanhood, tall and stately with rosy cheeks (when she started on the plains), beautiful black hair and dark eyes. Her hair hung down over her shoulders in long curls. . . . Mrs. Sirman was very dutiful to husband, children and friends, always ready to help the needy in their distress from the first moment I saw her in camp. . . . I came upon Robert Sirman . . . in Blackfoot, Idaho, early in the spring of 1912. I asked him if he was the same Sirman that crossed the plains in the hand cart company which was accompanied by the Hodgets wagon train. Imagine my surprise when he answered yes. In answer to my question about his beautiful mother with the long curls, he told me she was in California. The poor fellow had both feet amputated . . . and said it was pretty hard to make a living." (Robert Sermon died at age 75 in Idaho.)



John Lloyd Sermon



Henry Simon Sermon



Robert Sermon



Marian Sermon Edwards

SQUIRES FAMILY

Martin Handcart Company

Henry Augustus Squires (age 30), Sarah Minnie Catlin Squires (28), Sarah Augusta (8), Mary Emily (5), Catherine Harriet (4), Clara Annie (3), Rosetta Agnes (1), Echo Levina (born Nov. 26, 1856).



Henry A. and Sarah Minnie Catlin Squires

Henry Squires had been a Baptist Minister in England. A year after his marriage to Sarah Catlin in 1846, Sarah met the missionaries and became a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Henry followed her in baptism the next week and was later called to serve as the president of the St. Alban's Branch in the London Conference. Nine years after their conversion, the Squires family sailed on the ship *Horizon* for America. Two of Henry's brothers had emigrated earlier. These brothers cared for Henry's family while they recovered from their arduous journey across the ocean and the plains.

Sarah Augusta was only eight years old at the time of the emigration. Because her mother had such ill health, young Sarah walked so her mother could ride in the handcart. Sarah Augusta was sick most of the time herself. One day, as they were climbing uphill, with her father pulling and Sarah pushing at the back, her well-worn shoe came off in the mud. She could not stop pushing or the handcart would roll back, so her shoe was left in the mud. As Sarah told her mother that night about her missing shoe, her mother saw that Sarah's foot was bleeding. The other shoe was worn so badly, she needed a new pair. A man by the name of Booth [probably Edwin Booth, rescuer, age 23] heard her story and he made her a pair of moccasins out of buffalo hide. She wore these the rest of the way to the valley and said she never forgot the kindness of Brother Booth. On November 26, a new baby was born to the Squires family. Two members of the Martin company wrote about it:

"I well remember that when camped at Echo Canyon Sister Squires was confined in the morning. She had a lovely baby girl and they named her Echo. The morning she was born the father was running around camp inquiring of everybody if they had a pin to give him to pin something around the baby, but I don't think he was able to get one. The brethren fixed the wagon very warm and comfortable for Sister Squires." (Patience Loader)

"The next camp, on the 26th [of November], was in a small canyon running out of the north side of Echo Canyon, a few miles above the mouth of the latter. Here a birth took place, and one of the relief party generously contributed part of his under linen to clothe the little stranger.

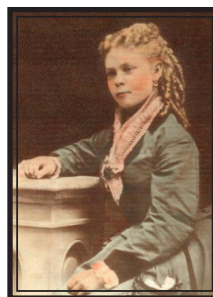
The mother did quite as well as could have been expected, considering the unpropitious circumstances. So did the father who subsequently became a prosperous merchant of this city. The little new comer also did well, and was named Echo in honor of the place of her nativity." (John Jaques)

The rescuer who contributed his "under linen" was Robert T. Burton. In his biography, Burton's granddaughter, Lenore Gunderson, wrote: "After he had distributed all the clothing, Robert noticed a mother whose newborn baby did not have sufficient clothing to keep it warm, so he took off his own homespun shirt and gave it to the mother to cover the baby." (See painting of this event at <http://tellyourstory.com/fine-art-julie-rogers/rescue-me-robert-taylor-burton>.)

The family lived in Kaysville for the first two years, then moved to Salt Lake City where Henry and a business partner opened a large and successful mercantile business. Four more daughters were born to Henry and Sarah, then all but three daughters returned to England with their parents in 1866. Henry left the Church and returned to his work as a Baptist minister. Two more children were born in England, including their only son. In 1874, Sarah Squires brought several of the children to Utah for a visit. Echo was with them and was seeking to know for herself if the gospel her father had once embraced was true. Soon after arriving in Utah, Echo's decision was to be baptized. She and three more sisters stayed in Utah when their mother returned to England. Echo became a widow with five children at age 29. She endured great hardships, but later testified, "The Lord blessed us with great blessings and our storehouse was like the widow's cruse of oil. It never ran dry."



Mary Emily Squires



Echo Squires



Sarah Augusta and Rosetta Agnes Squires

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; *Life history and writings of John Jaques including a diary of the Martin Handcart Company*, Stella Jaques Bell, 1978; Sandra Ailey Petree, *Recollections of Past Days: The Autobiography of Patience Loader Rozsa Archer*, 2006, All USU Press Publications, Book 37. See also meredithroots.org, and "The Sanctifying Work of Welfare," Bishop H. David Burton, *Ensign*, May 2011.

JAMES STEELE

Born: 1827 Scotland, Died Nov 10, 1856

Age: 29

Martin Handcart Company



Elizabeth Wylie Steele and James Steele

James was introduced to the Church by Elizabeth Wylie, whom he later married. After his baptism, James served as a missionary in both England and Scotland. One of his Scottish converts was a 67-year-old widow, Mary Murray Murdoch. James's sister, Ann, was married to Mary's son, John Murdoch. The Murdoch family was baptized in December 1851 and one year later, John and Ann Steele Murdoch were on their way to gather in "Zion." Four years later, James Steele was prepared to emigrate to Utah with his own family: Elizabeth (28), James Ephraim (3), William George (1), and mother-in-law, Mary Ann George Wylie (66). His sister's mother-in-law, Mary Murdoch (now 73 years old) also came with them. Left behind was the grave of a little daughter.

James and Elizabeth had a tremendous responsibility to get this family across the ocean and the plains. The little boys needed to be carried most of the way and the aged women gave what assistance they could. Mary was only 4 feet 7 inches tall and was known as "Wee Granny." She made it across more than 700 miles. Mary died on October 3, just west of Chimney Rock, Nebraska Territory. Nights had begun to be cold, but the days were still recorded as being very warm. Mary did not have to endure the intense weather and hunger that was soon to come to the emigrants. Her last request was that her son, John, be informed that she died with her "face toward Zion."

James continued on for 5½ more weeks. He shared his rations and helped his family through the treacherous last crossing of the North Platte River, the extreme cold and deep snow at Devil's Gate, and the camp at Martin's Cove. James finally succumbed to exhaustion and was buried near Split Rock by the kind rescuers who had been with them for the last two weeks. Rescuer, Ephraim Hanks, arrived in camp that evening, bringing fresh buffalo meat to James's grieving family. His burial is represented in a painting done by one of James's and Ephraim's descendants, Clark Kelly Price. The rest of the family made it to the Valley where they first lived in American Fork in a dugout. Elizabeth married David Wood who had participated in the rescue. They had three children: a boy and twin girls.

James Ephraim and William grew to manhood in the Zion of their parents' dreams. They married, had large families, and pioneered in Idaho. In March 1885, James became interested in Idaho and traveled to Eagle Rock where he remained until June and filed on 160 acres of land located near Sand Creek (Iona). James tells of an experience he had when he returned to the spot later that year:

When I got back to Sand Creek, where I had located my ranch, everything had dried up; the water was all gone. Everything looked desolate and unproductive. A man named John F. Shelley was with me. ... We looked way out in the sagebrush and could see no trees, no houses; nothing but sagebrush was in sight. We sat around for several days and one day while sitting on the ground with my back leaning up against the wagon tongue, I went to sleep, and during my sleep I saw this country in a most beautiful flourishing condition everywhere. The sagebrush disappeared, and in its stead, I saw farms everywhere, and I woke up and said, "Now I am ready to unload." I had not unloaded up to that time, and I never felt from then to the present time that I ever wanted to go back [to Utah].

James Ephraim Steele was a leader in the community and the Church in Idaho. With his own money he purchased land, had it surveyed and laid out for the townsite of Iona, then sold it to the citizens of the community for the actual cost with no financial gain. He was the Bishop of the Iona Ward, counselor in the Bannock Stake to Thomas Ricks (one of the rescuers of the Martin company in 1856), then President of the Bingham Stake for about 15 years. His life brought honor to the mission his parents had begun and which his father was unable to complete on this earth.



James Ephraim Steele

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; "The Martin Handcart Co., Bitter Creek, Wyoming," oil painting by Clark Kelley Price, 1980; "Settlement of Idaho by Utah Pioneers," Daughters of Utah Pioneers lesson booklet for March 2005, 326-328, compiled by Lou Jean S. Wiggins from *Pioneer Pathways*; letters and family records from Jenny Larsen, Kaye Wittwer, Cleone B. Arrington.

REBECCA LUBBOCK STIMPSON

Born: 1826 England (died Nov. 9, 1856, after childbirth in Martin's Cove)

Age: 30

Martin Handcart Company



Frederick Stimpson

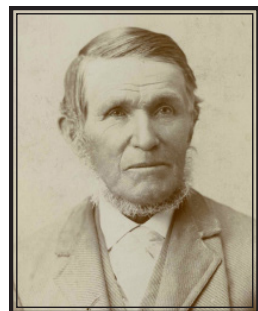
Rebecca and her husband, William, both grew up in the small village of East Ruston, Norfolk, England. They were married in 1848 in an Anglican church. Rebecca and William were baptized members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints after their marriage, and decided to emigrate to America to be with the Saints. Rebecca's sister, Jane Lubbock, emigrated three years prior, in 1853. (Jane married John Buckingham in Salt Lake City in December 1853.)

Rebecca and William, their sons Frederick (age 3) and William B. (17 months), traveled to Liverpool and left England on the ship *Horizon* on May 25, 1856. They landed in Boston Harbor on June 28. They had to stay on board the ship until arrangements could be made for them to go to the railway. Upon leaving the ship on July 1, the temperature was between 96 and 100 degrees. They took railway cars from Boston, crossed the Hudson River at Albany, and passed through Buffalo, New York, and arrived in Iowa City on July 8, 1856.

When their journey finally began, it was especially difficult for Rebecca. She was pregnant and had two young children to look after. By mid-October, the rations were becoming very low and the weather turned cold as they were coming into the mountainous country. In spite of the challenges of the trek, Frederick said his mother taught him to love music and to sing. Frederick and his mother would walk behind the handcart whenever there was a hill to climb. She would push on one corner of the cart and have Frederick push on the other as she sang, "for some must push and some must pull." Frederick thought he was really helping, but later in life he realized his mother was giving him confidence by having him push "to make the grade."

Rebecca had four children, all boys. Her first baby was born prematurely and lived only a short time. Frederick was the second—the only one to live to maturity. The third child, William Jr., died on October 19, the day the Martin company crossed the North Platte River for the last time. This was also the day that winter storms began. The company made very little progress over the next few days, until they were completely stopped on the river near Red Buttes. Rebecca must have suffered terribly during this time of bereavement. How she must have grieved for her little son, left behind in a snowy shallow grave.

Rescuers finally reached the stranded company, and moved them westward to Devil's Gate. On November 4, they moved again, a few miles off the trail to the sheltered area of Martin's Cove. As the company was finally ready to pull out of the cove on November 9, Rebecca gave birth to her fourth son. In her cold, hungry and weak condition, Rebecca brought life to the little boy, and then both died. Mother and baby were buried under rocks and grass as the ground was too frozen to dig. Heartbroken and bereft, William and Frederick continued on toward Salt Lake City that day.



William Stimpson

William said of Rebecca, "She was the best woman in all of England." He talked very little about her death and the trip across the Plains, it being too painful for him to remember. William married two more times and became the father of thirteen more children. Frederick grew up and also married twice and had thirteen children. There is a large posterity from William and Rebecca.

Rebecca's parents, James and Susanna Hewitt Lubbock, are buried in a cemetery in the churchyard of the Anglican Church of St. Mary's in East Ruston. On an unknown date, someone engraved the following at the bottom of Susanna's marker: "Rebecca Lubbock, died November 9, 1856."

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; familysearch.org; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; interview with Sister Marsha Gubler and Sister Kila Mickelsen, Mormon Historic Handcart Sites, 2011 (now Wyoming Mormon Trail Mission); belnapfamily.org.



JESSE SOAR TAYLOR

Born: 1845 England

Age: 10

Martin Handcart Company

Jesse's mother, Mary Soar Taylor, was widowed six weeks prior to Jesse's birth, so Jesse never knew his father. His first recollection of his childhood was of running away to "infant school" in his night clothes when just four years old. He was afterward allowed to attend this school. He loved to play marbles and would often win from his playmates. He and his brother, William, who was two years older than Jesse, would help their mother sew the seams up the backs of stockings that were sent to them flat woven. In this way, the Taylor family earned their living.

Jesse went to work when he was eight or nine years of age in a coal pit for his Uncle John Clifford. He used to tap the walls as he went along the way to see if there was any danger of them caving in on him. His brother, Will, was working at the side of a man one day who had been killed this way, so Jesse was extra careful and fearful. One day Jesse had an accident at work which hurt his back and finger. His finger was crooked for the rest of his life.

Jesse's mother joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when he was about three years old. Jesse was happy to contribute to the family's savings so they could emigrate to Zion. However, his grandfather's family was very much opposed. They offered Jesse a pony if he would stay in England with them. An aunt threatened that the family would freeze and starve. Nevertheless, Jesse's family continued to prepare until the way was opened up for them in 1856 to go by handcart. Jesse's farewell was heartbreaking to him. He never used the word *goodbye* since that time in his life and taught his children never to say it.

Jesse and his mother, Mary (age 31), and brother, William (12), sailed on the ship *Horizon* in May 1856. The crossing took six weeks. Jesse and the other children enjoyed playing about the ship and watching the fish jump out of the water. They helped the sailors pull the ropes in adjusting the sails and sang this little song as they pulled in rhythm:

There was a man came riding by / And they say so, and they hope so / Says one old man "Your horse'll die / And they say so and they hope so / "If he dies I'll tan his skin / And if he lives I'll ride him again." / Poor old man.

After leaving Iowa City with their handcarts, Jesse cut his knee with a hatchet one day. This made it hard for him to walk at all, but he kept going. At one farmhouse they passed, a man offered to keep Jesse and give him a home and an education if he would stay with him. Jesse stayed with his mother and brother.

Jesse slept in the tent where James Stones was the captain, next to a 52-year-old man named Charles Woodcock. Charles was ill with dysentery. On the morning of October 20, Jesse's mother woke him up with the sad news that Charles Woodcock had died during the night. Jesse usually liked to sleep as long as possible, but he jumped right up. That morning there was also several inches of snow on the ground.

Jesse told of an experience two weeks later when the company was "in a little cove called Martin's Hollow." Here Jesse remembered seeing "15 of his fellow travelers buried in one grave in Martin's Hollow. One young man named George Padley came to his mother and said, 'Mary, I feel so weak, will you make me a little gruel?' She said, 'Yes.' Her feet were frozen so badly the

(Jesse Soar Taylor - Page 2)

captain insisted on young Padley getting his own fuel to make enough fire to prepare the meal. He did so, drank it, retired and died during the night.¹ It was a terrible experience for [Jesse] to see his mother suffer so. He was unable to help her, but he was spared the suffering himself. He came through unharmed.”

William became very ill with mountain fever and Jesse had to help his mother pull him in the handcart. As the days and nights became colder and food was rationed, Jesse assumed even more responsibility. His mother’s feet became frozen. The flesh fell off her toes and the side of her left foot. The protruding bones were removed with scissors. Rescue finally came and the Taylor’s were taken to Payson, Utah, to be nursed back to health by kind families there.

Jesse’s mother married John H. Moore in 1858. William never fully recovered from the mountain fever. He died in 1860.

The first three summers Jesse lived in Payson, he worked herding sheep. He only lost one lamb to a coyote. In the spring, Jesse and the other boys played a game called town ball. Jesse sang in the ward choir with his mother from age 13. At age 16, he was sustained as a Sunday School teacher. At the age of 17, Jesse worked for a wagon company, bringing emigrants to Utah from the plains.

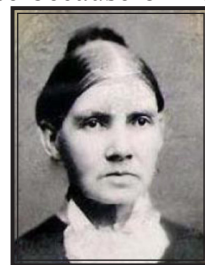
On Christmas day, 1864, Jesse married Sarah Almira Marsh. Jesse had been saving his wages from his work on the farm with his stepfather, Mr. Moore, and his Uncle Levi Colvin. He had earned a cow, bought a slip stove, a home near the meetinghouse, and 10 acres in what was referred to as the “poor field.”

In 1868, Jesse and Sarah left Payson to serve in the Muddy Mission for 2 ½ years. This was a very difficult mission. The rest of his life he was a successful farmer and became a beloved and influential man in the community. He lived up to the expectations of his mother. She wrote her autobiography in a letter to her grandson, John Cyprian Taylor:

I have written this sketch of my life as stated for the benefit of my grandchildren and others and I also add my testimony of the divinity of this work. I know that it is the work of God and hope and trust that any of my posterity that may come in possession of this may be strengthened in their faith by it, and be worthy of such parentage for truly we suffered much for the truth’s sake, but the reward of the faithful is sure.

Jesse and Sarah became the parents of 13 children. Jesse held many responsible positions in the Church, including Bishop. He also held many important positions in the community, including School Trustee (21 years), Building Superintendent, Street and County Roads Supervisor, City Councilman (20 years), Watermaster and Justice of the Peace. It was said of him that his word was as good as his bond. The Taylor School building in Payson was named for Jesse because of his integrity in the cause of education. He died in 1933 at the age of 88.

Sources: “Old Letters: To a Grandson,” *Our Pioneer Heritage*, compiled by Kate B. Carter, Daughters of Utah Pioneers publication, 1958-77, 3:247-49; “Mary Soar Taylor,” family history; interviews with Donna Jean Millar, 2003 & 2011; “Biography of Jesse Soar Taylor: Came to Utah in 1856, written by Ethel Taylor Page, His Daughter,” [written while Jesse was living.] *Show Me Your Rocky Mountains*, by Thelma Hatch Wyss (published by *Deseret Book*), is a novel about the Taylor family that will provide further reading enjoyment and understanding.



Mary Soar Taylor

¹George Padley was engaged to Sarah Franks. Sarah was traveling with the Stones family and was in the same tent with them and the Taylors. It is likely that George Padley was also housed in the same tent. The strength of the able-bodied men was distributed evenly throughout the camp as much as possible.

MARY SOAR TAYLOR

Born: 1825 England
 Age: 31
 Martin Handcart Company



Mary emigrated to Zion as a very determined widow with her two sons, William Henry (age 12) and Jesse Soar (10). Her story is best told in a letter she wrote at the age of 56. She died four years later. The following letter was written February 20, 1881, and placed in a Relief Society Chest to be opened 50 years later:

I, Mary Moore, desire to leave to my posterity a biographical sketch of my life to be read by them fifty years hence for their information and benefit. I was born in the village of Beauverlee, Nottinghamshire, England, on January 22, 1825. My parents names are Henry Soar and Edith Burrows. My parents at that time were of no religious denomination.

At an early age I joined the Methodist Society. At the age of eighteen I married William Jesse Taylor who was not a professor of religion. By him I had two sons named William Henry and Jesse Soar. We lived very happy for a little over two years when I was left a widow. Three years from this time I joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and in the year 1856, I, with my two sons started for Utah Territory. We left our home on the 26th of May and crossed the sea in the Ship *Horizon*.

We had a prosperous voyage of nearly forty days and landed at Boston from which place we traveled by rail to Iowa City, State of Iowa. We left Iowa City as "Martin's Company." We had a perilous journey across the plains [and] had to endure many hardships. We encountered snow in the Black Hills which continued till we arrived in Salt Lake City. My son, William, was taken sick with the mountain fever 700 miles from Salt Lake City, and myself and Jesse had to pull him in our cart till we arrived at Sweetwater where teams from Salt Lake City met us and there we left our carts. Previous to this time we had to subsist on four ounces of flour a day for nine days in the snow knee deep. ... Many had their limbs badly frozen. William and myself among the number. [The flesh fell off her toes and side of left foot. Protruding bones were removed with scissors.] We arrived in Salt Lake City on the last day of November of the same year after suffering many hardships and privations for the truth's sake, but I know my record is sure.

We arrived in Payson on the 2nd of December and were well treated by the people. [They were cared for in the home of Rachel Drollinger.] I could not stand on my feet for three months after I arrived. In the month of February, 1858, I married John H. Moore, being his third living wife. In the year 1860 in the month of July, my eldest son William died of a disease contracted while crossing the plains.

In the year 1862 my father arrived in Payson, having joined the Church and emigrated. In the year 1864 my son, Jesse, married Sarah A. Marsh, who are living at this date and have six children living and have two buried.

In the year 1868 the Female Relief Society was organized in Payson. I was appointed and set apart to act as second counselor to Jane B. Simons, President of said society, which position I hold today. I also hold the position of second counselor to the President of the Silk Association of this place.

I have written this sketch of my life as stated for the benefit of my grandchildren and others and I also add my testimony of the divinity of this work. I know that it is the work of God and hope and trust that any of my posterity that may come in possession of this may be strengthened in their faith by it, and be worthy of such parentage for truly we suffered much for the truth's sake, but the reward of the faithful is sure.

I have six living grandchildren: Sarah Almira, William Jesse, Samuel B., Edith H., John C., Eva May. I will direct this to John Cyprian Taylor [grandson], hoping that he may live and become an honorable and useful man.

I subscribe myself, Your loving Grandmother, Mary Soar Taylor Moore

Mary earned her living after the death of her husband by sewing seams up the backs of stockings which were sent to her flat woven. Jesse and William had helped her with this task in England. Jesse grew to manhood and fulfilled all of Mary's dreams of him being a righteous man. He and his wife served 2 ½ years on the Muddy Mission, returned to Payson, and had thirteen children. Jesse held many responsible positions in the Church, including that of Bishop. He also held many important positions in the community, including School Trustee (21 years), Building Superintendent, Street and County Roads Supervisor, City Councilman (20 years), Watermaster and Justice of the Peace. It was said of him that his word was as good as his bond. The Taylor School building in Payson was named for Jesse because of his integrity in the cause of education.

Sources: "Old Letters: To a Grandson," *Our Pioneer Heritage*, compiled by Kate B. Carter, Daughters of Utah Pioneers publication, 1958-77, 3:247-49; "Mary Soar Taylor," family history; interviews with Donna Jean Millar, 2003 & 2011. See also Jesse Soar Taylor in Martin company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

MOSES THOMSON JR.

Born: 5 Feb 1834 Kincardine, Perth, Scotland
 Died: November 1856 on the Sweetwater River near Devil's Gate
 Age: 22
 Martin Handcart Company



George Thomson
 brother of Moses

Moses was the fifth of eight children of Moses and Janet Steel Thomson. Moses had worked in the coal mines of Scotland, along with his father, brothers, and other male relatives, as soon as he was old enough to carry a candle. He did this for the miners, so they could see to work. He also carried a little bucket of water for them to drink. The boys were paid a small wage for this service. They assumed heavier duties in the mines by about age fifteen.

It appears that Moses and his two older brothers, George and Thomas Hyslop Thomson, were baptized members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, but their parents and five sisters were not. George was the first of the Thomson boys to join the Church, being baptized on April 7, 1847, at the age of 17. This so enraged his brother, Thomas, that he held George by force while his mother whipped him. (The boys' father had died two years previous to this in 1845.) Nevertheless, Thomas was also later baptized and came to America with his wife and two children in 1859 or 1860. He only made it as far as St. Louis, Missouri, where he worked for a time and was then drafted into the army during the Civil War. Thomas's wife heard from him once in a while and then his letters stopped. She never did know whether he was killed or what became of him. George corresponded with her for two or three years and then she married again and moved to Dakota and he lost track of her. Nothing was ever heard of Thomas again.

George was the first of the three Thomson boys to emigrate to America with the Saints. He came aboard the ship *Ellen* in 1851, paying his passage with a full year's savings. After making his way to Council Bluffs, Iowa, he contracted with Joshua Grant to drive a freight wagon to Utah. He traveled with only eleven other men and a young woman, Joan Bee, who cooked for this company. George and Joan were later married. They first lived in the Sessions settlement, or present-day Bountiful, Utah. When George had saved enough money, he sent to Scotland for his younger brother, Moses, to come to Utah.

Moses traveled from Glasgow to Liverpool to emigrate with the other Saints aboard the ship *Horizon* in May 1856. Most of the other Saints known to be from Scotland aboard the *Horizon* did not continue on to Utah with the Martin handcart company. (Some of these family names were Queen, Miller, Dow, Camp and Cain.)

Like other strong young men in the handcart company, Moses would have been assigned to help those less able with their handcarts. He would have also taken his turn on guard duty at night, sacrificing his much-needed rest. Fellow traveler Benjamin Platt wrote of this: "We had to herd at nights and pull handcarts all days and many times I have been kept up until midnight and then stood guard until morning and then started again and it was this everlasting guarding that killed the people."

Combined with the guarding, we also learn from George Thomson's biography that "Moses pushed and pulled on a handcart with a sick man in it for many days. Their rations got slimmer. ... When they got to the Sweetwater [River] near Devil's Gate, Moses died with seven others the same night. ... They were buried in shallow graves and covered with snow. This tragedy was a terrible blow to George and he did not get over it for years."

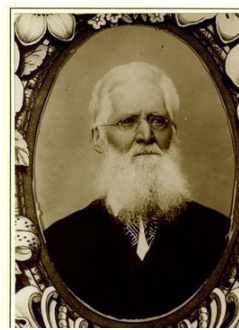
Sources: Diary of Benjamin Platt 1856-63; Merrill, Maggie Thomson, biography "George Thomson."

JOHN TOONE

Born: 10 April 1813 Birmingham, England

Age: 43

Martin Handcart Company



John Toone: A Firm Believer in the Gospel
by descendant Elizabeth Monson Thomas, visitliz@hotmail.com

John Toone was born April 10, 1813 in Birmingham, Warwickshire, England, the oldest of fourteen children of John and Elizabeth Masters Toone.¹ He came of age in the town of Leamington, Warwickshire, where his father was a prominent and successful builder.² John also learned the builder's trade and "took an active part with his father in the erection of many of the buildings that adorn the parade and chief terraces in Leamington."³ According to family histories, John received an excellent education, including instruction in law, medicine and music. He became an accomplished violist and cellist and was said to have played for Queen Victoria.⁴

On June 12, 1836, John Toone married Emma Prosser of Peterchurch, Herefordshire, in All Saints Church, Leamington.⁵ Both happiness and heartache came quickly to the young couple. Of their first five children born in Leamington between 1838-1846, two of them died very young—Emma, in 1840 at age 2, and Hezekiah in 1847 at age 8 months.⁶

In the mid-1840's, John heard the preaching of Mormon missionaries and "was fully convinced of the truth" of their doctrines.⁷ Even so, because of his strong ties to the Methodist church and perhaps other loyalties, he was "troubled by night and day" about what to do. Finally, after five years of struggle, John came forward and was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Albert Cordon, on April 3, 1849, in Leamington. As he confirmed John, Elder Cordon was "clothed with the Spirit of prophecy and revelation and told him in the name of the Lord that he would be called to do a mighty work in this the last dispensation ... that his family would embrace the Gospel and be blest upon the land of Zion." Within just a few weeks of his baptism and confirmation, John was ordained an elder, appointed clerk of the Warwickshire Conference and made president over the Leamington Branch. On July 9, 1849, Elder Cordon also baptized John's wife, Emma,⁸ and in Nov. 1850, over a year after her baptism, she gave birth to another daughter.⁹

On Feb 1, 1851, John, Emma and their four surviving children sailed from Liverpool to America on the ship *Ellen Maria*. They had only been on the ocean two weeks when their baby girl became ill, died on board ship at the tender age of 11 weeks, and was buried at sea.¹⁰ After arriving in New Orleans on April 6, 1851, the Toones eventually made their way to western Iowa where they left in early June of the following year to cross the plains to Utah with the Thomas Howell Company.¹¹ In spite of severe space limitations, John carefully packed his cello in their ox-drawn covered wagon. A member of their company, Thomas Condie, wrote that "on one occasion in Wyoming, the Sioux Indians, painted-up, came into camp. Brother John Toone had a fiddle (cello) and [led the Saints in singing] 'Oh Stop and Tell Me Red Man...' This so charmed the Indians that they departed in peace."¹²

After arriving in Salt Lake City in September of 1852, John acquired property in the 20th Ward at 2nd Ave. and D Street and built a comfortable adobe home for his family. He helped to build the Social Hall—one of the earliest musical venues in the city—where he also performed.¹³ In Feb. of 1854, Emma gave birth to another son in Salt Lake City.¹⁴

In the spring of 1854, less than two years after his arrival in the Salt Lake Valley, John Toone was called on his first mission to England where he served as President of the Land's End Conference.¹⁵ A touching entry in John's journal near the end of his mission tells of his visit to the graves of his children, Emma and Hezekiah, in the Milverton Church Yard in Leamington. He wrote longingly, "I had some few thoughts, how far their Mother was from them. Shall I see them again? Shall I know them? Something says, 'Yes, you will.'"¹⁶

In May of 1856, after being released from his mission "on account of ill health," John sailed home on the ship *Horizon* with a group of saints, many of whom became members of the Martin Handcart Company.¹⁷ John was made company clerk on board ship and addressed the group several times at meetings along with Captain Edward Martin and other leaders.¹⁸ He also served as a sub-captain for a preliminary company of handcarts led by Jesse Haven that left Iowa City, Iowa, about a week before the larger group.¹⁹ When the others joined them later in Florence, Nebraska, John was in attendance at the fateful meeting when the company voted "almost unanimously" to go on in spite of the lateness of the season.²⁰ This decision, along with other factors, exposed the company to early Wyoming snowstorms and led to the tragic loss of many lives before their dramatic rescue and late November arrival in Salt Lake City. Given his positions as clerk and captain—and his history of keeping a detailed journal on his mission—it seems almost certain that John Toone would have also kept a journal of his experiences with the ill-fated Martin Company, though such a record has yet to be found.

(John Toone - Page 2)

Life in Utah after the Martin Company tragedy presented new opportunities and challenges for John Toone and his family. On Feb. 1, 1857, he married his second wife, Hannah Wardell, of Hockley Heath, Warwickshire, England and on Feb. 22, 1857, his third wife, Jemima Cook, of Devonport, Devonshire, England, in plural marriage.²¹ [See official Church statement on plural marriage on page v of *Tell My Story, Too.*] When federal troops became a threat during the Utah War of 1857-58, the Toone family moved south to Payson, Utah. It was there in 1858 that Hannah passed away after giving birth to premature twins who died, and where Emma gave birth to a baby boy who also died after only two months.²²

Later in 1858, the family returned to their home in the 20th Ward of Salt Lake City. During this time, between 1858-1871, John's third wife, Jemima, gave birth to their seven children.²³ Meanwhile, John continued to play an active role in developing the early cultural and intellectual life of Salt Lake City. He helped with the interior finish work and decoration of the Salt Lake Theater and played cello and viola there in Salt Lake City's first orchestra.²⁴ He was a member the Mineer Band, a popular group that played at dances, weddings and other events along the Wasatch Front.²⁵ He also built the first 20th Ward schoolhouse on property near his home. A large monument at the corner of D Street and 2nd North in Salt Lake City, still stands as a tribute to John Toone's efforts.

In April 1869, John was called on a second mission to England where he served as President of the Warwickshire Conference.²⁶ This time he was aided in his travels by the newly-completed transcontinental railroad.²⁷ In contrast to previous trips that dragged on for many months, John wrote that his 20-day journey to Liverpool in 1869 was "one of the most pleasurable" of his life. "Compare our present journey with our former traveling by oxen and hand-carts," he continued, "and can't we thank God and shout Hallelujah!"²⁸ He returned to Utah on Oct. 28, 1869.²⁹

In the early 1870's, John moved with his third wife, Jemima, and their seven children, to Croydon, Morgan County, Utah.³⁰ His first wife, Emma, and two of their children, remained in Salt Lake City and John traveled back and forth regularly to visit them and perform on his cello and viola.³¹ Family and local histories tell of the many roles John Toone played in the early days in Croydon: schoolmaster, music teacher, doctor, lawyer, justice of the peace, clerk, and correspondent to the *Deseret News*.³² In 1873, his knowledge of vaccines enabled him to help save lives during a local smallpox epidemic.³³

One of his granddaughters, Dora Toone Brough, fondly remembered John in his later years as "tall with an abundance of curly, snowy white hair and a long white beard. He used a walking stick and his little white dog, Tiny, always accompanied him when he visited at our house. He talked about interesting things, places and people, and sang songs while we smaller children sat and listened intently. He was a grand old man."³⁴

John Toone passed away on August 3, 1893, at the age of 80, and was buried in the Croydon Cemetery. He had a large posterity, was "much respected" and died "a firm believer in the gospel."³⁵ His testimony, from a letter written in 1850 after his baptism, continues to inspire: "We know in whom we have believed, that he is able to defend his own whatever powers oppose, and we testify to all around, that we have found the Church and Kingdom of the Living God."³⁶

Today, descendants of John Toone still gather on special occasions to revere his memory and hear the hauntingly beautiful strains of "Come, Come, Ye Saints" performed on his antique cello.³⁷ A sensitive portrait of John Toone with his cello by LDS artist Julie Rogers—appropriately entitled "In Tune"—also honors the legacy of this faithful Mormon pioneer.³⁸ Endnotes to this document are not included in this sketch. They may be posted in the future at tellmystorytoo.com. John Toone photos are courtesy of Elizabeth M. Thomas. Jemima Cook photo from Daughters of Utah Pioneers museum. Art image "In Tune" used by permission of Julie Rogers and tellmystorytoo.com. See also "Stories from Family History: The Chronicles of John Toone," Trent Toone, *Deseret News*, March 12, 2012.



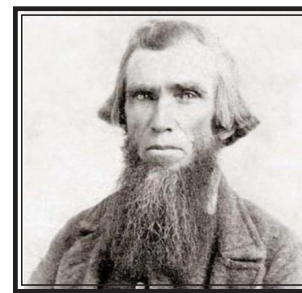
Jemima Cook (Toone)



In Tune

DANIEL TYLER

Born: Nov. 23, 1821 New York
 Age: 34
 Martin Handcart Company



Daniel Tyler had pioneering and emigration in his blood as a descendant of Job and Mary Tyler, who first immigrated to America from England before 1638. Many of his ancestors were prominent lawyers and ministers as well as officers and soldiers of the American Revolution.

Daniel, his father and his father's father all were given visions during their lifetimes. Daniel had a remarkable vision at the tender age of four. His mother and some neighbors felt it meant that he would soon die. Others felt that the Lord had a great work for him to do and that he would become a preacher in his life. In 1829, Daniel's grandfather Tyler was visited by an angel who told him that he would not recover from his present illness, but that his family would live to see a church on this earth which would possess all the spiritual gifts of the original church, for which he had been seeking. He died shortly thereafter. In 1832, Hyrum Smith came to the Tyler home and taught them the gospel. Daniel was baptized a year later in Lake Erie where it was necessary to cut through three feet of ice to perform this ordinance. He was blessed thereafter with many spiritual gifts which he utilized throughout his life in building the Church and blessing others.

Daniel lived in several states in the United States as his life paralleled the persecutions of fellow members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. After being expelled from Nauvoo, Illinois, Daniel joined with others who answered the call to serve in the United States Army as the famed "Mormon Battalion." In his later years, with the encouragement of LDS Church President John Taylor, Daniel wrote the book *A Concise History of the Mormon Battalion in the Mexican War*. Noted newspaperman and historian of the day, Harold Schindler, stated that the book was "recognized as the accepted history of that incredible adventure ... a classic, richly deserving a prominent place in any collection of Western Americana. It is a beautiful book, inside and out." Daniel also wrote several accounts of his close associations with the Prophet Joseph, and his brother, Hyrum. Daniel lived this early history of the Church, including Kirtland, Zion's camp, the Missouri expulsion, the Nauvoo Legion and the School of the Prophets. Of his experience in Kirtland, Ohio, Daniel wrote, "It would be impossible to relate all the blessings bestowed upon the different quorums of the priesthood at that time. Some saw angels, others saw the horses and chariots of Israel . . . all feeling they had experienced a bit of heaven."

In April of 1853, Daniel was called to leave Utah and serve a foreign mission, as had been recently prophesied by a Sister Moore at a prayer meeting. This seemed impossible as Daniel had been disabled for seven months with a broken leg. However, shortly after this event, he was shown in a dream how to cure his fractured limb and was soon able to walk without crutches and received the call to serve. At this time he left behind his wife, Ruth, and three children, ages 3, 6 and 14. Ruth was expecting when Daniel left, as she had been when he left her to go with the Mormon Battalion. Ruth delivered her baby within a few months of his departure for his mission. Six other children of Daniel and Ruth had died previously as infants, including twins, so sorrow and sacrifice were already a part of this great couple's lives. Within a year of arriving in England, Daniel was sent to Switzerland as President of the Swiss and Italian missions. The German and France missions were soon added.

(Daniel Tyler - Page 2)

During Daniel's mission a learned professor at Dresden College, Dr. Karl G. Maeser, became discouraged and dissatisfied with the religious doctrines he had been taught all his life, even to the point of doubting the scriptures. He wrote in his diary, "I cried, O God, if there be a God, make Thyself known to me." Dr. Maeser soon obtained a scrap of paper which contained a pictorial illustration of some of the Mormon persecutions in Missouri. As he wondered about this possible answer to his yearnings, he discovered that there were Mormons in his own country and wrote a letter requesting more information. The letter of inquiry was eventually directed to Elder Tyler as the presiding Elder of that mission.

At this time Daniel Tyler's missionary companion in Switzerland was Elder John Chislett, who would become a sub-captain to James Willie's handcart company upon returning from his mission. Due to the severe persecution Chislett had experienced in the European missions, he suggested that Daniel have nothing to do with the letter from Dr. Maeser. Chislett felt it was a trick of the German police to catch any possible "Mormon" connections in their country. Daniel said that the letter impressed him quite differently and prophesied that he would send it back and that it would come back again with more added. Chislett was unbelieving, but said he would set Elder Tyler down as a true "prophet" if the letter did return. The letter did return with more added to it and this led to a long and interesting correspondence between Elder Tyler and Dr. Maeser. Maeser wrote, "These wonderful truths brought such uneasiness to me that I could not rest; my soul was on fire as it were." Maeser finally requested permission to travel to Switzerland to be baptized by Tyler, but Daniel felt it would be more advantageous for him to be baptized in his own country as he was a man of no small influence. European Mission President Franklin D. Richards was the one who traveled to Germany to perform this baptism.

Professor Maeser was expelled from his position at Dresden College when his baptism became known. Dr. Maeser later emigrated to Utah and was instrumental in establishing an educational academy in Provo that was later to become Brigham Young University. Daniel and Dr. Maeser were lifelong friends and Maeser's son spoke at Daniel's funeral.

Upon completing his mission and returning home from England in 1856, Daniel Tyler presided over a group of emigrants aboard the ship *Caravan*, but did not continue to Utah with this group. He served a few months later as a counselor to Edward Martin as well as a chaplain in Martin's handcart company. The following are some excerpts he wrote of that experience: (some spelling and grammar corrected for readability)

"Elder Edward Martin was appointed Captain and I his Counselor and Chaplain. My health was poor, but when I saw the suffering of my brethren and sisters in consequence of the cold, storms and scarcity of provisions I plead mightily with the Lord and I was healed and became healthier than I had been for several years. Elder Martin requested me to see every one out of camp in the morning and in camp at night, which I did, he going ahead and looking out camping places, etc. I also had to see to burying the dead which in our company amounted to something over ninety during our over three month travel . . . The heavy snows set in at the upper crossing of the Platte . . . and continued during the rest of the journey at intervals the rest of the way. Many was the night after camping as we sometimes [were] in a scattered condition that I have taken small children in my arms from the wagons and hunted for over an hour the mothers who had pulled the cart before finding her campfire, where she would be cooking her scanty allowance of food [and] so stupified that she was oblivious to everything else – even the tender child of two or three years. But these scenes are too painful. A detailed account would melt a heart of stone. We did our best and many today congratulate us on saving their lives while others whom by the utmost exertion we succeeded in saving can scarcely think of anything too wicked and false to say about us."

(Daniel Tyler - Page 3)

In 1861 Daniel was called to the Dixie Mission in Southern Utah. Daniel taught school while serving there and was the first teacher in Pine Valley. After filling this mission, he moved to Beaver, Utah, where he lived to be nearly 90 years old. He also taught school in Beaver and served as a counselor to the first Bishop there, John R. Murdock. Bishop Murdock was one of those who came out on the rescue of the Martin handcart company. Daniel also served in Beaver as a Justice of the Peace, chaplain of the local militia, member of the first Beaver Stake Presidency, publisher of the *Beaver Chronicle*, and was ordained a Patriarch in 1873, in which position he served until his death. Saints throughout the southern boundaries of the state came to Daniel to receive their patriarchal blessings.

One incident where Daniel used his gifts of interpretation of tongues and dreams was quite well known among his family and friends. Daniel had visited the neighboring community of Parowan with George Q. Cannon, George Reynolds and Cyrus Wheelock to solicit funds for the Manti Temple. They stayed at the home of Professor Thomas Durham who had also been in the Martin handcart company. Cyrus Wheelock had given Brother Durham a blessing while a missionary in England, telling him that he would come to Utah and receive music in dreams which he would write and sing in the temples. During this visit Cyrus asked Thomas if he had received any more music as promised in the blessing. Thomas related a recent impressive dream he'd had and the music he had written entitled "Nephite Lamentation." Thomas Durham's son wrote of this:

"Father related this dream and played the music and at the request of Patriarch Daniel Tyler of Mormon Battalion fame, he played it over again. Brother Tyler arose and began speaking, and among other things said that what father had seen was the very thing that happened immediately after the terrible slaughter of the Nephites by the Lamanites, when all but some three dozen men were left of that once mighty nation. He said that they were in the habit of meeting periodically and going through such a program in lamentation for their loved ones and friends who had been slain. He further said that if father had seen a little further in his dream he would have heard the leader of the group make a talk. The gift of tongues then came on Brother Tyler and he spoke for several minutes, giving by imitation the talk made by this leader, the substance of which as interpreted was that had they listened to the words of Mormon and Moroni, this great calamity might have been averted."

The Nephite Lamentation was sung in two temples. The melody was also used in pioneer days for the hymns "O My Father" and "Salvation Full and Free."

Daniel and Ruth had two more children after he returned home from his mission. One of those died at age 15. Only 5 of their 12 children lived to see adulthood. Daniel was a widower for 9 years before he died on November 7, 1906, in Beaver, Utah.

Sources: *Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia*, by Andrew Jenson, Vol IV, 1936; familysearch.com; Daniel Tyler autobiographical sketch in "Autobiographical Accounts by Beaver residents, about 1879, MS3363, Church History Library, see also Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; "Obituary," *Deseret Evening News*, Nov. 12, 1906; "Sketch of the Life of Thomas Durham" by Alfred M. Durham, 1936; "The Mormon Battalion," Daughters of Utah Pioneers publication by Kate B. Carter, 1956; *The Mormon Battalion: U.S. Army of the West*, by Norma Baldwin Ricketts, 1996; *Handcarts to Zion*, by Hafen and Hafen; *Daniel Tyler: Stalwart Pioneer of Beaver*, by William Edward Oakden, with additional comments by S. Howard; "Pioneers and Battalion," letter from Daniel Tyler to editor, *Deseret Evening News*, Thursday, March 18, 1897.

MARY TAYLOR UPTON

Born: November 6, 1835 at Coton-in-the-Elms, England

Age: 20

Martin Handcart Company



Mary was traveling with her husband of six months, William Upton (age 22), and her parents, Joseph and Harriet Sidwell Taylor, ages 44 and 49 respectively. They sailed from Liverpool, England, aboard the *Horizon*, then joined the Martin handcart company at Iowa City, Iowa. Mary's parents and husband died on the trail, leaving Mary the only survivor of this family. There is also indication from family records that Mary lost a baby along the way: "William cared for Mary in the loss of their child."

Mary's father died on October 8 near Ft. Laramie, before the winter storms began at the last crossing of the North Platte River on October 19. Mary and her mother and William were stranded at Red Buttes after this ordeal, when an advance team of rescuers found them on the 28th of October. They still had about 50 miles to trek to reach the relief wagons at Devil's Gate. After reaching Devil's Gate and being somewhat recruited, another severe storm swept down and sent the Martin company into a nearby cove for shelter. They were also waiting for more relief wagons to arrive with food and supplies as they were short of provisions again. The extra wagons would also help carry the sick and freezing. They stayed in the cove from November 4 - 9. On November 10, the day after leaving the cove, William Upton and his mother-in-law, Harriet Taylor, both succumbed to their privations. They were buried in the same grave. Mary's beloved husband died just two days before their first anniversary, and just four days after Mary turned twenty-one.

William's death was not entirely unexpected. Mary knew that for some time, William had secretly been placing some of his daily ration of food with that of Mary's and her mother. He could not bear to see them go hungry. He shared his coat and bedding with Mary and others when he himself was freezing, saying he wasn't cold, or he wasn't hungry when in reality his stomach ached with hunger. Many times he carried Mary and others across icy streams.

Mary's feet were black and her legs frozen. One of the rescuers, William Bert Simmons,¹ took her in his wagon and to his home in Salt Lake City, arriving November 30, 1856. She was nursed back to health so skillfully there in his home that she did not even lose a toe. She married her rescuer about four months later and they were blessed with five children. She was widowed again in 1866. Five months later she married Joseph Lee Robinson. They were blessed with four children. Mary later became a pioneer in several places and finally in the Snake River Valley of Idaho. It was a desolate area at that time.

Mary had a beautiful singing voice. She was the lead soprano in the Ogden choir at one time. She was a faithful Latter-day Saint and served in many callings throughout her life. Mary's granddaughter, Dora Simmons Rasmussen, told of Mary holding her in her arms, telling her stories from her handcart days, and singing the handcart song. Dora wrote: "She cried as she talked of her loved ones and the hardships, and then she sang again, 'Hard Times, Come Again No More,' and I wanted to ask why she cried, for her folks were in a beautiful place called Heaven, and her hard times were over. ... [When she died] I caught a glimpse of her quiet form lying in the board coffin, but she couldn't sing to me or call me her little girl; but I remembered, 'One foot after the other, until God calls.'"

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; "My Grandmother Robinson," by Dora S. Rasmussen; "A Sketch of the life of Mary Taylor," by great-granddaughter, Cleo Jones Johnson; transcript of notes from an interview with "Bro. Fretwell (Elaine Lewis's Father) March? 1994, Monday night." These histories contain much good information about Mary's life in England, on the trail, and during her life in Utah and Idaho. They will be transcribed and posted in their entirety at www.tellmystorytoo.com.

¹See story of William B. Simmons in rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

SARAH REBECCA EKINS WALKER

Born: October 8, 1832 in England

Age: 24

Martin Handcart Company



Sarah Rebecca was a lovely, tall, black-haired and black-eyed girl. She apparently lived on the same street as her sweetheart, James Walker, in London, England. They were converted and baptized members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They were married in March 1855 and a year later decided to emigrate to America. They sailed on the ship *Horizon* and arrived in Boston, Massachusetts. Sarah was ill most the time they were sailing. She was too sick to walk when they arrived in America.

After traveling by rail to Iowa City, Iowa, they joined the Martin handcart company. Sarah had to leave most of her precious belongings behind. She had only brought high heeled shoes to wear. She became unable to walk. She must have come from a well-to-do situation as family histories indicate that Sarah had never known hard work until she came to America.

James pulled her in their cart until she regained her health enough to walk. Later, she pushed him in the cart when his feet became frozen. They encountered many delays, as well as severe winter storms.

Through her sheer determination, and almost beyond human endurance, she survived this terrible ordeal and arrived in Salt Lake City on November 30, 1856. When she took off her shoes, the flesh came off with them. Her feet had been frozen during the journey, and her recuperation took a long time. Sarah had a brother, John Ekins, who was already in the Valley who came out and assisted with the rescue.

Sarah and James were sent to the Lorin Farr Fort in Ogden, Utah. James and Brother Farr were old friends. Though James was a carpenter by trade, he worked on Lorin Farr's farm until he could purchase one of his own nearby.

Sarah and James had eight children, four boys and four girls. Their first baby, Mary, was born at the same time Johnston's Army was marching into the Valley, only to find the people had deserted their homes.

Sarah's family helped build the Ogden First Ward. Sarah was a hard worker and always retained her faith in the Gospel. She died November 15, 1892, at the age of 60.

Source: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; familysearch.org.



James Walker

WILLIAM WALSH

Born: 1826 England (Died Nov. 1856 on the plains)

Age: 30

Martin Handcart Company



Alice Fish Walsh (Strong)

William was traveling with his wife, Alice Fish Walsh, and their three children: Robert (age 4), John (3), and Sarah (1). Robert, died of dysentary on September 13, near Fort Kearney, Nebraska Territory. The following is a journal entry by William's wife, Alice:

We arrived at Devil's Gate about the 1st of November. On account of the nightly fatalities of the male members of our company for two or three weeks previously, there were many widows in our camp and the women and children had to pitch and put up the tents, shoveling the snow away with tin plates, etc. making our beds on the ground and getting up in the morning with melted snow and lye on our clothing. This hard service continued with all that were able to endure it till we nearly reached the south pass and one night I dropped to the ground in a dead faint with my baby in my arms. I had some pepper pods with me. In recovering from my stupor I took some of them to warm and to recover my strength. During these times we had only a little thin flour gruel two or three times a day and this was meager nourishment for a mother with a nursing baby.

My husband died and was buried near Devil's Gate and the ground was frozen so hard that the men had a difficult task in digging the grave deep enough in which to inter him and nine others that morning, and it is more than probable that several were only covered with snow. [This was likely in Martin's Cove.] Here I was left a widow with two young children. The boy [John] became so weak that he could not stand alone and I had to sit and hold both of them in the relief wagons. At times most of us had to walk after being met by the teams from Salt Lake, and late in the day and towards the evening my shoes would nearly freeze to my feet and at one time in taking off, some of the skin and flesh came off with them. Some of the bones of my feet were left bare and my hands were severely frozen. ... After arriving in Salt Lake Nov. 30th 1856, with two children and the clothes I stood up in, were all of my earthly possessions in a strange land, without kin or relatives.

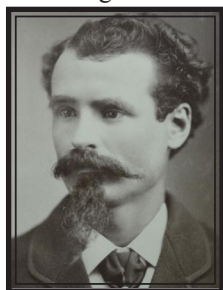
Alice's mother wrote from England, offering to send Alice money to return home if she would renounce her beliefs. Alice told her no, that she had joined the Church and traveled across the ocean and most of the American continent because she knew that the Church was true, and that she would remain in Utah.

Alice married Jacob Strong, had three more children, and lived as a widow for another 52 years after Jacob died in 1872. She lived to be ninety-five years old. She raised her children to honor their fathers' memories. At the time of her death, her son, William, was serving a mission in England. William wrote in a letter to his sister-in-law: "Just before I left to come on my mission she said to me at first that she did not think I should go away and leave her, as she was getting old now, and she would not stay with us long. I said, 'Mother, the prophet of the Lord has called me to give service to the Church. What shall I do?' She answered, 'Go! By all means. If I die all is well with me; if I live it is the same. You cannot keep me here when my time comes. Go! And the Lord bless you!' ... It made no difference how poor she was, she always had a few cents laid by in case she needed something special, which in a spirit of true love, she would give to her children. ... Though she did not become wealthy, she always possessed a little property, which never failed her, because she kept the commandments."

Toward the end of her life, Alice recorded: "I have always been proud to know that I had the individual courage to accept and embrace the faith and join the Church, to which I have ever been steadfast from that day to this. Though the sufferings were terrible, I passed [through] in the handcart journey across the plains, I am still



Sarah Walsh



John Walsh

thankful that the Lord preserved my life and made it possible for me to reach Zion. ... After all that I have endured and passed through, ... my testimony is that the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is true." Fourteen of Alice's children and grandchildren served missions. John Walsh, the son of William and Alice, served two missions. He also served as a patriarch and was one of the early mayors of Farmington, Utah.

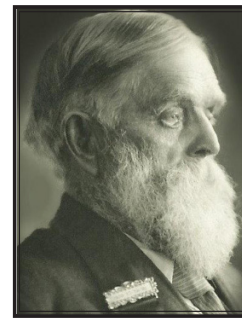
Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; "Gather to Zion: 'This I have done for Him,'" by Andrew D. Olsen, *Church News*, December 30, 2006.

ISAAC JOHN WARDLE

Born: 14 June 1835 Ravenstone, Leicestershire, England

Age: 20

Martin Handcart Company



Isaac Wardle's autobiography tells us about his childhood, conversion, and immigration. He wrote: "I had four brothers and one sister. I did not have the privilege to go to school much as I was put to work at the age of 7 years old. At 9 years old I was to work in the lead mines. I was after put to work to learn the rope making business. I only stayed at that work a short time as the family moved to the town of Coalville. I was put to work in a coal mine again. I continued to work at the same place till I was 18 years old."

Often when Isaac came home after ten or twelve hours of work, he would sit at the table his mother had prepared and fall asleep while eating. It was about this time and under these circumstances that he heard and accepted the Gospel as preached by "Mormon" missionaries and began to consider emigrating. "On September 23, 1853, I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Frederick Smith. ... In a short time I moved to the town of Worcel. ... I stayed there till I saved money enough to immigrate to America. Then I went to father and mother, brothers and sister again till the spring of 1856. On the 19th day of May I bid them all good-bye and left for Liverpool." [All family members, including his half-brother, Thomas Morton, were also baptized and immigrated later.]

Isaac set sail from Liverpool on the ship *Horizon*. Also on board was the Ashton family. Many years later, Mary Ashton would become Isaac's wife. (See Sarah Ellen Ashton story in *Tell My Story, Too*.) "We were on the sea 5 weeks. Arrived in Boston Saturday 10 A.M., stayed there two days, then took train for Iowa City. ... We stayed there a short time and then started for Council Bluffs with Hand Carts. Distance was 300 miles. We did not have difficulty on the road. We crossed the Missouri River at Florence. Stayed there a short time to fill out for the plains. Edward Martin continued to be our President and Captain. ... When we left Florence I had on my handcart a young man 18 years old by the name of Langley Bailey and 100 lbs flour and tent and Camp equipment for 7 persons, with John Bailey [Langley's 15-year-old brother] to help me pull it."

Langley Bailey had become extremely ill at Florence. A doctor was consulted and he informed Langley's parents that Langley would die if they took him on this journey. Franklin D. Richards and Cyrus H. Wheelock had arrived in Florence. Sister Bailey asked them to administer to Langley. They blessed him that he would survive the trek to live in Zion.

Langley felt badly about the sacrifice that Isaac and John were making for him. He said he was determined to get away one day, "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."

Isaac, John, and others cared for Langley, pulling him through swift and freezing waters and across sandy and backbreaking terrain, helping save his life. As nightly guard duty became a more frequent assignment, and as cold weather set in and rations were cut, Isaac's strength began to wane. Isaac recorded, "Our old men and women commenced to give way with some young people too. We kept moving on a little every day. Some of our brethren and sisters and children commenced to die and give out by the wayside. I myself fell to the ground and lay for some time."

The company was met by rescuers at the end of October and helped as far as Devil's Gate before severe weather caused them to stop again. They took shelter for several days in a ravine now known as Martin's Cove. The company captains, fellow travelers, and the rescuers often gave these weary travelers tasks to keep them moving in order to stay alive. Some were forced to run, such as Agnes Caldwell of the Willie company and Margaretta Clark of the Martin company. (See their stories in the Willie and Martin sections of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

(Isaac Wardle - Page 2)

Isaac witnessed the desperation of Langley's mother in keeping her husband going: "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." (Langley Bailey)

Other histories record the need for immigrants to gather their own wood at Martin's Cove. (See John Jaques and George Padley stories in *Tell My Story, Too* for example.) Isaac did not write about it himself, but a biography by his great-grandson, Dr. Orrin D. Wardle, indicates what Isaac told his family members: "When they were found in their most desperate condition on the plains of Wyoming, when they appeared to have almost given up and were seemingly awaiting the arrival of a merciful death, rescuers came from the Salt Lake Valley. Those rescuers literally had to force some of them to go hunt for wood which they found just over a small hill." (Wardle, 33.)

Isaac's biography does not indicate where this event happened. He recorded, "About this time Joseph A. Young and Ephraim Hanks came to our camp at noon one day and told us that horse teams was coming to meet us from Salt Lake City with provisions. In 2 days we met 10 teams. More teams continued to meet every day on, so we left our hand carts at Pacific Springs. By this time quite a number had died, which I helped to bury."¹

It is not possible to discern from Isaac's autobiography where this event happened, since Joseph Young and Ephraim Hanks were never together on the rescue and most of the handcarts were left at Devil's Gate. The Martin company met "10 teams" two days after the arrival of Joseph Young on October 28, and "10 teams" about 5 days after the arrival of Ephraim Hanks on November 10. Neither Young nor Hanks were at the camp in Martin's Cove. Joseph Young was on an express ride to Salt Lake City to report to his father, and Ephraim Hanks did not arrive until the evening of the second day after the Martin company left the cove. Nevertheless, there are some tree stumps "over a small hill" in Martin's Cove that were identified by Bishop Maddock of the Riverton Stake in 1991 as being old enough to qualify for the time period that the Martin company was there. Many similar stumps in Martin's Cove were photographed by Elder David and Sister Kaye Freeman while they served as directors at the historic site. Rescuer Harvey Cluff records cutting wood in Martin's Cove, as does John Jaques of the Martin company. The tree stumps "over a small hill" in Martin's Cove are natural artifacts that tell a dramatic story of human need, regardless of who cut them or when.

Isaac concluded his autobiography: "It continued to be very cold and stormy and some of them dying most every day. We got to Salt Lake City, Utah, about 11 O'Clock A.M. Sunday morning, 30th day of November, 1856. President Brigham Young with many other brethren and sisters bid us welcome and took us to their homes. By night we all had places to lay our heads down, rest in comfort, to rest our weary bodies."

Isaac worked for and lived with the Beckstead family, whose son, Henry, had also helped with the rescue. In 1858, Isaac and Alex Beckstead Jr. homesteaded in South Jordan, where they helped to build each other's houses.

Isaac married three times, had fifteen children, and was always active in church and civic affairs. Mary Ashton, his second wife, was probably introduced to him by his good friend Alex, whose brother, Thomas Beckstead, had married Mary's sister, Sarah Ellen Ashton. Mary and Isaac would have shared a special bond with their common experiences in the Martin handcart company. Sadly, Mary died shortly after bearing one son, William "Haston" Wardle. Having been deprived of much education as a child, Isaac studied on his own at night, reading all the books he could get. He practiced writing using a shovel for his slate and charcoal for his pencil by the light from his fireplace. He always had a strong desire to gain knowledge.

(Isaac Wardle - Page 3)

On November 28, 1916, Langley Bailey wrote a poignant letter to his handcart friend, Isaac Wardle. He had never forgotten the kindness that Isaac had shown him during the Martin company's journey:

Nephi Nov 28/16

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 Immigration Index—Personal Accounts (*Horizon*), and Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; Olsen, Andrew D., *The Price We Paid*, 2006; "History of Mary Goble Pay," in 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; "William Ashton: Handcart Pioneer and Five-Year Foot Soldier," by Curtis R. Allen; *Millennial Star*, Dec. 31, 1888, p. 839; "An Incident in the Life of William Ashton," 34-page unpublished compilation by his great-grandson, Dr. Orrin D. Wardle; Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; *Life History and Writings of John Jaques, Including a Diary of the Martin Handcart Company*, by Stella Jaques Bell, 1978; other photos and family histories sent to Jolene Allphin by Della Jean Harris—2005, David and Kaye Freeman—2010, Billy Wardle—2008, Donna Olsen—2004, and Lynn D. Wardle—2005; letter from Donna Olsen to Harvey W. Thompson, January 3, 1993.

¹ Two of the three typed copies of the autobiographical sketch of Isaac Wardle are almost identical. The third one is quite different in some places and introduces further discrepancies in logistics. While the intent of this book is to focus on the sacrifices and experiences of the pioneers, not on the mistakes in reminiscences, an excerpt from the third sketch transcript is given in this footnote as a matter of interest and reference: "At one time I became so weary and over come with cold that I fell down and was forced to lay there for some time. About this time one day while we were stopped for noon two men rode into our camp, they were "Joseph Young" and Ephraim Hanks who had come to tell us that men were coming to meet us with teams and wagons from Salt Lake City. We met the first team at Pacific Springs, Wyoming who had provisions for us with them. By this time our company was much smaller than when we left Council Bluffs, as so many had died some had stopped at different places along the way. We proceeded on to Salt Lake City with the teams leaving our handcarts behind. We arrived there Nov. 30, 1856 having taken us Six (6) months and five (5) days to come from Liverpool England to Salt Lake City U.S.A. President Brigham Young along with many of the other Brethren and Women came to welcome us and took us into their homes, fed and warmed us and gave us warm clean beds to rest our weary bodies."

JOHN WATKINS

Born: 1834 England

Age: 22

Martin Handcart Company



John and Margaret Watkins

“I was born in Maidstone, England, in the county of Kent, on the 13th day of April, 1834,” wrote John Watkins as he began his life history. John became acquainted with Margaret Ackhurst of the neighboring town of Faversham. They fell in love at an early age, to which John’s parents were very much opposed. John was seventeen and Margaret was nineteen when they eloped and were married at Sheppy, Kent, England, May 4, 1851. They lived in Maidstone until after their first child, Elizabeth, was born in 1852. The family then moved to London where work was more plentiful for John. In London, a friend invited John to a meeting of the Latter-day Saint Elders. In 1852, Margaret and John were baptized. Two years later Margaret gave birth to a son, John Thomas.

John Thomas
Watkins

Margaret and John, with their two small children, left Liverpool, England, on May 25, 1856, on the sailing ship *Horizon* bound for Boston. Elizabeth was age 4 and John Thomas was just 17 months. They entered Boston Harbor on June 28, 1856. They rode from Boston to Iowa City in box cars, arriving there on July 8, 1856. They had to walk the last four miles carrying their children and their belongings to the camp where they were to stay until their handcarts and preparations for the journey across the Plains were completed. An electric storm came up with heavy rain that drenched their clothes and made the road muddy and slippery, making walking very difficult.

John Watkins wrote of their experience: “We had a few yoke of oxen and wagons to carry the provisions and tents. On our carts we loaded our bedding, clothing, cooking utensils and children. I was bugler for the company. It was my duty to call the people to prayers. I also signaled them to march, to pitch tents, and to go to bed. We were under the presidency and leadership of Edward Martin and Daniel Tyler, veterans of the Mormon Battalion.

“While traveling through the state of Iowa with six hundred emigrants and with the dust of harvest weather upon us and the sun’s rays pouring down on our heads, we were tantalized by the people who came out of their homes saying, ‘That is a hard way to serve the Lord!’ Young hoodlums would go ahead of the company to the next river or creek to ridicule our wives and daughters who had to raise their dresses out of the water to wade the streams, as there were few bridges in those days. The roads were very heavy, sometimes with sand, mud or dust. Progress much slower than had been calculated, was made, and consequently when we got out on the prairies our food ran short and our rations were cut down one-half. Rations were cut more than ever and people grew very weak with starvation as the cold weather of winter approached. We were all frightened and council was called, at which they decided to lighten the loads to a few pounds each. This was weighed out to them with a pair of scales. By the side of the trail we left our quilts, blankets, overcoats, cooking utensils and everything that later we needed so badly. The night after we crossed the last crossing of the Platte river, the snow started to fall and winter set in. The cold and hunger was so intense that we stopped a day or two in camp, and before we moved camp we buried fourteen people in one grave who died from cold and hunger. Up to this time a great number had been buried along the way.”

John said that one of their trials was the hardship experienced in burying their dead: “The ground was frozen hard and the only implements they had to dig the graves were a short-handled shovel, an ax that had become so dull from cutting the frozen ground that the edge was nearly as dull as the back, and a short-handled hatchet. The men were so weak they could only dig a short time and then let someone else take a turn. The graves were so shallow that scarcely enough dirt was obtainable to cover the bodies. The men realized that the wolves, howling nearby, would soon dig them up. The people were so weak that only courage kept them alive.”

After safely arriving in the Valley, the Watkins family stayed a short time in Salt Lake, then moved to Provo where they pioneered that city. Margaret became a midwife to many in the area and John worked in house building, helping to build the tabernacle. He organized a brass band, choirs and many other musical organizations. John also served as a Bishop for seventeen years.

*The Bugler*

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(John Watkins - Page 2)

By 1865, John and Margaret had six children. With his two other wives, Harriet and Mary Ann, and their children, they moved to the Midway, Utah. John made the first bricks there, and built a beautiful brick house which is listed on the National Register of Historical Homes. Each of John's three wives had a large room in this house with a built-in fireplace and mantel, built-in cupboards and deep windows. A large room ran along one side of the house which served as a joint kitchen and dining room for the whole family. Their descendants later wrote, "Margaret helped to pioneer the new area in helping to aid the sick and all who were in need of her help. Many of those she healed were too poor to pay for her services. No night was too dark nor storm too severe for her to brave going to a home in order to give relief to someone in distress. On one occasion, an Indian by the name of Fisherman came for Margaret in the middle of the night. His wife was very ill in their wickiup on the Provo River Bottoms near Utah Lake. The Indian thought his squaw was going to die. Margaret went with him and was able to save his squaw and the little papoose."

John Watkins told of a rather dramatic event during the handcart trek:

"We had been traveling many days in the snow and the cattle had nothing to eat. They became so poor and weak that they would lie down and no persuasion or beating would induce them to go on. On one occasion I noticed an ox that was left to perish and I conceived the idea that if I went back in the night I might kill it and thus get something that would help to sustain life. I told my plan to William L. Binder, who occupied the same tent with me, and I invited him to help me kill the ox and bring in some of the meat. But Binder's feet were so badly frozen that he could not go, so his wife [Eliza] offered to go in his place. I did not like the idea of going alone, miles out on the plains, with another man's wife so I invited a man by the name of James Hunter to help us share the beef.

"We waited until after nightfall, when all the camp had retired to their beds, then we three, with a handcart, crept quietly and secretly from the camp. If we had been discovered we would not have been allowed to go out to risk our lives on such an expedition. We were all highly elated to get from camp without being discovered and began our tramp back across the prairie in the direction we had come during the day. It was a bright moonlight night, the frost and snow sparkled and gleamed, throwing back to the moonbeams reflections like the purest diamonds. The wind was blowing bitter cold; it was freezing the snow which was about eighteen inches deep. No one can realize the intense cold of a night like this unless he has spent one in a similar place in midwinter.

"We were all thinly clad and armed with all the implements of destruction we could get. These were a small rifle of about twenty-two caliber, with one load; an old case knife with both sides of the handle broken off; and a small shingling hatchet with a handle seven inches long and one corner broken off.

"We traveled back hunting for the ox, and came upon it about five miles from camp. It was standing, chilling and freezing. We stopped a few minutes to council, knowing it was impossible to kill it where it stood, the cold was so intense and the distance too great to haul the meat. In coming out I had noticed a deep ravine a mile and a half from camp. I thought if we could get the ox there, we would be a little sheltered from the wind and that much nearer to camp to haul the meat, so we decided to drive the ox there.

"By this time the woman was so cold that suddenly she gave up and was determined to go no farther. She began pleading and begging to lie down. I told Mr. Hunter that Mrs. Binder was dying and that if she did die we would be hung for murder, for it was really no more or less than murder to bring a woman so thinly clad out on such a night, and if we let her have her own way she would certainly die, for the death sleep that precedes freezing was upon her. We didn't like to leave the ox, so we decided to place the woman in the shafts of the handcart and let her lean against the brace that was built there for placing the breast against when pulling the cart. Then I got in the shafts with the woman, placed an arm on the cart and supported her with the other arm, making her walk in spite of her cries and entreaties.



Eliza Camp Binder

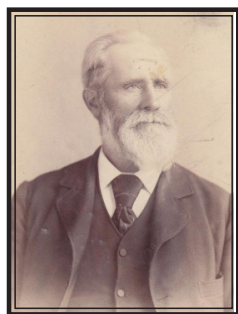
"Mr. Hunter took the hatchet and drove the ox, for the only way to make him move was by striking his backbone with the hatchet, and that sounded like striking a board. When I became tired in the shafts, Mr. Hunter would take my place and I would take his. Thus we changed places at short intervals until, at last, we managed to reach the ravine. It was, as we expected, a little sheltered from the wind.

"The woman by this time was a little revived from her walk, so we set the handcart up on end and placed her in it to protect her from the cold. Then we made ready for the ox. I was not a very good marksman, so I knew that I must take good aim. I pointed my gun straight at the forehead of the animal and fired, but just as I fired he moved his head, and the last load I had in the world went from its mark.

(John Watkins - Page 3)

“We were in a dilemma, for we did not like to leave our ox after all our trouble, so we decided to do our best to kill him with what we had, so we tried to cut his throat. The snow was so deep we could not find a rock with which to sharpen our case knife. I held the ox by the horns while Hunter took hold of the loose skin of the throat with one hand. With the other he held the knife and began sawing. When Hunter got tired of sawing, we would change places, he would hold the ox while I sawed awhile. The ox would stand still until his throat began to hurt, then he would run off and we had to catch him again and bring him back to repeat the operation. The knife was so dull that we could never tell where we sawed last.

“We continued this mock butchery for nearly an hour without making any impression, so we gave up that scheme in despair. We then decided to try the hatchet, but it had one corner broken off, so we could not hurt the ox much with that. Hunter would hold him by the horns while I hit him on the head with the hatchet and after each blow the ox would break away and we had to catch him again. Then Hunter would think he could strike harder than I and he would try. Then I would get out of patience with Hunter and I told him that he did not half hit the ox and he told me to try myself if I thought I could do better. We kept changing places until we had a place in the ox’s head nearly the size of a hand where the hide was hacked up like mincemeat. Hunter at last gave the final blow and the ox staggered and fell to the ground, taking me with him. I fell underneath his head and shoulders, hurting me terribly and pinning me to the ground so that I could not move.



James Hunter

“I told Hunter to blaze away at him while I was down, for I was afraid that he would get up and run off again and we remembered that we could get only one lick at him when he was on his feet. He did not get up again, for Hunter had killed him.

“When we were sure that he was dead and I was liberated from beneath him, we made ready to skin him. We tried to saw through the hide, but not being experienced butchers, we could not get through the thick hair and hide. We tried to get a start at the eyes, and then at the mouth, thinking the skin would be thinner in those places. Finally, we got the ox on his back and got through the skin. We then found that it was much easier to saw on the edge of the hide after it was once started.

“At last we got him cut open and brought the woman to the side of it and she was glad to put her hands in the warm blood to keep them from freezing. By this little warmth she seemed to get so much better that we all felt happy. The knife and hatchet would freeze to our hands and we had to thaw them in the warm blood and entrails; but we thought we were doing a good job and would get something to eat, so we worked away until the ox was cut up and loaded on our handcart. Mr. Hunter did not like to leave the head; he thought that would make good soup. Then he wanted the feet so we loaded them on, but they proved too heavy and we were all too weak to pull the load, so we had to throw the head away.

“We then started on our way back to camp. All at once Mr. Hunter gave out, as the woman had previously done. He begged pitiously for us to let him lie down and sleep, but I knew that he was freezing to death and that the only hope of saving him was to make him walk. We put him in between us, the woman on one side and I on the other, and we pulled the handcart and him as well, for he just let his legs drag. He kept begging us to let him sleep. It was by very hard toil that we managed to get him and the beef to camp.

“When we arrived, Mr. Binder was waiting up for us. He was sitting by a few sagebrush coals with a tin cup and bone stewing in it. When we reached the few smoldering coals, we let go of Hunter and he fell prostrate towards the fire. Freezing and starving, he seized the tin cup and immediately swallowed its contents. We managed to get him and his share of the beef into his tent just as day was breaking. We had been out the whole of that bitter night.

“Drinking that boiling soup made Mr. Hunter so sick that he was not able to help himself and could not hide his meat. Consequently, when people began moving around they discovered the meat and notified Captain Edward Martin. As I was the bugler for the camp, the captain sent for me and told me to call the people together. The captain told them he understood there was meat in the camp and that poor meat was better than none and that it must be divided among the people. After risking his life to obtain the meat, Mr. Hunter lost it and it was divided. I slipped away from the crowd and hid my meat and that belonging to Mrs. Binder. I wrapped it in our clothing and hid it in every available place. When they questioned Mr. Hunter, he was too sick to give information as to where he had obtained the meat. From that time on he had to be hauled in a wagon to Salt Lake.

“Years have passed since that night and Mrs. Binder and Mr. Hunter have passed to the great beyond. I am getting on in years, children and grandchildren play around my door, but I have never, for one single moment, regretted what I have passed through for the cause I believe in.”

Elizabeth Watkins
(Allan)

Sources: *John Watkins: A Brief History of the Pioneer*, a 336-page book by his daughter, Mary A. Schaefer, not dated; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

GEORGE PEDEN WAUGH

Born: 11 Feb. 1789 Scotland, died Nov. 29, 1856

Age: 67

Martin Handcart Company



Affectionately known as “Father Waugh,” George first immigrated to Utah in 1853 with his widowed daughter, Elizabeth Waugh McComb, and her young daughter, Elizabeth Wallace McComb. They traveled on the ship *International* where during the voyage there were seven deaths, seven births, five marriages and forty-eight convert baptisms, including the captain, first and second mates, and eighteen of the crew, many of whom went right on through to Utah with the other Saints. By the time this group of immigrants arrived in New Orleans, there were only three people left on the ship who were not members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Captain Brown had also been ordained to the office of Elder. While on board the ship, the Saints celebrated the 23rd anniversary of the organization of the Church on April 6th. From a letter written by the presiding Elder, Christopher Arthur, to President S. W. Richards, we read:

[It was] a splendid affair. Early in the morning, a goodly number of brethren assembled on the forecandle, and fired six rounds of musketry, to usher in our festivities. At half-past ten we marched in regular procession to the poop deck, in the following order - president and counselors with sashes, and white rosettes on their breast, who took their seats with their backs to the main-mast. After them followed twelve young men appropriately robed, each with a white rod in his hand, with sashes, rosettes, &c. Then followed twelve young women mostly dressed in light dresses, each holding in her hand a scroll of white paper, bearing the significant motto, “Utah’s rights,” adorned with ribands and white rosettes. The young men took their seats on the right hand of the presidency, and the young women on the left. Then followed twelve old, venerable men, dressed similar to the young men, each carrying a Bible and Book of Mormon in his hand, led on by Father Waugh, who read portions out of each book, illustrative of this latter-day work. We then took the Sacrament, and attended to the celebration of four marriages. . . . In the evening we met on the quarter deck, and skipped the light fantastic toe, to a late hour.

Despite his advancing years, George Waugh no doubt participated in the dancing as well. During his second return to Utah, he was also noted by his fellow traveler, John Jaques, aboard the ship *Horizon* in 1856, as being “lively as a cricket.”

Between George Waugh’s first and second immigration, he served a mission in Canada and again in Scotland. As a trusted and proven Saint, he served his fellow travelers on board the *Horizon* as a second counselor to the presiding Elder, Edward Martin, blessing and cheering and administering to their needs. Among this group were the aged and invalids who needed a special kind of cheering and blessing when they began their handcart journey from Iowa City, Iowa. We learn of Father Waugh’s incomparable service from the writings of John William Southwell of the Martin company:

Father George P. Waugh, then between 65 and 70 years of age, would be seen and heard calling between the tents for his company to muster between 7 and 7:30 a.m. These consisted of all the aged that could walk at all, and not required to pull at the carts; our fathers and mothers from 45 to 86. Away they would start ahead of our seven wagons and the carts, singing and talking and cheering each other with the hallowed reminiscences of the early days of the gospel in the British isles, and the days of Orson Hyde, Parley P. Pratt and Willard Richards. Traveling three to five miles or more in this manner, the mother with the babe in arms and one by the hand, the widow and the aged widower with their walking cane and staff, would rest a few minutes for our coming in sight, then on at it again till noon, but betimes leaving the little ones and the young for their father with the cart to pick up and bring to camp. The oldest and most feeble of this advance guard would be picked up by the wagons as often as possible, and as the loads were lightened by our daily rations. The able and hardy of this advance guard (Captain Martin would generally ride ahead of us a few miles and locate the noon camp) would be there; the matron and the sire also, with their flour and packs filled with fuel to cook the noon meal. An hour or two for our noon rest, then were going again, the same aged advance guard ahead of us, with Father Waugh, who was returning from his mission of three years to Scotland, and one of the most devoted Scottish worthies that ever came to Utah.

(George Peden Waugh - Page 2)

In the morning father Waugh called his invalids together early and started on the road. In his company was one of the worst cripples I ever saw to be a traveler. His lower limbs were paralyzed and his body badly deformed but he was strong in the faith. He was able to propel himself with surprising speed with the use of crutches. On the road the old father missed him. The road followed down an old dry bed of a creek but finally crossed on to the other side where we expected to get back of him. There were, on the road he was traveling, faint tracks that had been used by stock, perhaps buffalo, and the poor fellow followed those tracks instead of crossing on the other side. We camped for noon near the loup part of the Platt[e] River. Myself and two other men, taking a hand cart, went back to where we left the buffalo tracks and followed down about a mile when to our horror we saw around an old tree two large gray wolves prowling around, and half a dozen eagles hovering over the tree waiting for him to quit his screams and gestulations with his crutches so they would pounce upon him and devour him in his cramped position under the roots of the tree, screaming out his death knell. We arrived in time to save him from his pending fate, took him out and placed him on the cart we had brought, placed him in position to ride back to camp. How the poor fellow begged us to let him walk, as he said he had promised brother Tyler when we started on our trip that he would walk every foot of the way to Salt Lake City. However, we only saved him to travel a few days longer, which at the close of the sixth days march his trouble in this world came to an end and he was buried on the banks of the Elkhorn River where one other passed beyond the veil of tears. [See biography of Robert Pierce in Martin section of *Tell My Story, Too.*]

Josiah Rogerson, age 15, of the Martin Company, also wrote about George Waugh:

Sunday, [Nov. 30] With the arrival of the majority of the members of our handcart company, in Main street, and around and in the tithing yard. That scores of friends and relatives, and I know of fathers of families, had been waiting for weeks with the most intense solicitude and anxiety for the arrival of our train, is a matter of history, past half the decade, and the expressions of fear and doubt as to the existence of the sought for were written on many countenances. The wagon I rode in this morning from the head of Emigration canyon was driven by Elder Joel Parrish, of Sessions, or Centerville, settlement in Davis county, and as we stopped for a few minutes near the block since then of the Walker brothers' residences, a lady asked. "Please where is Father Waugh?" and my mother, knowing of his death the day before, pointed to the next wagon north, where she could find the veteran. She was there instantly, and found her father, wrapped in a sheet, and dead. I shall not tell of her grief and the scene that followed. The aged Scotch worthy had braved and weathered the storms of the Rocky mountains from the Platte bridge, and when within eighteen to twenty miles from the valley, and the Zion he worshiped, and to which he was returning after a three or four years' mission to Scotland (his native land), succumbed to the hardships of the journey, between the Big and Little mountains, and was brought into the city for interment.

George P. Waugh had lived a full life of many experiences. The births of his two known daughters, Elizabeth and Janet, were respectively in the Jersey Isles in 1814 and the Caribbean Isle of Jamaica in 1817. George was baptized and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Scotland in August 1840. He was soon ordained to the offices of Priest and Elder by Orson Pratt and George D. Watts. Janet was also baptized in 1840 in December. Daughter, Elizabeth, was baptized in February 1842, and her daughter, Elizabeth Wallace McCord, in 1852.

In 1850, George was serving as Secretary to the Edinburg Branch in Scotland. Janet died in August of 1851, and George's wife, Elizabeth Wallace Waugh, died in 1852. When George brought his daughter and granddaughter safely to Salt Lake City, he took care of the living and proxy temple ordinances for himself and his beloved family before returning to Scotland to serve this last earthly mission.

On the morning of October 28, just before the first rescuers reached the stranded Martin company, 21-year-old Jane Bitton decided that if she was going to die, she wanted to die clean, so went to the icy river to bathe and don some clean clothing. As she sat down to await the end, she heard a commotion back at camp and thought she should go back to see what was happening. She met "an elderly Scotsman" on the way who was crying. When she asked him what was the matter, he answered, "Aye, lassie, we're saved! We're saved!" Jane replied, "Then what in the world are you cryin' for?" Although not named, as the "aged Scotch worthy" in the Martin handcart company, this was likely George P. Waugh.

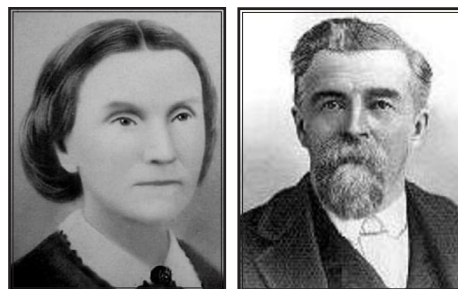
Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; *Life History and Writings of John Jaques*, by Stella Jaques Bell, 1978; Rogerson, Josiah, "Martin's Handcart Company, 1856 [No. 10]," *Salt Lake Herald*, December 8, 1907; mormonmigration.lib.byu.edu: ships *International* and *Horizon*; autobiographical sketch of John William Southwell, September 28, 1912; familysearch.org.

FRANCIS WEBSTER

Born: 1831 England

Age: 25

Martin Handcart Company



Ann Elizabeth Parsons and Francis Webster

When Francis Webster and his wife, Ann Elizabeth (called “Betsy”), prepared to leave London, they had sixteen hundred dollars in cash. With this money they would be able to outfit themselves in luxury for a trip from London to Salt Lake City. Francis placed five hundred dollars with a Church agent to purchase for him a good wagon with full camp equipment and two yoke of good cattle. He planned to pick it up at the point in America where the Mormons started across the plains. Soon after this order was placed, advice came from Brigham Young to the Saints of England, for the well-to-do to share with and give assistance to the poor members of the Church so that they also might come to Zion. Francis Webster heard that advice and obeyed the counsel. Even with the knowledge that a baby would be born to them on the plains, the Websters canceled the wagon order and elected to travel by handcart so the money could be used for the emigration fund. Betsy’s mother and step-father, William and Amy Parsons Middleton, and their son, John, also emigrated with them. Francis wrote:



Amy Webster

“I was married on the 5 day of December to Miss. Ann.Elizabeth Parsons. On the 23 of Dec. I was ordained a Priest. On the 23 of May 18.56, I left Liverpool on board the ship Horizon paying the fare for 9 persons besides myself and Wife to Salt Lake City. Landed at Boston on the 30 of June. Traveled through the States to Ioway city by railroad. I started from Ioway for Salt Lake city with hand Carts on the 27 of July. I had the diarrhea all the way from Ioway city to Florence

so bad that I have sat down on the road and been administered to by the Elders and got up and pulled my hand cart with renewed vigor. I started from Florence on the 3rd of September. At Wolf Creek on the Platt my Daughter Amy Elizabeth was born on the 27 of September. I arrived in Salt Lake City on the 30th day of November 18.56. On the second day of Dec I started with the brethren for Cedar City. I paid my Tithing on the little clothing I brought with me. ... My own feet where badly frozen on the journey.”

Amy survived with her parents and grandparents, and later wrote in a letter to her cousin: “Grandfather Middleton drove one of the provisions wagons. I think Grandmother could have rode some of the time, but that she walked to keep Mother company, and to help carry me, the latter part of the journey, I have no doubt. They were living on a quarter of a lb. of flour a day each, Father had lived for 5 days on ... Buffalo meat without salt, when they were met by the relief train. Father had done that so grandmother and mother could have his quarter lb. of flour.”

Francis Webster became a leader in the Church and community in southern Utah. He served as mayor of Cedar City from 1872-1876. He was revered as a spiritual advisor and counselor to many. One woman said she turned to him “at any and all times,” and he encouraged her “when she was weary and discouraged.”

William R. Palmer wrote about an incident in Francis Webster’s life when Francis was much older. The setting was a Church meeting in Cedar City. Over fifty men and women were in attendance: “[The] discussion was the ill-fated handcart company that suffered so terribly in the snow of 1856. Some sharp criticism of the Church and its leaders was being indulged in for permitting any company of converts to venture across the plains with no more supplies or protection than a handcart caravan afforded. One old man in the corner sat silent and listened as long as he could stand it, then he arose and said things that no person who heard him will ever forget. His face was white with emotion, yet he spoke calmly, deliberately, but with great earnestness and sincerity.

“He said in substance, ‘I ask you to stop this criticism. You are discussing a matter you know nothing about. Cold historic facts mean nothing here, for they give no proper interpretation of the questions involved. Mistake to send the Handcart Company out so late in the season? Yes! But I was in that company and my wife was in it, and Sister Nellie Unthank whom you have cited here was there, too. We suffered beyond anything you can imagine and many died of exposure and starvation, but did you ever hear a survivor of that company utter a word of criticism? [Francis was referring to the survivors he knew in southern Utah, particularly Ellen Pucell Unthank and Jens and Elsie Nielson.] Every one of us came through with the absolute knowledge that God lives for we became acquainted with Him in our extremities!

(Francis Webster - Page 2)

I have pulled my handcart when I was so weak and weary from illness and lack of food that I could hardly put one foot ahead of the other. I have looked ahead and seen a patch of sand or a hill slope and I have said, I can go only that far and there I must give up for I cannot pull the load through it. I have gone to that sand and when I reached it, the cart began pushing me! I have looked back many times to see who was pushing my cart, but my eyes saw no one. I knew then that the Angels of God were there.

Was I sorry that I chose to come by handcart? No! Neither then nor any minute of my life since. The price we paid to become acquainted with God was a privilege to pay and I am thankful that I was privileged to come in the Martin Handcart Company.”

The speaker was Francis Webster. And when he sat down there was not a dry eye in the room. We were a subdued and chastened lot. Charles Mabey, who later became Governor of Utah, arose and voiced the sentiment of all when he said, “I would gladly pay the same price to personally know God that Brother Webster has.”

Betsy was just as determined, stalwart and independent as her husband. Amy wrote of her mother: “A few days after they reached Cedar, representatives of the Benevolent Society called to see if they could not help them, but mother’s independence prompted her to say, ‘No’, unless they had some soap they would lend her. They sent the soap and mother paid them back, the first time that she made soap. It was not charity, but work that she wanted.

“Father had an old overcoat that was very shabby. By examining the inside, mother decided it could be made over. She picked it to pieces, taking notice how it was put together. She made the coat over, and people wondered where the new coat came from. When told the story, there was others who had clothes that could be made over. Mother was employed to do this work and she started the business of tailoring that she carried on for more than 20 years. [One of Betsy’s dresses she had made in England, had many yards of blue and gold taffeta. She modified it many times to meet the changing styles. At one time she made a small fur cape and bonnet with ribbons to wear with it. As it was modified over the years, scraps of material were left over and she made these into baby bonnets.] The school board wanted her to teach school, but if she had done that she would have had to have someone take care of her children; but if she sewed she could care for them herself.”

Betsy served as a Relief Society President for many years, during which time their “Ward Hall” was being built. Betsy directed the Relief Society donations of clothing, eggs, butter, potatoes, and other products for distribution to the families of the workmen. They also gave food to other people who were suffering from hunger.

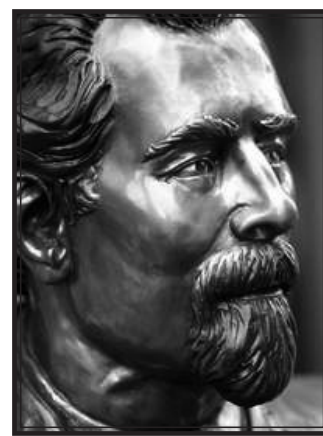
A tribute to Betsy from Dr. George W. Middleton, is a fitting conclusion to her story: “Aunt Betsy Webster was to me one of the most adorable women I ever knew. She it was who first recognized my struggles as a boy, and came to my aid with a full measure of sympathy. ... [she had] an education unusual for the times. Her handwriting was superb, and her language was that of the upper class of English. ... My more mature judgement of her confirms the estimate of my boyhood days that she was the embodiment of all that was dignified, and noble and true in womankind. God bless her sacred memory.”

The image on page 3 is from Francis Webster’s own journal.

Sources: *Generations of Websters* (n.p., 1960), by Amy Van Cott; “Pioneer Women,” *Relief Society Magazine*, Jan. 1948, by David O. McKay; diary image on page 330 courtesy Amy Phister; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; artwork at tellmystorytoo.com. See also: “Francis Webster-The Unique Story of One Handcart Pioneer’s Faith and Sacrifice,” by Chad Orton, in *BYU Studies* 45, no. 2 (2006), byustudies.byu.edu. See also www.webster-family.org.



Look to God and Live
© Julie Rogers
(Ann Elizabeth Webster)
Used by permission



from Francis Webster statue
Historic Main Street,
Cedar City, Utah

(Francis Webster - Page 3)

<p> My Mother in Law Lohr & Army Middleton died May 26 1861 I and my wife received our endowments on the 6th of July 1861 My son John James Gordon was born November 24 1861 December 5 1861. I had a great party in honor of my wedding day January 12 1863 I was blessed by Bishop Lunt and set apart to teach in the first ward in Cedar City On the 11 day February 1863 I was elected a member of the city council for Cedar City April 17 1863 I was ordained a Seventy in the Society of the Lord's Anointed under the hands of Elders Wm. G. Brigham May 15 1863 I was introduced to the Prophet Brigham Young by Bishop Lunt [11] </p>	<p> My Daughter Army Elizabeth was born on the 24 of September I arrived in Salt Lake City on the 30th day of November 1858 on the 2nd day of Dec I started with brethren for Cedar City I paid my tithing in the little clothing I brought with me and signed the articles of con- secration 5 days after my arrival in Cedar City My own feet were badly frozen on the journey On the 4 of April 1858 my son Francis was born I was ordained an Elder by Isaac C. Haight Feb 7 19 1860 Feb 20 I was ordained one of the Bishops Teachers My son Thomas Joseph was born March [10] 1850 </p>
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WILLIAM WIGNALL

Born: 1823 England

Age: 33

Martin Handcart Company



William and Grace Slater Wignall

William recorded in his journal that there was nothing of importance that happened in his life until 1838, when the gospel first saluted his ears. He wrote, "Its sound was sweet to me." He was baptized in 1840. He married Grace Slater in 1844. Grace had been baptized in 1839 in the River Ribble by William Clayton, composer of the hymn "Come, Come Ye Saints." William lived in Lancashire and worked for the railroad. He did extensive missionary work throughout the area and served as the branch president. During the time of William's service, the Saints were asked to contribute to the Church temple fund, immigration fund and book debt.

Grace and William and their six children, Joseph (age 11), Mary (9), James (7), Jane (4), Grace (2), and William (three months), left Liverpool May 25, 1856, on the ship *Horizon*. William was a counselor to the bishop of the Fourth Ward aboard the ship. He was also a leader in the Martin handcart company at the outfitting camp in Iowa City and on the trail.

When the Martin company reached the last crossing of the North Platte River on October 19, it was extremely cold and it began to snow. William and others from the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies helped carry their wives and others across this river. They also had to drag their handcarts through the swift and icy current. They were able to move only a short distance after this crossing when the snow became so deep and their remaining cattle were so weak that they were forced to stop and wait out the storm. (See Red Buttes camp quotes and timeline at front of Martin company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.) Grace told of a remarkable manifestation she had:

On the 28th [19th] of October, Sunday afternoon, we crossed the Platt River for the last time. That evening the snow fell about 18 inches deep. ... The camp moved about nine miles to a bluff, called by us, the Red Point. We were there 9 days; the snow was then about two feet deep. We had only one-fourth of a lb. of flour per day to eat. My husband was taken sick. I called in the Elders to administer to him, and he was healed immediately. I went to bed and a Heavenly Messenger came to my bed-side and said, "Cheer up, Sister Wignall, there are mule teams, horse teams, and ox teams coming to meet you with provisions and clothing from the valley and tomorrow morning when Mary Ann (Riley) is combing your hair, there will be a man with two pack mules come into camp." Sure enough, just as she was combing my hair about 9 a.m. (there was a great shout). Joseph A. Young and a man who now lives in Provo, I have forgotten his name, rode into camp just as I had been told."

The company soon got moving again. William recorded that two days later "the boys from the valley met [them] about 12 miles from Devil's Gate." At Devil's Gate another severe storm came. The Martin company crossed the icy Sweetwater River with help from the rescuers and went into a nearby cove for shelter on November 4. Here they waited for the weather to moderate and hoped that more rescuer wagons were on their way from the Valley. Food rationing began again. After five days at the cove, they continued their journey on November 9.

The Wignall family moved to Payson, Utah, after their arrival. They lived in the fort that the winter and built the first home in Payson the following Spring, on the corner of 400 North and 100 East. They grew mulberry trees and raised silk worms as part of their livelihood. William was also appointed as foreman of the public works. They were blessed with two more children. As seen in the picture above, Grace lost her hair as a result of the cold.



James Wignall



Jane Wignall

Joseph Smith
Wignall

Mary Wignall

William Henry
Wignall

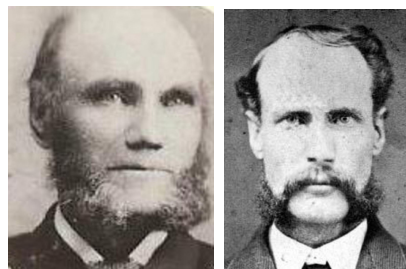
Sources: "Autobiography of William Wignall," Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; letter from Grace Wignall to Oliver B. Huntington, Dec. 22, 1881, in Oliver B. Huntington, Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; family histories and some photos courtesy Carole Reynolds-McKee, and Cindy Wood.

CHARLES WILKINSON

Born: 1816 England

Age: 40

Martin Handcart Company



Charles and Joseph Thomas Wilkinson

Charles and Sarah Hughes Wilkinson rented a Railway Arch in Manchester, England, where Charles set up a blacksmith shop. They heard the gospel from Apostle Franklin D. Richards who was presiding over the British Mission. They were baptized by Elder Edward Oliver on September 14, 1854. They sailed on the ship *Emerald Isle* to America with their three children: Joseph Thomas (age 9), Sarah Jane (7), and Mary (4), arriving in New York November 30, 1855. (They arrived in Utah exactly one year later.) Charles obtained work and began saving for means to cross the Plains.

In the early summer of 1856, Charles and his family left New York by train to go to Iowa City. They found shelter in a broken railway car and during the night their little daughter, Mary, died. A few days later, Sarah Jane also died and was buried in the same grave as her sister.

Charles was given the opportunity to use a wagon and four yoke of oxen to cross the Plains if he would deliver books which belonged to Franklin D. Richards. The bereaved family gathered their meager belongings and hurried to catch up with the Martin handcart company. After traveling about twelve miles, their wagon capsized. Repairs were made, they had retrieved their oxen, and again hurried to catch up with the handcart company. They experienced many trials on their journey. Sarah was required to get off the wagon and wade across the waist-deep freezing waters of the Platte River on October 19. The first snow fell the next morning and Sarah became very ill again. After their rescue, Charles and 10-year-old Joseph went on to Provo to provide a home for their family while a Sister Heywood took good care of Sarah. Six weeks after their arrival, Sarah passed away on January 15, 1857. The following life sketch is given of Charles and Sarah Wilkinson:

It would seem that Brother and Sister Wilkinson had been tried in the furnace of affliction sufficient for one lesson at least. But God's ways are not man's ways, and he doeth all things for the best. [While on their trek], the oldest child [Joseph] was still very ill, and his life was despaired of by all, or nearly all, who saw him. Holes were eaten into his tongue by canker, and scarlet fever was burning in his veins. Well-meaning people from the city nearby urged the parents to have the services of the doctor, offering to pay the bill for them as the parents were without means to do so, but Brother and Sister Wilkinson put their trust in God and in His Holy Ordinances. The Elders came frequently to administer to the little fellow, and he had the most unbounded faith in their administration. While affairs were in this condition, Brother Wilkinson himself was stricken with so vigorous an onslaught of the destroyer that the strong healthy man was soon reduced to a state of utter helplessness.

One day as his faithful wife sat by his bedside, watching and weeping as the flickering spark of life seemed to come and go, he aroused from his lethargy, and speaking her name in a stronger voice than he seemed able to do, he told her he was going to die. He gave her directions with regard to her sick boy, recommending to her to be faithful, and told her to make her way to the home of the Saints as soon as she could. Then he asked her to kiss him, which she tearfully did, then he bade her goodbye and sank back dead - dead to all human appearances. How long he remained in that condition, we have no means of knowing, but he was aroused from it by the weeping of his wife and her calling upon the Lord in prayer, telling Him that she could not spare her beloved husband, that everything she had was laid upon the altar, but she could not give him up. Brother Wilkinson spoke to her and asked her why she was so much grieved for he had no recollection of the afflicting scene through which she had passed. She recited to him the words which he had spoken to her and what had followed. "Well," he said, "the Lord has answered your prayers, for while I lay there just now, two angels came to me and laid their hands on my head and blessed me in the name of the Lord. They told me that I should recover."

Soon after this, two Elders approached the tent where Brother Wilkinson was lying. He saw them through the open door and exclaimed, "There are the two angels that I saw a short time ago." The Elders came in and laid their hands upon his head, used the same language and made him the same promise that the heavenly visitants had done previously. From that time he began to mend, and ere long was restored to health, though it was many weeks before he had his usual strength. In the meantime, the boy also was recovering, due to his great faith, as the Saints who were with him all agreed.

ELLEN WILLIAMSON

Born: January 17, 1833 in England

Age: 23

Martin Handcart Company



Ellen Williamson



Ann P. A. Williamson



Betsy Williamson



Mary Williamson

Ellen attended school when she could, but not for long. She went to work in the factories in England to learn the weavers trade and to help make a living for herself and her family. She was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on May 1, 1852. The Williamson family, including Ellen (age 23), her mother Ann (48), sisters, Elizabeth Ann (19), Mary (17) and Betsy (3), and brothers, William (14) and John (11) left Liverpool, England, on the ship *Horizon* in May 1856. William had previously tried to hide from his mother, hoping she would leave him, but he finally relented and came to the ship. The father, James Williamson, had gone to Utah two years earlier: Josiah Rogerson wrote of James: “An old English farm hand, coming to Utah in the early 50’s went down to Iron county, Utah, and as he worded it, ‘wrought’ for two or three years in the building of the works of and the experimenting in treating iron ores in that county. The wife of his youth, four daughters and two sons, [were] still back in Lancashire, England. ... The father walked, with his sack of provisions on his back, nearly every mile of the 275 miles [from Paragonah] to Salt Lake City, and striding into President Brigham Young’s office and showing his iron work scrip for his labor performed, entreated that he would receive that as pay and send for his family to come out that season. They were sent for, sailed, and the six came through safe and sound, the stalwart sire meeting them the Sunday morning of our arrival [November 30, 1856]. ... The majority of our company were taken in and cared for in Salt Lake, Davis, Weber and Utah counties that winter, and when I think of all this and the mountain of service rendered by the rescuing and relief party without one dime of remuneration, in what class of humanity do you place the Mormon people?”



William Williamson

Ellen helped pull the family handcart. Betsy was either carried or rode in the cart. A bell was also hung around Betsy’s neck to help keep track of her. During the journey Ellen’s shoes became very worn and it was necessary to cut strips of rawhide and tie them around her feet so she could continue to travel. Ellen’s sister, Mary, had brought along a toy that had been precious to her. It was a little lion made of solid iron. When the loads on the carts had to be further lightened, the inspecting captain found Mary’s toy and discarded it. Mary crept to the discard pile after the rest of the camp was asleep that night and found her treasure. She secretly tied it around her neck. It dangled down her back underneath her clothing the rest of the trek. The weight of the little lion left a lifelong scar on Mary’s neck.

Ellen and her family endured much suffering with the cold and hunger, but the entire family, led by their courageous mother, had survived their journey to Zion. Ellen’s father, James, was preparing to travel to meet his family in Salt Lake City when he jokingly said to his neighbor, Benjamin Watts, “If you will let me take your team and outfit to Salt Lake City to get my family you can have one of my daughters for a wife, if you and one of them are agreeable to each other.” Brother Watts had a much better team of horses than did James. Benjamin agreed to let James take his team and after meeting his family in Salt Lake City, they all returned to Paragonah on December 27, 1856. On January 1, 1857, three days after Ellen arrived in Paragonah, she married Benjamin Watts. Ellen became the mother of eleven children. She lived in Paragonah all her life and died at the age of seventy-four.

Ellen’s descendants have written of her: “Industry was the keynote of their family. To clothe themselves, wool was taken from the backs of sheep, washed, carded into rolls by hand, spun into yarn and woven into cloth, blankets, shawls, and other articles of clothing. Ellen had learned the trade of a weaver but here in Utah a crude loom had to be made of rough materials which handicapped her considerably. Ellen was able to secure cards for making rolls and batts; a spinning wheel for making rolls into yarn; and a loom for weaving. Her kitchen contained a loom until her children were all grown. She was a good seamstress and made most of her clothes by hand. She also made hats for men.”

Sources: “Ann Allred Williamson,” by unknown author; Rogerson, Josiah, “Martin’s Handcart Company, 1856 [No. 10],” *Salt Lake Herald*, 8 Dec. 1907, Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; familysearch.org.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT

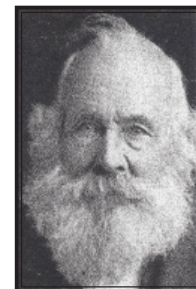
Born: 1833 England

Age: 22

Martin Handcart Company



Elizabeth Wright

William R. Jones,
rescuer, brother-
in-law

Elizabeth was born to James and Elizabeth Adamson Wright on 6 November 1833. Her father was working as a carpenter in a factory three months before her birth when he was struck on the head by a falling beam and died. Elizabeth's mother, also named Elizabeth, was left with four small children to support. Two years later, her oldest son, John, died at the age of ten.

In an effort to take care of her little family, Elizabeth Adamson Wright sent her daughter, Sarah, to live at the home of an uncle. Sarah did not do well there as she was mistreated and neglected so she went to work in a thread mill. The owner of the mill was a Mr. Morehouse, whose daughter, Mrs. Barrett, later built the Barrett Hall in Salt Lake City.

After Sarah met the Mormon Elders, she would sneak away to their meetings. Sarah's great faith and the Priesthood blessings given her by the Elders healed a cancerous growth under her chin. Sarah was very helpful to her widowed mother, as well as to her sister, Elizabeth, who was in ill health most of the time. Sarah emigrated to Salt Lake City in 1852 where she married William Roberts Jones. She continued to live a full life of great faith. She and William both gave away much flour to the needy. At one time her bin was blessed to never be empty. After that it was always more than half full, no matter how many pans of flour were given away.

Sarah's sister, Elizabeth Wright, and her mother, Elizabeth Adamson Wright, joined Sarah in the Valley in 1856 by traveling with the Martin handcart company. The mother was 64 years old, and miraculously survived this ordeal. Young Elizabeth gives some details:

I was baptised in the LDS Church 23 Oct 1848. Mother and I set sail [on the ship Horizon in 1856], from Liverpool to Boston. We were 6 weeks on sea, two on train from Boston to Iowa and [from] there we had to pull a cart across the plains. We had a hard time not having enough to eat. Our clothes wore out and we were badly frozen. ... We lost our way, 100 miles out of the way we should have gone. We stayed in a ravine. ... We had just 6 oz. of flour a day, each, to live on and nothing else. No water, no wood, no tents, nor beds, all having been burned. We lay on the ground which was covered with snow. A bare desert place. Nothing by snow and sky. We ate the flour with our hands.

Brigham Young sent three companies to find and help us for we were lost. Two of the companies failed to find us and went back. William Roberts Jones [husband of Elizabeth's sister, Sarah,] was in one of the companies. ... They brought us to Salt Lake City, 30 Nov at 12 o'clock noon, Sunday 1856, being 7 months on the way. We were all badly frozen. I could not walk for three months, my legs, fingers, and breast frozen stiff. My mother was so badly frozen that she could not walk for 6 months.

My brother-in-law, William Roberts Jones, cared for us, carrying us whenever we were moved. Mother was frozen black up to her knees. We were taken to my sister's home in the 15th Ward. She and her husband did all they could for us and helped us in every way possible.

My mother was healed by the power of God. She had faith in the ordinance of prayers and anointing by the Elders. My mother lived 23 years after coming to Utah and died a faithful Latter-Day Saint. ... I am here to praise His Holy Name. ... I could say much of our suffering of those who are dead as well as the living, all martyrs to the truth, of which I am one. I have suffered much and could tell a sad tale, but do not wish to complain. The Lord is with me and will help me through. I live to praise His Holy Name and thank Him for His blessings to me. I pray I may be faithful to the end of my days.

Source: "William Roberts Jones, Sarah Ann Wright Jones, My Grandfather and Grandmother," family history files of Mary Ann Carter Smith; "History of Sarah Ann Wright," family history files of Ron Schetselaar.

SARAH ANN WRIGHT

Born: England 1825

Age: 30

Martin Handcart Company



Sarah Ann and son, Thomas B. Wright

Sarah Ann Brett Wright joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when she was seventeen years old. In 1856, she traveled to America with her three children: James (age 11), Thomas Brett (4), and Emma Maria (18 months), and her mother, Sarah Upstone Brett Alcock (66). Brett is Sarah Ann's maiden name. The father of her son, James, is unknown, but when Sarah married Andrew Wright in 1849, James took the name of Wright and went by it for the rest of his life. Thomas and Emma were born to Sarah and Andrew Wright.

Andrew Wright left the family in 1854 or 1855 and Sarah had to work in a factory to support her three children. They were in very poor circumstances, and at one time the officials came and put them in the "Poor House." It was a terrible trial for Sarah and nearly broke her heart. However, they were only there for nine days because a good friend of the family, who was also a member of the Church, heard of her trouble and helped her out. The friend was Edward Chappell.

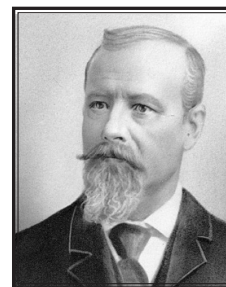
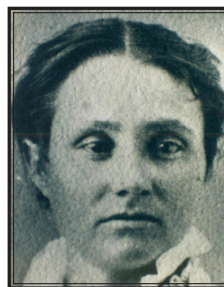
Sarah and her loved ones came to America with the help of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund. Sarah Ann's mother, Sarah Alcock, died of "flux" on May 31, 1856, aboard the ship *Horizon*. She was buried at sea. A fellow traveler, Thomas Normington, wrote about the night Sarah Alcock died: "I had to go on guard at 12 o'clock. Was like a drunken man and had to lay on anything for support. When I had spent about one hour and a half I heard a cry, "Oh, my mother is dead," which was true. She was 66 years of age and was buried the same morning."

Sarah and the three children arrived in Boston, Massachusetts, then took the train to Iowa City, arriving July 8, 1856. They left Iowa City at the end of July with their handcart.

In the beginning of the trek, it was hot and they were plagued with mosquitoes. Their shoes wore out and their feet became swollen and blistered. Later, Sarah had to protect her children from the cold. Snowstorms began on October 19 at the last crossing of the Platte River. They made round beds with their feet together in the center to try to keep them from freezing. Little Emma Maria had her feet frozen and she limped the rest of her life. James remembered living on roots and weeds. He also had a frightening experience one day. He fell asleep on the trail and was accidentally left behind. When he woke up, he was surrounded by wolves. He said he thought for a moment that they were angel eyes. Some men from the company came back and found him.

One day, Sarah could see that James was becoming ill. She got a little stick and began to run him around the campfire until he was perspiring freely. Then she rolled him in a blanket and he was well the next day. Many times they had to shovel snow to make their beds. At one time, their rations dropped to 4 ounces of meal a day for little cakes or hotcakes.

They arrived in the Valley on November 30, 1856, stayed with friends for a short while, and then were sent south to Payson, Utah, to help settle there. Sarah married Thomas Corbett. When he died, she married Samuel Phillips. They moved to Nephi where her son, James, helped to build the mud fort around the town. They lived on roots and weeds for a time. Sarah saw the seagulls eat the grasshoppers and save the crops. She delighted in telling the story. Sarah Ann was a faithful Latter-day Saint all of her life. She lived to be 69 years old.



Emma Maria Wright James Brigham Wright

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; familysearch.org; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

This biographical sketch comes from the 8th edition of the book *Tell My Story, Too: A collection of biographical sketches of Mormon pioneers and rescuers of the Willie handcart, Martin handcart, Hodgett wagon, and Hunt wagon companies of 1856*, by Jolene S. Alphin. This pdf edition (2017) has been edited, with some stories updated, and some corrections made. See also www.tellmystorytoo.com. Individual sketches may be used for family, pioneer trek, Church, and other non-commercial purposes.

HODGETT COMPANY

1856

“Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down,
and the feeble knees.”

Hebrews 12:12

“Father called our family to his wagon and said, ‘I have pointed you Zionward and I want you never to turn back. God is in his heaven and all is right with us whether we are in this earth or out of it. God will be with you. If you stumble and fall back, pick yourselves up and go on again.’ [William Jones died Oct. 21, 1856.] . . .

“We rolled him in half of our wagon cover and buried him in a shallow grave. The ground was frozen and we simply had no means or time to do more. Seven others died that night and were buried there. That same night there was a terrible storm that dropped almost a foot of new snow.

“The next morning I managed to yoke up the oxen, but my grief was so strong I flung myself over father’s grave and sobbed until others pulled me away. Winter was settling in and there was precious little time left to get to Utah before we became permanently snowbound. I put on my father’s boots, slicker and hat and drove the slow plodding team of oxen in danger of freezing and starving. You simply cannot imagine how bad it was. I shared what rations we had with the starving children who had lost their mothers and whose feet were frozen and toes gone.”

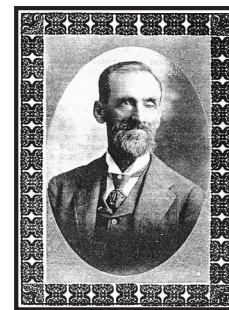
-Louisa Jones, age 19

JOHN BOND

Born: England 1844

Age: 12

Hodgett Wagon Company



John Bond came to Zion with his parents, William (age 39) and Mary Ann (34), his two older sisters, Sarah (17) and Ann (16), and four younger siblings, Margaret (9), Mary Jane (6), Joseph (3) and Nephi Alma (almost 2). John and his sister, Ann, kept accounts of the trek and later wrote biographies. John also published a book entitled *Handcarts West in '56*.

In 1840, while still in England, the Bond family heard Elder Parley P. Pratt preach the gospel and were converted to the Church. The Bonds first left Liverpool, England, in May of 1848, on the sailing vessel *Ark Wright* and arrived in Boston on July 15, 1848. John was only four years old. John's parents operated a successful tailoring business in Fall River, Massachusetts, for the next eight years and saved money to cross the plains to the Utah. While the Bond family was in Massachusetts, their three youngest children were born.

John's mother brought with her some precious souvenirs, an oil painting of her mother, and a new "Beautiful No. 8 Charter Oak" kitchen cooking stove of which she was very proud. These items had carefully been loaded into the wagon, but the painting had to be left along the way to lighten the load so children with freezing feet could ride. John's sister, Ann, recorded:

Then mother, with tears in her eyes, also gave up the new cooking stove, thinking how nice it would be to have at the journey's end, but it was also left by the wayside along with other much needed equipment.

The journey became one of survival rather than one of bringing a "bit of the old home" to the new home. John recorded: "Day after day passes and still no tidings of help coming from the westward. The bugle is sounded again by John Watkins to call all the Saints together for prayers to ask the infinite Father to bring food, medicines, and other things necessary for the sick and needy. After prayers, all are ordered to bed. I had seen someone prepare a nice pot of dumplings just before the bugle sounded. She hid the dumplings under the wagon, being a zealous woman, and went to prayer meeting, but I did not go this time. I stood back and looked for the dumplings, found them and being so hungry I could not resist the temptations, sat down and ate them all. I admit that those dumplings did me more good than all the prayers that could have been offered but I felt I had done a great wrong in that act and I regret it and ask God to forgive me for that temptation that overcame [me] in a time of hunger.

John's mother cut up an empty cloth sugar sack and once a day gave a small piece to each child to hold in his or her mouth. She hoped that there was enough sugar among the threads to give the children some energy. John wrote of their continuing challenges:

"The captain ordered all who were able to do so, to walk, for the snow made difficult walking for the teams as well as the poor Saints. My sister Sarah, and I had to walk a great deal of the way. Her shoes were worn out, making it necessary for her to wear a pair of English clogs. In walking in the snow, the snow stuck to them so much that the lumps would break off and skin her heels badly. We had walked some distance on ahead of the train on a bitter cold day when I noticed that my sister seemed to be very tired and the tears were rolling down her cheeks from the pain of her skinned heels. When I saw the condition of her feet, I said to her, "Sister, you sit here by the road and I will return to the captain and see if he will not let you ride. Your feet are in such a condition that I can hardly bear to see you walk." She was willing that I should try. I met the captain and said, "Captain Hodges [Hodgett], I left my sister on the roadside with such bleeding heels that it is exceedingly painful for her to walk and the tears are streaming down her cheeks. Can't she be allowed to ride?" He answered in a kind hearted way, "I am willing for her to ride from now on to the valley, as she has always walked when I have asked the Saints to walk." I then returned to look for my sister, but found she had gone from where I left her. I felt alarmed at her absence as the wolves were howling all around when I left to see the captain. Was it possible that the wolves had devoured my sister in my absence? I traveled on and on in suspense. I had traveled some distance when I saw fresh blood in the snow. I then tracked her by her bleeding heels until I finally found her lying down in the snow exhausted. When she saw me, she was so glad that the tears were falling down her care worn cheeks.

All nine members of the Bond family made it to Utah, where John was blessed with six more brothers and sisters.

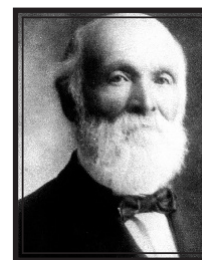
Sources: *Handcarts West in '56*, by John Bond, 1970 edition; "Biography of Ann Bond," in *Remember*, Riverton Wyoming Stake; Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files.

JOHN COOPER

Born: 27 May 1834 Loughborough, Leicestershire, England

Age: 22

Hodgett Wagon Company



John's father was killed in a train accident when John was only two years old. When John was about eight years old, his mother sent him to live with his wealthy bachelor uncle, Charles Cooper. It was felt that Charles could give John many advantages, such as an education and a trade. John did become very skilled in shoe making and repair. He made dance shoes and velvet slippers for the young ladies, and later his own daughters, as well as making special shoes for those with crippled feet. He also used this trade extensively while serving his second mission to England.

Although he was gifted in his trade, John didn't care much for that line of work. He had a brilliant mind and it was said that he could add four-digit columns of numbers a page long in his head. John was also very athletic and was one of the fastest foot racers in England. After winning one particular race he was presented to Queen Victoria. He was also very musically inclined and participated with the young singers of England. His family belonged to the Church of England.

One day when John was out walking with some friends he noticed a crowd of people on a street corner listening to the preaching and singing of two young men. John and his companions listened for awhile and then distanced themselves from the crowd while they composed a little parody to the song they had heard, then returned to chant and sing and mock these two preachers. In spite of their fun, John couldn't get the song and the things he'd heard these preachers speak out of his mind and soon found himself sneaking out to listen to their sermons. John soon embraced the Mormon religion and was baptized in 1849 by Elder Langley Allgood. When John's Uncle Charles learned of John's baptism, he disinherited John and reportedly never spoke to him again.

John served a mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from 1854 to 1856 in England. He then left England for America to join his fellow Saints in their "Zion" in the Rocky Mountains of Utah. At Iowa City, Iowa, John served as an assistant emigration agent to Daniel Spencer. John left Iowa City as a member of the Hodgett wagon company, which followed closely with the Martin handcart company and Hunt wagon company, the last companies of that emigration year. Also traveling in the Hodgett company was Mary Ann Lewis (22), a young lady John had converted while on his mission. John and Mary Ann were engaged, waiting to get to Zion to be married. On the trek, Mary Ann suffered from frozen feet.



Mary Ann
Lewis

John and Mary Ann were separated in early November as John was selected to remain at Devil's Gate with 19 other men to guard the season's freight that was unloaded there. This was done in order to speed the emigrants along as quickly as possible, thus saving many lives. John spent a long winter at Devil's Gate, several times nearly starving to death. He did not make it to the Valley until June 6, 1857. He and Mary Ann were married two days later.

John was called to leave his family and return to England for another mission from 1880 - 1882. During this mission he presided over the Leeds and London Conferences. John filled many positions of importance, civil and ecclesiastical, in Fillmore, Utah, where he died at the age of 87. At that time he was the father of 12 children, 64 grandchildren, and 60 great-grandchildren. His daughter, Emily C. Johnson, said of him, "*I do not know of a man who has lived a fuller life than my father.*"

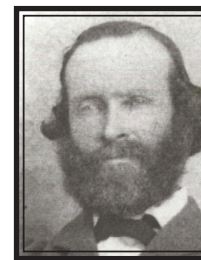
Sources: Letter from Patricia Sessions, July 2002; "History of John Cooper," by unnamed grandchild; "John Cooper [and] Mary Ann Lewis Cooper," by unnamed grandchild; "Life of John Cooper," by Emily C. Johnson; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files.

HENRY HAMILTON

Born: 10 December 1831 in Dundee, Forfarshire, Scotland

Age: 24

Hodgett Wagon Company



Henry was baptized a member of the LDS Church at age 17. With enthusiasm for his newfound faith, he accepted a call as a home missionary and taught the gospel to many others in Scotland. Henry worked in the textile mills as a young man, and served as a foreman there. He was also able to obtain some education. Henry worked as a cook aboard the ship *Horizon* when he sailed for America in 1856. Henry earned his transportation across the plains by driving a wagon team for the Tennant family. The Hodgett wagon company was traveling along with the Martin handcart company across the plains, helping them as much as they could, but also suffering along with them when food became scarce and the winter weather set in. Henry's granddaughter, Fontella Brimley, said "My mother said that her father did not like to talk about that journey as he said it was such a terrible experience he never liked to think about it." Henry lost a vest and jacket along the way, and finally lost a shoe when he was only 4 days from the Valley. He entered the Salt Lake Valley with his feet wrapped in rags.

After arriving in the Valley, Henry settled in Spanish Fork, where he worked hard and also taught night school. After two years he had earned enough money to get married to Janet Johnston. Janet had also immigrated in 1856, in the Daniel D. McArthur handcart company.

Henry had great faith and was known for his gift of healing. Family and neighbors often called on Henry to administer to them. Fontana Brimley wrote, "When a little girl, my mother had a bad tooth ache for several days. Her father had been away from home. Her mother comforted her with the thought that as soon as her father came home he would make it better. Just as soon as he administered to her the pain did leave."

Henry started a journal about two weeks before reaching the Salt Lake Valley. The following excerpts give a good idea of Henry's experiences:

Thursday 27th November, while on Green River I begin my journal again from this & I will give from May the 25th as far as I mind or as I feel to do. The first week on the Sea I was bound up in my bowels so I felt not right & was away almost from eating food, but I got some castor oil from Jessie Haven & I got right after that. The Captain got a hole in the top of the galley which made it a good deal better & got also 3 men to assist me in cooking, as there was such a number on board. There was 836 persons.

Edward Martin was President & Jessie Haven & Father George Waugh his Counselors. We had a pretty good time of it & a good voyage. We landed in Boston. from the time we left Liverpool in 35 days. There was little sickness among us. There was 2 marriages, 4 or 5 deaths & 3 or 4 births while on the voyage. We started with the train from Boston about the 1st of July, [then] went with the train about 1700 miles. [We] landed first in Albany [New York]. I was there about 3 hours, before the rest of the passengers on to me leaving the train, as I had to wait on 2 of the Sisters & bring them from the hostel to the train. The next place we landed at was Buffalo [New York]. I was at each place on the way mostly left to shift the luggage on the way along with a lot more of the boys.

In Chicago all the Saints stopped over night in a large shed. I was on guard the 1st part of the night. There was several men came along & was inquiring about the number of the Saints &c. & talking about polygamy & their hearts [were] as black as hell, but there happened to be a fire in the Town that night which took the attention of the people from the Saints a good deal. When we came up this length we found quite a different Spirit among the people, but to the worse they appeared to be far more wicked.

We stopped all night in Rock Island but the main body of the Saints went on before midday. There was some fellows came around to trouble us at night. Just as was going to sleep. I stood guard the 1st part of the night. The fellows came around making a pretense to see if the Wagon Wheels was right but they were desirous to get away a young girl we had with us, but they could not accomplish their design. We rode up the next day to Iowa, but I had to stop at the station all that day & got up next day which was the 9th or 10th of July. I found Mother Smith and family there all well and E. Mitchell. [Margaret Bain Smith and Euphemia Mitchell of the Willie handcart company.] I [was] truly glad to see them as they were also to see me. They took and washed all my foul clothes.

They started with their hand carts about the 16th of July & it was truly good to see them roll out. I wrote a letter for my Mother & 1 E Cooper & sent things off to Dundee informing them about when I was to start off for the City of Salt Lake, &c. I truly felt glad in getting the opportunity of going but the way opened up for me right. Elder Edward

(Henry Hamilton – Page 2)

Martin being the President of the Company across the Sea I asked him if there was any way for me to go for to drive a team so he went & inquired of Thomas Tennent Esq. So he talked a little to me about it. So he paid my way up to Iowa camp ground about 2 pounds 4 shillings.

All the hand cart companies went off before we started on August 1st & camped $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile off. Before we crossed the 1st bridge, we left [William H.] Walker & his [freight] company. [It] took us fully 4 weeks to get up to Florence, a distance of about 300 Miles. We had very warm time of it & hard too with the cattle being so unruly & not being accustomed [to] driving a team. On the way we could have got all the plums we wanted. Yea, wagon loads of them. I lost my jacket & vest 1 day coming along and my journal was wet & other things too.

[We] Left Florence about the 1st or 2nd day of September. Brother Tennent had 3 wagons up to this. He then got another one so these 4 and Jessie Havens went from John Hunt's Company to Benjamin Hodgetts Company, as it was moved on a little. Brother [Thomas] Tennent & Wife [Jane Ayrton Tennant], & young boy [Thomas Tennant] & the Wife's Mother [Isabella Lambert Ayrton] took bad here with the fever & ague. The wife got better [but] he took bad with the Diaharrea & died just after we crossed Scotts Bluffs. I seen him die. It was $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1 P.M. October 4th. Took and buried him at Fort Laramie. One of our teamsters took bad with a looseness & died on the 26th of the same month & was buried 10 Miles above the upper crossing of Platte where the first Snow came on us. His name is Henry Starlie. We was stopped here 10 days with the Snow. The cattle got so weak not getting feed. While we was here the express came on from Devils Gate which cheered our hearts. Our fourth and Martins Company of hand carts was both together that day. They were dying off fast & being buried 6 & 7 in a day with cold & hunger & fatigue. Together from that day we began to go a little each day till we came to Devil's Gate.

Sister Tennant's Mother died on October 30th & was buried at Willow Spring. We had to stop 7 days at the Devil's Gate on account of the Snow. There was a great many of the cattle died here for want of feed. When we came here we found George D. Grant & Robert Burton, C[yrus].H. Wheelock & a good many others. Joseph Young & another one [Abel Garr] went on express to the Valley to let the circumstances of the companies be known. When we came along passed by where A[lmon] W. Babbitt & party was killed by the Indians. We had come on where Margetts & party was killed by the Indians. I seen that place. [These Indian depredations were in early September.]

About the 20th of October when the 1st snow came on we had to go on allowance of flour. About this time the hand cart people was on a 4 ounces per day. And Companies left about $\frac{1}{2}$ of our wagons at Devil's Gate & $\frac{3}{4}$ of the goods as Jessie Haven had the charge of Tennant's Wagons. His and Tennant went separate from the time we left Devil's Gate from the rest. We got out of flour several times but generally had plenty of beef & coffee & sugar, &c. We stopped 2 or 3 days at Green River [and] secured several times a small quantity of flour.

Wednesday 26th November, did not get anything to eat this day till about 3P.M. then measly got some few Peaches, $\frac{1}{2}$ # of Bacon & some Tea between 7 of us. There was few Wagons came from Bridger with flour & with advice to leave all that could be left. The Heifers was all left here & several oxen, &c.

Thursday 4th December, landed at Bridger. Found those that had been assisted with teams from Ft. Supply there & others & little prospect of getting any as Brother Brigham had wrote to the effect not to come on in the present condition, but Elder Jesse Haven was to start out so he [text missing]

Friday 5th Elder Jesse Haven asked us boys if we would start with him & he would give us 1 lb of flour per day & the first night he would give them bread & butter so the boys consented to go, but I objected on account of Pres B Young's letter, but he got another man in my place & started on Saturday Evening, although Captain Hunt counseled him not to go. So after he was away a few hours an express came from the City that 60 wagons was on their way and plenty of flour & we give 3 cheers. After the boys getting there, all made ready to go to where we could get wood to make log houses for the winter.

Sabbath 7th We got 2 lbs of flour each & 2 1/2 lbs of good beef between 3 of us. There was a lot of wagons come in on Sunday, Monday & Tuesday.

Wednesday 10th I started off this morning with the Spring Ville Company. We landed at Bear River 38 miles off.

Thursday 11th hard pulling in the snow. Camped at the Weber. I lost 1 of my shoes today.

Friday 12th Went to Cottonwood Grove. Snowed, which made it worse.

Saturday 13th crossed the big Mountain. I traveled the most of the day's journey. Got some cloths on my feet.

Sabbath 14th crossed the little Mountain. Landed in the City about 3 P.M. It was hard pulling. I passed through the Snow on the Little Mountain about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet above my head. It was truly a happy sight for us to see the Valley. When I landed I seen Elder D[aniel] D. McArthur so he invited me to his house. I went with him and stopped over night. I had just to wear cloths on my feet for want of shoes, the way I never had to do before. Yet I was glad that the lord spared me to come to the Valleys of the Mountains.

MARY SUSANNAH HIGGS

Born: February 11, 1849, Utica, New York

Age: 7

Hodgett Wagon Company



Mary Susannah Higgs
(Sleater)



Elizabeth Stowe
Higgs

Thomas Higgs and his wife, Elizabeth, were both born in England, but were in America when they were married, May 21, 1844, in Utica, New York. By 1851, three of their five children had died. As the family moved further west in 1856 toward Utah, Elizabeth gave birth to a son, Thomas Young Higgs, June 4, in Davenport, Iowa. Little Thomas died there on July 2, 1856.

Thomas and Elizabeth and their living children, Mary Susannah (age 7) and Annie Elizabeth (3), and Elizabeth's mother, Ann Kite Stowe (66), left Iowa City in July with the Hodgett wagon company. Elizabeth was very ill during the trip and Grandmother Stowe took responsibility for the care of this family. When the weather became cold, Ann carried a biscuit in her blouse to keep it soft and warm for little Annie to eat. Mary's shoulder was broken during an oxen stampede one day. Mary received a Priesthood blessing, and the bone knit perfectly. The Higgs family had a great deal of difficulty during their trip. One of the last challenges was coming down Big Mountain east of Salt Lake City. It was so slippery and steep, the wagon tipped over and the children had to sit on a quilt in the snow while it was turned right side up.

In 1938, Mary gave an interview for her 89th birthday: "People nowadays don't know anything about traveling. . . . We came through Parley's canyon in the deep snow and, believe me, we were nearly frozen when we arrived. Our oxen had starved to death because they could find no food through the snow and we were stuck there in the canyon until teams were sent out to our aid from Salt Lake. They did not send enough teams from the city to take all the wagons in, so some had to stay there in the canyon for several days until the animals could make a return trip. Those of us who stayed for the second trip were rationed a biscuit a day until the biscuits gave out, then we ceased to eat. There were one or two of the oxen left, but they were so thin there was no meat on them. The men in the party killed [the oxen] one night and we boiled the bones for soup the next day. It was very thin soup."

Mary gave another interview on her 100th birthday. She reportedly had a "razor-sharp" memory and retained "the ability to laugh at herself." Mary recalled that her family arrived in the Valley in December, "in weather just like it has been this year. . . . I remember coming down Big mountain because it was so slick the oxen had to sit right down and slide down. And I remember coming up the other side because the wagon tipped over and we children had to sit on a quilt in the snow while they turned it right side up again."



Thomas Higgs

Mary's father went to work for Brigham Young as a carpenter. The family moved into a small home behind the Beehive House. The children attended school with Brigham Young's children. Sitting beside a pot-bellied stove in Salt Lake City that winter, Mary remarked how it was wonderful to be warm all over at once. That first Christmas, Mary received a piece of charcoal, a stool made of sticks, a small potato, a little apple down in the bottom of her stocking and one stick of candy. Thomas eventually moved his family to Manti, Utah, and they had 5 more children.

Mary had a career dancing and singing in the Salt Lake Theater as well as the Tabernacle Choir. She herded and milked cows, taught Sunday School, married Robert G. Sleater, became the mother of 11 children and lived to be 102 years old. Annie married William Clayton and they had four children before he died. She married again, to a younger man named Michael Jensen. She had nine more children and lived to be 93 years old.

Thomas died in 1895. Elizabeth stayed in the log cabin near the temple in Manti until the last few years of her life. She died in 1913 at age 89.



Anna Elizabeth Higgs
(Clayton) (Jensen)

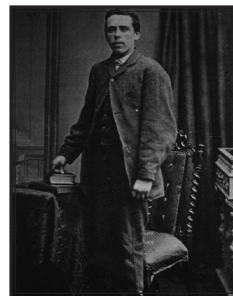
Sources: Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; family histories in files of Jolene S. Allphin.

WILLIAM BENJAMIN HODGETT (or
HODGETTS)

Born: 13 May 1831, England

Age: 25

Captain of the Hodgett Wagon Company



William Benjamin
Hodgett(s)



Emily Teressa
Hodgett (Lowder)

William Benjamin Hodgett(s), known as Ben, was from a well-to-do family. About 1849, all of the Hodgett family, except Ben's father, Joseph Hodgett, joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Ben first went to Utah in 1852, then returned to England on a mission. He had a serious illness while on his mission. Ben's mother decided it would be best for the family to emigrate to Utah. After they started, Ben's father went after them and brought back all but two sisters, Emily and Maria. Emily later wrote about what happened to her family:

We went to Liverpool, expecting to sail on Wednesday on the steamer but the elders advised mother to wait and go on the sailing vessel. We stayed there from Wednesday until Saturday morning, then crossed the Mersey River. We stayed at a wonderful hotel. From there we were taken at twelve o'clock at night in a lifeboat to the vessel. The sailors carried us from the boat aboard the Enoch Train, March 18, 1856. There were six hundred and ninety Latter-day Saints aboard this vessel, among them were three girls whose transportation to Utah, mother had paid. I also remember Mrs. Catherine Bell. When father received the news he hastened to Liverpool with the officers. He followed us, and we were still in the Irish Channel and not yet on the open sea. Father paid the captain of the vessel one hundred sovereigns to cast anchor for one hour. We all hid. His time was about expired when mother finally gave herself up. He did not force mother to go back but, through kind persuasion, telling her that he would sell out and come to Utah, she went home with him. I was fifteen and my sister, Maria, was seventeen. We came on alone to Boston. We landed after a voyage of six weeks and three days. William Ben left England two weeks after we did on a fast steamer and when we reached Boston he came out in a little boat to meet us, having reached Boston two weeks ahead of us. William Ben brought a letter from mother telling us what to do. This letter I kept until it fell to pieces, reading it often and crying, as did my husband. In the letter she said, "Maria, come home and take care of your mother in the hour of trial, my days are short. Emmie, my loved one, go to Utah with your brother and keep faithful, work in the house of the Lord. William Ben, be a guide and protection to your sister, tenderly watch her footsteps." Maria stayed in Boston two weeks then returned to England. My brother and I came on to Utah. Mother only lived a few months after Maria's return home.

Andrew Smith, another passenger on board the ship, also wrote an account of what happened, and added a few more details:

Sunday, 23rd [March 1856] - Weighed anchor about 8 a.m. Wind north northeast. Weather fair. Was towed down the river by the steamtug "Independence." About 9 a.m. a muster took place to seek for stowaways. While the inspection was going on a steamer came alongside with a Mr. Hodgetts and some detective officers to search the ship for the former's family. Mrs. Hodgetts did not wish to go back, although Mr. H. promised to sell his property, and go to Zion with them. But by the persuasion of Elder [Cyrus] Wheelock, [James] Ferguson, and others, she was persuaded to do so, taking with her 2 girls and a boy and left 2 girls to proceed on their journey.

After arriving in Iowa City, Iowa, a wagon company was organized under Ben's direction. As his mother requested, Ben took responsibility for his 15-year-old sister, Emily. She later wrote: "I did not walk across the plains. I rode a horse and a good animal it was."

Emily's autobiography tells more of their journey and Ben's life: William Ben was put in charge of the immigrants to Iowa camp grounds. There were forty-nine wagons, ours being the first. We camped in these camp grounds twenty-one weeks. I was very much upset over the separation in our family and my health was poor, so my brother put me in a boarding house for twelve weeks. During this time he was in Missouri for the Church. Miss Birchley [Caroline Birchley, age 24, traveling with Wiseman family in Hunt Wagon Company], Squire Tennant and his mother bought two hundred heifers, which were afterwards used in helping to feed the handcart company." [Thomas Tenant, age 46, and Isabella Ayrtton, age 54, who was actually brother Tenant's mother-in-law, were both traveling with the Hodgett Company. Thomas and Isabella were wealthy benefactors of the Saints. They both died before reaching Utah.] ... Then we came on, my brother being appointed captain ... Nathan Porter was his assistant.

(William Benjamin Hodgett - Page 2)

When we reached Devil's Gate, we were called upon to go and help the handcart company, which we gladly did. It was bitter cold. We were snowed in for ten days. They camped near us then and we gave them five wagons and twenty yoke of oxen. ... We reached Salt Lake City December 15th, 1856. We left our belongings at the old Fort [at Devil's Gate]. Mother had sent means to rent a home for us for two years in the Seventeenth Ward.

William Ben went back the next spring to bring our things from the old fort, also to bring freight for the Church. He was married the first Christmas we were in Utah to Betsy Baynham [who had also traveled in the Hodgett wagon company]. It was the time of the reformation and my brother had charge of the Sixth and Tenth Wards. He would go to the one ward Sunday, the other Thursday, then change about the days. He and his wife had born to them two boys and one girl. Two died when children. Little Ben lived to young manhood, when he was killed digging gravel. It caved in, burying all of him except his feet.

Our first celebration was held at the Lion House and we had a grand time. We were having another celebration, our first 24th of July in Big Cottonwood Canyon, when Ephraim Hanks brought word that Johnston's Army was on the way to Utah. We were dancing in the bowery. I was dancing with my brother in the same set with President Brigham Young. William Ben served as a Minute Man in our army. He came back November 29th.

He died in the home Mother had rented for us in August, 1860. When he was on his deathbed (I was just nineteen years and four months), he called me to him and said, "Emmie, I won't leave you alone, I want you to marry," which I did at his request. I had always boarded at Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas's and remained there until I was married to John Lowder May 26, 1860. The first baby came to our home April 6, 1861, which added greatly to our happiness. As time went on, eight more children were born to us, making five boys and four girls in the family. All are still living, married and members of the Latter-day Saints Church, which is a great comfort to me. We lived in Salt Lake for some time where my husband had good work with Walker Brothers, but Grandfather and Grandmother Lowder, who were in Parowan, they were ready to go to Panguitch to help in the settlement there, so we went with them. After we had been in Panguitch about one year the Indians became very hostile. On March 18, 1866, General George A. Smith came to Panguitch. He made my husband, John, captain of the Minute Men. He went to Fort Sanford, or Lowder Springs as it was then called, to receive orders. Soon after he reached the place an Indian scout shot a white man. John spoke the language of the Indians fluently. John was told by Silas S. Smith, who was in charge of Fort Sanford, to take the Indians prisoners. He asked the Indians to give up their arms. One Indian came forward as if to give up his arms, then aimed as if to fire; as he did, Jim Butler shot the Indian, then Doctor Bill, an Indian, shot an arrow into Jim Butler. My husband, with help, finally brought the Indians to town. I prepared their meals each day and nursed Jim Butler back to health. We were very thankful when the Saints were ordered to leave Panguitch, May 28, 1866.

The Lowders moved to Paragonah and eventually back to Parowan, where they were somewhat more fortunate than their neighbors because Grandfather Hodgett, as long as he lived, sent money twice each year to help out. The Hodgett family stopped writing soon after his death. Emily was known for her compassion for little children and for nursing the sick in her community. She was a skilled horsewoman. The following tribute was paid by the editor of a local newspaper on a Mother's Day:

We take real pleasure in stopping the dull grind for the moment to pay our respects to honored, advanced youth. The years have dealt no more kindly to anyone we know than they have to Mrs. Emily Lowder, whose youthfulness at the age of eighty-three, causes us to pay our respect. In a youthful old age indeed is this remarkable woman, who is now eighty-three years young; she reads without glasses, she is spry, she works and her intellect is keen. What is more fitting than to pause in the daily grind and lift one's hat courteously (in print) to the lady as she goes calmly, serenely living in the present, though of the past, gently borne by the years to the quiet she has earned. What a fitting day is Mother's Day! And what more fitting than to pay tribute to this mother?

Emily passed away on January 26, 1943, at the age of 103 years. Ben fulfilled his mother's wishes in being "a guide and protection to [his] sister, tenderly watch[ing] her footsteps" as long as he lived. Emily also met her mother's expectations in Zion as she remembered her mother's words to "keep faithful [and] work in the house of the Lord."

Sources: BYU Mormon Migration website; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; family histories in files of Jolene Allphin.

LOUISA JONES

Born: 1837 Appledoor, Devonshire, England

Age: 19

Hodgett Wagon Company

Louisa Jones (Oakley)
circa 1905

Louisa wrote a moving autobiography of her life and immigration to Zion. Especially poignant are her recollections of her relationship with her father and his death on the plains.

My beginnings I owe to my parents. My father, William Jones, was born July 13, 1811, at Northam, Devonshire, England. . . . My mother, Mary Ann Dovell, was born in Devonshire. The Dovells were very wealthy ‘aristocrats’ who proudly traced their ancestry to the Lords of England. The Dovells could not understand that one of their own, Mary Ann, could fall in love and marry some common rough sea captain, my father . . . To my mother’s grief, the Dovell’s disowned her for they thought she married “below her station.”

I was born October 13, 1837 to a loving family. My father . . . had a roaming disposition and was nicknamed “Roaming Billy.” For twenty years, father worked his way up in the English Navy and finally became Captain of one of the Queen’s sailing vessels. On one occasion, his ship took fire and as a result, [the] flailing ship’s rigging tore off his right thumb. The English Government gave him a captain’s pension in retirement. He was strong, heavyset, had blue eyes, and a sandy complexion. In contrast, my mother, Mary Ann, was rather tall, with dark hair and hazel eyes. Many remarked that she was a beautiful woman. To add to my father’s pension, he learned telegraphy and worked in the railroad station at Penzance, nine miles from his home. This is where my father taught me telegraphy and I became an operator myself. At this time, passing messages by telegraph was done by sight, not sound. I would watch the movements of a needle on a board to determine the letters and words being sent. I became quite expert and passed many a note to the young men up and down the lines. We lived comfortably and I was having a wonderful time.

We listened to the missionaries of a new church. “Mormons” they were called. We knew it was true and were baptized. My father became an Elder and home missionary in Devonshire. Most of our friends and loved ones turned against us because of our beliefs. My father longed to go to America to be with the Saints and to be taught first hand from a prophet of God. Father propositioned the Pension Board for a specified sum in lieu of monthly payments. That way he could buy passage for our family and we could join the Saints in Zion. It was so hard to say goodbye to close friends and sell possessions for whatever we could get, even giving them away. But we had to have enough for passage and for so many things in America, if we were going to make it. My parents, my older brother, Robert [21], my younger brother, Fredrick [14], and I being in my nineteenth year, set off sail to America on the vessel S. Curling. On board, I met a wonderful man by the name of John DeGroot Oakley who was returning to his family after a four-year mission to England and France. Since he had lived among the Saints and knew Joseph Smith personally, I had many questions to ask him which passed the time and made the several week voyage seem much shorter. Also, before coming into the Boston harbor, I became very ill with chicken pox. . . . I draped a heavy veil over my hat and face to hide them when we left the ship on the 23rd of May 1856. America! We made it. The land of promises, hopes, freedom and dreams. . . the sound of [America] was wonderfully exciting.



Mary Ann Dovell Jones

We started out with much hope and promise for a new life in Utah and plenty of provisions, we thought. However, before we reached Devil’s Gate, the provisions were very low, [and] the ox team gave out. It became necessary to double up [the wagons] and leave much of our belongings there. Some were stolen. Mother had been a milliner in England and owned some beautiful material. It was hard for her to part with it so some of the best cloth was kept. We had no idea how desperately hard it was going to be. . . .

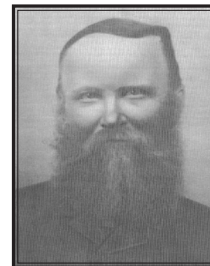
The Indians would wait in hiding to take whatever they could. Even when stopping for the night, it became necessary for father to guard the oxen. Because of the constant exposure to the cold, wet and snowy nights, father took cold and then came down with Typhoid fever. He laid in the wagon, being too weak to walk. We had to keep up with the rest of the company or perish. Mother tried to drive the oxen, but it was too much for her. She had a stroke and also became an invalid. My older brother, Robert, had been left a cripple since he suffered Meningitis as a baby. So the arduous task of driving the oxen fell to me. If we were going to live, I had to do my part. It was the hardest thing I had ever done. My hands, once so delicate and frail [that] could tap out telegraph messages in what now seemed a dream or another life, now bled in open sores from roping and handling the oxen.

Father suffered in desperate pain now. One night, after our company had traveled two days from the Platte River, he begged mother to have me drive to the side of the road and let him die in peace. We had very little left of our provisions. [This was about one week before the Rescue Party located them.] Mother showed me how to use the flour to bake sea-biscuits, or hard tac on the campfire. They were nearly as hard as rocks. We put them in sacks and kept them in the josky box and nibbled or sucked them as we walked along. When an ox gave out and could go no further, we killed it and used all the parts for food, even the tripe which my brother Robert would clean.

A few days later, father called our family to his wagon and said, "I have pointed you Zionward and I want you never to turn back. God is in his heaven and all is right with us whether we are in this earth or out of it. God will be with you. If you stumble and fall back, pick yourselves up and go on again." [William Jones died Oct. 21, 1856.] . . . We rolled him in half of our wagon cover and buried him in a shallow grave. The ground was frozen and we simply had no means or time to do more. Seven others died that night and were buried there. That same night there was a terrible storm that dropped almost a foot of new snow. The next morning I managed to yoke up the oxen, but my grief was so strong I flung myself over father's grave and sobbed until others pulled me away. Winter was settling in and there was precious little time left to get to Utah before we became permanently snowbound. I put on my father's boots, slicker and hat and drove the slow plodding team of oxen in danger of freezing and starving. You simply cannot imagine how bad it was. I shared what rations we had with the starving children who had lost their mothers and whose feet were frozen and toes gone.

I remember well the bright moonlight night about 11 o'clock, when fresh provisions and teams arrived. Even our sea-biscuits were nearly gone. . . . [having] been on scant rations for weeks. How our hearts swelled inside with thankfulness as these great rescuers who put their own lives at risk, began cooking hot bread over the fires.

The Hodgett company arrived in the Valley in December 1856. Louisa married John Oakley in February and they became the parents of ten children. With Louisa's brothers and mother, they were called to settle southern Utah at the Muddy River, then St. George and finally, Kanab.



Frederick William Jones

Louisa seemed to have been prepared to care for people who had physical limitations. She states, "My husband John only had one good eye when I met him - the other being injured when he was twelve. Now the good eye was weakening as one day he was chased by a cow from his orchard in St. George [and] an apple switch struck the good eye. It was not many years until he was totally blind. To supplement our income I cooked and sewed and wove cloth. One sewing needle had to do for ten families and it could not be lost. A yard of factory [cloth] was purchased and raveled out and the threads twisted for sewing purposes. I could knit a pair of stockings in a day, and did it to prove the point and earn a wager of wool for another pair."

John became close friends with Jacob Hamblin. The children called him "Uncle Jacob." Louisa's account gives details of how they lived and of her own resourcefulness:

"We first lived in a tent and a wagon [in Kanab]. In the tent house, we put straw down as a floor and covered this with a carpet that I had made. The ceiling was sealed up with another one of my carpets. Soon, John built us a two-room house with a lean-to making a third room. A big cellar was under the house for storage of vegetables, cheese, milk, etc. The lot was planted to an orchard, vineyard, garden, and flowers. Where John lived the desert blossomed as a rose. All one summer, John stood guard at Lee's Ferry to keep the Indians from coming across as they were on the warpath. My dear John's eyesight began to go bad. People would bring in loads of flour, halves of pigs, potatoes, vegetables, etc., to pay for the trees and this is the way our family lived at that time. We even raised our own broom corn and made brooms to sell. In the summer, I made yellow butter which was thoroughly washed and kneaded until the buttermilk was out of it. Then it was put into crock jars and covered with salt brine and salt-peter. This was used when milk was not so plentiful.

John and Jacob Hamblin were both called on a mission to Arizona to labor together among the Navajos and Maquaches. . . . There seemed to be no end to the chores. . . . I delivered a hundred or so babies. The price was \$3.00 to take care of mother and baby for ten days. In those days they were not very sanitary, but I always washed and cleaned all of my cases. . . . If the family was poor I did not charge them. When Thanksgiving and Christmas came, my family made sure the sick people had a good dinner. We furnished dinners everyday to some of the chronic invalids. With the help of the children, we cut the hay with a scythe, raised beans on shares, raised our own pigs, made lard and waited on the sick. The children and I milked and fed cows on a never ending schedule. When John and Jacob returned, it was a wonderful reunion."

John Oakley died in 1890 and Louisa in 1915 in Snowflake, Arizona. Robert Jones, Louisa's handicapped brother, lived with relatives and helped with gardening and whatever he could until he died in 1913, also in Snowflake. Frederick Jones had a large family. He served as Bishop for 17 years in Pine Valley, Utah, and as presiding elder for a time where he lived in Mexico. He died in 1921 in St. George, Utah. Mary Ann had a millinery business, using the large amount of material she had brought from England. She lived with both her children at various times. She died in 1891 in Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico. William Jones's family never forgot his words, "All is right with us . . . God will be with you . . . pick yourselves up and go on again."

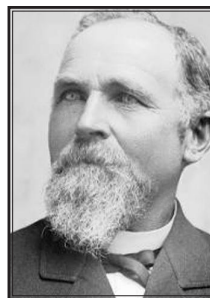
Sources: *The Crossing: Trials of 1856*, by Ron Ray, 1997; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website (photos);familysearch.org. See Julie Rogers art for Jones family at <http://www.tellmystorytoo.com/fine-arts/julie-rogers/come-come-ye-saints>.

MARIE WILHELMINA CATHERINE KRAUSE

Born: 27 April 1847 Svenborg, Fuenert (Fynn), Denmark

Age: 9

Hodgett Wagon Company



Niels Peter and Wilhelmina Krause Madsen

Wilhelmina was reportedly a very “comely” and beautiful girl. Her parents were both from Germany. Her mother, Anna Lucia Simonsen Abel, had been widowed previously. When Anna’s first husband died, she inherited a wheelwright nail factory. Anna advertised in the *Danish Star News* for a manager to take care of the business and Johan H. F. A. Krause answered that advertisement, was hired, and proved to be very capable. He and Anna married and became the parents of six children.

Wilhelmina went to her father’s nail factory one day and picked up a red-hot nail that had dropped on the floor, thinking it very beautiful. It left a terrible scar the rest of her life. Another incident at the nail factory would also influence the course of Wilhelmina’s life. A crowd had gathered outside the factory where two “Mormon” missionaries were passing out literature and announcing a meeting they would hold in the woods that night. Wilhelmina’s mother and her friend, Marie Frandsen, attended and participated in the singing. A mob of persecutors soon came with ropes and clubs, but the missionaries were able to escape and find shelter in the woods. Anna and Marie learned where the Elders were hiding, took food to them, and invited them to Anna’s home to hold another meeting. At this meeting, the same mob came, broke the door to the Krause home, and told the missionaries to leave the country. Before leaving, the missionaries gave each of those present some literature and hymnals. Wilhelmina received one of those song books and cherished it throughout her life. She loved to sing and had a beautiful singing voice.

Other missionaries soon came and taught the gospel to the Krause family. Johan was not interested, but Anna requested baptism. She did not tell her husband. She secretly attended meetings for about two years and finally revealed her actions to her husband, requesting that he take her to “Zion” to gather with the Saints. Johan did not wish to leave his successful business, but he was also a kind man who didn’t like to see his wife unhappy. She would often sing from her little book this hymn: “Oh, Zion, when I think of thee, I long for pinions like the dove, And mourn to think that I should be so distant from the land I love. A captive exile, far from home, for Zion’s sacred walls I sigh, With ransomed kindred there to come and see Messiah eye to eye. While here I walk on hostile ground, the few that I can call my friends, are, like myself, in fetters bound, and weariness our steps attends. But yet we hope to see the day, When Zion’s children shall return, When all our grief shall flee away, and we again no more shall mourn. The thought that such a day will come, makes e’en the exiles portion sweet. Though now we wander far from home, in Zion soon we all shall meet.”

Johann finally decided to sell the business and go to America. It was decided to let one child remain in Denmark with friends and go to America the following year with those friends. The children drew lots to see who would stay and the lot fell to Wilhelmina. The rest of the family left from Liverpool in 1855 with a company of four hundred Saints aboard the ship *Charles Buck*.

The Krause family traveled as far as Mormon Grove, Kansas, where Anna and two daughters died of cholera in July 1855. From Wilhelmina’s biography we read: *Thus, Anna’s hope and cherished dream of gathering to Zion with the Saints was not to become a reality, but her great faith paved the way for her daughter, Wilhelmina, to be among those whose names were to be carved in Utah’s history.*

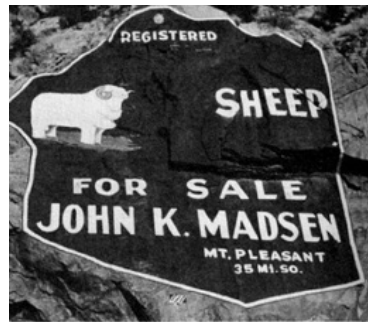
Meanwhile, in Denmark, Wilhelmina was unaware of the tragedy in her family and was preparing to sail with the Frandsens when Marie Frandsen’s brother tried to prevent Marie from going to Utah by telling the officials that Marie was stealing a child to take with her. The police officers took Wilhelmina’s clothes and precious song book and placed her in an orphanage with little but a gray uniform. The missionaries were finally able to make the truth known and obtain her

Wilhelmina
about 1870



(Wilhelmina Krause - Page 2)

release, but the Frandsen family had to leave Denmark in the meantime. The Elders arranged for Wilhelmina to travel with the Lars and Bodel Madsen family in the next emigrant group. Wilhelmina became very close to Brother and Sister Madsen. One morning while waiting out the bad weather and unloading the wagons at Devil's Gate, Wilhelmina went with Brother Madsen a distance from the camp. When he collapsed in the snow, Wilhelmina cried and wanted to stay with him, but he took his cane and pushed her away, telling her she couldn't stay or she would freeze. By the time she returned with help, Lars had died.

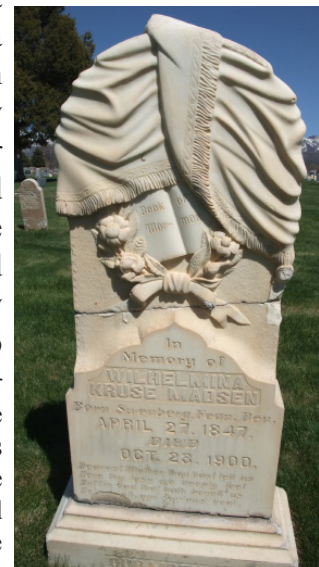


The big sign on the rock at Thistle, Utah

Wilhelmina stayed with the widow Madsen and eventually married her son, Niels Peter. They settled in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, where they had a home in town and also homesteaded a 160-acre piece of property. Bodel Madsen lived nearby. Wilhelmina's family did a great deal of work and became quite self-sufficient. (Pictured at left is evidence of their son's successful sheep business.) Niels Peter served on the City Council and also as a Bishop for 13 years.

Wilhelmina developed an infection in one eye, causing her to go blind in that eye, but she continued to read to her children from the Book of Mormon every night. Her children said that many times they saw her crying as though her heart would break. She would then go to her bedroom to pray and come out smiling, feeling God had given her strength to bear her troubles. Eventually, Wilhelmina placed an ad in a St. Louis, Missouri, newspaper to advertise for her family. Her father was notified and soon he and his daughter, Augusta, arrived in Salt Lake City. They stood on the steps of the Deseret News Building each day for a week, inquiring of passers-by for information. They were about to give up when they met a man from Sanpete County and asked him if he knew a George Frandsen. The man knew the Frandsens and Wilhelmina and after 32 years this family was reunited. Wilhelmina's father stayed in Utah for a month.

Although Johan Krause does not seem to have made any efforts to locate his daughter prior to this, he maintained that the Mormons had stolen her. He returned to Missouri where he and his step-son, Frederick Abel, had become wealthy in St. Louis, pioneering in the plumbing business. They were both reputed to be millionaires and bought one of the first Pierce-Arrow automobiles in that area. Frederick visited Wilhelmina at one time and offered her anything to renounce her faith and return with her children to St. Louis where he would see that they had every advantage, but she refused. She did keep up communication with her sisters, Augusta and Caroline. Caroline sent her a gold band ring and told her if she didn't see her in this life she would know her by her ring in the next world. After Wilhelmina's very full and happy life, she was buried with the ring on her finger. "Sister Mina" served as a Relief Society President and was beloved by all. She played her accordion and sang to her neighbors. Her children wrote a tribute to her: "By her teachings and her good example she instilled into our hearts the good things of life, and taught us to live the Gospel which was so dear to her. She has been a beacon light to us all our lives and made an impression on us that will always be with us. She had a testimony of the Gospel. She knew it was true and that there is a God who answers prayers. She paid a full tithing and kept the Word of Wisdom and we never heard her swear or even use slang."



Wilhelmina's gravemarker evidences her love for the Book of Mormon.

Sources: "The Life Story of Wilhelmina Krause Madsen" by Pearle M. Olsen and Aleen M. Summers; "Mt Pleasant," by Hilda Madsen Longsdorf; email from David R. Gunderson, June 30, 2012. See also Lars Madsen story in *Tell My Story, Too*; familysearch.org. (See painting representing Wilhelmina entitled, "Trust in God," by Julie Rogers, at tellmystorytoo.com.)

ANNA JORGENSON LARSEN

Born: Oct. 11, 1827 Slayelse, Jutland, Denmark
 Age: 28
 Hodgett Wagon Company



Anna met and married Johannes Larsen of Gries Viele, Denmark, in Copenhagen in November of 1850. She was from a wealthy family and was in Copenhagen attending a finishing school. Johannes and his brother, Lauritz, were tailors, having learned the trade from their father. They had gone to Copenhagen at the request of the Danish government to make clothes for the soldiers in 1848, as Denmark and Germany were then at war.

Elder Erastus Snow arrived in Copenhagen in 1850 to preside over the Danish Mission. Johannes and his brother were baptized by George C. Dykes and confirmed by Apostle Snow. Anna and Johannes were married shortly after this, and returned to Gries, along with Lauritz, in the Spring of 1851. Anna had also joined the Church. During the next five years, Anna stood by her husband's side as he was called as Branch President in Gries and the nearby town of Fredericia. In 1853 he was called to preside over the Allberg Conference. He was honorably released in 1856 with permission to emigrate to Zion.

Although Anna had written to her parents about her new religion and how happy she was in accepting it, they had responded by telling her that unless she would denounce this hated religion and leave her husband, she could never come home. Anna loved her family, and prayed that they would relent as she was about to leave Denmark, but to no avail. They refused to see her. In contrast, all of her husband's family embraced the Gospel and came to Utah.

The Larsens left Denmark with their three small children, Christiana M. (5), Sarah (3), and Lauritz (1). Family records state that they were with another couple and small son. It does not say who this family was. It also indicates that during a rough storm, the husband and son of their friend were drowned. (If true, this would have been on the ship between Denmark and Liverpool.) Anna and Johannes reportedly cared for this newly widowed friend in their home as long as she lived.

The Larsens sailed from Liverpool in May 1856 aboard the *Thornton* with James Willie who later became the captain of the Willie handcart company. At Iowa City, Iowa, the Larsens secured a good yoke of oxen and a wagon along with other necessities they would need on their journey to Zion. There were a large number of Danish Saints in this wagon company and it must have been nice to be able to communicate with their fellow travelers in their native tongue. About three weeks after leaving the main outfitting point of Florence, Nebraska Territory, Anna gave birth to a baby boy they named Joseph. It was the 24th of September, and though the night frosts had begun, the weather was reported as being very hot through the first week of October.

On the 19th of October, the Hodgett company crossed the North Platte River for the last time and camped about 4 miles beyond. Directly behind them was the Martin handcart company and Hunt wagon company. By the time they crossed this icy river, the first storm of winter began. Feed for the oxen was scarce and the animals were becoming weak. It snowed heavily that night.

John Bond of the Hodgett company later recorded the events of the 28th of October, 1856, as the express team of the rescue party located them: "Joseph A. Young, Daniel W. Jones and Abraham [Abel] Garr came into camp with a small dun colored pack mule packed with supplies which caused much rejoicing throughout the camp with Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! again and again. The broken hearted mothers ran, clasping their emaciated arms around the necks of the relief party,

(Anna Larsen - Page 2)

kissing them time and time again as do the brethren also, rushing up in groups to fall on their necks, the tears falling from their eyes in profusion. They are overjoyed to think that all were soon to have relief and care for the living and sick, burial for the dead, as they go to their silent tombs. ‘God bless Brigham Young and the rescuing parties sent out to help all to the valleys over the snowclad Rocky Mountains’ was heard all over the camp.”

The last three companies—Hodgett, Hunt and Martin—arrived at Devil’s Gate the first week of November with the help of the rescue parties sent to find them. It was here decided to cache the wagon freight for the winter and only take what was necessary to sustain life so the Saints could hurry on to the Valley. It took about a week to accomplish this task, during which time it snowed a great deal and the temperature dipped below zero. The larger Martin handcart company moved into the shelter of a nearby ravine later known as Martin’s Cove.

According to family histories, the Larsens had hired a teamster to drive their wagon. His name was Lars Madsen. His wife, Bodil, and son, Lars Christian, were with him. On November 6, while at Devil’s Gate, Brother Madsen went out to bring in the oxen one morning, but did not return. He was found frozen to death as well as the oxen. (See Wilhelmina Krause and Lars Madsen stories in this section of *Tell My Story, Too*.) Johannes’ feet also became frozen and he became unable to walk. He did not walk again for six months.

Anna left her family’s belongings here as did the other pioneers. However, she had a small cedar chest that she felt impressed to keep and placed it inside her feather tick. About three weeks later, Anna’s newborn son died from cold and exposure. Joseph was buried three miles past Green River on December 1, 1856. Anna placed his cold little body in the cedar chest she had brought and Johannes chopped a hole in the frozen ground large enough to bury it. Anna said that the morning of the burial they were alone with their little family as the rest of the company had gone on. She said it was the greatest trial of their lives to leave their darling baby alone in the solitary wilderness. After Anna’s baby died she got a serious infection in her breast that caused the nipple to drop off. Christiana remembered how her mother and father kept looking back, fearful that the wolves would find the shallow little grave.

Some excerpts from the Hodgett Company Journal of this time are “The weather has been cold and a severe day to travel . . . started late and had to hunt some time for some of our oxen . . . Cold and windy . . . The flour was scarce in the camps. Many had little or none.”

The Hodgett Company continued to receive more help from the Valley until most of them arrived in Salt Lake during the week of December 7th through the 15th. They were taken in to the homes of the Saints and nourished and nursed back to health. The three little children had a difficult time adjusting to warm temperatures and would faint when brought into a warm room. They had to be carried in and out of the room several times to become accustomed to the warmth.

Johannes resumed his work as a tailor but the wages were not substantial. Anna took in washing and says she cried much of the time as she washed because she couldn’t understand the language. She developed a sort of sign language with one sister who befriended her. They first settled in South Weber where Johannes’ parents had settled previously, then went to Springville in what became known as “The Move South” as Johnston’s Army approached in the Spring of 1858.

Anna had just been settled in a dugout in Springville and given birth to a baby boy when a large rattlesnake appeared above her bed. This was three days before the army entered the Salt Lake Valley. She was moved in with a family who cared for her and nursed her back to health as she had also become very ill. Apostle Erastus Snow, who had confirmed her husband in Denmark, and others, administered to her.

(Anna Larsen - Page 3)

After the threat was over, the family moved back to Salt Lake where Johannes worked as a gardener for Brigham Young while continuing the tailoring business. Much of his tailoring was done in the evenings and Anna always worked with him. She did this as long as he worked as a tailor. The Larsens eventually made their permanent home in Spring City, near Ephraim in San Pete County. There were a large number of Danish Saints who settled there. They built a log room to begin with and later a four room adobe house with a lean-to summer kitchen. They lived here the rest of their lives. The Larsens had a total of 12 children, 6 of them born in this home. One little daughter died.

Johannes eventually had a beautiful farm and garden in Spring City. A granddaughter wrote: His place was one of beauty. Every foot of ground was laid out in order and utilized to some good. Choice apples, plums, pears, cherries, different kinds of currents, gooseberries, etc., besides a large vegetable garden. Every family must have their share. To we grandchildren he gave generously but decried waste . . . Everything was in order. During the winter months, he repeatedly sorted the apples to avoid waste and decay. How well I remember the big wheat and hay stacks on the place when the crops were garnered—always a place for everything and everything in its place.

Johannes remained an active member of the church, serving in the capacity of head teacher in the ward where one of his obligations was to distribute the fast offerings. He was one of the seven presidents of the Seventies in his quorum. He was blessed with the gift of healing and set apart to administer to the sick. Anna assisted in nursing the sick and was also called to prepare bodies of the deceased for burial. She continued in this calling until her death at the age of 71.

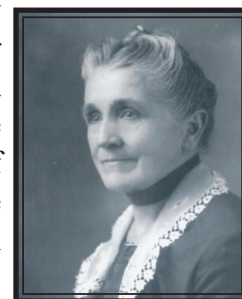


Christiana Larsen
(Clawson)

Anna always reminded her posterity to “keep the commandments.”

Her granddaughter, Sarah Clawson Johnson wrote: How often I have sat and listened to grandmother relate the sad experiences of her life, ignored and disinherited by her family because of her faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. She had come from a wealthy family and was at a finishing school in Copenhagen when she met grandfather. Then the sad death of her baby boy, who had frozen to death and [was] buried in the wilderness of Wyoming. I have asked many times, “Grandma, how did you stand it all?” And then in the eyes of that little determined person, I knew that expression was real when she said, “It will be worth it all if my posterity will keep the faith.”

Sarah Larsen married James Rasmussen Clawson. Christiana Larsen married his brother, Christian Clawson. They related to their posterity that before leaving Denmark, the sisters were granted their childish desire to bring at least one of their prized possessions with them. They insisted upon bringing their beautiful silk and lace parasols which were tucked into the wagon with the limited baggage they were allowed. After the Larsens arrived in Utah, Sarah and Christiana carried these parasols proudly to church with them each Sunday as shades from the sun. At one time, the Larsen’s food and money supply began to dwindle, and they reached the point where they had no flour or means to obtain any. A neighbor who had been blessed that year with a bounteous harvest of grain, offered to trade Johannes Larsen flour in exchange for the two parasols which he wanted for his own girls. Feeling the pangs of hunger and seeing their family in want, Sarah and Christiana agreed to the trade. So the silk and lace parasols which had traveled thousands of miles from faraway Denmark at last served as a blessing in feeding the Larsen family. However, Christiana later told her posterity that it really hurt to see the other girls proudly carrying the parasols to church while she and Sarah looked on.



Sarah Larsen (Clawson)

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files for “Margaret Christiana Larsen Clawson” and “John Larsen;” “History of Johannes Larsen and his wife, Anna Jorgenson Larsen, Parents of Sarah Larsen Clawson,” by granddaughter, Sarah Clawson Johnson; familysearch.org; letter from Phyllis Deuel, August 2002.

JOHN HENRY LATEY

Born: January 22, 1835 in England

Age: 21

Hodgett Wagon Company



John Henry Latey, emigration agent at Florence, Nebraska Territory, joined with the Hodgett wagon company when it came through Florence in late August 1856. He traveled with them as far as Devil's Gate, where he stayed for the winter to guard the pioneer's goods left there.

While John was at Florence he wrote a letter to Elder John Taylor in New York, reporting on the companies as they came through. On August 14, 1856, John Latey wrote:

... The first and second companies of emigrants by hand carts, under the care of Captains Edmund Ellsworth and Daniel D. McArthur, ... arrived in Camp on the 17th of July, in fine health and spirits, (singing, as they came along, Elder J.D.T. McAllister's noted handcart song – 'Some must push and some must pull,' &c.) One would not think that they had come from Iowa City, a long and rough journey of from 275 to 300 miles, except by their dust-stained garments and sunburned faces. My heart is gladdened as I write this, for methinks I see their merry countenances and buoyant step, and the strains of the hand cart song seems ringing in my ears like sweet music heard at eventide or in a dream.

The first company had among its number the Birmingham Band, and though but young performers, they played really very well – far superior to anything to be found this far west. In giving you this description of the feelings of the first companies, I give you in effect the feelings of the whole. This is the bright side of the pictures, and is of those who may really be called Latter Day Saints; who have in continual remembrance the covenants they have made; who obey counsel, and may really be called Saints of the Most High God. There are others – for I have seen both sides of the picture – who are apt to forget the God who has delivered them from their gentile chains and taskmasters, and are allured by fine promises and high wages; others there are whose faith is not of that nature to stand the trials they are called upon to undergo, and back out from five to fifty in a company of 300; but the mirth of the one kind does not interfere with the gloom of the other; or, vice versa, each one does what suits him best. Those weak in the faith soon find those who will make them weaker; those who have backed out before them come up with their long faces, smooth words, and melancholy tone, prating away their words of comfort ... and if they will only go away with them there is no end of the money and comfort they are going to have, and a team, ONLY NEXT SPRING, to ride in and go to the Valley. I will say that these apostates, who give their time, and horses, and wagons, to pick up the wavering, are right zealous, and I thought if they were only as zealous in assisting the widow and the orphan, instead of those who are already cared for, they would be driving a good team; but it is all right, the sort that are led away from the line of their duty by such spurious promises and oily tongues – well never mind that – are not wanted in the Valley, and by staying here they save themselves two journeys – one to Utah and one back.

I am prolonging my letter longer than I had any idea of, and will shorten it as much as possible by just giving you dates of arrival and departure of companies, and as I have before said the companies are much alike; they do not need separate descriptions. The first hand cart company (Capt. Ellsworth's) left the ground on Thursday, July 16th [I] saw them off in good earnest to the tune of 'Some must push,' &c., (can't move without that.) The second company (Capt. D. D. McArthur's) started on July 24th, being the anniversary of the entry of the Pioneers into the Valley, and was rendered more memorable to that company from their exodus from winter quarters. The third company, under care of Capt. Edward Bunker, were nearly all Welshmen; they arrived on the 19th of July, and set out on their journey across the plains on the 30th. The fourth company, Capt. J.G. Willie, President ... moved on the ground on the 11th August; part of the company moves out a mile or two to-day, and the remainder go on on Monday. The companies stay here longer than they otherwise would in consequence of their carts being unfit for their journey across the plains; some requiring new axles, and the whole of them having to have a piece of iron screwed on to prevent the wheel from wearing away the wood.

Another company – perhaps of handcarts [Martin company] – have yet to arrive from Iowa City, in addition to the wagon companies [Hodgett and Hunt]. I will, if I have time and opportunity, give you an account of these companies. I will now conclude by wishing you every good thing, and that you may be preserved in health and strength is the prayer of

Yours truly,
J.H. Latey

(John H. Latey - Page 2)

John traveled with his brother, Henry Lash Latey (17), with the Hodgett wagon company. Another brother, William (20), was with the Hunt wagon company. Because these three brothers were somewhat separated, it is likely that they were serving as teamsters for these wagon companies. Their parents are not listed as traveling to Utah at this time, but did emigrate at some time. Their father died in 1882 in Omaha, Nebraska, and their mother died in 1908 in Salt Lake City. The Hodgett and Hunt companies traveled closely with the Martin handcart company, assisting them at all times when they were able and hauling freight for them.

John Bond, a twelve-year-old boy who was with his parents and six brothers and sisters in the Hodgett company, wrote a narrative of his and others' experiences in this company. From this narrative, we learn of the service and sacrifice of John Latey:

The road was fair, though rolling . . . the wind blowing badly, very cold indeed and had every appearance of a snow storm coming which would entail on the tireless, struggling hand cart Saints . . . In the early morn, the Captain [called] to get up and yoke the cattle for a drive to the last crossing of the North Platte River, a distance of some twenty-seven miles. This took two days driving, as the cattle were commencing to get weak and in some cases, lying down by the wayside. October 18 or 19 we arrived at the river the second day and camped for noon on the west side. I was detailed to herd the oxen while my sisters made the food ready. It started raining while I was herding and then the rain turned to sleet, growing steadily colder just as the courageous hand cart Saints arrived on the opposite side of the river. Daniel Tyler gave orders for the Saints of all ages who could stand the stream, to cross. The water was waist deep and running very swiftly, taking even the strong ones off their feet, making them look quite wretched . . . the air was piercing cold and the sleet still fell thick and fast as the Saints pulled the carts into the river. The weaker ones [fell] into the river as they [were] carried off their feet. But with manly courage, John Laty, T. J. Franklin, George H. Dove, George Haines [Ainge] and others [carried] the weak ones to the opposite side of the river and set them down, giving them every care as all were brought from the icy river.

They made several trips, carrying the aged and weak on their backs, exhausting themselves, which is a kind heartedness worthy of commendation to be handed down to future generations. We camped on the opposite bank of the river for a short time to eat the scanty meal. Their clothing was like icicles.

John and his brother, William, became "worthy of commendation" again as they accepted the call to remain at Devil's Gate for the winter to guard the pioneers' things left behind. This was necessary so that those unable to walk could ride in the wagons, and utmost speed could be made in getting the people to the Valley. Many could no longer walk, and the wagons were needed to carry them. (See Dan Jones' story in *Tell My Story, Too* for an account of what the Latey brothers experienced at Devil's Gate that winter.) John H. Latey was appointed the clerk of the company of men that were left behind.

John married Eleanor Jane Thompson in March of 1862. Eleanor was also a pioneer girl, having been born in Nauvoo in 1842. They became the parents of seven children.

Sources: *Handcarts West in '56*, by John Bond; Latey, J.H. "Correspondence from the Camp at Florence," *The Mormon*, 30 Aug. 1856, 2, Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; familysearch.org.

LARS MADSEN

Born: 19 April 1795 Denmark (died at Devil's Gate, Nov. 1856)

Age: 61

Hodgett Wagon Company



Lars, Christian, Bodel Neilsen Madsen

The emigration of the Lars and Bodel Madsen family occurred in three waves from 1855 to 1857. Five months before Lars and Bodel left Denmark, they sent five of their children ahead to Utah to prepare the way for the rest of the family. Their son, Andrew, wrote about their family's conversion and emigration:

"We belonged to the Lutheran Church and walked to Asmendrup, a distance of nearly two miles, to attend our meetings and also to attend school. In 1853 Mormon Elders visited our country and began preaching the Doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which had been restored to the earth through Joseph Smith, the Prophet. Among the missionaries who visited us were Hans Peter Lund, Lars Ericksen, and T.D. Falstead. They frequently visited our homes and always felt at home with us.

"In 1854, my father with his entire family became members of the Mormon Church and on December 4th, 1854, I became a member and was baptized in Ordrup by Elder James Hansen. A Branch from the Church was organized and Lars Ericksen presided over the same for three years.

"In 1855, my father decided to sell out his old homestead and immigrate to the United States, and settle with the Mormons in Utah. The money he received for the farm was to be spent for emigrating his family and other poor people. November 23rd, 1855, myself, Neils Peter, Neils, Grathe, and Bena left home and started for Copenhagen, accompanied by our father, arriving there November 24th. This was the last time I ever saw my father alive."¹

The five Madsen children traveled across the ocean on the ship *John J. Boyd*. Because of the language barrier, they had some difficulty obtaining employment, but they found jobs in St. Louis, Missouri, and in Florence, Nebraska. They earned money for their journey across the plains with the Canute Peterson Company and arrived in Salt Lake City on September 20, 1856.

Lars (age 61) and Bodel (age 48) Madsen, along with their youngest son, Christian (age 8), joined the emigration from Denmark a few months later. The Madsens also had the charge of 9-year-old Wilhelmina Krause. She became very attached to the Madsens during this trip and later married their son, Neils Peter.²

When the Hodgett Company reached Devil's Gate the first week of November, Lars Madsen succumbed to the hardships. Andrew recorded:

"While remaining here [at Devil's Gate] ... my father took sick, and after a few days of illness and suffering, worn out from exposures and hardships, passed to the great Beyond and died at the age of 61 years. He was buried at Devil's Gate [near] the head of the Sweet Water and near Martin's Ravine. He was laid away as best that could be done under the conditions, as were many others, leaving my mother and youngest brother, Christian, to move on alone."

There were nearly a thousand people who needed to "move on" from Devil's Gate. Many of them could no longer walk or pull handcarts and there were not enough rescue wagons for all of them to ride. George D. Grant, captain of the advance team of rescuers, decided to "empty some of the wagons of the Hodgett and Hunt companies, store the freight in the cabins at Devil's Gate, and use those wagons to carry the sick and incapacitated members of the Martin Company. ... The [Hunt] company journal reports: 'Brother Grant told [the wagon companies] that they would have to leave their goods here till they could be sent for, such as stoves, boxes of tools, [and] clothing, and only take just sufficient to keep them warm with their bedding. ... All present appeared willing to do what was expected of them.'" (Andrew D. Olsen, *The Price We Paid*, 369.) The Madsen family still had more than a month of traveling to reach Utah.

Andrew Madsen wrote of the rest of his mother's journey: "[They] were placed in one of the relief wagons which reached there from Salt Lake and started with the companies for Utah. When they reached the Weber River the two young men driving the team preferred to go down the Weber River and left the Company and started off alone. They had to cross the River many times and at places the ice was broken and the horses could not pull the load up the bank and many times they were compelled to load and unload.

(Lars Madsen – Page 2)

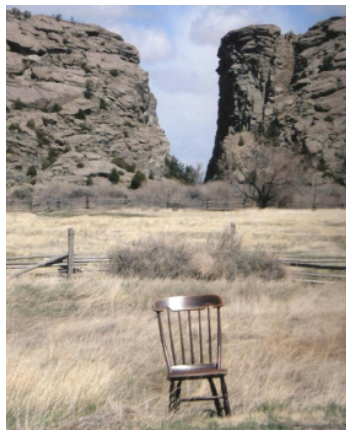
“They were two weeks in getting through Weber Canyon on account of snow and rough roads. They arrived at East Weber December 21st, 1856, while the other companies arrived at Salt Lake City fully ten days earlier.³ My brother, [Neils] Peter, and family were living at Kaysville and learned of the arrival of mother and brother, which was a great surprise to us as we had not heard from them since we left Denmark. My brother went to Weber with an ox team and brought them to his home which consisted of a dug out and a wagon bed. There they remained over the winter, mother being nearly worn out from the exposure of so long a journey.”

The family belongings that had been cached at Devil’s Gate were brought into the valley the next spring. The last of the Madsen children also arrived in Utah the next spring. Andrew wrote: “March, 1857, my brother Mads, the only one of the family who remained in Denmark, completing some work and collecting the last payment due on the sale of our farm, started to emigrate to Utah in company with many others and landed here early in the fall. His journey was not such as that of my father and mother as he came through during the summer months suffering no cold. ... In the Spring of 1857 I assisted a Mr. Swensen in taking a load of flour to Green River with my Oxen. Arriving there I hitched to my father’s wagon which had been left there the previous winter by my mother and brother.⁴ I also brought with me some of my mother’s clothing which she had left. The trip was not the most pleasant one, but by so doing I came in possession of the wagon.

“I returned to Brigham City and became the owner of a lot and after my brother Mads arrived, we worked together. ... We built a dug out which we lived in during the winter. That winter Lorenzo Snow made arrangements to build himself a home and we presented him with a keg of nails which had been hauled by us from St. Louis.”

Surely Bodel Madsen’s strength and determination helped carry this family through. She pioneered in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, until her death on December 18, 1883. Andrew recorded the heritage of faith left by Lars and Bodel Madsen in summarizing his mother’s testimony: “She left a good home and suffered much, losing her husband and leaving all they had upon the plains. She was glad to again be with her children and although she had sacrificed the loss of her husband and endured the hardships of the journey, her faith in God and the religion she believed in caused her to rejoice and she felt that it was the will of the Lord.”

Sources: “Autobiography of Andrew Madsen,” available in Church History Library, portions transcribed at <http://lib.byu.edu/mormonmigration>, (family photos and other portions of Andrew Madsen’s autobiography sent to Jolene Allphin by David R. Gunderson, June 4, 2012. Gunderson is writing a well-researched book on the Madsen family); letter from Mardi Jo Madsen Parkinson, May 4, 2011; photo of chair courtesy Mardi Parkinson; “The Life Story of Wilhelmina Krause Madsen,” by Pearle M. Olsen and Aleen M. Summers; *Mt Pleasant*, compiled by Hilda Madsen Longsdorf, (Mt. Pleasant Pioneer Historical Association) 1939 (reprinted 1999); other Madsen family histories in library of Jolene Allphin; Seegmiller, Janet Burton, “*Be Kind to the poor*” *The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, 1988.



“[Bodel left] a husband, and all of her personal possessions except for a small rocking chair. ... The rocking chair is in my possession, having been passed down through many family members. It has rocked countless babies during its life of over 180 years. This year [2011] we were able to take the chair back to Martin’s Cove and Devil’s Gate.” (Mardi Jo Madsen Parkinson to Jolene S. Allphin)

¹When these siblings left Denmark, Andrew was 21 years old; Neils Peter, 23; Neils Larsen, 12; Grathe (Anne Margrethe), 18; and Bena (Jacobina), 15.

²See “Marie Wilhelmina Catherine Krause” in Hodgett section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

³The rescuers had been advised in a November 27 letter from Brigham Young not to take this route through Weber Canyon, as all the help he was sending would be on the main road through Emigration Canyon. It is not known if the rescuers who brought the Madsen family through this way disregarded counsel or separated from the main group before the letter was received. (See Seegmiller, “*Be Kind to the poor*” *The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, 161-62.)

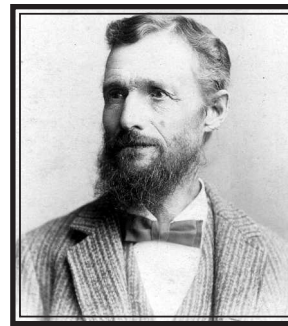
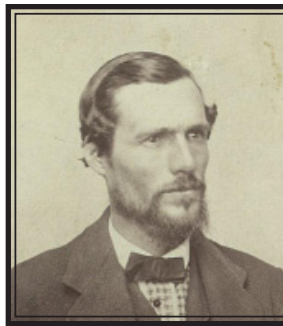
⁴John Pulsipher, the clerk of the Green River Mission at Ft. Supply, gives us a little more information about what the Madsen family experienced upon reaching Green River. He recorded: “[November] 27 [1856] the news came that the last ox train of our emigration was way beyond Green River & not able to get to here without more help, the teams that were sent from Ft. Supply were doing all they could & could only move a part of the co. at a time & the people had to eat the poor cattle as they gave out, to save their own lives. ... Every man was wide awake to do something more to help them that are in trouble. ... The women baked a lot of bread while we were arranging the teams. All this was done & the teams on the march in about 2 hours. ... Eve of the 7th [December] as we were devising some means for the support of this last co. of our emigration which we supposed would have to winter here—we all seemed willing to divide our scanty portion of bread with them & do as well for them as we do for ourselves—the news came that teams & felled were on the way to take them to the Valley.” (See also November 30 rescue call of Brigham Young, pages 515-16 in Rescuers section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

NATHAN TANNER PORTER

Born: 10 Jul 1820 Corinth, Vermont

Age: 35

Hodgett Wagon Company



Nathan T. Porter was 11 years old when his family embraced the teachings of the missionaries of the LDS Church. His father had received a remarkable vision prior to this time which prepared him to accept the gospel. In his youth, Nathan witnessed much of the early history of the Church, its persecutions as well as many miracles, including witnessing his younger brother being raised from the dead by the power of the Priesthood.

Nathan served his first mission in 1841 at the age of 21, traveling through Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania. He was called again as a missionary in 1844, to the eastern states. He described it as: “an electioneering tour in behalf of Joseph Smith, our Prophet, he having offered himself as a candidate for President of the United States. We bore with us his written document on the ‘Policy and Powers of Government,’ which was indeed a masterpiece of sound logic, and was so expressed by politicians and men of prominence with whom we conversed. They said it was the greatest masterpiece of statesmanship and mental ability they ever saw, and not withstanding the prevailing prejudice against him, because of the dispensation God had given him.” Nathan and his companion were in Ohio when word reached them of the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, “upon which we immediately turned our faces homeward, and was soon in the midst of our afflicted and sorrowful friends to mingle our grief with theirs.”

Nathan was later present at the special conference in Nauvoo of which he wrote: “It was visibly made manifest to the most, if not all present, Brigham [Young] was chosen to lead his people in Joseph’s stead, in moving the cause of zion. For as he arose and began to speak to the large assembly his countenance was transformed into that of Joseph, while his voice and gestures were almost identically the same. So that some arose to their feet in amazement while many exclaimed in a low tone to those by their side, ‘That is Joseph! That is Joseph!’ And thus the whisper ran through the vast assembly while the eyes of the multitude became fastened upon him. This manifestation settled forever that question in the minds and feelings of the saints, and thus he was nominated and sustained by the unanimous voice of the people. I being in attendance was an eye witness to this marvelous manifestation.”

After being driven from Nauvoo, Nathan first settled on Mill Creek, near Salt Lake City. In 1848 he married Rebecca Ann Cherry and recorded that a year later she “presented me with a fine daughter, whom I embraced as a priceless jewel in the family circle, and a delightful ornament in our new habitation.” In April of 1851, Nathan and Rebecca added a son to their family. Nathan worked hard at building and improving a farm and home for his family and had nearly completed these endeavors when a special conference was called on September 1, 1852. Nathan was called to serve a mission to Europe in connection with many others. He writes:

“The Rock of Gibraltar was assigned to us as our special field of labor, and for that place we were set apart under the hands of the Apostles. Others were sent to various parts – to China, Siam, Cape of Good Hope, Germany, France, Southern States, etc., but the majority to England. This was by far the largest call hitherto made for missionary labor. I now set in with renewed diligence and energy to more fully complete the necessary improvements about my premises, as the time was near for my departure. . . . my labors at home terminated in hanging the little gate in front of the house. On the 14th of September 1852, while my horse was standing with saddle and bridle in readiness to convey me to the city, the instance that this was completed, I put up my tools, embraced my wife and the two little ones, commending them to God and their kindred. Bidding all adieu, I mounted the steed and soon disappeared in the distance. No more to return until after the elapse of years. With a purpose to devote all the time with its toils, hardships, privations and labors, of both body and mind in behalf of strangers in far off lands, without any earthly reward.

“What a strange spirit to be sure, and how strange those who are exercised by it, to leave fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, children, houses and lands. The strong ties of affection will not stay them, much less the love of home with all its endearments. Is there any example of such devotion in the annals of history? Yes, strange as it may appear, it is to be found in that sacred history the Bible. It says there were men who left all those endearments, devoting their whole time in ministering to strangers in a strange land, traveling without purse or scrip. They called themselves the disciples of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He commanded them to do this, telling them that he who would not do this was not worthy of him, and therefore could not be his disciple. . . . it sank deep into their heart, and counting up the cost they made the sacrifice. This was the case with me and my fellow companions. We had chosen this same Jesus to be our Lord and Master, and had taken upon his name, and were called as they were called and ordained as they were, and sent as they were sent to reprove the world of sin and of a judgement to come.”

(Nathan T. Porter - Page 2)

Among this large contingent of missionaries was James G. Willie and Edward Martin who led the 4th and 5th handcart companies to Zion in 1856, and many others involved in that great drama as captains, sub-captains and rescuers. Like Nathan, they would serve as missionaries for four years, and gather converts to emigrate home with them when their missions ended. Nathan's own account of his journey home sheds light on all these companies:

"Having now been released to return home to zion, I began to make the necessary preparations for my departure, which occurred about the first of January 1856, in company with several of the American Elders and some 300 saints. We moved out of the Liverpool docks with our faces zion-ward!

"We arrived in New York after a passage of thirty days having been somewhat delayed in calm and head winds. Sea sickness was prevalent at the commencement of the voyage. I, having taken a very active part in waiting on and administering to the sick, became exhausted, so much so that I became prostrated as we arrived in New York, and thus was left in care of Brother Beadon at his residence in Williams Burg of that city, and under the cognizance of Apostle John Taylor who was there editing a paper called the Mormon. I remained here for six weeks, during which I was visited by Elder Taylor and several of the elders and saints who administered to me the ordinance of the gospel as I desired, bestowing their kind attention to my welfare.

"I however became so low that all seemed to despair of my recovery. I besought the Lord that he would spare my life to return home, for the sake of having my body laid with those of the saints in zion, instead of the wicked in that corrupt city [New York]. While I was thus anxious in my feelings there came a whisper saying, 'Are you better than your Lord and master? Was he not numbered among the transgressors?'

"The answer came in a moment. 'Nay Lord, I am nothing in comparison.' This brought a feeling of reconciliation. I was now ready and willing to have my body laid whither-so-ever the Lord saw fit, and to go or stay as seemeth him good. The Lord saw fit to make this fact manifest to me.

"Showing that I was indeed reconciled to his will. I saw in a dream a messenger from the spirit world who had come for me. I was within the company of the saints who had just landed with me and were now leaving the shore to take the cars [train]. I began shaking hands with them and bidding them farewell, while the messenger was standing by my side in waiting. The last to bid adieu was one of the elders with a valise in his hand. As he went up from the shore I turned to see the messenger who was some six feet in height, in so doing I saw a man coming in full speed on a white horse. As he came up I recognized him to be Daniel Spencer, who gave me a returning blessing after my release to return home, in which I had the promise that I should return and again enjoy the society of my family and friends in Zion. He stopped suddenly at my side, and leaning towards me placed his hand on my shoulder saying, 'Brother Porter, you will not go to the spirit world now. There are many of the saints who have become cold and lukewarm. We want you to go and stir them up and prepare them for Zion.' I replied that I was willing to do anything the Lord wanted me to do.

"Well,' he says, 'we want you to go.' At this I looked at the messenger in the face to see what he would say. He bowed his head in token of his consent. At this I asked him if he would be so kind as to remember me to Brother Joseph and the brethren there. He again bowed his head, and I awoke with an assurance that the time of my departure to the spirit land was changed, so far as the present call was concerned. And thus the way remained open for the promised blessing to be realized in mortality, coupled with a mission in the midst of the saints, having for its object the renewal of the diligence of those who have become careless in discharge of their duties in the observance of the laws of the gospel. For without this no one is prepared for Zion, after her redemption.

"Having had the above manifestations and ministrations I began to recover very fast so that I was able to join the last company of saints who arrived from Liverpool, about the 15th of April [1856]. I continued to gain strength as we proceeded on by rail. Soon arriving at Iowa City [Iowa], it being the point of outfit for the plains. I was surprised to find many of the former company, who were my companions across the sea, still on the campground. On inquiring the cause of their delay, I was informed that the hand carts ordered from St. Louis had been delayed, and finally their purchase abandoned, under the impression that they could manufacture them with less cost, and so they were now constructing them.

"Now the mode of crossing the plains was in light carts drawn by hand. This method was adopted by the recommendation and counsel of the First Presidency, which with wise management bid fair to be a success. But otherwise a failure which proved to be the case in this instant, by adopting the policy that would cause a prolonged delay at so late a date in the season. It being the first of August ere the camp ground was cleared of its occupants. With 1300 miles before them, 300 miles of which we made in passing through the state of Iowa.

"Arriving at Council Bluffs, September 1st which brought us on to the borders of the plains. Here a council was called by those having charge of the emigration including the captains of companies. The council took into consideration the propriety of undertaking to cross the plains so late in the season. A decision was rendered in favor of continuing on without further delay. Two manifested their disapproval, one declined going any further, the other submitted to the majority and continued his services. I felt to some extent the weight of the responsibility, having been appointed to assist Elder Benjamin Hodgit [Hodgett], who was in charge of one of what was called [the] Independent Company (of which there were two, one [with] Elder John Hunt). The Independent Companies were composed of those who furnished their means for their outfit in wagons, teams, and provisions; at the same time assisting those of the handcart companies, who were mostly supplied through the Emigration Fund. I was not in the council above mentioned, as I was not invited by those in charge. I felt delicate in doing so at the solicitation of Captain Hodgit. My own feelings,

(Nathan T. Porter - Page 3)

according to my judgment, was not in harmony with the decision of the council. Nevertheless I felt it my duty to comply with the request of those who were placed to direct the work in which I was engaged. And thus I endeavored to use my best energies to make a successful trip across the extended plains before us, notwithstanding the lateness of the season.

“All moved on in proper distances between the companies on account of feed for our animals. Elder Hodgit and myself took into consideration the propriety of lightening up the weight on our wagons, and thus increase our speed without jading our teams[;] feeling that it was needful for us to do all that we could, even at a sacrifice if necessary, in accomplishing what was needful. We were impressed to call the company together and show unto them our condition, and dependence on the Lord to stay the storms from overtaking us and that it was our duty as his children to use all the means within our reach to accomplish what is required of us, and then if more is necessary he will come to our aid. Therefore, we had a proposition to make to them. The proposition was for us to unload our wagons and take the clothing out of our heavy boxes, and put them into sacks which we could prepare for that purpose, and thus make the burden on our teams more easy so as to increase our advance on the way. And as to our boxes and chests, we would make a bonfire in token of the sacrifice we were willing to make to gain the desired blessing. The proposition was unanimously sustained by vote on the part of the brethren and sisters. All went to work overhauling their wagons, emptying their boxes, putting their contents into sacks and bundles in the best possible manner. Thus we made our way on with more ease and greater speed.

“The handcart company was in our rear under care of Elders Mosses [Moses Cluff], [Edward] Martin, and Daniel Tylar [Tyler]. Captain Hunt’s company was in their rear. Thus the handcart company were between the Independent Companies, having as it were a front and rear guard.

“Captain Hodgit and myself spared no pains in selecting campgrounds where the best feed could be found for our animals. By so doing our teams were kept in good condition. And it was for the care and regard we had for those more dependent ones behind, that held us from making longer marches. As we drew nearer to the mountains region there was now a noticeable change in the temperature of the atmosphere. The water in the streams were very cold, making it a very painful task for men, and much more so for women and children to wade in crossing them, which was the case with those in the handcart company.

“November was now passing in her cool days and chilly nights, and ere we made the last crossing of the Platte a snow storm was upon us. We made the crossing the night before. As we arose in the morning we saw there was an approaching storm, and by the time we were in readiness to move on the snow commenced falling. I was aware of a place three miles up the river where there was low grassland surrounded by high bluffs, and was well supplied with grass and timber for fuel. I remembered this place from when I came with the missionaries in 1852. We therefore decided to make for that point and wait the result of the storm.

“At this juncture the handcart company made its appearance on the opposite bank at the crossing. We instructed the company to move on, that we would stop and see the handcarts cross and soon overtake our company. They had just commenced crossing as we rode up. It was not a pleasant scene for us to behold[;] women and children wading above their knees in the cold piercing element. We hastened across on our animals and began taking them one by one behind us across the river. The wading soon stopped. They huddled like sheep awaiting our return as we made each trip. We never failed to return without a blessing pronounced upon us, in addition to ones we had already received.

“All the handcarts being over the river, we proceeded on and overtook our company which had passed on to the place we had selected to stop in till the storm was past. We found it well adapted to our conditions, there being plenty of grass and fuel, surrounded with high table land and thick bunches of willows interspersed in the little cove. Thus it was a covert from the bleak winds of the plains that was now driving the falling snow. Here we rounded up our wagons, pitched our tents and gathered some wood for the camp fires ere the day closed in.

“I wonder how it is with the handcart company. They must [have] remained at the crossing. I wish they were here with us.’ This was frequently expressed during the evening as we sat around our fires. We arose in the morning with about 6 inches of snow on the ground. Elder Hodgit returned to the crossing to learn the condition of the other companies, Elder Hunt not having come up when we left, and inform them of our success, and invite them up to share with us[,] there being a supply for all. He [Elder Hodgett] found the handcarts still in camp at the crossing, Captain Hunt having crossed soon after we left. The handcarts were very much exposed to the severity of the storm which we scarcely felt. They listened with gladness to his report and readily [accepted] the invitation, but as it was still snowing they remained for the rest of the day.

“On the morrow our men turned out and met them, and assisted those with handcarts in pulling them into our quarters and shovelled away the snow, and pitched their tents as some of the men had become almost exhausted and benumbed[,] the cold having increased several degrees as the snow ceased falling, being about a foot on the level. It was a trying time with us, on man and beasts. It proved fatal to two of the handcart company during the night and one the following day. They fell with their faces zionward to await the resurrection day.

“After being here several days we were met by two of the brethren from the valley, who informed us that men with teams and provisions were coming to our assistance, and would meet us at Devil’s Gate on [the] Sweetwater 30 miles ahead. This was joyful news to us and especially so to those of the handcart company who had been on short rations and now very much exhausted from exposure and fatigue.

(Nathan T. Porter - Page 4)

“We lost no time in moving on the best we could to meet our brethren at the point designated. The snow had settled to about 4 or 5 inches. We were two days in making the point, arriving late in the evening in a terrific storm of wind with intense cold, which continued all night and the following day and night. It was under these trying circumstances that we met our brethren, who had come from the valley to our relief, so far as it was in their power. But alas there were quite a number of our handcart company whose physical powers were so far exhausted as to be unable to endure more. And so they fell asleep in death until the morn of the first resurrection. This was a trying hour indeed. Nevertheless there is consolation in knowing that they lay down with their faces zion-ward in full faith and fellowship with the saints[,] while some who survived them in those hardships to become associated with the saints in Zion, have drifted away from the path of the gospel into darkness and the spirit of unbelief. Better they had fallen with their brethren in the light of truth.

“But to return – a council was called to consult the best method to take to save life at any sacrifice requisite. It was decided that those of the Independent companies should cache all their luggage [except] what was really necessary for the remainder of the journey, and thus turn over to the use of the handcart company a portion of their teams and wagons so as to convey them on as fast as possible. This decision was unanimously sustained by a prompt compliance. Brother Dan Jones with three other brethren were left in care of the cached goods. While the now Dependent companies proceeded on receiving further aid from the valley as we advanced. Our teams had become [so] jaded and reduced that on arriving at Green River and Fort Bridger they were left with some of the brethren at those points to chance their surviving the winter[,] while we proceeded on with horses and mule teams sent to bring us through into the valley. Thus on the 15th of December 1856 I arrived safe at my home in the embrace of wife and children, also my aged parents and friends after an absence of four years and three months.

“I soon learned that a general reformation was in progress among the saints throughout the valleys, in which the First Presidency took a most prominent part, laboring incessantly in stirring up the people to repentance and renewed diligence in keeping the commandments of God. Elder Jedediah M. Grant [of the First Presidency] was so wrought upon under the influence of the Spirit, that he went forth among the saints laboring day and night until his natural strength became exhausted. So much so that he was prostrated upon his bed to rise no more until the morn of the first resurrection, and thus he passed the vale [December 1, 1856] while his words remained as live coals in the altar in the hearts of the saints, so that they came forth in the waters of baptism, confessing their sins before the Lord and each other. Now the saints were being stirred up to renewed diligence in the service of God.”

Nathan Porter had served faithfully, both as a missionary and as a rescuer within the ranks of the late 1856 emigrating companies. When he arrived in Gibraltar to serve his mission, he was allowed to stay only two weeks, and then illegally forced to leave by the prejudice of the churches in that country. He managed to return to England and served the term of his mission there. Elder Stevenson stayed in Gibraltar as he had been born there and could not be so easily deported.

Nathan continued his faithful missionary duties throughout his life at home in Centerville, Utah, and other places. He served two more missions to the Eastern States in 1869 and 1872. He died April 9, 1897, in Centerville. His parents had moved to Morgan County, Utah. The town of Porterville was named for them.

Source: Autobiography of Nathan Tanner Porter, copy in files of Jolene Allphin, courtesy of a family I met on Rocky Ridge, who “just happened” to have an extra copy with them. (Now posted with more information at www.nathantannerporter.homestead.com - 2017)

Pictured are two homes and a granary on the historic Porter Farm in Centerville, Utah, at 370 W. Porter Lane. Nathan Tanner Porter was one of the first settlers of Centerville. He built his first home on the property after returning from his mission in 1856. These three structures on the property are listed by the U.S. Department of the Interior on the National Register of Historic Places. Recently, award-winning restoration of the property was completed.



JENS RASMUSSEN

Born: July 23, 1847 Denmark

Age: 8

Hodgett Wagon Company



Hans and Maren S. Rasmussen with children in 1856:
Jens, Caroline, Bendt, Christena, Anne, Rasmus

Jens was the second oldest child of Hans and Maren Stephansen Rasmussen. Little did his parents know that as he was being born, Brigham Young was about to end a long westward journey and proclaim, “This is the place.” They could not have foreseen that on this little baby’s birthday nine years later, they would be crossing the plains of America. Jens’s father, Hans, was the only son and heir to a beautiful estate on the Island of Shetland, Denmark. He married Maren Stephansen when she was 24 years old and Hans was 21. They had all the comforts of a large estate with many servants. In 1854 they met the Mormon missionaries and were baptized in June 1855.

Almost immediately, Jens’s father began selling off his estate as the family prepared to gather with the Saints in Utah. The estate brought in enough money to pay all their expenses as well as the passage of some thirty converts who had no means to go at that time. The Rasmussen’s children were Rasmus (11), Jens/James (9), Bendt/Bent (6), Karen/Caroline (4), and 20-month-old twins, Annie and Christena. Jens is pictured above on the far left with his family in 1855 or 1856.

The Rasmussens sailed from Liverpool on the *Thornton*. Most of the Saints on board were English. One Danish brother, Peter Madsen, kept a detailed diary of this voyage. His record of Sunday, May 4, 1856, includes a Priesthood calling and ordination for Hans:

“Weather: beautiful. This morning at 2 o’clock the anchor was hoisted and thereafter the ship was towed out of the river by a steamtug. 10 o’clock the Scandinavian Saints gathered for worship. Elders Ahmanson, Svensen, and Larsen delivered sermons and encouraged us to preserve a good spirit in love and unity. Let us be an example in cleanliness and order for the English section. Next Hans Rasmussen was called to the office of a priest and ordained; Anders Jorgensen to a teacher. The good weather caused the company to be happy and they rejoiced in song. . . . Allen M. Finley [Findley], late of the Bombay Mission, and Sister Ireland, of Dundee, Scotland, were joined together in the bonds of matrimony.”

The Rasmussen’s journey took a full eight months, with hardships and heartache along the way. Before even leaving Iowa, little Christena died on June 24. Several times the Rasmussen’s journey was delayed in order to help the Martin handcart company. Winter storms left them stranded on the east side of the Continental Divide with inadequate food, warmth or shelter. Hans abandoned all the extra things he had started out with in order to help the other Saints. A stove for Maren was left on the trail. She never again had a stove to cook on. Rescuers from Salt Lake City finally found them and assisted them to Zion. (Note of interest: In the records of a Jensen family from Denmark who immigrated in 1857, the story is told of passing some Indians near Ft. Laramie who were in possession of and using a stove of this type. They wondered where it came from.)

After a brief rest in the Salt Lake Valley, Jens’s family moved to Ephraim, Utah, where their first home was a dugout. They were soon called to help settle Richfield, Utah, where their first home was also a dugout. Their Richfield settlement could not continue and they returned to Ephraim where they were given a city block of land on which Hans built another dugout. Later, Hans added a two-room adobe house, but no cookstove.

Jens became known as James or Jim in Utah. He never married, and lived with his mother until her death, and then alone in this humble home that had been his parent’s until Jim died in 1902. Jim made his living as a butcher for pigs, making adobes, and some farming. A nephew wrote of him:

“Jim’s mother had a huge fireplace; no stove, and Jim had to haul a lot of wood to keep the house warm and for cooking. . . . Jim lived so close to our house, he naturally was a frequent visitor . . . he would come and sit down on a chair just beside the door . . . The members of our family would be sitting around the table, doing various things, such as lessons for those attending school, father perhaps reading and mother darning socks. Jim had very little to say . . . He would sit for perhaps an hour or so, and then leave. . . . I think he must have often wished he had a wife and family, and the companionship which they afforded.”

Hans Rasmussen passed away in 1887. Maren died in 1889.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; Journal of Peder Madsen (Danish), Church Archives (Madsen diary also online at <http://handcart.byu.edu>); “History of James Rasmussen,” by a nephew Clyde Rasmussen, familysearch.org.

ELIZABETH MURDOCK STEWART

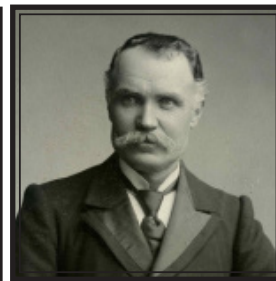
Born: 1822 Scotland (Died Nov. 23, 1856)

Age: 33

Hodgett Wagon Company



James Murdoch Stewart



Neil Murdoch Stewart

Elizabeth married William Stewart in 1850 in Scotland. Having been converted to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, they responded to the Elders' suggestions to gather with the Saints in Zion. They left Edinburgh in January of 1851, visited with relatives in Glasgow, then sailed from Liverpool, England, that month. William Stewart recorded in his diary on January 11 that when the ship left the dock, they "Sung a farewell hymn and gave three cheers for leaving babylon."

They had a windy and stormy voyage to New Orleans, then settled in Peoria, Illinois, for a few years. Elizabeth was expecting their first son, who was born that September. They named him James. They had two more sons, William and Neil, and Elizabeth was expecting again before the Spring of 1856, when they were ready to go west with the Saints. Unfortunately, young William had died and they did not want to leave his remains behind. They put his little body in a sealed, metallic coffin, and carried it along with them.

William was a finish carpenter. Church leaders had asked him to remain in Council Bluffs to repair wagons and handcarts. By the time the last handcart company was ready to leave, the Stewart family had joined with these emigrants. They purchased their own team and wagon and traveled with the Hodgett wagon company. They felt they would rather endure the hardship of crossing the Plains than wait through another winter on the eastern end of the Plains.

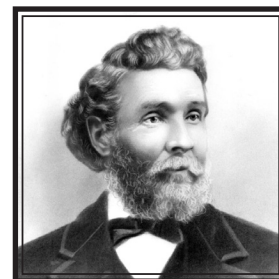
Because of slow progress caused by many delays and severe weather, the provisions ran low and the people were hungry and cold. Elizabeth became weak and sickly. On October 23rd, she gave birth to a baby daughter, Elizabeth, in the covered wagon during a snow storm. From the journal of Jesse Haven of the Hodgett company, we read: "23 October 1856: Cold last night- Bro- Upton died this morning about 10 o'clock. . . . Snow melting some. The Hand-cart Company came up to us to night and camped near us.- many dying in that company."

Little Elizabeth died three days later as the Hodgett and Martin companies were stranded at Red Buttes on the Platte River. The metallic coffin was opened and Elizabeth's body was placed by her brother's side. The Stewarts buried these children along the trail.

Elizabeth was devastated, but she tried her best to rally. On November 2, they arrived at the abandoned fort at Devil's Gate. The Martin handcart company was also there, making conditions extremely crowded. The handcart company soon moved to a ravine in the mountain, since known as Martin's Cove. The Hodgett wagons began unloading and caching their freight, with plans to soon carry some of the handcart people who were unable to walk. With food supplies still short and the weather severe, Elizabeth could not regain her strength and her condition steadily worsened.

On November 23, just one month after the birth of her baby girl, Elizabeth died. She was buried five miles east of Green River crossing in a shallow grave, as the ground was too frozen to dig very deep. The bereft husband and sons of Elizabeth Stewart continued their journey until December 15, 1856, when they arrived in Salt Lake City.

William Stewart and his sons remained faithful to Elizabeth's dreams and to the Church. William served in the Blackhawk Indian War and worked on the St. George Temple. James served as a High Councilor in the Church. Neil, who had been about 18 months old when his mother died, served as a High Councilor, President of the YMMIA, Bishop, and Millard County Selectman. Neil's autobiography states: "We arrived in Salt Lake City about the middle of December 1856, cold and hungry. Father placed us boys with a widow, Ruth Teasdale, and afterward married her and she was a good mother to us boys."



William Stewart

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; *Pioneers and Prominent Men*, by Frank Esshom, 1913; family histories in files of Jolene Allphin; "A Biography of James Murdoch Stewart," by his daughter, Mary E. Beckstrand, in *Charity: The Pure Love of Christ: The Family History of George Lyle Stewart and Clara May Walker Stewart*; "Diary of William Stewart," familysearch.org; Jesse Haven diary, MS 890, Church History Library.

HUNT COMPANY

1856

“The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them;
and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.”

Isaiah 35:1

“Our dear mother said she had never seen her dear family want for bread, but said the Lord would provide. About midnight that night all the camp had retired, and we were awakened with a noise and thought it was the yelling of Indians ... but to our great surprise the noise was caused by the teamsters of a relief team, and some of the camp shouted for joy. They were loaded with all kinds of provisions: flour, bread, butter, meat of all kinds, but all frozen so hard ... I remember we had to cut everything with the hatchet, but oh how thankful we all were that the Lord had answered our prayers and saved us all from starvation.”- *Elizabeth White*

“My two brothers had reached Salt Lake City in November. How well do I remember our meeting. I told them not to cry so, for I would have my feet again when I got to heaven.” - *Maren Johansen*

ALOWIS BAUER

Born: 29 April 1831 Switzerland

Age: 25

Hunt Wagon Company



Alowis Bauer and family

Mormon Elders from the Italian mission first came to Alowis Bauer's homeland in 1851. Alowis was the only member of his family to convert to their faith. Two other important friends also converted, Ulrich Bryner and Barbara Elliker, who was Alowis's sweetheart.

In 1854, a tragic accident befell Ulrich and he became blind. Ulrich had been given a vision 10 years before where he saw himself being led half way around the world blind. When he joined the Church and accepted the call to gather to Zion, Ulrich knew the meaning of his vision. His friend, Alowis, became his teamster and his "eyes" on this journey.

Alowis (25), Barbara (24) and her family, and Ulrich (28) with his wife and daughter, all sailed on the ship *Enoch Train* for America in May 1856. From Iowa City, Barbara and her family went ahead of Alowis with the McArthur handcart company. Barbara's father and three of her siblings died on their trek. At the Iowa campground Alowis was kept busy for two months with his carpentry and wheelwright skills, constructing handcarts and wagons. The Bryners were supplied with a wagon and outfit acquired by Ulrich's brother, Casper, who had emigrated the year before. The Hunt company was the last group to leave Iowa City that year. They traveled closely with the Martin handcart company and helped them as much as they could.

As Alowis drove the wagon, Ulrich held on to the back and walked behind. During the journey, Alowis reportedly suffered a broken arm during an oxen stampede. When the well-known trials of this journey bore down on the immigrants, Alowis had his feet seriously frozen. He became somewhat crippled and lame afterwards and used a cane for the rest of his life.

Barbara was waiting when Alowis arrived in the Valley in December. They were married immediately and first moved to Lehi, subsequently pioneering in Cedar City and Beaver. He also lived close to the St. George Temple for a time and was able to complete a great deal of temple work. Alowis had many skills he had learned in Switzerland, including intricate wood carving, furniture making and working on watches and clocks. These skills would prove useful to him throughout his life, especially when his handicap limited him in other occupations. As his sons grew older, they took over the farming and stock raising. Through the Bauer family's industry and hard work and the blessings of the Lord, Alowis prospered greatly. In 1882 he was called to serve a mission in his homeland of Switzerland. His son, Alowis Bauer III, and other children, took over the responsibilities of the farm and family during the time their father was away. He had trained them well as he never could tolerate idleness and was somewhat impatient in expecting everyone in his family to be as precise and thrifty with their time and money as he was.

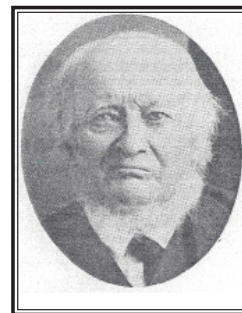
Alowis humorously acknowledged his heavy accent in a Church meeting once when he stood up and said, "Ven I comed to dis country, I couldn't speak the language very plain. I used to say shurch, shicken shoop, and vagon tongue, but now I say shurch, shicken shoop, and vagon tongue zust as goot as anie body else."

Alowis married two more times and had a large number of children. He died in 1906, just before his 75th birthday. One of his descendants wrote: "May Alowis's posterity continue to grow and ever pay him homage for his commitment to the Gospel and his desire for eternal life that motivated him to leave his childhood home of Switzerland and suffer the hardships of the journey to Zion and [to receive] the blessings of the Temple of the Lord."

Sources: "Personal History of Alowis and Barbara Elliker Bauer," unknown author; "From Eternal Snows to Life Eternal: Story of Alowis Bauer Family," compiled by Mrs. Wesley P. Bauer; "Alowis Bauer," by Jay A. Aldous; letter from Jay A. Aldous to Jolene Allphin, March 25, 2009.

DAVID P. BOWEN

Born: Aug 11, 1823, Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, S. Wales
 Age: 32
 Hunt Wagon Company



David Bowen came from a fairly prosperous family. He received a good education and also learned the trade of chain-and-anchor maker. David had a natural gift for mathematics and mechanics. A grandchild wrote that “when he was 15 years old, he and his brother, John, 2 years younger, built a small steam engine about 3 feet long and proportionately wide and high. It was accurate and complete in construction and was operated by the steam from a teakettle. It was used by the family to do washing and churning. The steam engine was brought to America. I remember my father had it for a time, but I can’t locate it now.”

This same grandchild quoted David, and remarked that he was frank in telling of his early manhood years: “I was born and confirmed a member of the Episcopal Church, but the chief thing regarding religion that interested me was the pretty girls who attended services. With a crowd of boys, I was always on hand when Church let out—my object being to watch the girls when they came down the steps. I was not content to visit my own Church, but went to neighboring towns to be on hand when the services were dismissed. While several other boys and I were watching the crowd descend the steps at a church in Dowlas, Glamorganshire, South Wales, one young lady attracted my gaze. It was a case of love at first sight and I involuntarily remarked, ‘Boys, that’s my wife.’ From that time on I became a frequent visitor to Dowlas, and eagerly sought an opportunity to meet this young lady, [Jane Foster], which was in due time afforded me. A friendship sprang up between us that ripened into courtship and finally, one glorious autumn day in 1844, I became the husband of one of the finest girls in the land.”

David continued to advance in his employment until he was the foreman of a large mint, in which he supervised 150 men and boys and drew a generous salary. He enjoyed his employment very much, but it did not last. He was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in October 1848 and soon began to feel the displeasure and ridicule of relatives and friends. He also began to make emigration plans.

David Bowen first brought his family to America in 1855 on the ship *Chimborazo*. He had planned to cross the plains to Utah that year but was prevented from doing so because he accidentally dropped the pouch containing all his money overboard the ship. After arriving in America, David found work in Pennsylvania, where the family remained until they saved enough money to purchase their outfit. By July 1856, the Bowens were in Iowa City, prepared to travel across the plains with the Hunt wagon company. It was the last of the 1856 migration. David and Jane (35) had four children: William Parry (11), George Foster (7), Eleanor Jane (4), and John Evans, their baby who was born in Minersville, Pennsylvania.

The Hunt company traveled closely with the Martin handcart company across the plains and experienced the same difficulties with the weather and short rations. Especially worrisome was the loss of their cattle. When they reached the last crossing of the North Platte River on October 19, they assisted the handcart people across the river, but they were unable to take their wagons across that day because of the lack of cattle and the winter storm. They stayed near the river crossing for ten days. The men had to cut down cottonwood trees for the cattle to eat.

The first rescuers reached the Hunt company on October 28, and they were soon able to start moving again. By the time they reached Devil’s Gate, the Bowens had only one ox left alive from the four they started with. Their friends, the John Lewis family, had lost five of their six oxen. The two families hitched the surviving oxen to the Lewis’s wagon until they met some extra teams sent out from Fort Supply to help them in. More rescuers sent by Brigham Young met them at Fort Bridger, and David left his worn-out ox there. It somehow survived the winter and was found the next spring. David gave it to a man in settlement of a debt.

(David Bowen – Page 2)

The Bowen family arrived in the Valley on December 22, 1856. They were taken in by kind friends in Salt Lake and Lehi, then went to the home of Morgan Hughes in Spanish Fork on Christmas Eve. Spanish Fork, Utah became their permanent home.

At a pioneer reunion in 1922, David's son, William Bowen, gave an account of his family's immigration experience:

With John Hunt's Company, I crossed the plains in 1856. The feature of the trip that impressed me most was the arrival of the Relief Company from Salt Lake City which met us near South Pass. Brother David T. Davis and I were driving the worn out cattle in advance of the teams. I was then a boy, eleven years old. We were very cold and tired when we met the first team of the Relief Company. The outfit belonged to Bishop Archie Gardner and was driven by Fred Hansen, late of Lake Shore. The gentleman called out to me, "Don't you want to ride, little boy?" I didn't wait for a second call but got into his wagon as fast as I could. How grateful I felt!

Mr. Hansen turned around and started back to Salt Lake City. We met other teams which picked up the following Company. There were men from the Relief Company stationed along the road to prepare camps for the oncoming pioneers. When we stopped for the night there was a fine fire ready for us which was very much appreciated for it was a very cold and stormy day.

The next thing of note that I remember was crossing what was then known as "The Little and Big Mountains." The men had to break the road through the snow which was a very hard and tedious task. Two men would take hold of hands and trample down the snow until they were tired when two others would take their place and the first two would drop behind the double row of men. This they continued until there was a wall of snow each side of the road higher than the tops of the covered wagons.

Previous to this my father's team of four oxen had been reduced to one ox. Father's friend, John Lewis, had lost five oxen out of his team of six. The two families were put into one wagon hauled by the two remaining oxen and with the help of another team from Fort Supply we were able to make the trip to Fort Bridger. We reached Salt Lake City about December 22nd. Here we were met by a party who took us to a house where we were greeted by a good fire and supper. The Lewis family remained in Salt Lake City, but Father's family stopped here just one night and in the morning Mr. Harvey brought us to Lehi to the home of Abel Evans where we spent the next night. From Lehi, George Sevey and John Mott brought us to Spanish Fork. We reached here Christmas Eve and went to the home of Morgan Hughes where we lived the rest of the winter.

I would like to pay a tribute to those brave and hardy men who came out from Utah to meet us, and who broke the road through the snow. They did not seem to mind the trials and hardships that they had to pass through in order to save our lives which they surely did. They were jovial and good natured at night as if they were at a picnic, which disposition seems to have been transmitted to many of their descendents up to the present times.

David Bowen's family became a great asset to their community. He took up blacksmithing and gun repairing. He made the machinery for the first sawmill and also the first molasses mill in the Spanish Fork area. He planted the first apricot trees, hauled the first alfalfa hay, and pioneered the honey industry in Spanish Fork. An unknown grandchild wrote: "When I was quite young I helped him extract honey from the comb. Children came from far and near to get the cappings when he was extracting honey."

David Bowen was known for his generosity and donated liberally to the needy, especially new immigrants, and the Church. He served a mission to Great Britain when he was 57 years old. One of his grandchildren wrote of him: "He enjoyed going to Conference and always visited at my home when he came to Salt Lake City. I was happy to have him with me. It was then that I became more intimately acquainted with this dear old man and discovered his real worth. He was jovial and ever ready with a good story to suit most every occasion. He had a keen sense of humor and appreciated a good clean joke. It was a delight to accompany him when he went to visit his old Welch friends and to hear them tell tales of their younger years. Some of these stories I shall never forget. Grandfather was dignified and pure minded. I never knew him to profane or use slang. He kept the Word of Wisdom consistently."



George Foster Bowen

Sources: "Biography of David Bowen" written by unknown grandchild, and "George Foster Bowen" by daughter, Jane Boyack, in files of Jolene Allphin; History of William Parry Bowen given at a pioneer reunion, January 1922, Spanish Fork, Utah, available at welshmormon.byu.edu.

CAROLINE BRENCHLEY

Born: 1830 England

Age: 26

Hunt Wagon Company

Caroline's mother was a strict Methodist. Her father professed no religion. They taught Caroline and all their children good moral principles based on reading from the Bible. Caroline did not receive much schooling as she was obliged to work at an early age.

About 1850, a friend of the family came to their home and told them about the new religion that was being preached in a town two miles from their home. Soon afterwards, the family heard the message of the missionaries from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The whole family was converted and baptized by a young man named Thomas Obray.

Family records state that as a young woman, Caroline went to London to care for the "blind daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wiseman." This may have been Ruth Billington, age 64, who was traveling with the Wiseman family in the Hunt company. Ruth was blind. The Wiseman's do not appear to have had a daughter with them. Caroline came to America with this family on May 25, 1856, on the ship *Horizon*. They landed in Boston, then went by steamboat and rail to Iowa and joined the John A. Hunt wagon company.

Due to the late start from Iowa and the early winter weather, many immigrants suffered. Caroline walked the entire distance across the Plains, arriving in Salt Lake Valley in early December of 1856. Her feet were badly frostbitten, but she suffered no ill consequences regarding her feet after reaching the Valley. The Wiseman's, however, lost their two little sons to death on the trail.

After arriving in Salt Lake City, Caroline renewed her friendship with Thomas Obray, the young man who had taught her family the Gospel. She and Thomas were married on August 2, 1859, in the Salt Lake Endowment House. They settled in Spanish Fork after their marriage, and subsequently lived in Tooele, North Ogden, Wellsville, and Petersburg, which is now known as Paradise. (All of these towns are in Utah.) They became the parents of nine children.

Caroline was said to be a faithful, true Latter-day Saint, always willing to do a kindness to others. She bore her trials patiently and lived righteously all the days of her life.

Source: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; letter to Jolene Allphin from Paul Brenchley, Mesa, Arizona, 2004.

ESTHER BROWN

Born: England 1832

Age: 24

Hunt Wagon Company



At the age of 11, Esther Brown was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the Isle of Man where she was born. As she grew she worked as a seamstress and milliner and earned enough money to pay her passage to America. With her two sisters, Jane (25) and Elizabeth Eleanor (35), Esther sailed in May 1856 from Liverpool on the ship *Horizon*. Most of this group continued on from Iowa with the Martin handcart company, which lists Esther's two sisters as members.

Esther left for Utah with the Hunt wagon company, the last company of the 1856 season, walking most of the way. The company was caught in early snowstorms and suffered much because of it. One of the rescuers who finally arrived near the end of October, found Esther and her friend, Elizabeth White, walking ahead of the rest of the company. His name was (Joseph) Gurnsey Brown. With the help of the rescuers, Esther finally made it to the Valley by the end of November. Both Esther and Elizabeth were taken to Draper to stay with Gurnsey and his wife, Harriett, who nursed Esther back to health. On January 18, 1857, about six weeks after her arrival, Esther became the second wife of Joseph Gurnsey Brown, thereby not changing her surname.

The following account is from the writings of Esther's friend, Elizabeth White: "The loaded wagon that came to our camp was from Draper, Utah. George Clawson and Gurnsey Brown were the teamsters. When we got to the foot of the big mountain, the snow was so deep I had to put men's boots on. The teamsters were tall, and so was Esther Brown, and she could step in their tracks, but I could not in hers, and I had to make my own road up both mountains, frequently falling down. The snow was so deep and drifted, but they told us when we got to the top we would see Salt Lake City. We were so thankful and delighted that it seemed to renew our strength and energy. It was the hardest part of my journey, but the thought of being nearly at our journey's end after six months traveling and camping was cheering. When we got to the top of the big mountains, the men folks took off their hats, and we waved our handkerchiefs. They then pointed out Salt Lake City, and I could not believe it was, for it looked to me like a patch of sagebrush covered with snow. I could not believe it until we got nearly to it. We arrived in Salt Lake City just at sundown on the thirtieth day of November 1856."

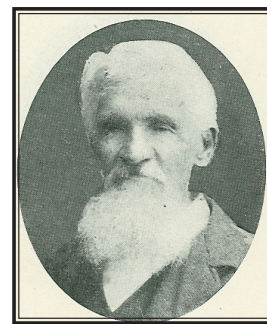
Esther's trade as a dressmaker and milliner came to her aid in providing a living for herself and the children when her husband was called first on a mission to England and later to the "Muddy Mission" in Nevada. During the winter of 1875, she moved from Draper to Kanab, Utah, where she first lived in a wagon box. Esther missed living in Draper. She moved back to her little house where she could continue working at her trade. Esther had eight children, five of whom survived her. As the children became older, the sons hunted and fished to provide meat and all the children helped tend the farm. A special grain was planted which provided the straw Esther needed for hat making. She had wooden molds in different sizes. She would gather the straw, tie it in bundles and hang it to dry. When she was ready to make a hat, the straw was soaked in water, then braided. After the braids were wound around the wooden head mold, she would sew the strands together. When the hat was completed, it was trimmed with bits of satin, silk, or feathers.

They lived the lives of pioneers, but never complained. It is said of Esther that she had a good word for everyone. She died in April 1881 at the age of 49.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; *I Walked to Zion*, by Susan Arrington Madsen, 1994; *Journal of the Trail*, by Stewart E. Glazier and Robert S. Clark (editors), 2007.

HANS ULRICH BRYNER, JR.

Born: April 29, 1827 Illnau, Zurich, Switzerland
 Age: 29
 Hunt Wagon Company



Hans was an artist who had painted his grandmother's life-size portrait, but had to leave it hanging on the wall in Switzerland when he immigrated to Utah. He had to leave behind many other things as well, since baggage costs were expensive and each traveler was only allowed to bring a limited amount. Hans and his wife, Anna Maria Dorothea Mathis (28) left Liverpool in the sailing vessel *Enoch Train* along with their daughter, Mary Magdalena, called "Maria" (5), and Susannah Bryner (66), wrongfully indicated in some places as Hans's mother. (Her relationship to Hans is not known at this time.)

Hans and Anna had lost a one-month infant in November of 1855 before they left Switzerland. They had another child, Henry Gottfried (3), that Hans had never seen because he had become blind due to an accident some time after his daughter was born. Hans and Anna felt that Gottfried was too young to make this long trip so they left him at home with his grandparents, and trusted that all would be well with him. Gottfried and his grandparents immigrated that next summer (1857) in the Jesse B. Martin wagon company.

Hans was not blind in his faith, however, as he was shown the route he would take through Massachusetts, Illinois, and Iowa in a dream before he left Switzerland. Hans's siblings, Casper and Barbara, had come the year before on a different route through St. Louis. Casper had made arrangements for the wagon and teamster for his brother's family.

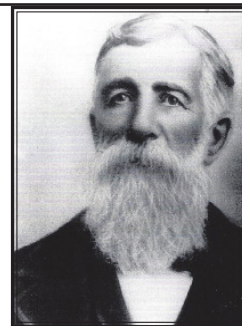
Even though Hans was furnished with a wagon and ox team, he walked. He would hang on to the back of the wagon for guidance and if the wagons got stuck he was there to push. Hans said that he did this often as there were many bumps to drive over. The middle of the road was especially rough and many times Hans was dragged off his feet, so he learned to cling tightly to the wagon for support.

On October 7, the cattle in the Hunt company stampeded and a Sister Esther Walters was killed. Hans had two yoke of oxen on his wagon and it was the usual thing for the lead pair to be led. They couldn't be guided like horses. In the case of a stampede the driver would jump on the back of one of the lead yoke and beat him over the head with a whip he always carried. This caused them to shut their eyes and then they would slow down. On the occasion of this stampede, Hans's teamster and Swiss friend, Alowis Bauer, reportedly broke his arm and the wagon was upset. The Bryner history reports an old woman was riding in the wagon. She was sitting on a stove and holding little Maria on her lap. When the wagon tipped over it put Maria on the bottom, then the old lady, then the stove and lastly the wagon. The old lady braced herself up on her arms to protect the child from the heavy weight. She was so badly hurt that she died from the injury but saved the child's life, although Maria had "nervous unconscious" spells after that. Hans said, "We called the elders and they administered to my child; they promised that the Lord would not take my child for she should be my guide."

As the weather turned bitter cold, and the snow became very deep, Hans and his driver's feet were frozen. Little Maria also became frozen to the point of death, but Hans patiently rubbed life back into her little cold body. Much of the work fell on Hans' sweetheart, Anna. Anna was said to be "little and active and fast and she devoted her life to be eyes and a help and a comfort to her husband. Her girls learned early to take care of the house and she went to the gardens and fields with her husband. People who knew her said she was sweet and charming and that she was very efficient."

(Hans Bryner, Jr. - Page 2)

Hans's brother, Casper, had previously settled in Lehi, Utah. It was late when he learned of his brother's troubles, but he loaded up and headed East to find him. He began meeting teams of rescue coming in to the Valley. Family records indicate that "He spoke so little English that it was hard for him to make them understand so he'd ask, 'Has anyone seen a blind man?'" He repeated this many times, but no one knew anything about him. "Finally, someone told him that the blind man had gone into Salt Lake over the other road down through Ogden Canyon. Casper had to turn around and go back to Salt Lake City and start all over again. He arrived in the city the same night that [Hans] did. Kind people in the city had opened their hearts and their homes and taken in the cold and hungry ones. ... Casper went from door to door and asked 'Has anyone seen a blind man?' He finally came to the door where [Hans] was. Great was their delight when they recognized brother's voices. ... They fell on each other's necks and wept for joy and thanked the Lord for His goodness."



Casper Bryner,
brother of Hans Jr.
(Rescuer)

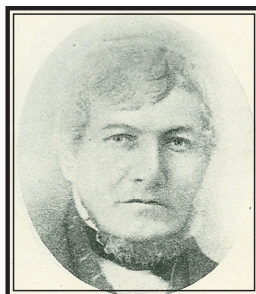
Hans's feet were healed from a Priesthood blessing he had received, as well as following the instructions of Brigham Young. He advised the people to gather wild sage and pulverize it and mix it with snow to poultice and rub the frozen parts. Hans "and members of his family were persistent with this treatment for a long time and eventually they healed and he could walk without difficulty."

When Hans's parents, sister, and son emigrated that next summer, they had a joyful reunion in Lehi. They also had many stories to share. Their wagon train had also experienced a stampede where their team ran away with Hans's mother and little Gottfried in the wagon. His father was picked up for dead, but brought back to consciousness. His arm was broken and his back badly hurt, from which injuries he never fully recovered. Hans's mother helped as much as she could.

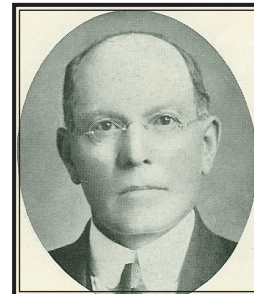
The family stayed in Lehi for a time, where they had another baby born to them in November 1857. The people of Lehi were good to them and helped them as much as they could, although they had little themselves due to the grasshoppers and drought of that previous year. A Sister Zimmerman came to their home in the Spring with a hen and eight little chickens in her apron which she presented to Anna. Anna would cry later in her life whenever she remembered this kindness.

The Bryner family was called to settle in Ogden and then in St. George, Utah, where their primary mission was to establish a settlement and build a temple. Hans called it "an endless mission because there were millions to redeem and the Latter-day Saints were numbered but few." From St. George, the Bryner's moved to New Harmony (about 1865), where they raised their family of now seven children. In 1868, Hans married Margaretha Kuhn, a widow who had been married to Hans's mother's brother, and they had ten children. Hans died in 1905, and is buried in St. George along with his parents.

Sources: "Alovis Bauer," by Jay A. Aldous; letter from Jay A. Aldous to Jolene Allphin, March 25, 2009; familysearch.org; "Elizabeth Ann Bryner Wood," by Elizabeth Ann Bryner Wood, 1934; letter from Lori P. Brockbank to Jolene Allphin, October 10, 2005; Bryner family history by Verena Hatch; photo, family histories, and letter from Brent F. Bryner to Jolene Allphin, December 3, 2007.



Hans Ulrich Bryner Sr.



Albert Bryner
Son of Hans and Maria

MARY JANE CUTCLIFF

Born: July 5, 1835 in England

Age: 21

Hunt Wagon Company



Mary Jane was the eighth child in her family. From her infancy she had a great liking for holy things and formed the habit of prayer. She was blessed with many spiritual gifts. When she was 14 she had a dream in which she saw a man who had the true and everlasting gospel. A few months later she heard a man had come to preach in the area. When she heard the preacher, Mary Jane believed and she was baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Mary Jane's relatives were wealthy and tried to persuade her to leave the Church. However, her faith only grew stronger every day. In April 1856 she left Liverpool, crossing the ocean on the ship *Samuel Curling*. Upon arriving in Iowa City, most of this company of immigrants continued on to the Salt Lake Valley. However, Mary Jane stayed behind, possibly to work, and became a member of the last wagon company of the season. Although she did not pull a handcart, she walked most of the way, especially after the ox teams started to give out.

Mary Jane's company, as well as the Hodgett wagon company, the Willie handcart company and the Martin handcart company, all ran into problems with severe winter storms and lack of food. The Willie company was about two weeks ahead of the other three. Rescuers came with help at the end of October, and the emigrants were finally ushered into the Salt Lake Valley, the Hunt company arriving by the middle of December.

Mary Jane was taken to the home of Daniel Spencer to regain her health. Daniel's son, Claudious Victor Spencer, was among the rescuers who had found Mary Jane and brought her into the Valley. Mary Jane married Daniel Spencer a few weeks later on December 27, 1856. Daniel was 62 years old and she was 21 years old. On that same day, Daniel also married Elizabeth Funnell (23) who had been rescued with the Willie company. They lived in an adobe home with Daniel's other wives.

Shortly before Mary Jane's first child was born in October 1858, she became blind, but after the birth she regained her eyesight. On two separate occasions, she helped restore life to her children. At the tender age of 1 year, one of Mary Jane's daughters fell into a well and when rescued, the toddler appeared to be dead. Mary Jane continued praying over her and working with her until the child again showed signs of life. Mary Jane and Daniel had six children, including twin boys who were stillborn. Daniel died in 1868.

Mary Jane brought many babies into the world as a midwife. She never thought of financial pay. She was an excellent milliner and dressmaker, and was adept at making soap. She made dozens of candles which she shared with her neighbors. She was also a good carpet weaver, sewing the rags and weaving them into carpets for herself and others. She was very proficient at dyeing and making cloth, doing every step of the process herself.

Mary Jane married Ulrich Aver on February 18, 1873, and they had more children of their own. Mary Jane died at the age of 74.

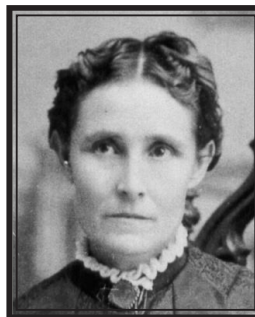
Source: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files.

ELIZABETH ANN FARMER

Born: October 17, 1848 in England

Age: 7

Hunt Wagon Company



Elizabeth Ann Farmer



Emma, Agnes, Elizabeth

Elizabeth was only three years old when her mother died. She and her two sisters, Emma and Agnes, lived with their maternal grandmother until her father remarried in 1854.

The Farmer family, including the father, James (39) and step-mother, Mary Ann Biddle (25), children Emma Jane (13), Agnes Ann (10), Elizabeth (7), and new baby, Willard, sailed on the ship *Horizon* from England to America. Elizabeth's aunt, Mary Jane Farmer (26) and grandmother, Elizabeth Morris Farmer (68), were also with them. Grandmother Farmer died along the way in Illinois. Elizabeth also had two brothers, Frederick Richard (9) and James Frederick (13) who apparently stayed in England, perhaps with their maternal grandparents.

Elizabeth, or "Lizzie" as she was called, was ill the entire journey. She had a difficult time leaving her caring grandmother in England. This was a painful memory for her entire life. Lizzie rode with her Aunt Mary Jane most of the way.

Shortly after the family started their trek west from Iowa City in July, their little baby Willard died. He was only 9 months old, and was buried along the way on the trail. It was a difficult journey and they endured many hardships. They had to abandon many of their possessions along the way. When hunger and cold came, their oxen gave out and died.

Lizzie's father would not allow any in his family to lie down at night without taking off their shoes and covering up well so they wouldn't suffer from frozen limbs. Many people lost the flesh right off their feet when they pulled their shoes off. James tenderly massaged the feet of his little ones after removing their shoes each night. The family was finally rescued and helped into the Salt Lake Valley in December of 1856.

Of all their belongings that were abandoned along the way, they got one trunk back that contained several silk lace shawls. They were able to sell the shawls in order to meet some of their other needs once they arrived in Zion. The Farmer family first settled in the heart of Salt Lake City where Lizzie's father worked as a stone cutter on the temple.

In Salt Lake City, Elizabeth grew and eventually met her sweetheart, Almon Butterfield, from Herriman, Utah. They were married in 1866 when Elizabeth was 17 years old. Elizabeth and Almon made their home in Herriman where Elizabeth became a stalwart in the Church, serving faithfully in many callings. She was especially influential as an "appraiser" in the Relief Society.

Elizabeth became the mother of 16 children. Several of them died by accident. Her compassion for children extended to the entire community. Her patriarchal blessing promised Elizabeth the gift of healing and many people testified of her wisdom in caring for those who were ill.

Elizabeth died in 1931 on February 5, exactly five years after her husband died. She was 82 years old.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; family histories from Carol Pace - letter to Kurt Ostler, December 19, 2004; "History of Sarah Jane Farmer," copied from Farmer family Bible; "History of Mary Ann Biddle Farmer," unknown authors, in files of Jolene S. Allphin; familysearch.org.



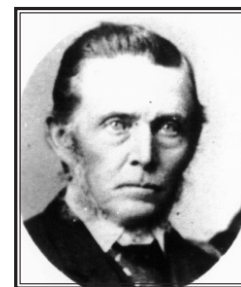
Elizabeth Morris Farmer

MARY ANN BIDDLE FARMER

Born: December 3, 1830 in England

Age: 25

Hunt Wagon Company



James Morris Farmer

Mary Ann's parents died when she was a small girl, and she was put in an orphanage to be raised. While there, a young girl by the name of Margaretta Clark walked by the orphanage every day and would sometimes stop. (See Margaretta's story in Martin company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.) Margaretta asked her parents if they would let the little girl come live with them. Mary Ann was given a home with the Clarks. When she was old enough, she worked in a lace factory.

Mary Ann married James Farmer, a widower with five children, in October 1854. In October, 1855, Mary Ann and James had a baby boy named Willard. The family joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in England. In 1856, Mary Ann (26) and James (39) and their children, Emma Jane (13), Agnes Ann (10), Elizabeth (7), baby Willard, and James's sister, Mary Jane Farmer (26), sailed from Liverpool, England, to America. James's mother, Elizabeth Morris Farmer (68), also emigrated with the family. (She is incorrectly named in the records of the Martin company on some lists, probably because Captain Martin presided over their group on the ship, and they hadn't reached Iowa City yet where the Martin handcart company and Hunt wagon company were organized.) Sadly, Grandmother Elizabeth died at Chicago. The Farmer family was also forced to leave behind two sons, James Fredrick and Fredrick Richard, because their maternal grandmother had hidden them and James was unable to locate them before leaving. However, they came to Utah later with their wives. They are buried in their father's cemetery lot in Salt Lake City.

While preparing for their overland journey, on July 26, 1856, Willard died at the age of 9 months. The Farmer family joined the Hunt wagon company and left Iowa City on August 1, 1856. Mary Ann was not very strong. She would walk until she gave out and then she would ride for a while. Her step-daughter, Elizabeth, was ill the entire journey. Mary Ann and her family had to leave many of their possessions and keepsakes along the trail.

The company endured many hardships from hunger and cold and their oxen gave out and died. Mary Ann's husband would not allow the family to lie down at night without taking off their shoes and covering up well, so they wouldn't suffer from frozen limbs.

The Farmer family was met by rescuers and helped into the Valley. They met other rescuers at Emigration Canyon who were shoveling and packing down the snow so the emigrants could come through. There they joined the company in singing, "Come, Come Ye Saints." Mary Ann had just celebrated her 26th birthday the week before.

Of all their belongings that were abandoned along the way, including \$1,500 worth of goods left with a trader at Fort Laramie, they got one trunk back that contained several silk lace shawls. They were able to sell the shawls in order to meet some of their other needs once they arrived in Zion. Mary Ann and James had three more children. Mary Ann died January 27, 1863, at the age of thirty-two. James worked as a stone mason on the Salt Lake Temple.

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; family histories and photo from Carol Pace - letter to Kurt Ostler, December 19, 2004; "History of Sarah Jane Farmer," copied from Farmer family Bible; "History of Mary Ann Biddle Farmer," unknown author.

MARY GOBLE
(Grandmother of Marjorie Pay Hinckley)

Born: 1843 England
Age: 13
Hunt Wagon Company



Mary Goble (Pay)



William Goble

Mary's parents, William and Mary Penfold Goble, owned a green grocery store on the waterfront at Brighton, Sussex, England. After they heard the missionaries and joined the Church, they began planning for their emigration right away. They emigrated in 1856. Mary had six younger brothers and sisters: Edwin (10), Caroline (8), Harriet (6), James (4), Fanny (2), and Edith (born on the trail). While on this journey, Mary lost four members of her family. Fanny had the measles on board ship and never fully recovered. She died July 19, 1856, before the Goble family ever left Iowa City. Edith was born on September 24 and died November 3 on the trail. James died at Devil's Gate, near Martin's Cove, on November 5. Finally, Mary's mother died December 11, between Little and Big Mountains, with the Salt Lake Valley in sight. Since her mother had expressed such a strong desire to reach the Salt Lake Valley, they carried her body into the Valley with them so she could be buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. The following are excerpts from Mary's own tale of her family's story of faith and courage. (As Mary's narrative was written with a few parts not in chronological order, I have taken the liberty to rearrange a few things in this narrative.)

When I was in my twelfth year, my parents joined the Latter-day Saints. On the fifth of November I was baptized. The following May we started for Utah. We left our home May 19, 1856. We came to London the first day, the next day came to Liverpool and went on board the ship 'Horizon' that eve. It was a sailing vessel, and there were nearly nine hundred souls on board. We sailed on the 25th. The pilot ship came and tugged us out into the open sea. I well remember how we watched old England fade from sight. We sang 'Farewell Our Native Land, Farewell.' While we were [still] in the river the crew mutinied, but they were put ashore and another crew came on board. They were a good set of men. When we were a few days out, a large shark followed the vessel. One of the Saints died, and he was buried at sea. We never saw the shark any more. When we were sailing through the banks of Newfoundland, we were in a dense fog for several days. The sailors were kept busy night and day, ringing bells and blowing foghorns. One day I was on the 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, the sun shone brightly till the ship was out of danger, then the fog closed on us again.

We were on the sea six weeks, then we landed at Boston. We took the train for Iowa City, where we had to get an outfit for the plains. It was the end of July. On the first of August we started to travel, with our ox teams unbroken and we not knowing a thing about driving oxen. When we were in the Iowa campground, there came up a thunderstorm that blew down our shelter, made with handcars and some quilts. We sat there in the rain, thunderstorm and lightning. My sister Fanny got wet and died the 19th of July 1856. She would have been 2 years old on the 23rd. [She had been weak from a bout with the measles while on the ship.] The day we started our journey, we visited her grave. We felt very bad to leave our little sister there.

We traveled through the State until we came to Council Bluffs [Iowa]. Then we started on our journey of one thousand miles over the plains. It was about the first of September. We traveled fifteen to twenty-five miles a day. We used to stop one day in the week to wash. On Sunday we would hold our meetings and rest. Every morning and night we were called to prayers by the bugle. The Indians were on the war path and very hostile. Our captain, John Hunt, had us make a dark camp [one time]. That was to stop and get our supper, then travel a few miles, and not light any fires but camp and go to bed. The men had to travel all day and guard every other night. ... We went back to camp and went to prayers. [We] sang, 'Come, Come, Ye Saints, No Toil Nor Labor Fear.' I wondered what made my mother cry. That night my mother took sick, and the next morning my little sister was born. It was the 23rd of September. We named her Edith, and she lived six weeks and died for want of nourishment. When my little sister died ... Bro. Pay helped my father when she was buried by the roadside. I felt like I couldn't leave her, for I had seen so many graves opened by the wolves. The rest of the company had got quite away when my father came back for me. I told him I could not leave her to be eaten by the wolves, it seems too terrible. But he talked to me and we hurried on. [See "My Father Came Back For Me," painting by Julie Rogers, at tellyourstorytoo.com.]

Although Mary did not write about it, a grave marker was also made for Edith while the Hunt Wagon Company was camped at this place. Almost 150 years later, this marker was found and returned to the children of Mary Goble's youngest son, Phillip LeRoy Pay.



(Photo courtesy Joanne Pay Baird)

(Mary Goble - Page 2)

We traveled on till we got to the [last crossing of the] Platte River. That was the last walk I ever had with my mother. We caught up with handcart companies that day. [Martin handcart company] We watched them cross the river. There were great lumps of ice floating down the river. It was bitter cold. The next morning [October 20] there were fourteen dead in camp through the cold.

We had been without water for several days, just drinking snow water. The captain said there was a spring of fresh water just a few miles away. It was snowing hard, but my mother begged me to go and get her a drink. Another lady went with me. We were about half way to the spring when we found an old man who had fallen in the snow. He was frozen so stiff we could not lift him, so the lady told me which way to go and she would go back to camp for help, for we knew he would soon be frozen if we left him. When I had gone, I began to think of the Indians and began looking in all directions. I became confused and forgot the way I should go. I waded around in snow up to my knees and became lost. Later when I did not return to camp, the men started out after me. It was 11:00 o'clock before they found me. My feet and legs were frozen. They carried me to camp and rubbed me with snow. They put my feet in a bucket of water. The pain was so terrible. The frost came out of my legs and feet but not out of my toes.

We traveled in the snow from the last crossing of the Platte River. We had orders not to pass the handcart companies. We had to keep close to them so as to help them if we could. ["My father shared his provisions with the company. That made us short and we suffered with the rest." (letter from Mary Goble to S.S. Jones, Handcart Veterans Association, Oct. 18, 1908)] We began to get short of food; our cattle gave out. We could only travel a few miles a day. When we started out of camp in the morning, the brethren would shovel snow to make a track for our cattle. They were weak for the want of food as the buffaloes were in large herds ... and ate all the grass.

When we arrived at Devil's Gate [Nov. 5], it was bitter cold. We left lots of our things there. There were two or three log houses there. We left our wagon and joined teams with a man named James Barman. We stayed there two or three days. While there an ox fell on the ice and the brethren killed it, and the beef was given out to the camp. My brother James ate a hearty supper and was as well as he ever was when he went to bed. In the morning he was dead.

My feet were frozen, also my brother Edwin and my sister Caroline had their feet frozen. It was nothing but snow. We could not drive out the cold in our tents. Father would clean a place for our tents and put snow around to keep it down. We were short of flour, but Father was a good shot. They called him the hunter of the camp. So that helped us out. We could not get enough flour for bread as we got only a quarter of a pound per head a day, so we would make it like thin gruel. We called it 'skilly.'

There were four companies on the plains. We did not know what would become of us. One night a man came to our camp and told us there would be plenty of flour in the morning, for Brother Young had sent [more] men and teams to help us. There was rejoicing that night. We sang songs, some danced, and some cried. He was a living Santa Claus. His name was Eph. Hanks. [Nov. 10]

We traveled faster now that we had horse teams. My mother had never got well; she lingered until the 11th of December, the day we arrived in Salt Lake City, 1856. She died between the Little and Big Mountains. She was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. She was forty-three years old. She and her baby lost their lives gathering to Zion in such a late season of the year. My sister was buried at the last crossing of the [Greasewood Creek].

We arrived in Salt Lake City at nine o'clock at night the 11th of December 1856. Three out of the four children that were still alive were frozen. My mother was dead in the wagon. Bishop Hardy had us taken to a house in his ward and the brethren and the sisters brought us plenty of food. We had to be careful and not eat too much as it might kill us—we were so hungry. Early the next morning, Brother Brigham Young and a doctor came. The doctor's name was Williams. When Brigham Young came in, he shook hands with all of us. When he saw our condition—our feet frozen and our mother dead—tears rolled down his cheeks.



Harriet Goble (Garrett)

The doctor wanted to cut my feet off at the ankle, but President Young said, "No, just cut off the toes, and I promise you that you will never have to take them off any farther." The doctor amputated my toes using a saw and a butcher knife. The sisters were dressing mother for her grave. My poor father walked into the room where mother was, then back to us. He could not shed a tear. When my feet were fixed they carried me in to see our mother for the last time. Oh, how did we stand it? That afternoon she was buried.

We had been in Salt Lake a week, when one afternoon a knock came at the door. It was Uncle John Wood. When he met Father he said, "I know it all, Bill." Both of them cried. I was glad to see my father cry.

Instead of my feet getting better they got worse until the following July. I went to Dr. Wiseman's to live with them to pay for him to doctor my feet. But it was no use—he could do no more for me unless I would consent to have them cut off at the ankle. I told him what Brigham Young had promised me. He said, "All right, sit there and rot and I will do nothing more until you come to your senses."

One day I sat there crying. My feet were hurting me so, when a little old woman knocked at the door. She said she had felt someone needed her there. I told her the promise that Brigham Young had made me. She said, "Yes, and with the help of the Lord we will save them yet." She made a poultice and put it on my feet, and every day she would come and change the poultice. At the end of three months my feet were well. One day the doctor said, "Well, Mary, I must say you have grit. I suppose your feet have rotted to the knees by this time." I said, "Oh no, my feet are well." He said, "I know better, it could never be." So I took off my stockings and showed him my feet. He said that it was a miracle and wanted me to tell him what I had been doing. I told him to never mind that they were now healed. I have never had to have any more taken from them. The promise of Brigham Young has been fulfilled and the pieces of toe bone have worked out.



(Mary Goble - Page 3)

I had sat in my chair for so long that the cords of my legs had become stiff and I could not straighten them. I went home to my father. When he saw how my legs were we both cried. He rubbed the cords of my legs with oil and tried every way to straighten them, but it was no use. One day, he said, "Mary, I have thought of a plan to help you. I will nail a shelf on the wall and while I am away to work you try to reach it." I tried all day and for several days. At last I could reach it and how pleased we were. Then he would put the shelf a little higher and in about three months my legs were straight and then I had to learn to walk again.

Mary married Richard Pay in 1859 and they became the parents of thirteen children, ten sons and three daughters. (See Richard Pay's biography in *Tell My Story, Too*.) They had a ranch in Nephi, Utah. It was common in those days for the native Indians to regularly visit the pioneer's homes. Mary gave them chickens and fruit and even learned to speak their language so she could communicate with them. Again, Mary had done this on the advice of Brigham Young. One time Chief Blackhawk took advantage of her generosity and was picking too many of her peaches. She drove him out of her orchard with sticks and stones. Other times she was able to protect her family by her knowledge of the Indian language and her courage. She said, "We followed President Young's advice to be good to them, feed them and not fight them."

Mary was widowed in 1893. As she still had nine children at home, she earned extra income as a midwife and a nurse. She died in Nephi in 1913 at the age of 70.

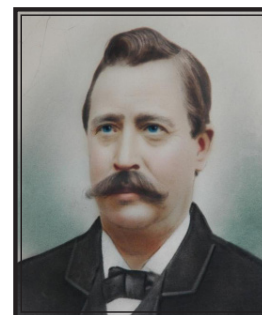
In October 1906, Mary went to Salt Lake City to participate in conference and a 50-year reunion of the Handcart Veterans Association. She recorded:

Fifty years ago we left our homes over the sea for Utah. Quite a few of us that are left have been to Salt Lake City to celebrate our Jubilee. We met the captain of our company, Brother John Hunt, and some of the people that came in our company. We were happy to see one another and talk of the times that are gone. We went to the Cemetery to find my mother's grave. It was the first time I had seen it, for when she was buried our feet were so we could not go to the funeral and later we moved south. No one knows how I felt as we stood there by her grave. There were three generations and our mother was a martyr for the truth. I thought of her words, "Polly, I want to go to Zion while my children are small, so they can be raised in the Gospel of Christ for I know this is the true church." I think my mother had her wish. My brother, Edwin, and three of my sons have filled missions and her grandsons and daughters are workers in the church. In September 1902 we had a jubilee to celebrate the fifty years of settling Nephi. We rode in Brother Nephi Johnson's wagon. I hope in fifty years that I will have a representative of my family in the parade.

Mary had her wish. Her granddaughter, Doreen Pay Lloyd, rode in the Ogden Pioneer Days parade 150 years later, representing the family and Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. After another reunion, Mary wrote: "I have been to a reunion. I met Brother Langley Bailey [from the Martin handcart company] 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."

Mary's father, William Goble, had a difficult time caring for his family for the first little while they were in Utah. His biography states: "During the first summer in Nephi, William became very discouraged and told the children he would take them home to England as soon as he could earn enough money. He was working at the lime kiln. As time went on he came home one day and said to the children, 'I have seen your mother today. She wants us to stay here. Everything will be all right.'" Nephi ward records reveal that William Goble bore his testimony often, and spoke of the trials of coming to Zion.

William and his son, Edwin, both possessed the gift of healing to a remarkable degree and were sought after for blessings. Edwin's wife said that he would often wake in the night, remembering his brother who was sleeping next to him the night that he died at Devil's Gate. Edwin would wake, crying out: "Jimmy, wake up, wake up. Jimmy, you're so cold. Wake up." Edwin's wife would have to wake and comfort him as he relived these hard times.



Edwin Goble

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files (includes autobiographies of Mary Goble and Richard Pay); "In our own time, we, too, are pioneers," *Church News*, week ending July 27, 1996; "North to Canada with Edwin Goble and Mary Langshaw Goble," compiled by Dee Sparks; "Man of God: William Goble," compiled by Dee Sparks; "Death Strikes the Handcart Company," autobiography of Mary Goble Pay, also in *Journals and Diaries*, 143-150.

MARY ANN SYER SMITH WHITE HILL

Born: 1793 England
 Age: 63
 Hunt Wagon Company



Mary Ann's mother died when she was three years old. Her father remarried, and it seems Mary Ann was afraid of her stepmother. On one occasion, when in fear of punishment, she hid in a grandfather clock. Another time she hid in the attic. It is said she had very little love and attention. In 1820 or 1821, Mary Ann married William Smith. The marriage was not a happy one, as he drank and was cruel to her. She had five children by him. The only one to live to maturity was Emma. The marriage ended.

Mary Ann then married William White. This was a very happy marriage. Three children were born to them. William died after only five and one half years of marriage.

After William died, Mary Ann married her third William—a Mr. William Hill. He seems to have run through all the money she received from her affluent husband's estate. No more mention has been made about him.

Mary Ann was an independent and shrewd business woman. When her fortunes were at a low ebb one time, she established a hand laundry for special laces and dainty clothes. She hired a number of women to help her and carried on a successful business.

Mary Ann and her children joined the Church in London in 1854. The family left Liverpool for America on May 24, 1856, on the ship *Horizon*. They then joined the Hunt wagon company in Iowa City that year, but Mary Ann still walked most of the way to Utah. With her were her sons, Barnard White (16) and Richard White (13), her daughter, Elizabeth (18), and her married daughter and husband, Eliza and Edmund J. Brooks. The daughter, Elizabeth, was known for her cheerfulness. Someone in the company wrote this poem about her:

While some were discouraged, downhearted and sad, Kind words were spoken which made their hearts glad, By little 'Miss White', for that was her name, "Twill be brighter tomorrow, so do not complain."



Elizabeth White

Elizabeth also wrote about many of their experiences. When they reached the last crossing of the Platte River, the weather had turned very cold, and the first storms of the early winter had reached them. She told how the able-bodied men helped carry the Martin Handcart women and children over the Platte River. "Some of our men went through the river seventy-five times. ... Our company assisted them all they could." By the time the company was close to Devil's Gate they were nearly out of provisions. Elizabeth wrote, "Our dear mother said she had never seen her dear family want for bread, but said the Lord would provide." About midnight, a relief team arrived with some food. Elizabeth continued, "They were loaded with all kinds of provisions ... but all frozen so hard. ... I remember we had to cut everything with the hatchet, but oh how thankful we all were that the Lord had answered our prayers and saved us all from starvation."

When Mary Ann arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, she was taken to the home of a kind family in Draper. She eventually married again - this time to John Pannell Wright, "a fine ... and good man." However, she always said that William White was the husband she wanted for eternity. She lived to be about 90 years old, and was faithful to the end.



Richard White



Barnard White

LUCY BELINDA HOLLEY

BABY: Born on the trail Oct. 19, 1856
 Hunt Wagon Company

Lucy's father, James Holley, was a carpenter. He was already a member of the Church when he went to board with the Ingram family in Birmingham. Here he met, fell in love with, and married Lucy Jane Ingram in 1852. A year later, James baptized Lucy over the protests of her parents. James and Lucy, with two children, Ann (3) and James H. (1), and another on the way, sailed from Liverpool to America on the *Enoch Train* in 1856. They joined the Hunt wagon company in Iowa City and from there traveled closely with the Martin handcart company. They were the last immigrants to leave Iowa City that year.

Lucy Belinda had two sets of aunts and uncles in the Hunt Company—Charles and Mary E. Holley, and Henry Cecil and Lucy Meadmore Holley. Aunt Lucy (Meadmore) died on Sept. 26, just three weeks before Lucy Belinda was born. The Hunt company journal does not record her death, but William Binder of the Martin Company recorded it briefly: “Sept. 26, Friday - Road very heavy, travelled 8 miles. Srs. Hartley and Holley died.” [Mary Hartle of Martin company and Lucy Meadmore Holley of Hunt company.] In later years when Uncle Henry Holley was asked about his first wife, he didn't want to talk about it and would only say, “I lost her coming to Utah” and would give no further details.

Charles, James and Henry Holley were 3 of 9 sons of John and Ann Cecil Holley, born in Orcop, Herefordshire, England. Their only sister, Ann, died as a child. Several generations of the Holley family had lived in the village of Orcop, in the beautiful green hills of Herefordshire, near the border of Wales. The childhood home of the Holley brothers was a small 2-room rock structure, painted white and constructed in an area dug out of the hillside, at a location called Cherry Hill. The home was added on to as the family grew and their father had more means. The Holley farm covered an area large enough to boast grass, cherry trees, corn and herds of cattle and hogs, all enclosed with a neatly clipped hedge. This home, referred to as “the cherry orchard farmhouse,” still stands today.

At Garway Hill, about 5 miles distant from Orcop, the boys' father, John Holley, owned a grocery store and butcher shop. He was an excellent butcher and grocer as well as a highly respected and influential member of the local community. His neighbors knew him as a man of unquestionable integrity and high moral character. The grocery store and butcher shop still stand as well, home to the local post office. John Holley also owned several cottages which he rented.

The Holley boys worked on their father's farm for most of their young years. Being schooled at home by their parents, all the boys were very literate. When Lucy's father James Holley was 13 years old he went to live with his older brother, William, in South Wales, where he worked for eight years in the coal or iron mines. At the age of 21 he went to work in construction for an uncle in Birmingham, England, and thus was a skilled carpenter at the time of his 1856 immigration.

The Holley family had belonged to the Church of England. The other two prevalent denominations in Herefordshire were the Wesleyan Methodist Church and a break-off group who called themselves the United Brethren. It was this group of United Brethren in their several congregations who responded wholeheartedly to Apostle Wilford Woodruff when he preached the gospel there in 1840. Elder Woodruff's missionary labors among the United Brethren resulted in the baptisms of all 600 of them except one, and included their 45 licensed ministers. During the eight months that Elder Woodruff labored in Herefordshire, he baptized over 1800 converts, including 200 preachers of various denominations in the area. Some of the branches of the Church were organized in Garway, Gadfield Elm, and Frome's Hill. The United Brethren's chapel at Gadfield Elm was turned over to Wilford Woodruff for the LDS Church and is still standing today.

(Lucy Belinda Holley - Page 2)

John Holley became acquainted with Wilford Woodruff during this time and attended many meetings where he preached. Elder Woodruff stayed at John Holley's home on at least two occasions. The Holley parents were likely baptized during this time. Years later in a letter from Ann Cecil Holley to her sons in America, she stated: "You wanted to know if I had left the Church. I wonder where I should go for salvation, but in the Church of Christ there is salvation, and no where else." Ann also reminded her sons to see that her temple work was accomplished and to "seal her up." The endowment and sealing of the Holley parents was accomplished in 1892.

As the spirit of gathering to Zion inspired the Holley family, John encouraged his sons, Charles, James and Henry, to emigrate. He helped to finance their way by mortgaging his farms. John Holley also helped support two other families in their emigration. The brother, William, remained in Wales where he prospered and was active in the Church until his death.

Henry and Lucy Meadmore Holley left England in 1855. Lucy was sad to leave behind her widowed mother whose name was also Lucy. From their arrival port in Philadelphia, Henry and Lucy traveled to St. Louis, Missouri. Lucy was expecting a baby and they decided to stay there until after the birth, which occurred on May 11, 1855. While visiting relatives later in Illinois, this little boy, William Meadmore Holley, became ill and died on January 9, 1856. He was buried at Cherry Grove, Albington, Illinois. Henry endured more heartache as tragedy struck again in the loss of his wife while crossing the plains. Charles Holley and his wife, Mary E., left England in 1854. James Holley, his expectant wife, Lucy Jane, and their two little children sailed in 1856. The three brothers and their families reunited in Iowa City and all traveled west with the Hunt Wagon Company.

Lucy Belinda was born on the plains on Sunday, October 19, 1856. This was the first day of the early storms that would strand the Hunt, Hodgett and Martin companies for over a week near the last crossing of the North Platte River before rescuers finally found them. Diarist John Jaques described October 19 as "a bitter cold day. Winter came on all at once, and that was the first day of it." Patience Loader of the Martin company wrote about October 28, the day that the first rescuers found the stranded companies: "These brethren had to go still further, to the Platte River [crossing] as the Hunt wagon company was still camped there and they were in great distress as their teams had given out and so many provisions were giving out." Lucy Belinda and all of her family survived these severe trials and finally arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in December. (There were seven baby girls born to mothers in the Hunt Company during their travels across the plains. Lucy Belinda Holley was the only infant who survived. See Mary Adelaide Walters, Hunt company section of *Tell My Story, Too*, for a summary overview.)

Uncle Henry soon settled in northern Weber County, remarried and had a large and faithful posterity. Charles and Mary returned to Illinois, disgruntled with the emigration experience and the Church. Family records say that Charles was a "constant complainer." He and Mary never had any children. Lucy Belinda's family settled in Springville where Lucy's mother missed the English gardens so much that she carried buckets of water long distances in order to water and care for her beloved flowers. She was talented in Home Arts and won First Place at the Chicago World's Fair for a tatted baby cap. James and Lucy eventually had twelve children. Lucy Belinda died in February 1858.

Sources: "Autobiography of William Lawrence Binder," Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files and LDS Church archives; Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files for Lucy Holley; "Quiet Strength: A biography of Henry Holley" compiled by Glen V. Holley, 1997, from source material gathered and preserved by the posterity of John Holley (1790), James Holley (1825) family records, and history of the community of Slaterville, Weber County, Utah. This biography is highly documented and footnoted, citing numerous official records; https://www.lds.org.uk/gadfield_elm_chapel.php.

MARY HOPKIN

Born: 1849 Wales

Age: 7

Hunt Wagon Train



Mary's parents were Hannah Williams and Morgan Hopkin. Mary "Polly" Hopkin was born on January 21, 1849, in St. Thomas, Swansea, Wales. She was an only child. Her father died in 1854. Mary's mother's sister had also died, so these two families united and Mary's uncle, Elias Jones, was now her stepfather. (See Elias Jones in *Tell My Story, Too* for more information about Mary's journey.) This large family sailed on the ship *Samuel Curling* in 1856 from Liverpool, England, with nine children and their Uncle John Jones.

From Iowa City their family was well equipped with eight oxen, two cows, two wagons and a horse and buggy. The children usually rode in the buggy with a family servant, Nanson (Ann) Rees. When the weather was severe they bundled down in a wagon under buffalo robes. The cows which supplied them with milk and butter had learned to follow the buggy. A number of times they were stolen by settlers along the road, but they had learned to come when they were called and several times they were rescued by calling. This would have been along the 300-mile portion of the trail between Iowa City and Florence, Nebraska. Other settlers along this portion of the trail were kind and helpful to the immigrants. One day the cows were presumably stolen and could not be found. The Jones family had to go without their milk and butter for the rest of the journey.

By the time they reached Devil's gate, the storms had become very severe, and the Martin handcart company that had been traveling close to the Hunt company, went into a nearby cove for shelter. It was determined that in order to get the weak and sick to Salt Lake quickly, they should leave as much of their freight and personal belongings as possible at Devil's Gate for the winter. From the journal of James Cantwell, we learn of this difficult time: "To give any just description of the 6th, 7th and 8th of November, the times we stayed at [Devil's Gate], would be impossible. It was a combination of wind, hail, snow, and cold in terrible reality. Many of the remaining cattle died, and our traveling power fell so short that it was deemed advisable to leave one half the wagons behind and all the freight and take nothing except our food and clothing. A company of about 20 young men was left behind to guard the property."

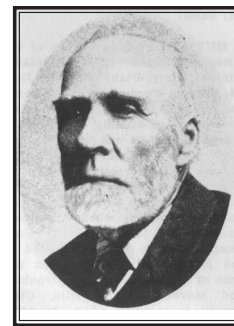
Mary's family had brought three large boxes lined with tin and covered with leather. The leather was for shoes for the family after they arrived, and the tin for household utensils. However, these items became ruined during the winter.

The family arrived in the Valley of their hopes the middle of December. Their last few days on the trail is also described by Cantwell: "In our ascent and descent over the big mountain we encountered a formidable amount of snow. At the summit we found a depth of about 18 feet. It took about 60 of us to dig our way through it, occupying about two hours. The cold was intense, and when the passage was made, the people was hurried over as fast as possible. I verily believe a person would have frozen to death, if they had remained there five minutes, without being securely wrapped up."

Mary's family settled in Spanish Fork. Mary married John Forsyth Beck in the Endowment House in 1868. They were the parents of fourteen children, eleven of them living to maturity. It is said that Mary always cared for others when needed, as well as her large family, and was always willing to help her neighbors. She lived to be 73 years old.

Source: *Discover Your Heritage*, by Ray H. and Patricia Banks, 2006, pgs. 28-34, 38-39; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; family histories from Mrs. Robb Smith, September 2007; "Llewellyn Jones," Sons of Utah Pioneer history files.

JOHN ALEXANDER HUNT



Age: 26

Born: 16 May 1830 Gibson County, Tennessee

(Captain) Hunt Wagon Company

John A. Hunt was the oldest son of seven children of Daniel Durham and Nancy Davis Hunt. When he was ten years old he traveled with his father from their home in Tennessee to Nauvoo, Illinois, where he became personally acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith. John's parents were impressed with the Prophet and decided to move to Nauvoo. John was baptized in 1843. He emigrated with the other persecuted Saints out of Nauvoo in 1846 and arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in 1850.

Two years later, John left Utah and started without purse or scrip to fill a mission in Great Britain. James G. Willie and Edward Martin, captains of 1856 handcart companies, left for this mission field at the same time. When John and his companion, William Woodward, also a Willie handcart company captain, reached Philadelphia, they had seventeen cents between them. They hunted up U.S. Army Colonel Thomas L. Kane who had been a friend to the Mormon people. Kane took them to a hotel and fed them and gave them some money. Their way was opened up and they were able to reach their destination without undue delay.

Elder Hunt served a successful mission and returned home in 1856. At Iowa City, Iowa, he was put in charge of the last wagon train that crossed the plains that season. It followed closely with the Martin handcart company, suffered along with them from the early and severe winter storms, and assisted them as much as possible.

The Hunt company journal records many difficulties with the ox teams, in guarding the animals, finding sufficient feed for them, and experiencing two oxen stampedes in which women were killed. One was the mother of a 4-week-old baby. Babies were born and several of them died throughout the journey. John had a great responsibility to keep this camp organized and moving. The following are only a few representative excerpts from the Hunt company journal:

Friday, August 8, 1856 - Started at 9 A.M. In going up the hill to the road unfortunately Bro. Briner Waggon got in a hole and tipped over. his Wife, child & Mother were in the waggon but were not much hurt, although the bows were all Smashed. ...

Thursday, September 4, 1856 - All possible means was done for the Co to start earlier and they left this morning at 8 a.m. Good travelling for 12 miles and rested an hour and three quarters near the River Platt. Bro W Salisbury's son aged 4 years was run over by the waggon & seriously hurt. He fell from the seat in front of the waggon. Camped at Slew. Had to give water to the Cattle. Feed plentyful but coarse. Travelled 18 Miles.

Sunday, September 21, 1856 - The cattle were driven in the carel to be yoked but on account of a Brother being near death, the camp was detained the whole of the day. A Buffalo was shot in the afternoon and the meat distributed. Bro. Elias Davis ... departed this life at 3:45 p.m. aged 44 years leaving a Wife. he was highly respected by those who knew him. The disease which laid him low was diarrhea. He was buried the same evening at the road side.

Monday, October 6, 1856 - As the morning was very foggy, the brethren found it difficult to find all their cattle, but the journey was resumed at 8:30 a.m. Brother John Turner from Natley, Kent, England, died at 9:45 a.m. . . his illness having lasted about four weeks. Brother Turner, who was 42 years old, left a son and daughter of tender years. A tire came off one of the Church wagon wheels which caused some delay. The company passed Scott's Bluffs, traveling over a very irregular, rough road. No noon halt was made that day and the night encampment was made on the Platte River at 4:30 p.m., after traveling 9 miles. Feed was scarce. Ruth Jones born.

Monday, October 20, 1856 - This morning the ground was covered with snow which prevented the company from moving. The cattle were driven into the corral in the afternoon, some 12 or 14 head being missing. It commenced snowing again at 3 p.m. and continued for some time.

(John A. Hunt - page 2)

Sunday, November 2, 1856 - During the night a hard frost had prevailed and several of the cattle had strayed away. Search was made some distance around the camp but they could not be found. Those who had their teams traveled on to Willow Springs, from which place oxen were sent back to bring up the other wagons afterwards. Capts. John A. Hunt and Gilbert Spencer went back to the previous day's camping place and found the missing oxen, which they brought to camp late in the evening. At this place, the snow was 6 or 7 inches deep, and the weather was very cold. The brethren cut down willows for the oxen. The company had traveled 4 miles during the day. A meeting was held in the camp in the evening addressed by Elders Wheelock, Webb and Broomhead, and a unanimous vote was taken that all the emigrating Saints would 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. They agreed to cease complaining at coming so late in the season, as everything was being done to start the company.

Thursday, November 6, 1856 - The weather was intensely cold and stormy and the snow drifted very much. The brethren commenced to unpack their wagons and store the goods in the log house [at Devil's Gate]. William Burton died at 10 o'clock p.m. He had been brought down with ague, and could not bear the intensity of the cold. Brother Burton was 26 years old.

Saturday, December 6, 1856 - A messenger arrived from Great Salt Lake City in the evening, bringing intelligence that a number of [additional rescue] teams were coming on the road to bring in the remainder of the Saints from the mountains and they were also bringing provisions with them. This caused great joy in the camp.

Some modern accounts of the Hunt wagon company indicate that they did not suffer as much as the Willie and Martin handcart companies. The first-person accounts of many in the Hunt company prove otherwise. One well-known account that has often been quoted by President Gordon B. Hinckley is that of Mary Goble, Marjorie Hinckley's grandmother. Another little girl, Maren Johansen, age 7, in the Hunt company, lost her feet to the frost and then had to have her legs amputated to the knees upon arrival in Salt Lake City. Ann Malin, a cook for the Hunt company teamsters, reported giving her meager rations to others, with a prayer in her heart that she would not be hungry or need to eat. She testified that her prayers were answered.

In 1857 John was called to take charge of the mail station at Devil's Gate where he had suffered so much the previous winter. After returning from this assignment he married Elizabeth Tilt. John and Elizabeth became the parents of four children. Two of them died in infancy.

Soon after their marriage, John and Elizabeth moved to Grantsville, Utah, where John served as county commissioner. In 1864 they moved to St. Charles, Idaho, in the Bear Lake country where John was called to be the Bishop of the St. Charles Ward. He served in that capacity for twenty-eight years and was loved by members of the community.¹ He was also a member of the first High Council of Bear Lake Stake. He served this community as a county commissioner of Bear Lake County, Idaho. A 1913 newspaper article honoring John stated: "He was a sturdy, valiant man, successful and highly esteemed for his integrity and for the generous qualities that endeared him to all who knew him. He died in St. Charles in 1913."

Sources: *Biographical Encyclopedic History of the Church*, vol. 3, p. 121; letter from Roger Pugmire to Jolene Allphin, January 27, 2007; photo and family histories from Roger Pugmire; Hunt Company Journal.

¹Roger Pugmire of St. Charles, Idaho, tells the following account of Bishop Hunt's humility: "When my father was born he was not expected to live so they called Bishop Hunt to give him a name and a blessing. Bishop Hunt told them that my father would live and have a family. For some time my father did not show much improvement and Bishop Hunt they said walked the floor and said, 'Why did I promise them that the baby would live?'" Brother Pugmire said his family always loved Bishop Hunt.

ELIZABETH (or Eliza) JENKINS

Born: 9 Aug 1842 Llansaint, South Wales

Age: 13

Hunt Wagon Company



Elizabeth was the oldest child of her parents, Morris and Margaret Reese Jenkins. In 1856, they were both 34 years old. Elizabeth and her brothers, John (10), David (7), and Thomas (4), were all born in Wales. After Eliza's family was taught the gospel by the missionaries, they joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and their desire was to emigrate to Zion. A young lady by the name of Ruth James (21), was working for the Jenkins family when they heard the Gospel and wanted to go to the Salt Lake Valley with them.

On April 19, 1856, all but one of the Jenkins family joined with many other converts and sailed from Liverpool, England, on the ship *Samuel Curling*. David was left behind with his aging Jenkins grandparents as a comfort and help for them.

Most of the Welch Saints on the *Samuel Curling* continued to Utah with the Bunker handcart company, which left Iowa City on May 23, 1856. The Jenkins family crossed the plains with Captain John A. Hunt's wagon company, which didn't get away from their Iowa City campground until August 1. They were directly behind the Martin handcart company. By the end of October, they were encountering the same hazardous weather and deprivations. From the journal of a fellow traveler, James Cantwell, we read, "Several men from the [Salt Lake] valley came out to assist us in. They counseled an immediate start, which was complied with, and we traveled on day by day, in snow storms. Our cattle continued to drop down in the yoke one by one every day, and sometimes five or six would die in a day, until ... we arrived at Devil's Gate, on [November] 5th.

"To give any just description of the 6th, 7th and 8th of November, the times we stayed at [Devil's Gate], would be impossible. It was a combination of wind, hail, snow, and cold in terrible reality. Many of the remaining cattle died, and our traveling power fell so short that it was deemed advisable to leave one half the wagons behind and all the freight and take nothing except our food and clothing. A company of about 20 young men was left behind to guard the property."



Ruth James

The Jenkins family did not arrive in the Salt Lake Valley until the middle of December of 1856. All of Elizabeth's family, and their young friend, Ruth James, survived this trek. Their journey had taken 8 months altogether. They went directly to Spanish Fork, where many of their friends and former neighbors lived.

Ruth James married William Roach that next August. Their first home was a little dugout where their first child was born. They later built a small two-room adobe home. They were the parents of ten children. In 1882, the children all had typhoid fever, but all got well through the nursing care of their mother and the help of the Lord.

Elizabeth Jenkins married Thomas Charles Martell at the age of 16 in the Endowment House. Elizabeth was reportedly gentle and loveable, industrious and neat, kind and happy, and loved to have young people come over to her home. Thomas claimed she was the most beautiful woman that he had ever seen. The family went through trials and hardships in settling a new land, making a home and rearing a family. Elizabeth was religious and took part in auxiliaries of the Church. Thomas served a mission to Wales, leaving Elizabeth and her five children, ages seventeen to two, on their own for a time. Elizabeth eventually had ten children, but never fully recovered from the birth of her last child and passed away on October 2, 1880 at the age of thirty-eight. Her descendants wrote: "These faithful pioneers left a great legacy of strength in following their religious convictions, a heritage they proudly left for the generations who have followed them."

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; diary of James Cantwell; familysearch.org.

MAREN KJIRSTINE JOHANSEN (or Larsen)

Born: May 7, 1849 in Denmark

Age: 7

Hunt Wagon Company



Maren was born in Oudrup, Aalborg, Denmark, the eighth of nine children born to Johanne Kirstine Laustsen and Johan Larsen. Two children died in infancy in Denmark. Maren became known in America as Mary Christina Johnson. (It was customary in Denmark for the children to add “sen” or “datter” to the father’s first name and then take that as their surname.) Maren’s father was a prosperous farmer, owning large farmlands, cattle, sheep, fine horses and barns. The family also ran a tavern and an inn. Sometimes travelers would stay two or three weeks at a time. Some of the wealthier travelers expected their pipes cleaned, filled and lighted. The younger children would do this job. The children also assisted at harvest time and had fond memories of carrying midmorning and afternoon refreshments to the harvest hands, and tossing food to the eager ducks and geese on the pond.

The missionaries first brought the gospel to Denmark in 1850. They visited the Johan Larsen family in 1853. The Larsens belonged to the Lutheran faith at that time. Mary’s family embraced the teachings and joined the Church in 1853. During the year that followed, the Larsens sold their property and belongings, mostly at auction, and made preparations to sail to America to be with the Saints in Zion. Some relatives of the Larsens were very bitter about their change of religion and plans to emigrate. They tried fruitlessly to change the Larsens’ minds. Mary’s thirteen-year-old brother, Lars Christian, also did not want to emigrate. An uncle hid Lars away, thinking Lars’s parents would change their minds if they could not find the boy. Johan and Johanne became desperate as the time for sailing drew near and they still had not found Lars. After praying about what to do, they received peace and comfort, knowing that the boy would be cared for and treated kindly, and that they should follow through with their plans.

The Larsens left Denmark on November 24, 1854, with their six children: Anne “Catherine” Cecelia (18), Lars “Elias” (15), Christian (11), “Ane” Kirstine (8), “Maren” Kjirstine (5), and Niels (2). Their ship became frozen in the ice for a time on the shores of Norway, but finally arrived at Liverpool, England, on Christmas day. On January 9, 1855, they began their journey to America on the ship *Nesmith*. It is reported that many of their goods were stolen by the crew members on this sailing vessel. The *Nesmith* arrived at New Orleans on February 23, 1855. The immigrants traveled up the Mississippi River by boat to the Missouri River, and then to Mormon Grove, near Atchison, Kansas.

Mary’s father had given money from the sale of his properties to other emigrants who were needy and he now had very little. The family started to homestead a piece of land, living in a dugout for shelter. Johan found work for a dollar a day, but this was not enough to develop the land. The family worked hard, but struggled to survive. Cholera was prevalent in this area of the country. Johan and little Niels became very sick and died. Another convert from Denmark, Jens C. Neilsen, to whom Johan had taught the gospel wrote: “Wednesday, November 7, Died Brother Johann Larsen. cause, the chills and fever. November 8, 1855, He was put in a coffin and buried November 8th at the same burial ground [at Mormon Grove]. ... November 25, 1855, Sunday meeting and in the evening held auction on some things - Johann Larsen’s clothing and Brother Brabands’¹ who recently died, and the proceeds was turned into the branch fund for to help the poor. ... December 10, 1855, I made door for Widow Larsen. ... December 17, 1855, I work on a stable for the oxen and finished it the 19th, and commencing to learn J. Larsen’s children to read.”



¹ This is Peter Bravandt of Denmark. His 18-year-old daughter, Emma Bravandt, emigrated in 1856 with the Willie handcart company.

(Maren Johansen -Page 2)



Maren's brother, Lars, was hidden in this home as his family left Denmark. Lars eventually owned this home. His brother, Christian returned to Denmark on a mission, 1896-98. He enjoyed visiting with Lars, but Lars was not interested in the Church. Anna L. Knudsen, Lars's great-granddaughter, is a member of the Church. She has been to Utah to meet her relatives. (Photo courtesy Anna Knudsen.)

Johanne was also very sick, and not recovering. The Elders advised her to let her children go ahead to the Valley with other companies that were preparing to cross the plains. Catherine had already gone the previous summer and was in Utah preparing the way for her family. Elias and Christian found employment for awhile and then traveled with the A.O. Smoot Company in late 1856. Nine-year-old Ane stayed to care for her mother and came to Utah later. Mary, now six years old, was sent to Florence, Nebraska, to the care of an older English couple, John and Mary Ennion. Johanne had given Mary warm clothing, a feather mattress and bed covers for her journey.

One night when Ane was alone with her mother, Johanne passed away. Little Ane crossed the river in the morning to get friends to take care of the burial. Elias and Christian were not far away at the time of their mother's death, but did not know of it until after she was buried. The five children were now left to fulfill the dreams of their parents in Zion.

Mary and her new guardians joined with the Hunt wagon company in Florence, Nebraska, in August of 1856. This company had previously departed from Iowa City, Iowa, and was following closely with the Martin handcart company. Mary eventually faced more trials due to lack of food and warm clothing, early winter storms and other delays. Mary suffered severe frostbite when the cold weather came. Excerpts from her account, published in the *Deseret Evening News*, 29 June 1897, pg. 8, record Mary's great courage and faith, as well as a remarkable attitude: "I am a living witness of those memorable days. My father and mother both died on the Missouri river, at Mormon Grove. ... My lot fell with unfeeling guardians. The summer following my parents' death, ... we started with our handcarts for Salt Lake City, under command of Captain Hunt. As soon as President Brigham Young learned that there were companies on the road, he started teams and supplies to meet us. [We] camped at the two old log cabins on the other side of Devil's Gate. I was a 7 year-old orphan, without a relative near. My guardians were careless and unfeeling, and perhaps I was a child that did not complain; but, however, when we arrived at those old log cabins my feet were found to be frozen very badly. While there they were thawed out and turned black. The rest of the way I was taken care of by kind friends; all was done that was possible under the circumstances, but my feet both dropped off before we got to the city, which was in December, if I remember correctly. My legs were amputated above the ankles, and then at the knees. My two brothers had reached Salt Lake City in November. How well do I remember our meeting. I told them not to cry so, for I would have my feet again when I got to heaven. I have walked on my knees for forty years; during that time I have had three operations performed at the knees, the last one by Dr. Seymour B. Young, a young man[,] a year ago last November. I was married in 1868 [to Elijah Parsons]. I am the mother of seven children, four sons and three daughters, five of whom are now living. The family I came with soon left the Church and returned East. [Signed] MARY C. JOHNSON PARSONS"

A young woman in the Hunt company, Ann Malin, was one of the "kind friends" spoken of by Mary. After leaving Devil's Gate, Ann was assigned to go as a nurse with the "ambulance" or "sick" wagons. Ann reported in her journal of Mary's frozen feet literally falling off as the wagon jolted along. Ann couldn't bear to see Mary's feet hurt any more, so she carried Mary in her arms and walked alongside the wagon, many times in deep snow. (See Ann Malin in *Tell My Story, Too*.)

Upon reaching the Salt Lake Valley, Mary was taken into the home of Brigham Young. He called Dr. Washington F. Anderson to continue caring for her legs. They did not heal properly and the doctor had to remove both legs just below the kneecaps. Mary remained with the Young family until May of 1857, when Mary's sister, Catherine, was located in Spanish Fork. Catherine was married to Jeppe Sorensen. Jeppe recorded: "My wife gave birth to a daughter on May 5, 1857. I find myself now, by the grace of God, in possession of a larger family because, at the same time, my wife's younger eight-year-old sister arrived on May 7. She had lost both of her legs which had been amputated just below the knees. I, being called to stand at the head of a family, have a great mission."

Brigham Young continued to look after Mary's welfare. When she was about fifteen years old, President Young had a special sewing machine designed for her that she could operate without her feet. Mary learned to sew for others who appreciated her ambition to support herself. Customers gave her a great deal of business and paid her liberally.

(Maren Johansen -Page 3)



Photo by Jolene Allphin, 2012. Mary's cabin is no longer there. An exact replica was built by her great-grandson, Kent Parsons, deceased, in Monroe, Utah. There is a spring that still flows into a trough close by the front door.

When Mary was 19 years old, she met a young Englishman by the name of Elijah Parsons. Elijah was kind to Mary and assisted her in participating with other young people. They fell in love and were married in the Endowment House on January 11, 1869. Elijah was a mason and plasterer by trade and also a school teacher, having received a good education. He also kept books for local merchants. They lived in Salt Lake, Richfield, Cedar Grove, Grass Valley and then Koosharem, Utah, where they first purchased a piece of land to raise feed for their chickens and cow. Here they built a small cabin. They later moved into town which was two miles away.

Mary was said to never miss a church meeting or a singing practice. If she had work in town on a Saturday, she stayed overnight with friends. She walked on her knees to her meetings, but was nearly always given a ride home. Sometimes her knees became so sore that she would tie gunnysacks on them for a little more protection. The men in town would save their old boots for Mary. She would cut off the heel part, then sew the front opening shut, and she said they made the perfect "shoes" for the stubs of her legs. Mary also took a small chair, cut the legs down, and used it as a "crutch." She could sit down and rest whenever she wanted to. Mary sometimes worked shearing sheep for George Rust. She became so fast and proficient at this work, that the men who worked for Rust wanted him to let her go. Elijah was not skilled or successful at farming and could not find other work in Koosharem. He was eventually required to return to Salt Lake in order to make money for his family's support. Elijah returned to Koosharem after Mary's death.

Mary's oldest child, Arthur, served a mission to the Southern and Northern States from 1898 to 1900. When he returned, he and his two younger brothers built a new home for Mary. Arthur paid for the home. Mary's children wrote of her: "Mary always radiated cheerfulness and no matter how ill she was she tried to tell a humorous story. She had an encouraging word for everyone. [Mary] lived in poverty herself, but was ready to share her last crust with her neighbor. Many times she sat carding wool, spinning yarn, or knitting stockings into the late hours of the night. She sold her work to help support her family. During the last years of her life she endured intense suffering. [She had asthma, was swollen with dropsy, and needed a major operation.] As long as she was able to be propped up in bed she would knit stockings which she sold, and it was her desire that the money should be added to the amount she had put away to help meet her funeral expenses when she should pass beyond the veil. She also made quilts and did wash for other families. She was known to walk for two miles on her knees to help someone in need. Being well-versed in the doctrines of the Church, she taught her children the gospel, which is lovingly remembered by them. Many times she remarked, "I am sure that I shall have my feet and legs after the resurrection."

Mary died of pneumonia at noon on November 7, 1910, in Koosharem, Utah. Years later, her son, Will, was in a Richfield hospital, close to death himself. When his family came to visit him one day, he told them, "I don't need to worry now about dying or what the future holds for me, because my mother has been here to see me. She looked as she used to except she was taller and had her feet and legs." Descendants of the surviving orphans of Johan and Johanne Larsen have said that their parents never even hinted at bitterness for their emigration experiences: "They all radiated faith, cheerfulness and courage to the last days of their [lives]."

Maren Kjirstine & daughter, Hannah



Ane Kjirstine



Ane Catherine



Elias



Christian



Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; A History of Sevier County, by M. Guy Bishop; "Diary of Jens C. Nielsen," copy from Church Family History library; letters and pictures from Anna Lise Knudsen, great-granddaughter of Lars Christian Johansen, Viborg, Denmark, March 2, 2005; "Elijah Parsons," by Wendell Parsons; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; "Diary of Jeppe Sorensen," translations by Arliss W. Jensen, 1961, and N.P. Rasmussen, 1939; "Journal of Elijah Parsons," courtesy R. Kent Parsons, along with volumes of information and research. (Kent is the great-grandson of Maren and Elijah Parsons.); Ann Malin family histories.

ELIAS JONES

Born: 3 Oct 1809 Wales
 Age: 46
 Hunt Wagon Company



Elias Jones married Mary William in 1836 at the St. Mary Church in Swansea, Wales. Nine children were born to them in this small seaport in Glamorganshire. Elias was a baker by trade and owned a grocery store which Mary mostly took charge of. Elias also invested in a coal mine and became the superintendent. Having joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1849, Elias hired Latter-day Saints to work for him in preference to non-members, and the mine became known as “The Saint’s Pit.”

Mary also joined the Church after a Priesthood administration healed their daughter, Anne. In 1854, Elias decided to emigrate to Utah, but Mary worried that her health was too frail to stand the trip with their eight children and one on the way, so the trip was postponed. The new baby was born in June 1854 and Mary died the next month. In 1856 Elias renewed his plans to go to Zion and sailed on the *Samuel Curling* from Liverpool with his new bride, Hannah William Hopkins (38), (Mary’s sister, who had been left a widow with one child), Mary Hopkins (7) (Hannah’s daughter), his children: Mary (age 18), John (14), Llewellyn (12), Anne (9), Elias, Jr. (7), Ruth (5), Thomas (4) and Hannah (2), and his brother, John Jones (40). Three family servants also traveled with them, one known to be Nanson (or Ann) Rees, a 28-year-old widow.

Tragedy struck the Jones family before reaching Iowa City when their little baby, Hannah, died while on the train. The rest of the family survived to arrive safely in Utah. The Jones’ brothers were well-outfitted with eight oxen, two cows, two wagons and a horse and buggy. The family mostly rode in the buggy until the weather became too severe. They then were bundled in buffalo robes in the wagons. The cows which were brought to supply milk and butter learned to follow the buggy and come when called, until one day when they could not be found and the Jones’s had no more milk and butter.

Ruth Jones was in her Uncle John’s wagon when there was an oxen stampede one day and a Sister Walters was killed. Llewellyn Jones and his friend, William Parry Bowen, had been following the teams when the stampede started. They rushed ahead and notified the drivers who immediately stopped their oxen and prevented their teams from running away. Ruth was not so fortunate another time when she was hooked in the mouth by a cow. Elias had a medical kit along and he repaired the cut with “sticking plaster.” Elias’s daughter, Mary, witnessed the burial of Sister Walters whose body had been sewed up in a bed tick, and she was sincerely worried. She became sick and told her father if she died to bury her in one of the large tin boxes he’d brought and not in a bed tick. Her brother, Jack (John), would then tease her and say, “Now, Mary, do you want to go in the tin box?” Elias’s feet were frozen during his trek and most of the flesh dropped off his toes, but he was grateful his life had been spared. He reportedly helped to bury sixteen members of the Martin company near Devil’s Gate.

After reaching Salt Lake City, the Jones family settled in Spanish Fork where they first lived in a dugout. Elias eventually became well-to-do again and paid for the emigration of 6 or 8 other families to Utah from Wales. His generosity and good nature was eulogized at his death in a poem written by Hannah Cornaby, from which the following excerpts are taken:

A friend has gone / a brother whom we love / his goodness to the poor / will make his name beloved forever / And numbers whom his means have gathered here / Will bless his memory and his deeds revere.

(Pictured above: Mary Jones Flavel Bona, daughter of Elias and Mary William Jones, with her 2nd husband, William Bona, and her children, Annie Bona and William Flavel.)

Source: *Discover Your Heritage*, by Ray H. and Patricia Banks, 2006, pgs. 28-34, 38-39; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; family histories from Mrs. Robb Smith, September 2007; “Llewellyn Jones,” Sons of Utah Pioneer history files.

JAMES LINFORTH

Born: September 1, 1827

Age: 28

Hunt Wagon Company

James Linforth was traveling to Utah in the Hunt wagon train with his wife Mary (28), and their two children, Frank (age 3), Edward (2). James's younger brother, Alfred (17), also traveled with them to Utah.

We learn some interesting things about their trek, as well as the Martin handcart company, from the letters James wrote. From Florence, Nebraska, September 2, 1856, he noted:

“On the 25th, all the handcart emigrants in camp, and last of the season, left under charge of Elder Edward E. Martin, when they got to the foot of the hill on which they had been camped, they made the air ring with a good hurrah! three times repeated. On the first or second night out, sister Jaques was confined, and I believe has done well; and after a day or two detention, gone right on.

“On Sunday, the 31st, the last wagon company moved off to near Cutler's Park, and I had my first lesson in ‘geeing and hawing,’ in driving one of the teams. The thing was done without mishap, and with considerable ease, which I attribute more to the tractibility of the animals than any skill in myself. Near Cutler's Park is a delightful spot, and peculiarly refreshing after the dust around the camp at Florence. I may tell you that I have drawn water, chopped wood, and done sundry other things incident to camp life, and all with as good grace as I could. I hope to be sufficiently familiar with all these things to do away with my present awkwardness.

“I am at present at Florence, having returned yesterday from camp to attend on Brother Richards, and assist in the closing up of accounts. The rest of my family have gone on from their camp ground ... and I expect to overtake them with Brother Richards in a few days.” Very sincerely, J. Linforth

When the company was five miles west of Fort Laramie, about October 11, 1856, James sent a letter to Church leaders back in Europe, reporting some of the events that had occurred in the company. This was barely a week before the severe winter storms descended on the companies and left them all stranded and awaiting rescue. James reported that their company had passed through Indian territory without problem and they were “in good health and spirits, with one exception—brother W[illiam] Paul was in delicate health.” William was Mary Linforth's brother.

James also reported some of the deaths that had occurred in their company so far—Elias Davis (44), Susannah Bruner (64), Marinda Pay (11 weeks), John Turner (42), Esther Walters (39) and John Wiseman (5). He noted that all of these deaths were from “natural causes except Sister Walters’, which was occasioned by a stampede of the rear teams. She was knocked down by the oxen and kicked so that death was almost instantaneous.”

In the letter James wrote he also told about the death of Thomas Tennant from Captain Hodgett's company. Brother Tennant died on October 4th and was buried in the cemetery at Fort Laramie. He said, “His death will be much regretted in England, as it is here, for all must have wished that a man who had been so liberal with his fortune, in gathering the Saints, should have lived to reach the Valley in safety, and to enjoy all the blessings of which he was worthy.”

James tells of meeting a company of emigrants returning from Utah as they were crossing the Platte River. They said they were leaving because of lack of work and no provisions. James ended his letter with these words, “The Mission in Europe and the Elders in charge are continually prayed for by the Saints of this company, who do not forget their brethren yet left in the old countries, but wish they were on the way to Zion. ... I remain, yours faithfully, J. Linforth”

James and his family suffered but all of his family made it safely to Zion. They later moved to California. Alfred Linforth married Eliza Burrows and they had one daughter, Eliza Georgiana. Alfred died in San Francisco, California, on an unknown date. His daughter died there in 1877.

Sources: Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; Stella Jaques Bell, *Life History and Writings of John Jaques*, 2nd edition, 1978; familysearch.org.

ANN PENN MALIN

Born: 1832 England
 Age: 24
 Hunt Wagon Company



Ann was the third child in a Quaker family with nine children, and said to be the great-granddaughter of William Penn. She had large dark brown eyes and brown hair, and possessed a kind and genial disposition. At an early age she attended school, learned to knit and sew and studied the letter charts. Her parents could not afford to send her to school for very long, so she taught herself to read, and became self-educated. At the age of ten she was hired out as a servant in homes of wealthy people, and earned her own living from that time.

Ann heard the Mormon missionaries, studied, and with a prayerful heart was baptized as a member of the Church in 1850 at the age of 18. After five years of hard work, she saved enough money for passage to America on the ship *Horizon*. She was with her friend, Sarah Ann Franks. (See Sarah Franks in Martin company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.) Ann had gone to the shipping docks and was engaged as the cook for the captain and the crew of this ship. They landed in Boston on July 18 and continued to Iowa where she was hired as a cook in John Hunt's wagon company. This company was instructed to follow closely behind the Martin handcart company and render any needed assistance.

In late October, food became scarce. If an animal fell down from exhaustion it was immediately killed and dressed for food. The rawhides were cut into strips and used to bind the tires onto the rims of the wagon wheels. After a time all food was exhausted and the men cut those rawhides from the wheels and boiled them to make soup. Ann said that as she handed the men their small rations, and saw their suffering from hunger, she prayed to the Lord to take away her appetite so she might give her rations to relieve the suffering of others. She testified her prayers were answered, as she gave away her food, but was never hungry.

When some rescue teams were sent ahead as ambulance wagons, Ann was chosen to go with them to nurse and care for the sick children. Ann remained at her post of duty with these until arrangements for care were made by the Church. One little Danish girl, Maren Johansen, had the flesh of her feet literally fall off as the wagon jolted along. Ann cared for her tenderly, carrying her much of the way in order to prevent further pain and damage to Maren's feet.

After arriving in the Valley, Ann met Joseph Parry and married him a month later. Ann and Joseph had a daughter, Ann. This marriage was cancelled in 1858. Ann later married Charles Sharp in 1859. Ann and her family moved to Fort Union where their home served as the post office. Later they moved to Midvale on State Street where they lived in a dugout an entire summer while their home was being built. Ann worked hard and raised a fine family. She liked to have celebrations in her home for special days. Ann always longed to visit England to see her family again and her husband encouraged her to go for a short visit. Her father had died, but she visited her mother and brothers and sisters. They wanted her to stay, but she was anxious to return to her family.

Ann was blessed with the gift of prophecy. One morning she said, "Mother died last night. I heard the church bells toll in the old church yard last night and I know that she is dead." Sure enough, a letter came stating that her mother had died, and the family said she died the night Ann had heard the bells. She had other similar incidents throughout her life.



The Nurturer

Ann Malin and Maren Johansen

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Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneer history files; Ann Malin family histories in files of Jolene Allphin; familysearch.org.

HENRY JAMES NEWMAN

Born: 1829 England

Age: 27

Hunt Wagon Company



Henry J. and Maria Louisa Penn Newman

Henry Newman was a tinman by trade. He was already a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when he married Maria Louisa Penn in 1851 at the St. Giles Parish in London. Soon she became converted and was baptized. They were both disowned by their parents for joining the Church.

Maria and Henry had three children before they were able to join the other Saints in America. As they were preparing for their journey, Henry tried to persuade Maria to purchase a bolt of silk so she could have a lovely new dress in the new country. They returned to the store three times to look at the cloth, but Maria chose a bolt of warm Welsh flannel instead.

In May 1856, Henry, Maria, and their three children, Maria Louisa (4), Henry James (3) and Priscilla Penn (1), left England on the ship *Horizon*. Maria was about two or three months pregnant when they left England. While on the ship, Maria made everyone in the family some coveralls which had long arms and legs with drawstrings that closed over their hands and feet. After they landed in Boston, the family traveled to Iowa City where they joined the John A. Hunt wagon company. Throughout their 1300 mile trip to the Salt Lake Valley, they followed fairly closely behind the Martin handcart company and assisted them as much as possible.

At one time in their journey, the Newman's oxen broke loose, scattering their food and belongings from their wagon. This caused some lack of food and warm clothing later in the trip. Maria gave birth to her fourth child, Hannah, on November 13, 1856. The baby died the same day. This was just one month before the Newman family reached the Salt Lake Valley. The company was between the "Three crossings" and "Fifth crossing" of the Sweewater River on that day, having traveled only four days from Devil's Gate, where they left many of their belongings. They still had 300 miles to travel.

When the last of the Newman's cattle died, Brother William Spicer took the Newman family into his wagon. According to family records, this crowded wagon is where the new baby was born. When Maria was most disheartened, more rescue parties arrived from the Salt Lake Valley with food and blankets. The last place the Hunt company became stranded was at Green River, with most of their animals having died. Most of the Hunt company wagons were abandoned there. Hundreds of rescuers kept the roads open through 20-foot snow drifts over Big and Little Mountains as they assisted the Newman family into the valley, where they were warmly welcomed by the Saints. The Newman family arrived with no frostbite damage. Maria was confident the warm Welsh flannel had protected her family.

During their residence in Salt Lake City, Henry took his tin repair kit from house to house trying to find someone who needed repairs on their metal household items, but many times he returned home with no earnings for the day. After an attempt at farming in Lehi and then again in Plain City, they moved to Ogden where Henry opened a successful tinsmith business.

Henry and Maria eventually had 13 children, including a set of twins. A faithful pioneer couple, Henry and Maria were both known for their spiritual gifts of discernment as well as healing. One of Henry's children said, "Father never spent an evening at home because of the many calls to administer to the sick and afflicted." Maria was set apart to go among the sick and comfort the distressed.



Henry J. Newman (Jr.)

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; "1856 Rescue Timeline of the Smoot, Willie, Martin, Hodgett, Hunt companies," yet unpublished MS (2017) by Jolene S. Allphin; familysearch.org; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

RICHARD PAY

Born: 21 August 1821 Dover, Kent, England

Age: 34

Hunt Wagon Company



Richard Pay
1845



Richard and Mary
Goble Pay

As a boy, Richard trained as a shoe cobbler in his father's shop. This skill became very useful to him when he would later pioneer in the area of Nephi, Utah. Richard married Eliza Hurst Gibbons in 1845. They joined the Church together in February 1849. They were baptized by Elder Thomas Caffall. Richard was soon ordained to the Priesthood and went out in the surrounding areas of England to serve as a missionary and teacher of the Gospel. Eliza died, childless, about a year later in 1850.

Richard remained a widower for four years and then married his first cousin, Sarah Pay, the daughter of William and Mary Pay. She had been baptized a member of the Church in 1850 by Elder Thremburg. Sarah and Richard's first baby, a boy, died at birth in 1855. By 1856, Richard and Sarah were expecting another baby and had made plans to emigrate to Utah. They sailed from Liverpool on the ship *Horizon* in May 1856. Most of the Saints aboard this ship would continue from the campground at Iowa City to Utah with the Martin handcart company. Richard and Sarah joined the Hunt wagon company which followed directly behind the Martin company.

A precious little daughter was born at Iowa City during the last two weeks there as the Pays helped build handcarts, sew tents, and make their final preparations for their 1,300-mile trip. They named her Marinda Nancy Pay. She only lived until October 4, when the Hunt Company was near Chimney Rock, Nebraska. Richard's friend, William Goble, assisted Richard with the burial in his hour of bereavement and grief. William's daughter, Mary Goble, wrote: "Brother Pay could not get anyone to dig the grave so he started digging it himself when my father came and helped him." Mary records that one month later, Richard Pay would return the sad favor: "When my little sister [Edith] died ... Brother Pay helped my father when she was buried by the roadside."

On the day that Marinda died, the daytime weather was still reported as "hot." On that same day Brigham Young was receiving a report in Salt Lake City from returning mission President Franklin D. Richards, regarding the immigrants still on the trail. He and other missionaries had passed them in light carriages the month before. Assessments were made as to the resupply needs of the companies and it was hoped the immigrants were not too far away. The next day Brigham Young would make an urgent public plea for men to leave immediately with assistance for these companies. Among other things, he said:

I feel disposed, brothers and sisters, to be as speedy as possible with regard to helping our brethren who are now on the plains. Consequently, I shall call upon the people forthwith for the help that is needed. I want them to give their names this morning, if they are ready to start on their journey tomorrow. Don't say, "I will go next week, or in ten days, or in a fortnight hence," for I wish you to start tomorrow morning.

The first rescue party left Salt Lake City October 7, as the Pays moved westward from their baby's lonely grave on the prairie. The daytime weather continued quite warm for the next two weeks as the companies passed Fort Laramie and came to their last crossing of the North Platte River. On this dreadful day, October 19, the first winter storms began. Members of the Hunt company assisted the Martin company handcart pioneers at the crossing, carrying many on their backs. One handcart pioneer, Jonathan Stone, did not wish to cross the icy river and returned to a toll bridge, about 5 miles back. He ignored the pleadings of others to hurry, but it was already after dark and, being alone, he was attacked by wolves. Richard Pay was one of several who found part of his remains the next morning, as recorded later by Mary Goble Pay:

[Richard] was driving cattle ... and some of them ran in the brush. He went after them and he saw a man's vest, part of a leg and an arm. The vest had a watch in the pocket. He came to camp and notified Captain Hunt and Gilbert Spence. They got on their horses and went with him to the place. It looked like a man had sat down to rest and had gone to sleep and had been killed and eaten by wolves. His name was Brother Stone. He must have been making for our camp [Hunt], as he had a sister and her daughter living there that he used to stay with very often. [Richard] gave the watch to his sister, Jane. She later moved to Spanish Fork. Her daughter's name was Anna. She married Bishop Wells of Spanish Fork. [Mary is speaking of Jane Thorne who did have a brother in the Martin company. His name was James Thorne. He was traveling with Jonathan Stone. James Thorne also died during the trek.]

Richard had one more lonely grave to dig. The Hunt company journal recorded: "Wednesday, Nov. 26. The company arrived at Green River. Thursday, Nov. 27. Sarah Pay, aged 30 years, died of diarrhea." Sarah was so close to her goal in Zion, but it was not to be. Richard arrived in the Valley on December 13, having buried his dreams on the trail. He spent the rest of the winter in American Fork. Richard briefly recorded: "[Sarah] was born 13th of January, 1826, Buckland, Dover. She was baptized in the church at Dover, 1850, by Elder Theubury. Two children were born to her. One boy and one girl. Boy born dead, girl was born July 10th, 1856. My wife, Sarah, died the 27th of November, 1856, at Green River on her way to Zion, age 30 years, 10 months." [Richard did not record the death of his baby girl in his autobiography.]

Richard left American Fork in the spring of 1857 with all he owned tied up in a handkerchief and walked to Nephi. He found work and lodging with Bishop Jacob G. Bigler and his family for two years. In Nephi, Richard also became reacquainted with Mary Goble, whom he had first met at the docks in Liverpool, but whose life and experiences were now well-intertwined with his own. Although Mary was 22 years younger than Richard, they fell in love, married and had thirteen children. The youngest of the children was Phillip LeRoy Pay. He married Georgia Paxman, whose parents had also been on the ship *Horizon* with his parents in 1856. Their daughter, Marjorie, would grow up to become a beloved woman around the world. She was married to LDS Church President and Prophet, Gordon B. Hinckley.

Richard and Mary had many interesting, humorous, and precarious experiences in their family. A few excerpts from Mary's autobiography are included here:

It was very hard times. My husband bought a one room adobe house. For the window we had sack. Glass we could not get, so we greased some paper and put over the sack. That did all right until one day it rained and that spoiled our glass. ... My husband made adobies and sold them for eight sheep. I would take the wool, wash it, spin and dye it with weeds and leaves. I learned to spin and knit so I could knit our stockings, mitts and ties. My husband made our shoes. ... One might wonder what my husband used to fix his shoes with. He had to work to make everything himself. There was a tannery where he would buy the leather, paying for it in trading wheat, corn or potatoes. For the pegs he would get maple and saw it in different sizes, cutting them with his knife. For the wax, he would boil tar and put grease in it. For the shoe thread, some of the sisters would spin the cotton and grease it with the wax. For soda we would skim saleratus from the top of the ground, clean it and use it for cooking. ... Our salt we would get out of a cave in Salt Creek Canyon east of Nephi. We had to boil it to get it clear. We used to make starch out of potatoes. To grate the potatoes we would use a piece of tin with holes punched in it. We made enough in the spring to last a year. For fruit we gathered cherries, service berries, chokecherries and wild currants. ... The people all lived inside of a large mud wall. ... At night our cattle and sheep were brought home and we were all locked inside the Fort for safety from the Indians. Guards were at both gates to see that no one came in or went out of the gates. They were locked at eight o'clock every night. If you did not get in by then you were locked out. We were a happy band of brothers and sisters. ... In the winter time we would have lots of house parties.

Richard and Mary had 10 sons and 3 daughters. They named one of the daughters Sarah Eliza, perhaps after Richard's first two wives. Richard Pay died April 18, 1893, at Leamington, Utah. He is buried in Nephi, Utah.



Richard and Eliza Hurst Gibbons Pay wedding day, 1845

Sources: "History of Richard Pay," autobiography of Richard Pay, Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; "In our own time, we, too, are pioneers," *Church News*, week ending July 27, 1996; "Richard Pay biography," by Zelda Pay Hill; "Life History of Douglas LeRoy Pay," by Doug Pay, 2009; Richard and Mary Goble Pay photo, courtesy grandchildren of Richard Pay; "Life of Mary Goble Pay," autobiography of Mary Goble Pay in Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files, submission by Gayle Goble Ord and Evelyn P. Henriksen; wedding photo, familysearch.org.

MARGARET EDWARDS PRICE

Born: 18 December 18 1832 Devonport, Devonshire
 Age: 23
 Hunt Wagon Company



Margaret Edwards married John Price of Wales on 17 Jun 1851 at Monkton, Pembrokeshire, Wales. He was thirty-one and Margaret was eighteen. John was a miner, a marshall, and a missionary. Three children were born to them in Pembrokeshire, South Wales: John William, Sarah Ann, and Joseph. John had been baptized a member of the Church in 1844, at the age of 24. As a young man, John and a friend had decided to go down to the nearby river where some Mormon missionaries were baptizing new converts. Their purpose was to throw stones at them. John belonged to the Methodist Church at this time. The missionaries and their new converts were holding a meeting by the river side when John arrived. They were singing, praying and preaching the Gospel. After listening to this meeting, John and his friend had a change of heart and put away their stones.



John Price

John had first married Margaret James in 1841. They had a son, Edward, in 1843. Margaret James was baptized a year before John. She died when Edward was only three years old. John lived with Margaret's parents for a time, and accepted their help in raising Edward. In addition to John's work to support his son, he became a missionary for the Church for the next ten years. His journal tells of years of dedicated missionary work. John baptized his second wife, Margaret Edwards, just four months after their marriage in 1851. He wrote: "I then commenced the duties of presiding over the [Pembroke] conference, travelling from branch to branch setting things in order. The officers and saints cooperating with me, many of the branch began to flourish, especially the Pembroke branch, many were baptised and added to the church. Many things transpired during the first year of my presidency over this conference which can not be recorded here, as I was much engaged in the work, and unable to write myself, therefore what follows will be taken from the minutes of councils & conferences. October 10th Baptised Margaret Edwards."

John and Margaret had a great desire to join with the Saints in "Zion." No doubt John longed to work in the sunlight and fresh air, possibly own his own land, harvest and enjoy the fruits of his labors. They left Liverpool, England, on the ship *Samuel Curling* on April 19, 1856. Margaret's ticket was #44; the cost, five pounds, adult fare. John William's ticket was four pounds ten pence for children's fare. Baby Joseph's ticket was just ten pence as he was considered infant fare at fifteen months of age. Margaret's little daughter, Sarah Ann, had died at age one before her parents left Wales. Margaret was expecting another baby.

On May 22, 1856, little Joseph, just sixteen months old, died aboard ship and was buried at sea. It appears that he may have had the measles. From the biography of John Price by granddaughter Betty Richards, we read that Margaret prayed fervently for her son's life, but "the creak of the ship was her answer, and the flame of the tallow candle seemed the only light in her life at that moment. All through the night the baby cried fitfully, and the tiny body grew hotter. The first faint rays of the sun shown on his body, wrapped in the shawl she had made in Wales. A prayer was said, words spoken, a song, and a splash. The lifeless body of Joseph Price slipped beneath the waves and the ship moved on. It had been hard to bury Sarah Ann, but to surrender this, her son, to the restless sea—not even a flower. She could never visit the grave."

The ship arrived at the Boston Harbor the next day. John William (3) was now their only child with them. They traveled to Iowa City, where they remained for the next two months. They watched as the majority of their Welch friends left from Iowa City with the Bunker Handcart Company. They watched as the Willie and the Martin handcart companies came and went. The Price family finally left Iowa City on August 1. John's biography notes: "The trip was slow, for the oxen plodded along at their own pace and the ride was rough and dusty. Each morning John would milk the cow, and after they had their breakfast, the remainder of the milk was poured into a pail with a lid and hung between the oxen. By the end of the day, it was churned into a bit of cheese or butter."

John was likely as inexperienced as others in this group of immigrants. Mary Goble of the Hunt company recorded, “On the first of August we started to travel, with our ox teams unbroken and we not knowing a thing about driving oxen.” By the time the company reached Fort Laramie in October, their teams were weak and the weather began to look threatening. When the cold weather arrived, John kept what bread they had tucked under his arm to keep it from freezing. This way he could break off pieces regularly for Margaret. As the time of her “confinement” was near, Margaret was becoming increasingly worried and uncomfortable. On the 28th of October, they had been camped near the last crossing of the Platte River for nine days, waiting out the snowstorms and recruiting their cattle. The company journal continues, “Brothers Joseph [A.] Young and two other brethren [Daniel W. Jones and Abel Garr] arrived in camp in the evening from the Valley. This caused rejoicing generally throughout the camp, though the tidings of the snow extending westward for forty or fifty miles was not encouraging.”

This express team of three men, sent to find the Hunt company, left the next day (Oct. 29), “expecting to be back with help in ten days.” The company also started out, Captain Hunt having procured thirteen more head of cattle from Fort Bridge (“Reshaw’s Bridge”), a small trading post several miles away. However, they only made three miles that day. Margaret began the uncomfortable wagon ride again the next day: “Thursday, October 30, ... the roads heavy, leading over high hills and wet, sandy ground. After traveling 7 miles, the company went into camp. ... The feed was scarce. Margaret Price, wife of John Price of Pembrokehire, Wales, was delivered of a daughter.” (Hunt Company Journal)

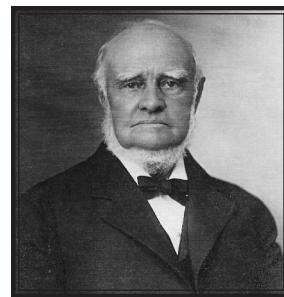
The company remained in camp all day the 31st of October. The company journal does not record the death of the new baby, Elizabeth Edwards Price, on November 1: “Saturday, November 1 ... The company resumed the journey at 11:15 a.m. but had traveled only a short distance when a snowstorm came on, accompanied by rain making the ground very wet and muddy. All the emigrants were cautioned not to let the cattle drink, as the road led through poisonous creeks of water. After traveling 12 miles, encampment was made at 7 o’clock p.m. where there was no wood nor water.”

On November 4, they found some green grass along the banks of Greasewood Creek, and scraped off the snow so the cattle could feed on it. On November 5, the Hunt company finally arrived at Devil’s Gate where the Hodgett company was camped. The Martin company had made their fateful crossing of the Sweetwater River, and gone into camp for shelter at Martin’s Cove the day before. By the 15th of December, Margaret and John arrived in Salt Lake City with the help of many rescue teams. It was just three days before Margaret’s 24th birthday.

John and Margaret settled in Ogden and then Willard, Utah. Margaret died in Willard in 1866 at the age of 34, following the birth of her ninth baby, Catherine Price (Richardson). The family had milk to feed the baby, but commercially produced bottles and nipples were not available to them. After much trial and error to determine how to feed the baby, they found the largest quill from a chicken feather and cut it to a useable length and wrapped strips of muslin fabric around it until it was of nipple size. They placed this over the bottle. After the baby was fed, the fabric was unwound, washed, boiled and dried for the next feeding. A neighbor, Mrs. John Gibbs, cared for little Catherine for a time, then returned the baby to John and his second wife, Susanna Thain.

Susanna Thain also traveled from Wales on the *Samuel Curling*. She was crippled and some accounts say her feet were frozen, but she traveled with the Bunker handcart company which did not get caught in the early storms. Susanna became a mother to Catherine as well as Margaret’s three other living children. The family then settled in Malad, Idaho, where Margaret’s children grew to adulthood and Susanna gave birth to five children of her own. John married two more women, Jane Lallis and Margaret Eynon. He had two more children from Margaret Eynon. John’s oldest son, Edward, apparently stayed in Wales. Family records indicate he died in 1882 at the age of 39.

Sources: Price family histories in possession of Jolene Allphin; welshmormon.byu.edu, (website by Ronald D. Dennis; see also *Welsh Mormon Writings from 1844 to 1862: A Historical Bibliography*, by Ronald D. Dennis)



WILLIAM SPICER

Born: 23 April 1827 Duxford, Cambridge, England

Age: 29

Hunt Wagon Company

William and his wife, Elizabeth Mary (age 30), sailed to America on the *Horizon* with fellow Saints under the direction of Edward Martin. The majority of these immigrants went on with Captain Martin from Iowa City with the Martin handcart company. Others, like William and his wife, came with the Hodgett or Hunt wagon companies as the last of the 1856 immigration. These wagon companies were hauling the last freight of the season and were instructed to stay close to the Martin handcart company and help them as much as possible.

When these three companies came to the last crossing of the N. Platte River (near present day Casper, Wyoming), they were greeted with the evidence that winter had come early to the mountains they would soon be obliged to cross. The rude river welcomed them with what the pioneers referred to as “ice cakes” - chunks of ice hidden under the surface of the water, with snow on them above the surface. Many of the pioneers had their legs cut by these ice cakes as they struggled across the river. Some were swept downstream and rescued only with great difficulty. The weather was pitiless as the first winter storm beat down upon them at this crossing. Already weak from shortened rations, this new exposure and exertion brought death to some. It would be another nine days before the express team of riders sent out from the advance rescue party would find these stranded Saints.

Mary Goble (13) of the Hunt company wrote about this crossing: “We traveled on till we got to the Platte River. That was the last walk I ever had with my mother. We caught up with the [Martin] handcart companies that day. We watched them cross the river. There were great lumps of ice floating down the river. It was bitter cold. The next morning there were fourteen dead in camp through the cold. We went back to camp and went to prayers. They sang, ‘Come, Come, Ye Saints, No Toil Nor Labor Fear.’ I wondered what made my mother cry.”

Two weeks after this crossing, these pioneers and some of their rescuers were obliged to seek shelter in a nearby ravine, now known as Martin’s Cove. In order to reach the cove, they first had to cross the Sweetwater River. Remembering the recent tragedy of the Platte crossing, some just sat down and wept. It was here that the more widely-known story of four young men from the rescue party occurred. They spent much of that day in the Sweetwater River, carrying men, women and children across, bearing the brunt of the exposure and sparing the immigrants.

Not so well known are the rescuers within the ranks of these companies who sacrificed in the same manner at the North Platte River crossing of October 19, 1856. Sarah Ann Haigh (19) of the Martin company reportedly carried 16 people across the river on her back. Elizabeth White (18) of the Hunt company wrote: “Some of our men went through the river seventy-five times. ... Our company assisted them all they could, but there does not seem to be any account of our assistance in their history.”

John Bond (12) of the Hodgett Wagon Co. also recorded: “The water was waist deep and running very swiftly, taking even the strong ones off their feet, making them look quite wretched. ... The air was piercing cold and the sleet still fell thick and fast as the Saints pulled the carts into the river. The weaker ones [fell] into the river as they [were] carried off their feet. But with manly courage, John Latey, T. J. Franklin, George H. Dove, George Haines [Ainge] and others [carried] the weak ones to the opposite side of the river and set them down, giving them every care as all were brought from the icy river. They made several trips, carrying the aged and weak on their backs, exhausting themselves. ... Their clothing was like icicles.”

(William Spicer - Page 2)

Robert McBride of the Martin Company, in an already weakened condition, worked all day pulling, pushing, wading through the icy water, and he reportedly made extra trips across the river helping to get all the people and carts across. His son, Heber, wrote: "The next morning there was about 6 inches of snow on the ground. What we had to suffer can never be told. Father was very bad that morning; he could hardly sit up in the tent. We had to travel that day through the snow and I managed to get Father into one of the wagons that morning. That was the last we saw of him alive."

William Spicer was one of the "other" heroes of that fateful day. William Binder of the Martin Company wrote: "Sunday Oct. 19th: We travelled along the South side of the Platte for a number of miles, and Captain Hunt's company immediately behind ours. About noon we commenced to cross the Platte River, at the point known as the 'Upper Crossing' in the Emigrant's guide. Bro. William Spicer an acquaintance of some years standing came up to us from Hunt's company, to the crossing and very kindly assisted a number of women and children by carrying them across the river on his back and among the number was my dear wife Lizzie and for which token of respect and friendship we were very grateful. On this occasion I drew the handcart through the stream by myself, heretofore Lizzie had invariably been by my side and assisted. I experienced the water was very cold and the "Black Hills" presented a threatening appearance with black storm clouds."

In his own account, William Spicer stated: "At the last crossing of the Platte, we were overtaken by a severe snow storm, which necessitated the suspension of travel for four days. There we lost many head of stock. We were glad to make beef of the dead animals, on account of the scarcity of provisions. At this place we overtook the last handcart company, (Martin's) and assisted in getting the company across the river. I carried many on my back, and assisted others with their carts, making about sixty trips across the water. We contended with severe frost and snow from this point until our arrival at Devil's Gate, where we encountered another severe storm. During our stay at Pacific Springs we lost the best of our remaining cattle, four head of which returned to Devil's Gate, a distance of about eighty miles, and furnished beef to the guard remaining there in charge of the emigrant property, who became almost destitute of provisions. [See Dan Jones, rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*.] From Pacific Springs west our company, being short of teams, had great difficulty in traveling. At Sandy we received cattle from Fort Supply, which brought us to Fort Bridger, and there we remained until teams and supplies came from Salt Lake City. We reached our journey's end on the 15th of December."

Ten days later it was Christmas day and exactly seven months from the time the *Horizon* left Liverpool, England. William and Elizabeth survived and went on to live long lives in the Zion of their dreams. William died at age 85 and Elizabeth just short of age 72. It appears that they did not have any children of their own. Some members of Elizabeth's family, the Cripps, also emigrated to Utah later. A 1910 census shows children living with the Spicers. These grandchildren of Elizabeth's brother were apparently brought to Utah after their mother died. According to descendant, Mary Munk Chaston, the Spicers raised the children.

In 1906, William wrote a letter to Samuel S. Jones, who was organizing a reunion of the handcart veterans:

606 2nd North St. Salt Lake City

Dear Bro. S.S. Jones,

Seeing the notice of Martin's handcart company, and as I traversed with that company from Liverpool to Iowa City and more or less of the rest of the journey, I take the liberty to drop you a line or two.

Having come into your camp at Florence, Laramie, again 50 miles farther west, then again, carryings and other ways helping 20 people to cross the Platte River, there again coming and looking in at your tent door just as your family was about starting to eat your scanty meal. And your noble mother getting another cup and taking a little out of each one of yours, then handed it to me. Not many mothers could or would do that. This was at Martin's Ravine. I was hungry and am ever thankful.



William and Elizabeth Mary Cripps Spicer

ANNIE THORNE

Born: 18 October 1829 in Chalford, Oxford, England
 Age: 26
 Hunt Wagon Company



Annie Thorne traveled to Zion with her mother, Jane Thorne (age 53). Annie's maternal grandparents were Peter and Sarah Smith Thorne. Annie's father is unknown. When her mother married Richard Golightly in 1860, Annie was adopted by and sealed to him. The names Annie Thorn and Jane Thorn do not appear on any British Mission Records or passenger lists for the ship *Horizon*, nor are they on the official Hunt wagon company roster. If not for the following information from Mary Goble's reminiscences of the Hunt company, their identity in the Hunt company may not have been known.

Mary wrote about the October 20, 1856, discovery of the remains of Jonathan Stone of the Martin handcart company. Jonathan Stone had been at the Hunt company camp the night of October 19, not crossing the Platte River with the rest of his company earlier in the day. In attempting a return to the Martin company that night, he was attacked and killed by wolves. Mary wrote of Richard Pay discovering Brother Stone's body the next morning: "[Richard] was driving cattle one day and some of them ran in the brush. He went after them and he saw a man's vest, part of a leg and an arm. The vest had a watch in the pocket. . . . It looked like a man had sat down to rest and had gone to sleep and had been killed and eaten by wolves. His name was Bro[ther] Stone. He must have been making for our camp, as he had a sister and her daughter living there that he used to stay with very often. [Richard] gave the watch to his sister, Jane. She later moved to Spanish Fork. Her daughter's name was Anna. She married Bishop Wells of Spanish Fork."¹

When Jolene Allphin researched the early ward records of Spanish Fork, and identified "Bishop Wells" as Stephen Robert Wells, the identity of "Anna" and "Jane" were discovered. Further research by Laura Anderson, missionary at the Church History Library, indicates that Jane "Jemmett" who signed up to sail on the *Horizon* was the same person as Jane Thorne. Subsequent access to Wells family records confirmed this mother and daughter's identity and presence in the Hunt wagon company. Jane did have a brother, James Thorne, in the Martin handcart company. James was traveling with Jonathan Stone and George Lawley. These three men all died on the journey. (Mary Goble had mistakenly thought that Jonathan Stone was Jane's brother and Annie's uncle.)

Besides traversing the plains alongside the Martin handcart company, Annie had other connections with those fellow pioneers. She was friends with Patience Loader, who wrote that upon arriving in Salt Lake City: "Brother William Thorn took home with him my mother and brother, Robert, myself and sisters, Maria, Jane and Sarah. . . . When we first arrived in the city, everything looked dreary and cold. The streets were all covered with snow, but the people were kind and good and tried to encourage us and make us feel as good as they could. . . . I stayed in the city for some weeks. At that time the city was not built up very much. . . . I had been living eleven years in the city of London before I left England and to me it seemed a very lonely place. I said to my old friend, Annie Thorn, 'If this is Salt Lake City, what must it be like to live in the country.' Sister Thorn took me out some. She wanted me to see a little about the city, as I was feeling somewhat lonesome."²

William Thorne was Annie's cousin. He had immigrated to Utah in 1851 with his father, David Thorne. David was Annie's mother's brother. Perhaps Annie and her mother went to stay with David's family upon arrival in Salt Lake City. Annie had followed the conversion route of her uncles and cousins and was baptized in April of 1852, two years after her mother. Four months after arriving in the Valley, Annie married Stephen Robert Wells, who had previously married Annie's older cousin, Mary Ann Lowe.

Annie and Stephen settled in Spanish Fork, where three of their children were born. They pioneered in St. George, where five more children were born, including a son they named St. George. A letter to St. George Wells from his father gives some insight into the teachings of Annie and Stephen to their children: "When I think of the many duties of life that there is to do, I find that the boy or girl who begins the soonest makes the best man or woman. Therefore, mix up with play and work some reading, spelling, writing, and then some music which will make your company always agreeable, go where you may. You must labour with your hands and head, sometimes with one at the time and sometimes with both at the same time."³

(Annie Thorne - Page 2)

Stephen Wells was a well-educated English gentleman and a descendant of Isaac Newton. His mother used to tell him, “*Study hard so you’ll grow up to be as smart as Uncle Isaac!*”⁴

Annie’s grandson, George Wells, married Eliza Ann Everett. Eliza’s father, Schuyler Alanson Everett, was a participant in the 1856 rescue. Schuyler’s biography gives us some sad details that indicate the suffering experienced by these immigrants: “*Schuyler brought thirteen people back in his wagon, and one little boy died on the way in.*”⁵

Annie’s granddaughter, Ann Eliza Wells, also married an 1856 rescuer, J.D.T. McAllister.⁶ Ann Eliza served as Temple Matron when her husband was called as President of the Manti Temple. One of Annie’s great-grandsons is Robert E. Wells, a General Authority in the LDS Church.

Annie and Stephen participated often in temple work after the St. George Temple was completed. Annie saved and carefully pasted the many slips of paper with names for whom she had completed temple work into her journal.⁷ Stephen was also a popular entertainer in the community.

Annie was left a widow for thirteen years after Stephen was killed in a buggy accident while driving home from Cedar City. Annie needed much care during this time as she had become blind. She was cared for by her son, St. George, and his family, in the fine two-story home at First South and Third West that Stephen had built. “*One day Annie was standing in front of their open fireplace and reached up to get something from the mantle. As she did so, her dress caught fire and the flames quickly flared up and burned her face badly. She died shortly thereafter*”⁸ on January 9, 1902.

¹“Life of Mary Goble Pay June 2, 1843 - Sept. 25, 1913,” DUP history files, 12. Excerpts from this autobiography are on the Mormon Migration website, sourced as “Pay, Mary Goble, Autobiography (Formerly in Msd 2050) (Reel 10: Box 13: Folder 5: Item 6), pp. 1-2, 5;” and the Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website as “Pay, Mary Goble, Autobiographical sketch 1896-1909, 2-5.” See also: Pay, Mary G, to SS Jones, Oct 18, 1908, in Handcart Veterans Association Scrapbook 1906-1914, Fd. 5, L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, BYU, Provo.

²Bell, Stella Jaques, *Life History and Writings of John Jaques, including a Diary of the Martin Handcart Company*, 1978, p. 173. Available at the LDS Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah.

³Wells, Anita Cramer, *Keep the Faith – Wells Family Pioneer Guide*, privately published, 2011, pgs. 61-62.

⁴*Keep the Faith*, 64.

⁵*Keep the Faith*, 17.

⁶McAllister was the composer of the handcart song. See his biography in rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

⁷Annie’s journal is currently in the possession of Jolene Allphin, courtesy Merrill Wells.

⁸*Keep the Faith*, 60.



Annie and daughters



Annie and sons

MARY ADELAIDE (“ADY”) WALTERS

Born: 6 Feb 1850 Clifton, Swansea, Glamorgan, Wales

Age: 6

Hunt Wagon Company



Mary Adelaide was known as “Ady” by her family and on immigration records. She was with her parents, John and Esther Callfield Walters, and her half-sisters, Sarah Jane (26) and Elizabeth Ann (14) when her family left Wales. Sarah and Elizabeth were the daughters of John Walters and Mary Ann Fender, deceased. The Walters family’s journey to Utah chronicles broken bones, broken wagons, broken dreams and tremendous sacrifices in Ady’s young life, including the death of her mother and baby sister. The Walters family story is told in a timeline format (excerpts), and can usefully document other Hunt company families who were in similar circumstances:

April 19, 1856: The *Samuel Curling* sailed from Liverpool with the Walters family and over 700 other emigrant Saints aboard. Like the Walters family, many of these Saints were from Wales.

May 23, 1856: The immigrants arrived in Boston, then traveled to Iowa City, mostly by train.

June 23, 1856: Sarah and Elizabeth Walters continued to Utah with the Bunker handcart company. The 320 members of this company were mostly Welch immigrants. Ady and her parents remained in Iowa City. Ady’s mother was expecting a baby. Other expectant mothers in the Hunt company were Mary Penfold Goble, Lucy Ingram Holley, Maria Louisa Penn Newman, Sarah Pay, Margaret Edwards Price, and probably Margaret Giles.¹

July 10, 1856: Marinda Nancy Pay was born.

August 1, 1856: Ady and her parents left Iowa City with the Hunt wagon company.

September 4, 1856: Joseph Morris Salisbury, age 4, fell from the seat in front of the wagon. He was run over by the wagon and seriously hurt.

September 5, 1856: The Hunt company received a report that Almon Babbitt’s company, which was ahead of them, had been attacked by Indians. “The [Sioux] Indians were on the war path and very hostile. Our captain, John Hunt, had us make a dark camp. That was to stop and get our supper, then travel a few miles, and not light any fires but camp and go to bed. The men had to travel all day and guard every other night.” (Mary Goble, age 13) This same week they encountered a group of 1,000 friendly Pawnee Indians traveling east on the same trail.

September 6, 1856: Ady’s baby sister, Jane Walters, was born. “Esther Walters, wife of John Walters, from Cardiff, Wales, was delivered of a daughter at 5 o’clock a.m., and was doing well. The company resumed the journey at 8:45 a.m. Franklin D. Richards, Daniel Spencer and 12 other brethren passed the company with a mule team at 10:15 a.m. going west. After traveling 12 miles, the company rested, where these brethren waited for them. They were pleased with the manner the wagon company had proceeded on their journey, and gave the brethren every encouragement of success in their further travels. Brother Richards and company left the company and [those] which followed them, 2 hours later. Encampment was made at 6 p.m. Three miles from the Loupe fork ferry on the Platte River bottom, where the feed was good. Distance traveled, 18 miles.” (Hunt Company journal)

September 19, 1856: “In the afternoon, about 5:30, a tire came off one of the wheels of sister [Sarah] Taxford’s wagon, which detained the company a short time. The camping place being some distance away, the brethren were compelled to leave the wagon on the prairie.” (Hunt Company Journal)

September 20, 1856: “The broken wagon [left] on the prairie with the repaired wheel and the wagon was brought safely to camp. At this time several other wagons in the company had loose tires and the brethren set about to work repairing them ... no move was made that day.” (Hunt Company Journal)

September 23, 1856: “The morning was cold and frosty. The company resumed the journey at 6 o’clock a.m. An accident occurred to sister Ann Davis, whose husband died 2 days before. After crossing Skunk Creek she was in the act of getting out of the wagon when her clothes caught in the tongue, and she fell; the wheels passed over her thigh and shoulder, but luckily the road bed was soft sand and the injuries received were not so serious but that she was able to walk a few hours afterwards.” (Hunt Company Journal)

September 24, 1856: Edith Goble was born. “Sister Mary Goble, wife of William Goble of Brighton, England, was delivered of a daughter in the morning. The company started at 9 o’clock a.m., traveled until sundown and camped for the night after making a distance of 14 miles.” (Hunt Company Journal)

September 25, 1856: “The wagons arrived in camp, being detained thru the upsetting of Brother Bill’s [William Bell’s] wagon. The driver ran against the bank of a creek which the company had to cross instead of going over a steep sandy bluff. Sister Bells broke her arm in the accident. Day’s journey, 16 miles.” (Hunt Company Journal)

(Mary Adelaide Walters - Page 2)

October 2, 1856: Sarah and Elizabeth Walters arrived in Salt Lake City with the Bunker handcart company.

October 4, 1856: Franklin D. Richards and his group arrived in Salt Lake City and reported that the last four immigrating companies were on the plains. “Marinda [Marietta] Nancy Pay, daughter of Richard and Sarah Pay, died of diarrhea, just before midnight. She was 10 weeks old. Day’s journey, 13 miles.” (Hunt Company Journal)

October 5, 1856: Brigham Young suspended some business of the General Conference which was scheduled to begin on Monday, October 6. He made the first of many rescue calls for the companies still on the plains.

October 6, 1856: A baby was born that evidence strongly suggests was Elizabeth Giles. (See endnote 1.) The Hunt Company Journal states: “Ruth Jones born.” The only Jones family known to travel with the Hunt Company already had a five-year-old living daughter named Ruth. Jones’ family histories do not indicate the birth of another baby.

October 7, 1856: Ady Walter’s mother died this day. “The company resumed the journey at 7 o’clock a.m. An ox belonging to Brother Richard Griffiths gave out. The dead ox was unhitched from its mate and the journey continued with one yoke of oxen. The loose pair of oxen was left for Brother Samuel Evans to drive, and while driving them, one of the bow keys broke, by which means the oxen became separated and the one that had the yoke hanging to its neck ran off and so frightened some of the other oxen that it caused them to leave the track and go at high speed, wagon after wagon. Soon, however, they were going at a terrible speed in different directions, causing a general consternation. The last half of the train was exposed to great danger of being knocked down, or crushed between the wagons. In a few minutes, however, the cattle were brought to a standstill, after some ten or 12 wagons had left the road. During the stampede, Sister Esther Walters from Wales was knocked down and so badly injured that she expired in a few minutes afterwards, leaving a babe four weeks old, which at the time was in the wagon. The remains of Sister Walters were interred in the evening at 5 o’clock. She was 39 years old. After Brother Goble’s wagon, which was broken in the stampede, was repaired, the company traveled on about one mile farther and camped at 6 p.m. Day’s journey, 13 miles.” (Hunt Company journal)

Although the company journal does not mention it, the wagon belonging to Hans Bryner was also tipped over in this stampede. Alowis Bauer, the teamster for Brother Bryner, suffered a broken arm. An unnamed “old woman” was riding in the wagon, sitting on a stove and holding 5-year-old Mary Magdalena (Maria) Bryner on her lap. “When the wagon tipped over it put Maria on the bottom, then the old lady, then the stove and lastly the wagon. The old lady braced herself up on her arms to protect the child from the heavy weight. She was so badly hurt that she died from the injury but it saved the child’s life. ... Hans [Bryner] said, ‘We called the elders and they administered to my child; they promised that the Lord would not take my child for she should be my guide.’ ... The ‘old lady’ died a little while later.” (Bryner histories quoted in *Tell My Story, Too*)²

Robert T. Burton, clerk of the first rescue party, logged in the company journal: “Left G.S.L. City, going east, to meet the emigrating companies. Camped tonight at the foot of the Big Mountain.”

October 19, 1856: Lucy Belinda Holley was born. (Of the 7 baby girls born to mothers in the Hunt Company, Lucy was the only one who survived.) The first winter storms began. The Hodgett and Hunt wagon companies and the Martin handcart company arrived at the last crossing of the Platte River. The Hunt company did all they could to assist the Martin company at this difficult time: “Some of our men went through the river seventy-five times. ... Our company assisted them all they could, but there does not seem to be any account of our assistance in their history.” (Elizabeth White, age 18) “We traveled on till we got to the Platte River. That was the last walk I ever had with my mother. We caught up with the [Martin] handcart companies that day. We watched them cross the river. There were great lumps of ice floating down the river. It was bitter cold. The next morning there were fourteen dead in camp through the cold. We went back to camp and went to prayers. They sang, ‘Come, Come, Ye Saints, No Toil Nor Labor Fear.’” (Mary Goble) “The journey was continued at 7:30 a.m., and Capt. Edward Martin’s handcart company was passed just as it was ready to start. ... Many of the handcart people pulled their carts alongside of the wagons. ... We passed Fort Bridge³ about noon and camped at 2 o’clock p.m. on the fording place on the Platte River, after traveling 14 miles. Capt. Hodgetts wagon company had just forded when we arrived, and the handcart company crossed directly afterwards.” (Hunt Company Journal) Bereft of their mother and wife, and with a little baby to care for, Ady and her father did the best they could. The Hunt Company did not cross the Platte until three days later. They had been stranded by deep snow and missing cattle. After the missing cattle were found and the river forded, other cattle died or were slaughtered due to their weakened condition.

October 22, 1856: “The fording of the Platte river was commenced at 1 o’clock p.m. by doubling teams. The brethren cut down cottonwood trees to feed the cattle. (Hunt Company Journal)

October 23, 1856: “The weather was very cold and frosty. ... The camp was detained because of snow. By this time several of the cattle had died.” (Hunt Company Journal)

October 24, 1856: “A very cold north-west wind was blowing, and the snow was quite deep, almost as deep as when it first fell. More timber was cut down to feed the cattle. One ox was found dead, and two more were not being able to stand the weather were slaughtered.” (Hunt Company Journal)

(Mary Adelaide Walters - Page 3)

October 25, 1856: “The snow drifted by the effect of a cold and strong wind so that the ground became bare in some places, thus enabling the cattle to get a little grass.” (Hunt Company Journal)

October 26, 1856: “There was a slight thaw during the day and the cattle looked much better. Capt. Hunt went to Fort Bridge to see about trading for cattle to replace those that had died.” (Hunt Company Journal)

October 27, 1856: “The snow melted gradually. Fourteen head of cattle were brought from the fort in the evening and more could be had on the morrow.” (Hunt Company Journal)

October 28, 1856: “The weather continued cold. Brothers Joseph Young and two other brethren [Abel Garr and Dan Jones] arrived in camp in the evening from the Valley. This caused rejoicing generally throughout the camp, though the tidings of the snow extending westward for forty or fifty miles was not encouraging.” (Hunt Company Journal)

October 29, 1856: “The three brethren, who had arrived in the camp from the Valley the day before, left the company on their return, expecting to be back with help in ten days. The company resumed the journey at 2 o’clock p.m. leaving one old wagon belonging to Brother Walters who had joined Brother Farmer in bringing their teams together and making one wagon serve for both families. After traveling 3 miles a new encampment was made at 3:30 p.m., at a place where the feed was scarce.” (Hunt Company Journal) The Farmer family had three daughters, ages 8, 10 and 12. It was probably comforting to Ady at this time to have these new “sisters” and the assistance of the Farmer family in caring for her baby sister. The girls’ grandmother Farmer had died in Chicago in June, and their 9-month-old brother, Willard Farmer, had died in Iowa in July, so there would have been a great deal of empathy for the Walters.

October 30, 1856: “The company resumed the journey at 9 o’clock a.m., the weather being fine, but the roads heavy, leading over high hills and wet, sandy ground. After traveling 7 miles, the company went into camp at 2 p.m., near the Platte River, where the feed was scarce. Margaret Price, wife of John Price of Pembrokehire, Wales, was delivered of a daughter.” (Hunt Company Journal) They named the baby Elizabeth.

October 31, 1856: “The company remained in camp all day. The brethren who had received fresh cattle from the traders at Fort Bridge upon a draft of Brigham Young held by Brother Thomas Thomas (who kindly proffered it for the use of the camp) signed bonds, giving as security to him of their oxen and wagons.” (Hunt Company Journal)

November 1, 1856: “The company resumed the journey at 11:15 a.m., but traveled only a short distance when a snowstorm came on, accompanied by rain, making the ground very wet and muddy. All the emigrants were cautioned not to let the cattle drink, as the road led through poisonous creeks of water. After traveling 12 miles, encampment was made at 7 o’clock p.m., where there was no wood nor water. The company was met during the day by Brothers Cyrus H. Wheelock and William Broomhead from the Valley. ...” (Hunt Company Journal) Although the company journal does not mention it, 2-day-old Elizabeth Price died on this day.

November 3, 1856: “The company started at 10:30 a.m., the weather being very cold. Fourteen or fifteen oxen were left on the road. The night encampment was formed on Greasewood Creek, half a mile from the crossing, at 8 p.m., after traveling 11 miles, during the day. The infant child of William Goble died at 9 o’clock.” (Hunt Company Journal) “We traveled in the snow from the last crossing of the Platte River. ... We began to get short of food; our cattle gave out. We could only travel a few miles a day. ... My baby sister died. [She was born] the 23rd of September. We named her Edith, and she lived six weeks and died for want of nourishment. When my little sister died ... Brother [Richard] Pay helped my father when she was buried by the roadside.”

November 5, 1856: “Jane Walters, daughter of John Walters, died at 9:30 a.m., aged 8 weeks. The company started at 11 o’clock a.m., passed Independence Rock at 2 p.m. and arrived at the log house at Devil’s Gate at 8 p.m. ... A meeting was called which was addressed by Brothers Grant, Cyrus H. Wheelock and Burton. Brother Grant informed the emigrants that they would have to leave their goods at this place until they could be sent for such as stoves, boxes of tools, clothing, etc., and only take along sufficient clothing to keep them warm, with their bedding. He wanted four or five wagons and teams to assist the handcart companies and he expected them to take only about half the number of wagons along. All present expressed their willingness to do whatever was expected of them.” (Hunt Company Journal) “Capt. Hunts Com[pany] arrived here [Devil’s Gate] at 8 Oclock P M.” (Rescuer Company Journal)

November 6, 1856: “The weather was intensely cold and stormy and the snow drifted very much. The brethren commenced to unpack their wagons and store the goods in a log house. ...” (Hunt Company Journal) “Colder than ever. Thermometer 11 Deg’s below Zero. Stowed away the goods of Capt Hunts Train. None of the Camps moved. So cold the People Could not travel.” (Rescue Company Journal) Although the Hunt Company Journal does not record it, James Goble, age 4, died during the night. James was the third child of the Goble family who died on the journey.

November 6-8, 1856: “To give any just description of the 6th, 7th and 8th of November, the times we stayed at [Devil’s Gate], would be impossible. It was a combination of wind, hail, snow, and cold in terrible reality. Many of the remaining cattle died, and our traveling power fell so short that it was deemed adviseable to leave one half the wagons behind and all the freight and take nothing except our food and clothing.” (James Cantwell) The immigrants left their belongings at Devil’s Gate to be guarded through the winter by rescuer Dan W. Jones and a group of 19 other men.

“That a proper understanding may be had, I will say that these goods were the luggage of a season’s emigration that these two wagon trains had contracted to freight, and it was being taken through as well as the luggage of the people present. Leaving these goods meant to abandon all that many poor families had upon earth. So it was different from common merchandise. ... [The] unloading occupied three days. The handcart people were notified to abandon most of their carts. Teams were hitched up and the sick and feeble loaded in with such light weight as) allowed. All became common property.” (Daniel W. Jones, rescuer)

November 9, 1856: The weather being a little milder, the company resumed the journey at 12 o’clock noon, crossing the Sweetwater and camped at 4 p.m., having traveled 6 miles.” (Hunt Company Journal)

November 13, 1856: No entries were made in the Hunt Company Journal on this day. Maria Newman gave birth to a baby girl and named her Hannah. Hannah died the same day. The following scene is described one night, when more rescuers met the Hunt Company: “About midnight that night all the camp had retired, and we were awakened with a noise and thought it was the yelling of Indians ... but to our great surprise the noise was caused by the teamsters of a relief team, and some of the camp shouted for joy. They were loaded with all kinds of provisions: flour, bread, butter, meat of all kinds, but all frozen so hard. ... I remember we had to cut everything with the hatchet, but oh how thankful we all were that the Lord had answered our prayers and saved us all from starvation.” (Elizabeth White, age 18)

November 30, 1856: The Martin handcart company arrived in Salt Lake City on this day. The Hodgett and Hunt wagon companies were still in the mountains, struggling to reach Utah. Hundreds of rescuers were with them. Brigham Young gave a rousing call from the pulpit this day: “The two wagon companies still out we are sending for, and will send flour to such as may have to tarry at Forts Bridger and Supply. We do not calculate to have the winter blast stop us. It cannot stop the Mormon Elders for they have faith, wisdom and courage. They can perform that which no other men on the earth can perform.” (The last of the Hunt company finally reached Salt Lake City on December 15, 1856.)

December 11, 1856: Although the Hunt Company journal does not record it, Mary Penfold Goble died on this day. “When we got to the foot of the big mountain, the snow was so deep ... and drifted, but they told us when we got to the top we would see Salt Lake City. We were so thankful and delighted that it seemed to renew our strength and energy. It was the hardest part of my journey, but the thought of being nearly at our journey’s end after six months traveling and camping was cheering. (Elizabeth White)

Mary Adelaide married Levi Minnerly in the Endowment House on September 6, 1869. Levi’s ancestors were of Dutch and Native American lineage from Long Island, New York. Levi descended from the marriage of Jan Von Thessel and Princess Catarona, the daughter of Indian Chief Wyandance. John Walters’ three known daughters raised their families mostly in Cache County, Utah. Elizabeth married Barnard White, who also traveled in the Hunt company. Ady lived to be 87 years old. She died in Brigham City at the home of a granddaughter on October 26, 1937, and is buried in Wellsville. Levi died on April 10, 1888, in Idaho, at the age of 61. Ady had been a widow for almost 50 years at the time of her death. She was a hard worker who continued to operate their boarding house, the “Pioneer Hotel” in Wellsville after Levi died. One of her jobs was baking twelve loaves of bread every other day. One granddaughter wrote: “[She] was a very patient and dear person. . . . [she] got up one night and fell over a trunk and broke her back, she had trouble all the time after that. She would sit behind the old black coal stove where it was warm and hold her big cat on her lap and wait for the girls to come home when they was out at night. We as girls remember her sitting in her rocking chair, and she always had an apron on, and always had pink peppermints in one pocket. Grandma was blind as long as I knew her.”

Sources: Hunt Company Journal; reminiscences and family histories of those quoted in this sketch; familysearch.org; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; *Windows of Wellsville 1856-1984*, compiled for Wellsville history; extensive research on the Giles family by Laura K. Anderson.

¹A baby girl was born October 6, near Fort Laramie, to a mother in the Hunt company. Margaret Giles gave birth to a baby girl, Elizabeth, “near Laramie,” as reported by her husband, Thomas Giles, when he had Margaret and Elizabeth sealed to him in the Logan Temple. Proxy for Margaret Giles was Hannah Evans of the Hunt company. Thomas and Margaret Giles’s sons, Hyrum (6) and Joseph (7), were also in the Hunt company. Hannah Evans cared for them after their mother died. Hannah Evans’s married daughter, Ann Bowen Dee, gave birth to a baby on the ship *Samuel Curling*. Thomas Giles continued from Iowa City with the Bunker Handcart Company. At some point, either in Iowa City or Florence, Margaret Giles and her two sons did not continue with Thomas. Some family accounts state that Margaret was concerned about the amount of lice bothering the immigrants in the Bunker Company, and she did not wish to give birth to her baby under those conditions. She traveled with either the Martin handcart company or the Hunt wagon company. According to Thomas and Hannah, Margaret Giles died on “October 15, 1856, near the last crossing of the Platte,” and her baby, Elizabeth, died “in October.” Hyrum and Joseph continued to Utah in the care of Hannah Evans, who later married their father. Thomas Giles became known as “The Blind Harpist of Utah.”

²When Hans Bryner’s parents emigrated in 1857, they also suffered the effects of an oxen stampede. Hans’s mother and his son, Gottfried (whom Hans had left in Switzerland in 1856 with his parents), were in the wagon. Hans’s father was knocked down and thought to be dead but was brought back to consciousness. His arm was broken and his back badly hurt.

³“Fort Bridge” was a trading post at Richard’s Bridge, about 5 miles east of the last crossing of the Platte.

ELIZABETH WHITE

Born: February 22, 1838 in England

Age: 18

Hunt Wagon Company



Elizabeth's father died when she was very young. In 1854, Elizabeth and her family joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Desiring to gather with the Saints in Utah, Elizabeth came to America with her mother, Mary Ann Syer Smith White Hill (age 63), and two brothers, Barnard (16) and Richard (13). Her married sister, Eliza White Brooks (28) and husband, Edmund J. Brooks (24) were with them on the trek as well.

They joined the Hunt wagon company at Iowa City. This company travelled closely with the Martin handcart company so that they could assist them if needed. Elizabeth walked the entire way. She was known in the company as a cheerful person. Someone in the company made up this poem about her: "While some were discouraged, downhearted and sad / Kind words were spoken which made their hearts glad / By little 'Miss White,' for that was her name / 'Twill be brighter tomorrow, so do not complain.'" Elizabeth often assisted the sick and infirm in the company.

Elizabeth told how the able-bodied men helped carry the Martin handcart women and children over the Platte River in October, and what it was like when rescuers arrived: "Some of our men went through the river seventy-five times. ... Our company assisted them all they could, but there does not seem to be any account of our assistance in their history. ... Our dear mother said she had never seen her dear family want for bread, but said the Lord would provide. About midnight that night all the camp had retired, and we were awakened with a noise and thought it was the yelling of Indians ... but to our great surprise the noise was caused by the teamsters of a relief team, and some of the camp shouted for joy. They were loaded with all kinds of provisions: flour, bread, butter, meat of all kinds, but all frozen so hard. ... I remember we had to cut everything with the hatchet, but oh how thankful we all were that the Lord had answered our prayers and saved us all from starvation. ... My brother Barnard, with others, would go into [the Martin company] camps and saw how they were suffering. He said it was terrible. Our company assisted them all they could."

Elizabeth was asked by Captain Hunt to go ahead with rescuer Guernsey Brown's wagon that was taking sick and elderly people to help care for them. She did not want to leave her mother, but her mother reassured her they would be close behind. Elizabeth said: "I bade my dear mother goodby thinking she and the folks would soon follow, but they did not come for two long weeks. I was lonesome when I left camp and we overtook the camp ahead of us. ... We had to walk considerable. When we got to the foot of the big mountain, the snow was so deep I had to put on men's boots. The teamsters were tall, and so was Esther Brown, [a friend], and she could step in their tracks, but I could not in hers, and I had to make my own road up both mountains, frequently falling down. The snow was so deep and drifted, but they told us when we got to the top we would see Salt Lake City. We were so thankful and delighted that it seemed to renew our strength and energy. It was the hardest part of my journey, but the thought of being nearly at our journey's end after six months traveling and camping was cheering. ... If only my dear mother had been so near I would have felt much better."

"When we got to the top of the big mountains, the men folks took off their hats, and we waved our handkerchiefs. They then pointed out Salt Lake City, and I could not believe it was, for it looked to me like a patch of sagebrush covered with snow. I could not believe it until we got nearly to it. We arrived in Salt Lake City just at sundown on the thirtieth day of November 1856. ... They took us to Ephraim Hanks home to stay all night. Next morning they took us to Draper in a sleigh, the snow being about two feet deep. It was my first sleigh ride, and the longest I ever had. We . . . were welcomed by Sister Harriet Brown [Guernsey's wife]. I can never forget her kindness to me, a stranger in a strange land. ... We did not know how to be thankful enough to our Heavenly Father for his preserving care over us during our journey, for the health and strength we enjoyed, and for every blessing he bestowed upon us. ... After my folks came in, Bishop I.M. Stewart gave my brother Barnard employment. My mother made her home with us at Sister Brown's until she went to Sister Burnham's. My brother Richard ... went to Salt Lake City and William Godbe, the druggist, took him as errand boy ... My sister Eliza stayed in Cottonwood with her husband's sister ... Barnard was soon able to get a home so our dear mother could live with him. I remained with Sister Brown two months, then went to live at Bishop Stewart's home. I lived with them about five weeks and was married to Isaac M. Stewart on the 8th of March 1857."

Elizabeth and Isaac had 11 children who remained very close to one another as they grew up and left home. Elizabeth was one of the first Sunday School teachers in Draper. She cooked and waited on the missionaries and visiting elders. A neighbor told of living near Elizabeth in her later years. She said she regularly watched the Stewart brothers alight from the street car for their weekly luncheon with their mother. They were an imposing sight, "the little one in his frock coat and the tall ones in their cut-aways." Elizabeth worked diligently to see that her children were well educated. They were recognized leaders in Utah in fields of education, law, music, literature, and religion. William M. Stewart was nationally recognized for his contributions to learning and teaching techniques. The Stewart Experimental Training School at the U of Utah campus was named for him. William said, "The school must be made a life-laboratory wherein childhood can be given the fullest, freest expression. Nothing is too good for the child."

Elizabeth died in 1917. It is said that her descendants "have carried her influence throughout the intermountain states and along both seaboard."

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; "Autobiography of Elizabeth White Stewart," written by herself at age 76, familysearch.org; *I Walked to Zion: True Stories of Young Pioneers on the Mormon Trail*, by Susan Arrington Madsen, 1994; <https://www.deseretnews.com/article/18645/STEWART-SCHOOL-IS-HAVING-A-REUNION.html>.

RESCUERS

1856

“[They were] men whose names deserve a permanent place in history for the activity and heroism then displayed in seeking to save from misery and death large numbers of their fellow men.”

B.H. Roberts

“I will seek that which was lost . . .
and bind up that which was broken,
and will strengthen that which was sick.”

Ezekiel 34:16

“I would like to pay a tribute to those brave and hardy men who came out from Utah to meet us, and who broke the road through the snow. They did not seem to mind the trials and hardships that they had to pass through in order to save our lives which they surely did. They were jovial and good natured at night as if they were at a picnic, which disposition seems to have been transmitted to many of their descendants up to the present times.”

-William P. Bowen, age 11, Hunt Wagon Company-

HUNGER AND COLD

Oh, whence came those shouts in the still, starry night
That thrilled us and filled us with hope and delight?
The cheers of newcomers, a jubilant sound
Of triumph and joy over precious ones found.

Life, Life was the treasure held out to our view
By the ‘Boys from the Valley’ so brave and so true
O’er mountainous steeps, over drearish plains
They sought us, and found us, thank God for their pains!

Hurrah! and hurrah! from the feeble and strong
Hurrah! and hurrah! loud the echoes prolong.
They were saviors, these men whom we hardly had seen
Yet it seemed that for ages, acquainted we’d been.

By humanity moved, for fraternity’s sake
They deemed it no hardship in winter to take
Over mountainous heights, through the fast falling snow,
Relief unto others to lessen their woe.

Could spirits ignoble this sacrifice make,
The shelter of home and its pleasures forsake
To succor the stranger, to danger defy,
To wander, to suffer, perchance e’en to die?

Oh, soft were their hearts who with courage like steel
Left their homes in the Valley, our sorrow to heal.
They will reap their reward, ‘twill be better than gold,
Who snatched us from death, e’en from hunger and cold.

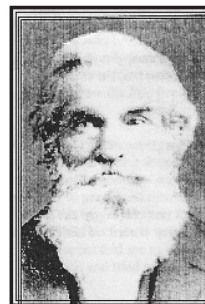
-Emily Hill (Woodmansee), Willie Handcart Company-
(excerpts)

MARSHALL FRANKLIN ALLEN

Born: 12 Oct 1833 Mansfield, New York

Age: 23

Rescue Company



Marshall Franklin Allen, known simply as “Frank,” turned 23 years old just one week after the Prophet, Brigham Young, called for the rescue of the late companies of 1856. Frank had also known the Prophet, Joseph Smith, as Frank was a young boy when his family was expelled from Nauvoo. The Allen family came to the Salt Lake Valley in 1848.

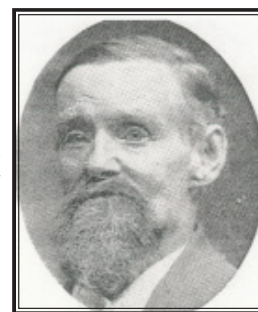
Frank made six trips back along the pioneer trail during his lifetime. But the one destined to change his life was when he answered the call to be a rescuer in 1856. Frank’s first reaction upon hearing the call was that it was very foolish to go out at that time of year. It was dangerous and risky at best to be out in the high mountains in winter, particularly when it was not known how far he would be going or how long he would be gone. Frank determined initially that he would decline to go, but decided to make it a matter of prayer. Before his prayer was finished, he received his answer. He knew he must go.

It was noon when Frank arrived with other rescuers and found the Martin handcart company. As he rode into their camp, he felt a pressing desire to go further beyond to search for any stragglers. Frank recounted: “As I was riding, I saw a little speck up on the side of the hill that somehow caught my attention. As I rode on, the object appeared a little larger and I felt the urge to ride up and see what it was. Imagine my feeling when I found there a little boy. He was so cold and hungry that he had slipped away from the others in his company. He had hid himself there on the hill and was praying to die and that the wolves would come and eat his body. I wrapped that young man in a blanket and put him on my horse.” Frank’s willingness to listen to the promptings of the Spirit saved that young man’s life, though Frank was risking his own.

Frank married Emma Holmes after he returned from the rescue and settled in the beautiful Cache Valley of Northern Utah. When he was older, he was sharing this story with some of his grandchildren and their other grandfather, George Frederick Housley. Upon hearing this tale, George stated excitedly, “Your horse was bay with one white foot, a white star on his forehead, and your blanket was red and black plaid!” Frank was surprised and asked, “How did you know that?” George replied, “Because I was that young man! I am sure it was because of the prayers of my mother that I lived until you found me.”

George emigrated from England with his mother, Harriett Agnes Cook Housley. She was 44 years old at the time. George turned 20 years old the day before reaching the Salt Lake Valley. Frank may have first referred to George as a “little boy” because he appeared as such in his starving condition, hiding in the snow. Family records indicate that he was a very small man. (See George Housley story in Martin Company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

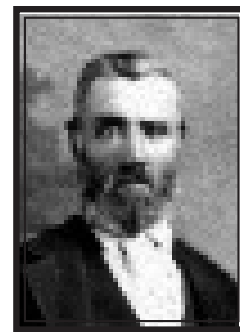
Sources: “Narration of Mr. Geo. Housley (written on Northern States Mission, German E. Ellsworth, President, Chicago, Illinois stationery),” original document in Special Collections, HBL, BYU, Provo, Utah; “The Story of Two Grandfathers” by Clarissa Housley Talbot; Interview by Jolene Allphin with Elder Clair Layton when he was serving at MHHS. Elder Layton’s mother was present at the Housley/Allen meeting; “George Housley’s History” by Emma Housley Auger, granddaughter of George Frederick Housley, available at http://sites.google.com/site/jensenfa003/gfh_history, (This history cites Charles Cook Housley’s Diary, among other primary sources.); family histories in files of Jolene Allphin; George Housley autobiography also available online at Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.



George F. Housley

REDICK (also spelled Reddick) NEWTON ALLRED

Born: 21 February 1822 Tennessee
 Age: 34
 Rescue Party



Redick Allred, a veteran of the Mormon Battalion, in his own words, “responded to a call upon the brethren to assist them [the handcart companies] ... and on the 7th [of October, 1856] about 50 men and 20 four-horse wagons with 10 ton of flour with other provisions and clothing left the city. I got a pony to ride from William B. Pace. George D. Grant camped at the foot of the big mountain with 10 wagons and I camped at the east foot of the little mountain with 10 wagons.” Thus, Redick was ready and on his way immediately after Brigham Young’s first rescue call on October 5th. On the 8th of October the rescuers encountered a severe storm, almost two weeks before the companies on the plains had their first storm. Redick said “I took cold and it gave me a severe pain in my breast that lasted one month that was almost like takeing my life. ... I suffered much from the pluricy.”

When this first rescue party reached the Continental Divide at South Pass, it was determined that Redick would be left near there on the Sweetwater River, in charge of a supply station or post. More teams were left behind so that they might be prepared to assist when the emigrant parties came through. This would enable the rescue party to travel faster, without the weakened beef cattle slowing them down. It would also allow more space in the wagons for the sick and weak emigrants they were sure to find. Redick recorded, “The 19th [of October], Captain Grant left me in charge of the supplies of flour, beef cattle, 4 wagons, the weak animals and 11 men for guard. I killed the beef cattle and let the meat lay in quarters where it froze and kept well as it was very cold and storming almost every day. We were reinforced by 3 wagons and 6 men loaded with flour.”

Redick was assigned to wait with the extra supplies at South Pass and meet the handcart companies and the rescuers on their way back to Salt Lake. Some of the other rescuers who reached South Pass later, presumed that the handcart pioneers were either dead or had decided to wait out the winter where they were, so they turned around and went back to Salt Lake. They tried to convince Redick to go with them but he was faithful in completing his assignment and waited for the emigrants to arrive.

Captain Grant’s party first met the Willie company on October 21. Grant placed William Kimball in charge of returning with the Willie company while Grant pushed on in search of the Martin, Hodgett, and Hunt companies. William Kimball sent an express rider to get the message to Redick, who recorded his continuing service with these brief entries: “23rd. I recieved an express from Wm. H. Kimball in charge of Capt. Willy’s hand cart company then at stony point forty miles below in a deplorable condition. 24th. I took 6 teams and met them 15 miles below [at Rock Creek] in such a hard west wind that they could not travel facing the drifting snow even if they had been ready for duty. I found some dead & dying laying over the camp in the drifting snow that was being piled in heaps by the gale & buerrying their dead. We set in with the rest to make them as comfortable as posable & remained in camp till next day. 25th. The wagegeons were all filled with the most infirm and we made my camp altho. many did not arrive till late at night. Fifteen were bueried on the ground below & three at my camp. On our return to camp we found one of the men sick with the small-pox and to avoid any further out brake if posable I sent him homeward with one man alone to obtain a Physician. Oct. 26th. Bro. Kimball sent an express to the city for more help as the other companies had not yet been heard of, and went on himself with Capt. Willie’s company leaveing me with a few men (7) to keep up the station till the last train should arrive. Capt Grant had said that he would send me back with the first train, but he sent word by Bro. Wm. Kimball that he would not feel satisfied unless I stoped at the station as their lives depended upon it being kept up.”

Because of this dogged determination to remain at his post, in spite of risks and illness, Redick was called “the Bulldog” by Captain Grant upon his return. Redick wrote: “Capt. Grant got into my Camp on the 17th of Nov. just 30 days since he left me, and saluted me with ‘Hurah for

(Redick Allred - Page 2)

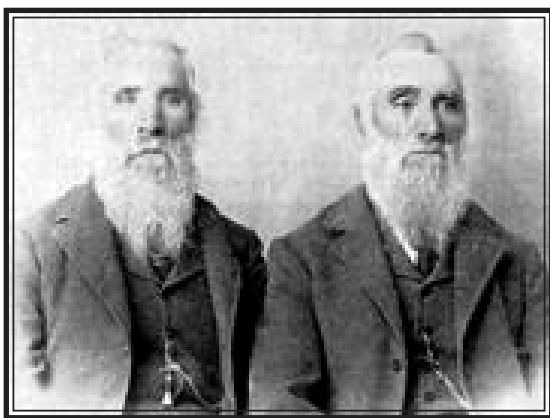
the Bull Dog -- good for a hang on.’” The rested animals and fresh supplies at Redick’s camp were significant in saving the last pioneer companies.

Dan Jones, a fellow rescuer, recorded the following: “I followed the train [Martin company] this day [November 11] to their second encampment and the next day traveled with them. There was much suffering, deaths occurring often. Eph Hanks arrived in camp from the valley and word that some of the teams that had reached South Pass and should have met us here, had turned back towards home and tried to persuade Redick Allred, who was left there with a load of flour, to go back with them. The men who did this might have felt justified; they said it was no use going further, that we had doubtless all perished. I will not mention their names for it was always looked upon by the company as cowardly in the extreme. If this had not occurred, it was the intention of Capt. Grant to have sent someone down to us with a load of flour [at Devil’s Gate]. As it was, by the time any was received, the people were in a starving condition, and could not spare it.”

After helping the Willie Company get back on their way, Reddick returned to his station, as instructed, for the next two weeks, where he was again persuaded by rescue teams that came through, to turn back with them. Many of them did turn back, but were met by others who persuaded them to turn back once again and complete their mission. Reddick wrote of this time: “President Young told William Kimball that he did not care if he turned some so quick that it would snap their neck[s]. But I saved my neck by sticking to my post.”

Redick wrote of the circumstances when he was finally able to leave his month-long camp: “The teams having all arrived we were again organized into companies of tens by wagons[,] each 10 taking up a company of 100 as they were organized in their handcarts - my 10 wagons hauling Captain [Peter] Mayo’s Company. All could ride altho much crowded. We then set out for the city with this half starved, half frozen and almost entirely exhausted company of about 500 Saints. But from that time on they did not suffer with hunger or fatigue but all suffered more or less with cold. As well as I was provided I even lost my toenails from frost.”

Sources: Redick Newton Allred Journals, on film at Church History Library. Original diary, located at Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum, is unavailable for viewing due to its fragile condition; *Forty Years Among the Indians* by Daniel W. Jones.



Redick Newton Allred and twin brother,
Reddin Alexander Allred



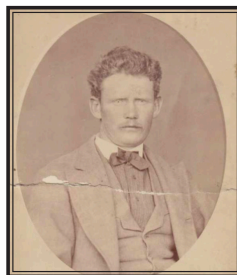
Redick Newton Allred
in Uniform

ROBERT ANGUS BAIN

Born: 28 Aug 1830 Dundee, Forfarshire, Scotland

Age: 26

Rescuer



Robert Bain



Euphemia Mitchell Bain

Robert joined the Church in Scotland and was the first of his family to emigrate to Utah. About two years later, in 1856, the rest of his family came to Utah with the Willie handcart company. This consisted of his mother, Margery McEwan Bain Smith (age 51), sisters, May Bain (22), Jane Smith (17), Mary Smith (15), Elizabeth Smith (13), and brother, Alexander Smith (6). Also traveling with the family was May's friend, Euphemia Mitchell (23), who had been disowned by her family for joining the Church.

Robert was living in Lehi and working for Brother Lorenzo Hatch in 1856. He was very ill at the time his family was coming across the plains. He tells about it in his own words:

"Many days I went hungry and I was taken down with Mountain Fever. I lay four weeks. The Sisters Hatch and a mother Eastman were very kind to wait on me. When I was getting better the word came from President Young that my mother, sisters, and little brother were on the Plains in a handcart company short of food and many were dying every day. Brother Hatch loaned me a yoke of cattle and a wagon and filled it with hay and food and some clothing. I was so weak they had to lift me into the wagon, put the whip in my hand and I started for the Plains to meet my mother and family. When I got to the city, Brother Willis helped me and fed the team and made me very comfortable for the night and helped me off the next day towards the mountains. I got better every day and got in with a company going to the Fort [Supply] for supplies. They were very kind and the women folks baked a lot of bread and churned butter so as I could take some to my mother and family when I met them. I then drove over to Fort Bridger thinking the Willie Company would be there but was disappointed. I met Brother Rockwell camped with his train of supplies. He got a Brother Boliner to put my team in a meadow where there was good feed for the night. The word came that the company was worse off than we had thought. I got the team and drove until dark that night and camped and met them the next day coming up the hill after crossing the Green River.

I met my sisters and brother and the joy to find them living, but where was Mother? Sister May dropped at my feet thanking God for sending me to them. She then told me Mother had gone off so as not to die in front of her children and to rest. I then drove on to find Mother laying in the sagebrush nearly gone. I gathered her up in my arms and got her in the wagon. My heart overflowed with love and gratitude to God. My mother said to me, 'I couldn't be more happy and thankful to see you than if I were to be in the highest Kingdom in Heaven.' [God] had preserved them in life in the midst of death and I had been able to find them. The bread and the butter was a sweet morsel to them. Mother gained in health every day. We made it to the Valley November [9]. We went up with the rest of the company that were there in front of the Beehive House and while waiting to be told where to go, Brother Willie, God bless him, claimed us and took us to his home in the Valley. Sister Willie was so good and kind to my mother and sisters."

Robert's sister, Elizabeth, also wrote this about meeting her older brother: "About three miles on this side of Green River, as I was walking ahead of the train, leading my little brother of six, and encouraging him along by telling him stories of what he would get when we arrived at the Valley, he said, 'When we get to that creek, I wish we could see our brother, Rob.' I said, 'Come along, maybe we will when we get to the top of the bank.' When we arrived at the top of the bank and looked down we saw a wagon with just one yoke of oxen on. We had never seen the like before so we waited on the summit until they should pass. The man stared at us, and as his team came beside us, he yelled 'Whoa' to the oxen. It was then we knew him. He jumped off the wagon and caught his sisters in his arms as they came up with the cart. How we all wept with joy! The cart was then tied behind the wagon. Little Alex climbed into the wagon as happy as a prince, instead of a poor tired child."

Robert married Euphemia Mitchell about a month after the rescue. They eventually settled in Smithfield, Utah, where Euphemia gave birth to the first twin girls born there. They had a store and a farm. Robert was the town Doctor for many years and also pulled teeth. He was an Officiator in the Logan Temple, a Patriarch, and took care of the tithing house. He was best known for his profession as a miller. He died in May of 1905, leaving Euphemia a widow for the next 26 years. She died at the age of 98, having been honored at many Pioneer celebrations as the oldest living pioneer there.

Sources: Goodwin, Mrs. Betsey Smith, "The Tired Mother: Pioneer Recollections," *Improvement Era*, July 1919; Autobiography of Robert Bain. See "Margery Smith Family" in *Follow Me To Zion* by Andrew Olsen and Jolene Allphin, *Deseret Book*, 2013, for more information and artwork by Julie Rogers.

NATHAN¹ BANKHEAD

Born: about 1825 in Alabama, (or possibly Indiana or Tennessee) USA

Age: 31

Rescuer

Nathan was a black slave of the John Henderson Bankhead family of Alabama. Elder John Brown had been to Alabama and taught the gospel to the Bankheads, including their slaves, some of whom were baptized members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. One of the Bankhead slaves, Jacob (age 17), was sent ahead with a vanguard company to prepare the way for the rest of the family and make homesites in their new “promised land.” This vanguard group included three other black slaves; Oscar Crosby, Green Flake, and Hark Lay. These three made it to the Valley with Brigham Young’s company in 1847, but Jacob had died of a fever at Winter Quarters and was buried there.

The Bankheads continued their plans and the family came to Salt Lake City with a company of southern Saints under the leadership of Heber C. Kimball in September 1848. Nathan was either with them or a little bit ahead, preparing the way as Jacob had hoped to do a year earlier.

Orson Hyde was quoted in the Church publication *Millennial Star*, February 15, 1851, as saying, “Several men in the Salt Lake Valley are from Southern States, John Bankhead being one of them; and they have their slaves with them. There is no law in Utah to authorize slavery, neither any to prohibit it. If the slave is disposed to leave his master, no power exists, either legal or moral, that will prevent him, but if the slave chooses to remain with his master, none are allowed to interfere between the master and slave. All the slaves that are there appear to be perfectly contented and satisfied.” In 1852, the Territorial government approved “An Act in Relation to Service,” one requirement of which was that it was the duty of all masters or mistresses to send their servants between the ages of six and twenty years to school for not less than eighteen months. Nathan’s son, George, was a particularly good student. He learned the Ute Indian language and became an interpreter.

Soon after their arrival in the Valley, Nathan and his brother, Dan, were asked to go back to the Missouri River to assist in bringing other emigrants to Utah. They served as teamsters in these expeditions. In 1856, Nathan also answered the call to assist in the rescue of the late companies stranded in Wyoming.

The Bankhead families, including Nathan and his 2nd wife², Susan Jane, settled first in Cottonwood, then Perry and finally in Wellsville, where Nathan and his master, John, had first gone in 1859 to thresh the first grain for the settlers. There were a few of these white settlers who reportedly did not provide well for themselves. Seldom disillusioned, the black families were a happy lot. They were experienced pioneers and self-supporting, working as blacksmiths, farmers, laborers and domestics. They laid in their winter supplies and shared with some improvident neighbors until their supplies were nearly depleted. The Bankheads are said to have never turned any of these away or started bitter talk against them.

The black families were treated as free men in Wellsville and were eager to hear any news from the states about the Civil War. Charles W. Nibley, who worked for the Bankhead family in 1861 said that it was difficult to get much news as there were no newspapers or established mail routes during much of that time. Charles reports that Sam Bankhead (black) asked him one day if he “had read any news of ‘de wah’” and then said, “I hope do Souf get licked.”

After the war, the Negroes in Wellsville continued to live unmolested with the white settlers there, with the only reported incidents of prejudice being the stealing of headstones

made for his (former) slave families by John Bankhead. Otherwise, from records left, it appears that there was always a spirit of cooperation between the two races in Wellsville.

When the settlers moved from a fort to a city plan in 1863, Nathan and Susan Jane became land owners, being given a townsite deed by Mayor William H. Maughan. They paid \$4.50 for it. They later purchased another lot for \$25 with a nice garden plot, livestock and equipment to cultivate this land. George, a son of Nathan, homesteaded in the Mt. Sterling area on Sardine road. He was nicknamed Cooky, and many older residents say he lived at the mouth of a hollow, in a cabin. This became known as Cooky's Hollow.

Nathan hauled freight, farmed, and labored with his neighbors on the Easthand Fork Dam and on the railroad tracks that were laid from Ogden to Corrine and northward. He and the other blacks made life tolerable for the other workers. They were tremendously talented and had a song for every occasion. Their enthusiasm for music and frivolity made them welcome guests at social gatherings. One person wrote, "These people, who attended church and social gatherings regularly, were well thought of by all who knew them. They were talented in singing and playing musical instruments. They played for many dances and sang on many occasions. At picnics they delighted in cooking and serving the dinners. As they passed around the food, they talked and danced in a very entertaining manner." No doubt, Nathan was among those rescuers who reportedly were singing, "Wait for the Wagon" as they came upon the starving Saints in 1856. (See songs section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

The following are excerpts taken from personal histories, interviews and newspapers, as reported in the book *Windows of Wellsville 1856-1984*, showing some of the interactions of Nathan's family and the white community in Wellsville, Utah:

The Bankhead parents [white] had gone to Salt Lake City to conference, leaving the children in the charge of an uncle. John went over to play with his friend who was black. Supper time came and the parents (Nate and Susan) invited Johnny to stay to eat. The fare looked pretty good so he stayed. Bedtime came and his friend invited Johnny [to spend the night]. When night came, the uncle went over to the Negro home to find John. He was in bed. "Aren't you coming home?" [his uncle asked]. "No," John answered, "I'd rather live with the negroes." - William P. Leatham

Many dances were held at the John Hendry farm in their big rock house. Our music was furnished by Lorenzo Thorpe, Sr., Will and Frank Wyatt, and our Negro friends, George, Dan and Nate Bankhead. George played the fiddle and Nate was the caller off. Those were happy days. - David A. Kerr

I was afraid to pass the Bankhead home because of the Negroes, but it didn't take long before we were stopping at the house with the rest of the children to visit and hear fascinating songs and stories about the South. - Violet C. Parker

Father sent Nate over to work on the railroad, Utah Central, from Ogden to Corrine. The Negroes were a novelty to the Indians. They called them "Tatabus." - Elvira Bankhead Baugh

Our family was the only black one in Wellsville. . . Why, when I was a little girl growing up, I didn't even know I was colored. - Celia Bankhead Leggroan

There were six who went to the Presbyterian Church (two were colored girls who belonged to John H. Bankhead). They were named Celia and Odell. [also known as Mame and Babe, respectively. They were the daughters of Dan Bankhead, wife unknown.] They sang beautifully the song "Wait Til' The Sun Shines Nellie." They were beautiful girls and what singers. I remember Nate driving that big freight wagon, he had gray hair and a long beard that he kept braided under his chin. He was quite a sight to see. - Bertha Maughan

Sources: FamilySearch.org; "Daughters of Utah Pioneers Lesson for May 2004: History of Salt Lake County" compiled by Mary N. Porter Baranowsky Harris; Carter, Kate B., *The Negro Pioneer*; Daughters of Utah Pioneers booklet, 1965; *Windows of Wellsville 1856-1984*, compiled for Wellsville History.

¹Dan Jones, fellow rescuer, lists this person as "Tom Bankhead, a colored man" in his book, *40 Years Among The Indians*. I cannot identify this Tom Bankhead and wanted to have this rescuer represented. I have taken the liberty to speculate that Nathan may be the identity of the Bankhead black man sent on the rescue, and was simply called "Tom" by Dan Jones.

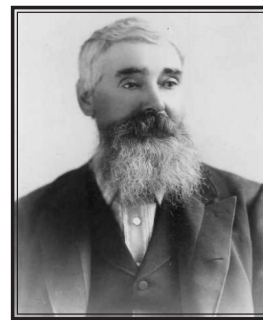
²Nathan's first wife, Mary or Miriam, died previously.

JAMES BARKER

Born: April 7, 1827 in Shelfanger, Norfolk, England

Age: 29

Rescuer



James's parents, Frederick and Ann Bligh Barker, immigrated to America from England when James was just three years old. Missionaries found them in Watertown, New York, in 1844 and the family joined the Church. They arrived in Utah in 1849 and stayed for a time at Lorin Farr's fort in Ogden. James met Polly Emily Blodgett there. They were married in 1851. James and his father-in-law worked on building the first grist mill in Ogden on Cold Water Creek.

In 1856, James accepted the call to rescue the belated companies on the plains, leaving his wife and three children to fend for themselves. James's great-granddaughter, Carol Manning Hutcheson, wrote the following biography of James:

"James, as well as other rescuers, suffered their own problems while on their rescue mission. It is reported that while on their journey, two of their animals strayed. James and another teamster went to find them. It was very cold and dark. They hunted for a couple of hours before finding the animals. The company failed to keep the bonfire burning, so James had to hunt for the camp. Because of exposure to the extreme cold, James' hands were frost-bitten and became stricken with crippling rheumatism and arthritis. He lost the use of his hands for the rest of his life.

"However, his frozen deformed hands didn't prevent James from developing one of the finest farms in Utah. He employed many hired hands, and along with additional help from sons and daughters, he became one of the outstanding agricultural leaders in the community. The first red delicious apples in Utah were imported and raised by James. It was because of his urging that other farmers began raising the red apples that helped to make Utah famous. He was one to advocate the rotation of crops. He dug five big flowing wells which furnished fresh water for his orchards of apples, cherries, peaches, and pears, grape and berry vines, corn, potatoes, tomatoes and onions. He was always known to have as good an apple or potato on the bottom of the basket as on the top."

About three months after returning from the rescue, James and Polly were sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. James also built a log cabin that year near what is now about 2300 North Fruitland Drive in North Ogden. Polly became a midwife and was known for her doctoring skills among her neighbors as well as the Indians. James and Polly's family soon outgrew the little cabin and James built a nice new house just north of the log cabin. James continued to accumulate property so he could give each of his sons a farm after they married. He also worked hard to see that each of his daughters' needs was met. The Barker children grew to be well-respected citizens in their community. James was widowed in 1911 when Polly suffered a stroke. James died four years later at the age of 88.

"James and Polly Barker were pioneers who recognized the truthfulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ at an early age. They made the sacrifices necessary to gather to Zion. James braved the elements in providing succor and rescue for others. They raised righteous and industrious children. They left a permanent imprint on the history of the Church and of their community, North Ogden, Utah."

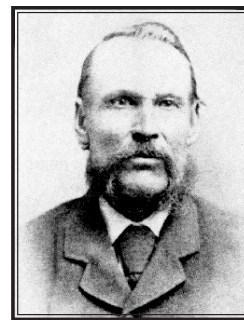
Source: email from Carol Manning Hutcheson, August 25, 2011, in files of Jolene Allphin.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BEAN, “POORETS”

Born: 1 April 1831 Adams County, Illinois

Age: 25

Rescuer



George W. Bean’s parents first moved to Adams County, Illinois, in about 1827. They were leading prosperous and hardworking lives when the Mormons were driven from Missouri and found shelter and kindness in the residents of Quincy, Illinois. In one of George’s several journals, he tells of his family’s role in this episode:

In the Fall of 1839 the expulsion of Mormons from Missouri took place according to Governor L. W. Boggs’ Exterminating Order. The town of Quincy, and much of Adams County, became the temporary lodging place for many of the persecuted people. These homeless exiles filled every sheltered nook and corner. My father, having added to his lands and improvements, owned several houses and cabins. These shelters were for a time filled with these people. I remember especially the families of Jonathan L. Harvey, Matthew Way, Alexander Williams (who lived on Uncle Esaias Edward’s farm), and George W. Gee and his wife (who was a sister of Elias Smith as well as a cousin to the Prophet Joseph Smith). Brother Gee taught school for our District. I recollect the shock it fairly gave us when it leaked out that his wife was a cousin of ‘Jo Smith.’ What a risk of contamination we were in!

Close to this same time period, George writes of other needy people that were assisted by the nearby villagers in Mendon:

These people ... had a real abolitionist spirit. Little Mendon ... was an underground station on the route from the State of Missouri to Canada. More than once in my boyhood days I got a glimpse of runaway Negroes, peeping out from Deacon Stillman’s barn, or neighbor Fowler’s cellar. ... Sometimes the owners of the runaway slaves would be in pursuit. A man named Lovejoy was killed by exasperated Missourians pursuing a runaway slave.

Of his parents and early boyhood training, George wrote:

My early life was spent in keeping the buckets filled with fresh water from the spring for Ma, seeing the cows and horses had hay in the mangers, and keeping the cedar wood in the kitchen box and pine logs for fireplace, etc., for Pa. We had our riding ponies and Sunday buggy. We all learned to ride and drive horses. ... I endured the jibes of “Pa’s shadow” to glean information on the business of farming and cattle raising from his counseling with his men. I was all ears and eyes, and always have been when there is anything to learn. Our intelligent mother kept bad words washed from our tongues, and ended children’s quarrels by finding jobs far apart. “A soft answer turneth away wrath,” she would say. ... My parents were strictly religious, each being a member of a popular Church—father a Methodist and mother a Presbyterian; so we children associated with ministers of both denominations.

George loved his early boyhood schooling and excelled in many subjects but most particularly in spelling. He wrote:

I would often go five miles to spell down a whole school. I found by studying the root words that I could spell and define any words coming from that original word. My memory became strong by repeating to mother and schoolmates what I had learned or read. Frequently rehearsing the various subjects stored them in my mind.

Through the efforts of the Bean family to assist the Mormon exiles, they eventually became acquainted with and embraced their doctrines, were baptized and moved to Nauvoo. Here George and his father both met the Prophet Joseph Smith and labored on the Nauvoo Temple. After the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, the Saints were once again driven from their homes by mobs. This time, the Bean family was among the driven. They came to Utah, where George met his first love in 1852:

I found a girl that about suited my fancy for a wife by the name of Elizabeth Baum. Having become acquainted with the Baums, I thought it best not to live in single blessedness any longer, so I persuaded Elizabeth to pledge our fortunes together.

Three years prior to his marriage, at only 18 years of age, George met with an unfortunate and serious accident. George was asked by Lieutenant William Dayton to assist him in firing a cannon for practice. After the first successful firing, the second one exploded. Both men had their hands on the hickory ramrod bearing heavily to seat the charge when the explosion occurred.

(George Washington Bean - Page 2)

They were hurled thirty feet away onto the ground. Dayton was killed and George was taken up dying, terribly mangled, but still breathing, with his left hand missing. His clothes were burned, his face and eyes blackened with powder, burned so badly that he could see nothing for twenty days. His body was covered with lacerations and filled with splinters. (Some of the two hundred splinters remained in his body for up to twenty years, working to the surface at different times. These were in addition to the 200 splinters removed by the doctor and saved in one of George's mother's fruit jars.) A doctor was immediately sent for. Aaron Houghton Conover (Hout) immediately left on horseback for Salt Lake City, a distance of 50 or 60 miles. Dr. Blake, an army surgeon, returned with Hout, riding through the night and returning in just twenty hours from Hout's departure. Hout's ride ranks with the great rides of history.

Dr. Blake first sawed the bones of George's shattered left forearm, leaving a 3 ½ inch stub below the elbow. George endured without the aid of anesthesia. Each day for ten days the doctor dressed his wounds and probed for more splinters. Beef tea was all the nourishment George could take. His eyes and entire face scabbed over. Every inch of his body suffered and George prayed to die. He remained in bed for 40 days. During this time Brigham Young and his counselors came to the Bean home. Brigham took George by the hand and asked him if he wanted to live. George's reply was, "Yes, if I can do any good." Brigham then anointed George with consecrated oil and blessed him as recalled by George:

He rebuked the power of the Destroyer from my body and from our home. It was like an electric current that ran through me from head to foot and it took the severe pain with it. He plead with the Lord to heal me from head to foot that all my wounds might heal quickly. He asked that faith may increase as the healing takes place, and that I may ever rejoice in God's blessings in performing the works He has for me to do, etc. How I wish I had that blessing in writing. He made it clear to me that the Holy Ghost, bestowed upon me after baptism, would be my constant guide and educator, and that the Lord's work assigned to me will be gloriously completed. My parents were there to hear this consoling prayer, of greater length, but this is enough. We were lifted above all earthly things in rejoicing with the Prophets of the Lord in humility and sincere brotherly love. God saved me through the Prophet's prayers and power of the Priesthood, which God has bestowed upon worthy men to represent Him on Earth.

The next day the scales fell from George's eyes and he later stated, "It has not been possible to describe my feelings when the light first came to me when, after twenty days of blindness, the burn scabs dropped from my eyes."

During the time of George's recuperation, he had many visits from sympathetic Indians. Chief Sanpitch especially became a friend and taught George the Indian language more completely. George felt it was a blessing in disguise to have this time, as his work and missions among the Indians throughout the rest of his life was greatly benefitted and he also became a great benefit to all in the Territory. He was also hired as an interpreter by the government and paid well. His assistance in these endeavors helped bring an end to the practice of the Indians of selling their children to Mexican traders for slaves. George served in many capacities as a peacemaker and a peacekeeper, negotiating important treaties while he was yet a young man. His life was spared many times from angry and warring Indians. In 1872 George traveled to Washington D.C. with a group of Indians who wanted to talk to the "Big White Chief," President Ulysses S. Grant. These talks ended with important treaties being enacted. The Indians referred to George as "Poorets," meaning "man with one arm." They said of him: "He talks straight."

George described some of the challenges presented by having only one arm:

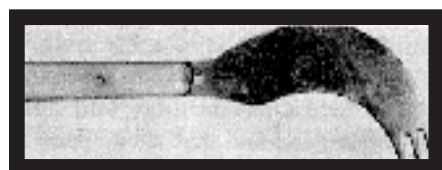
My children never could imagine how we harnessed the mules, put on the brake and handled four lines in going into a hollow and releasing the brakes—all with just one hand. It was a problem for many years to learn how to make one hand do for two. To use the soap, wash rag and towel was easy. To place my pocket knife on my left knee, holding it firmly with my stub arm, I could cut my own finger nails by twisting my right hand about it. It was quite a

(George Washington Bean - Page 3)

feat to drive a four-horse team, or stubborn mules, with one hand, in pulling the right rein at the right time in a turn, placing the brakes going down a hill or ditch bank, and releasing the brake on the upward climb, but the stub arm, the knob on the front endgate, or the wagon cover bow to which the line could be secured, made it possible. The harness had to be placed on the animals, or the saddle on the riding pony, etc. There were two difficult things for me, buttoning the celluloid collar on a shirt and tying the bow. It was a fine thing when they invented a hook on the tie to slide over the collar button. Well, the other thing was cutting my meat at the table. Someone had to help me, at home or elsewhere. I could eat like the cowboys or Indians at camp, but not so undignified at a table. Well, I must set my brain buzzing and find a remedy. Once a year we had those great fashion guides, or order books come to us, and my wife, Elizabeth, was looking at the cutlery pages. As I came into the dining room, I looked too. She had selected a bone-handled set of knives and forks in the Sears-Roebuck, or it might have been the Montgomery Ward Company, I can't remember, but I got my inspiration then to invent a combination knife and fork for one-handed folks, for myself especially, and sat down to make a drawing of my idea. The knife part was to cut the food, and the fork to convey it to my mouth. It has been very serviceable to me. I carried it on all of my trips. While it is my own invention, I had no desire to get a patent, but the Company that made the unique combination gave me credit for it in a magazine article.

George W. Bean's knife and fork combination is preserved in the Flora Bean Horne collection at the Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum in Salt Lake City.

George had made a promise to do whatever was asked of him when he was blessed by Brigham Young after his accident. He kept this promise throughout his life, and fulfilled many



difficult and dangerous assignments. He responded to the call for rescue in October of 1856, when the late pioneer companies were stranded on the plains. He left Provo with a Brother Follett and a four-mule team, carrying supplies and hope to those with whom he could uniquely sympathize, as many had lost limbs in

their exposure. S.S. Jones of the Martin Handcart Company was taken into George and Elizabeth's home and nursed back to health. Jones later became a noted citizen of Utah. (See Samuel Stephen Jones story in the Martin Handcart Company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.)

George became an explorer, military man, judge, and father of a large family. He moved many times in order to meet the needs of his growing family and the duties of his work. One family member commented, "We moved so often that after living in one place for several weeks the chickens would come in and lie down on the floor with their legs together ready to be tied for the next move."

George became a comrade with such notables as Orrin Porter Rockwell, Ephraim Hanks and General Robert T. Burton, the latter two who were also major players in the 1856 rescue. During a visit to Burton's home by George's daughter, Burton said: "Flora, your father was one of the truest men that ever lived. Our friendship was a sacred memory. No one will ever know how he quieted uprisings of suspicious Indians to protect the pioneers who failed to understand them."

Sources: James A. Bean: *Poorets*, 1992, *Beans of a Rich Field*, 1993 (Title is a reference to the three families of George W. Bean who lived in Richfield, Utah), and *Life Story of George Teancum Bean*, undated; Interview with James A. Bean Nov. 6, 2006, by Jolene Allphin; *Autobiography of George Washington Bean, a Utah pioneer of 1847, and his family records*, compiled by Flora Diana Bean Horne, 1945.

(James A. Bean was the youngest son of George Teancum Bean. George Teancum Bean was the oldest son of George Washington Bean. George Teancum was born on December 26, 1856, shortly after his father returned from the rescue. The book *Poorets* has updates and corrections to the book on the life of George W. Bean written by his daughter, Flora Bean Horne.)

WILLIAM MILTON BELL

Born: July 22, 1833

Age: 23

Rescuer



Alfred and Martha Bell were living in Illinois when they came in contact with the Church and were baptized in May of 1839. Alfred and Martha received their temple ordinances in the Nauvoo Temple in 1846. They were the parents of two sons, William Milton and Eli (born 1834). The boys enjoyed several years of their childhood in Nauvoo.

William remembered seeing the prophet Joseph Smith “riding on his fine gray horse and Hyrum on his black one. He also remembered distinctly the cruel assassination of the Prophet and Hyrum, and was among those saints who mourned deeply the loss of their great leaders. William, as a boy, accompanied his father to the meetings where the mantle of the Prophet Joseph fell on Brigham Young, and told how he asked his father if that was the Prophet returned to his people, even his voice was like that of the Prophet Joseph.” (Sarah Bell Harris, daughter, 1876-1965)

William’s family was driven from their home in Nauvoo by mob violence in May of 1846. William was a young teenager when he drove the family’s cattle across the plains.

In 1851 the Bell family settled in Cedar Valley, where they built the first home. William’s father reportedly selected and located the town of Cedar Fort. They later moved to Lehi, where they were living in 1856. It was at this time that William volunteered, in company with another man, to carry supplies to the handcart companies. Due to the severe weather conditions encountered, William’s companion did not continue on with him, but returned to the valley. After serving faithfully in the rescue, William returned home on Christmas day 1856. His feet were so badly frozen that he never fully recovered from the trouble with his feet, and his family felt that this contributed significantly in causing his death.

William was an Indian war veteran. Many of his badges are in possession of the family. William was highly skilled in carpentry. He worked on the Salt Lake Tabernacle and the Temple, and was commissioned by Brigham Young to construct several articles of furniture. Of these, two cabinets, a writing desk and a picture frame made by William are exhibited in the Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum in Salt Lake City. His daughter, Sarah, proudly noted that “many of the best homes in Salt Lake City and Cache Valley were built by him.” William was also the carpenter who constructed the original wooden eagle, with its 16-foot wingspan, that sat atop the Eagle Gate monument in downtown Salt Lake City. He worked on the finish carving with Ralph Ramsey. Some years later the eagle was sent east to be electro-plated. Fifty years later, the monument was hit by a truck. (A metal box revealing this history was found inside.) Due to the widening of State Street in the early 1960s, the prior monument, including Bell’s and Ramsey’s eagle, was removed and replaced with a much wider and larger third-generation monument. The current eagle is bronze and weighs 4,000 pounds and has a wingspan of 20 feet. The original wooden eagle is on display at the Daughters of Utah Pioneers museum in Salt Lake City.

In 1859, Milton married a Danish girl, Martha Kirstine Benson. They lived in Lehi, Logan, Clarkston, and Newton, Utah, and were founding pioneers of Newton. They first lived from their wagon-box while they built a home. Because lumber was hard to get, the family’s first log house had no floors, doors or trim.

(William M. Bell – Page 2)

One pioneering problem these new families experienced was protecting their crops and animals from predators. One time the men banded together in two groups, then had a contest to see which side could bring in the largest number of coyote and wolf scalps. The losing team had to treat the winners to a big dinner and dance. At one time William almost lost his life in an encounter with a grizzly bear that had been destroying the pioneers' gardens in Cache Valley. He finally formed a posse and went out one night to catch the bear. The presiding authorities had warned the citizens not to go on any bear hunts, but William unwisely went anyway. There were not enough rifles to go around, so some of the men had only old-fashioned six-shooters. Phillip Cardon was armed with a gun with a long bayonet, as he was considered the most skilled hunter in the group and could probably fight at close range. His brother, Paul Cardon, carried a six-shooter.

The men were hiding in a small patch of brush when the bear was seen. William had instructed the men not to shoot or move without orders. When William finally felt the bear was close enough to be confronted, he yelled out the signal, "Make ready!" He expected the bear would rear up on its hind legs, but instead it charged immediately at William, so close that he was unable to shoot. William struck the bear with his gun and knocked out a tooth. The bear responded by striking William and knocking him 10 feet in the air. As he landed, the bear was astride him, then sunk its teeth into William's ribs under his right arm, picked him up and shook him. Some of the men began shooting from a distance but were afraid to aim too close for fear of hitting their friend. Paul Cardon courageously ran up with his six-shooter and fired twice, causing the bear to drop William and run off. William was injured but able to walk home with assistance. Martha was waiting up for him and thought he looked pale. He told her nothing was the matter, that he was just a little hungry. She gave him some bread and milk, but he couldn't eat it. She finally noticed some blood trickling down his wrist and realized he was hurt. William was compelled to tell her the whole story.

Under William's direction a saw-mill was set up for the Newton townspeople. William's children have many memories associated with this saw-mill. They said, "It was an impressive sight to see [our] father come home and remove water soaked clothes frozen so stiff they would stand alone." (Sarah B. Harris) The Bell home was used for all community activities until a meeting-house could be built. William's services as a carpenter were in much demand in this little community, including the building of coffins. William no doubt built a coffin for his own dear wife, who died in 1878, leaving William with a broken heart and eight children to care for, the youngest being less than two years old.

Shortly after his wife died, William moved his family back to Logan, where much of his work was, so that he wouldn't have to be gone from the children so often. He and his oldest son put up the temple saw-mill and worked on the Logan Temple for about five years, during which time William did much of the finish carpentry. His daughter, Sarah, wrote: "I remember carrying his lunch up the steep temple hill to him. Very high winds used to come down the Logan Canyon at times and do a great deal of damage. On one occasion I saw the ruinous work of the wind. It blew timbers from the very top of the temple, making their way down through the plastered ceilings and did much damage. How grieved we were to see our beloved edifice battered and bruised."

William built his two-story dream home in Logan and enjoyed much happiness here with his children. William's mother also lived close by with his brother, Eli. But when William's children began to marry and move away, William's greatest wish was to be near them and keep the family

(William M. Bell – Page 3)

together, so the family moved again in 1884, this time to Idaho. William was a pioneer one last time, helping to build the homes, bridges, and canals of Rexburg.

All of William's children settled in Rexburg where William died in 1908. A few years before his death, William broke his leg and went to live with his daughter, Marion, until he had recovered sufficiently to return to work. He had a great deal of trouble with his feet and legs, and the family believes this began in his earlier years because of being frozen while on his 1856 rescue mission. At several times he had toes amputated, then his foot, part of his leg, and finally his entire leg. The gangrene could not be overcome, and William finally died in the home of his son, Hyrum, in Salem, Idaho, on November 18, 1908. After remaining a widower for 30 years, William was buried beside his wife in the Newton cemetery. Marion Bell's son, William R. Anderson, wrote of him: "Through his works, and his family[,] he left his part of the world a by far better place for his having lived and fulfilled his second estate. By his example he taught his children thrift and industry, good citizenship, and love for the Lord and His work, and love for his fellowman."

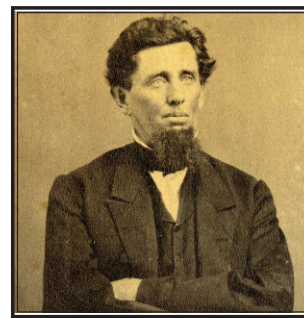
Sources: Bell family histories and photos in files of Jolene Allphin, sent by Ray Bell, Los Gatos, California, including "History of William Milton Bell" by his daughter, Sarah Bell Harris; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files for William M. Bell: 1. "Early Battle With Grizzly Is Recalled" by unknown author. 2. "A Brief Life Sketch or Biography of William Milton Bell" by W.R. Anderson; http://www.mendonutah.net/history/cache_county/35.htm ("Miscellaneous Cache Valley Animal Stories"); http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eagle_Gate.

Pictured: William Milton Bell (right) and his sons



SETH MILLINGTON BLAIR

Born: 14 March 1819 in Pike County, Missouri
 Age: 37
 Rescuer



Seth Blair grew up along the banks of the Mississippi River in Tennessee where he “learned to be a woodsman and love the frontier with his boyhood companion, Ben McCulloch,¹ and likely, Davy Crockett’s sons.”²

In 1837, Blair helped move his father’s family to Texas, where he learned much about pioneering as well as the practice of law. In 1849, Brigham Young sent Elder Preston Thomas to Texas to encourage the former Apostle, Lyman Wight, to return to the Church. When Wight refused, Elder Thomas spent his time seeking out new converts to the LDS faith, one of whom was Seth Blair. Seth was baptized two weeks after hearing the gospel message and began making preparations to gather with the Saints in Kanesville, Iowa. He sold his law practice and his property. His wife, Cornelia Jane, was not converted at that time, but named a newborn son Preston, after Elder Thomas. Jane was baptized along the pioneer trail two months later.

In 1850, Seth was unanimously elected as the Pottawattamie County prosecuting attorney. Later that year, the Blair family arrived in Salt Lake City, where Seth was appointed U.S. Attorney for the Territory of Utah by President Millard Fillmore.

Two short years after arriving in Utah, Seth’s first wife, Cornelia Jane, died along with her 8th baby in childbirth. Seth’s world was shattered. He quit writing in his diary for three months. When he picked up his pen again, he recorded: Today December 1st 1852 I take my penn in hand to record the most mellancholly bereftment that has ever fell to my lot and one that I feel the keen anguish oft in the innermost recesses of my Soul[.] One that time nor eternity can never obliterate. One that is fresh in my mind today as the day that it transpired[.] one that has left an aching void that cannot be filled by no mortal save her who it pleased Our Heavenly Father to take from me. ... She denied herself many comforts of life to add to my happiness[.] Of her I can say that her jealousy was ever dormant. She bore her griefs & sorrows at her own expense. ... She called her little children around her dying bed & asked them all to be good children. She spoke to her female friends around her & said she would see Bro. Joseph Smith the Prohett & Bishop Whitney & would tell them how their wives were. In death she was as composed as a summer evening. She retained her senses to her last moment.

On what would have been Jane’s 33rd birthday, “in commemoration of the day,” Seth invited the “Presidency, Twelve Apostles, Presidents of the Seventies, Presiding Bishops and other friends and heads of the church [to] a dinner and it was said to be the best and finest dinner ever seen in the gaps of the mountains at which all seemed merry and happy and felt to sing and praise the Lord and bless me, His servant, ... and all pertaining unto me and for which I feel grateful.”

Seth was called to serve a mission in Texas in 1854. He was able to visit his mother and brothers who still living near Victoria, Texas, during this time. He was very successful as a missionary, and on March 20, 1855, he began the journey home to Salt Lake City with 89 Texas converts. A cholera epidemic claimed the lives of 30 of these people. Seth wrote: Sunday June 23rd 10 A.M. Today I take pen in hand to record mellancholy facts as well as other more pleasing ones. ... The cholera made its appearance in our camp on the night of Monday the 17th & in the first 24 hours we lost 12 or 13 & up to this time I presume we have not lost less than 20 & at least the 5th of our whole strength. The camp presenting for the last 4 days a cholera hospital. Such a scene as neither pen can portray or tongue describe. father & mother taken & both buried in one grave or side by side leaving crying children scattered over the camp while the shrieking crys & hollow groans of men & women wear heard on every side with the cry for help from the grave diggers whose toil was incessant[.] seemingly night & day untill a guard can hardly be had or a watch kept through the night of men who may be called well true[.] Oh God[.] dreadful seems our fate or providence & all I can add is I feel that Thee doeth all things well.

(Seth Blair - Page 2)

In September of 1856, Brigham Young called Seth to direct an exploration mission across the west desert to determine if a new wagon road to Carson, Nevada, could be found. During the trip, he noted “The desert was the most disagreeable place to cross I think I ever travelled over.” After returning to Salt Lake, Seth was called out again, this time to participate in the rescue of the handcart companies. The Willie handcart company journal records meeting him on November 4th at Bear River “with 3 ox wagons” loaded with supplies. Seth’s record gives us a small glimpse into some things pertaining to the rescue:

October conference 1856 was one of unusual interest being the first conference after the Hand Cart System had been tested. ... Although [the Willie and Martin Companies] sustained much harm from the lateness of the season[,] having started from the Missouri river as late as August 17, the last company of handcarts not arriving until November 30[,] Many of the last two companies under Capt Willy and Martin perishing from cold and fatigue[,] The people here [are] having to go back to the Platte river to assist the last company and to Fort Bridger and beyond Capt. Willy’s company[,] and myself went out with teams and waggons to assist them in and hundreds of others did the same thing[,] among whom were some elders that have just arrived from foreign missions, only remaining home two or three days before they left again for the plains.

Dec 3. Yet some of this year’s emigration (400)³ are out in the mountains with some 60 wagons and teams from the valleys have gone to assist them. Great is the drawback of the people from the cause, but another season it will not occur, as our immigration will start earlier and thus avoid these misfortunes.

When Seth Blair died in 1875, the *Deseret News* reported that he was “a brave man and well known from Dan to Beersheba” (Bear Lake to Dixie) and called him the “Patriarch of the Utah Bar.”⁴ His pioneering spirit and activities were felt in law, freighting, manufacturing, preaching, merchandising, legislation, militarism, journalism, ferrying, canal building, iron works, and family life. He orchestrated and led the “Echo Canyon expedition” during the Utah War.⁵ The same *Deseret News* article recalls his service as a Major in the famous Texas Rangers with Sam Houston, who was a United States Senator in Washington, D.C., and refers to a letter Blair wrote to Houston as being one of the means of resolving the Utah War (also known as the “Contractors War”). Excerpts from Blair’s diary and quotes from letters he wrote during this time shed light on what this 1875 *Deseret News* article was recognizing:

November 11, 1857: My opinion of the present move of the Government of the U.S. against us is that it has originated in the false & malicious spirit of bigotry. ... Constitutionally it is illegal & unwarranted to send a force to quarter & menace peaceable citizens of the general government to condemn unheard her citizens & threaten death & Hell to all who subscribe to the faith of the Latter-day Saints.

November 24, 1857: Wrote Genl Sam Houston Senator from Texas & late the Commanding Chief & President of the Republic of Texas[,] read the same to Bro. Geo. A. Smith & W. Woodruff of the Twelve & Bro. Geo. A. Historian proffered to have it copied & retain a copy in the church historians office.

In this letter to Sam Houston, Blair wrote:

I am induced to write you at this time from the peculiar circumstances that I find myself surrounded with, in common with the citizens of my unhappy country, and especially of the citizens of Utah; for in my heart I believe you the only Senator who sits in the Congress of the United States who dares to lift up his voice in opposition to public opinion, and I write to inform you most truly the feelings of the citizens of Utah. ... You no doubt ask, then, in your mind, what the issue will be. I will candidly answer for you. ... Have we a hope of withstanding the force of the most powerful nation on earth, with a handful of men [who] will only act in the defense, and on the improved system of guerilla warfare[?] How improved? Ask the United States officers what they found at Fort Bridger?⁶ ... We believe the Administration are not authorized by the national Congress to take this step. ... Should Colonel Johnston attempt it, he certainly will be beaten. ... Will the Administration send out a sufficient force to awe or whip the Mormons into the faith and doctrines of the Free Soiler or Black Republican, pro-Slavery, abolition or native American, or force us to subscribe to the Catholic faith[?] ... They must limit ... not less than 45,000 or 50,000, I presume, which will drain the treasury and accomplish but one object—the dissolution of the Union and eternal infamy and disgrace on the

(Seth Blair - Page 3)

American arms. ... I beseech you, then, as one who loves the Union and who despises the life that would tamely submit to a tyrannical rule, to raise your voice to stop the bigoted crusade of the Administration against Governor Young and this people, and ask Congress to countermand the exterminating orders of the administration.

This letter was eventually printed in several journals or newspapers throughout the Union as a means to communicate the Mormon's position about their pending battle with U.S. troops.

On February 25, 1858, the *Congressional Globe* reported Senator Sam Houston's remarks on the Senate floor concerning the ensuing Utah War, after receiving Blair's letter:

I received the other day from a very intelligent Mormon whom I knew in Texas, and a very respectable man he was, once I believe the United States district attorney for Utah, a letter of seven pages. In that letter he takes a comprehensive view of this subject. He protests most solemnly that there never would have been the least hostility to the authorities of the United States if the President had sent respectable men there. He says that Governor Brigham Young has been anxious to get rid of the cares of the office [of Territorial Governor], and would freely have surrendered it and acknowledged the authority of the United States; but that men have gone there, who have made threats that they would hang them, and even threats of a character that renders them more sensitive in relation to their families, and that they expect nothing but rapine and destruction to ensue on the advent of those troops if they should ever arrive there. ... As for troops to conquer the Mormons, fifty thousand would be inefficient. ... If war begins, the very moment one single drop of blood is drawn, it will be the signal of extermination. ... If they do not advance ... we may have peace.

As a result, two official "Peace Commissioners" were immediately dispatched by President Buchanan to help settle the Utah War. They were Ben McCulloch, Seth Blair's boyhood friend from Tennessee, and Lazarus W. Powell of Kentucky. Arriving in Salt Lake City in early June, McCulloch immediately asked to speak with Seth Blair. He had to be sent for by Daniel Wells, as Seth had moved his family to Fillmore in the great exodus of the people from Brigham City to Lehi in what was known as the "Move South."⁷ In Wells' letter requesting Blair to come to Salt Lake City, he wrote:

Provo City

June 9th/58

Major Seth M Blair,

Dear Brother,

Maj. McCullough of Texas of the Peace Commission is at G.S.L. City in connection with Gov. Powell, and has expressed a wish to see you. If you can make it convenient to come to the city for that purpose[,] an interview would probably be gratifying to you as well as him and may result in good. The Major feels that his time will not admit of his going so far as Fillmore City to visit you.

All is well and may the Lord bless you and help Israel to triumph over all their enemies.

I remain as ever your Brother in the Gospel of Christ.

Daniel H. Wells

After Blair met with the peace commissioners and army officials, the troops were allowed to enter the valley. On June 27, Blair was sent by Brigham Young to meet with the army officials with the following results:

A delegation of Mormons, headed by Seth Blair, appeared at the Jordan Bridge and requested a meeting with General Johnston. ... Blair instructed the commander that the needs of the army would be better served in Cache Valley or some other point at a distance from Salt Lake City. The unsettled calm exploded, for Colonel Smith interpreted the statement as a request for a negotiated withdrawal of the expedition from the territory. His mind clouded by despair and exhaustion, the colonel warned Blair that the Mormons were in no position to bargain. Furthermore, as far as the army was concerned, it 'would like to see every damned Mormon hung by the neck.' Sensing something dangerous in the wind, Blair lost no time in leaving the conference to report the incident to Brigham Young. The next day, on June 28, 1858, Blair and others met in Provo with McCulloch. McCulloch told Blair that 'Gov. Young had the best material for composing an independent government that he had ever seen and that Brigham was hardly a second to Christ or Mohammed.'⁸

(Seth Blair - Page 4)

Two days later the army found and disassembled a \$1,500 saw mill that had been built by Seth Blair, George A. Smith and Elijah Thomas, located on Bingham's Creek, and used it for firewood. Seth Blair continued to negotiate peace between Utah Territory and the U.S. Government for some time. An excerpt from Blair's diary summarized the Utah War events:

Thus has terminated one of the most unjust[,] unconstitutional crusades of egotism & folly that has ever marked the course of a President of the U.S. against any portion of her citizens & brot about thro letter writers[,] who for lucid gain wrote⁹ for speculators & thro their money the press was influenced to publish their libels & by the combined influences & outside pressure was made to bear on the imbecile old man who sits as Chief Magistrate of this once great happy & prosperous nation in a civil war that would have cost its nationality!

Seth Blair continued to play a prominent role in the history of the State of Utah as well as LDS Church. Perhaps the most important tribute was given him, likely by his daughter, Ellen, as this entry ended Seth Blair's diary: "[I was] called upon to mourn the loss of one of the most affectionate kind & devoted fathers that has pleased God to give unto children. After a lingering illness of nearly six months he departed this life."

¹McCulloch was one of the two peace commissioners sent to Utah by President James Buchanan to settle the Utah War.

²Unless otherwise indicated, all quotes are from "Seth M. Blair: March 14, 1819 - March 17, 1875," unpublished paper by John B. Bond, in files of Jolene Allphin, used by permission of John B. Bond. Bond's paper is significantly documented and has an extensive bibliography.

³This is a reference to the approximately 400 members of the Hodgetts and Hunt wagon companies still to be brought in to the Salt Lake Valley. On Sunday, November 30, the day the Martin handcart company arrived in the Valley, Brigham Young issued yet another stirring rescue call from the pulpit: "We still have about 400 more brethren and sisters who are yet beyond Fort Bridger, probably near Green river. . . . The two wagon companies still out we are sending for . . . We do not calculate to have the winter blast stop us; it cannot stop the Mormon Elders, for they have faith, wisdom and courage; they can perform that which no other men on the earth can perform." ("Remarks," *Deseret News*, 10 Dec. 1856, 320)

⁴*Deseret News*, March 18, 1875.

⁵Seth was a Major in the Nauvoo Legion and was ordered out with his 207 men to defend Echo Canyon as the U.S. Troops neared Utah Territory in 1857. On September 27, 1857, Major Blair left Salt Lake City in command of 60 men, heading toward Echo Canyon to make preparations to stop the U.S. troops from advancing. Blair was the architect of the defense in Echo Canyon, but the U.S. Army felt it was of little consequence at that time, as reported in a San Francisco newspaper: "In the Army, the facilities of the Mormons for defence against the troops is a topic of general mirth, and expecially the defences of Echo Canon, understood to have been planned by Major S.M. Blair—a brave and determined man beyond all doubt—a superior Indian fighter, but a perfect babe in military knowledge, when the enemy to be dealt with is composed of American troops, under officers famed for military service, knowledge and skill." The U.S. Army would soon learn otherwise.

⁶Brigham Young ordered the burning of Ft. Bridger and nearby Ft. Supply just before the U.S. Army reached that point in November 1857. See Lewis Robison's rescuer biography in Allphin, *Tell My Story, Too*. Robison was the owner of the fort at the time, having purchased it from Jim Bridger.

⁷This was a significant event on the heels of the 1856 handcart immigration, as the inhabitants of the Salt Lake Valley abandoned their homes, many moving into dugouts to wait out the settlement of the Utah War. Their homes were at ready to be burned, rather than allowing the army to come through to possess or pillage them, or threaten their families.

⁸Quoted from Moorman, Donald R. with Gene A. Sessions. *Camp Floyd and the Mormons*, Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, p. 51, in Bond, "Seth M. Blair," 16.

⁹In 1859, Seth Blair, Hosea Stout and James Ferguson published *The Mountaineer*, a newspaper to counteract the "rough and rowdy newspaper the gentiles were publishing at Camp Floyd called the *Valley Tan*. For months this rag had published insults about the Mormons and sent copy back East for all to read about." The *Deseret News* let most of the insults go unchallenged, but *The Mountaineer* challenged all of the *Valley Tan's* accusations. Blair was the main editor of *The Mountaineer* for one year until he moved to Logan, Utah. The *Valley Tan* was soon abolished and Blair's mission succeeded.

NOAH BRIMHALL

Born: February 14, 1826 in Olean, Cattaraugus, New York

Age: 30

Rescuer



Noah's grandfather, Sylvanus Brimhall, fought in the Revolutionary War and Noah's father, also named Sylvanus, served in the War of 1812. Noah's mother, Lydia de Guiteau, was a trained nurse, the daughter of Dr. Francis de Guiteau, physician for Lafayette's troops during the Revolutionary War. Noah was the 11th of 12 children of Sylvanus and Lydia. For a year prior to Noah's birth, his parents built a large raft from the 30,000 feet of lumber prepared from their sawmill on a small tributary of the Allegheny River in New York. Dubbed "Noah's Ark," the family boarded the ship when Noah was only 6 weeks old, about to experience an adventure of a lifetime. After many months of river travel, the family settled in Indiana for 13 years, then in Illinois, where Noah heard and accepted the message of the Mormon Elders as a teenager. Noah and three brothers eventually joined the Church. Noah left Nauvoo with the first wave of pioneers in 1846. He wrote, "On arriving at Council Bluffs, I volunteered to go with the Mormon Battalion but fell ill of ague and fever before the company left and had to remain behind. My brother John joined the Battalion and served to the end."

After assisting the Saints and earning money for 3 years, Noah finally traveled to Utah in 1850 with two of his brothers, John and George. He wrote, "We found money plentiful in Salt Lake, but there was little to buy. We gave most of our stock of provisions to the poor and they were happy to have the gift." Noah's journal entries also give us some interesting details about what it was like for the brothers in their overland travel to Salt Lake:

On one occasion we had a stampede while traveling up the Platte River. A saddle horse galloped from the rear of the train with the pads of the saddle fluttering, and as fast as he came past the teams of oxen, for they were nearly all ox teams, they took fright and about thirty wagons or teams stampeded. Shortly after the teams commenced to run, they came to a deep creek, and for a moment it seemed that the people, men, women, and children, would be precipitated down the steep banks of the creek, but all at once they plunged in to the narrow ford, and teams and wagons piled into that ford one on top of the other until the jam was made so large that it finally stopped the train. Some wagons were broken, some oxen were drown[ed], and some were dragged to death, but no lives of the people were lost. My team escaped by cutting the bow trees and driving the oxen out of the yokes.

The stampede was a common occurrence in those days, but terrible is the sight to see a mad[d]ened and terrified train of teams run, led on as impelled by some invisible spirit, rushing wildly over the plains, oxen bellowing, women and children crying for help, men hollering, whoa, whoa, whoa, sometimes circling around for miles and only when perfectly exhausted will they stop at all. At a certain camp near the head of the Sweetwater our oxen broke the corral that was formed by putting our wagons close together. Some jumping over the wagons and some got away. Some of the oxen running 15 or more miles. One yoke of our team went back 18 miles on the road, and Brother John and myself traveled back 18 miles from eleven o'clock in the morning and returned about 6 o'clock in the afternoon having traveled a distance in excess of thirty-six miles. When we got back to camp, Brother John fell down exhausted and was sick for a long week.

This incident happened when our camp got to Fort Laramie. We took the new road up North Platte. Our company consisted of about ten men at that time and four wagons, and we were all strangers to the road and country. When we left Laramie about two o'clock p.m., all but the drivers walked in advance of the teams to hunt water. We had traveled until about 10 o'clock p.m., all tired and almost famishing for water. Strong men cried for water. Some rocks near the road drew my attention, and when I had got to the top of one of those large rocks, I reached down in the top of a large one that was hollow, and to my great joy and to the joy of our company, I found a few gallons of water that had been deposited by the rain, which enabled us to continue our search. When I found the water in the rock, the story of Moses came to my mind, and I felt to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in our behalf. It being very dark, we had passed the spring of water that we expected to find near the road. About two o'clock a.m. we heard the sound of a waterfall from a recent shower and were soon filled. . . .

(Noah Brimhall – Page 2)

One day while conversing in relation to the stampeding of our teams, it was proposed by one of our company that we should so fasten ropes on the horns of each near ox, so that one person could catch the ox and could hold on to these ropes and so prevent a runaway. About two o'clock, that being the rehearsal time for the stampede, three of us took hold of the ropes and while walking leisurely, our teams took fright, and the three of us were thrown down and narrowly escaped being run over. Our teams took a circle of about four miles and then came back to the road again without any particular damage, and we resumed our journey about the 24th of July 1850. Brother John had not yet recovered from his fatigue caused by the 36 mile run after our oxen, and seemed to be nigh unto death. He was so badly weakened down with the diarrheah [diarrhea] that he could scarcely speak a loud word. We did not know, but we would have to leave him, but by giving him some herb tea, the herb we found by the roadside, and the exercise of our faith, he recovered so as to travel to Salt Lake at which place we arrived July the 27, 1850.

In October 1855, Brigham Young presented an official immigration policy change in the “Thirteenth General Epistle.” This policy change announced the handcart method of travel. Problems associated with the ox-teams, such as Noah described, were addressed in this epistle:

We are sanguine that such a trail will out-travel any oxtteam that can be started. They should have a few good cows to furnish milk, and a few beef cattle to drive and butcher as they may need. In this way, the expense, risk, loss, and perplexity of teams will be obviated, and the Saints will more effectually escape the scenes of distress, anguish, and death which have often laid so many of our brethren and sisters in the dust.

By 1856, Noah was well-prepared by hard experience to face the rigors of the rescue of the handcart companies. He had a risky and difficult job in bringing the immigrants through the last snow-filled canyons into the Salt Lake Valley. Fellow rescuer, K. Taylor Butler, told his father about it. His father wrote:

[Taylor] said that there were teams reached nearly from the City to Fort Bridger. They had to have men shoveling out snow and breaking the road, and in some places the snow was up above the wagon bows on each side. And they found the Saints in an awful condition, some with their feet froze, and some with their fingers froze, and they had no food to eat, and he said that he never saw such a sight before, it was dreadful. And he said that they [the rescued] were so overjoyed they did not know what to do hardly.

Well, they were all picked up and fed and clothes given to them. When they camped at night there were a whole lot of the boys would break a road to a tree and cut it down for firewood. And when they were coming back, they never saw the sun for six days and it snowed all the time, and they had to break the road over again. And in coming down the big Mountain they never locked a wheel but gee'd off and let the hub of the off wheel drag in the snow and so they came down.

Noah did not write much about the rescue. He recorded his journal entry as follows:

In 1856 I went from Ogden City, Utah, with about thirty brethren and as many wagons and teams to the rescue of the last Handcart Company of the Saints who were snowbound near the head of the Sweetwater. I think we started from Ogden about the 10th of October and were gone five weeks from home. We went a distance of about 200 miles. Snow all the way and deep in many places. On this ever memorable trip, I acted as Chaplin[,] being appointed to that office by authority of the Church by Quorum President, Cauncey West, Bishop.

Noah and his family pioneered in Utah, Idaho, and Arizona. When nearly 93 years of age, Noah died in Mesa, Arizona in December 1918. He was the father of 29 children from three wives. On his 74th birthday he wrote, “This day I am at peace with God and my friends. I have great comfort in the Gospel of Jesus Christ which I embraced in my youth.”

His granddaughter summarized his life in these words: He served ten years as a High Councilman, 30 years in Bishoprics, twenty years a patriarch. . . . He blessed his fellowmen, whether it was by beating out stirring military marches on drums of his own making or building houses for widows and orphans, pronouncing patriarchal blessings, [or] laying hands on the sick. With his saw and hammer, square, chisel, plane, forge and anvil, he made most everything—from a ferry on the Missouri, to shoes for his oxen and toys and cradles for his children. . . . He lived when men had to do or die, and where people had to know how and dare to do it. He was a man of temperance, steel nerve, stern, strict, exacting, yet tender and merciful. He spoke in public and men listened.

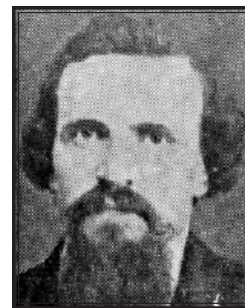
Sources: FamilySearch.org; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; “Journal of Noah Brimhall,” unnumbered pages sent to Jolene Allphin by Keith C. Brimhall, April 27, 2009. Hartley, William G., *My Best for the Kingdom: History and Autobiography of John Lowe Butler, A Mormon Frontiersman*, Aspen Books, 1993, 295. (October 2017 update: Daughter of Utah Pioneers history files, submission by Madge Kemp Reeves, Nov. 3, 1969; see Noah’s journal at <http://www.b13family.com>)

WILLIAM BROOMHEAD

Born: 20 November 1833 West Bromwich, Staffordshire, England

Age: 23

Rescuer



William's participation in the rescue comes from his diary which he kept on the rescue trail, excerpts here with light editing (mostly punctuation) by Jolene Allphin for readability:

october 5 at meeting Brigham called for teamsters and I volunteered to go back to meet the hand carts. went to find out when to start. went to meeting in the morning. afternoon got a wagon. Tuesday morning [Oct. 7] fixed the wagon. Start from the City at noon, tonight, camp between the mountains, from 10 til 11 onlook on guard.

wednesday, 8th Prayer by Br. Beckstead. started at 7:00 o'clock, going up the Big mountain it came stormy and snowed in the evening, on guard from 7 to 11.

in the morning of that 12 sunday came to brigger and campd at 4 in the afternoon. <prear By ___ [illegible]> snow thru the night.

mondy 13 started at 8 about 20 miles north met up by Smoot and David James. hey stayed with us all night, prear by C. H. Welock [Cyrus H. Wheelock], singing.

started in the morning at 8. tusday 14 went with J Peck to see sum anchant looking mountains [?]. camped under hams fork at 4 o'clock. went out hunting to be back in the evening, singing and prayer by B. Smoot and some remarks by him and J. Young. 3 [or 8] more wagons came up and travelled with us.

started Wednesday 15 at 8. J Peck came up and traveld with us. J. Young, wile¹, and sum outhers, went on ahed to meet the comp[anies], but we catched them and camped with them that night on Big sandy at 8. prear By C. Welock

thursdy 16 started at 8. met P. Rockwell and his train. campd on Big Sandy at 4 went out to hunt antelope with sum outhers and we kiled one. B. Smoot company came up at dark and camped with us. killed a beef. on gard from 2 till 7. had a dance in the eveng.

friday 17 started at 12 smoots company and 18 of our hands went with him and we came to little sandy. we met the frieter [freighter] of gilberts [freight train] ahead and lerned from him the peticulrs of babit [Almon W. Babbitt] and outhers that were kiled By indians.

saturdy 18 at 9 [?] and came to sweet water and it snowd from 11 in the evenig we killed a beef.

on sundy morning 19 snowed till 10 started at ½ past 10 left 7 [or possibly 9 or 4] men and 4 waggons and 4 beef oxen 17 horses and most of the flour. it was very coald. we traveled 15 miles and camped on sweetwater. at 1 we met gilberts train of 15 waggons. camped at 4 singin in the evenig and prear by [illegible John Welby?] it snowd in the eveng and it looked like as if we wear going to have a heve storm but the clouds Devided to the right and left. it clearde up again about 10 and in the morning thear was about an inch and a half.

mondy 20 snowed in the morning and the wind was very high and coald. we stayed there all Day. it snowed all Day. in the evning Brother willy and another man [Joseph Elder] came from the train and told us that they wer 23 miles from us and that they were out of provisions that night.

tusdy 21 started at 8 camped with wiles company at 5. the day was cold and in the evening it snowed. they buried 4 that night and 5 the night before. the capten gave them flour and cl[o]thing and some teams to help them in. w. kimbl went back with them. we by had wood.

wednesdy 22 drove 18 miles it was a bitter coald day and snow was from 8 to 12 inch Deep. camped at 6. <on gard from 1 till 8.> Singin, prey by Wm Broomhead. snow that night.

thursdy 23 stayd there all Day.

friday 24 started and 12 drove to the three crosing. we saw two herds of Buffalow. in the evening gathered round the camp fir and had singing and prear. captain Grant gave us som good instrouctions on prear and said that if we was unighted as one man that the lord would hear and answer our prears. remove the snow so that we could be a help to those on the plains and so he cald on Br wilk [probably Cyrus Wheelock] to be mouth in prear and ask that for thos things that we need. layed hands on two of the Brothers that was sick and restored.

saturdy 25 fin morning though the wind blew high. the feed for the anemals was all coverd with snow and it was hard on them as well as on us to gard them wher the snow was so Deep and the roads so bad to travell but the Lord bled the anemals, the waggons, our food and us and we had caus to rejoice all the time for we are children of his care and he takes care of his children if they will listen to his word. started at 9 the river was hard to cross the ice was so thick and yet it was not thick anuf to cross on. we traveled abot 12 mils and camped abot 5 oclock. after supper singin, prear by captain grant. I sang sum songs for the boys. had a good time as we had every night. retired abot 9 oclock.

(William Broomhead - Page 2)

sunday 26 fine morning all is well. traveled to within 2 miles of the Devils gate and camped. the express was at the gate had been there 4 days and had heard nothing of the carts. they came up to our camp. singin after supper, prayer by J Young singin.

mondy 27 the wind blew very hard. blowed sum of the waggon covers off. the capten sint an expres of 3 men to go as far as the plat[te] brige. they started at 9. the camp moved about half a mile nearer the mountins to get out of the wind and to get wood hander [handier]. spint that day in cooking and geting wood and fixing ways to break the wind off. singing after supper prear by [illegible]. three of us set up singin and talkin till half past 11. the wind was rather high all night.

tusdy 28 fine morning but some wind. spint that Day in singin, remarks from sum of the Brethern and getting wood and snowbaling. at Dusk it clouded over and snowed hard and it seemed as if we was going to have a Deep snow. the cap[tain] caled the camp togethr and made sum remarks on the goodness of god and that we was in his hands and wished us all to be one, and caled on C H Wilock [Wheelock] to be mouth in Prear.

wednsdy 29 clouded. the snow that fell in the night soon went. saw a herd of antelope. sum of us went out. two of the boys kiled one. in the after noon the captin red sum for us. on gard at night from 5 till one. prear by cap grant.

thursday 30 fine morning. after Breckfast prear by Jahall [Joel] Parish, E[dwin] Peck and mysilf went on the mountins at Devels gat[e] with the spiglass to see if we could see anething of the Boys or the handcarts coming. But we could not. it was about 4 miles from camp to the top. wether fine. in the evening Joseph [A. Young] and the Boys returned from the compnes an gave thear report. they were on the Plat[te.] prear by B Ch Wilock. started next morning at 9.

Saturdy 1 of Nov Bro Wilock, D Jons and myself was ap[po]inted to go to Cap Hogigt [Hodgett] compney and hury them up. we met the company at the Bad Slough. campd with them that night. caled the company together and talked to them. prear By D Jones.

started in the morning on sundy [Nov. 2] C H W[heelock] and myself to go to Hunts comp[any]. it snowed and rained from 11 till 12 at night. met them about 7 [miles?] from plat river. camped without wood in the snow.

started in the morning at 9 came to willow springs. it was very cold sum of the sisters froze thear feet. camped ahead at large camp fire made and caled the camp together and spoke to the sa[i]nts. I was caled on to speak and I spoke with the spirit. it was as cold a night as I evir seen. that night the saints felt well and promised to do as they wear toald. prear by welock and outhers Spoak. helped them up prospect hill and then started for the Devels gate. got thear after dark.

tusday 4 fine. in late some of the waggons of Hoggets [Hodgetts] for the hand cart compny. the hand cart camp started that day we[n]t about 3 miles. the last wagon left at sundown. we had a meeting that night. the Brethren spoke well and with the spirit. prear By E[dward] martin.

wednesdy 5 the wind [2 or 3 words illegible] our teems could not face it [2 or 3 words illegible] river[.] sum of the Boys came back from the cart compney and they could not face it. went with H[arvey] cluff to get sum wood from the mountin. Wednesday 5 very coald 11 Degrees Bellow zero fe[t]ched sum wood from the mountin on a cart. Brouther Hunts compny came up after Dark. we had a meeting at night prear By [illegible].

thursdy 6 the wind blew the snow so that we could not get up the cattle. We had a meting at night of the valey Boys of those that had the induments [instruments?]. the Brethren spoke well and with the spirit. I was caled on to speak and did so. Prear By C [Huntington?] [Clark Allen Huntington?]

fride 7 verey coald and windy. meting at night. I was not thear.

saturdy 8 fine morning got sum wood on a cart from the mountins. we cam up the river on the ice an loaded up hunts waggons. prear at night By R T Burton.

sunday 9 got up the cattel to start. grat many of the cattell frose to Deth it was so coald and stormey. started at 11. Drove B[rother] [John] godsalls teem.² traveled 5 miles. Saw Som Bufalows.

menday 10 fine all Day. Drove to the willow Crick and camped. eframe [Ephraim] hanks came to us from the valey and reported that 2 hundred teem had started but he did not no if they had not turned Back on acount of the storm and that c spencer [Claudius Victor Spencer] and van cot [John VanCott] came to our post and scared out and turned back. prear By E hanks.

tusdy 11 fine mornig but the wind Blew very coald. camped on Bitter cottonwood crick. Prear by c[harles] Decker.

wednesday 12 fine. met the middle[?] of the 3 crossings a fals alarm By a fire on the mountain. [This entry in Broomhead's diary is mostly illegible now. This and some other entries have been made by previous transcriptionists.] camped at the 3 crossings.

thursdy 13 met 3 teems from the valy. fine. came to the 16 mile drive. prear By M[oses] Cluff.

[Correct campsite and date verified by Robert T. Burton's diary: "13th Verry pleasant morning. Companys all moving on finely. Camped again on the sweet Water at the lower end of the 16 mile drive." Broomhead then gets a day off in the next week. Other diarists' accounts have been added in a few places for clarification.]

(William Broomhead - Page 3)

fridy fine. met 3 more teams. traveled 12 miles. prear By b wilkins. <camp on sweet-water>
[Date and place confirmed by R. T. Burton: "14th Weather very pleasant. all the Co moving on. Camped on the 16 mile drive about 4 miles from sweet water. good fuel not much feed. no deaths in Camp to night. Capt Hunt Co ahead, Hodgett near." (12 miles into the "16 mile drive" was 4 miles from the Sweetwater. Although Broomhead said the camp was on the Sweetwater; it was actually on Warm Springs Creek.) "b Wilkins" may not be a correct transcription.]

saturday 15 fine. camped on the rocky reges met sum teams that day.
[R.T. Burton: "15th Weather continued fine & Warm. traveled on 8 miles & Camped on Sweetwater. not much Wood, not very good feed." Eight miles from their last camp puts the company at the Sweetwater about 4 miles west of 6th crossing, not yet to Rocky Ridge, but in an area where a later Pony Express Station was called "Rocky Ridge Station," as well as "Foot of the Ridge Station." It was later named St. Mary's Station.]

sunday [Although Broomhead wrote Sunday here, he did not write the date, which was Nov. 16.] passed hunts compny. camped on strbry creek. prear B[y] E hanks.

[R.T. Burton: "16th met 10 teams from the valley. Br [Anson] Calls Co, on the Rocky ridge. Camped in a little Cottonwood grove. Good wood & feed. (The "little Cottonwood grove" is on the north slope of Strawberry Creek]

monday 17 [Tuesday, November 18] met teams all Day. camped at the post. Ferguson and kimbel met us [three words illegible, possibly "and" "one" "outher"] prey By J ferguson snowd that night.

[Burton and Stout accounts verify this is really the 18th and Broomhead is now one day off the rest of the way to the valley. R.T. Burton: "18th Cloudy. Snowing in the afternoon. Met several Teams. wm Kimball, Ferguson, J Simmons, Stout etc. Camped to night at our Station on Sweetwater." Hosea Stout: "Tuesday 18 Nov 1856. . . . we arrived at the Station on the Sweat Water just before night, the rest of the teams coming in shortly afterward. Here we met the advance of the Hand Cart Company who informed us that the company would be here to night. Several teams were dispatched to meet them and help them in. Soon they began to come in, some in wagons, some on horses, some on foot, while some had to be led or carried on the backs of men."]

tuesday 18 [Wednesday, November 19] traveled to Big sandy river [illegible] captin grant and kimbel and fergsen started hom on express. met sum oxen goeing to [illegible] wag com. camped on Big sandy <rod> <C welock>

wednesday 20 [Friday, November 21] fine but cold camped on green river. that was my Barthdy My 23. <prear J Simons>

thursday 21 [Saturday, November 22] very cold. i frosted my nose that Day. camped on Blacks fork.

friday 22 [Sunday, November 23] it snowed. we came to Brigger [Bridger] had a weding there that night.

saturday 23 [Monday, November 24] camped 11 miles from Briger. met sum team that night.

sunday 24 [Tuesday, November 25] camped on Bear river it was very cold.

monday 25 [Wednesday, November 26] met Joseph young and others. camped in eco canon. snow 13 [or 15] inches Deep. sister squirs was confined that night. the child lived and both come in safe.

tuesday 26 [Thursday, November 27] camped on webber [Weber].

wednesday 27 [Friday, November 28] camped in est [East] canyon in the cottonwood grove.

thursday 28 [Saturday, November 29] crossed Boath mountins the snow was from 1 to 23 feet Deep and in kilians kanoun snow 18 inches.

friday 29 [Sunday, November 30] Day of november. the day was fine. i was great hom By my wife and frends with joy. went to meting that night and heard sum good instrouctains.

December monday 1. i was at home in the mornng and very early i was informed that Jediah [Grant] was Ded i was much suprired to hear of his Death as i Did not no that he was verely sick. verlum Dives [fellow rescuer] was at my house. at home that Day.

William died January 1, 1877 in Paris, Bear Lake, Idaho. He was the father of at least 13 children whose descendants honor him still.

Sources: "William Broomhead Diary," Church History Library, MS 6952, transcribed by Jolene Allphin, October 2017; familysearch.org; *Robert T. Burton Diaries*, MS 1221, Church History Library; *On the Mormon Frontier: The Diary of Hosea Stout, 1844-1889*, Edited by Juanita Brooks.

¹ William alternately spells what seems to be a man's name as Wiles, Wilkes, or Willes, in his diary. It is difficult to determine who this is, but may be any one of the known rescuers whose name starts with "w" or some other man whose name is close to the spelling of Willes. It appears here, however, that he meant "meanwhile."

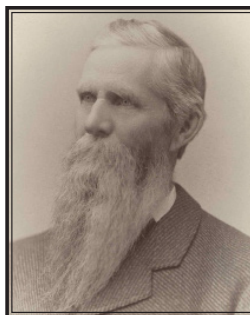
² John Godsall and his family were members of the Hodgett wagon company. John was also the official chaplain for that company. His wagon had been unloaded at Devil's Gate, and turned over to the rescue party.

ROBERT TAYLOR BURTON

Born: 1821 Canada

Age: 35

Rescuer



Robert T. Burton left Salt Lake City with the advance rescue party and served as an assistant to Captain George D. Grant. He made brief entries in a journal titled "Camp Journal Relief Train Capt Grant" throughout the rescue period. He sent a typed version of his journal in 1907 to the Handcart Veterans Association for their history. In a few places, the 1907 version, and other clarifications are included here in []. This transcription from the 1856 diary is by Jolene Allphin as it was written by Burton. Things he wrote above the lines or in the margins are enclosed in < >.

Tuesday 7th Oct/56 left GSL City going East to meet the Emmigrating Co^{mp}. Encamped to night at the foot of the Big Mountain.
 8th Passed Over the Big Mountain & Camped in East Kanion had a light snowstorm
 9th had good Roads Camped in Ecco Kanion
 10th Encamped near a little grove at the head of Ecco
 11th traveled down the Old Pioneer Road Encamped to night a Big hollow good feed &c[.] We [sic]
 12th arrived at Fort Bridger. left some of our flower, feed &c at this place got some beef &c. Camp^d <on blaks fork>
 13th left Ft Bridger Camped to night on Blacks fork met Br Smoot Dan Jones & others & some teams returning that had been Back on the road [and] got tierd of waiting [This was Captain Dan Jones of Wales, not Daniel W. Jones, rescuer.]
 14th Brother Smoot returned with us to meet his Co Camped to night on Blacks Fork again. sent on an [sic] express to meet the Co^s and report Back to us their Situation whereabouts &c C H Wheelock JA Young Stephen Taylor A Garr
 15th traveled to Green River left some flower feed &c Camped to night on little <big> Sandy at 8 oclock PM
 16th at the Bendig Sandy Met Cap' Smoot [company] Camped here to night let him have some flower & [or 2] Beef Teams &c 18 men
 17th Started late Camped on little Sandy feed scarce looked like storm very Mu<t>ch
 18th Clear & fair. Storm passed to the right & left of us <over the South Pass> Camped to night on the head of Sweet water good feed & wood looked <stormy>
 19th killed one beef Started afternoon Camped below the mouth of Willow Creek to night commenced storming Cold good feed
 20th Stayed in the same place to day Br Willey came to us near night fall
 21st Started early in the morning to meet Cap' Willeys Co Camped with them to night deal out to them flower Clothing Wm. Kimbal & several others returned with him with Teams &c Snow deep
 22nd traveled 17 miles Snow growing deeper & deeper all the way Camped to night near the Walla[illegible]<under> the Rock not much feed [Burton's 1907 retype of his diary: "22nd. Capt. G.D. Grant and I, with the remainder of our men and teams traveled 17 miles, the snow getting deeper and deeper as we proceeded eastward. We camped tonight under a large rock. Not much feed for our horses.]
 23rd Stayed in the same Camp snow deep could not travel
 24th Clear & fair some warmer Started on Camped to night below the 3 Crosing of Sweet Water Snow still deep seen a large herd of Buffalaw 3 miles distant [Burton's 1907 retype: 24th. . . . We saw a large herd of Buffalaw about three miles distant, but could not get to them on account of the deep snow.]
 25th wind blowed hard Camped to night below the Walla[illegible and crossed out]<huallach> Rock Snow going away slowly weather some warmer [This camp was in the Split Rock area.]
 26th traveled 19 miles Encamped near Devil's Gate found the Express that had been sent on at this place waiting further Orders[.] heard nothing from the Co^s behind [Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies]
 27th remained in the same place feed tolerable good from this point sent on another express to the Bridge [Richard's (Reshaw's) Bridge] on Platt River[.] JA Young A Garr D Jones to find the Co if Posable & report Back their situation whereabouts &c
 28th remained in the same Camp weather fine snow going away at night Cloudy snow began to fall fast after Prayer ceased snowing
 29th in the same Camp fine warm morning Continued through the day
 30th good weather Snow going away slowley remained in the same Camp express returned to night 7 Oclock reported the Companeyes on the Platt River had been camped their [sic] three days not far apart.
 31st fine & clear Started this morning to meet the Co of Hand Carts met them on Grease wood Creek Camped with them to night dealt to them Clothing flower &c
 Nov 1st Started back to the Valley Br Grant & myself went back [further East] to meet Br Hodgets Co 4 or 5 miles back about noon Commenced snowing Snowed untill late at night Camped near Independence Rock.
 2nd Camped to night at the Devils Gate Snow deep & verry Cold
 3rd remained at the same place. So cold that the Co could not move Sent an express to Salt L City JA Young Abel Garr to report our situation and get Counsel & help [See Joseph A. Young and Abel Garr stories in this section.]
 4th Cold continued verry severe People could not move Stowed away the goods of the trains in the houses Martins Comp moved 3 miles & camped [Martin's Cove]
 5th weather continued verry Cold neither of the Companeyes moved Cap' Hunts Com arrived here at 8 Oclock PM
 6th colder than ever Thermometer 11 Deg^s below Zero Stowed away the goods of Cap' Hunts Train none of the Comps moved So cold the People Could not travel

(Robert T. Burton - Page 2)

7th yet remained Cold Could not travel Stowing away goods trying to save the People & stock &c
 8th wind did not blow so hard some warmer this morning hunting up the Cattle & horses to move on the morrow
 9th fine Warm morning hand Co & Cap' Hogets Co moved on at 11 Oclock AM Cap' Hunts not yet done cashing goods ~~10th more pleasant morning perparing~~ This evening had a meeting of the Officers of the companeys to appoint Brothers to remain with the goods left here by Cap' Hodgets and Hunt[.] D Jones left in Charge or president TM Alexander and Benjamin Hampton counselors with 17 other brothern from the two Companeyes the Brottheren were instructed in their duties (during our stay at this place we had meeting every evening to Council together & ask the Lord to turn away the Cold and storm so that People might live [parenthese at beginning of sentence by Burton])
 10th verry fine morning Cap'Hunts Co fixing to start on getting up Cattle &c the last wagons moved on about 2 Oclock Cap' Grant[.] CH Whelock[.] S Taylor & myself moved on at 3 Oclock Camped that night with Cap' Hodgetts
 11th Started early in the morning overtook the hand cart Co 10 Oclock Br E Hanks was with them from the valley Brought good news Camped to night on Bitter Cottonwood
 12th fine morning warm for the season sent on an express to the south Pass it returned 5 Oclock this evening met 4 teams with some flower Camped above the 3 crossings
 13th verry pleasant morning Companeys all moving on finely Camped again on the sweet Water at the Lower end of the 16 mile <drive>
 14th Weather very pleasant all the Co moving on Camped on the 16 mile drive about 4 miles from sweet water good fuel not much feed no deaths in Camp to night. Capt Hunt Co ahead Hodget near
 15th Weather continued fine & Warm traveled on 8 miles & Camped on Sweetwater not much Wood not verry good feed
 16th met 10 teams from the Valley Br [Anson] Calls Co on the Rocky ridge Camped in a little Cottonwood grove good wood & feed
 17th fine warm day Camped on the Branch of Sweetwater
 18th Cloudy Snowing in the afternoon Met several Teams Wm Kimbal, Ferguson J Simmons Stout &c Camped to night at our S[t]ation on Sweetwater [William H. Kimball, James Ferguson, Joseph Simmons, and Hosea Stout]
 19th Snowing in the morning sent an express to the City Co moved on all in Wagons 3 Oclock Capt Grant & Myself after seeing the Ox trains moved on after the Co Camped to night on dry Sandy
 20th this morning Brothers Grant Kimbil & others Started to the City I was left in Charge of the Company Camped at ben <bend> on Big Sandy
 21st this morning looked like Storm in the afternoon Snowed a little met Some Teams with some flower &c Camped to night on Green River
 22nd this morning fair but Cold met more Teams sent some back to the Ox Trains with flower &c Camped on Blacks Fork
 23rd fine day some Clowdy Snowed again at night Camped at Bridger
 24th this morning took in supplies for the Co from Br [Lewis] Robison started late Camped on the muddy Cold good wood & feed
 25th this morning Started another Express to the City CH Wheelock Bullock & others Sent two other Teams to the Ox Trains Camped on Bear River plenty of wood
 26th Cold but Clear Camped to night in the head of Ecco Kanion <here we> met Br <F> [Feramorz] Little & others from the City
 27th this morning Snowing a little Camped to night on the Webber River had another Express from the Pres' Young
 28th today the road was sideling got all the wagons over Safe Camped in East Kanion met serveral of the Bretheren here
 29th Passed over the Big Mountain snowing fast[.] stoped snowing after noon passed over little mountain Camped in the head of Emmigration Kanion met <additional> supplys
 30th this morning started early arrived in the City a little before noon with all the hand Cart Co & several famileys from the Ox trains[.] had in the Trains 354 Horses and mules 104 Wagons 32 Oxen [End of daily camp journal]

From Robert Burton's autobiography, we also read of the rescue: "Early in Oct. in company with Genls. G.D. Grant, William H. Kimball and some twenty others I was sent East to aid the last companies of the hand cart emigration who were yet some 500 miles from the valley and reported in a suffering condition. On arriving at the head of the Sweetwater river the weather became very cold, snow falling deep and no tidings from the Emigrants. Sent forward messengers who returned reporting the critical condition of the handcart companies. We pushed on through snow and cold meeting them near the Platte River. Found them suffering from cold and hunger, much of which it was impossible for us to relieve, but we were enabled to bring them along slowly. In the snow and intense cold we were reduced to 1/4 rations, very many of the people falling by the wayside in spite of all our efforts, burying as many on one occasion as 16 persons in one grave, but as we journeyed homeward in a few days began to receive additional aid from the valley of teams and provisions until arriving at the South Pass some 250 miles from Salt Lake. We were enabled to get all that remained of these companies into wagons and could now make good progress toward home. Here General Grant and Col. Kimball left me in charge of the company which finally arrived in Salt Lake on the last day of Nov. with 104 wagons and teams winding their way over the Big mountain. This indeed was a grand sight to us as we looked back upon the hardships and sufferings of this most critical campaign of my life. The hardships and sufferings of this company of people can never be told. Found my family all well."

The following is a letter Burton wrote to the Handcart Veterans Association reunion committee (Samuel S. Jones of the Martin Company): "November 9, 1906 / S.S. Jones, / Provo, Utah / Dear Brother: - I am in receipt of your favor of October 10th, last, and I feel that I owe you an apology for not sooner replying thereto. It is true as you state that I came to the 14th Ward Assembly Hall when the Hand Cart people assembled there and found it was so crowded that I could not very well make my way to the stand; the crowded condition of the Hall as stated, and my businesses affairs at the office requiring almost constant attention, I did not press my way to the front. But I do not wish you nor my hand cart friends to think it was because I had forgotten the importance of the

(Robert T. Burton - Page 3)

event they gathered together to commemorate, had opportunity occurred I would like to have spoken a few words to the survivors of that 1856 expedition.

“I state for your information, that on the 7th of October, 1856, we left Salt Lake City with a small detachment of calvary and three or four wagons in which we had limited supplies. We made fairly good headway passing over the old emigrant route from the Big Mountain and up Echo Canyon, etc., and finally made Fort Bridger on the 12th of the same month. Here we obtained some little additional supply and forage, etc., and then pursued our journey on the old route. As before stated[,] crossing Green River at Sandies and so on over South Pass, until we arrived at Sweet Water; traveling down the Sweet Water we arrived at the Devil’s Gate on the 26th of October, however, I may say that the snow was so deep and the storm so excessive that we were compelled to lay up one or two days on the Sweet Water. It might be well now for me to here state that our progress was necessarily slow as the axle-trees of our wagons dragged through the snow as we were making our way toward the people who were in distress, and we were going from our homes.

“In the meantime, we had forwarded an express to ascertain, if possible, where the Hand Cart people were; this express was carried by two of our bravest men, who have many years departed, namely: Joseph A. Young and Able Garr. They reported that they had been farther down to the Platte and had no tidings of the people. We refitted them up, however, and sent them on again to find the people, which they did, as you probably remember, on the head of the Platte River. Now Brother Jones, it would be too tedious at this time to explain to you all the features of that terrible march from and back to our homes. In charge of the expedition was our departed friend George D. Grant, aided by Wm. H. Kimball and myself. On our return toward our homes Grant and Kimball were compelled to leave me and come to the City. By this time, however, we had got the most of our people in comfortable wagons, and from that on, made fairly good headway toward the City, in spite of the storm, snow and frost.

“Arriving at the Big Mountain on the evening of the 30th of November, where the snow had piled up on each side of the road nearly to the tops of our wagons, which had been kept open by the efforts of our dear President Brigham Young by the use of ox teams passing up and down the road. This was a sight which to those who were present could never be forgotten; 104 wagons laden with the survivors of the distressed companies and the hardships endured before we got there, are many of them too severe to be related. I have striven for years to obliterate from my mind some of the sights that I witnessed on the return to the Valley.

“In conclusion, let me say if it will be of any service to you or any one else who may desire to further perpetuate the remembrance of this terrible trip, I have got every days camp noted in my journal, and the forage and provisions that were bestowed upon the companies and individuals, just as we were compelled to scantily dole them out, so that we could have at least quarter rations in the hardest of the time.

“You will probably think my letter somewhat lengthy and so it is, but as you know I have hardly entered upon the history of this matter, but will say, that if I am permitted to remain until there is another gathering of the same kind I will take pleasure in contributing my mite to the comfort of the survivors who may be spared to assemble on such an occasion. With kind regards and well wishes to yourself and others interested, I am, As ever, Your Brother, RT Burton”

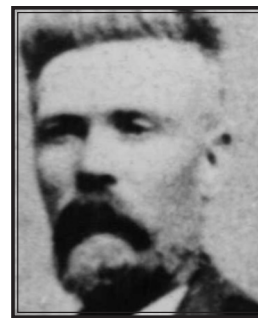
Describing the events of 26 November 1856, John Jaques of the Martin company wrote: “The next camp . . . was in a small canyon running out of the north side of Echo canyon, a few miles above the mouth of the latter. Here a birth took place, and one of the relief party generously contributed part of his under linen to clothe the little stranger. The mother [Sarah Squires] did quite as well as could have been expected, considering the unpropitious circumstances. . . . The little newcomer also did well, and was named Echo, in honor of the place of her nativity. She is still a resident of the territory, is a happy wife and mother, and lives in the north country.”

Robert kept a meticulous record of the supplies he distributed, except when he literally gave the shirt off his own back to little newborn Echo Squires. This event was described in later years by his granddaughter, Lenore Gunderson: “After he had distributed all the clothing, Robert noticed a mother whose newborn baby did not have sufficient clothing to keep it warm, so he took off his own homespun shirt and gave it to the mother to cover the baby.” In sacrificing his own warmth for the comfort of the new baby, Robert exemplified the way he continued to live throughout his life. Among his final words of advice to his children before his death in 1907 was the admonition to “be kind to the poor.” Leading men of Utah who spoke at his funeral articulated Robert’s character in these words and phrases: “Genial; charitable; a general in the army of right, in the army of truth and of love; integrity; love; honor; years filled with good works; tender-hearted; sympathetic; worthy of confidence; never false to God, to himself or to his fellow-man, friend or foe.” George Bean, fellow rescuer and friend, wrote the following testimonial: “General Robert Taylor Burton was born on 25 October 1821 in Amhurstburg, Ontario, Canada, and died 11 November 1907 in Salt Lake City, Utah. He was a bugler in the Nauvoo Legion band; a Utah pioneer 23 September 1848; married Maria Haven on 18 December 1845 at Nauvoo. He was valiant in Church and military affairs; Deputy United States Marshal in 1853; met belated Hand Cart Company in 1856; Internal Revenue Collector during 1862-1869; missionary to Europe in 1873; Counselor to Bishop Edward Hunter and first counselor to Bishop Wm. B. Preston. He was captain of Company A, then major, and finally appointed Major General of Utah Militia by Governor Durkee in 1868; member of legislature in 1876; and regent of University of Deseret in 1884. He was tall and stately, courageous and true. We frequently visited each other’s home.”

Sources: *Be Kind To The Poor: The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton*, by Janet Burton Seegmiller, 1988; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel Database at lds.org; Handcart Veterans Association Scrapbook, L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, BYU, Provo, Utah; *Robert Burton Diaries*, MS 1221, Church History Library, transcription by Jolene Allphin. See also “Rescue Me,” painting of Robert T. Burton and Squires baby, by Julie Rogers, at www.tellmystorytoo.com. Burton made a typed copy of his 1856 diary in 1907 and sent it to the Handcart Veterans Association. He made a few changes in the typed version.

KENION TAYLOR BUTLER

Born: 7 Dec 1831 Franklin, Kentucky
 Age: 26
 Rescuer



Kenion Taylor Butler, was born in a little town in Kentucky named for Benjamin Franklin, the oldest of twelve children of noted frontiersman John Lowe Butler and Caroline Skeen. He participated in the last weeks of the rescue, the calls for which had continued to be issued by Brigham Young for at least eight weeks after the initial call on October 5, 1856. Many of these later groups were called from Utah County. Taylor's father was the Bishop in Spanish Fork, and the call came through him. Kenion left his young expectant wife and 1-year-old daughter to answer the call. The following are excerpts from Bishop John Butler's journal about the rescue:

Now the emigration across the plains was very late. They all got caught in the snow. They were strung from Weber River to Fort Bridger, and there they was starving and freezing to death. It was dreadful the accounts. Brother Brigham gave orders in all the settlements to rig up teams to go back and bring the sufferers in. Now the snow was from six to fifteen feet deep and there was no road broke across the mountains at all.

Well, the word came down to me to rig up six teams and send two men to every team for teamsters, and there were to be four mules or horses to each wagon, and the wagons were to be loaded with horse feed, provisions, clothing and every comfort of life that could be sent. Now this all was to be done by donation. So I called the people together and told them the situation of their brethren and sisters, and then we had to rig up teams and send men out for them. This was in december, and it was bitter cold. The snow in the Valley here was eighteen inches deep on the level and it was snowing in the mountains all the time.

Well, we got them all rigged up, and I never had less trouble getting up such an expedition, for the Saints were willing and on hand to do almost anything. My son, Taylor, I sent out with them to superintend the expedition. He drove a wagon as well, and he told me how he found the Saints, and how the road was. He said that there were teams reached nearly from the City to Fort Bridger. They had to have men shoveling out snow and breaking the road, and in some places the snow was up above the wagon bows on each side. And they found the Saints in an awful condition, some with their feet froze, and some with their fingers froze, and they had no food to eat, and he said that he never saw such a sight before, it was dreadful. And he said that they [the rescued] were so overjoyed they did not know what to do hardly.

Well, they were all picked up and fed and clothes given to them. When they camped at night there were a whole lot of the boys would break a road to a tree and cut it down for firewood. And when they were coming back, they never saw the sun for six days and it snowed all the time, and they had to break the road over again. And in coming down the big Mountain they never locked a wheel but gee'd off and let the hub of the off wheel drag in the snow and so they came down.

They brought some of the folks down to Spanish Fork and I never saw such objects in my life as they were. There was a young man that George Sevey [Bishop Butler's son-in-law] brought down with him that looked like a shadow. He would reel to and fro when he walked, he was so weak, and his toes were froze. George hired him for a year.

Taylor's sister, Charity, also told of some of the rescued people sent to her father's home in Spanish Fork: "One poor victim whose leg had been amputated cried all night from pain in that limb even to the end of his toes, though the limb was gone."

Taylor was baptized at the age of eight years in Nauvoo, Illinois, and came to Utah in 1852. An obituary notes that he "was on hand to respond to any call that was made upon him." While Taylor was in Alabama, serving a Southern States mission (1882-1885) he was "taken with brain fever . . . and never recovered." After serving for three years, he was released early, and died 7 months after he returned to Utah. He "sang a heavenly hymn and then said 'Lord help and forgive me' a few minutes before he died.

Source: *My Best for the Kingdom, History and Autobiography of John Lowe Butler, a Mormon Frontiersman*, by William G. Hartley, Aspen Books, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1993; obituary for Kenion Taylor Butler, *Ogden Herald*, May 21, 1886.

ANSON CALL

Born: 1810 Vermont

Age: 46

Rescuer



Anson's grandfather, Joseph Call, was a veteran of the Revolutionary War, having served under George Washington and fought in the Battle of Bunker Hill. His mother was an immigrant to New England from Germany. Anson's father joined the church in 1831, and desired Anson to join him in his new faith, but Anson was not interested. He said that the preaching of the missionaries was a "constant annoyance. ... I became dissatisfied with all denominations and myself. In the elders' passing through our country, they frequently stopped at my house, and in discussing with them the principles of the gospel, they would cuff me about like an old pair of boots." Although Anson was irritated by his discussions with the missionaries, he blamed himself for his feelings. "I came to the conclusion that the reason for my being handled so easily was because I did not understand the Bible and the Book of Mormon."

Anson struggled with fear and described himself as "proud and haughty." However, he vigorously studied the Bible and Book of Mormon for the next six months and then tried desperately to overcome his pride. He wrote:

When I finished the two books I became a firm believer in the Book of Mormon. I was then taught by the spirit to obey the principles of the gospel ... I was proud and haughty and to obey the gospel was worse than death. I labored under those feelings for three months, becoming at times almost insane ... To be called a Mormon, I thought, was more than I could endure ... I at last covenanted before the Lord that if he would give me confidence to face the world in Mormonism, I would be baptized for the remission of my sins; before I arose from my knees the horrors of my mind were cleared; I feared no man, no set of men.

Anson followed through with his covenant and the Lord blessed him abundantly. He had a speech impediment of stammering which was relieved by a blessing he received after his baptism. He began to preach the gospel to his relatives and friends in Vermont.

Anson followed the Saints to Missouri in 1838, where he courageously faced the persecutions of the mobs and enemies of the Church. In being driven from Missouri, Anson desperately wanted to be independent and not be a burden on anyone else. His desire was to return and attempt to sell some land that he owned near Far West. He sought the counsel of Joseph Smith, Sr. and Brigham Young and they both instructed him not to go back. After choosing to disregard their counsel, he went back and nearly lost his life in the severe beatings he received from the mobs, simply because he was a Mormon. He wrote of this experience: "Had I obeyed the words 'do not go, but stay at home,' I should not have fallen into this trouble. May you who read this be wise, and in this particular, profit by my experience."

In July 1842, in Montrose, Illinois, the Prophet Joseph Smith was with a group of brethren when he prophesied that the "Saints would continue to suffer much affliction and would be driven to the Rocky Mountains ... where they would become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains." Anson later described this occurrence:

"I had before seen him [Joseph Smith] in a vision, and now saw while he was talking his countenance change to white; not the deadly white of a bloodless face, but a living brilliant white. He seemed absorbed in gazing at something at a great distance, and said: 'I am gazing upon the valleys of those mountains.' This was followed by a vivid description of the scenery of these mountains, as I have since become acquainted with it. Pointing to Shadrach Roundy and others, he said: 'There are some men here who shall do a great work in that land.' Pointing to me, he said: 'There is Anson, he shall go and shall assist in building up cities from one end of the country to the other, and you, [I] rather extending the idea to all those [other men] he had spoken of[)], shall perform as great a work as has been done by man, so that the nations of the earth shall be astonished, and many of them will be gathered in that land and assist in building cities and temples, and Israel shall be made to rejoice.'" (See History of the Church, 5:85.)

Anson came to Utah in September of 1848, in charge of 20 wagons of the Brigham Young Company. He settled in Bountiful where he served twice as a Bishop and in a Stake Presidency. In 1851, a special session of the legislature appointed him probate judge of Millard county with orders to organize that county, and in 1852 he represented that section in the legislature. In 1854 he founded Call's Fort in Box Elder County. He pioneered Parowan, Fillmore, Pauvan Valley and Carson Valley, and built a warehouse at Callville in 1864. This was the head of navigation on the Big Colorado River. He took part in the Echo Canyon campaign along with his sons, Anson V. and Chester. Anson was a successful merchant and a farmer. He became the father of 22 children.

In October 1856, Anson returned to his home in Bountiful from a mission in Carson Valley. This was after the first call for rescuers was given at conference. After Anson's return, he was also called upon to lead a group of supply wagons from Bountiful, North Canyon Ward, to assist these late companies. After loading thirteen wagons, Anson's group headed east, meeting the Willie Handcart Company at Bridger, Wyoming. Here he met Emma Summers for the first time. Anson and Emma were later married.

Some of the brethren in the relief companies felt that their duty was fulfilled when they met and assisted the Willie company. Others also felt that they did not have enough supplies to push on to aid the Martin company. Anson answered them, "This company [Willie] with a little help and a lot of encouragement will reach the Valley. Those following [Martin, Hodgett, Hunt] never can. We must push on! My teams start now!"

Anson's group pushed on through snow and cold until they reached the Green River where they were forced to camp for a week due to the elements. On November 16, 1856, they finally met the Martin company on Rocky Ridge, and camped with them on Strawberry Creek that night. (See William Broomhead account.) Anson recorded: "We found them starving and freezing and dying, and the most suffering that I ever saw among human beings. In number about 1,000 souls. There soon overtook us about 100 teams from the Valley. We were able to carry nearly all, yet some died every day. It continued cold. We arrived in Salt Lake City after the absence of 33 days. Safe with all the Brethren that went out."

Anson sent two young women from the Martin company to his home to recover. One was Elizabeth Robinson who no longer had use of her feet. Elizabeth so appreciated Anson's kindness that she mended his tattered coat while she rode in the wagon. The other was Margaretta Clark. Anson later married Margaretta. Their son, Wilford Call, wrote: "While the loads were being arranged, ... Margaretta waited in Anson's wagon gnawing at a frozen squash which had been intended for his horses. When [Anson] saw the situation through the back of the wagon he knew that [she] was freezing to death. In his rough venacular, acquired in the West, he told her of her condition and she replied: 'Oh no Sir, I have been quite cold but I am comfortable now.' When he took her by the hand she said, 'Hold on Sir, my hand is a bit sore, you hurt it.' As she struggled he said, 'I calculate to hold on,' and she landed in the snow. With the help of another man he ran her up and down in the snow to induce circulation and so saved for himself a wife who later bore him six children. Father told us that he knew she had passed the suffering point in a freezing death and if left to herself her mortal life would soon be a thing of memory. But mother always maintained that a gentleman from England would have been much more gentle and not so persistent."

Anson and Emma Summers' daughter, Lucina Call Perkins, stated: "I thought my parents were wonderful people. ... I never remember trouble in our life, no big rackets. ... His wives thought he was about the grandest man alive. ... He would talk to all of us, children and parents. His girls and boys. Virtue? He really instilled in our minds that it would be better to die than to be unvirtuous. ... We thought he was a wonderful man. Whatever he said it was that way and there was no other way. It was the right way. I don't think his child would call him on anything. I never heard his children ever say a thing against him."

Sources: "Anson Call and his Contributions Toward Latter-day Saint Colonization" BYU Master's Thesis by Duane D. Call, 1956; "Autobiography of Anson Call" available on internet; "William Broomhead Diary," Church History Library, MS 6952, as transcribed by Jolene Allphin, October 2017.

HARVEY H. CLUFF

Born: 1836 Kirtland, Ohio
 Age: 20
 Main Rescue Party



Harvey Cluff was one of the so-called “Valley Boys” who were the beloved rescuers of the stranded handcart companies of 1856. He left Salt Lake City with the first group of rescuers with George D. Grant as Captain. He was gone for about two months. His efforts included the rescue of his brother, Moses Cluff, a returning missionary traveling with the Martin handcart company. Harvey is noted for carrying the weak and dying Saints across frozen rivers, and otherwise coming to their aid. Most notably, however, is that he followed the inspiration of the Holy Ghost in placing a signboard on the trail the night of October 20. Following are excerpts from a reminiscence written by Harvey in 1908 (transcribed with light editing for readability by Jolene Allphin):

The year 1856 chronicles my first public service in the Church and I freely record the sentiment I feel in the service then rendered. The Perpetual Emigration Fund Company, an organization created in the Church for the purpose of assisting the poor to gather out from the nations and come to the mountains of the Lord, was directed to a new and rather novel mode of crossing the planes. To purchase wagons, oxen, mules, horses, made the price of an outfit, beyond the means of the poorer classes who were anxious to come to Zion. So the Handcart system was inaugurated. Light carts with two wheels about the size of the hind wheel of a common wagon with a frame or bed of suitable size. Usually two persons would join together pushing and pulling and succeed quite admirably when the roads were good. Families of course arranged their efforts in the most consistent way possible. Their goods, bedding and provisions were of the most meagre supply. With such an outfit several hundred people in separate companies, started for Salt Lake City, a distance of over a thousand miles. The first companies, on the road, reached Salt Lake City before the fall storms set in without any serious difficulty. These first arrived about the first of October singing handcart songs.

“Some must push and some must pull,
 As we go marching up the hills”

I attended the October conference of that year which opened on the 6th as usual, having walked from Provo to Salt Lake City. On that day President Brigham Young at the opening of the first session made a call upon the people to furnish teams, provisions and clothing to aid the late Handcart companies in as the winter season was just hastening on, snow having already fallen upon the mountains. The response to the call of President Young was most remarkable. On the following day, October 7th[,] 22 teams - two span of mules or horses to each wagon and each wagon loaded to the bows. There were about fifty young men in the company. Being in Salt Lake City and of an ambitious frame of mind, I volunteered to go. One thing which attracted me, in addition of the interest in the handcart people; was my brother Moses. He was on the plains returning from a mission to England.

Of the most prominent men of the company who went out in that memorable expedition of relief I mention Geo. D Grant; Robert T. Burton; Joseph A Young; William H. Kimball; Daniel W Jones; John R Murdock; Eph H [K] Hanks; Isaac Bullock and Brigham Young Jr. [Murdock, Hanks, Bullock, and B. Young Jr., however, were not in Captain Grant’s advance rescue party with Cluff.]

The relief party proceeded eastward as rapidly as possible and in due time passed over the “Southpass,” the backbone of the continent, being the divide point of the waters flowing into the Atlantic Ocean east and the Pacific Ocean west. Nine miles brought us down to the Sweetwater river where we camped for the night. On arising in the following morning snow was several inches deep. During the following two days, the storm raged with increasing fury until it attained the capacity of a northern blizzard. In protection to ourselves and animals the company moved down the river to where the willows were dense enough to make a good protection against the raging storm from the north. The express team which we had dispatched ahead [rode] as rapidly as possible to reach and give encouragement to the faulterring emigrants by letting them know that help was near at hand. Quietly resting in the seclusion of the willow copse three miles from the road, I volunteered to take a sign board and place it at a conspicuous place at the main road. This was designed to direct the express party who were expected to return about this time so they would not miss us.

In facing a northern blast up hill I found it quite difficult to keep from freezing. I had only been back to camp a short time when two men rode up from Willies handcart company. The signboard had done the work of salvation. Had Captain Willie and his fellow traveller, [Joseph Elder], from his company continued on the road they certainly would

(Harvey Cluff - Page 2)

have perished as they would have reached the Sweetwater where the storm first struck us. The handcart company was then 25 miles from our camp, and as they had travelled that distance without food for themselves or horse and no bedding they must have perished. I have always regarded this act of mine as the means of their salvation. And why not! An act of that importance is worthy of record and hence I give a place here.

Preparation[s] were made and early in the morning of the following day we were on the road pushing our way for Captain Willies camp. The depth of snow made the travelling extremely difficult. ... When the people of the camp sighted us approaching they set up such a shout as to echo through the hills. Arriving within the confines of this emigrant camp a most thrilling and touching scene was enacted, melting to tears the stoutest hearts. Young maidens and feeble old ladies, threw off all restraint and freely embraced their deliverers expressing in a flow of kisses, the gratitude which their tongues failed to utter. This was certainly the most timely arrival of a relief party recorded in history, for the salvation of a people. Five hundred people with handcarts, [There were only about 365 people in the Willie Handcart Company at this time, as approximately 100 had dropped out at Florence, and 35 had died since leaving Iowa City.] a scanty supply of clothing, bedding and a less supply of provision, upon the plains in snow ten inches deep.

... You no longer wonder at the joy manifested by that perishing people when they saw salvation pull into their camp. Twenty odd wagon[s] drawn by four animals to each and each wagon loaded to the bows with vegetables, meat, flour, groceries[,] clothing for both sexes, and bedding and footwear. To give an idea of the critical condition of those people I will say that our camp was pitched about fifty yards from the tents of the emigrants and each meal was over in our camp and the bones and crumbs from our meals were thrown out on the snow, young men would gather them up[,] know and suck them as long as they yielded any substance. Of course caution was necessary in dealing out provisions as too liberal a supply of food at first would, no doubt, prove fatal, after being in a starving condition for days. Six well loaded wagons[,] teams and teamsters were left with [the Willie] company and the rest of us pushed on for as yet we had no information as to where the other two handcart and two independent wagon co[m]panies were. [The Jesse Haven Handcart Company and the Edward Martin Handcart Company had left Iowa City, Iowa, close to the same time, but as two separate companies. They were then consolidated at Florence, Nebraska, under Captain Martin. This may be what Harvey meant by “two” handcart companies, or it may just be a mistake in remembering.]

On arriving at Devils Gate we found the expressmen awaiting our coming up for as yet they had no wind as to where the companies were. ... Devil's Gate is formed by the Sweetwater river cut through a mountain of granite rock 1000 feet in length 130 feet wide with perpendicular walls of 400 feet in height. Irregular ranges of low hills or mountains dot the irregular plains. The hills are covered sparsely with cedars and scrubby pitch pine timber. The plains formerly were pasture for buffalo, deer and antelope, but those animals except an occasional antelope, had gone to other parts. Fort Devil's Gate consisted of a small stockade and a few log houses, located on a plane near where the river enters the deep gorge through the mountains.

Our camp was pitched in a lovely cove in the mountain across from the fort where we had plenty of fuel and forage for animals. Deliberations on the uncertainty as to the best course to pursue in our dilemma resulted in selecting two good horsemen [there were three: Joseph A. Young, Abel Garr, and Daniel W. Jones] who were to ride as rapidly as horses could endure. Four days was the extent of time they were to be gone. If the emigrants were not found within that length of time the two men were to return and the conclusion would be that the companies had gone into winter quarters. The return of the two horsemen at night of the fourth day brought the news that companies were on the upper crossing of the Platt river sixty five miles away. Ah! Then there was hurrying to and fro! And on the following day, every team but one, and all the men but ten started out on forced march for to meet the companies who as soon as the two men found them, began anew their journey from the place where the first snowstorm tied them up until the news of approaching help reached them, then new life, as it were, invigorated them, when they could sing as my father did.

“Come, let us anew”

“Our journey pursue”

The one team and ten men immediately began hauling from the hills the cedar and the pine wood to the stockade and clearing the snow off so the emigrants could be comfortable when they arrived. In several days we made every effort possible to get things in good shape. It was a Sunday evening when the handcart veterans pulled into the quarters provided for them. Every room[,] nook and corner was taken.

Wagons and tents were filled to their utmost capacity, to protect the people from the northern blizzard then raging. Every possible assistance from the boys from Utah was freely given, And these young hardy men from the Rockies were a mighty force and power in the salvation of that people. No more efficient help could have been furnished. They had crossed the dreary plains, knew what hunger, thirst, starvation, weary travelling with sore feet meant; hence with the subsequent experience in the valleys gave them the [vim?] to endure and they did endure and they worked valiantly

(Harvey Cluff - Page 3)

for the poor emigrants. But Oh! What a sight to see. And men, women, children and young maidens plodding along through the snow several inches deep with icicles dangling to their skirts and pants as they walked along pushing and pulling their handcars, the wheels of which were burdened with snow. The roaring fires of cedar and pitch pine wood soon cheered the weary souls and the youthful of both sexes were singing the songs of Zion around the campfires. Herein lies the secret or cause of the success which the Latter day Saints have had in coming out from Babylon, and crossing the plains into a wilderness. ...

Northern blizzards prevailed, the thermometer showing ten to twenty degrees below zero, making it utterly impossible to proceed forward. Finally a lull in the raging wind from the north permitted the handcart companies to cross the river and go up to the cove where we had camped as previously mentioned. Men of old age and women were carried across the river on the backs of these sturdy mountain boys. In this instance, as in many others, the value of the boys from Zion was of great help to the weary Saints. Camp was made, tents set, supper over and the people retired for the night when a snowstorm accompanied by a raging wind from the north, came over the mountain and with a terrific whirl around the cove levelled every tent to the ground. Here again the Utah boys found that their services [were] very much needed. To rescue the people from beneath their tents and re-set the tents in the dark hours of the night was a very trying ordeal for the boys and also the people. But marvilous as it may seem, not a single person was seriously injured.

Now again the blizzard set in with increased fury, the snow covering the grass [,] compelling the cattle and horses to forage upon the willows along the river bottoms. Cattle died daily. The situation was, indeed, very criticle. No power could save the people from death but that of God. To our rescue O Lord God Almighty seemed the fervent prayer constantly offered to our Heavenly Father. The carcass[es] of dead cattle were preserved in a frozen state from wolves for food for the people in case we should be winter bound; which really seemed inevatable. Over four hundred miles of mountainous country lay between the emigrants and their destined home in Utah where snow in winter frequently falls to a depht [depth] that stopes all travel by teams.

The only glimmer of hope that seemed to reconcile our feelings and that was the utmost confidence in President Brigham Young's inspiration that he would keep companies coming out to meet us and thereby keep the road opened. They knew, or least the boys from Utah knew, that presidents foresight and excellent judgement would be sufficient to grasp the situation of the emigrants and their needs in such an inclement season and therefore teams and supplies would be forwarded train after train until the last Saint should arive safely in Zion. These relief companies following one after another and only but a few days apart would keep the road open, thus insuring the possibillity of our companies moving out as soon as they could leave Devil's Gate. Patience finally rewarded our hopes. "The clouds ye so much dread" finally lifted and we start[ed] out homeward bound. Our travel was very slow at first, five or ten miles a day was all we could make, but that was more satisfactory than remaining in camp.

The independent ox teams [Hodgett and Hunt wagon companies] cached the most of their merchandise at the Stockade Devil's Gate before leaving which enabled them to travel more successfully than the handcart people. Jesse Haven conducted one of the independant wagon companeys and with him Moses and I lodged and borded. [Moses Cluff was Harvey's brother who had traveled home from his mission with the Martin handcart company and the Hodgett wagon company.] Our company[,] I mean the company of Bro Haven, started out ahead of the handcarts which improved or benifited their travel. Elder Daniel W. Jones and several other men were chosen to watch the goods until teams could reach them in the spring.

It was near the middle of November [Nov. 9] when the line of march was resumed[,] the ox train taking the lead, thus opening the road. Not many days after the departure of the companies from Devil's Gate they were met by a train of wagons with supplies from Zion. Following this train came another and then another and from that time on the road was kept pretty well opened. As the trains came the number of handcarts diminished as the aged were taken into wagons and made quite comfortable. By the time we reached Ft. Bridger the entire handcart people were being carried with their goods, in wagons.

At Green river I was selected to take a light team and hasten on to Salt Lake with a son of C[hauncey] G[riswold] Webb who had his feet frozen so badly that amputation would be necessary. [See Edward Milo Webb in rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too.*] I[,] making a night drive of ten miles[,] I got my feet frosted so that both of my big toes blackened. At the end of the ten miles I turned my oxen out, made a fire of small sage brush sufficient to thaw my boots so I could get them off. Soon after getting into bed, in the wagon, my feet warmed and during the following two hours it seemed that my feet were in coals of fire. In reaching [the] upper end of Echo Canyon I met the brother of the young man I had in charge, who naturally wanted to accompany his afflicted brother home. [Edward Milo's own

(Harvey Cluff - Page 4)

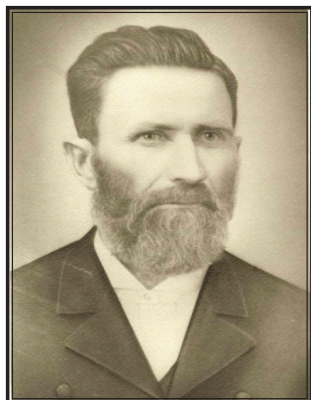
account says it was his father who met him.] I therefore took his team and went back to Ft. Bridger and he took my team and returned to Salt Lake.

Ariving at Bridger where the remnant of the last handcart company were waiting for assistance[,] I loaded up my wagon with goods and as many people as could conviently get in and began my way homeward. All the teams of the company were loaded likewise, taking in all but a few carts the remnants.

Reaching East creek at the base of the Big mountain[,] the snow [was] about four feet deep, a recent fall of snow having filled up the track. Now came the tug of war so to speak. Every workable man was lined up in double file as far apart as the wagon wheels, and thus they proceded up the mountain in advance of the train. At regular distances we would make [a] side track for the lead team to pull out and fall in behind, thus we continued up the up the [*sic*] four miles and near the summit a cut with shovels had to be made through a snow drift twenty feet deep. The whole day was consumed in getting over the mountain and camp was made between the Big and Little mountains. The journey over the Little mountain into Emigration was uneventful beyond the unusual cheerfulness which beamed upon every face as they looked down upon Salt Lake Valley, which from this summit spread out in grandure amid the mountains surrounding it wrapped in snow. Into Salt Lake City we pulled that day, arriving in the evening.

How inadequate is language to depict, or pen to write, the soul stirring plesure, and gratitude to the Allwise Creator for our safe arrival home. It was near the close of December of the year 1856 when I arived at my home in Provo City.

Sources: Harvey Cluff handwritten autobiography, as transcribed by Jolene Allphin, L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, BYU, Provo, Utah, 18-25; *Harvey H. Cluff*, Harold B. Lee Library, Mormon Americana BX 8670.1 C623, pages 25-34.



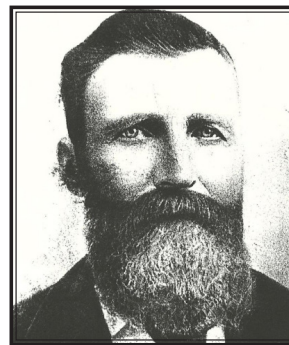
Joseph Cluff, also a
rescue participant



Moses Cluff, returning
missionary assisting the
Martin handcart company
and the Hodgett wagon
company; rescued by his
brothers

GIBSON CONDIE

Born: 10 March 1835 Clackmannan, Scotland
 Age: 21
 Rescuer



Gibson Condie's parents were Thomas and Helen Sharp Condie. He was named for his grandfather, Gibson Condie (1774-1856). The family joined the Church in 1847 and made plans to immigrate to America. They sailed from Liverpool on the ship *Zetland* in January of 1849. Gibson's occupation is listed on the ship's record as "Mormon Laborer." He was 15 years old by the time the family arrived in Kanesville, or Council Bluffs, Iowa, where they stayed and worked for two years. They arrived in Salt Lake City in September 1852 with the Thomas C.D. Howell wagon company. Here they were reunited with many of their relatives and friends from Clackmannan, including John Sharp, the first branch president of the Clackmannon Branch in Scotland.

As part of General Conference in April 1997, the First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints broadcast a presentation from sites along the Mormon Pioneer Trail. The presentation was titled, "Faith in Every Footstep: The Epic Pioneer Journey." Included in that broadcast is this statement from President Thomas S. Monson: "Big Mountain holds a special place in my heart. A pioneer ancestor, Gibson Condie, came over this summit on his way to help rescue the stranded handcart pioneers. At the call of the prophet, he journeyed to this very spot in the bitter winter of 1856. The snow was 16 feet deep on the road. How grateful I am for this pioneer ancestor, who, leaving the comfort of home and family, risked his own safety to help those in such desperate need."

Brigham Young called for the first party of rescuers to go out from the Salt Lake Valley in early October, as soon as he learned that the last companies of 1856 had been delayed and were still out on the plains. As reports were returned, needs assessed, and inspiration received, President Young continued to call for others to go out and help for the next eight weeks. In his own account which follows in this sketch, Gibson Condie records being among those who helped clear the canyons of snow in November so the Martin, Hodgett, and Hunt companies could get through.

Condie also records information about the George and Margaret Robinson family in the Martin Company. Condie married Elizabeth Robinson of that family. (There were a total of three women by the name of Elizabeth Robinson in the Martin Company.)

The following excerpts are from Gibson Condie's handwritten autobiography, transcribed with light editing for readability, by Jolene Allphin, October 12, 2005:

Sept 26th [1856] first Hand Cart companies arrived under the charge of Captain Edmund Ellsworth and D. D. McArthur. They were met by the first Presidency of the church, a Brass Band and a company of dancers and a large concourse of influential Citizens. In October Conference, called upon the Brethren with their teams to take provisions, wearing apparel, stocking, &c. to meet the companies of Saints, as they were [in] destitute condition. Pres Brigham Young went, but he was took down sick. He went as far up the Kanyon, [but] he was obliged to come home. They were a good many Brethren with their teams. They took provisions, &c. Teams were loaded. It was getting late in the season. They were anscious to help the poor saints. They went (back) as far as four hundred miles with their teams. They find the companies in a deplorable condition. The cattle died. They were obliged to leave their wagons. The hand carts in Martins company, they had to leave them also. A great many died of starvation. Not much to eat. Short rations, and many frozen to death. Snow very deep hindred their progress from traveling. It was very dark before them. Death stare before them. Four hundred miles from the valley, but Providence smiled on them. Our Brethren with their teams from the valley gave them fresh courage, giving them flour, meat, onions, &c. The Brethren wept when they heard of their sufferings they suffered. In one day they would bury eleven in that day. My Bishop called on me if I would not drive an oxtteam, three yoke. [I] hauled a load of hay to meet the companies for their horses and mules, as the feed were covered with snow. I then went, got everything ready to start.

(Gibson Condie - Page 2)

I traveled as far as the foot of the Big Mountain. [I] could not go no further on account of the snow being so deep. We left the team at camp [with?] a young man named Bill. Jide traveled with me from the City, assisted me and also company [be]for me. I went with a few more Brethren <also Thomas Shipham> with our shovels to clear the roads. They were drifts of snow piled up when we reached to the top of the Big Mountain. The snow was so deep as sixteen feet of snow on the road. We all went to work and clear the snow for the teams to pass as they were a large company on the other side of the Big Mountain. We were just in time to assist them and clearing the road for them. We all descended down from Big Mountain to camp. It was dreadful cold and stormy. We had to have a large fire burning all night [to keep] from freezing to death. My feet was frozen. I could hardly walk. We traveled and then crossed little Mountain and on to the city. I was glad that I arrived at home. I suffered considerable with my feet [they] pained me so. I could not go home for days. In November 30th the last companies arrived in Salt Lake City on Sunday. The streets was all along crowded to see the emigrants. Even Pres Jedediah M. Grant who had been sick, with the attendants to carry him to the window as he could see the emigrants <passing house>. Bishops with their counsellors, was on hand to see that the emigrants have places to go and [were] well cared for. It was a sad time for the poor Saints to suffer as they did. Edward Martin hand Cart company suffered the most, it being [the] last company. They were some have their legs froze. If the hand cart company left the states about two months sooner they would not have suffered as they did. First hand carts company thru all right.

December 1st Jedediah M. Grant Died. It cast a gloom over the territory. He was a great and noble man for the truth. ... I attended his funeral, very large. ... Pres. Heber C. Kimball related, *"I went to see him one day last week and he reached out his hand and shook hands with me. He could not speak. ... I felt for him and wanted to raise him up, and to have him stay and help us whip the devil and bring to pass righteousness. Why, because he was valiant and I loved him. ... [President Kimball blessed President Grant, asking God to strengthen his lungs so he could breathe easier after which Grant raised himself up and] talked for about an hour as busily as he could. [Grant spoke to Kimball of the spirit world where he said he had been for] two nights in succession. [In great detail] he would mention one item after another and say: 'Why, it is just as Brother Brigham says it is: it is just as he has told us many a time.' ... He saw his wife: she was the first person that came to him. He saw many that he knew, but did not have conversation with any but his wife, Caroline. She came to him and he said that she looked beautifully and had their little child that died on the plains in her arms, and said, 'Mr. Grant, here is little Margaret. You know the wolves ate her up but it did not hurt her. Here she is all right.'* This imperfect account of the wonderful vision of those two nights was listened to with rapt attention by the large Audience and was repeated for years after by many who heard it. ... He was forty years of age when he died, but had spent those years to such advantage in laboring for the welfare of his fellow men that he was mourned by thousands and left in their memories a name that will be forever throughout the Territory. ... The winter was excessively severe, snow falling to a depth of Eight feet in places in the valleys. ...

[I] proposed marriage to [a] young woman who came in Captain E. Martins Hand Carts Company. <with mother and sister Dorthy> ... Her Brother William Robinson (Carpenter) was living in the 9th ward. He came out to this country a few years before. ... We lived in fathers house a good many months untill we have means to commence housekeeping. Both of us were very poor. Times was very hard; no money, clothing, furniture, bedding, cooking utensils. We had none. They loan us things. I do not think any person on the earth was so poor as were to be married as we were, but the Lord knew our hearts and the Lord Blessed us. ... Her Father George Robinson, her mother Margaret Angus Robinson, her sister Dorthy, and her little Brother George. ... They all set sail for America bound for Salt Lake City. When they came to Iowa pulling their hand carts, little George ran away from camp. His father went in search for him. He did succeed. In where he was it appears a man induce him not to go to Salt Lake; made great promises if he would live with him, give him horse, money, &c and soon be rich. Father tried hard for George to go with him to camp, but George would not go. The man then induced the Father to stay and not go. It was late in the season to cross the plains. They would be work for him to make furniture. He would do well and have money enough to buy an outfit for next spring to go to the vallies and not pull a hand cart across the plains. Father then persuaded his wife and his daughters Elizabeth & Dorothy to stay in Iowa, wait untill next spring. Mother were willing to stay but Elizabeth would not stay. She had great inducements. They would give big wages to live with respectable families, but she would not stay. She was determined to go to the vallies. There then the family were separated. Father would not leave little George. He stayed. The mother then, with her two daughters, went on. Elizabeth and Dorthy had a cart to pull. It was very distressing; scarcity of food, winter set in, passed thru severe trials and hardships, hundreds died, starvation and cold. It was a hard relating scene to explain. I do think the ones who passed thru this trial will have a great reward. God will bless them. ... My wife's folks were comfortable in England. Her father made furniture and sold them. He was a good mecanic and made a comfortable living. ... Shortly after we were married her sister Dorthy got married to Solomon Rossiter in the twenty ward. Dorthy was the oldest of the family. She had a good home.

(Gibson Condie - Page 3)

George Robinson, Sr., died in Panora, Guthrie, Iowa, in 1857. George Robinson, Jr. also died in Panora, Iowa, in 1909, having married and had a family there. Panora is about halfway between Iowa City and Florence, so if Panora is also where they left the company, they would have traveled about 150 miles before the family separated.

Gibson and Elizabeth Condie had a large family whose good influence was also felt in President Thomas S. Monson's young life. Their children said that "Elizabeth was always home darning, patching, cooking, sewing, knitting, and cleaning for her family. At night she would gather her children around her while she was knitting and tell them of her childhood days, crossing the Atlantic Ocean and the Plains, or teaching them Gospel Principles."

Sources: "Autobiography of Gibson Condie," FHLUS/CAN Film 182342 (This is Gibson Condie's original handwritten account. The rescue portion here was transcribed by Jolene Allphin.); Larsen, Karen M. & Paul, *Remembering Winter Quarters/Council Bluffs*, Omaha, Nebraska, 1998, 165-172; letter to Jolene Allphin from Chris Christiansen, Jan. 2, 2006; interview by Jolene Allphin with Francis M. Gibbons, November 3, 2005. (Gibbons authored *Heber J. Grant: Man of Steel, Prophet of God*, 1979.)



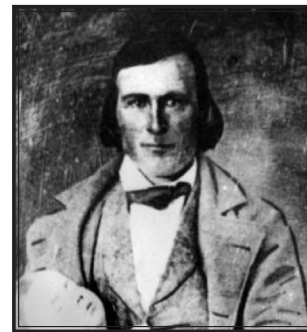
Elizabeth Robinson (Condie)

CHARLES FRANKLIN DECKER

Born: 21 June 1824 Phelps, New York (near Palmyra)

Age: 32

Rescuer



Affectionately known as “Uncle Charlie,” Charles F. Decker’s obituary in March of 1901 honored him by stating that “his deeds will live after him” and that his dramatic life experiences and “narrow escape from death in a hundred different forms would fill a volume.”

At the age of 12, Charles’s family was living in Ohio when they were taught the gospel by missionaries of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The Decker family became a group of 1,500 converts who were baptized and joined the Church in 1836. Their lives became ones of repeated sacrifice as they labored on the Kirtland Temple in Ohio, gathered with the Saints in Missouri and Nauvoo, and suffered persecution and expulsion from each of these places. Charles and his family were with a group of people who observed Joseph and Hyrum Smith as they kissed their families goodbye and left Nauvoo for their martyrdom.

After being driven from Missouri and as a young teenager, Charles worked as a mail rider in Dublin, Indiana, in order to help support his beleaguered family. He also worked for three years on riverboats. He spoke of this period of his life as having taught him to “be tough, and to keep my ears open, my eyes skinned, and my mouth shut.” Charles was also tutored by the likes of Orrin Porter Rockwell and Kit Carson.

During the Nauvoo years, Charles began to court Brigham Young’s 2nd oldest daughter, Vilate. He was also a missionary at this time and served the Church in many ways, particularly in assisting in the exodus. As a teamster, he crossed the frozen Mississippi River many times in the winter of 1846, helping the Saints to escape their persecutions. Before he left, Charles received his endowment in the unfinished Nauvoo temple that he and his family had helped to build. Charles continued to return to Nauvoo many times to defend and rescue those who were unable to leave in 1846. He also gave much service to the suffering Saints in Winter Quarters that year.

In February of 1847, when Charles returned from a trip to buy corn for the sick and starving Saints at Winter Quarters, Brigham Young asked him how he felt. Charles replied, “Just like getting married.” Brigham responded, “Well, bring Vilate to my cabin and we’ll attend to it.” After the short ceremony, but before he could be alone with his 17-year-old bride, Charles went with Brigham Young to attend to burials at the graveyard.

Charles and Vilate traveled to the Salt Lake Valley with the Jedediah Grant pioneer company, arriving October 2, 1847. Along the way, Charles assisted many times by riding back and forth to help others and to deliver messages. Vilate would sometimes have to hide in the wagon from the Indians during these absences. The Indians admired her beauty and auburn hair and would have liked very much to trade for it. Many a night Charles slept on his gun in defense of his family and attractive wife. He also once traded a valuable and favorite rifle to Indians outside the old fort in Salt Lake City in order to save the life of a young Indian girl.

Charles was the lead scout with the advance rescue party sent out by Brigham Young in early October 1856. Charles left behind his three small children and his wife, who bore him another son just weeks after his return. By the time Charles went out on the rescue, he had much experience on the emigrant trail. Altogether during his life, Charles crossed the plains 53 times, not counting partial trips while en route. Daniel W. Jones, a fellow rescuer of 1856, wrote of their experience in the rescue, “Each evening the Elders would meet in council. I remember hearing Charles Decker remark that he had crossed the plains over fifty times ... and this was the darkest hour he had ever seen.” George D. Grant, Captain of the advance Rescue Party wrote a letter of report to Brigham

(Charles F. Decker - Page 2)

Young on Nov. 2, 1856, from their camp at Devil's Gate, Wyoming. They had just managed to bring the Martin Handcart Company in and the Hodgett and Hunt wagon companies arrived a short time later. An excerpt from Captain Grant's letter reads: "I never felt so much interest in any mission that I have been sent on, and all the brethren who came out with me feel the same. We have prayed without ceasing, and the blessing of God has been with us. Br. Charles Decker has now traveled this road the 49th time, and he says he has never before seen so much snow on the Sweet Water at any season of the year. ... We will move every day toward the valley, if we shovel snow to do it, the Lord helping us."

Before needs could be met and these last 3 companies regrouped, the storms and severe cold again bore down on the Saints. Charles Decker, as the lead scout, and one who had spent much time in his travels in this area, knew of a sheltered place about two miles from Devil's Gate. He assisted the Martin Company in seeking refuge in this place which later became known as "Martin's Cove."¹

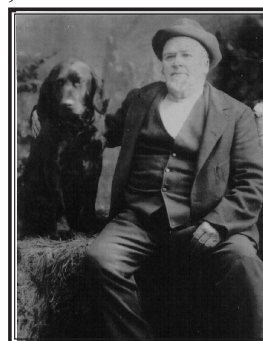
Charles many "other" trips across the plains included riding the mail, freighting, and serving as one of the so-called "down and back boys" who rode out from the Salt Lake Valley to meet pioneer companies at the railroad terminus and bring them to Utah. Charles freighted the first wagon of soda from Wyoming to Utah, and was also instrumental in bringing the first steam powered sawmill to the Valley. On this particular trip, Charles and his business partner (and fellow 1856 rescuer), Feramorz Little, were captured by the Indians. They told the Indians that the huge tank they carried was a giant gun that could wipe out a whole village with one shot. Not even the Indians believed that story, so next they wet their fingers in their mouths and made spots on their faces. This convinced the Indians that they had the dreaded disease smallpox and Charles and Feramorz were then run out of camp.

Charles was a quiet and unassuming man whose descendants say is best remembered for his kindly and generous nature, his extreme loyalty and his quick wit. His obituary speaks of "his wonderful constitution and cheerful nature." He memorialized his own life in his humble way by scratching his initials on top of Independence Rock, near Martin's Cove in Wyoming, on one of his many trips through that area. He had a rich heritage of service and sacrifice, and was involved with all of the major events of the Church from his boyhood. He was with Brigham Young at the time of his death and witnessed Brigham's last words: "Joseph, Joseph, Joseph!"

Ever faithful to his callings, he served one last mission to lead settlers to Vernal, Utah. He was 76 years old at the time. Charlie died in Vernal the next year on March 22, 1901. Perhaps sensing his time was short, Charles had made a friend, Riley Green, promise him that when he died he would secure him the fanciest wagon and best team to rush him to the cemetery at the fastest gallop they could go, or as he put it, "at a full tilt." This promise was fulfilled by Ward Relief Society President and community nurse, Annie Bartlett. When Charles died, Annie told her son, Ashley, the following story:

"In 1868 when your father and I were married, the temple wasn't finished yet so we, like so many others, were married in the Endowment House on North Temple. We were very poor then and if I recall it right, your father only had fifty cents in his pocket and all I had was a cheap calico dress. ... After we left the Endowment House as man and wife, we had walked about a block and a half when this fancy carriage pulled up beside us. This was about as fancy a carriage as we had seen and with a beautiful matched team pulling it ... quite a sight to our poor eyes.

"The driver of the foxy buggy asked us to hop in. We recognized him as the man that your father worked for. He was in charge of the Church's cattle and was married to one of Brigham Young's daughters. Always a kind, generous, happy man, he would do about



(Charles F. Decker - Page 3)

anything for you if you treated him square and gave him an honest days work. ... Everyone knew Charles Decker, and he knew anyone who was someone in the West. He ran with Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, [and] most others of that era who were shaping the West. He also knew we were getting married and didn't have much, so he wanted to help out. Such was his nature.

“Well, we accepted his ride gladly, but instead of taking us home, he told us he would take us to his place so his wife could fix us a wedding dinner. ... He was a wealthy man and had a nice home over near the mouth of Parley's Canyon. ... He said, ‘Throw yer hat in the corner. We ain't got too much, but it won't take us long to eat it.’ When we got there, we met his pretty wife and seven children, and then she served us a wonderful meal. They even put us up for the night in an extra room. They treated us like royalty. Your father worked for him some time until he finished school and we moved away.”

Annie organized a brief and sparsely attended funeral at the Stake Center in Vernal. She spoke with the neighbor who had the “foxiest” wagon in town and then she met with the man who had the prettiest and fastest team of horses to pull it. She made sure the fanciest harness was used with lots of silver and pretty buckles and hand cut ribbons to blow in the breeze on the way to the cemetery. Charles' friend, Riley, at whose home Charles had died, donated the burial space in his plot, as Charles was currently a poor man.

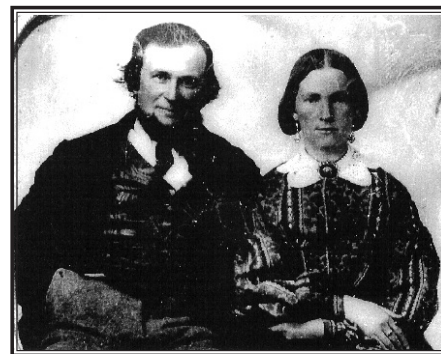
Ashley Bartlett later told Charles' request and of the wild ride to the cemetery “at a full tilt.” Ashley said:

Now, in those days the water ditches crossed the road and there was a bridge, another bridge, and still another bridge. Now, I was in that wagon helping to hold his body, and whenever we went over the bridges the coffin would go way up and my two older brothers were holding on also and it was quite a ride trying to keep the box in the wagon and all. So my mother saw to it that this man had the grandest burial she could arrange.

Charles's obituary in the *Deseret News* concluded: “Peace to his name.”

Sources: Shepard, Landes D. and Shepard, Don E., with contributing editor Richard B. Anderson, *Fast Rider on a Wild Wind: The Life and Times of Charles Franklin Decker*, 2nd edition, 2005 and 5th edition, 2011, privately published, in library of Jolene Allphin; interviews and email communications with Landes Shepard by Jolene Allphin, 2005, 2007, 2012; Mormon Pioneer Trail History website, entries for July 1847; FamilySearch.org.

¹Nellie Rae Donohoo Shepard grew up on a cattle and sheep ranch in Wyoming. Her mother, Gertrude Decker Donohoo, told her family stories about her grandfather, Charlie Decker, that she had heard repeated all her life. (Gertrude was six years old when her grandfather Decker died.) Nellie's son, Landes Shepard, also grew up hearing these stories repeated. Most of these stories were of Charlie Decker's legendary trips across the pioneer trail, and especially his part in the 1856 rescue of the handcart companies. Charlie told his children and grandchildren of the “box canyon” where he had helped to escort the Martin handcart company. He was aware of its frequent usage by frontiersmen and Indians with whom he had become acquainted. It was a place for shelter and refuge as well as a convenient place to drive animals for slaughter. In places such as the Sweetwater Valley near Devil's Gate, where buffalo could not be herded over a buffalo jump, box canyons were effective for trapping the animals. The following definition of a box canyon can be found on Wikipedia: “A box canyon is a small ravine or canyon with steep walls on three sides, allowing access and egress only through the mouth of the canyon. Box canyons were frequently used in the American West as convenient corrals, with their entrances fenced. They were also used as kill sites for wild game, which could be driven into the confined space and killed.” Martin's Cove was also a naturally sheltered place, where good feed for the cattle and firewood was readily available.



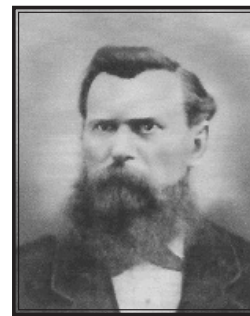
Charles F. and Vilate Y. Decker

BENJAMIN WOODBURY DRIGGS

Born: 1837 Ohio

Age: 19

Rescuer



Benjamin's parents gathered with the Saints at Nauvoo, Illinois, when he was a young boy. His father, Shadrach Ford Driggs, was a wagon maker by trade and built in his shop most of the wagons that were used by the first exiles to leave Nauvoo for the Rocky Mountains in 1846. Ben loved his father's wagon shop on Mulholland Street and yearned to build his own wagon. His father often gave him some boards and a few tools and a place out of the way of the workmen where Ben could hammer to his heart's content. One day, Shadrach finally promised his son he would build him a small wagon for his birthday, exactly like the big ones. He did this after work hours with a promise from Ben not to pester him or the workers during the day.

The little wagon received its final coat of paint the day before Ben's seventh birthday and Ben awoke the next morning to find the wagon in his living room. Ben ran up and down the street showing all his friends his new wagon. He then trained his dog, Bones, to pull the wagon and Ben and his dog became a familiar sight around the streets of Nauvoo as Ben took his little brother for rides and brought things home from Parley P. Pratt's store for his mother. Ben was careful to not let Bones get away and spill the molasses and other goods.

One day as Ben was on his way home from the store, he stopped to watch intently as the workmen at the temple were carving the stones. Two of the workmen were also looking intently—at Ben's wagon—and finally one of them said to Ben, "Sonny, how would you like to let us have your wagon to help build the temple?" Ben was horrified and told the men he couldn't let them take it, then hurried home and tearfully pleaded with his mother to not let them take his precious wagon.

When Ben's father came home from work, the two men were with him and Ben heard one of them say, "It would be a great help, Brother Driggs, to keep some of our best tools together and move things around from place to place." Shadrach replied, "Well, let me talk it over with the boy. He is mighty proud of that little wagon; but perhaps he will give his consent if he sees things as we do." That night, Ben's parents talked to him about the sacrifices everyone was making to build the temple. They told him he would not be forced to donate his wagon, but that he should consider it and pray about it and decide if even a little boy such as he could help.

The next morning the little boy, drawing his wagon and followed by his faithful dog, made his way down Mullholland Street and over to the temple lot. Walking up to the man who seemed to be foreman, he said simply, "I've brought you my wagon to help the men build the temple." Looking into Ben's frank face, the kindly man replied, "God bless you, boy. I know what this means to you. No one has made a greater sacrifice to help build the Nauvoo Temple." Ben bravely held back his tears as he walked home with Bones by his side. Thus, Ben was well acquainted with sacrifice as he headed out from Salt Lake City with other rescuers in the fall of 1856. Ben's father, the wagon maker, helped provide the outfit for this service. Loaded with food, warm clothing and bedding, Ben said he "went as far as Ft. Bridger and had a very hard trip, deep snows and much privation and exposure." Ben wrote the following in a letter to the *Deseret Evening News* in 1913:

"Concerning the pioneer trail experiences of Bishop John A. Hunt, deceased, [Captain of Hunt wagon company] and others." Prest. Brigham Young made an urgent call for volunteers to go out to their rescue. Men and teams were gathered in the different settlements and they soon started for Fort Bridger, where many of the members of Capt. Hunt's "Independent" company and hand cart people were found bivouacked in some log stable near the fort.

(Benjamin Driggs - Page 2)

Ten men with five four horse teams were found at Pleasant Grove (myself one of the number). We left Salt Lake City Dec. 2, 1856, and loaded up the “starving” emigrants at Fort Bridger and hurried them in to the city over roads of snow from two to ten feet deep. I cannot recall one of the party that I was with being now alive. We had no gum boots or other warm clothing like we have today “but we got there all the same.” Capt. Hunt was on the ground and did his part nobly. We overtook John Van Cott’s ox train on east Canyon creek. A party of men were on the Big Mountain trying to maintain a trail over the divide. To say the journey was a hard one is putting it mildly.

In another account, Ben’s son, Howard Driggs, wrote: “Father often told how he at nineteen and Ben Hawley, about the same age, got together a team of four stout horses and joined the group of other Mormon boys, likewise equipped, to bring several hundred fathers, mothers and children out of the snow-covered Wyoming highlands. At the top of Big Mountain ... drifts ... were broken through and kept open by using oxen dragging pine trees back and forth along the trail. “Way up near the South Pass,” said Father, “we began to meet the straggling, half-starved folk. Into our wagons, under quilts and buffalo robes we had brought along, we gathered them until with the wagon well loaded we turned about and hurried back to the warmer valleys. At night we would gather sagebrush, make big fires and get the frozen folk to dance and sing the blood back into their veins.”

Ben married the Nauvoo storekeeper’s daughter, Olivia Pratt, two months after his return. They became the parents of 12 children. Ben also married Rosalia Cox and had 9 more children. Benjamin is the ancestor of the well-known musicians, the King Sisters and the deAzevedo family. Benjamin and Oliva’s son, Don Carlos Driggs, moved to the Teton Valley in Idaho, where the town is now named for him. It is rated by National Geographic Magazine as one of the 10 best outdoor recreation destinations in the U.S.

Ben’s younger sister, Eliza, later married Robert Loader of the Martin Handcart Company, a young man that her brother had helped to rescue.

Ben served in the Utah War in 1857-58 and the Utah Indian Wars. He helped to build the railroad in Utah. He served a mission to England from 1870 to 1872, which included service as President of the Birmingham Conference. His career was mostly in the mercantile and merchandising business in Pleasant Grove, although he also was a traveling salesman. Ben was a tender-hearted man. At the death of his first wife, his son tells of “seeing his father kneeling before an old trunk containing his wife’s finery of bygone days and weeping copious tears as he lifted forth the gowns and keepsakes.”

Ben spent many afternoons napping on a couch in the months before his death in 1913. With a sense of humor and a knowledge of Ute Indian language and traditions at the death of a loved one, Ben spoke these words to his wife as she approached the couch: “Ishkapoo,” meaning “not dead yet.”

Two general authorities of the Church, Seymour B. Young and Andrew Jensen, spoke at Ben’s funeral. Brother Jensen, a noted historian, “paid a grateful tribute to Brother Driggs as his friend and protector when as a little tow-headed Danish boy he was subjected to the jests and torments of the local town bullies.”

Sources:

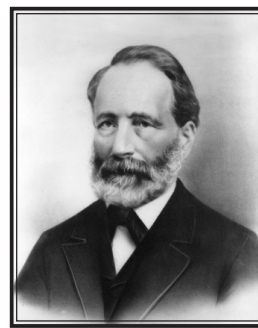
Driggs, Ben. W., [Letter], in “Pioneer Trail Experiences,” *Deseret Evening News*, 26 April. 1913, sec. 3, X., as transcribed at lds.org/Church History (Overland travel); Driggs, Howard R. (Professor at University of Utah and New York University, son of Benjamin W. Driggs), books: *Ben the Wagon Boy*, (see also “Ben’s Gift,” *Friend* magazine, July 2003, pgs. 46-48, for adaptation of this story) and *Timpanogas Town*, pgs. 89-90; Driggs, William King (son of Benjamin W. Driggs), biography entitled “Benjamin Woodbury Driggs, Sr., Eldest child of Shadrach Ford and Eliza White Driggs,”; Family records of Joseph Charles Driggs; “Olivia Pratt Driggs” Relief Society Magaine, Vol. XI August, 1924, No. 8; Wikipedia.org.

JOHN LEWIS DUNYON

Born: 1810 Newburyport, Massachusetts

Age: 46

Rescuer



John was born in a quiet little fishing village in Massachusetts to John and Mary Kendall Dunyon. At the age of seventeen, he went to work on a fishing vessel but after a few years at sea, John chose to become a doctor. He saved his money so he could have enough to attend medical school. John received his degree and between 1835 and 1849 he practiced as a doctor in Springfield, Illinois, as well as in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

In 1834 John married Sarah Ann Reeves and they became the parents of seven children. Two of their young sons drowned in the Mississippi River on May 16, 1847. Another child died as a result of burns and another died at age two. The twins, Darwin and Dora, and son, Newton, lived to maturity.

With news of gold in California, John decided to go west in 1849, but he never made it past Salt Lake City as he became converted to Mormonism while there. He returned to Ohio for his wife and children, but Sarah was very prejudiced against Mormons and refused to return with him. John returned to Utah with his three children, but without Sarah.

In 1853 John married Ann Kempton Brown and they became the parents of ten children, five of whom died in infancy, including twin boys who died at birth. John was no stranger to heartache, losing nine of his seventeen children to death. One of these deaths was in October 1856, when John Lewis Dunyon, Jr., John and Amy's first child, died at the age of 16 months. Shortly after this, John answered Brigham Young's request to go out and assist the suffering Saints still on the plains. John was a practicing physician and medical advisor to Brigham Young. In 1853-54 he served in the Green River mission as a surgeon at Ft. Supply. He would now serve in this capacity for many new immigrants, assisting them in their entrance into their promised land.

John Dunyon owned two city blocks with homes on each in Salt Lake City, but decided to move and change his profession as there was so much distrust and prejudice toward doctors by some of the Saints. One such person was a certain John Ennis of Draper who constantly accused John of not having enough faith, or he wouldn't be a doctor. John's grandson wrote of this: "Grandfather did not want to retaliate but rather win the good favor of Brother Ennis. He was the possessor of an army coat which was very precious to him. He knew that Brother Ennis admired the coat, so one night Grandfather went to the Ennis home and without seeing or telling anyone, left the coat. This developed into a lasting friendship between the two men." John's good character was also evidenced by upholding a contract in which the amount of 30 cents was mistakenly written as 3 dollars. This contract caused John to lose his property in the city in order to pay the higher price.

John moved his family to property near Point of the Mountain which today contains part of the Utah State Prison. It was for this property that he had traded one of his Salt Lake homes. This was the Porter Rockwell Ranch, or Halfway Station, where stages stopped on their way through the territory or on to Southern California. John and Ann ran the Halfway Station as an inn with the help of their children and Ann's mother, Abby C. Calwalader Brown. A large sign advertised the inn: "Our Mountain Home – Meals at all hours by J. L. Dunyon." Besides running the inn, the Dunyon's homesteaded enough land to total 640 acres. When John discovered a hot springs and the medical benefits it produced, he hoped he would be able to resume his medical career and bring in some more income.

(John Dunyon - page 2)

John spent considerable time and money in ranching and mining, but without success. The railroad went through to Provo in 1877 and took away much of his business. This same year, John's wife lay seriously ill in her bed for almost a year and finally died of typhoid fever on June 22, 1877. John's biography states that "on that hot June day, a sorrow stricken family brought her remains for twenty miles over a dusty road in a white-top light spring wagon to the [Salt Lake] city cemetery."

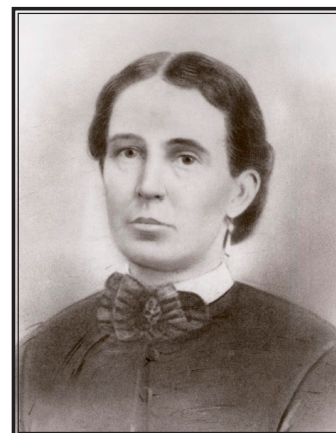
Dr. John Dunyon died less than two years later on April 18, 1879, at the age of 68. Having worked so diligently, and yet been so unsuccessful in his business ventures, at the time of his death "the family property consisted of land near the Point of the Mountain, a gray mare, one cow, and a bay stallion." His medical practice had not been especially lucrative, either. "His policy as a doctor was: 'If I make you well you pay for my services – if I don't you only pay for the medicine.'" One young English girl who arrived in the Valley in very feeble health was cared for only a few weeks by Dr. Dunyon before she died. In the family Bible, John wrote her genealogical and other brief information and this comment: "Previous to her death she requested to be sealed to me and hence will bear my name and be registered among my family." Her name was Elizabeth Charlotte Liddiard.

John was an officer of the Utah Militia when Johnston's army attempted to enter the Valley in 1857-58. He was also a member of the first City Council of Salt Lake and in this capacity developed a close friendship with Daniel H. Wells. He wrote hundreds of "recipes" (prescriptions) during his lifetime. These were written in two large books and handed down to Joy W. Dunyon. The following are two of those recipes:

Elixir of Life: 1 lb. gum myrrh, ½ lb. aloes, ¼ lb. saffron, ½ lb. hops, ½ lb. rhubarb, ½ lb. camomile, 2 oz. cayenne, 4 oz. cinnamon, 4 oz. cloves, 1 lb., anise seed. Add enough water to cover well, strain, boil and add water so that there will be 5 or 6 gallons in all. Take lb. each of the following: either poplar, boneset, jimson or balmory. Boil in water, strain and boil down so as to make in all 8 gallons, then add sugar, boil it with the bitter decoction and skim, then add it to the former mixture, flavor with essence of wintergreen and bottle. Dose 1 tbs. six times a day.

Liver and Dyspepsia Bitters: 1 oz. bloodroot, 1 oz. May apple, 1 oz. rhubarb, 2 oz. senna, 2 oz. bitterroot, 1 oz. jalap. Make 4 quarts tincture. Now take ragweed, 4 oz., peach leaves, 8 oz., 8 oz., rei root, 4 oz. columbo. Make 2 gallons. Add essence of wintergreen, sugar and spices.

Source: "Doctor John," *Our Pioneer Heritage*, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Vol. 2, pgs. 93-96.



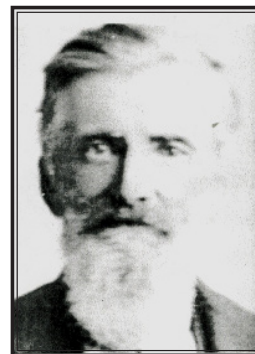
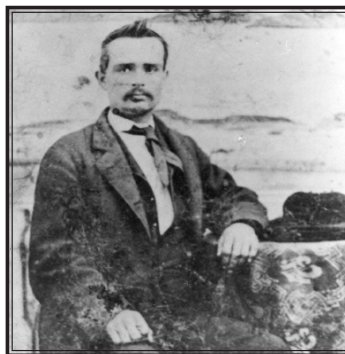
Ann Kempton Brown Dunyon, (wife)

ABEL WEAVER GARR

Born: 11 Dec 1833 Richmond, Indiana

Age: 22

Rescuer



The Garr family is best known for their life at Antelope Island in the Great Salt Lake. However, when Abel's father, Fielding Garr, died in 1855, Brigham Young encouraged Fielding's sons to move their livestock off the island and locate in Cache Valley where they could be of service with the Church cattle there. In August of 1855 they brought their cattle off the island on rafts. The Fielding sisters took their father's lot in Salt Lake City after his death and the sons took the cattle. (Their mother had died previously in 1844 in Nauvoo, Illinois.)

Abel and his brothers, John Turner, William Henry, and Benjamin Franklin, were some of the finest horsemen in the Utah Territory. Known as the "Garr boys," they were successful ranchers, scouts and cowboys. One Cache Valley historian wrote: "It is doubtful if there is any part of, or family group that came that early [1855] and remained so continuously in the valley as the Garr boys. They seemed to have come in contact with practically every group that came to the valley from the ranching period and from then on for several years. They therefore stand out as the real early ranchers and herders of the valley."

The Garr boys helped to establish the Church's Elkhorn Ranch, later known as the Church Farm, and they were the earliest pioneers in the settlement of Millville. The Elkhorn Ranch, which became the social center for all of the surrounding communities, was sold in 1877 and the proceeds used to endow the Brigham Young College in Logan. The Garr boys also returned to Antelope Island in 1860 at the request of Brigham Young. This time the mission was to give a western life sample of entertainment to a select party of prominent men that Brigham took there to witness the boys' fine horsemanship. Other noted horsemen took part as well and it was said of them: "There was not one of them but could ride a bucking horse bareback or lariat the wildest mustang in the range."

The Garr boys took turns staying in Salt Lake City with their sisters. Because Abel was taking his turn in the fall of 1856, it appears this may be one reason that Abel went out on the rescue with the first group of men called by Brigham Young. It is reported that the blessings given these men by Brigham prior to leaving "fairly made them quake." (Cutler, *Fielding Garr*, 111.) They left Salt Lake City on October 7, hoping to meet the latecomers soon. When they were not found by Oct. 14, Captain George D. Grant send an express to locate them. This express consisted of Cyrus H. Wheelock, Joseph A. Young, Stephen W. Taylor and Abel W. Garr. They located the Willie company on Oct. 19, bringing encouragement and hope that they would soon meet the rescue wagons. They also gave the Saints a small amount of food. When Captain Grant's party met the Willie company, they split the rescue party and sent a portion back with the Willie company toward the Valley. The rest of the rescue party continued east, following Garr's express.

The express sped on with orders to not go farther than Devil's Gate if they hadn't found the rear companies by then. Unfortunately, this was the case and they waited until the main rescue party caught up with them for further orders. On October 27, Captain Grant again called on Abel Garr to ride express further to locate the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies. This time he traveled with Joseph A. Young and Dan W. Jones. The next day the missing companies were located near their last crossing of the N. Platte River, stranded at a place called Red Buttes. John Jaques of the Martin company recorded: "The 28th of October was the red letter day to this handcart expedition. On that memorable day Joseph A. Young, Daniel W. Jones and Abel Garr galloped unexpectedly into camp amid the cheers and tears and smiles and laughter of the emigrants."

(Abel Garr - Page 2)

The express team spent the night with the emigrants, got them going the next morning, then hurried back to Devil's Gate to notify Captain Grant who quickly made a start to meet them. Joseph Young reported this day as follows: "On the 29th [of October] I returned from Capt. Hunt's to Capt. Martin's company. Capt. Martin had started early in the morning, and when I overtook them their cry was, 'let us go to the Valley; let us go to Zion.'"

On the 3rd of November at Devil's Gate, with about twelve hundred people, it was too cold to move. Captain Grant was now ready to send word to Brigham Young. This express would just be Abel Garr and Joseph Young, sent to "report our situation and get counsel and help." Before riding, Young put on three or four pairs of woollen socks, a pair of moccasins, and a pair of buffalo hide over-shoes with the wool on, and then remarked, "There, if my feet freeze with those on, they must stay frozen till I get to Salt Lake."

The report carried by Young and Garr from Captain Grant read in part: "There is not much use for me to attempt to give a description of these people; for this you will learn from your son, Joseph and from Brother Garr, who are the bearers of this message. You can imagine between five and six hundred men, women and children worn down by drawing carts through mud and snow, fainting by the wayside, children crying with cold, their limbs stiffened, their feet bleeding, and some of them bare to the frost. The sight is too much for the stoutest of us, but we go on doing our duty, not doubting, not despairing. Our party is too small to be much of a help. The assistance we give is only a drop in the bucket, as it were, in comparison to what is needed. I believe that not more than one-third of the Martin Company will be able to walk any further. You may think this extravagant, but, nevertheless, it is true. Some of the emigrants have good courage, but a great many of them are like children, and do not realize what is before them. I have never felt so much interest in any mission that I have ever before been called to perform and all of the boys who came with me feel the same. We have prayed without ceasing and the blessings of the Lord have been with us."

Abel Garr was not a member of the Church when he went out on the rescue. He was baptized and confirmed in May of 1857 by his rescue party leaders, George D. Grant and William H. Kimball. He received his temple endowment less than a year later. He married Laura Maria Pitkin in 1860. She became very ill and only lived five weeks. In 1864 Abel married Eliza Ann Stevenson. They had ten children, only five of whom lived to adulthood. After being called from the pulpit at the 1874 October General Conference, Abel served a mission to his early home in Indiana. In his lifetime, Abel served in trusted positions as a scout, patrol leader, and Captain of the Calvary in the Cache County Militia. In the 1880's Abel served as trustee of the Millville school board and was known for having the first mowing machine in Millville.

Abel Garr's son-in-law, H. A. Campbell, wrote of him: "He was a very spiritual minded man. He with Henry Chandler built the Millville LDS Church which now stands (1954). ... During the years of 1864-1898 Abel was a prosperous farmer and stockman. He farmed around 100 acres of his own land, 40 acres of his brother John's land. He formed a partnership with Indian Jack who cared for the cattle in the summer and assisted in feeding them in the winter months. He wasn't much of a talker, but a very fine man. ... I'll tell you what Abe used to do. No man ever went hungry around Abe Garr. At Christmas time he would drive up to the farm and he would slaughter a beef and bring it down and hang it up to cool and on the morning of Christmas he would cut it up in pieces and drive around to the widows and poor people and deliver the beef to them. He did that repeatedly for years and years.

"Abe Garr wasn't much of a preacher. When we had our Seventies meeting he got through the meeting and paid his dues, laid down \$5.00 and said, 'That's the way I preach.' He was one of God's noblemen, a charitable neighbor and loving husband and father. There was no person in need but what if Abel Garr knew of it he would come to their rescue with assistance. Abel had no bad traits. Every one of his associates will tell you that Abel's character was above reproach. Abel Garr died March 4, 1909, leaving an estate valued at \$16,000, including real estate, cattle and horses."

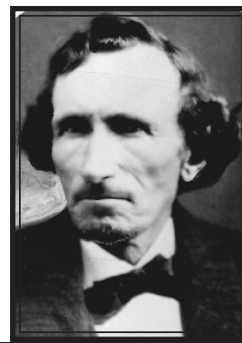
Source: Cutler, A.M., *Fielding Garr 1794-1855 And His Family: Early Mormon Pioneers On Antelope Island*, 1991, pgs. 91-95, 111-114; Bell, Stella Jaques, *Life History and Writings of John Jaques, Including a Diary of the Martin Handcart Company*, 1978.

GEORGE DAVIS GRANT

Born: 1812 New York

Age: 44

Captain of Advance Rescue Company



Early in 1856, George D. Grant returned to the United States from England after serving there as a missionary for two years. Before continuing to Utah, he was assigned to help prepare for the upcoming wave of Mormon immigrants. This work had actually begun months before with other immigration agents negotiating on land and handcart contracts. George Grant and another returning missionary, William H. Kimball, first met with Elder John Taylor in New York and then arrived in Iowa City in March where they contracted to have 100 handcarts built.

Property near the terminus of the railroad in Iowa City had to be obtained and prepared for a camping and outfitting ground. Altogether, 300 handcarts were built by contract in Iowa City, Chicago and St. Louis. But the number of immigrants swelled and to meet the growing needs, the agents and immigrants built some handcarts with wood cut around Iowa City.

In Florence, Nebraska, arrangements were made for this former “Winter Quarters” of the pioneers to be their final outfitting point before crossing the last 1,000 miles of plains. A large warehouse was constructed, arrangements made for timber and fuel, and contracts written for ferrying across certain rivers. “Preparing Florence for the emigration also included fencing fields, putting in grain, building corrals, and assembling a supply of equipment and tools—all within about two months.” (Olsen, *The Price We Paid*, 54) Mules and oxen for the emigration needed to be purchased, branded and driven to Iowa City and Florence. (See biography of Joseph Elder, Willie Company, in *Tell My Story, Too*, for some understanding of this task.) Back and forth between Iowa, Nebraska, and Missouri, these immigration agents were tireless in their preparations.

After George had worked hard at these tasks for over 6 months, he headed for home in September, no doubt anxious to be reunited with his family and obtain a little rest. Instead, after arriving in Utah on October 4, he went back on the trail only two days later to rescue the last companies. He took his 17-year-old son, George Wilson Grant, with him. It was risky and dangerous, but George did not hesitate. After receiving a priesthood blessing from Brigham Young, George left Salt Lake with a small group of men who sustained the appointment by Brigham Young of George as their captain. In making very difficult decisions over the next 2 1/2 months, George proved to be the right choice.

The immigrants were much farther away than George had expected, and if these first rescuers had not come when they did, perhaps none of the immigrants would have survived. Shortly after locating the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies about 375 miles from Salt Lake City, George wrote a letter to Brigham Young and sent it express from Devil’s Gate on Nov. 3. The letter summarizes the previous four weeks and reports on the needs and expectations of the next few weeks. It reflects the enormity of the situation and George’s feelings about this rescue mission:

Devil’s Gate, Nov. 2nd 18/56

President Young: Dear Brother: _

Knowing the anxiety that you feel for the Companys behind & espacely for the hand-Cart Companys, I have concluded to send in an express from this place.

We had now Snow to contend with, untill we got to the Sweet Water 19th & 20th of Oct. The storm was verry severe indeed We met Br Willeys the 21st the Snow was from 6 to 10 inches deep where we met them. They were truely in a bad situation but we rendered them all the assistance in our power. Br Wm H Kimball returned with them with several other Bretheren & the particulars of this Co you have doubtless learned from him before this time. Previous to this time we had sent on an express to ascertain if posable, the Situation & the whereabouts of the Companys behind & report back to me not thinking it safe for them to go farther than Independence Rock, I advised them not to go farther than that point.

(George D. Grant - Page 2)

When we overtook them they had heard nothing from them & had traveled through Snow all the way from Willow Creek to this place from 8 inches to one foot deep not much feed for our horses they were running down very fast & not hearing any thing from the Companeyes, I did not know but they had taken up quarters for the Winter. Consequently we sent on another express to the Platte Bridge & when the express returned, to my surprise I learned that they were all on the Platte River & had been Encamped there nine days, waiting for the Snow to go away or, as they said, for to recruit their Cattle. as quick as we learned this we moved on to meet them. Met Br Martains Co at Greasewood Creek on the last day of Oct. Br Hodgets Co were a few miles behind. we dealt out to the Co (Br Martains) the Clothing, &c., that we had for them & the next morning after Stowing our Wagons full of our the sick, the Childern & with a good ammount of lugage, started homeward about noon. the Snow began to fall very fast & continued untill late at night. It is now about 8 inches deep here & to night is very Cold. It is not mutch use for me to attempt to give a discreption of the situation of these people for this I must refer you to Brother Joseph & Brother Gar who are the bearers of this express but you can imagine five or six hundred people ' men, Women & Children worn out by drawing their hand Carts traveling through Snow and Mud; fainting by the way side; falling, Chilled by the Cold; Children crying from the Cold their limbs Stiff their feet bleeding & some of them bear to snow & frost The sight is almost to mutch for the stoutest of us but we go on doing all we can not doubting nor despairing but our Co is to Small to help them mutch it is only a drop to a bucket as it were, in comparisone to what is needed for I do think that not over one third of the entire Co are able to walk. This you may think is extravegant but it is nevertheless true. Some of them have good courage & are in good Spirits but a great maney of them are like Children & do not help themselves mutch more nor realize what is before them.

I am going to make a cash here of a lot of Books & other things in fact every thing that can be dispensed with in the Co for the lives of the People are the first consideration & I believe if you could speak to me you would advise me so to do

I never felt so much intrest in aney Mission that I have been sent on in my life & all the Bretheren who are with me feel the same. We have prayed without ceasing & blessing of God have been with us.

Br Charles Decker has traveld this road this makes the 49th time & he sayes he has never seen so much snow on the SweetWarter before in any season of the year.

I will now mention what I think would be for the best & leave the matter in your hands to dispose of as you think best if we had from 30 to 50 Teams well supplied with feed for thir animals this is something we very mutch need & it will be a hard matter to get some of our teams in without it some good Boots of different sizes would come very good for the Bretheren who are with me Some of them are most destitute they started with short notice & have been out longer then they expected Some good pants also their folks would send some probably if they new of it Br Hodgets Co Camp with us to night

I am sorry to inform you of the death of Br Tennant among those who have fallen by the way side Br Hunts Co are two or three days behind yet Br Wheelock will be with them to Councell with them also some of the other Bretheren

We will move every day toward the Valley if we shovel Snow to do it the Lord helping us I have never seen sutch energe & faith among the Boys before & so good a spirrit as those who are with me we realize that we heve your prayers for us continualey also all of the Saints in the Valley I will now close by praying that the blessings of God may be with you & all those who seek to build up the Kingdom of God on the Earth. George D. Grant

By the end of the rescue efforts, George would, in fact, be shoveling through deep snow to bring the people through the last mountain passes and canyons. The Martin handcart company arrived in Salt Lake City on November 30. The following day, George's brother, Jedediah M. Grant, died. He was a trusted counselor to Brigham Young in the First Presidency and beloved by the people. His funeral was held that week.

George D. Grant was trusted at other times as a leader. He spent a great deal of time working with the Indians in Tooele Valley and protecting and assisting the residents there. They were so grateful for his service that they named the town of Grantsville after George. He served other missions for the Church and rose to the rank of Major General in his military service.

After returning from the rescue, George went home to Bountiful. On December 12, his son, George Wilson Grant, who had been on the rescue with his father, celebrated his 18th birthday.

The words of Emily Hill (Woodmansee) of the Willie Company reflect the gratitude and admiration felt for George D. Grant and his fellow rescuers: "Life, Life was the treasure held out to our view / By the 'Boys from the Valley' so brave and so true / O'er mountainous steeps, over drearissime plains / They sought us, and found us, thank God for their pains!"

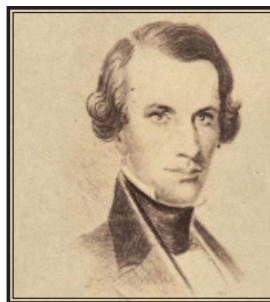
Sources: Olsen, Andrew D., *The Price We Paid*, Deseret Book, 2006; "A Sketch of the Life of George Davis Grant" by Grant Davies Atkinson, unpublished research paper, July 1998; "Hunger and Cold," in *The Poetry of Emily Hill Woodmansee*, comp. Myrlon Bentley Abegg (1986), 169–70, Church History Library; email from Grant Atkinson, January 2004; original letter from George D. Grant to Brigham Young, without the 1856 editor's changes and omissions, as transcribed by Jolene Allphin February 23, 2017, located in Church History Library, Brigham Young Incoming Correspondence, 1839-1877, box 24, folder 19.

GEORGE WILSON GRANT

Born: 12 December 1838, Far West, Missouri

Age: 17

Rescuer



George W. Grant is one of two teenagers represented in the bronze statues of the rescuers near Martin's Cove.¹ He went out on the rescue with his father, George D. Grant. His father had been away from home for two years, serving a mission in England, and had just returned from that mission. Young George was ready to travel back on the plains with him two days later. His father was appointed captain of the first rescue party to leave Salt Lake.

George W. performed many services during the two months he helped with the rescue, but he is most noted for his part in carrying members of the Martin handcart company across the Sweetwater River on November 4, 1856. Patience Loader of the Martin company wrote: "We came to the Sweetwater River and there we had to cross. We thought we should have to wade[,] as the cattle had been crossing with the wagons with the tents and what little flour we had and had broken the ice. But there were brave men there in the water, packing the women and children over on their backs. Those poor brethren were in the water all day. We wanted to thank them, but they would not listen." (Bell, *Life History and Writings of John Jaques*, 162.)

John Jaques wrote of this day: "The passage of the Sweetwater at this point was a severe operation to many of the company. ... The teams and wagons and handcarts and some of the men forded the river. Four members of the relief party waded the river, helping the handcarts through and carrying the women and children and some of the weaker men over. They were D.P. Kimball, George W. Grant, Stephen W. Taylor, and C.A. Huntington." (Bell, 174.) Other men in the rescue company also assisted at this crossing.

The teenage boys in the Martin Company greatly admired George and the other young rescuers. Albert Jones of the Martin Company called them "red shirted young giants" who tried "to make merriment to cheer up our gloomy & sorely tried people." Jones wrote: "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 I felt to acknowledge it 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."

Patience Loader also wrote words of gratitude for the rescuers who chopped wood for fires: "George [W.] Grant ... told us all to stand back, for he was going to knock down one of those log huts to make fires for us. He said, 'You are not going to freeze tonight.' ... He raised his ax and with one blow knocked in the whole front of the building, took each log and split it in four pieces, and gave each family one piece." (Bell, 168.)

After the rescue, George returned with his father to his home in Bountiful. He celebrated his 18th birthday in December. On New Year's Day in 1867, George married Lucy Curtis Spencer. Lucy died less than a year later, and it appears that George never remarried. He died on August 5, 1873 at the age of 35.

Sources: Archer, Patience Loader Rozsa, *Recollections of Past Days*, edited by Sandra Ailey Petree, Utah State University Press, 2006; Bell, Stella Jaques, *Life History and Writings of John Jaques, Including a Diary of the Martin Handcart Company*, 1978; Jones, Albert, address to Handcart Veterans Association, Oct. 4, 1906 (available on Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website).

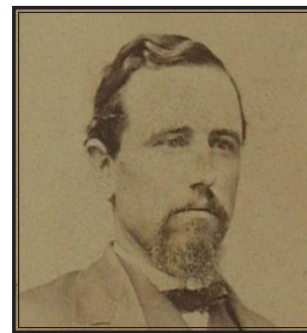
¹Although George W. Grant is one of four rescuers named by Patience Loader and John Jaques, there were other rescuers helping the Martin Company immigrants across the river on November 4, 1856. The statues represent the service of all of these men.

BENJAMIN HAMPTON (Jr.)

Born: 11 February 1837 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Age: 19

Rescuer



Ben Hampton had a rich heritage as an American. His great-grandfather, Joseph Hampton, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and was at Valley Forge with George Washington. Ben's mother, Patience Schull Hampton, came from a large family of Quakers.

In 1846, the Hampton family moved from Pennsylvania to St. Louis, Missouri, where they joined the Church. In 1905, Ben wrote an autobiography from which the following is taken:

In April, 1853, I left home for the far west, traveling by steamboat to Council Bluffs or Kaneshville, thence by wagons up the Missouri River on the Iowa side to a point opposite Winter Quarters, now Florence, where we swam our cattle and horses across and flat-boated the wagons, went into camp until organized for the long trip across the plains to Salt Lake, and reached our destination in September of the same year, where I went to live with Jedediah M. Grant, my mother's friend.

In the spring of 1855, I was one of the party called the "White Mountain Indian Mission." These missions, by the way, were to explore the unknown portions of the territory, to become acquainted with the Indians, and to teach them agriculture. We carried seeds and simple implements. Our route from Salt Lake was by the present wagon road through Utah to Southern California. We left the main road at the crossing of the Beaver River, where Beaver City now is, and from there on had to make our road. We worked our way down the canyon and out into the big valley known now as Escalante or Beaver valley, and thence northerly, following the river down to a point six miles north of the present Milford. Here the party divided, part making up the pack train for the trip West and the others remaining to explore the big valley. I was with the packers. ... The following spring the same party was called to strengthen the Elk Mountain Indian Mission on Grand River, or what is now Moab, in Grand County, but we got no farther than the head of Salina Canyon, where a messenger overtook us with orders to return. The Indians had attacked the settlers, killing some and causing abandonment of the Mission for the time being.

In October, 1856, I was with the first relief party sent east to aid the "Hand Cart" sufferers. We met them in November on the Platte River, snow bound, and over 400 miles from Salt Lake. After assisting them to "Devil's Gate"—sixty miles—they were put into wagons and sent on to Salt Lake. I remained there during the winter with others to guard the stuff the wagons had contained and about 100 worn out hand carts. It was a tough winter's experience—four months on poor meat, without flour, and the last three weeks on rawhide, straight. [See also Daniel W. Jones in rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*.]

The following spring, 1857, John R. Murdock, in charge of the first overland mail enroute east to Atchison, took me as a helper. It was the quickest trip ever made by one set of men and animals, without relays; over 1200 miles in less than 10 days. There were no stops day or night. This was the hardest job I ever had up to that time, and I had some tough ones. We returned to Salt Lake in October of the same year, just ahead of Johnston's Utah army. We passed and repassed them several times before reaching Fort Bridger. [See John R. Murdock (rescuer) in *Tell My Story, Too*.]

Ben's business took him across the plains every year from 1861 through 1866. During that time he acquired and sent out hundreds of wagons, oxen, and mules. Many of these animals had to be broken. Teamsters also were hired and trained. In 1864, Ben married Adelaide Eugenia Grant, with whose family he had lived for the previous 10 years. In 1867, Ben and Adelaide "built the two story stone hotel and the toll bridge at the crossing of the river on the Montana and Oregon stage road, known as Hampton station, costing [them] over \$20,000." Ben offered some philosophical words in concluding his autobiography:

"We are but doing our day's work as it comes to us, paving the way for those who will follow and who will bring more improved methods of development. Every person born is a pioneer for his day."

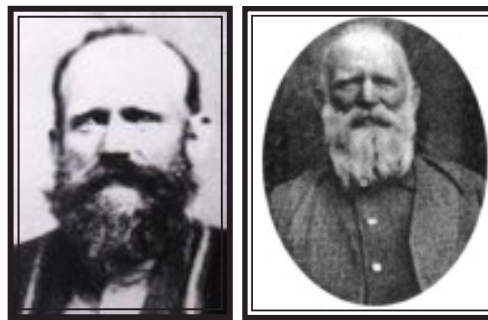
Source: "Autobiography of Benjamin Hampton," submitted to Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files by his granddaughter, Clara L. Hampton Dewsnup.

EPHRAIM KNOWLTON HANKS

Born: 1826 Ohio

Age: 29

Rescuer



Ephraim K. Hanks was one of the premier frontiersmen of his day. Trustworthy and skilled, he made many trips out in the wilds and for a time held the mail contract with Charles Decker for carrying mail between Salt Lake City and St. Joseph, Missouri. He joined the rescue efforts of 1856 about three weeks after the first rescue party left Salt Lake.

Ephraim's restless and roaming nature brought him much adventure in his lifetime. As a teenager, he left home, worked for awhile on the Erie Canal and then joined the Navy. Eph soon set sail on the *U.S.S. Columbus*, and immediately learned to hold his own against the older bullies. Italy was one of the interesting ports Eph visited during his enlistment.

A few days before the ship reached its home port in New York, the returning Ephraim, like the prodigal son, was concerned about the disappointment he had caused his parents, and decided to return to his home rather than re-enlist in the Navy. That decision would prove to change the course of his life as he arrived at home and was introduced to the Church by his older brother, Sidney. Humbled by the news of his father's death the previous year, Ephraim's heart was softened and prepared to hear the Gospel.

Ephraim was soon baptized and cast his lot with the Saints in Nauvoo who were soon to become exiles. On their trek to the west, Ephraim was one who left to serve in the Mormon Battalion in the United States war with Mexico. Several other fellow-soldiers from the Battalion were involved in the rescue of the 1856 pioneers.

The following is Ephraim's account of the rescue that he gave later in his life, as recorded in the book *Scouting for the Mormons on the Great Frontier*. Prefacing this narrative, the author's state: "The following account of the hand-cart rescue ... seems to differ in many details from the one just related [in the book], but no doubt both accounts are true and could be fitted together like the parts of a picture puzzle."

The account in Scouting for Mormons comes from Andrew Jensen, who states that "In June, 1891, when visiting the Sevier Stake of Zion in the interest of Church history, I became acquainted with Elder Ephraim K. Hanks, who resides in Pleasant Creek, (in the Blue Valley Ward), now in Wayne County, Utah. He related to me the following:"

In the fall of 1856, I spent considerable of my time fishing in Utah Lake; and in traveling backward and forward between that lake and Salt Lake City, I had occasion to stop once over night with Gurney Brown, in Draper, about nineteen miles south of Salt Lake City. Being somewhat fatigued after the day's journey, I retired to rest quite early, and while I still lay wide awake in my bed I heard a voice calling me by name, and then saying: "The hand-cart people are in trouble and you are wanted; will you go and help them?" I turned instinctively in the direction from whence the voice came and beheld an ordinary sized man in the room. Without any hesitation I answered "Yes, I will go if I am called." I then turned around to go to sleep, but had laid only a few minutes when the voice called a second time, repeating almost the same words as on the first occasion. My answer was the same as before. This was repeated a third time.

When I got up the next morning I said to Brother Brown, "The hand-cart people are in trouble, and I have promised to go out and help them;" but I did not tell him of my experiences during the night.

I now hastened to Salt Lake City, and arrived there on the Saturday, preceding the Sunday on which the call was made for volunteers to go out and help the last hand-cart companies in. When some of the brethren responded by explaining that they could get ready to start in a few days; I spoke out at once saying, "I am ready now!" The next day I was wending my way eastward over the mountains with a light wagon all alone.¹

The terrific storm which caused the immigrants so much suffering and loss overtook me near the South Pass, where I stopped about three days with Reddick N. Allred,² who had come out with provisions for the immigrants. The storm during these three days was simply awful. In all my travels in the Rocky Mountains both before and afterwards, I have seen no worse. When at length the snow ceased falling, it lay on the ground so deep that for many days it was impossible to move wagons through it.

Being deeply concerned about the possible fate of the immigrants, and feeling anxious to learn of their condition, I determined to start out on horseback to meet them; and for this purpose I secured a pack-saddle and two animals (one to ride and one to pack), from Brother Allred, and began to make my way slowly through the snow alone. After traveling for some time I met Joseph A. Young and one of the Garr boys, [Abel], two of the relief company which had been sent from Salt Lake City to help the companies. [This was the first group of rescuers who left immediately

(Ephraim Hanks - Page 2)

after the first call from Brigham Young on October 5. Brigham continued to make public and private calls for rescuers to meet the late companies for the next two months.] They had met the immigrants and were now returning with important dispatches from the camps to the headquarters of the Church, reporting the awful condition of the companies. [Ephraim had passed the Willie Company and the rescuers already with them near Ft. Bridger on Nov. 2. Young and Garr had found the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies near the last crossing of the N. Platte River and helped them back to Devil's Gate before taking this "important dispatch" to Brigham Young. Garr and Young left Devil's Gate on Nov. 3. See their biographies in *Tell My Story, Too*.]

In the meantime I continued my lonely journey, and the night after meeting Elders Young and Garr, I camped in the snow in the mountains. As I was preparing to make a bed in the snow with the few articles that my pack animal carried for me, I thought how comfortable a buffalo robe would be on such an occasion, and also how I could relish a little buffalo meat for supper, and before lying down for the night I was instinctively led to ask the Lord to send me a buffalo. Now, I am a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, for I have on many different occasions asked the Lord for blessings, which He in His mercy has bestowed on me. But when I, after praying as I did on that lonely night in the South Pass, looked around me and spied a buffalo bull within fifty yards of my camp, my surprise was complete; I had certainly not expected so immediate an answer to my prayer. However, I soon collected myself and was not at a loss to know what to do. Taking deliberate aim at the animal, my first shot brought him down; he made a few jumps only, and then rolled down into the very hollow where I was encamped. I was soon busily engaged skinning my game, finishing which, I spread the hide on the snow and placed my bed upon it. I next prepared supper, eating tongue and other choice parts of the animal I had killed, to my heart's content. After this I enjoyed a refreshing night's sleep, while my horses were browsing on the sage brush.

Early the next morning I was on my way again, and soon reached what is known as the Ice Springs Bench. There I happened upon a herd of buffalo, and killed a nice cow. I was impressed to do this, although I did not know why until a few hours later, but the thought occurred to my mind that the hand of the Lord was in it, as it was a rare thing to find buffalo herds around that place at this late part of the season. I skinned and dressed the cow; then cut up part of its meat in long strips and loaded my horses with it. Thereupon I resumed my journey, and traveled on till towards evening. I think the sun was about an hour high in the west when I spied something in the distance that looked like a black streak in the snow. As I got near to it, I perceived it moved; then I was satisfied that this was the long looked for hand-cart company, led by Captain Edward Martin. I reached the ill-fated train just as the immigrants were camping for the night. The sight that met my gaze as I entered their camp can never be erased from my memory. The starved forms and haggard countenances of the poor sufferers, as they moved about slowly, shivering with cold, to prepare their scanty evening meal was enough to touch the stoutest heart. When they saw me coming, they hailed me with joy inexpressible, and when they further beheld the supply of fresh meat I brought into camp, their gratitude knew no bounds. Flocking around me, one would say, "Oh, please, give me a small piece of meat;" another would exclaim, "My poor children are starving, do give me a little;" and children with tears in their eyes would call out, "Give me some, give me some." At first I tried to wait on them and handed out the meat as they called for it; but finally I told them to help themselves. Five minutes later both my horses had been released of their extra burden—the meat was all gone, and the next few hours found the people in camp busily engaged in cooking and eating it, with thankful hearts.

A prophecy had been made by one of the brethren that the company should feast on buffalo meat when their provisions might run short; my arrival in their camp, loaded with meat, was the beginning of the fulfillment of that prediction; but only the beginning, as I afterwards shot and killed a number of buffalo for them as we journeyed along.

When I saw the terrible condition of the immigrants on first entering their camp, my heart almost melted within me. I rose up in my saddle and tried to speak cheering and comforting words to them. I told them also that they should all have the privilege to ride into Salt Lake City, as more teams were coming.³ ...

After this the greater portion of my time was devoted to waiting on the sick. "Come to me," "help me," "please administer to my sick wife," or "my dying child," were some of the requests that were made of me almost hourly for some time after I had joined the immigrants, and I spent days going from tent to tent administering to the sick. Truly the Lord was with me and others of His servants who labored faithfully together with me in that day of trial and suffering. The result of this our labor of love certainly redounded to the honor and glory of a kind and merciful God. In scores of instances, when we administered to the sick, and rebuked the diseases in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the sufferers would rally at once; they were healed almost instantly. I believe I administered to several hundreds in a single day; and I could give names of many whose lives were saved by the power of God.

But I will only give the details in one more instance. One evening after having gone as far as Fort Bridger I was requested by a sister to come and administer to her son, whose name was Thomas. [See biography for Thomas Dobson, Martin Company, in *Tell My Story, Too*.] He was very sick, indeed, and his friends expected he would die that night. When I came to the place where he lay, he was moaning pitifully, and was almost too weak to turn around in his bed. I felt the power of God resting upon me, and addressing the young man, said: "Will you believe the words I tell you?" His response was "Yes." I then administered to him, and he was immediately healed. He got up, dressed

(Ephraim Hanks - Page 3)

himself, and danced a hornpipe on the end-board of a wagon, which I procured for that purpose. But notwithstanding these manifestations of the Lord's goodness, many of the immigrants whose extremities were frozen, lost their limbs, either whole or in part. Many such I washed with water and castile soap, until the frozen parts would fall off, after which I would sever the shreds of flesh from the remaining portions of the limbs with my scissors. Some of the emigrants lost toes, others fingers, and again others whole hands and feet; one woman who now resides in Koosharem, Piute Co., Utah, lost both her legs below the knees, [see biography for Maren Johansen, also known as Mary Johnson, (Parsons), Hunt Company, in *Tell My Story, Too.*] and quite a number who survived became cripples for life, but so far as I remember there were no fresh cases of frozen limbs after my arrival in camp.

As the train moved forward in the day time I would generally leave the road in search of game; and on these expeditions killed and dressed a number of buffaloes, distributing their meat among the people. On one occasion when I was lagging behind with a killed buffalo, an English girl by the name of Griffin gave out completely, and not being able to walk any further, she lay down with her head in the snow. When I saw her disabled condition I lifted her on my saddle, the horse being loaded with buffalo meat, and in this condition she rode into camp. [see biography for Margaret or Jane Eleanor Griffiths, Martin Company section of *Tell My Story, Too.*]

Soon more relief companies were met and as fast as the baggage was transferred into the wagons, the hand carts were abandoned one after another, until none were left.⁴ I remained with the immigrants until the last of Captain Martin's company arrived in Salt Lake City on the thirtieth day of November, 1856.

I have but a very little to say about the sufferings of Captain Martin's company before I joined it; but it had passed through terrible ordeals. Women and the larger children helped the men to pull the hand-carts, and in crossing the frozen streams, they had to break the ice with their feet. In fording the Platte River, the largest stream they had to cross after the cold weather set in, the clothes of the immigrants were frozen stiff around their bodies before they could exchange them for others. This is supposed to have been the cause of the many deaths which occurred soon afterwards. It has been stated on good authority that nineteen immigrants died in one night. The survivors who performed the last acts of kindness to those who perished, were not strong enough to dig the graves of sufficient depth to preserve the bodies from the wild beasts, and wolves were actually seen tearing open the graves before the company was out of sight. Many of the survivors, in witnessing the terrible afflictions and losses, became at last almost stupefied or mentally dazed, and did not seem to realize the terrible condition they were in. The suffering from the lack of sufficient food also told on the people. When the first relief teams met the immigrants, there was only one day's quarter rations left in camp."

Many of the accounts given by these belated immigrants in the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies mention the arrival of Ephraim Hanks. Mary Goble of the Hunt Company writes that his arrival was like that of a Santa Claus. Throughout his life, he exercised his spiritual gifts in behalf of others. He was particularly noted for the gift of healing.

Fellow rescuer, Arza Hinckley, wrote of Ephraim: "From Ice Springs on Sweet Water River in to Salt Lake City, Eph Hanks, one of my Battalion chums, spent much of our time while in camp administering to the sick. Ephraim was a man of grate faith."

Years later, in a letter to Wilford Woodruff, while serving a mission among the Lamanites in Arizona, Arza wrote: "As to myself, it would be better as a traveling missionary, than remaining with a tribe. . . . I believe, as such, with such a man as Ephraim Hanks, if we were as well united in the faith and feelings as we were when we went out to meet the handcart company we would be willing [to accomplish the work]."

Ephraim Hanks continued to be a man of great faith and service. He served as a patriarch in the Church. He eventually had 3 wives and 26 children. One of his wives, Thisbe Read, was a girl he had helped to rescue in the Martin handcart company. They were the parents of 12 children.

Much of Ephraim's life story, and particularly his participation in the 1856 rescue, has been portrayed in the T.C. Christensen movie *Ephraim's Rescue*.

⁴This call was made on Sunday, October 26, by Heber C. Kimball. Hanks statement on going out "alone" is likely just an indication that he was not with a regularly organized group, and that he was alone when he met the Martin company. He had the skills and ability to do this. There were already many other rescuers with teams and wagons on the road that Ephraim passed on his way out. (See *I Am Ready Now*, by J. Phillip Hanks, 2013, pgs. 60-61, for documentation that Ephraim was in a conference in American Fork until Oct. 22, then fishing at Utah Lake, then staying with Gurnsey Brown in Draper until Saturday, Oct. 25, when he went to Salt Lake, hence responding to the October 26 call for more rescuers.)

(Ephraim Hanks - Page 4)

²Redick Allred was left at a South Pass camp with supplies, awaiting the return of Captain George D. Grant, whose advance rescue party had traveled on in search of the missing companies. Ephraim probably only stayed 2 days and maybe 3 nights with Allred. Redick wrote: “Ephraim Hanks arrived from S L. City and reported 150 wagons on the way to relieve us, but nothing having been heard from the trains I sent a man with him to meet them. They started next morning and as it was very cold & the wind blowing a gale from the West, he set a sail behind his wagon and struck out at the rate of ten knots.” Ephraim was at Ft. Bridger with the Willie Company on November 2nd. He met the Martin handcart company on the evening of November 10 just east of Split Rock at a stream called Willow Creek. He was probably at Allred’s camp some time between Nov. 4-8. It is unknown who the man sent by Redick Allred with Ephraim was. It appears that Ephraim went on ahead with his horses so he could travel more quickly. Ephraim met the Martin company the night of Nov. 10. On Nov. 12, the company was met by four wagons, and three more wagons the next day.

³This was the first news the people had that more help was on the way. Rescuer Robert T. Burton recorded in the camp journal: “Br. E. Hanks ... brought good news.” Rescuer William Broomhead recorded on Nov. 10: “Ephraim Hanks came to us from the valley and reported that 2 hundred teams had started but he did not know if they had turned Back on account of the storm.”

⁴Many of the handcarts reportedly had already been left at or near Devil’s Gate.

Sources: *Scouting for the Mormons on the Great Frontier* by Sidney Alvarus Hanks - son of Ephraim Knowlton Hanks and Thisbe Quilley Read (Martin Handcart Company) and Ephraim K. Hanks (E. Kay Hanks, unknown relationship), *Deseret Book Co.*, 1948. The preface of this book states: “Ephraim Knowlton Hanks did not keep a diary, but in the sunset of his life took time out to tell his story to two different scribes who recorded the experiences, only to have both manuscripts mysteriously disappear. We have had to depend on the information handed down by his own children and the writings of men who rode and lived with him. ... In 1940 Sidney A. Hanks laid before E. Kay Hanks much material he had been collecting through the years about his father, the pioneer scout, Ephraim K. Hanks. It was Sidney’s dream to have these valuable experiences preserved at least for the Hanks posterity. The urge to assist in bringing about the fulfillment of this dream welled up in E. Kay, who immediately started the long process of preparation necessary to bring about this book”; *I Am Ready Now*, by J. Phillip Hanks, 2013. (See endnote 1.) *Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah*, Frank E. Eschom, 1913; *Arza Erastus Hinckley - Ira Nathaniel Hinckley - Descendants and Ancestors*, compiled by Lorin A. Hinckley, 1979; “Arza Erastus Hinckley” by Joel Hinckley Bowen; “Arza” by Lynn Paul (HBL at BYU Special Collections Americana Collections); “United in Faith - The Rescue of the Martin Handcart Companies” by Steven K. Jones, 1991 (SUP Research Library, Special Collections); “Arza E. Hinckley Diary 1882-1883” (HBL at BYU Special Collections Manuscript Collection); *Diary of Redick Allred*, film available at Church History Library (original housed at DUP Museum is not available for viewing due to condition); *Be Kind to the poor: The Life Story of Robert Taylor Burton* by Janet Burton Seegmiller, 1988; Autobiography of Mary Goble Pay, various source locations, some of Mary’s writings available in Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files, some are on Mormon Overland Travel Database website; see website hanksplace.net for more information, stories, pictures and sources for Ephraim Hanks.

“In witnessing the (sick of our) 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.” (Alfred Jones, Martin company, on his brother Samuel S. Jones and Ephraim Hanks.)



ASA SMITH HAWLEY

Born: 1835 Canada

Age: 21

Rescuer

Asa Hawley showed his commitment to the rescue efforts as did the other rescuers who were required to leave parents, wives and children. It is recorded that Asa's wife questioned, "Asa, when will you be back?" Asa replied, "I do not know, but, little girl, rest assured that when I have performed my duty I will gladly return to my little wife."

Asa belonged to the Utah County Militia. His group was called out several weeks after the first rescue call was made on October 5, 1856. Captain Grant, leader of the first rescue party had "waited in exasperation," but it took a great deal of time and effort for these companies to reach them. In confusion, and without clear direction, some wagons had even turned back to the Valley, only to be met by messengers who turned them back around again. The roads in places were nearly impassable. Asa said that they encountered snow in crossing Big Mountain that was "up to the tops of our wagon bows." He said it reminded him of Bonaparte crossing the Alps. "We ploughed our way through and went on." Some of Asa's companions had their feet badly frozen and had to be left on the Weber, Bear, and Yellow rivers to recuperate. Later, Asa wrote that these boys made it all up on the way back. They were fresh and strong and "took hold with a will, which relieved us very much."

It wasn't until the 18th of November that Asa's group of men were informed by an advance team from Captain Grant's rescue party, that the Martin handcart company would arrive at handcar Asa's current camp during the night. (This was in the vicinity of South Pass.) Hosea Stout wrote, "Several teams were dispatched to meet them and help them in. Soon they began to come in, some in wagons, some on horses, some on foot, while some had to be led or carried on the backs of men." This new relief was just in time for the Martin Company, especially those still walking.

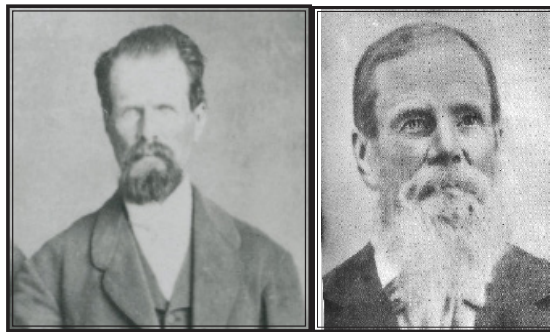
Asa also recorded his experience in helping the Martin Company: "We had given up our wagons to them. After arranging their beds as well as we could when bedtime had come, we would carry them to our wagons. After seeing them to bed, we would close the wagon covers thus shutting out all the cold possible. Thus we would leave them for the night. Then shoveling away the snow we would lay our scanty blankets down for a little rest, then up in the morning a long time before daylight we would build a big fire and prepare breakfast. When all was about ready we would arouse our passengers, again repeating that which we had done the day before. When we were all seated we would again pass them their food. Breakfast over, all was now a hurry and bustle to be off. ... We again loaded them into our wagons and traveled on. This was repeated night and morning all the way."

John Jacques of the Martin Company wrote: "The meeting of the emigrants with relatives, acquaintances, and friends ... was very solemnly impressive. Some were so affected that they could scarcely speak, but would look at each other until the sympathetic tears would force their unforbidden way. [They] were taken into the homes of their friends ... while they thawed the frost out of their limbs and recruited their health and strength. The new comers would eat and eat and eat until they were literally and perfectly ashamed of themselves, and then retire from the table hungry. It took a long time for an emigrant to fill up and reduce his appetite to its normal condition. It was a serious affliction upon those who had it, as well as upon their hospitable friends."

Sources: *Rescue of the 1856 Handcart Companies*, by Rebecca Bartholomew and Leonard J. Arrington, 1993; *Life History and Writings of John Jaques, Including a Diary of the Martin Handcart Company*, by Stella Jaques Bell, 1978.

ARZA ERASTUS HINCKLEY

Born: August 15, 1826 in Canada
 Age: 30
 Rescuer



Arza went to live with his grandparents as a young boy. His father died of tuberculosis when Arza was only five years old. Arza's brothers also lived with relatives, except for his youngest brother, Ira, who stayed with his mother. Arza was converted and baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when he was twelve years old. His mother and younger brother were also visited by missionaries and converted to the gospel.

Arza and his grandparents moved to Missouri to be with the Church membership. They faced the mob persecutions and were driven out of Missouri in 1839. They settled in Illinois near Springfield, where Arza supported his grandparents by raising corn. In 1842, at the age of sixteen, Arza went to Nauvoo, Illinois. In the Spring of 1845, Arza began working on building the temple in Nauvoo. As persecution against the Saints in Nauvoo increased, Arza made plans to go west. He and his brother, Ira, went to Springfield, Illinois, to get an outfit ready to take their grandparents west with them, but at the last minute it was decided the grandparents were too old and weak to make the long journey, so the boys sold their outfit and walked 120 miles back to Nauvoo. By then, their mother had died. Arza started west in the Spring of 1846, driving a team for Joel Ricks.

In June 1846, Arza joined the Mormon Battalion. He suffered a great deal through this difficult experience. At one time, Arza recorded that he traveled sixty miles without water. In November, Arza was very ill and was part of the group of men sent back to winter at Santa Fe, or if possible to go to Pueblo. They struggled to reach Pueblo just before Christmas on the 20th of December 1846. "Arza E. Hinckley had sent all his money back to his family and the Mormon Church. As the Willis [sick] detachment crossed the snowy mountain, Arza waded through deep snow in a hickory shirt, blue drill pants, socks, shoes, and a hat. He needed trousers, so when he arrived in Pueblo he traded for two deer skins, tanned them, and made a pair of pants. Each time the pants got wet, they shrank until they were very short and skin tight."

In the early fall, Arza started back for Winter Quarters with very scant rations. From Winter Quarters he went down to Platte County, Missouri, and found his brother, Ira. He intended to go to Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, and learn a trade. Three years later, in the Spring of 1850, he returned to Salt Lake City with a freight wagon. His brother came with a different wagon train. Arza was very experienced as a teamster and had skill in handling horses and mules. By 1851, he was driving a Church team. He became a personal teamster for Brigham Young. Arza wrote: "I traveled from first to last with Pres. Young in his visiting and organizing different settlements of the Saints in the valleys as a Minut Man & body guard near 5,000 miles. I had charge of the guard at his office one night in a week for ten years, was in police of the city for 7 years, a cavalrman in the Minit Men for 17 years."

In 1856, the handcart method of travel was introduced. The first handcart company, Ellsworth, ran short of food while still many days from their destination. Arza was part of the relief wagon train that went to meet them in August. He helped them into the Valley and let part of the elderly handcart people ride in his wagon and drive his team while he took their place pulling the cart. Two other handcart companies, Bunker and McArthur, also successfully completed their journey to Zion in the fall of that year. Arza wrote of his 1856 service:

I went out and met the first handcart company 400 miles & traveled in with them. Started out again to meet the last handcarts 2 weeks later as Pres. B. Young's carriage driver. [This group left Salt Lake on Oct. 13.] Went out as far as big Canyon Creek [East Canyon] where on the following [day] He took very sick and as soon as he was able to ride, returned home. 2 weeks later [probably Oct. 27] I started again to meet the last Co. of Carts in Co. with Dan

(Arza Hinckley - Page 2)

Johnson, each with 4 mule loads of provisions of medisons for the sick. When at Bridger there came a blisard which detained us a few days. [This bad storm near Bridger was the first week of November. Arza passed the Willie Handcart Company during this time.] The first night out from there one of the mules died in D.J. team. Next day we met 2 companies on there way home that had been out to near Pacific Springs & could not hear anything of the [Martin Co.] h[and] carts. But after my making some propositions they went on to camp one way & wated there untill they herd of the carts then went after them. Dan & I went on to Green River where a team overtook us when they took D[an] J[ohnson's] load and he went back to Bridger as his was large mules of Prs. Youngs and was not used to being out doors of nights. We met the handcart folks at Ice Springs on Sweet Water River. From there in to Salt Lake City, Eph. Hanks, one of my Battalion chums, spent much of our time while in camp administering to the sick. Ephraim was a man of grate faith.”

In a letter to Wilford Woodruff, while serving a mission among the Lamanites in Arizona in 1882-83, Arza wrote: “As to myself, it would be better as a traveling missionary, than remaining with a tribe ... I believe, as such, with such a man as Ephraim Hanks, if we were as well united in the faith and feelings as we were when we went out to meet the handcart company we would be willing [to accomplish the work].” Arza was no less appreciated. James G. Bleak of the Martin Company felt such gratitude for Arza that at all later meetings in their lives, James would put his arms around Arza and say, “My Savior.”

Arza remained a strong and valiant member of the Church throughout his life. His brother, Ira Hinckley, is the grandfather of President Gordon B. Hinckley, fifteenth President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Sources: *Arza Erastus Hinckley - Ira Nathaniel Hinckley - Descendants and Ancestors*, compiled by Lorin A. Hinckley, 1979; “Arza Erastus Hinckley” by Joel Hinckley Bowen; “Arza” by Lynn Paul (Harold B. Lee Library, BYU Special Collections, Americana Collections); “United in Faith - The Rescue of the Martin Handcart Companies” by Steven K. Jones, 1991, SUP Research Library, Special Collections; “Arza E. Hinckley Diary 1882-1883”, Harold B. Lee Library, BYU, Special Collections Manuscript Collection; *The Mormon Battalion: U.S. Army of the West, 1846-1848*, by Norma Baldwin Ricketts; *Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah*, Frank E. Eshom, 1913; James G. Bleak, Martin company, reminiscences.



GOUDY HOGAN

(Gaute Erikesson Midtboen Haugen)

Born: 16 September 1829 Norway

Age: 27

Rescuer



Goudy Hogan's family came to America in 1837. They became some of the first Norwegian converts to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1843. He was faithful throughout his life, and became the father of 25 children. He served as a Bishop, and as a missionary in Scandinavia from 1878-1880.

Goudy Hogan's history reveals some of the effects of the drought of 1855-56 in Utah. Those pioneers already in the territory were struggling themselves that winter. Goudy's account also mentions what has become known as the "Reformation" wherein Brigham Young called for renewed dedication among the Saints. It appears that Goudy left the Salt Lake Valley for the rescue toward the end of October, probably with Anson Call's group from Bountiful. The following are from Goudy's own writings:

"1855: I worked in the canyon this winter and cut and sawed logs and brought them from the mountains. I had a serious accident, a saw log rolled over me and it seemed that while the log was rolling over me, I could see all my past life before me at a glance. I was hurt so badly that I had to crawl on my hands and knees to get down the mountains. I thought one time that I would not get over it, but the Lord healed me to a great extent although I felt the effects of it to this day. This season I built a reservoir around 5 acres of land to gather water. I had several hands employed during the spring, to work on this large canal, which cost me over \$300, however, it proved to be a failure. This year was very dry and a very great scarcity of provisions resulted. We were advised to sow only 15 bushels to the acre and it was so short that we had to pull it up by the root, having so much I could not gather it all myself, many came and helped for wheat. I gave them half for pulling the wheat up by the root. My wheat was all drilled in rows 18 inches apart. I drilled one peck to the acre, planted 40 acres and raised 200 bushels, but it took over half to pay expenses.

"1856: My son, Brigham Goudy Hogan, was born March 30th. This was in the days of reformation, when all Israel was called on to perform and acknowledge their faults and make restitution to those they had wronged and be rebaptized and confirmed. There were a great many Elders as well as the First Presidency and the twelve apostles, among the people preaching to repent. This year I worked on the new tabernacle at Bountiful, with team and also paid other property. This was also a dry season making crops light. In the fall I was called on with several others, to go out with 4 horses to each wagon to haul provisions to the hand-cart people who were suffering on the plains for want of provisions. We were informed that it would take ten days to make the trip, but it took 40 days, because we had to go down on the Sweet Water before we met those perishing people. My eyes beheld scenes of suffering that I hope never to see again. The hardship of pulling a handcart across streams of water and through burning sand, besides the cold weather that came early that fall and a limited supply of provisions. They had to live on rations and were very weak so when we found them, they were worn out and ate their supper very heartily. In the morning they would frequently, many of them, be dead in their beds. Having no other way to bury them we would dig a large grave and put in as many as 10 in one grave without any burying clothes. Myself and Brother Franklin Stan[d]ley,¹ had a pair of horses, one wagon and had a wagon loaded with those perishing people, whom we brought into Salt Lake City, from there distributing them into the country. There were 15 wagon loads altogether."

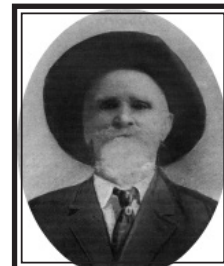
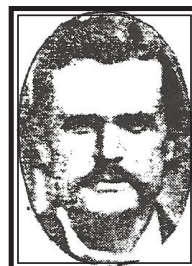
¹Franklin Standley married Sarah Ann Haigh of the Martin Company.

NATHAN AND WILLIAM HUNTING

Born: 24 June 1838 England

Age: 18 - Twin brothers

Rescuers



Nathan and William J. Hunting (Jr.)

Nathan Charles and William James Hunting (Jr.) were born in England, the youngest of eight children of William James (called “James”) and Elizabeth Kings Hunting. When their father was a young boy of twelve, he had rebelled at the conditions of his indentured situation, run away and joined the British Army as a drummer boy. According to family records, the night before the Battle of Waterloo in 1815, James spied Napoleon’s Army on the move and informed his commander. The British, Prussian and Dutch troops were then moved, thus saving thousands of lives. Perhaps because of this notoriety, Queen Victoria was aware of who William James Hunting (Sr.) was and referred to him as the most handsome man in the British Army. He was invited to and attended the Queen’s coronation, but Elizabeth could not go with him because of the birth of Nathan and William. Queen Victoria sent a piece of the Coronation cake home to Elizabeth.

The Hunting family joined the Church in 1841. The parents were baptized by Elder Thomas Smith. Their home in Earl’s Common then became an open house for missionaries as well as meetings of the Saints and investigators, which service continued in spite of the persecution of some of their neighbors. The twins were baptized at age nine by Elder John Smith.

The opportunity for emigration for the Hunting family came in 1853 when the Nathan’s and William’s father was 61 years old and their mother was 50. The boys were 14. The Hunting family crossed the plains with the A. Harmon Wagon Company. Due to a severe accident while crossing the plains, young William’s leg was broken and subsequently amputated. Nevertheless, when William was called to rescue the late 1856 companies three years later, he was described as being “very plucky.” Family records also describe the participation of these young rescuers during the Nov. 4, 1856, Sweetwater crossing near present day Martin’s Cove:

“The Sweetwater River ... that year was about 40 inches deep and the 18-year-old twins and other young men kept crossing the stream with their horses until over 400 people had been helped across.”

Among those ferried across the Sweetwater was 27-year-old Mary Ann Greening of the Martin Handcart Company. Years later, one of Nathan’s granddaughters married one of Mary Ann Greening’s grandsons. This grandson was also a great-grandson of Sarah Ann Bradshaw Till Jones of the Martin Company. Thus, Nathan’s rescue efforts saved some of his personal posterity.

The Hunting boys were directly under the leadership of fellow rescuer, Cyrus Wheelock, who was also the chaplain of the first rescue group. As reported by his descendants, Nathan told of Elder Wheelock waking at 2:00 a.m. in a blizzard and being shown exactly where one of the stranded handcart companies were, and though Nathan’s hands were “numb with cold ... he managed to hitch up the outfit and they started.” Nathan also told of an incident on their return to Salt Lake during a severe storm: “Bro. Wheelock knew they could not make it with the sick and weary, so he stopped and prayed, asking for help and that the course of the storm be changed. No sooner were they started again than the wind blew from their backs, cutting a path clear for them, and they went easily on into Salt Lake.”

Nathan said he “never doubted the power of revelations nor the restoration after that night,” but had “no testimony before that time.” Nathan later served as a Bishop for 9 years.

Nathan and William both remained faithful, married and had large posterities. They pioneered in numerous places including Springville, Gunnison, Vernal and Cache Valley, Utah, as well as southern Idaho. Nathan died in 1911 and William died in 1916, both near Vernal, Utah.

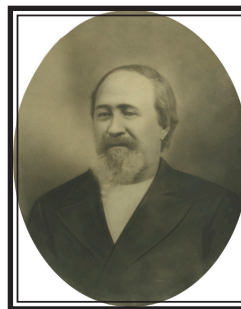
Sources: Files of Jolene Allphin: “James Hunting,” from Lichfield family history book, sent by Walter Lichfield, Bunkerville, Nevada; Nathan and William Hunting family histories, sent by Gayle Hunting, Garden Grove, California; *Pioneers and Prominent Men* by Frank Esshom, 1917.

CLARK ALLEN HUNTINGTON

Born: December 6, 1831 in Watertown, New York

Age: 24

Rescuer



Clark Allen Huntington was most commonly known as C.A. or Al. He was the oldest child of Dimick Baker and Fannie Maria Allen Huntington. Al's grandparents were early converts to the Church. One evening in late November, the Huntington family had gathered after dinner to play their musical instruments. These included a bass viol, cello, cornet and drum. A stranger soon came to the door seeking overnight lodging. He was welcomed in and Grandmother Huntington prepared a light supper for him:

It was the custom to read a portion of the scriptures before going to bed. He again joined the circle, and father Huntington began to read from the Holy Bible, a portion of the New Testament, to which they all listened attentively. Grandmother Huntington made some comment on the fact that they would like to hear the Gospel in its fullness as explained and taught by the Saviour. The stranger immediately took up the subject and began explaining the scriptures and quoting the sayings of the Saviour in what seemed to them a new light and greater beauty than they had ever thought of before. ... When the Gospel to life and salvation was brought to them by Hyrum Smith and other Elders, they seemed to coincide with what the stranger had told them concerning the Bible and the restoration of the Gospel. All the family but one accepted the Gospel and prepared to emigrate in a few years to Kirtland; here they met the Prophet of God, Joseph Smith, and became his faithful and loyal followers and friends. [When] Brother Huntington related this little incident to him, [Joseph] laid his hand on his head and said: "My dear brother, that man was one of the three Nephites who came to prepare you for the restoration of the Gospel and its acceptance." (Lundwall, Nels B., "The Prophet Joseph Identifies The Stranger," in *Assorted Gems of Priceless Value*, as related by President Wm. R. Sloan to Nels Lundwall, Sept. 1938, Portland, Oregon.)

Al was baptized at age nine. His family moved with the Saints from Kirtland, Ohio, to Far West, Missouri, to Nauvoo, Illinois, and finally to Utah. Al's father, Dimick, helped construct the temples in Kirtland and Nauvoo. He served as a coroner in Nauvoo and helped prepare Joseph Smith's body for burial after the martyrdom. Dimick also served in the Mormon Battalion and took his family along with him. Al was fifteen years old at the time. After arriving in the Salt Lake Valley in July 1847 with the discharged Pueblo detachment, Al's father wrote:

Through all my travels in the Battalion ... I carried in my wagon a bushel of wheat, and during the winter of 1847, slept with it under my bed, keeping it for seed. For three months my family tasted no bread. We dug thistle roots and other native growths and had some poor beef, with a little milk, but no butter. Early in the spring of 1848, I (Dimick) rode one hundred and fifteen miles to Fort Bridger and bought a quart of little potatoes about the size of pigeon eggs, at twenty-five cents each. From these I raised that year about a bushel of potatoes, but ate none of them. I planted them in 1849 and have had plenty of potatoes ever since." (*Heart Throbs of the West*, Kate B. Carter, Vol. 6, p. 432)

Al worked and gave service in many capacities for the Church and Utah. He went on several scouting expeditions for the Church and was a stock man, a body guard for Brigham Young, and an Indian interpreter. He was one of the first white men to master Indian languages in Utah. As an interpreter for a peace commission during the Black Hawk War, Al endured the abuse of being struck in the face by a hostile Indian warrior, and mocked by him, calling Al a boy instead of a man. The fearlessness of Al and the others at this time facilitated a peace treaty. Another time Brigham Young sent Al to negotiate peace with Uintah Indian Chief Tabby, when Tabby was preparing to join with Black Hawk and cut off the isolated communities in southern Utah. From a family history we learn about Al's success on this mission:

Brigham Young as a seer and prophet of the living God promised Huntington that no harm would befall him if he undertook the task. With that promise in mind, Huntington did as directed. He went to Tabby's camp and attempted to deliver the President's message, but the Indians were too angry to listen to words of peace. Oddly no attempt was

(Clark Allen Huntington – Page 2)

made at first to harm Huntington, probably due to the amazement that a white man would come alone to their village. But as he attempted again and again to preach peace to them, they became more and more angry ... when a messenger arrived to tell them that Sanpitch had been killed. The Indians were now ready to kill Huntington in retaliation. ... But Sowiette, ... rose to his feet and took the Indians to task for their attitude. ... Sowiette reminded them that it took the utmost courage to come to their village alone, as Huntington had done. He told them that since the brave man had come in peace he should be allowed to leave in peace. ... The Indians let Huntington return to his home unharmed just as President Young had promised him.” (*Creer Family History: William Madison Wall*)

Al was a scout for many trips and hunting expeditions. He went on a hunting trip as a scout for Buffalo Bill (William Cody) and a party of two English Lords. (See Southern Utah University, Gerald R. Sherratt Library, Special Collections.)

Al worked for Warren Johnson at Lee’s Ferry. During this time Johnson had an accident and Al served as a surrogate father to Warren’s children. He taught the boys life skills and shooting. Frank Johnson said that “Al was a perfectionist when teaching it. The boys were always trying to get Al to do shooting tricks and would do his chore of chopping the wood if he could do marksmanship tricks that they deemed impossible. I think we chopped the wood most of the time.” Those who knew Al best also spoke of his gift of prophecy which they witnessed. He also spent time each fall getting wagon loads of wood for widows and those in need. Because Al was such a good friend to the Indians, they often visited him toward the end of his life and brought him fresh meat. Jody Johnson said: “Daddy Huntington lived with us for about fifteen years. ... He was just like a father to us kids.” Another daughter, Lydia Johnson, said that “Al used to tell them stories and entertain them ... make toys and things for them.”

In 1856, Al participated in rescuing the pioneers who were late getting to Utah. He was one of four named boys who assisted the Martin Handcart Company across the Sweetwater River into Martin’s Cove. Heroic-size monuments now stand on the footpath near Martin’s Cove in honor of these named boys. John Jaques of the Martin Company wrote:

The passage of the Sweetwater at this point was a severe operation to many of the company. It was the worst river crossing of the expedition and the last. The water was not less than two feet deep, perhaps, a little more in the deepest parts, but it was intensely cold. The ice was three or four inches thick, and the bottom of the river muddy or sandy. I forget exactly how wide the stream was there, but I think thirty or forty yards. ... Before the crossing was completed, the shades of evening were closing around ... Four members of the relief party waded the river, helping the handcarts through and carrying the women and children and some of the weaker men over. They were D[avid] P. Kimball, George W. Grant, Stephen W. Taylor, and C.A. Huntington.

Patience Loader of the Martin Company wrote:

We came to the Sweetwater River and there we had to cross. We thought we should have to wade as the cattle had been crossing with the wagons with the tents and what little flour we had and had broken the ice. But there were brave men there in the water, packing the women and children over on their backs. Those brethren were in the water all day.

Both Frank Johnson and Al’s son, Alexander Wiley, stated that Al afterward developed a cough that never left him. Frank stated that “Clark Allen suffered from severe coughing spells for most of his life. These spells started after his experience of carrying the Martin Handcart Saints across the Sweet Water River in Wyoming in 1856.” Alexander Wiley said that his father “contracted a cough when he had helped the people at the Sweetwater and that it stayed with him all the rest of his life, eventually causing his death.” Al died at the home of Warren Johnson and was buried in Kanab, Utah, on November 16, 1896.

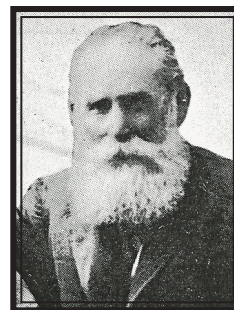
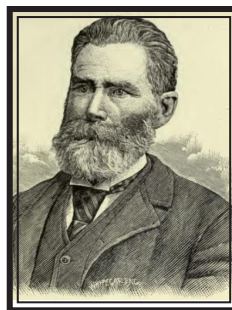
Sources: Stella Jaques Bell, *Life History and Writings of John Jaques*, pgs. 160, 162; “Clark Allen Huntington 1831-1896,” research paper by Brent Turek, available at: <http://tellmystorytoo.com/pdf/TellMyStoryToo-ClarkAllenHuntington.pdf>

DANIEL WEBSTER JONES

Born: 26 August 1830 in Booneslick, Howard, Missouri

Age: 26

Rescuer



In 1847, Dan enlisted with the Missouri volunteers in the War with Mexico. He remained in Mexico until 1850, then joined a group of frontiersmen in driving 8,000 sheep through the Salt Lake Valley to Upper California. After a near fatal accident on the Green River, he was left by his companions in a Mormon settlement near Utah Lake. After being nursed back to health, he decided to stay and see what Mormonism was all about. He was baptized on January 27, 1851. Dan wrote:

I had been left an orphan at eleven years of age. I then left all my friends and relatives and went out into the world alone, probably as willful a boy as ever lived. No one could control me by any other means than kindness, and this I did not often meet with. The result was, I found myself among rough people ... the old Texas Rangers and many of the Missouri planters being the leading characters. I often wonder how I got through, and I can only account for it in one way: I did not like this way of living. I felt condemned, and often asked God in all earnestness to help me see what was right, and how to serve Him; telling Him I wanted to know positively, and not be deceived. I felt that the people of this age ought to have prophets to guide them, the same as of old, and that it was not a “square thing” to leave them without anything but the Bible, for that could not be sufficient or the people would not dispute so much over it. These feelings grew upon me, and I began to be more careful of my conduct.

Dan Jones was present at October Conference in 1856 and volunteered to go on the rescue. Little did he know at the time that his efforts would keep him from home for the entire winter:

A number of elders had arrived from the old country reporting that the handcart people were on the road, but they did not know how far they had advanced. In those days there was no telegraph, and mails from the east only reached Utah monthly, they being many times delayed by high water, Indians or other causes. Brother Young called upon every one present to lend a hand in fitting up [rescue] teams ... Brother Grant met me and said: “I want you on this trip.” ... I answered, “all right.” ... I was given the important position of chief cook for the head mess. I was quite proud of my office, for it made me the most sought after and popular man in camp. ... We traveled hard, never taking time to stop for dinner. ... There was some expectation of meeting the first train, Brother Willie’s, on or about Green river. We began to feel great anxiety about the emigrants as the weather was now cold and stormy, and we, strong men with good outfits, found the nights severe. What must be the condition of those we were to meet? Many old men and women, little children, mothers with nursing babes, crossing the plains pulling handcarts. Our hearts began to ache when we reached Green river and yet no word of them. ... At the South Pass, we encountered a severe snowstorm. After crossing the [Continental] divide we turned down into a sheltered place on the Sweetwater. While in camp and during the snowstorm two men were seen on horseback going west. They were hailed. On reaching us they proved to be Brothers Willie and J. B. Elder. They reported their company in a starving condition that would stir the feelings of the hardest heart. They were in a poor place, the storm having caught them where fuel was scarce. They were out of provisions and really freezing and starving to death. The morning after our arrival nine were buried in one grave.¹ We did all we could to relieve them. The boys struck out on horseback and dragged up a lot of wood; provisions were distributed and all went to work to cheer the sufferers. ... William Kimball with a few men and wagons turned back, taking the oversight of this company to help them in. Capt. Grant left a wagonload of flour near the [South] Pass with Redick Allred to guard it. There were several hundred people with Brother Willie. They had a few teams, but most of them had become too weak to be of much service. When we left Salt Lake it was understood that other teams would follow until all the help needed would be on the road. The greater portion of our company now continued on towards Devil’s Gate, traveling through snow all the way. When we arrived at Devil’s Gate we found our express there awaiting us. No tidings as yet were received of the other companies.

Having seen the sufferings of Brother Willie’s company, we more fully realized the danger the others were in. The Elders who had just returned from England having many dear friends with these companies, suffered great anxiety, some of them feeling more or less the responsibility resting upon them for allowing these people to start so late in the season across the plains. At first we were at a loss what to do for we did not expect to have to go further than Devil’s Gate. We decided to make camp and send on an express to find where the people were and not return until they were found. Joseph A. Young, Abe Garr and I were selected. (Some histories give other names, but I was there myself and am not mistaken.) ...

¹ Five people were buried in one grave on Oct. 20 at this camp. Four more were buried the night of October 21, the evening that the rescue party arrived. By the time Dan Jones’s group left the morning of Oct. 22 to continue on their rescue journey, nine members of the Willie company had been buried, but not in one grave.

(Dan W. Jones - Page 2)

The first night we camped, [Oct. 27] our horses followed a band of buffaloes several miles; it was near noon the next day when we returned with them. We determined to get even with them so rode at a full gallop wherever the road would permit. After riding about twelve miles we saw a white man's shoe track in the road. Brother Young called out, "Here they are." We put our animals to their utmost speed and soon came in sight of the camp at Red Bluff. This was Brother Edward Martin's handcart company and Ben Hodgett's wagon company. There was still another wagon company [John A. Hunt company] down near the Platte crossing.

This company was in almost as bad a condition as the first one. They had nearly given up hope. Their provisions were about exhausted and many of them were worn out and sick. When we rode in, there was a general rush to shake hands. I took no part in the ceremony. Many declared we were angels from heaven. I told them I thought we were better than angels for *this* occasion, as we were good strong men come to help them into the valley, and that our company, and wagons loaded with provisions, were not far away. I thought this the best consolation under the circumstances. Brother Young told the people to gather "up" and move on at once as the only salvation was to travel a little every day. This was right and no doubt saved many lives for we, among so many, (some twelve hundred) [with the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies combined] could do but little, and there was danger of starvation before help could arrive unless the people made some headway toward the valley.

After talking to and encouraging the people, they agreed to start on the next morning [Oct. 29]. We then started full gallop for John Hunt's camp fifteen miles further. On arriving no one noticed us or appeared to care who we were. Their tents were pitched in good shape, wood was plentiful, and no one seemed concerned. Joseph A. Young became offended, not expecting such a cool reception and remarked, "Well it appears we are not needed here." So we went down into the bottom and made camp for ourselves. After a while someone sauntered down our way thinking probably we were mountaineers. These recognized Brother Young and made a rush for camp, giving the word; soon we were literally carried in and a special tent was pitched for our use. Everything was done to make "amends" for the previous neglect. I never could see where the amends came in, for no one happened to know us when we first arrived, and strangers were often passing, this being near where several camps of old traders were located.

About the time we were settled in our tent, Captain Hunt and Gilbert Van Schoonhoven, his assistant, arrived from the Platte bridge [Reshaw's bridge, about 5 miles from the Upper crossing, where Hunt had gone to purchase some more animals at "Fort Bridge," a small trading post at the site], also Captain Ben Hodgett. They were rejoiced to meet us. Here I first met "Gib Spencer" [Gilbert Van Schoonhoven, foster son of Daniel Spencer]. ... Next morning Brother Young and others went to Platte bridge, leaving Brother Garr and I to get the company started according to agreement made the evening before. There was a spirit of apathy among the people, instead of going for their teams at once, several began to quarrel about who should go. This made us feel like leaving them to take care of themselves. We saddled up to do so. The clouds were gathering thickly for storm, and just as we were about to start it commenced snowing very hard. The heavens were obscured by clouds, excepting a small place about the shape of the gable end of a house. This opening was in the direction of the valley and the sun seemed to shine through with great brightness. We mounted our mules; Brother Garr, pointing to the bright spot in the heavens, said, "Do you see that hole? You had better get out of here before that closes up, for it is your opening to the valley. We are going." The people, I believe, took this for a warning and soon started for their cattle.

Next morning they moved on. Brother Garr and I went back to where E. Martin's camp had been. They had rolled out and Captain Hodgett's wagon company were just starting. We continued on, overtaking the handcart company ascending a long muddy hill. A condition of distress here met my eyes that I never saw before or since. The train was strung out for three or four miles. There were old men pulling and tugging their carts, sometimes loaded with a sick wife or children—women pulling along sick husbands—little children six to eight years old struggling through the mud and snow. As night came on the mud would freeze on their clothes and feet. There were two of us and hundreds needing help. What could we do? We gathered on to some of the most helpless with our riatas tied to the carts, and helped as many as we could into camp on Avenue hill. This was a bitter, cold night and we had no fuel except very small sagebrush. Several died that night.

Next morning, Brother Young having come up, we three started for our camp near Devil's Gate. All were rejoiced to get the news that we had found the emigrants. The following morning most of the company moved down, meeting the handcart company at Greasewood creek. Such assistance as we could give was rendered to all until they finally arrived at Devil's Gate fort about the 1st of November. There were some twelve hundred in all, about one-half with handcarts and the other half with teams.

The winter storms had now set in, in all their severity. The provisions we took amounted to almost nothing among so many people, many of them now on very short rations, some almost starving. Many were dying daily from exposure and want of food. We were at a loss to know why others had not come on to our assistance. ...

(Dan W. Jones - Page 3)

The company was composed of average emigrants: old, middle-aged and young women and children. The men seemed to be failing and dying faster than the women and children. The handcart company was moved over to a cove in the mountains [on Nov. 4] for shelter and fuel, a distance of two miles from the [abandoned Fort Seminoe]. The wagons were banked near the fort. It became impossible to travel further without reconstruction or help. We did all we possibly could to help and cheer the people. Some writers have endeavored to make individual heroes of some of our company. I have no remembrance of any one shirking his duty. Each and everyone did all they possibly could and justice would give to each his due credit. All the people who could, crowded into the houses of the fort out of the cold and storm. One crowd cut away the walls of the house they were in for fuel, until half of the roof fell in; fortunately they were all on the protected side and no one was hurt.

Many suggestions were offered as to what should be done, some efforts being made to cache the imperishable goods and go on with the rest. Accordingly pits were dug, boxes opened and the hardware, etc., put in one, while clothing, etc., were put in another. Often these boxes belonged to different persons. An attempt was made by Brother Cantwell, to keep an account of these changes. [Brother James Cantwell was with the independent wagons traveling with the Willie Company until reaching Fort Laramie. They had waited there and traveled on with the Hodgett Wagon Company in order to recruit their animals and then be of assistance to the Martin Handcart Company when it came through.] This caching soon proved to be a failure for the pits would fill up with drifting snow as fast as the dirt was thrown out, so no caches were made. The goods were never replaced.

Each evening the Elders would meet in council. I remember hearing Charles Decker remark that he had crossed the plains over fifty times (carrying the mail) and this was the darkest hour he had ever seen. Cattle and horses were dying every day. What to do was all that could be talked about. ... Steve Taylor, Al Huntington and I were together when the question, "Why doesn't Captain Grant leave all the goods here with some one to watch them, and move on?" was asked. We agreed to make this proposal to him. It was near the time appointed for the meeting. As soon as we were together, Capt. Grant asked if anyone had thought of a plan. We presented ours. Capt. Grant replied, "I have thought of this, but there are no provisions to leave and it would be asking too much of anyone to stay here and starve for the sake of these goods; besides, where is there a man who would stay if called upon." I answered, "Any of us would." I had no idea I would be selected, as it was acknowledged I was the best cook in camp and Capt. Grant had often spoken as though he could not spare me. That a proper understanding may be had, I will say that these goods were the luggage of a season's emigration that these two wagon trains had contracted to freight, and it was being taken through as well as the luggage of the people present. Leaving these goods meant to abandon all that many poor families had upon earth. So it was different from common merchandise. There was a move made at once to adopt this suggestion. Accordingly, next morning store rooms in the fort were cleared and some two hundred wagons run in and unloaded. No one was allowed to keep out anything but a change of clothing, some bedding and light cooking utensils. Hauling provisions was not a weighty question. This unloading occupied three days. The hand-cart people were notified to abandon most of their carts. Teams were hitched up and the sick and feeble loaded in with such lightweight as was allowed. All became common property.

When everything was ready Brother Burton said to me, "Now Brother Jones we want you to pick two men from the valley to stay with you. We have notified Captains Hunt and Hodgett to detail seventeen men from their companies to stay with you. We will move on in the morning. Get your company together and such provisions as you can find in the hands of those who may have anything to spare. You know ours is about out. Will you do it?" I said, "Yes." "Well take your choice from our company. You are acquainted with the boys and whoever you want will stay." I had a great mind to tell him I wanted Captains Grant and Burton.

There was not enough money on earth to have hired me to stay. I had left home for only a few days and was not prepared to remain so long anyway; but I remembered my assertion that any of us would stay if called upon. I could not back out, so I selected Thomas Alexander and Ben Hampton. I am satisfied that two more faithful men to stand under all hardships could not have been found. That night we were called together and organized as a branch. Dan W. Jones, Thomas Alexander and Ben Hampton were chosen to preside, with J. Latty as clerk. [The names of the other men are listed at the end of the list of rescuers names in the back of *Tell My Story, Too.*]

Captain Grant asked about our provisions. I told him they were scant, but as many were suffering and some dying, all we asked was an equal chance with the rest. He told us there would be a lot of worn out cattle left; to gather them up and try to save them. They consisted mostly of yearlings and two-year-old heifers, some one was taking through. The storm had now ceased to rage and great hopes were felt for a successful move. We were daily expecting more help and often wondered why it did not come. Next day all hands pulled out, most of them on foot.

After getting my camp regulated a little and giving some instructions, I got on my horse and rode on to see how the train was moving along. All were out of sight when I started. After traveling a few miles, I came upon a lady sitting alone on the side of the road, weeping bitterly. I noticed she was elegantly dressed and appeared strong and

(Dan W. Jones - Page 4)

well. I asked her what was the matter. She sobbingly replied, “This is too much for me. I have always had plenty, and have never known hardships; we had a good team and wagon; my husband, if let alone, could have taken me on in comfort. Now I am turned out to walk in this wind and snow. I am determined not to go on but will stay here and die. My husband has gone on and left me, but I will not go another step.” The train was two or three miles ahead and moving on. I persuaded her after a while to go on with me. This lady, Mrs. Linforth, and her husband now live in San Francisco, California. They could not stand the hardships of Zion; but I believe they are friendly to our people.

After overtaking the train and seeing them on the move, Captain Grant asked me to go back with instructions for the brethren left with me; then to come on next day and camp with them over night. On calling the company together at the fort that night, [Nov. 9] I told them in plain words that if there was a man in camp who could not help eat the last poor animal left with us, hides and all, suffer all manner of privations, almost starve to death, that he could go with me the next day and overtake the trains. No one wanted to go. All voted to take their chances. ...

I followed the train this day [Nov. 10] to their second encampment and the next day [Nov. 11] traveled with them. There was much suffering, deaths occurring often. Eph Hanks arrived in camp from the valley and brought word that some of the teams that had reached South Pass and should have met us here, had turned back towards home and tried to persuade Redick Allred, who was left there with a load of flour, to go back with them. The men who did this might have felt justified; they said it was no use going farther, that we had doubtless all perished. I will not mention their names for it was always looked upon by the company as cowardly in the extreme. If this had not occurred it was the intention of Captain Grant to have sent some one down to us with a load of flour. As it was, by the time any was received, the people were in a starving condition, and could not spare it.

From the third camp, where I saw the last of the brethren, an express was sent on to catch the returning supplies and continue on to the valley, giving word that the train was coming. I know nothing more of them except from reports. As I am writing mainly from my own observations, I will simply state that after great suffering and much assistance (hundreds turning out to help) the emigrants were finally landed in the valley. ...

John Bond of the Hodgett Company said when it was announced that men would be staying at Devil’s Gate, “many of the Saints shed tears as they had met Brother Jones at Red Buttes when the first relief party came from Utah, and they hated to see him stay in such a bleak, cold place.” (Olsen, *The Price We Paid*, 372-73.) The men did the best they could, at one time with nothing to eat but cattle hides. Dan prayed to know how to prepare the rawhides to make them edible:

Finally, I was impressed how to fix the stuff and gave the company advice, ... scorch and scrape the hair off; this had a tendency to kill and purify the bad taste that scalding gave it. After scraping, boil one hour in plenty of water, throwing the water away which had extracted all the glue, then wash and scrape the hide thoroughly, washing in cold water, then boil to a jelly and let it get cold, and then eat with a little sugar sprinkled on it. This was considerable trouble, but we had little else to do and it was better than starving. We asked the Lord to bless our stomachs and adapt them to this food. We hadn’t the faith to ask him to bless the raw-hide for it was hard stock. ... We enjoyed this sumptuous fare for about six weeks.

In February they reached the point where they were out of everything, “having not only eaten the hides taken from the cattle killed, but had eaten the wrappings from the wagon-tongues, old moccasin-soles ... and a piece of buffalo hide that had been used for a foot mat for two months.” Dan and his men met as usual for their monthly fast day, and this time it was a true “fast day.” He was impressed to tell the men to correct any wrong doings among themselves, clean up and pray to the Lord, saying: “[The Lord] would take care of us, for we were there on His business. ... If they would all do as I advised we would have a good clean supper of healthy food. ... we washed out our storehouse and presented it before the Lord empty, but clean. ... Evening came on and no supper; eight o’clock, no word from anyone. And the word had been positively given that we should have supper. Between eight and nine o’clock all were sitting waiting, now and then good-naturedly saying it was most supper time. No one seemed disheartened.” Soon they heard noises outside. It was the mail company trying to get through the area. (See John R. Murdock, rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*.) Several times during the winter, Dan and his men received food from Indians and others that helped to sustain them.

Sources: Jones, Daniel W., *Forty Years Among the Indians*, 1890. (Republished in recent years by Lee Nelson: Council Press, Springville, Utah. This book is must-read as a Mormon frontier classic, and for more in-depth narrative regarding the rescue.); Olsen, Andrew D., *The Price We Paid*, Deseret Book, 2006.

DAVID P. KIMBALL

Born: August 23, 1839 in Nauvoo, Illinois

Age: 17

Main Rescue Party



David Patton Kimball was the son of Heber C. and Vilate Kimball.¹ He was named after David W. Patton, president of the Council of Twelve Apostles. David's father was on his second mission to England when he was born, and his mother wrote the following poem to inform her husband of their new child:

Our darling little David P.
Is just as sweet as he can be;
He surely is the finest lad
That you and I have ever had.

His eyes are black, his skin is fair,
His features good, and brown his hair;
He's just as fat as butter, too,
We therefore think that he will do.²

David came to Utah in September 1847, shortly after his eighth birthday, with his father as the captain of the wagon train. They had been driven from their homes in Nauvoo.

David was a member of a group known as the Minute Men. The "Nauvoo Legion" had been reorganized in Salt Lake, and many of the brethren served in it. But the ones who were the first to be called if trouble arose were the Minute Men. These were usually young single men in their late teens and early twenties. They were eager to help, full of courage and capable. Such was the case in 1856 when David left Salt Lake with the first group of rescuers on October 6 and 7. His father put his large family on short rations in order to send food to those who were destitute.

The Willie Company was reached first by rescuers on October 21. After giving emergency relief, the rescue party was divided into two groups. A few stayed with the Willie company to help them. David's brother, William H. Kimball, captained the Willie company back to Salt Lake. The other rescuers continued east in search of the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies. David Kimball went on with these to Devil's Gate. Express riders Joseph A. Young, Abel W. Garr and Dan W. Jones were sent on from there to locate the companies. While David waited at Devil's Gate, he cut wood and made other preparations.

On October 30, the express team reported they had found the three companies about 60 miles further east. David and the others in his group hurried forward. They helped bury the dead and led the handcart emigrants west to the Devil's Gate area. Short supplies and severe weather soon forced them to seek shelter in a nearby cove. In order to reach the cove, the pioneers had to cross the icy Sweetwater River. The river was filled with floating ice. As the immigrants remembered their tragic and difficult crossing of the N. Platte River two weeks before, some sat down and wept. Their courage seemed to be lost with this new challenge. David and at least three other young men came to the rescue and carried many members of the Martin company across the river.

Patience Loader, a member of the Martin company, wrote:

Those brethren were in the water all day. We wanted to thank them but they would not listen to my dear mother who felt in her heart to bless them for their kindness. She said, "God bless you for taking me over this water," and they said in such an awful rough way, "Oh, d--n that. We don't want any of that. You are welcome. We have come to help you." Mother turned to me, saying, "What do you think of that man, Patience? He is a rough fellow." I told her, "That is Brother Kimball, I am told. They are all good men, but I dare say they are rather rough in their manners." But we found that they all had good, kind hearts. This poor Brother David P. Kimball stayed so long in the water that he had to be taken out and packed to camp and he was a long time before he recovered as he was chilled through and in after life he was always afflicted with rheumatism.

(David P. Kimball - Page 2)

In an oft-quoted magazine article from 1914, Solomon Kimball wrote that these boys “belonging to the relief party came to the rescue; and to the astonishment of all who saw, carried nearly every member of that ill-fated handcart company across the snow-bound stream. The strain was so terrible, and the exposure so great, that in later years all the boys died from the effects of it. When President Brigham Young heard of this heroic act, he wept like a child, and later declared publicly, ‘That act alone will ensure C. Allen Huntington, George W. Grant, and David P. Kimball³ an everlasting salvation in the Celestial Kingdom of God, worlds without end.’ ” (Kimball, “Belated Emigrants of 1856,” *Improvement Era*, February 1914, 288.)

Although this statement may be incomplete and have some inaccuracies, it is still inspiring to recognize the sacrifices the rescue boys made in saving lives. Andrew D. Olsen, author of *The Price We Paid*, clarified: “Six years before this statement was published, the same author [Solomon Kimball] reported Brigham Young’s words somewhat differently: ‘When President Brigham Young heard of this heroic act, he wept like a child, and declared that this act alone would immortalize them.’ Perhaps one explanation for the difference in these accounts is that they were written in 1908 and 1914, more than 50 years after the rescue and 30 years after Brigham Young’s death. Regardless of the differences in these statements, what is most important remains undisputed: the heroic service of these rescuers and Brigham Young’s feelings of gratitude toward them.” (Olsen, *The Price We Paid*, 360-61) The statues near Martin’s Cove seem to have fulfilled Brigham Young’s prediction of “immortalizing” these rescue boys.

David returned to his home in Salt Lake and recovered from his river crossing experience. He married Caroline Marian Williams in April 1857. They had 10 or 11 children. David served as a missionary to Europe, and as President of the Bear Lake Stake for five years. He later moved to Arizona and assisted in developing that area. He died on November 21, 1883, in St. David, Arizona, at the age of 44.

Sources: Eshshom, Frank E., *Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah*, 1913; Glazier, Stewart E., *Journal of the Trail*, 1997; *Recollections of Past Days: The Autobiography of Patience Loader Rozsa Archer*, edited by Sandra Ailey Petree, 2006; Kimball, Solomon F. “Belated Emigrants of 1856,” *Improvement Era*, February 1914; Olsen, Andrew D., *The Price We Paid*, 2006.

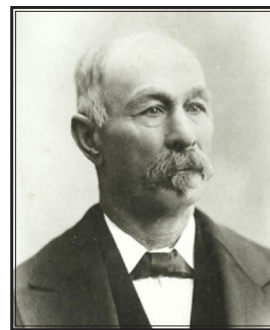
¹David’s large family is said to have dwelt together in “peace and unity; while [the] children, especially the males, sons of various mothers, clung together with an affection all but clannish in its intensity. Woe betide the luckless wight, who, even in childhood’s days, imposed upon a ‘Kimball boy.’ The whole family of urchins would resent the insult, and that, too, with a pluckiness surpassing even their numbers.” (Whitney, Orson F. “The Life of Heber C. Kimball,” also quoted in Eshshom, *Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah*.)

²As found in Glazier, Stewart, *Journal of the Trail*, 98.

³Stephen W. Taylor and others are also recognized as giving this service.

WILLIAM HENRY KIMBALL

Born: 10 April 1826 Mendon, New York
 Age: 30
 Rescuer



When William H. Kimball died in 1907, there was a lengthy newspaper article and large picture of him in the *Deseret News*. This obituary describes much of his life:

Gen. William H. Kimball died at midnight, Dec. 29, at his home in Coalville.¹ ... About a year ago one of his legs was amputated,² and while he recovered from the operation in a manner that surprised his friends, the ordeal doubtless hastened his death. Mr. Kimball was at one time one of the best known men in Utah, being active in military affairs and performing successful missionary work in behalf of the Church.

The deceased was the eldest son of President Heber C. [and Vilate Murray] Kimball. ... As a child and youth he was with the Church in Kirtland and at Nauvoo, and at 22 years of age came to Utah. ... He was proprietor of the Kimball hotel at Park City for many years.³ ...

Few men took a more prominent part in the Indian wars⁴ of Utah. He was first a lieutenant in the territorial militia and advanced rank by rank until he became a general. He was noted for fearlessness and gallantry, and at the skirmish on Battle Creek, Utah county, led a charge of cavalry that will immortalize his name. ... He is survived by 19 children.

The two-day “skirmish on Battle Creek” was in February 1850, between 50 minute men and twice that number of Ute Indians who were entrenched along the river bank and had taken possession of a “double log cabin.” These militia men, charged with protecting the settlers, were many of the same men who fearlessly went out to rescue the late immigration of 1856. Orson F. Whitney records in the *History of Utah*:⁵

Finally, in the afternoon of the second day, Capt. Grant, whose care had been to expose his men as little as possible, determined to capture the log house at all hazards. He therefore ordered Lieut. William H. Kimball with 15 picked men, to charge upon the house and take it. Among those who participated in this charge—the one daring exploit of the campaign—were Robert T. Burton, Lot Smith, James Ferguson, John R. Murdock, Ephraim K. Hanks. A. J. Pendleton, Orson K. Whitney, Barney Ward, Henry Johnson and Isham Flyn. Kimball and his men proceeded up the river until directly opposite the log house, which now intervened between them and the stream. They then turned to the left, facing the rear of the house, and the leader gave the word to charge. Dashing forward through a ravine that for some moments hid them from view, the horsemen emerged upon the flat and were within a few rods of the house, in the act of crossing a small slough, when a roaring volley from the log citadel met them. Isham Flyn was wounded and the charge was momentarily checked. Several swept on, however, and the Indians, hastily vacating the house, fled to their entrenchments. The first two troopers to gain the house were Lot Smith and Robert T. Burton, who, riding around to the front of the building, entered the passage between the two compartments. Bullets whizzed past them, splintering the wood-work all around, but both they and the horses were soon under shelter. Their companions, a moment later, gathered to the rear of the house, and none too soon, for the Indians, recovering from their surprise, began pouring their volleys into the ranks of the cavalry and upon the captured building. Half the horses were instantly killed, and the riders escaped by miracle. Between the volleys, Lieut. Kimball, Ephraim Hanks and others, darting around the corner of the house, gained the inside, while others wait[ed] until an opening had been made in the rear.

The *Salt Lake Herald* further reported⁶ that during this skirmish, “a ball fired by one of the enemy entered the horn of [William’s] dragoon saddle, penetrating it two-thirds of the diameter. Had it not been for the saddle horn intercepting the bullet, he would have been shot through the stomach. He kept the saddle until he died.”

In a series of at least four letters written to “Chairman Spencer Clawson and Commission” between April and June of 1897, William wrote about his saddle and some other artifacts that were being sought for a pioneer Jubilee celebration:

(William H. Kimball - Page 2)

Kimballs Park Place, Summit Co., Utah, ... Apr 4th 97, ... In case you can find [my stage] it will be at your service. Were I young it would delite me to be with it and Six fine horses but my Son, John Henry, can fill my Seat with Pride and Delite. I don't know of any other Stages in Utah. Yours &tc, Wm. H. Kimball A Pioneer Age 71. ...

[No date on copy] Spencer & Commission, Gents, I have the 25 mile spy glass that was in the Pioneer Co 1847. It was my Fathers, presented to him in England 1836. I Also have Joseph Smith's first Military Sash, on parade 1843. Wm Law gave Joseph A fine one and he, Joseph, endowed H.C. Kimball with this, as Chaplain of the Legion, and A Prediction that it Never Would be Stained With Blood by the Enemy's of the People. And Father Endowed me with it on Receiving My first military commission in 1849.⁷ I also have the first Apolets [Epauettes] worn by Genrl. Joseph Smith. They were worn by Col. Harmon in the Illinois Black Hock War. They were Handed to Harmon's Brother in Law Col. Pettagrew, from him to Joseph and Returned to Pettagrew from him to me, Col. Wm. H. Kimball. Gents, I can Loan them to the occasion, but shall require the Honor of the State [of] Utah to Return them to me in as good condition as Rec[eived] for they are more to me than the Miser's Million. Gents, if my Health Permits, I Shall be there in Person to Shake the Hand of many old and Tried friend. ...

Apr 15th 97 ... I have the Broken up Saddle Remains of the US Dragoon Saddle that was in use during the Mexican War. The Entire outfit was presented to me by Col Thomas L. Kane at the time of the Enlistment of the Mormon Batalion. I have rode it in all of my Indian trails and Engagements, had 2 Horses Shot from under it, and the Saddle is A wreck. I have the Bullet and Breast Plate that the Saddle Rec after my horse had 6 shots in him. The Saddle was all Black with heavy Brass Stirrups and dark web yurths and A very heavy Surcingle of the Same. But nothing Remains But the tree in Part. I will say here that occurred at the Walker Provo War of 49 and 50. You can have it on that occasion if you desire. ...

June 27th 97 ... I send by my Son ... my treasures—and as you have the History of them, I will add a little in relation to the Saddle, the Plate, and the Bullet that Splintered the front of the Saddle [which] is in this note. That Shot was as my Horse fell dead from Six Shots in his Body and you will See the Saddle is, as I Stated before, in A Delap[ida]ted State. Still I hold it as A Treasure to Wm. H. Kimball and want it with the other things Returned.⁸ The Stage⁹ ... I donate to the State as [a] Keep treasure. [Light editing for readability by Jolene Allphin]

William served a mission in England from 1853 to 1856. He presided over several conferences during this time and made many friends. One African explorer by the name of Livingston especially took a liking to William, and Livingston arranged for him to visit Queen Victoria. William later named one of his daughters Victoria.

William was involved with emigration matters during his mission. He wrote: “The fire of emigration blazes throughout the Pastorate to the extent that the folks are willing to part with all their effects, and toddle off with a few things in a pocket handkerchief. ... People who once felt they would rather die than leave ‘happy England,’ ... who looked upon other countries with supreme contempt, [now] sing with joyful hearts, ‘There is a land beyond the sea / Where I should like to be, / And dearer far than all the rest, / is that bright land to me.’” (See Andrew D. Olsen, *The Price We Paid*, Deseret Book, 2006, 15.)

William completed his mission in England and started for home, but his service to the immigrating Saints would not end for many months. When he arrived in America he fulfilled assignments in outfitting the season's emigration at Iowa City and at Florence.¹⁰ When the last handcarts and wagons were on their way to Utah, William was finally able to return home himself, anxious to see his family. After being home for only two days, he answered the rescue call to go back on the trail. His 17-year-old brother, David P. Kimball, went with him. There were many sacrifices and risks that were ahead of them for the next 2 ½ months.

William was selected as an assistant captain to George D. Grant. Grant's other assistant was Robert T. Burton, William's brother-in-law.¹¹ When the Willie handcart company was finally located on October 21, William was assigned to lead them back into the valley while Grant and the majority of the rescue party continued east to find the last three companies. The first assignment William gave was to an unnamed express rider to take a message first to Redick Allred, stationed with supplies at South Pass, and then on to Salt Lake, notifying others at Ft. Bridger and along

(William H. Kimball - Page 3)

the way that the company had been found in a “deplorable condition” and to come to their aid as quickly as possible.¹² One of William’s first sad experiences was the burial of two people near the base of Rocky Ridge and 15 or more at Rock Creek Hollow. He must have been heartbroken as he witnessed the suffering of these people, perhaps some of his own converts from his recent mission.

When the Willie company reached Ft. Bridger on November 2, William performed a marriage ceremony for one of his traveling companions, James Barnett Cole, and Lucy Ward of the Willie company. (See Lucy Ward biography in *Tell My Story, Too.*) Two days later, William rode express to Salt Lake City to report. He returned to the Willie company on November 8, bringing more provisions, and led them into the valley the next day. Two days later, William returned to the trail. Brigham Young assigned William and others to go back and turn around those rescuers who had become fearful and were heading back to Salt Lake. William continued east for more than 200 miles, where he met Captain Grant at Redick Allred’s South Pass camp on Nov. 18. After assisting the Martin company for two days, William started on another express ride back to Salt Lake to report to Brigham Young. Captain Grant and Hosea Stout were his traveling companions on this intense ride. Stout recorded in his diary that the express riders traveled between ten and fifteen miles after dark on three different days, “facing a severe snow storm and wind and the coldest and most piercing weather” of their journey. When the springs of one of their wagons broke, they had to abandon it. Hosea said that one night “ourselves and animals were nearly over done with fatigue, hunger, and cold. For myself I could scarcely stand alone or keep awake.” For November 24, Stout recorded:

This morning George D. Grant & William H. Kimball went ahead on horse back, intending to reach the city this evening, as our animals were fast failing and one wagon broke and left here our loading now all in one wagon. We could not travel fast. The snow deepened as we travelled to day and travelling became harder.

The next day, November 25, William and Captain Grant were traveling in waist-deep snow. When they reached Salt Lake, they again brought vital information to Brigham Young. William must have been more than exhausted, yet grateful to have helped his pioneer brothers and sisters. When the handcart companies had been in Florence in August, William was one who had encouraged them to continue their journey despite the lateness of the season. All six of the returning missionaries, and subsequent rescuers, who had counseled the people to continue to Utah that season,¹³ “were the ultimate example of sacrificing comfort and convenience to duty and concern for others.” (Olsen, *The Price We Paid*, 122-123.)

William’s father, Heber C. Kimball of the First Presidency, had reportedly given William and others some sobering instructions before they left Salt Lake City on this rescue: “If [you] die during the trip, [you] will die endeavoring to save [the people], and who has greater love than he that lays down his life for his friends.”¹⁴

Sources: *On the Mormon Frontier: The Diary of Hosea Stout*, 1844-1889, Edited by Juanita Brooks, University of Utah Press, Utah State Historical Society, Salt Lake City, 1964 (reprint edition 2009); DUP history files for William H. Kimball (copies of handwritten letters, obituary newspaper article, a documented history by Jeanne Kimball Hill, and more are contained in this file); journal of Redick Allred, on film at Church History Library, original at DUP; familysearch.org; orsonprattbrown.com; Olsen, Andrew D., *The Price We Paid*, Deseret Book, 2006; Whitney, Orson F., *History of Utah*, 4 vols. (Salt Lake City: George Q. Cannon and Sons), 1892-1904.

(Endnotes next page)

(William H. Kimball - Page 4)

¹William received a reward for discovering the first coal mine within 40 miles of Salt Lake City, known as the “Sprague” mine.

²“Grandfather was getting along in years but still kept working around the ranch. One day while handling a jumpy horse he got tangled in a rope and injured the cords of his leg, so that the leg bent back at the knee and he could not straighten it. He fixed a harness with a wire that stretched from his knee to the toe of his shoe to draw the foot forward and with the use of a cane he was able to walk. With this handicap and his increasing age he decided to give up the ranch. He sold it to Bitners, the sheep people, and moved to Coalville.” William’s leg got worse and was finally amputated. “Grandfather recovered from the operation but after a year or two his health failed and he died, ... a life well spent, a Pioneer and a leader of men.” (Henry Ferguson, or Harry, Kimball)

³“As age stalked in Coalville, one of his granddaughters took him back to see the dear old ranch and hotel, driving a span of horses that her grandfather had raised. When he reached a certain spot, he extended his hand with his old pride and enthusiasm and exclaimed, ‘At one time I could stand here and say, I own this land as far as human eye can see on all sides.’ He told her he raised flax, wheat, sheep and cattle and ‘lived like a king.’” (Kimball Family News, 1863) “Jack Goodman’s Cityview: Kimball’s hotel and stage stop was one of the last in the nation.” (*Salt Lake Tribune*, May 27, 1990, 4E.)

⁴Some of Kimball’s services included putting a stop to the Mexican slave trade of Indian children. Some Indian children who had been captured from other tribes by abusive Indian tribes were rescued by Utah’s early pioneers. “William did this for one who was reclaimed years afterward by his mother. For many years this boy was chief of the Skull Valley Indians and was always grateful to those who rescued him.” (Jeanne Kimball Hill, DUP history)

⁵As found in the *Deseret News* obituary article already mentioned. (Hill, DUP history)

⁶*Salt Lake Herald*, December 31, 1907.

⁷This implies that William was wearing this sash and protected by it when the bullet lodged in his saddle horn.

⁸See printed catalog of all artifacts displayed at www.dupinternational.org/jubilee/reliccatalog.htm. The catalog states that “The Kimball Saddle with quite a history was once an expensive thing, it was owned by Col. Thomas L. Kane, of grateful memory, ... a stray bullet flattened against the pommel of the saddle (now in an adjoining show case) tells how near this ‘Mountain Brave’ was from sharing the fate of his highly valued horses.”

⁹The Kimball ranch, including a hotel and stables, serviced passengers traveling on the Overland Stage, three of whom were Horace Greeley, Walt Whitman and Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain). Clemens said “William Kimball was one of the finest gentlemen he had ever met.”

¹⁰See Olsen, *The Price We Paid*, for more in-depth coverage of what this intense labor involved.

¹¹William married his 2nd wife, Melissa Burton Coray, widow of William Coray, in 1851. (Melissa has a mountain peak named for her in California, in honor of the journey she and other women made with the Mormon Battalion.) William and Melissa named a son Robert Taylor Kimball.

¹²Redick Allred received the message on Oct. 23 and met the Willie Company at Rock Creek the morning of October 24, with six wagonloads of provisions and more help.

¹³These six men included Captain George D. Grant, Joseph A. Young (son of Brigham Young), Cyrus Wheelock, William H. Kimball, James Ferguson, and Chauncey Webb.

¹⁴As quoted by Jeanne Kimball Hill, from “Kimball Family News,” June 1963.

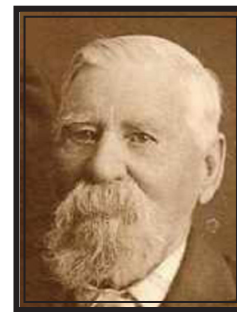


ELIJAH HIETT MAXFIELD

Born: 5 November 1832 in Bideque, Prince Edward Island, Canada

Age: 23

Rescuer



Elijah married Helen Alcy Tanner on August 24, 1856, but he didn't have much time to spend with his new bride, as he went out on the pioneer trail one month before the October 5, 1856, rescue call to bring in the Martin and Willie handcart companies. He didn't make it back to Salt Lake until November. Elijah's family also participated in the rescue. His mother and sisters baked sweet crackers or cookies to send with other things. His father and brothers loaded big sleighs with straw and warm rocks and quilts and brought Mary Clifton and her two daughters, ages 6 and 12, to their home to recover. Mary's husband Robert Clifton had just died in November in their travels with the Martin handcart company. Elijah's brother, 19-year-old James Maxfield, carried little Ann into the house, placed her on a table and asked her to sing for the family, then remarked that Ann was the girl he wanted to marry. After the death of James's first wife, he did marry Ann Clifton.

When Elijah was 73 years old, he told his rescue story in a letter he wrote to Samuel S. Jones, a member of the Martin handcart company. This letter¹ was in response to an invitation to the first Handcart Veterans Association Reunion in 1906:

Lyman, Utah 9-28-6
S.S. Jones
Provo, Utah

Dear Sir

While attending Encampment of Black Hawk Reunion at Fort Ephraim, I saw [Thomas] Dobson², a dear old friend whom I have traveled many miles with and stood many nights guard. He extended an invitation to the hand cart Reunion. I supposed I would be able to attend [but] on account [of] so much Rain and Snow, my grain is in such a condition, it will be impossible to leave home, which [information] if you [will] please give in a Report, as there will be many expect[ing] to see me there. Two weeks after my marriage I left SLCity on the 7th of Sept 1856 in company with two old Batchelors (namely Bennet from Mill Creek & Talent from Sugar House Ward). We each had two yoke Oxen. We left a month before the Big rush. Was loaded with flour to help the hand Cart Companies. We met Capt Elsworth, Bunker & Mc[Arthur]. Went on to meet more. Went down on the Sweet water. Heard nothing of the Companies. We returned to Ft. Bridger. We met the big rush. I left my Oxen with Lewis Robison³, left my Bachelor company. Went back with the boys to help pull the carts. Capt AO Smoot and three others were bringing the Church [wagon] train. Smoot came for me to help them as they were worn out. I went to their assistance on East Canyon Creek. The four Capt went home. I had charge of the train, when within two miles of the top of the Big Mountain, we swamped in the biggest storm I was ever inn.⁴ We chained the cattle to the trees. They were soon covered. Over twenty five men and teams were coming to meet us. The[y] came over the little mountain and were obliged to retreat. At 10 O'clock that night, I went on foot to SLCity, arriving there [at] 3 O'clock AM. At 8 O'clock [I] had 80 Bush[els] [of] corn on the Road. I was back to the train just as they started down the Big mountain. I was five days getting in the City. The hand cart Companies caught us and we all went in the same time. I left home to be gone two weeks, but was gone nine [weeks] that winter. I shed most [of] my finger & toe nails.⁵ Excuse me, Dear Bro, but I would like to tell it all, hoping you may have a good time.

With kind regards
I Remain
Elijah H Maxfield

Elijah died at Lyman, Utah, in 1925 at the age of 93. His sweetheart died ten years earlier.

Sources: "Handcart Veterans Association Scrapbook, 1906-1914," Fd 2, pg 12, L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, BYU, Provo, Utah, copy in files of Jolene Allphin; *Deseret News*, September 1, 1906; familysearch.org; <http://heartsofthechildren.blogspot.com>.

¹This letter has been lightly edited for readability by Jolene Allphin.

²Thomas Dobson had been an 18-year-old boy in the Martin handcart company. A *Deseret News* article dated September 1, 1906, states, "For 30 years prior to 1903, Thomas [Dobson] was a nightwatchman in this city, and few men in Salt Lake were more extensively known."

³Lewis Robison purchased Ft. Bridger in 1855. He was also in the mission presidency of the Shoshone Mission.

⁴For context, see John Riggs Murdock's biography in Allphin, *Tell My Story, Too*.

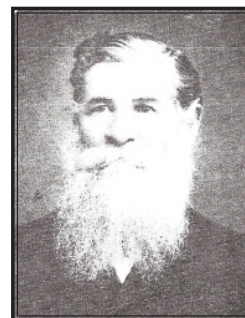
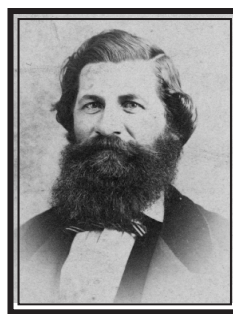
⁵Fellow rescuer, Redick Allred, also recorded, "As well as I was provided, I even lost my toenails from frost."

J.D.T. McALLISTER

Born: 19 Feb 1827 Lewis, Sussex, Delaware

Age: 29

Rescuer



John Daniel Thompson McAllister, often known simply as J.D.T., was born in 1827 in Delaware to William James Frazier and Ellen Thompson McAllister. At the age of one year, his parents took him to the city of Philadelphia. It was in Philadelphia that John eventually became acquainted with members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He investigated the gospel and was subsequently baptized by Alvert Lutz, President of the Philadelphia Branch, on October 12, 1844. At least two of his siblings also joined the Church and came to Utah.

In the General Conference held on April 8, 1853, in Salt Lake City, John was appointed to serve a mission to England, leaving behind his wife, Ellen, and two young sons, Moroni and John. He was also commissioned to take a stone from the Territory of Utah which was to be placed in the Washington Monument at Washington, D.C. In describing this beautiful block of stone, John said that it was three feet long, two feet wide, and six and a half inches thick. In the center stood the beehive, the emblem of industry. Over it was the motto, "Holiness to the Lord." Above this was the all-seeing eye with rays, and beneath the line was the word "Deseret."

John arrived in Washington on September 23rd and presented the stone to the committee. "They received us in a very kind and affectionate manner," he said. John then served his mission in the British Isles where he was successful and very appreciative of the faithful saints. The handcart mode of traveling across the plains to Utah was introduced in late 1855, and the missionaries began to preach it to the people. From Belfast, Ireland, Elder McAllister wrote on Dec. 31, 1855: "The priesthood and members feel alive in Mormonism and from the oldest to the youngest all feel Zionward and are at the present time rejoicing in the anticipation of pulling or pushing a handcart to their home in the West. Tobacco smokers have resolved to quit and put their savings in the Pioneer Emigration Fund, and those who have quit drinking tea will put their savings in the same."

In the fall of 1856, John was journeying home in the company of Franklin D. Richards and other returning missionaries and arrived in Salt Lake on October 4, 1856. They passed the Willie and Martin handcart companies along the way, overtaking the Martin company on September 7 and spending a few hours with them. Two days later, John wrote: "On the morning of September 9th, we met with two brethren from Brother J. G. Willie's handcart company in search of 30 head of cattle that had strayed from their camp about 50 miles in advance. On the 12th we overtook and camped with Bro. Willie's . . . at the North Bluff Fork of the Platt. The next day we forded the Platt and Bro Willie's Company followed. It was a soul stirring sight. Several of the carts were drawn by women."

The day after the arrival of this group of returning missionaries in Salt Lake City, Brigham Young called for the first of many rescue efforts to go back and bring the last companies of the season in to the Valley. Later, on the 23rd of November, John and others answered a call to go break a road through the snow over the Big Mountain for the Martin Company. On the 27th of November, John was selected to take an express message to the first rescuers who had now been out almost two months. He found them the next day, camped in the first cottonwood grove on East Canyon Creek, twenty-five miles from Salt Lake City. On Saturday, November 29th, John reported, "Very stormy, Brother E. Hanks and I was sent over the Little Mountain to prepare

(J.D.T. McAllister - Page 2)

a camp ground for the night. About dark all the company was in camp.” On Sunday, Nov.30th, the company “started a little after day break, and arrived in the city at noon.”

John D.T. McAllister is the author of the well-known “Handcart Song.” It was written and taught to the immigrants before the first handcart company under Edmond Ellsworth left Iowa City and it was very popular. Even today, the children of the Church love to sing its lively chorus along with the shortened and simplified verse to go with it. Originally there were 6 verses. (See the complete song at the end of this book.)

John H. Latey, who was an emigration agent at Florence, Nebraska, wrote a letter to Elder John Taylor, reporting on the arrival of the first two handcart companies there. Latey stated in the letter that “[they were] in fine health and spirits, (singing, as they came along, Elder J.D.T. McAllister’s noted handcart song – ‘Some must push and some must pull,’ &c.) One would not think that they had come from Iowa City, a long and rough journey of . . . 300 miles, except by their dust-stained garments and sunburned faces. My heart is gladdened as I write this, for methinks I see their merry countenances and buoyant step, and the strains of the hand cart song seems ringing in my ears like sweet music heard at eventide or in a dream.” When the 3rd handcart company under James Willie departed from Florence, Latey wrote that he “saw them off in good earnest to the tune of ‘Some must push,’ &c., (can’t move without that.)”

John McAllister loved music and was a member of the Ballo Brass Band. He had a magnificent voice and a gift for acting and so it was natural that he should be a part of the cultural activities of the Church. John was a member of the Deseret Dramatic Association, played on the stage of the Salt Lake Theater and was the leading soloist for the Tabernacle Choir for many years. John later was called to serve in the St. George Temple as a counselor to Wilford Woodruff and then later served as the President of the St. George Stake. He also became the President of the St. George Temple. He served faithfully for 16 years and when the Salt Lake Temple was dedicated he went to Salt Lake to attend the temple dedication. At that time he was then called to become the President of the Manti Temple, where he served faithfully for another 14 years.

One can readily appreciate the moments of tender loneliness and homesickness experienced by John when he penned this poem entitled “To My Wife” during his mission to England:

To My Wife

Can I forget the hours of bliss
That I have spent with thee?
Can I forget the parting kiss
Which sealed thy faith to me?
Can I forget the fond fond sigh
That breathed thy last adieu?
The tear that gem’d thy soften eye
Like showers on violets blue?
Can I forget the sleepless nights
That you have spent for me?
Can I forget those darling eyes
That laugh upon thy knee?
Can I forget the happy hours
We’ve passed in our dwelling?

Can I forget those praterlers
Moroni, John, Ellen?
I never can forget thee, Dear,
And what thou has’t endured
Your name is mentioned in my prayer
When calling on the Lord
For his spirit to be with you,
Your steps to guide aright,
And endow your mind with wisdom
With knowledge, love, and light,
To preserve you from all danger
And in every circumstance of life
Bless you with health and strength
That you may be content.

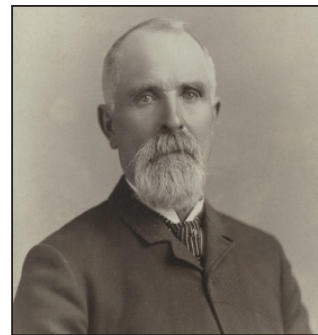
Sources: Numerous Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; “Short Bio of John Daniel Thompson McAllister” by Becky Pope.

JOHN RIGGS MURDOCK

Born: 13 September 1826 Ohio

Age: 30

Rescuer



John R. Murdock was the son of John Murdock and Julia Clapp. John and Julia were also parents of the famous Murdock twins that were given to Joseph and Emma Smith when their mother died. (Joseph and Emma Smith had twins that died at the same time.)¹ John R. Murdock's story comes from a biography written of him by Joseph M. Tanner, published in 1909. (Republished in *Murdock Brothers' Pioneer Trilogy* by S. Reed Murdock, Summerwood Publishers, Layton, Utah, 2005.) In the foreword of his book, J.M. Tanner states: Among those who dedicated to the church and its cause their best efforts, efforts of intense patriotism, and whose endurance was the crowning glory of those times, the name of John R. Murdock plays an important part. Had others not drawn out from him the story of his life, its inspiration and its example would have been lost to the world. When the manuscript prepared from facts given by him was read for his approval his only remark was: "They have made quite a man of me."

Among the things "drawn out" from John Murdock's life is his account of the rescue of 1856:

Our party met the emigrants near Fort Bridger. It began to snow on us in Echo canyon and did not cease until the snow was three feet deep on the low grounds and on the Big Mountain it was a depth of ten feet, largely through drifting. In getting over Big Mountain, I consider that I had performed the big feat of my life. The train, consisting of about seventy-five wagons, had been ploughing in the deep snow all day. I went ahead on horseback, leaving the rest of the relief party behind. It was very difficult, but I managed to struggle through the snow to the top of the Big Mountain. I was quite alone, but here met two men, with six yoke of oxen, who had come up on the west side of the mountain. They had come from Provo to assist the hand-cart company.

When I told them their teams were needed at the farthest end of the train, they said they would go back to their camp and remain until the next day. I said no, and told them that if they would do as I said we would get the whole train over that night. I took full charge of all; for I realized that many of the people would perish if left on the mountain that night. My plan was to take the oxen and hitch on to the first two wagons and pull them through the snow, and thus open the road and enable the whole train to pass through. My advice was followed, and we succeeded in getting the entire train over by ten o'clock at night. The company then passed on quickly to a camp ground, where there was plenty of firewood prepared by the men who had been left behind. When the train had passed through, the cut in the snow bank was ten feet deep. You could lay a pole across the chasm and a covered wagon could easily pass under it. The next day we went into Salt Lake City, where the snow was about three feet deep. After seeing the company safely in the Valley, I returned to my home in Lehi.

John did not stay home long. As he was a trusted man since his service in the Mormon Battalion, Brigham Young called John to join the newly organized Y.X. Co. (Brigham Young Express Company) and carry the mail 1,200 miles from Salt Lake to Missouri. John wrote:

We left Salt Lake City on the first day of March 1857. Travel was so difficult and the snow so deep that it took us eleven days to get with our pack mules to Fort Bridger, a distance of only one hundred fifteen miles. ... We had a great deal of difficulty getting through the country. ... [After separating with another man from the others in this company, it became dark and John and his friend became lost.] We were at least fifteen miles from camp, and attempted to return, but the country was so uneven and rough that we lost our road and finally were compelled to stop, for our mules were tired out and we were also. The night we spent there was most terrible. The wind blew dreadfully, and there was one of the most terrible northwest storms I was ever in. We could get no wood anywhere except on a high knoll. There we found some green sage brush, which we had to pull up by the roots, to make a fire of, and we struck the last one of eleven matches which we had to kindle the fire. The exercise of pulling up the green brush was perhaps what kept us from freezing to death, for we hadn't a blanket nor a bite to eat. Our mules came nearly freezing with their saddles on, it was so terribly cold. We were a happy pair of men to see daylight again, so that we could find our way to camp. We were met by a party of men who had set out to find us, fearing, almost expecting, to find us frozen to death.

From here the group made it safely to the post at Devil's Gate where Dan Jones and his men were spending the winter guarding the luggage of the Hunt and Hodgett wagon companies. They were able to share some provisions with these men who had nearly starved to death through this bitter winter. (See Dan Jones, rescuers section, *Tell My Story, Too*.)

(John R. Murdock - Page 2)

After John returned to his home in Lehi, he was able to remain home for only a month when he was again called to make a trip with the mail to Independence, Missouri. John wrote: We left Salt Lake City about the first day of July, 1857, carrying with us United States mail. There were three vehicles and six men in the party. ... John Kerr, an agent for Kincaid & Bell, ... merchants, ... had with him a large amount of money, about sixty thousand dollars. I also had about thirteen thousand dollars in Church drafts. We felt, naturally, the great responsibility placed upon us. In fifteen days we covered the entire distance of twelve hundred miles from Salt Lake City to Independence, Missouri. Our stock was fed on grass only, but this was good all along the road. Our method of traveling was as follows: We arose at daylight, hitched up and traveled twenty miles, then stopped for breakfast and rested an hour or two while our stock fed and watered. We then traveled twenty miles and made another stop. In the afternoon we made a like drive and stopped for supper, after which we made a fourth drive into the night, thus making an average of eighty miles' travel each day, for fifteen days.

John made many such record trips across the plains, thwarting thieves and assisting emigrant trains safely to their Zion in the mountains. One important trip he made was with an escort group to safely convey the Saints' friend, Colonel Kane, back to Washington D.C. after his peace-making trip to Utah in 1858. On the return trip, important documents from Washington to Brigham Young needed to be conveyed as quickly as possible: "John R. Murdock was committed the duty of conveying this important document with speed and without delay. He covered the distances of one hundred and fifteen miles in twenty-four hours. ... Some of these rides of [Murdock] will go into history in days to come with the celebrated rides that are characterized in the poetry of our national heroism. ... That faithful horse, Painter, will hold his place, too, in the honorable mention of great deeds."

John served in many responsible positions, being called out of Lehi to be the Bishop of Beaver, elected to the legislature for four consecutive terms, and as a member of the Territorial Convention, the object of which was to draft a state constitution. He was later appointed by the Territorial Legislature as the probate judge of Beaver County. He also served for many years as a beloved Stake President in Beaver, leaving for a time to serve a mission in the Southern States. He also served as a Patriarch in Beaver after his release as Stake President.

John had three wives and 19 children, 10 of which died as infants or children. Bereft of his mother at four years of age and also being subjected to the persecutions of Ohio, Missouri, and Nauvoo in his young years, John had a tender heart for all and was known for assisting the poor and unfortunate. Of his mother's passing, John said many years later: "Fresh in my memory is the death of my dear mother. ... There was a dreadfully sad scene among her poor children following her death. It was simply heartrending to hear little sister Phoebe, only two years old, cry out for her mother as if her little heart would break. We were staying at a neighbor's when father came and told us the sad news. He wept most bitterly; for he realized all the sorrow of the situation."

John married May Bain in 1863. May had come with her mother, siblings, and a good friend, Euphemia Mitchell, to Utah in 1856 with the Willie Handcart Company. May's brother, Robert Bain, had emigrated to Utah from Scotland earlier and also came out on the rescue from Lehi, although it appears he left a little earlier than John. He married May's friend, Euphemia Mitchell.²

Sources: Murdock, S. Reed, *Joseph and Emma's Julia - The Other Twin*, and *John Murdock: His Life and His Legacy*, 2000 and 2005; Walker, Ron W. "Emigrant's hero," *Deseret News*, (unknown date, clipping in possession of Ron Ray).

¹See *Joseph and Emma's Julia - The Other Twin*, by S. Reed Murdock for further accounts of John R. Murdock's childhood and relationship with his sister, Julia, who was adopted by Joseph and Emma Smith. Also read about John R. Murdock's visit to Julia in Nauvoo during his mission to the Southern States in 1880-1882. Julia was dying from breast cancer at this time. John stayed with her for about a month and upon leaving, he "left sufficient means to provide for her and to cover the expenses of her burial and of a tombstone. She died soon after [his] departure." John also visited with Emma Smith some time prior to her death in 1879.

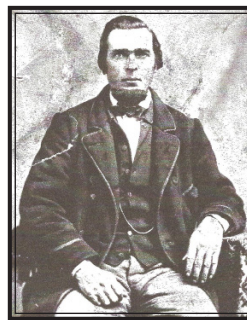
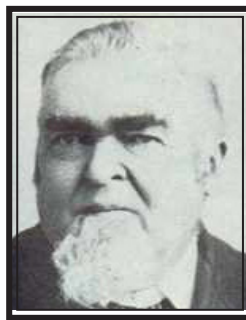
²See *Tell My Story, Too*, biographies of Robert Bain (Rescuers section), Euphemia Mitchell (Willie Company Section) and Elizabeth Smith (Willie Company Section). Elizabeth was May's younger half-sister.

JOEL PARRISH

Born: November 6, 1827 in Canada

Age: 28

Rescuer



As a boy, Joel moved with his family from Canada to Stark County, Illinois, where farming was easier and it was not so cold. Joel's sister, Jane, recorded:

It was in the little school house which Father had built that he and others first heard the message of the restored Gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints. [Father and Mother said], "From the first time we heard the message, it made a profound impression on our minds." ... Further investigations caused my father, with his family, to move to Nauvoo, where we first had the pleasure of meeting the Prophet Joseph Smith. ... We made our home not far from the Temple, for father and my brother Joel worked on the Temple. ... Joseph Smith and Joel [were] together so much. ... I have seen Joseph and Joel play ball together, ... saw them go out back of the barn and throw the ball against the wall and catch it for practice.

Joel and his family were driven from Nauvoo after the martyrdom of their friend and Prophet, Joseph Smith. They crossed the plains to the Salt Lake Valley in 1847 and settled in Centerville. Joel was present when Brigham Young issued the rescue call to find the handcart people still out on the plains in October of 1856. Joel was on his way the next day, leaving behind his wife of two years and a young baby. He was wearing "buckskin [trousers and] shirt and moccasins, but no overcoat." His team and wagons were loaded to capacity. Joel served as a cook for the rescue party.

Joel was one of the rescuers who continued on to search for the Martin Handcart Company and the two wagon companies. When he found them, he reported that they were in 18 inches of snow and out of provisions. His children later wrote:

Father's description of these conditions was most heartrending indeed. ... The reception they [the rescuers] received was truly a pathetic one. They could hardly care for their teams because of the rescued throwing themselves about their necks and weeping with joy. It was with difficulty that he [Joel] could relate the story, his eyes were filled with tears for their sad plight. The fact that now the rescued could have all the flour they wished after a starvation ration ... gave them even under these terrible conditions so much to be thankful for.

John Jaques of the Martin Company, recorded:

We arrived at Devil's Gate that night to camp in the snow which was deep and freezing. When we got to camp we found several big fires there and several log huts and several brethren from the valley were camping there. Brother Joel Parrish was cooking supper for the rest of the brethren. We were all so hungry and cold, many ran to get to the fire to warm but the brethren asked for all to be as patient as possible and we should have some wood to make us fires. Brother George Grant ... told us all to stand back for he was going to knock down one of those log huts to make fires for us. He said, "You are not going to freeze tonight."

Josiah Rogerson, a teenage boy in the Martin Company wrote: "The wagon in which we had been brought ... was owned and [had] been driven by the brave and generous-hearted Joel Parrish of Centerville, Davis Co., Utah."

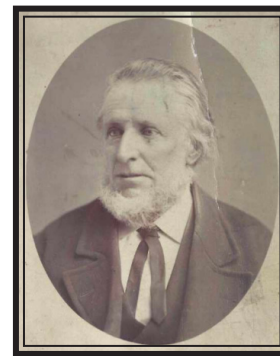
Joel later owned a store in Centerville and did much to build and serve that community in both elected and appointed positions. For many years he acted as the village doctor. He pulled teeth, sewed up wounds and administered to many needs and ailments of his neighbors and friends, all of which service he freely gave. Joel returned to Illinois and Iowa as a missionary about 20 years after his rescue efforts. He also served as a Stake Patriarch later in life.

Joel's enjoyment of sports has been handed down through his posterity. His descendant, Norm Parrish, has coached winning basketball teams at the University of Utah and Salt Lake Community College.

Sources: *Ancestors and Descendants: Samuel Parrish 1847*, compiled by Ruth Parrish Tippetts with Wallace Alonzo Parrish, n.d.; "Joel Parrish" by his son, John Ford Parrish; "Testimony of the Prophet Joseph Smith," by Jane Parish Lindsay; *Life History and Writings of John Jaques, Including a Diary of the Martin Handcart Company*, by Stella Jaques Bell, 1978; Rogerson, Josiah, "Martin's Handcart Company, 1856 [No. 10]," *Salt Lake Herald*, 8 Dec. 1907; Interview with Kay Parrish, wife of Norm Parrish.

GEORGE PATTEN

Born: October 26, 1828 in Pennsylvania
 Age: 28
 Rescuer



George Patten was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to William Cornwell and Juliannah Bench Patten. He married Mary Jane Nelson in February of 1851. They had four little sons by the time George left Salt Lake City to go out on the rescue of 1856. The youngest son was John Edmond Patten, who was only two months old. Mary Jane certainly had her hands full at this time. The family had also recently moved from Alpine to Payson, Utah.

In 1906, George wrote a letter to Samuel S. Jones, organizer of the Handcart Veterans Association reunion. (Samuel Jones was a member of the Martin handcart company in 1856.) This letter was in response to a newspaper announcement about the reunion. The following is a transcript of that letter (with light editing for readability):

Payson Sep 3, 1906
 Mr. S.S. Jones
 Dear Brother,

In looking over my Saturday Evening News, I saw of you Hand Cart Veterans going to meet in Salt Lake Oct 3. Also, that you would be pleased or honored to have those of us that helped you to those Valleys meet with you. I, for one, would feel honored to meet with such a noble band of Brethren and Sisters.

I went to Salt Lake with a load of tithing wheat about the first of Nov 1856. Brother D[aniel] H. Wells asked me if I was willing to go out & help [bring] in the Hand Cart folks. I told him I was, but I was not clothed for such a trip. He took me down to Wm. Nickson¹ store & stood good for [an] overcoat and boots - \$27.00.

James Jack & me started out with some 3000 [pounds] of flour to each of our teams of 4 horses each. When we got to Ft. Bridger, Joseph A. Young² told us to wait there & take [the] places of the Ft. Supply boys.

Eph Hanks called on me to help him with the sick. [The] night we got to Bear River, I took a pair of scissors & took both feet off at [the] instep of a little boy, as they were mortifying from being frozen.

My dear wife that is dead & gone³ had to wade through snow knee deep & feed stock, chop wood, etc., while I helped those poor afflicted Brethren and Sisters to these valleys.

Your Brother in the gospel,

Geo. Patten

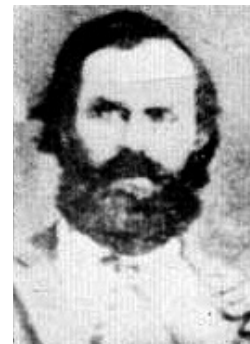
Sources: "Handcart Veterans Association Scrapbook 1906-1916," Fd. 2, pg. 5, L. Tom Perry Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah; FamilySearch at lds.org.

¹William Nixon was an early and successful merchant in Salt Lake City. His store became the forerunner for the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution, or ZCMI.

²See biography of Joseph A. Young in *Tell My Story, Too*. Young passed several rescuers as he and Abel Garr were riding express back to Salt Lake to report on finding the last companies: Martin, Hodgett and Hunt. When Young passed Patten, the "Ft. Supply boys" had gone out to bring in the Martin Company and would meet them there in just a few days. The men from Ft. Supply would then need to remain at Ft. Supply and have other rescuers take the immigrants in to Salt Lake. Patten assisted rescuer Ephraim Hanks with blessings after they were brought past Ft. Supply and Ft. Bridger.

³This was Mary Jane Nelson Patten. She died 10 years before this handcart reunion on July 6, 1896, in Payson, Utah.

JOHN PULSIPHER



Born: July 17, 1827, in Spafford, Onondago, New York

Age: 29

Rescuer

“I, John Pulsipher, was born in the town of Spafford, Onondago County, State of New York, North America, on the 17th of July, 1827, this being the year that Joseph Smith got the plates which contain the Book of Mormon. When I was four years old, said book was published and one copy came into our town. Father got it and read it. He, with the neighbors, Elijah Cheney, S. Roundy and others, would sit and read and talk day and night ’till they read it thru and thru. They believed it was brought forth by the power of God, to prepare the way for the second coming of the Son of Man. It was just what they were looking for.”¹

Thus, John Pulsipher grew up in the gospel from boyhood and experienced a full range of early Church history. In 1856, John was located at the Ft. Supply mission, “approximately 12 miles southwest of the more widely known Ft. Bridger. Ft. Supply was established in November 1853 under the direction of Orson Hyde. Brigham Young hoped the settlement would provide crops and supplies for the Saints who were traveling west and defray costs of sending supplies overland from Salt Lake City to Fort Bridger, a distance of approximately 120 miles.”²

John served as the clerk of the Ft. Supply Mission and at various times as the Presiding Elder there.³ Excerpts from John Pulsipher’s Ft. Supply record⁴ of 1856 reveal many interesting and important facts about the rescue of the handcart companies:

September: On the 17th, Parley P. Pratt & a company of about 25 Elders passed, on their way to the states & England.⁵ We carried a few bushels of potatoes to them, also some butter and cheese.⁶ Many of the men from here are going to the Valley to get provisions. Many are going to winter there on account of crops failing here.

October: On the 8th of October we had a cold snowstorm,⁷ continuing half of the day & most of the night. Snow only lays 2 or 3 inches deep besides what melted as it fell.

Thursday the 9th we fasted and prayed for the good of the mission & the prosperity of Zion, etc. The snow went off today. We carried in victuals & fed 70 Indians.

Sunday, 19th, a snowy day.⁸ As we were in meeting, Elder T[homas] D. Brown arrived from the Valley. He was one of the home missionaries.

Bro Bullock called on him to speak to the people. So he arose & said last Monday [October 13th] Prest. Young, Kimball & Grant, Gen. Wells & a few others started for this place, traveled 25 miles & camped on E. Canyon near the upper cottonwood grove. The next morn Prest Young was taken very sick—an awful pain seized him almost instantly. He fell to the ground & could not bear to be moved to the wagon for some time. The Brethren administered to him, & Bros Kimball & Grant went out & prayed. ... It was made known to them that they should move from that place as soon as possible. They went in & told the Prest the revelation they had when it was decided that they should all go back Except Bro Brown & John Tobin who should come & survey the Camp. ... The council met a number of times this week & decided how the land should be surveyed. Bro. Brown [went?] with some of the Brethren to help them commence & continue the surveying. The weather cold & snowy.

On the 22nd, Bishop A.O. Smoot came for some help to move the train of goods belonging to the Church that he had been to the states to bring up. He wants help [to] move from G[reen] River to Ft. Bridger. Bro. Smoot stayed overnight & the Brethren assembled & heard him preach on the wars & destruction that have already commenced.⁹ ... He acknowledged the hand of the Lord in preserving him to get back to mountains. At the close of the meeting, ox teams were volunteered for the above purpose.¹⁰

John Pulsipher 1, Josh Terry 1 } 2
 A.W. Baker 1, Geo. B. Teeple 1 } 2
 James Ivie 3, Wm Lish 1 } 4
 Moroni Cole 1, Isaac Baum 1 } 2
 Alma Taylor 1, Thos. Slater 1 } 2

[Total] 12

Amounting to 12 yoke of oxen. M[oroni] Cole; M[osiah] Tracy¹¹ & T. Slater volunteered to go & drive. They were only gone 4 days.

(John Pulsipher - Page 2)

On the Eve of the 27th an express arrived from the [Willie] handcart co. that was at the Sweetwater—stating they were in a deplorable situation. The snow a foot deep & weather very cold—32 had died in 5 days.¹² Bro Bullock called a meeting & said the horse teams were wanted to go immediately to their relief when the Brethren offered their teams as follows:

Sidney Kelley 1 horse & wagon, Eli Tracy 1, Geo B. Teeple 1, A.W. Baker 1, H.W. Sanderson¹³ 2, J. Bingham 2 mules, Joshua Terry 2, T.D. Brown 2 mules, H.[?]M. Russell 2, making 7 teams & 6 wagons.

The following Brethren volunteered to go & drive the teams: H.W. Sanderson, J. Terry, J. Cole,¹⁴ Mosiah Tracy, H.M. Russell, & J. Bingham, who being the oldest man was chosen to take charge of the [?] Started next morning with provision & horse feed.

November: Monday the 3^d The co that went to help the handcart co, returning, having brought up the co as far as Bridger [on Nov. 2] & met plenty of teams from the Valley who were called out on Sunday morn the 26 of Oct.

The word of the Lord came to Prest. B. Young at that time, it being the very morning that the express started from Sweetwater[,] a distance of upwards of 200 mi. The Lord showed Prest. Young the situation of those handcart cos [Willie and Martin] & told him to call out 500 teams to go forthwith & bring them in.

The call was made in the public congregation by a “Thus Saith the Lord.”¹⁵ The teams were on the road to meet the sufferers before the express¹⁶ arrived[,] who traveled as fast as possible, getting fresh horses every chance, but with all the [?] of man, it was not enough. The Lord made bare his almighty arm for the deliverance of his people which is another proof that the Lord makes his will known to his servant the prophet. To show you how times are in the Valley & to keep safe the advice & council of Prest. Young, we will record a letter that he sent to us:

Presidents Office
G Salt Lake City Oct 24/56

To Lewis Robinson & Isaac Bullock

Dear Brethren, Your note per Mr. Gilbert arrived this day and I improve the opportunity of sending out tomorrow by Bro. Barker to reply. We also were disappointed I'm not paying you a visit which we had long contemplated and finally attempted but as you have been already informed was obliged to return owing to my severe sickness.

My health now is quite improved. So severe an attack could not well but be soon over one way or the other & I feel thankful that I am yet spared to live upon the earth and witness the salvation of God. The weather for a few days has been quite cold. Some snow falling on the mountains. We are informed that it fell a foot deep in Tooele, but the ground is bare in this valley and the weather growing a little warmer.

We feel quite anxious in regard to our emigration companies and wish you to render them all the assistance you can that will add to their comfort or expedite them upon their journey.

In regard to your survey at your place we do not consider it necessary to make an entire survey of the ranch but to have some points determined and lines run so that you get the lay of the land & be able to tell your whereabouts. Fort Supply probably better make a survey of small lots that they can enclose with a good substantial wall near their farming land if a suitable site exists for its location. The brethren who have been so long located in that region traveling through and fro over the country should know where the best place is for a city or a fort. High ground should be a consideration not easily approachable by an enemy without observation. The lots must necessarily be small in order to be enclosed, neither should the farming lots be too large, as you will always find it better to cultivate a little land well, than more land not well.

We feel gratified to save that region of country so peacefully brought into control of law & so salutary an influence extended not only over the transient settlers but the native which we hope will continue & become permanent. That is an important point & should be maintained not only for the good influence above alluded to, but for agricultural purposes & for the assistance of emigrants & travelers.

When the handcart trains advance as far as your neighborhood we wish you to put your teams into the trains. There may be many teams at Ft. Supply. Let all be raised that can be spared and if the weather should shut down so that they shouldn't return they can be maintained here and return in the spring. We are still sanguine that it will moderate and we yet have a spell of pleasant weather before winter in which case they can return, but if it should continue cold and stormy and those emigrating with handcarts come along needing help at Fort Supply and Bridger, do the utmost for their relief. Let them pick up women and children and the infirm and bring them in.

All is well with us, peace and quietness prevailing. May the Lord bless you with wisdom from on high to

(John Pulsipher - Page 3)

guide you in all things and give you health and strength to sustain you in every time of need is the prayer of your brother in the Gospel of Christ. Brigham Young

The foregoing letter you see was written before the news of the suffering of the handcart cos. reached the valley & before the letter reached us. We had heard of their suffering & sent our teams to their assistance with men to drive, taking provisio, fodder, etc.

We had also got our surveying commenced exactly as Prest. Young advised although his advice did not reach us til after we had done it.

On the 5 [Nov] [the] snow storm commenced, snowed 30 hours & cleared off cold as [Greenland?][—] continued sharp winter weather for some time, we had to haul our wheat in the snow in order to save it, as the storms come so often that before it was dry, another came.

On Tuesday Eve Nov. 11 ... The Teachers of Ft. Supply took it upon themselves to act as a committee to get up a feast. ... About 70 persons assembled at 4 P.M. Altho we were in our poverty because of the failure of crops etc, we truly had a sumptuous feast—one that would have done honor to any of the old cities of the world. Bro Bullock¹⁷ expressed his thanks to us for the honor that was shown him & blessed us in the name of the Lord & said we should prosper. While we were seated at the table, the news came¹⁸ that the last cos, of handcarts [Martin Company] were perishing in the snow on Sweetwater, & that the teams sent from the valley [have] turned back before meeting them. Prest. Bullock called for volunteers to go & save that perishing people—every man present was ready to start with all his team & being anxious to do all in their power to help them. It was proposed that we, out of our scanty supply, send them horse feed to save their starving teams, Isaac Bullock offered 500 lbs. fodder, Jared Bullock offered 500 lbs. fodder, John Pulsipher offered 500 lbs. fodder, A.W. Baker offered 1,000 lbs. fodder, E.B. Ward offered 200 lbs. fodder. Enough of our men stayed to keep the Ft. & Bro. Bullock, with the rest, & what horses & oxen were able to go, started on **Wednesday, the 12th**, with all the speed possible & as they went, stopped all the Valley teams & bring them back to help that co before the return to the Valley. The news was sent to Prest Young that the great majority of the teams that he sent out had turned back when they came to the deep snow near the S. Pass. The Gov sent Wm Kimball to turn those around in short order & not return til they bring in those poor Saints that are perishing in the snow.

Those men said the reason they turned back was because they could hear nothing from the last handcart co & supposed they had gone back to the States or made their winter quarters in the Buffalo country. But they were very much blamed for letting the devil put any such thots into their heads—when the word of the Lord comes for men to do anything they ought not to turn back for a little snow, or the fear of loosing their horses or any other foolish notion—If the trials are great or the circumstances unfavorable, go ahead & trust in the Lord that called us, for he never tells men to do anything except he gives them strength to do it if they are faithful.

Our horse teams helped the handcart co. that were destitute & the ox teams went back to help [the Hodgett and Hunt] ox trains.

Nov 1856 Sund. 23 Sat. Eve. Bro. Bullock returned & preached to those that are at this place on Sund 23, says they had got the emigration all this side of the South Pass & all the foot cos. were in the wagons & making good progress towards the Valley. Many of those foot cos. have died & many have froze their feet. The weather has been rough, snow flying in the air a great portion of the time for a month, although it has not fell in the road so as to stop the travel.

On Thursday the 27 [Nov.] the news came that the last ox train of our emigration was way beyond Green River & not able to get up to here without more help, the teams that were sent from Ft. Supply were doing all they could & could only move a part of the co. at a time & the people had to eat the poor cattle as they gave out, to save their own lives.

Bro. [John] Harvey was out on the road, sent to fill to the teachers to see what could be done. A meeting was called, this being made known. Every man was wide awake to do something more to help them that are in trouble. We gathered all the cattle we could get whether the owners were here or not & by yoking odd steers together & as a few more teams that had been to the Valley for provisions had returned, we made out 13 yoke of cattle. The women baked a lot of bread while we were arranging the teams etc. All this was done & the teams on the march in about 2 hours in charge of Bro. Mumford & [Jarvis?].

Prest. Harvey returned from the road this 27 & was much pleased with what we had done & invited all hands to turn out tomorrow to commence the meeting house that we have talked of building.

About 400 persons are at Bridger without teams to go to the Valley & they are nearly out of provision & we have not the assistance for them.

(John Pulsipher - Page 4)

December: Prest. Harvey & W. Lish started on the 4 Dec to take those of the co to the Valley that froze their feet so they will have to be cut off. He left Wm. Thompson to take charge or preside over the meeting & E. Whipple to take charge of the public work.

On Sunday Eve [Dec.] the 7th as we were devising some means for the support of this last co. of our emigration which we supposed would have to winter here, we all seemed willing to divide our scanty portion of bread with them & do as well for them as we do for ourselves—the news came that teams & flour were on the way to take them to the Valley.¹⁹

John Pulsipher continued to record interesting and informative details of the activities of the people involved at Ft. Supply and throughout the “Shoshone Mission.” The winter of 1856-1857 continued cold and difficult in many ways. Journal entries were made regarding those who came and went from Salt Lake City on snowshoes. Babies were born to families. Members of the “variety school” were expected to “produce something ... read, recite, speak on some subject, sing a song, tell an anecdote, or do something to amuse or instruct the co[mpany].” They were cautioned not to have too many comic routines so they wouldn’t take away from the spirit of the “Reformation” that was going on. A mountain man who came to winter at Ft. Supply was hired to teach the Indian language at the day school. Before long, the man had also been taught the gospel and requested baptism.

John was a successful and hardworking pioneer throughout his life. His last call was to pioneer in southern Utah, where he and others built a town they called “Hebron.” John recorded:

When we got ready to locate our town, Pres. E. Snow and Bro. George A. Burgon, surveyor, made us a visit 28th of Aug. [1868]. Located and surveyed a town site which we named Hebron, a scripture name. We read that Abraham separated from Lot, his brother’s son, and moved to get room for his large flocks and herds, and when he came to a place suitable for his business, he located and kept his flocks there and called the place Hebron because there was plenty of feed for his animals and he built an altar and offered sacrifice to the Lord.

It being somewhat so with us when Bro. Snow gave us a mission to take care of the stock of St. George, we moved on ’til we came to Shoal Creek, the first place we found suitable for our business—where there was plenty of feed for our flocks—so we located ourselves and called the place Hebron and gave thanks to the Lord.

John Pulsipher passed away on July 9, 1891, and was laid to rest in the Hebron town cemetery.

¹“Autobiography of John Pulsipher,” from “A Short Sketch of the History of John Pulsipher,” reprinted 1970, copy in files of Jolene Allphin.

²Andrew Jenson, “Fort Supply,” *Improvement Era*, July 1921, quoted from Mormon Historic Sites Foundation website, 2006.

³See Gowans, Frederick Ross and Campbell, Eugene Edward, *Fort Supply: Brigham Young’s Green River Experiment*, Brigham Young University Publications, 1976.

⁴Pulsipher’s record is titled “A sketch of THE HISTORY OF A COMPANY OF ELDERS Sent by the church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints on the SHOSHONE MISSION 1855.” Excerpts used were transcribed by Jolene Allphin from Pulsipher’s handwritten record, with minor editing for clarity or readability. Available at Church History Library and DUP history files.

⁵Parley P. Pratt was a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. These elders were on their way east to serve missions. They were also mentioned in the journals of the Willie and Martin Handcart Company members.

⁶This is one example of the supporting mission of Ft. Supply.

⁷The late emigrating companies did not have their first snowstorm for 11 more days.

⁸George D. Grant’s advance rescue party went through the area during this time between Oct. 9th and 19th. They did not pass through Ft. Supply. This was not necessary as the main trail went through Ft. Bridger.

⁹This was a reference to the current strife regarding slavery issues in Kansas and Missouri, from where Smoot was returning.

(John Pulsipher - Page 5)

¹⁰This rescue was only for the Abraham O. Smoot wagon train, which was then at Green River. At that time, those at Ft. Supply appeared to be unaware of the late immigration farther east, i.e. the Willie, Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies.

¹¹Moroni Cole is James Cole's brother. M. Tracy is rescuer Moses Mosiah Tracy. See James Cole's biography included with Lucy Ward's of the Willie Company, and Mosiah Tracy's biography in Rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*. Another brother, John Cole, was also a rescuer.

¹²This seems to be the same express rider(s) who left the Willie Rescue Site on the 22nd of October, brought the message to Redick Allred at his South Pass camp on the 23rd, then continued on with his message, arriving at Ft. Supply on Oct. 27th. Thus, it had been five days since he had left the Willie Rescue Site. From the time the Willie Company left Iowa City on July 16th, up to the 22nd of October, the Willie Company journal records 35 total deaths (not 35 in the 5 days prior to October 22).

¹³This is Henry Weeks Sanderson. See biography in *Tell My Story, Too*.

¹⁴This is most likely John Cole, brother of James and Moroni Cole. John Cole is on the original roster of rescuers prepared by researcher Lyndia Carter for the LDS Church. Carter gave a copy of this roster to Laura Anderson on May 22, 2012. "J.Cole" would not have been James Cole for the following reasons: James Cole is not on any record of being at Ft. Supply prior to the rescue. He was with William H. Kimball and the advance rescue party under George D. Grant at the Willie Rescue Site. This advance rescue party had bypassed Ft. Supply as they headed east on the rescue. James may have left from Salt Lake City to travel with this group, or he may have been at Ft. Bridger when they came through and gone with them from there. James met Lucy Ward of the Willie Handcart Company for the first time at the Willie Rescue Site. He had seen Lucy wearing a fur hat and a green mantilla in a dream before arriving at the rescue site. He told William Kimball of his dream about his "future wife." Kimball replied, "We will see no beautiful girl with a fur cap and a green veil in these frozen Saints." However, as William was the first to notice Lucy on their arrival in the Willie camp, he said to James, "Brother Jim, there is your dream girl." James and Lucy were married at Ft. Bridger, less than 2 weeks later, on the return trip. As Lucy was too ill to travel, they stayed at Ft. Bridger and Ft. Supply through the winter. Other evidence indicating that "J. Cole" is John Cole, is that which suggests that John Cole and Mosiah Tracy were friends. They were the same age and had both been born in Far West, Missouri, where their parents were neighbors. Mosiah Tracy went to California after the rescue and was never heard from again. He would not have made this trip alone. The very complete genealogy records of the Cole family show no information about John Cole after 1856. There is no death date for him. I suspect he went to California with Mosiah Tracy. Another fact that lends credence to this opinion is that Moroni Cole moved his family to California a few years later. The last of Moroni's children were born in California and most of the family died there. Moroni may have gone to California partly to look for his lost brother. Lucy Ward's biographies state that Lucy wrote a history for the Cole family. Finding that history in the future may tell us more and whether these suppositions are valid.

¹⁵Brigham Young was recognized by rescuers and emigrants alike for his inspiration in calling out so much help for the beleaguered companies, weeks before they were caught in the cold, or their whereabouts were known. While waiting at Martin's Cove for the weather to moderate and wagons to be unloaded at Devil's Gate (Nov. 4-9), rescuer Harvey Cluff, said: "The situation was, indeed, very criticle. No power could save the people from death but that of God. To our rescue O Lord God Almighty seemed the fervent prayer constantly offered to our Heavenly Father. The carcass[es] of dead cattle were preserved in a frozen state from wolves for food for the people in case we should be winter bound; which really seemed inevatable. Over four hundred miles of mountainous country lay between the emigrants and their destined home in Utah where snow in winter frequently falls to a [depth] that stops all travel by teams. The only glimmer of hope that seemed to reconcile our feelings and that was the utmost confidence in President Brigham Young's inspiration that he would keep companies coming out to meet us and thereby keep the road opened. They knew, or least the boys from Utah knew, that president's foresight and excellent judgement would be sufficient to grasp the situation of the emigrants and their needs in such an inclement season and therefore teams and supplies would be forwarded train after train until the last Saint should arive safely in Zion. These relief companies following one after another and only but a few days apart would keep the road open, thus insuring the possibillity of our companies moving out as soon as they could leave Devil's Gate. Patience finally rewarded our hopes." Brigham Young issued private and public rescue calls continuously between October 4 and the first two weeks of December. However, on October 26th, the voice of the call from the pulpit was Heber C. Kimball. Wilford Woodruff recorded in his journal for that day that "President B Young was present [at a prayer meeting, but] he

(John Pulsipher - Page 6)

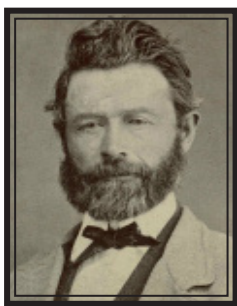
was unwell & did not attend meeting through the day.” Woodruff also noted the call given by Kimball: “President Kimball spoke in the power of God. At the Close of his remarks He Called for all the Horse teams in the City & Country to go into the Mountains & pick up the companies who were coming with hand Carts & bring them into the City. 115 Teams were raised in a few moments. All were to be prepared to start in the morning. They were to take grain to feed them with.”

¹⁶This refers to the previously mentioned express from the Willie Rescue Site, continuing past Ft. Supply to the valley.

¹⁷Isaac Bullock, president of the mission.

¹⁸This news likely came from Lewis Robison at Ft. Bridger. Robison had stopped most of those returning wagons and sent an express to Brigham Young seeking counsel. Most of this large group of rescue wagons had previously reached Ft. Bridger on November 2nd and assisted the Willie company who they met there. As they continued on with no word of the location of the Martin company, some began to fear and turned back. See biography of rescuer Anson Call in Allphin, *Tell My Story, Too*, for one group of wagons that did not turn back.

¹⁹Brigham Young’s first counsel to the Ft. Supply and Ft. Bridger settlements had been to keep the emigration there for the winter if possible or necessary. Lewis Robison, owner of Ft. Bridger and counselor in the mission presidency, sought further counsel from Brigham Young in a letter dated Nov. 27. (See biography for rescuer Lewis Robison in Allphin, *Tell My Story, Too*.) Robison realized they would be unable to support that many people through the winter. But Brigham Young had already continued to call for rescuers to go out and bring the people through the snow-packed mountains to the Salt Lake Valley. On Sunday, November 30, Brigham Young spoke from the Tabernacle. He announced that the Martin company would be arriving shortly and expounded on what their needs would be. At the end of his talk, he made another rousing rescue speech regarding those who would bring in the Hodgett and Hunt companies: “The two wagon companies still out we are sending for, and will supply flour to such as may have to tarry at Forts Bridger and Supply. We do not calculate to have the winter blast stop us; it cannot stop the Mormon Elders, for they have faith, wisdom and courage; they can perform that which no other men on the earth can perform.” (“Remarks,” *Deseret News* [Weekly], 10 Dec. 1856, 320. Remarks by President Brigham Young, Tabernacle, Nov. 30, 1856.)



Charles Pulsipher and William Zerach
Pulsipher
were also rescuers



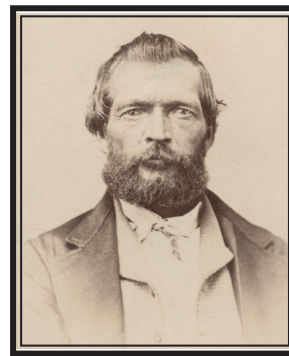
Fort Supply Historical Marker

LEWIS ROBISON

Born: July 17, 1827, in Spafford, Onondago, New York

Age: 29

Rescuer



On August 3, 1855, Lewis Robison purchased about 20 square miles of land which included Fort Bridger, in Green River County, Utah Territory, from Jim Bridger and his partner, Louis Vasquez. The price was \$8,000. As the new owner of Fort Bridger and a counselor in the mission presidency of the Shoshone Mission,¹ Lewis Robison played an important role in the 1856 rescue. Immigrants and rescuers alike passed this site on the trail.

Redick Allred, a rescuer belonging to the advance party led by Captain George D. Grant, left a record that tells of a few rescuers reaching his supply station at South Pass in early November. Some tried to get him to break camp and return to Salt Lake. Allred wrote:

I declined this proposition, and he said he would return. I advised him to stay for the lives of the company depended upon us. He then said that he moved that as I was President of the Station they center their faith in me that I should get the word of the Lord to know what we must do. To this I objected as he had already said what he would do. They returned next day. I sent a letter by them to the [rescue] companies on the road, for them to come on as fast as the condition of their teams would allow, <he failing to present the letter> but all the companies turned back with them until they got to “Bridger” where Lewis Robinson prevailed on them to stop until he could send a messenger to President Young, the result of which was to turn them all back again with instructions to go until they met Capt. Geo. Grant.

As rescue wagons were coming and going from October to December,² Lewis Robison continued to obtain and follow the counsel of Brigham Young. The original counsel from Brigham Young had been to keep the members of the Hodgett and Hunt wagon companies at Ft. Bridger and Ft. Supply through the winter. Although Brigham Young would soon change this counsel, Lewis Robison was willing to do as asked before he knew of that change. The following letter written to President Young, shows Lewis’s humility and obedience.

Fort Bridger Nov. 27th 1856

President Young

Dear Brother

This evening I received your communication by favor of Brother Spery & Foss & was glad to hear from you as I always feel grateful to hear from you. But I must think from the Counsel that you gave the companies, that you have not been rightly informed with regard to this situation & the amount of supplies on hand in this country. I think your informants must have been taking a little [opium?]. Before this reaches you, my communication by Brother Stringam will be there & you will know more of the situation of the back trains than you did when the Express started out & perhaps you may think best to change your present calculations & still take the Emigration in this Winter. I feel as I ever have to carry out your counsel in all things when I have it & when I have no counsel I grovel Blind & do the best I can. Brother John Harvey has just arrived today from the back trains & says that the trains will reach Green River tonight, that they intend to leave all the stock they can there, that their cattle are dying & giving out, from fifteen to 20 per day, & that they cannot reach here without more help & that they have had no Bread nor salt for several days. Three days ago I sent them 800 lbs which they will meet at Green River & today I have forwarded 1000 lbs more which will not be enough to do them here.

I have on hand 1000 lbs more that has been sent out for their supplies & that comprises the stock on hand. I cannot conceive what 4 or 5 hundred People can [spend?] to winter on in this country. You are aware that Fort Supply had to get their supplies from the valley & that they are very limited. They have no beef cattle, not even enough for their own consumption. As for vegetables, they might spare a few bushels perhaps & that is all they have to dispose of. As for this place, I only brought 3000 lbs of Flour from the valley the first of October & We have made a big hole in that. It takes no small quantity to supply a place like this. The few remaining Teams from Fort Supply left today

(Lewis Robison - Page 2)

to assist the companies on this far. It will be 6 or 8 days before our Brethren reach this place & then they will have to stop. And unless they have help from the valley they cannot Winter in this country.

We feel that we have done all that was in our Power thus far for our Brethren & still we feel to continue in well doing. May the Lord bless us all is the Prayer of your Brother in Christ. [signed] Lewis Robison
[Light editing for readability]

Sources: *Fast Rider on a Wild Wind: The Life and Times of Charlie F. Decker*, 181-83 (transaction documents on sale of Ft. Bridger); various Internet sites on Ft. Bridger; Jesse Haven Journal, in *Remember*, Riverton Wyoming Stake; Church History Library sources available: Journal of Redick Allred (film only); Diary of John Pulsipher; Lewis Robison letter (MS 1234 reel 48 box 23 fd 12).

¹The Shoshone Mission also included Fort Supply, which was about 12 miles south of Fort Bridger. The Church established Ft. Supply for its emigrants in 1853. It is located on the south side of Uinta Co. Rd. 274, about 3 miles southwest of Robertson, Wyoming. In 1856 and 1857 these areas were part of Utah Territory and under the governorship of Brigham Young. They were later surrendered in the settlement of the Utah War, and eventually became part of the State of Wyoming.

²The advance rescue teams from Salt Lake first reached Ft. Bridger on October 12. Supplies and wagons from Bridger were sent with them. Many of these helped bring in the Willie Handcart Company, which reached Bridger on November 2. Rescuer James B. Cole married Lucy Ward of the Willie company at Fort Bridger on that day.

³This same willingness to do whatever was necessary to help the immigrants in spite of the scanty supplies available was expressed by John Pulsipher, the clerk at Ft. Supply: “Nov. 11, Every man present was ready to start with all his teams & seem anxious to do all in their power to help them. It was proposed that we out of our scanty supply send them some feed to save their starving teams. ... Nov 27, Every man was wide awake to do something more to help them that are in trouble. ... About 400 persons are at Bridger without teams to go to the Valley & they are nearly out of provision & we have not the assistance for them. ... Dec. 7, As we were devising means for the support of this last co. of our emigration which we supposed would have to winter here, we all seemed willing to divide our scanty portion of bread with them & do as well for them as we do for ourselves—the news came that teams & flour were on the way to take them to the Valley.

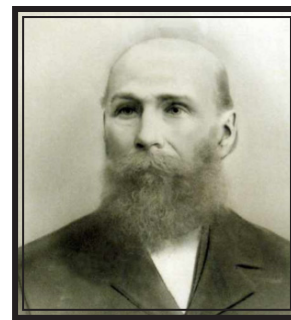
⁴When returning missionary, Jesse Haven, of the Hodgett wagon company came through, he recorded: “Took dinner with Brother Lewis Robinson, the brother that owns the fort.”

HENRY WEEKS SANDERSON

Born: 13 Mar 1829 Massachusetts

Age: 27

Rescuer



Henry spent most of his boyhood days in Connecticut, where his parents joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The family soon moved to Nauvoo to be with the Saints there. Henry recorded the persecution he suffered during this move:

It was a matter of surprise to me how it was that I could not stroll through a town or city during our emigration, without the boys getting into crowds and calling me a Mormon. That I cared nothing about, but frequently they would threaten me, and proceed to carry those threats into execution. Then there would be a row. If their numbers were considerable, being fleet of foot, and not fearing being overtaken by the best of them, I would keep them off with sticks and stones.

Henry also wrote about what the religious climate of the community was like in Connecticut before joining the Church:

My parents were strict sectarians of the Methodist persuasion. During my school days, there was what was termed a “revival” of the sect in our town; at which time they would congregate together some of their most ranting preachers, and exhort with such spirit and energy as to wake up the slothful and draw in new converts. Parents that were themselves believers, upon the occasion of which I am speaking, held out inducements to their children to go to the mourner’s bench and be prayed for, that they might be converted. They were taught to believe that if they were sincere, a change of heart would be experienced. ... Boys were hired in various ways to go to the mourner’s bench. Some receiving new suits of clothes, and others, other kinds of presents. But as for myself, I was naturally of a religious turn of mind, and had no other thought than that the sect that my parents belonged to was the right one. It needed but little persuasion to induce me to try and get religion. I, therefore, went three nights in succession to the mourner’s bench and strove as earnestly as was possible for me to do, fully believing that to obtain religion was essential to my salvation. And that if I failed, I would be destined to welter an eternity of ages in Hell. But all my exertions were in vain, as I experienced no change, and could not act the hypocrite. ... But upon observation, I noticed that it seemed an easy matter for some of the really mean boys of the place to get religion. Since I could perceive no change in their conduct, I finally came to the conclusion that those boys acted the hypocrite. ... I still attended meetings and Sunday Schools and made a practice of reciting whole chapters from the Bible at each school. But I made no more endeavors to obtain religion.

The year 1856 found Henry married and living at Fort Supply, which was then in Utah Territory. He wrote a little of the sacrifice required to move there:

I had been punctual in paying my produce tithing, but had been charged \$47.00 a year on labor tithing, that being the rule with parties that did not till twenty-five acres of land. I had embraced every opportunity to keep it up by labor, hauling hay, etc. in to Salt Lake City, but I continued behind. I turned in my house and lot to square up. I sold my land for a span of ponies and harness and, I think, a cow and started for Fort Supply. ... The Spring of 1854 ... I put in a small crop that season. Snow storms came onto it before it was harvested. The wheat was frostbitten but we were compelled to make bread of it. It was better in mush than in bread as it could not be cooked in any manner but what it would be sticky.

Two years later, Henry made another sacrifice:

I [went] back on the road to help the handcart company, the one that was so belated and suffered much. One of my horses generally objected to doing much pulling. When I met the company the loads from several handcarts were loaded into my wagon, filling it to the top of the box. The carts were lashed to the rear of the wagon. Then as many persons as could sit comfortably got onto the load, leaving no place for me except on the edge of the front end gate, which I never used except in crossing streams. People were surprised at the way my team would pull. I was somewhat surprised myself because of the one horse before mentioned. Another thing that surprised me was to find that the women of the handcart company had endured the hardships better than the men.

Henry wrote the following poem: Our Father has concluded, our integrity to try / To see if we will qualify to inherit realms on high. / He, therefore, does behoove us to continue staunch and true, / Remembering what the enemy caused our Savior to pass through. / He has, no doubt, reward received, with other faithful ones. / A crown awaits us also, but first a crown of thorns. / Then, and if we prove faithful, a crown we’ll surely wear, / And look back with modest pride on what we passed through here.

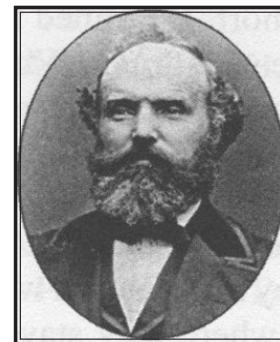
Source: “Autobiography of Henry W. Sanderson,” 1884.

CHARLES SANSOM

Born: April 16, 1826 Forest Green, Gloucestershire, England

Age: 30

Rescuer



When Charles was only six years of age, his father was killed by being knocked down and run over by a heavily loaded wagon. Charles attended school for a few years and then worked as an errand boy to help support his family. Later he worked in a woolen factory, but his greatest restless desire was to be a sailor and travel, which he attempted a few times but was unsuccessful. He also tried to join the army but was one half inch too short. He felt that some power was holding him from going abroad. He recorded: "I had to give that project up. ... About this time I joined the Temperance Society, not because I was fond of intoxicating liquors for I did not like them, but for an excuse to keep out of the company of young men who were in the habit of going to these places where intoxicating liquor was sold. I kept the pledge faithfully."

In 1844 Charles met a young Mormon girl, Pamela Knight, and went with her to "hear the Mormons preach." He wrote, "I was soon convinced of the truths of the doctrine they taught. I received the glad news with a joyful heart. ... I was baptized at Avening, January 3, 1845, and confirmed at Chalford by Brother Webb. ... I had joined the Church for the love of its principles and it was truly a happy time for me to realize that I was living at a time when the true gospel was again on the earth; when apostles and prophets and the gifts of the gospel had been restored. I used to wish I had lived in the days of the Savior and his apostles."

Charles married Susannah Hartle on Oct. 31, 1847. Together they emigrated, going as far as New Orleans where cholera was raging in 1848. They later arrived in St. Louis the day after a "great fire which burned up 23 steam boats and about one-third of the business part of the city." After the fire, the cholera broke out again. Over 1000 died in one week, including many Latter-day Saints. Susannah died there of this disease in 1851. A short while after her death, she appeared to Charles in the night and comforted him.

Charles remarried a woman named Margrett Jones or Wilkinson, but he soon surmised that she had purposely misled him and had no intentions of going to Utah. She and a friend went back to England. Charles wrote:

I readily furnished her the means to go with and she started with the idea that she could induce me to follow, but my face was set westward and as soon as the spring opened [in 1852], I set out for the Valley. ... When we arrived at South Pass, 225 miles from the Valley, I decided to leave our company, take some bread and a blanket and walk ahead into the Valley. In company with two others we started out and reached the Valley in about nine days. Our train got in about seven days after. We found it very cold sleeping out where night would overtake us. The last night out we slept on the top of the big mountain. ... I arrived in the city without a cent, having lost what little I did have while sleeping on the ground with my clothes on. ... On Wednesday following I procured a fine yoke of cattle ... then two hind wheels of a wagon with a pole out of a fence for a tongue and loaded up with potatoes, mellons, cucumbers, onions, and beets ... and 50 pounds of flour ... and some dried mutton ... and started back on the road to meet my wagon and the family [Peck] with whom I had traveled. I started back alone, but met lots of our folks as they came along in a scattered condition, it not being convenient to keep a large company together after getting into the mountains. As I went along I distributed some potatoes and mellons to some of my acquaintances and well pleased they were with the treat. I traveled back as far as the Weber River and learned that my team would be along to camp there at night. I returned my cattle out and waited as our wagon hove in sight; it looked like a ship dismantled, they having had an upset that day and broke the bow. As soon as Sister Peck saw me she came bounding along nearly jumping over the sagebrush, so pleased was she to see me again with a fresh yoke of cattle and provisions ... out of which they made a feast that night.

Charles married Mary Ann Lewis in 1853 and worked hard at whatever work he could find. He belonged to Captain Ballo's Brass Band for twenty years. He also played many years in the Salt Lake Theater.

(Charles Sansom - Page 2)

The next few years were difficult, culminating in a severe winter in 1855-56. Charles was able to save his cow by “going up to the mountain and gathering the dead grass from bare spots here and there and then going down into the willows and cutting off the tender tops. ... Bread stuffs were very scarce and many suffered for the want of it. Myself with many others dug roots to eat, and one occasion I had gathered a lot of poison ones and was cooking them when by my wife tasting to see if the mess was properly seasoned she found out that something was wrong. By inquiry discovered that I had gathered a mess of poison segos.” The whole meal was thrown out and there was nothing left for dinner that night. Charles, being quite a joker, wrote a sign and put it on their door. It read, “One hearty appetite for sale.”

From Charles’ journal, we learn of his experience in rescuing the late companies:

This season some of our emigration started very late and many came with hand carts across the plains and were caught in the snows while they were yet 300 miles from the valley and a call was made for teams to go out and help them. In response to this call, over two hundred horse and mule teams went out, some went as far as the Sweetwater. I volunteered to go and on November 11th I left North Ogden with a four-horse team well loaded with horse feed. In Salt Lake City I met with President Brigham Young. He told me not to hurry my team but try and have them in as good condition as I could to come back with, so as to be able to do more good than I would be with a used up team.

When I got to Fort Bridger the orders were that we need not go any further as the belated companies [Martin, Hodgett, Hunt at this time] would be there in a day or two. But having a good team and Fort Bridger being a very cold place to stay, myself in company with one other good team concluded to go on until we met them, so we partly unloaded our wagons and taking along with us some flour and salt, we put out for Green River where we arrived in time to see the Company coming in. All the hand carts had been left behind, many of the folks were frozen and their cries as they came straggling in late, cold and hungry were enough to make the stoutest heart ache, what with their frozen limbs and haggard looks, for they had been suffering for food and the dirty, neglected appearance of most of the company were sights long to be remembered, but still many were happy under it all. Their songs would ascend every night around their campfires, surrounded by snow and many acknowledged us to be their saviors. I made myself useful in building fires and carrying wood and water for them until after midnight, until some of my brethren advised me to quit it or I would use myself up.

On arriving at Green River I drove into the river and got about half way across when the animals would pull the wagon no further and another team was sent to unload the flour. The wagon remained in the river all night. I started back in the morning with 8 or 10 passengers and a chest belonging to Ed Martin. I frequently scraped the snow to one side with a tin plate and made my bed on the ground. Two or three would sleep together, but we had no tent. There were tents for the emigrants which the teamsters would fix up; and then get some wood for their fires. After that the teamsters would fix for themselves. Large fires were built and the brethren from the valley would go around and administer to the sick and lame, but the majority of them felt safe in the care of those who had come out to help them. The brethren who went out as teamsters were a jolly lot and did their best to make things pleasant for their passengers.

The last night out before reaching the city was the worst. We camped in Killion’s Canyon where there was no chance to put up tents and no place to turn out our teams. We had to tie our animals to the wagons and had nothing to feed them. The snow and sleet came down lively and the wind blew. The passengers had to huddle into the wagons and sit up all night. In the morning we made as early a start as we could and arrived in Salt Lake City at the head of Main Street about 11:30 a.m. This was Sunday and the last day of November. President Brigham Young dismissed the morning meeting as soon as he heard of the arrival on Main Street. Thousands flocked around our wagons to welcome their friends and to offer homes to the destitute and in less than two hours all were provided for. I stayed with my wife’s father that night and next morning left for North Ogden. My team being tired we took two days to reach home. I felt truly thankful to my Heavenly Father that I was permitted to be at home again after such a perilous trip in the winter. I was out 21 days and it snowed every day.

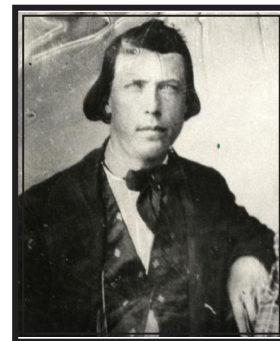
In 1873-74 Charles filled a successful mission to England. His daughter, Elizabeth Barnes, said “It took a pound of butter to redeem a letter from England” at this time.

In *Biographical Encyclopedia*, “Salt Lake Stake of Zion,” Andrew Jenson concluded his article on Charles Sansom by quoting him, saying Charles hoped to “live to see the day when the Saints shall enjoy their rights and the wicked cease to rule over them.”

Sources: Journal of Charles Sansom, LDS Family History Library; Daughters of Utah Pioneers files; Biographical Encyclopedia, as listed.

JOSEPH MARCELLUS SIMMONS

Born: 1834 <East Rochester, Columbiana, Ohio>
 Age: 22
 Rescuer



Joseph Simmons wrote a letter to Horace K. Whitney six days before bringing the Martin Handcart Company into the Salt Lake Valley:

[Martin] Handcart Company Camp
 on Muddy 12 miles from Bridger
 Nov 24th 1856

Bro Horace

As some of our Company start for the City tomorrow morning I improve the opportunity by writing you a few scrawls. I am sitting not on the stile Mary but on a sack of oats with the paper on my knee, by the side of a blazing camp fire, surrounded by some eight hundred persons. One old lady lay dead within twenty feet of me, babies crying, some singing, some praying, &c, &c, but among all this I feel to rejoice for the hand of the Lord has been continually with us. Almost every day angry storms arise very threatenng and judging from their appearance one would think that we should be unable to withstand the tempest, but the prayers of the holy men of God are heard. The clouds divide to the right and left, letting the saints pass through in safty. The suffering of the camp from frozen feet and various other causes I will not attempt to describe. Suffice to say, bad, bad, bad. The boys, including your humble servant, are all enjoying the blessing of health, lonely in their feelings, and doing all in their power to make the saints comfortable. We have some seventy waggons, divided into six divisions one captain appointed over each, but all make one camp at night. We intend reaching the valley next Saturday [November 29], but this calculation is founded upon the faith of our heavenly Father being continually with us, staying the storms as in the past, for without the help of high heaven, we should have been snow bound in the mountains long ago. ... Bro Burton is writing to Bro Brigham and will probably present more fully the situation of the camp. At all events this is all you will get from me this time. Give my love to everybody.

May our heavenly Father bless Bros Brigham, Heber, Jedediah all the saints throughout the world & all honest hearted people.

Your devoted friend J M Simmons

[In margin: John Whitney says he is all right except frosted toes.]

Source: Bartholomew, Rebecca and Arrington, Leonard J, *Rescue of the 1856 Handcart Companies*, 35-36.

WILLIAM “BURT” SIMMONS



Born: April 2, 1799 Westmoreland, Cheshire, New Hampshire

Age: 57

Rescue Party

Mary Taylor Upton (Simmons)

William Burton Simmons always had the fond hope that he would be among the chosen to go back and inhabit Missouri as it had been prophesied. He was present and heard the prophet Joseph Smith say that this people would also walk the streets of “Nauvoo the Beautiful” again in peace and safety. Burt had the personal conviction that he would return to those beautiful lands and he prepared himself both spiritually and materially, hoping the great gathering event would come in his lifetime. Burt set aside funds, a new stout carriage, and the best of harnesses, horses and ample provisions. He built a special shed in which to store his carriage and provisions from the elements. He would check his “Back to Missouri Equipment” on occasion to make sure that it was in the best of order. He would put his carriage in a stream of water so that the spokes in the wheels would tighten. He would putter, re-paint and repair; and do what was necessary to keep everything in top condition for the expected and anticipated journey. When his old wagon wore out, Burt would use the stored wagon or provisions and buy new equipment for storage. Always the newest and best were stored and he kept rotating these things for years. “Always the best for Missouri” was his oft-repeated slogan. The same was true for his horses. He always kept the best of animals in good shape so that they could make a hurried trip. He always kept them well shod, grained and groomed, and in the best condition.

Some folks gossiped and made jokes about Brother Simmons’s team and stored provisions. When asked if he was doing it all for naught, he always replied, “I heard the Prophet’s voice and I am ready!” Sometimes, on very special occasions, Burt would use his prized animals and wagon, but for the most part, they simply stood at ready.

In the Fall of 1856, Brigham Young issued the call for rescuers for the late companies still on the Plains. One of Burt’s grandchildren wrote: “To Grandpa Simmons, the plight of the handcart companies held special concern. He had experienced the open plains which provided no protection from the bitter cold and driving snow. His cattle had frozen to death as he and his family had huddled together in blankets lying in the bed of their wagon with the scant protection of canvas between them and the storm as they awaited the expiration of the ferocious wind and snow. . . . In response to the promptings of the Spirit, and knowing he was prepared and had the ability and capacity for service, he volunteered at Brigham Young’s call and was one of the first wagons to leave, getting underway before ‘the Salt Lake Boys.’”¹

Burt met a young woman by the name of Mary Taylor Upton with the Martin company. (See her story in Martin section of *Tell My Story, Too*.) Her husband and parents had died along the trail. She and Burt were married March 15, 1857. They became the parents of five children before Burt’s death in 1866. Mary told her children that “William Burt Simmons had a wonderful farm. He came into the valley in 1850. . . . He had respiratory problems because of his sacrifice he made in the rescue party. He had his ‘Going Back to Missouri’ Team and was able to say ‘I’m ready.’”

¹The core of the rescue parties was drawn from the local militia. In 1856, the militia seemed to be organized in two general large divisions, the one commonly known as the “Salt Lake Boys” and the other as the “Valley Boys” to which William Burt belonged. The Salt Lake Boys were looked down on by the Valley Boys since they were generally thought to lack the strength, natural ability and constitution of the Valley Boys. It may have been a friendly jealousy of an assumed special status of the Salt Lake Boys, since many of them were sons of Church leaders.

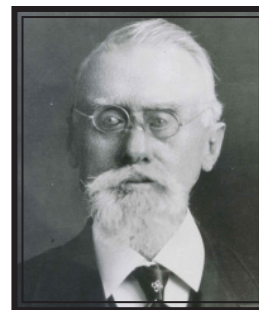
Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files for Mary Taylor Upton Simmons Robinson; familysearch.org; files of Jolene Allphin: “The Handcart Rescue,” chapter 5, unknown book, 95-111; “A Sketch of the Life of Mary Taylor,” by Cleo Jones Johnson; “My Grandmother Robinson” by Dora Simmons Rasmussen; “Interview with Bro. Fretwell (Elaine Lewis’s Father) March 1994,” transcript by unknown author; Bangerter, Howard and Lissa, “A Rescuer and his Rescued Bride,” fireside presentation;

HIRAM THERON SPENCER

Born: 13 November 1835 West Stock Bridge, Massachusetts

Age: 21

Rescuer



Hiram T. Spencer knew a lot of heartache in his young life. His mother died in 1838, when Hiram was only three years old. His father moved the family of eight children to Nauvoo shortly thereafter. Hiram's narrative of the family's expulsion from Nauvoo, his father's subsequent death when Hiram was only ten years old, and some early experiences in the Salt Lake Valley, gives some indication of his expertise and preparation to participate in the rescue of 1856:

Father bought a place near the public square of Nauvoo, and here he built a house and some barns, and then he bought a farm eight miles from there where we lived during the summer and when winter came we moved back into the city. Father worked on the Nauvoo temple while we lived in Nauvoo. He was in charge of rock hauling. I was well acquainted with Joseph Smith, the prophet, because he visited at our home quite often, and whenever there were parades or any public entertainments on the square, he used to sit on our porch while they were performing. . . . We lived in Nauvoo until the spring of 1846 when we were driven out by the mob. We had to leave all of our possessions except what we could put in our wagon. . . . and we had to cross the Mississippi on ice.

Father had two wagons for his family and children, and Uncle Daniel Spencer¹ with his wife and three children had two wagons but Uncle Orson Spencer who was away on a mission to England, had a family of six and they only had one 3-inch wagon and only one horse . . . to pull it. There was Orson's wife, Aunt Catherine Curtis and her children and Aunt Catherine was so sick she had to be carried from her bed in the house and placed in the wagon. The horse that was hitched to this wagon was balky and refused to go unless someone rode him. They didn't have a boy old enough, so I had to ride him every day, keeping right behind my father's wagon. The road through the county then was very bad and the wagon would get stuck. . . . When we made camp at night the men would cut limbs from the trees and lay them down on the ground to hold the beds up out of the mud and water. . . .

My uncle Orson's wife died after we had traveled for about three weeks and they had to take her back to Nauvoo for burial. . . . While they were in Nauvoo they got some supplies and father bought some more cattle and then took the ones he had left before, he had about fifty head altogether, and started back to join the saints. The cattle he bought was pay he received for some of his land he had sold. They got word that the mob was following them to get their cattle. The ice over the river was broken now, and they were afraid if they tried to cross the ferry they would meet the mob, so they went up the river about fifteen miles and there they could cross the river on another ferry. They had to travel day and night to keep away from the mob and this was very tiring, and because of the cold weather and being in the open so much, father caught a severe cold and died on the trail, just after his companions had taken him down from his horse, and laid him at the side of the road. His body was brought to Mount Pisgah or Garden Grove. We had only been on our way about one month when my sister, Daniel Spencer's wife, Mary, died. During her illness she had a bed of limbs off the trees, this helped to keep her out of the mud and water, and during this time because of a severe rain storm we had to hold two umbrellas over her to shelter her from the rain. She was thirty years old at the time of her death. . . .

In the fall of 1846 while living at Winter Quarters, uncle Daniel Spencer married my stepmother, Emily Thompson Spencer. We built log houses to live in during the winter. Part of the men went back to Missouri to work, splitting rails and earning provisions for the people in the fort. It was such a hard winter that lots of the cattle and horses died because of the lack of feed. The next spring when the people could get cattle and horses enough to pull their wagons they started westward. A great many could not come because they did not have the means to buy cattle, so they had to lay over at Winter Quarters that season. My uncle and his family and also our family were able to start west. President Brigham Young and some of the saints had gone on ahead of the rest of us. Some other boys and myself had to drive loose cattle, walking most of the time behind the train of wagons. . . .

[After arriving in Salt Lake] that fall they killed the fattest of the cattle that could be spared and the hides were put up on poles to help shelter the other cattle. They took an estimate of the flour and other provisions they had after it had all been gathered in, in the fall, and they found there was only about one and a half pound allotted to each person per day. These provisions ran short before more could be secured in the spring and all of the hides that had been put up to shelter the cattle were taken down and scraped off and cooked and eaten before the next spring.

In the fall of 1848, Hiram had a serious accident that cracked his skull, leaving some of his brain exposed, broke his jaw in four places, and knocked his eyes out of their sockets. A doctor saw

(Hiram T. Spencer - Page 2)

him, but said it was not possible for Hiram to live. Brigham Young was nearby. He told the doctor to attend to the boy, that he was going to live longer than the doctor.

[The doctor] dressed my wounds and then President Young, uncle Daniel and Brother Rich administered to me. [In President Young's] prayer he said that I should live and have my eyesight and my senses and that I should be able to do a great work. I was unconscious at the time and didn't know what was done or said, but my sisters told me about it after I got better. I was laid up six or eight months. . . .

In the winter of 1856 the handcart company got snowed in near Devil's Gate on the Sweet Water. I left here [Salt Lake City] with others taking four horse teams and wagons loaded with provisions down to meet the saints. I drove one of the wagons that met them on the three crossing on the Sweet Water [on November 12]. The people were so worn out and frozen that they were like dumb animals and after the fire was made we had to watch them so they would not walk right into the fires. We had to go back along the trail four or five miles to get those that weren't strong enough to walk into camp. They were but frozen and starving. We traveled with them until they reached the valley.

When we started home from Devil's Gate the Indians stole 35 head of our horses and mules. Gib Spencer and a man from San Pete and myself followed them all day going north from Devil's Gate.² When we came to a creek we were close enough to them that the water hadn't cleared since they rode through. Just over the creek the tracks split and went to the right and left. We decided to go and see what would happen, so we went down the canyon to Powder River and then turned and started back. We were eighty or ninety miles from camp and it was dark and we didn't know the way. It was near midnight and we thought it best to stop for the night. We staked the horses and then laid down with our heads to the direction we thought we ought to travel next morning. I was nearest the right direction. There were only two saddles for our three horses and I had to ride bareback all but about ten miles back to camp. The next spring the Indian agent made the Indians give nearly all of the horses back to Porter Rockwell for us. We learned then that the Indians had separated at the creek so as to set a trap for us, and had we gone back that night it would have meant trouble because they were waiting for us.³

Hiram married Mary Barr Young four months after returning from the rescue. He was present in Cottonwood Canyon at the 24th of July celebration of 1857 when Brigham Young was notified "that two thousand government soldiers were marching toward Utah." The following excerpts contain a few of many things Hiram recorded about his participation in the Utah War.

President Young called the people together and told them not to worry or get excited because they would never be driven away from their homes again. The next day we all came back to Salt Lake and that night Brother Young called Robert Burton and Squire Wells to his office and told them to get fifty men and to go back to meet the soldiers and watch them until they found out what the soldiers intended to do. It took two days for them to get their men and for them to fix up their provisions. I was one of the men that went. We met the soldiers as they were making their last crossing over the Platte River. On the head wagon of each train there was a pole fixed forming a cross and from this hung a rope, below was written: "Hang Brigham Young, Heber Kimball and all of the leaders." The next day Robert Burton wrote a note and left it in the road for the soldiers. It said: "Take down those poles or they will be taken down." And the soldiers that day took down all of those poles from their wagons. We used to go into the soldier's camp and pass ourselves off as the men that guarded their horses and we would get in line and walk past the tables and would get something to eat, then we would go over by the officers' camp and hear what their plans were for the next day. We would take this word back to Robert Burton and he would write it on paper and leave it fastened to a stick in the road for the soldiers to get. They wondered how we knew their plans but they could never tell.

In 1852, Hiram farmed an area known as "Spencer Springs." The first school in this area that was eventually named "Magna" was taught in Hiram's home by his daughter, Emma.

¹ "Daniel Spencer had earlier served as mayor of Nauvoo. After the exodus from Nauvoo in 1846, he served as a bishop of one of the wards in Winter Quarters. During the journey to the Salt Lake Valley in 1847, he had been president of two companies of 50." (Olsen, *The Price We Paid*, 55.) In 1856, Elder Daniel Spencer was returning from a four-year mission in England, when he was appointed to be in charge of the emigration in Iowa City.

² This is a reference to Gilbert Henry Van Schoonhoven, who was an assistant captain to John Hunt's wagon company. He traveled under the name of Gilbert Spencer. He was a foster son of Daniel Spencer. (Anderson, research; see also Jones, *40 Years Among the Indians*, 45.)

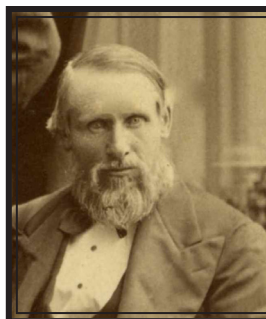
³ When Hiram Spencer met the Martin company at Three Crossings, they were already three days travel west of Devil's Gate, so it is unclear where this horse-theft event actually happened. The Three Crossings area is also sometimes referred to as Rocky Ridges, but is not "The" Rocky Ridge nearly 50 miles west of Three Crossings.

THOMAS STEED

Born: December 13, 1826 in England

Age: 29

Rescuer



Thomas and Mary Elizabeth Bailey Steed

Thomas Steed wrote of his participation in the rescue: In the latter part of October, 1856, with a number of others, I started on the road to meet the handcart Companies. It was late in the season and we had a pretty rough time. We met the first Company [Willie] one day's drive east of Fort Bridger. [November 2] The sight I shall never forget; they looked like Indians from afar. They had encountered a severe snowstorm down on the Sweet Water, a most bitter cold to endure; in consequence a great many laid down their bodies to rest in death, worn out with the toils and hardships of the journey and many other were frost bitten very bad. I could not refrain from tears when I beheld the scene that surrounded me.

Here I met my niece, Sarah E. Steed, my brother John's only child; I had sent for her from England. Thanks to the mercy of Providence she was in good health, although a lame girl, aged about 20 years. With them was also Brother John Bailey, whom I had known in England, and his daughter, Mary Elizabeth, who later became my second wife. Brother Bailey was so severely frostbitten that his daughter had to carry him. I calculated to return with these to the Valley. I had come for that very purpose; but there was another Company farther back and Brother Wm. Kimball, who was in charge of the [Willie] teams, wished me to let others take care of my friends and accompany the teamsters who went after the last Company. We wept together when I had to tell them of that decision. My poor friend Bailey died in arriving to Salt Lake. [John's wife, Elizabeth Bailey, had died October 24. She was buried with 12 or 13 others in the common grave at Rock Creek.]

We traveled on until we came to the last crossing of the Big Sandy, going East, but could not see nor hear from them. Here we had a very severe snow storm and concluded to send two men down to the Sweet Water to see if any intelligence could be obtained; but the storm was so violent that the two men returned at night to us. Capt. Amussen concluded to fall back unto Green River where about 50 teams were stopping. In the morning Van Cott and C. Spencer started back for the Valley; the rest followed until we were as far as Fort Bridger and here halted for a few days, waiting to see if we could hear from the Company. In four days an express arrived, telling that those people were down at the Sweet Water. We harnessed up and started and met them about ten miles East of the Pacific Springs. They were in a very sad condition; a great many badly frozen. We used all the care and attention we could to make them as comfortable as possible. My only blanket I gave to a sick girl to keep her warm. We made good headway towards the Valley and arrived on the 30th of November, thankful that the Lord had brought us safely through the cold and snow to our families.

The winter set in pretty severe. I froze one of my feet in going to town with a load of tithing hay. My [first] wife Laura knew what to do for me: "Stay out of the kitchen; I will bring a bucket of cold water from the spring to put your foot in." That was done, and a piece of ice just the shape of my boot formed on that cold water; the circulation of the blood was re-established and my life saved. ...

Mary Elizabeth Bailey, my second wife, was born at Leigh, Worcester, Eng., 29 Dec., 1838; she was the mother of James John Steed, her only child; she died at Farmington, 12th of May, 1876, while I was on a mission in New Zealand. Then Laura took care of [James John] as tenderly as of the other children. John Bailey, father of Betsy, was born 7th April, 1804, in Eng., and died of the hardships endured in the Hand Cart Company, on his arrival in Salt Lake the 9th Nov., 1856.

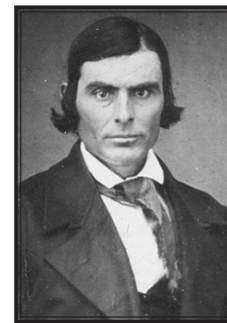
Sources: *The Life of Thomas Steed from His Own Diary 1826-1910*, presented to the Church Historian's Office, August 12, 1935, by Cecelia G. Steed. (More of Thomas Steed's diary will be transcribed at tellmystorytoo.com. Parts of Thomas Steed's diary were included in Journal History of the Church for 1856, but some errors were introduced. For instance: Thomas wrote that his niece, Sarah E. Steed, "was in good health, although a lame girl." Journal history records: "she was in good health, although a lone girl." Of his having to leave his niece and the Bailey family to find the Martin Company, Thomas wrote: "Brother Wm. Kimball, who was in charge of the teams, wished me to let others take care of my friends and accompany the teamsters who went after the last Company. We wept together when I had to tell them of that decision. My poor friend Bailey died in arriving to Salt Lake." Journal history records: "Brother William Kimball, who was in charge of the teams, wished me to let others take care of my friends and accompany the teamsters who went after the last company. We wept together when I told them my poor friend Bailey died in arriving to Salt Lake."); "Mary Elizabeth Bailey Steed," Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files.

HOSEA STOUT

Born: September 18, 1810, Mercer County, Kentucky

Age: 46

Rescuer



Hosea Stout kept an important diary that chronicles the history of church, civic and government activities in Utah and the States and Territories of his day. He was a trusted militia officer in Illinois and Utah. He served as attorney general in Utah and as president of the house of the Utah Territorial Legislature. He wrote many interesting details about the proceedings of that legislative assembly and his court cases as an attorney.

Most of this biographical sketch for *Tell My Story, Too* contains excerpts from Hosea's diary during the weeks covering the rescue of the late 1856 pioneer companies to Utah. Juanita Brooks, as editor of Hosea Stout's diary,¹ wrote the following introduction to his life:

Hosea Stout was born September 18, 1810, in Mercer County, then the backwoods of Kentucky. His parents, Joseph Stout and Anna Smith, were first cousins, their mothers being sisters. Hosea was the eighth of twelve children, five of whom died young. By 1814 poor health and poverty had forced his parents to place Hosea and his four sisters in a Shaker home, where, with other unfortunate or orphaned children, they were provided with food, clothing, shelter, and education. Here Hosea was kept with the boys and given a rigid schedule of training, entirely removed from all association with his parents or sisters.

After nearly four years of living with the Shakers, Hosea was afraid of his father and so terrified at the thought of going home that he had to be taken by force. He soon adjusted, however, and had a normal home life until his fourteenth year, when his mother died. After that time he supported himself by doing farm work under one master or another, attending school whenever possible, and managing for himself as best he could.

In the face of great difficulty, Hosea did get a fair education for that time and place; at twenty-two he secured a position teaching school. . . . On the 25th day of August [1838], he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Charles C. Rich.

The following excerpts from Hosea's diary paint a picture of some of the challenges the Saints in Utah were facing as the 1856 immigration was beginning to take shape. It also chronicles Hosea's participation in the late 1856 rescue:

Saturday 1 March 1856. ... The Cal[ifornia] mail arrived but not much news more then the good people of Kansas were killing each other, on the quarrel for and against the [slaves]. ...

Monday 10 March 1856. There is a great scarcity of bread now in all the valleys and nearly every body are living on rations who are lucky enough to have any meal or flour. Today my family commenced on their allowance which is two pounds of flour and one pound of meal for the whole family consisting of seven persons. This is a scant portion considering that we have so many comers amounting to more than one constant boarder. Potatoes are also very scarce[,] in fact there is none in market.

Thursday 28 Aug 1856. The Eastern mail came in this evening The news unimportant Prospect dull for Utah to be admitted into the union Great excitement at Washington to see who will be next president. Dis-union rife. Kansas question warm

Friday 26 Sept 1856. To day the Hand Cart Company of saints arrived under the direction of E. Ellsworth and D.D. Mc Arthur The company was escorted in by Prest Young and a large concourse of Saints who met them in Emmigration Kanyon with a treat of melons, fruits and vegetables The[y] marched in good order & fine Spirits and seemed to be happy and in excellent health They have drawn their Carts from Iowa City a distance of 1300 miles. Thus men women & children young & old have been their own teams and performed this long journey far out travelling ox trains without incurring the expense for an outfit which would have taken them years of harder labor to procure than thus coming in Carts. This is a new and improved method of crossing the plains

Saturday 4 Oct 1856. On the second inst [Oct] elder Bunker's company of Hand Carts arrived To day 12 Elders returned home from different missions. G.D. Grant F D Richards Furgerson Jos A Young &c among the number They bring news that the Cheyennes have killed several apostate mormons returning to the states, and attacted Mr

(Hosea Stout - Page 2)

A.W. Babbitt's Train of goods killed several of his teamsters and himself is missing and supposed to be killed.

Monday 13 Oct 1856. To day President B. Young, H.C. Kimball, J.M. Grant and D.H Wells and several others started to Bridger to make a visit to the Shoshone Indians and to see and visit the brethren at [Ft.] Supply. And meet the immigration They expect to be absent some three weeks ...

Tuesday 11 Nov 1856. An express came in from Fort Bridger to the effect that C.N. Spencer & John Van Cott having been to the Sweet Water and haring nothing of the last train of Hand Carts had returned and returning had caused all the teams which had gone on the road to help them in[,] in all 77 teams which had arrived at Bridger and was now only waiting word from prest Young This news was very unexpected as the Hand Cart Company was in a suffering condition being beyond the south pass and destitute of clothing and provisions Immediately upon receiving the news the president sent W.H. Kimball, Joseph Simmons[,] James Furgerson & myself as an express to go and turn the teams East again and for us to find where the Hand cart company was, according we started about Sun Set and went to John Killians about 5 miles up emigration Kanyon where we staid all night

Wednesday 12 Nov 1856. Started this morning and after crossing the Big mountain we met Van Cott coming home about 200 yards from the top of the Mountain spencer having gone home in the night. Van Cott justified himself for returning and abandoning the Hand Cart company as he could get no information of them and had concluded they had returned to the states, or Stopt at Laramie, been killed by the Indians or other wise gone to the devil and for him to have gone further was only to loose his team and starve to death himself & do no good after all and as for G.D. Grant and those with him who had gone to meet them they had probably stoped at Ft. Larimie. So on these vague conclusions he had not only turned back but had caused all the rest of the teams to return and thus leave the poor suffering Hand carters to their fate.

Br. Kimball reprimanded him severely for his course and after hearing the President's letter he turned back and went with us. when proceeding a but a little ways our Wagon tire broke and we had to leave it & put our loading in Van's wagon went on to within about 8 miles of Weber we met Jos A. Young and John [Abel] Garr returning from the H. Cart company which was left at the Devils Gate in a suffering condition and here we met another team which we turned back and camped some 3 miles further on with Smoots company & Gilbert & Gerrish's train of goods all oxen. Snow here some five or six inches deep.

Saturday 15 Nov 1856. Arrived at Bridger about noon, staid four hours, took dinner had a beef killed and sent on to the company.

Here we learned to our surprise that the Ogden Company of some 15 or 20 waggons who after learning the whereabouts of the H. Carts some 4 days since were still tying up 15 miles below. We started on and arrived at the Ogden Company's camp at dark when they also started and we all went to Ham's Fork 30 miles from Bridger

Sunday 16 Nov 1856. Went on overtaking several ox teams and advised them to lay up at Green River until further orders also some horse teams who proceeded with us. Camped at Big Sandy with several teams from Centerville and a large number of oxen from Fort Supply, all who were hurrying on to meet & relieve the H. Carts

Monday 17 Nov 1856. Camped on Little Sandy here we found one team loaded with provisions. Our train now began to look quite large being some 30 wagons.

Tuesday 18 Nov 1856. The weather which had been clear and pleasant ever since I left home began to be cloudy and after noon comenced to snow and blow hard from the North. We overtook another team at Pacific Creek. When travelling on fastly we arrived at the Station on Sweat Water² just before night, the rest of the teams coming in shortly afterward. Here we met the advance of the Hand Cart Company who informed us that the company would be here to night. Several teams were dispatched to meet them and help them in Soon they began to come in some in wagons, some on horses some on foot, while some. hed to be lead or carried on the backs of men.

This presented a sad sight to see men women & children thinly clad poor and worn out with hunger & fatigue trudging along in this dreary country facing a severe snow storm and the wind blowing hard in their face.

The wagons could not accommodate the half of those not able to walk. Many were sick and many frosted and some severely. G.D. Grant when he met them left a company of 20 men at the Devils Gate at an abandoned Station where he left a very great portion of the loading of the ox train besides wagons, Hand Carts, and worn out cattle and horses, with provisions to winter them. The snow storm increased all evening but the tents were reared and the poor sick saints had many of them to be carried in.

Wednesday 19 Nov 1856. Still snowing this morning all hand stirring for a Start, With the addition of the teams which arrived last evening the entire company could be put in wagons as comfortably as the nature of the case would permit and travel at the rate of 25 miles a day. Some teams were sent back to the assistance of the ox train some

(Hosea Stout - Page 3)

Eight miles below. G.D. Grant & W.H. Kimball tarried here to see and arraigne matters with the ox train while all the rest proceeded facing the drifting falling snow and encamped on a dry ravine some 20 miles having no water for men or animals to night Some time after night William & Geo. arrived leaving the ox train at Pacific Springs

This evening I went with Eph Hanks to visit and administer to the sick and had an opportunity of seeing the suffering and privations through which they had passed. Some were merry and cheerfull some dull and stupid some sick some frosted & some lazy and mean but all seemed to be elated more or less with the idea of speedily arriving in the Valley.

Thursday 20 Nov 1856. This morning G.D. Grant, W.H. Kimball, [sic] G.W. Grant, H.P. Kimball and myself started for the City as an express meeting the Fort-Supply ox teams before we reached the Little Sandy who were going to the relief of the ox train & between the Little & Big Sandies met 3 good 4 horse teams who were also to help the ox train We took supper on our old camping on Big Sandy and travelled to Green River in the night and camped Late in the night Isaac Bullock & James Ivie over took us on their way to Fort Supply.

Friday 21 Nov. 1856. Travelled on to day quite Briskly, started on the ox teams on Green River and meeting several teams from the City with feed and provisions going to the relief of the ox trains We dined at the first crossing of Black's above Ham's Fork and proceeded on to Bridger travelling some fifteen miles after dark when arriving there ourselves and animals were nearly over done with fatigue, hunger, and cold For myself I could scarcely stand alone or keep awake.

Saturday 22 Nov 1856. After arraigning matters here with some fresh animals we about noon started on facing a severe snow storm and wind and the coldest and most piercing weather we have had during our journey, and camped at Quaken Asp Grove on the mountain side seven miles before reaching Bear River

Sunday 23 Nov 1856. Travelling on we camped at the mouth of Echo Kanyon with some ten miles night travelling and Breaking the springs of one wagon and leaving it

Monday 24 Nov 1856. This morning George D. Grant & William H. Kimball went ahead on horse back intending to reach the city this evening as our animals were fast failing and one wagon broke and left here our loading now all in one wagon we could not travel fast The snow deepened as we travelled to day and travelling became harder We encamped about one mile up the East side of the Big mountain the snow being here about Eighteen inches deep.

Tuesday 25 Nov 1856. This morning we commenced ascending the Big mountain on foot to save the team having six animals on the wagon still the ascent was very laborious for our team as well as our selves for the snow deepened as we ascended and several more who had come to break the road over the mountain Their trail greatly relieved us The snow on the mountain being waist deep but now we passed over with out any difficulty and decended with out locking passing another company with oxen about half way down & another at the bottom who came to break the road.

We had heavy travelling over the Little mountain and down Killians Kanyon the snow being very deep untill we arrived in Emmigration Kanyon when it became less and in the valley there was none to speak of

We arrived at home about sun set finding all well with the exception that President Jedediah M. Grant was dangerously sick

Thursday 27. C.H. Wheelock came in last night reports that the company will cross the Weber this after noon President Grant continues dangerously sick

Sunday 30 Nov 1856. The Hand cart companies arrived to day in the fore noon or rather the companies who went to the relief of the Hand Cart company brought them in wagons The train of wagons was very large

These poor persons were sent to different parts of the Territory immediately to be taken care of untill they could support themselves.

¹All of the material in this biography is taken from *On the Mormon Frontier: The Diary of Hosea Stout, 1844-1889*, Edited by Juanita Brooks, University of Utah Press, Utah State Historical Society, Salt Lake City, 1964, reprint edition 2009, ix-x, 598-613. (Retyped by Jolene Allphin according to Juanita Brooks's edit.)

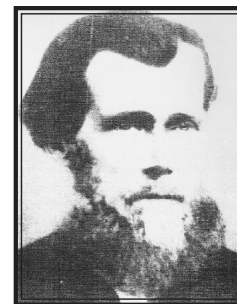
²This was the camp near South Pass where rescuer, Redick Allred, was stationed.

GEORGE SUMMERS

Born: 8 May 1831 Cradley, Herefordshire, England

Age: 25

Rescuer



George was the fourth of nine children born to Thomas and Susannah Stockall Summers. He grew up working with his parents on the family farm in Cradley, England. George and other members of his family were among the earliest converts to the Church in England. His mother and siblings were all baptized and emigrated to Utah, but his father never did embrace the gospel. He died without his family in England in 1874.

George's emigration to Utah began in 1853 when he crossed the Atlantic ocean on the ship *Falcon*. He was married on board to Mary Ann Gittins (19), also from Herefordshire. They sewed tents and covers for their wagons while on board the ship, and arrived in New Orleans on May 18.

After much preparation for their trek across the plains, George and Mary Ann left their outfitting camp at Keokuk, Iowa, headed for Zion. On June 22, only a week into the journey, their Captain, Appleton Harmon, called a meeting, and "laid before the Saints in a plain manner their position and the lateness of the season, also the weakness of the teams and asked them to throw away their boxes and make a sacrifice of all they could do without which was not worth much, saying to them it was better to do it now than carry them hundreds of miles and do it then, or be late crossing the mountains and have to wallow in the snow. They cheerfully responded to the call and threw out about a ton and a half of boxes, &c."

Little did George realize upon hearing these warnings that in three years he would be back out on the plains, assisting other immigrants who were much later in starting their journey, and who were, in fact, "wallowing" in the snow.

After having a son, George and Mary Ann separated. George then married Emma Hodges in 1855. They settled in Bountiful where their first child, Martha Ann, was born October 1, 1856. Only a few days later, Brigham Young called for the first contingent of volunteers to go out and find the late companies still on the plains. George got ready and headed out with many others in mid-October. George's sister, Emma, was a member of the Willie handcart company and his brother, Edwin, was in the Hunt wagon company. George made many sacrifices to go out in to the mountains to assist his siblings and others. Edwin Summers was one of the men chosen to stay at Devil's Gate during the winter to guard the immigrants' belongings. Emma went directly to George's home in Bountiful, Utah.

In the next few years, George pioneered in Box Elder and Cache Counties, Utah, settling in Smithfield in 1860. Edwin married George's wife's sister, Elizabeth Hodges, and also moved to Smithfield. Emma Summers married one of her rescuers, Anson Call, who was George's friend.

George was left a widower with four young children when his wife drowned in the swollen Bear River. After this tragic event, George made several more trips to meet immigrant companies on the plains. He met his mother; his sister, Ann Marie; and his brother, Richard, in the Chipman Wagon train in 1866. He also met Sarah Ann Green of that company and they were married on the plains in August. They became the parents of eight children. These children were ages 1 to 16 when George died of a heart attack at the age of 52 in Kaysville, Utah. George is remembered by his descendants as a good and faithful man, showing "his faith by his works. If records had been kept of his many trips back across the plains to help emigrants, a most interesting biography could have been written. This was said by people who knew and associated with him."

Sources: "George Summers," compiled by Dixie S. Botsford; familysearch.org; letter and family histories from Gayle S. Riggs, 2009. See Emma Summers in Willie company section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

STEPHEN WELLS TAYLOR

Age: 21

Born: 16 December 1834 Dukenfield, Cheshire, England

Rescuer



Stephen Taylor's parents joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints during the early years of missionary work in England. They sailed for America in 1841, arrived at New Orleans, then traveled up the Mississippi River on the river boat *Maid of Iowa* to Nauvoo, Illinois. They found shelter in the home of McKay Thomas. Stephen was only 6 or 7 years old, the fourth of eventually nine children. The family later moved out on the prairie not far from a place known as "The Mounds" where his father worked as a bricklayer. His father died there from dysentery in 1845. Stephen was baptized that same year by Brother Thomas Clark.

In 1847 Stephen's mother moved the family back to Nauvoo where they were driven out with the other remaining Saints by a mob in the "War of Nauvoo." Stephen wrote of these experiences:

[Mother] thought fit to send me west—but previous to this we were set upon by the mob which came to our house and ordered us to leave. In order to have everything their own way, they came around to each house to get the guns. I had a little old gun manufactured from a Queen Ann's lock and barrel and stocked by Brother Turley. I remember sitting up at the head of the ladder with it loaded, waiting for them to come upstairs, but mother told them there were no men folks around and that she was a widow so they left. I brought that gun with me to the valley.

I also was close to young Gus Anderson when he was shot with a cannon ball coming through a blacksmith shop which cut him half in two. His father [Major Anderson] was shot the same day.

The Mormon people had cannons made from steam boat cranks and the breach pin was soldered instead of being solid. There was much killing and bloodshed. Finally the Mormons promised to leave and the mob moved into town and placed their cannon in front of the temple. Many of the Mormons moved across the river.

My mother thought it best for me to go West, so, being acquainted with Squire Wells, asked him to look after me. I started to drive a yoke of oxen for Mr. Fulmer. We got about as far as Farmington, Iowa, when, through my neglect, the tongue of the wagon was broken and I was discharged.

It seems as though I was destined to come to the valley, for Brother Wells was 40 miles ahead when the accident occurred, but drove up the river while I was meditating what to do, so when I saw him on the other side of the river, I jumped into the ferry boat, went over and told him of the calamity, and he told me to get in with him. So we have been together ever since. Thank God, for a better man never lived. [Stephen later added Wells as his middle name out of honor and respect for Daniel H. Wells.]

We arrived at Winter Quarters just about haymaking time. I went up the Missouri to what was called Kimballs Ranch and stayed with one Sherman and helped to haul hay. Brother Wells went back to Illinois and to Burlington and left me with E. T. Dugell and family. I wished him to help mother out, which he would have done, but Mother had fallen in with a man [James McGloan] who told her he possessed land in Oregon and that is where the Mormons were going, so they married and after they were married he made no point of coming. It grieved her so that she died of a broken heart in the fall of 1847, leaving 3 living children, Lee [or Leigh] Eekinbottom, Jemima and John William. Jemima and Lee were taken in and cared for by Squire Mousley who was appointed by the Government [as] Indian Agent.

Upon arrival in the Salt Lake Valley, Stephen served as a messenger to the Territorial Legislature and rendered military service with the Life Guards in skirmishes with the Shoshone Indians. In October 1856, Stephen volunteered with the first party of rescuers to go in search of the late companies still on the plains. After this first rescue party had been out for one week (Oct. 14) and still not met any of the immigrants, Captain Grant sent Stephen Taylor, Joseph A. Young, Cyrus Wheelock and Abel Garr ahead as an express team to find and encourage them and let them know that help was on the way. They met the Willie company about noon on October 19. The first winter storm also arrived on that day.

(Stephen W. Taylor - page 2)

William Woodward, a sub-captain who also kept the company journal, recorded: “[They] brought us the cheering intelligence that assistance was near at hand; that several wagons loaded with flour, onions, and clothing, including bedding, [were] within a day’s drive of us.”

Stephen Taylor and Brigham Young’s oldest son, Joseph A. Young, were remembered by George Cunningham of the Willie company as wearing “blue soldier’s overcoats.” George had seen them coming in a dream the previous night and had encouraged the beleaguered members of the Willie Company by sharing the dream with them. He wrote, “At [the] approach [of these rescuers] I roared out, ‘See! See them coming over that hill!’ They told me I was a true dreamer, and we all felt that we should thank God.”

The rescuers continued riding and nine days later the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies were located near the last crossing of the North Platte River. They had been stranded there for several days. Assistance was rendered, then these companies were brought to a camp at Devil’s Gate. At this time there were over 1,000 people in these companies and only a few rescuers as some had returned to Salt Lake with the Willie company. It was determined to send the Martin company off the trail into a nearby cove where firewood was more plentiful and where they could find shelter and feed for the animals. It was necessary to cross the Sweetwater River to get there.

Many were the heroics of that dreadful day in assisting the immigrants across the river and into what is now called Martin’s Cove. Of these heroes, John Jacques of the Martin handcart company identifies four rescue boys: David P. Kimball, George W. Grant, C. Allen Huntington and Stephen W. Taylor. Patience Loader of the Martin company wrote: “Those poor brethren [were] in the water nearly all day. We wanted to thank them, but they would not listen to [us].”

Stephen assisted the late companies back to Salt Lake, celebrated his 22nd birthday on arrival, and married Harriet Seeley three months later. To this union were born 9 children. In 1872 Stephen married Mary Evans, a new immigrant from England, and they became the parents of 10 children. Stephen returned to his homeland of England in answer to a mission call, where he served faithfully from 1869-1871. He summarized his life by saying:

I was a mining prospector and a rancher, raising and selling cattle and horses. Brigham Young, Governor of the Territory of Utah, commissioned me color bearer general with the rank of Captain of Calvary of the Nauvoo Legion and of the militia of the Territory of Utah, to take office April 11, 1857. I served the people of Utah as sheriff of the territory, being elected August 3, 1874. I was also an Indian scout, often riding horseback to meet the incoming emigrants, giving them food and help. I served the Church as Deacon, Teacher, Priest, Elder, Seventy and High Priest.

Stephen’s humble conclusion to his autobiography seems to reflect the sentiments expressed in November of 2006 by Russell Bower, sculptor of the Sweetwater crossing monuments near Martin’s Cove. These monuments memorialize the sacrifice made by those four rescue boys. Russell Bower stated in an interview:

“For me, it’s more ... a celebration of the Aaronic Priesthood. And that young men are called to oversee and protect the membership of the Church temporally - and these young men went out there and there wasn’t [a lot of prior thought]. They didn’t sit down at a committee meeting. They saw a need and they responded immediately, even at the risk of physical injury to themselves. They weren’t perfect - they were rough-and-tumble Utah boys, and they were strong. ... It affected them but they did it. And that’s what the Aaronic Priesthood needs to do. So I see it as a monument to the Aaronic Priesthood even more than a monument to the valor of the rescuers and the incredible courage of the pioneers.” (See <http://newsnet.byu.edu/print/story.cfm/62038>)

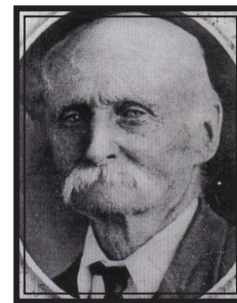
Sources: “Life History of Stephen Taylor,” Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files; letter from Taylor descendant, including documentation of his donation of the 1870’s log building to the Mormon Handcart Historic Site at Sun Ranch; Stella Jaques Bell, *Life History and Writings of John Jaques*, 1978; “Autobiography of George Cunningham,” Mar. 29, 1876; Willie Company Journal, Oct. 19, 1856.

ELI ALEXANDER TRACY

Born: 25 November 1833 Ellisburg, Jefferson, New York

Age: 23

Rescuer



Eli was the first child born to Moses and Nancy Naomi Alexander Tracy. His parents joined the Church in New York when Eli was only six months old. The Tracy family was living in Nauvoo, Illinois, when Eli was baptized. When he was 78 years old, Eli wrote about his baptism in a poignant letter to a friend:

My Dear Friend and Brother, Charles F[ranklin] Middleton,

Come with me in recollection, back seventy years ago today, when two little exiles, eight years of age, stood on the banks of the Mississippi River, waiting their turn to be born again of the water and of the spirit. Think of it, when the great latter-day prophet, Joseph Smith, led us both down into the water and baptized us. This circumstance is as fresh in my memory as it was the day it transpired. There are few now living who were baptized under his hands. Then again, I think what a blessed privilege it has been to you and to me of seeing and knowing the man who was an instrument in the hands of the Lord in bringing forth this latter day work. The man who communed with the Father and the Son and with other heavenly beings. I am thankful that the Lord spared my life this seventy-eight years, but now dear brother I realize that the evening tide of life is approaching and how long the Lord will permit me to live I know not. Be the time long or short I desire to so live that it may be said of me “well done thou good and faithful.”

In speaking of the Prophet Joseph Smith, it seems remarkable when we call to mind that the Savior of the world was baptized under the hands of John the Baptist, and that John sealed that commission upon the head of Joseph Smith who in turn performed that ordinance for you and for me. It seems to me that you and I came in close touch with those Heavenly Beings. I do not speak boastingly, far from it, but I feel proud of the honor of having been baptized under the hands of the Great Latter-day Prophet, Joseph Smith. . . . These experiences of the past leave a bright spot in my memory which time cannot erase. You and I may not live to witness another birthday, but be that as it may, I hope that when that time comes I may be worthy of a place in His Kingdom. Before closing I wish to pay a tribute to your parents and my parents for their fidelity and integrity to the principles of the gospel through all the persecutions and mobbing of the Saints. They have kept the faith and have gone steadily on. If I could only live to make my calling and election as sure as I believe theirs is, I shall be satisfied. I bear my humble testimony to the Divinity of Joseph’s mission and will close with the following[.] Praise to the Man who communed with Jehovah. Your friend and brother, Eli A. Tracy.

The Tracy family was living in Ogden, Utah, in 1854. Before the year was over, Eli made the next important covenant in his life—he married Eliza Ann Sprague on Christmas Day. Eli wrote:

We lived with my parents for a short time and then went to keeping house. Our furniture would not be considered up to date these days of style and extravagance as it only consisted of a table which I constructed out of some rough boards. Our bedstead was primitive in style and our house was decorated with three dining chairs which consisted of three stools with three legs in each. The third one was kept in reserve in case we should have a caller which we frequently did. Our culinary outfit consisted of one skillet and lid and one teakettle and one pot to boil our potatoes in, and I think for knives and forks. . . . Very few couples nowadays would think of getting married under these circumstances, but that was the best that could be done in those early days of simplicity, but we were content and happy in our humble home. No king and queen in their palace were happier than we, and I will make the statement that after sixty years of married life our devotion and love for each other has never grown cold but as we grow older in years and wiser as they pass along, that love and devotion increases, and so may it continue.

Eli’s autobiography covering 1855 and 1856 chronicles the challenges he and Eliza faced as he was called to serve a mission at Fort Supply and his subsequent participation in the rescue: “In the fall of 1855, I was called to fill a mission to the Lamanites at Fort supply near old Fort Bridger now in Wyoming, but before starting myself and wife went to Salt Lake City, and received our endowments and were sealed together for time and all eternity by President Brigham Young. On the same day, November 3, 1855, I was ordained an Elder and set apart under the hands of Heber C. Kimball.”

In Eli’s blessing, Heber C. Kimball said: “We set thee apart to go on a mission to Green river to the Lamanites. . . . It shall be well with thee and thou shalt go and preach and no power overcome thee, no bullets, nor bayonets. God have power over thee inasmuch as thou will hold sacred the principles of endowments that shall be taught thee this day and live in honor of the principles revealed to thee.”

Eli’s own words tell how these promises were fulfilled, as well as the sacrifices he and his wife made to serve this mission:

(Eli Tracy - Page 2)

I testify that the promises made by this servant of the Lord have been verified upon my head for I have travelled alone by day and by night when the Indians were very hostile and have not been molested. I had no fear for I had implicit confidence in the blessing pronounced upon my head early in the winter of 1856. In January, I was taken down with the mountain fever and was hardly able to sit up on bed. We counseled with the president of the mission, a brother by the name of Felps who was in charge. He meditated for a few moments and then said, Brother Tracy, it will be all right whether you stay here or whether you return home, so we decided it would be for the best to return home where I could get proper care. So my brother and My Uncle fitted up an ox team and made me as comfortable as possible and we started home. I stood the trip very well considering my condition. We came down by the way of Weber Canyon. The boys had to break the ice every crossing of the River. I think we had to cross it twenty-one times, but after we got as far as what is known as the Devil's Gate in Weber Canyon the wagon tongue broke so we could go no further with the wagon. We had a horse with us that my brother rode so the only thing to do now was to put me on the horse. I was so weak by this time I could hardly sit in the saddle, so they had to strap me on. They took our bedding and lashed it on to the ox yoke and after we had got through the canyon it became quite dark, and in going up a steep hill near Uintah, the saddle cinch broke, and I with the saddle took a tumble. The horse took fright and ran away and was not found until [the] next day. The boys spread down the blankets and made me as comfortable as possible. It was a bitter cold night and snow on the ground. I think I would have frozen if my brother had not kept up a fire all night. My uncle took the oxen and went on to Ogden and notified my folks. My father hitched up his team, putting in plenty of bedding and got to where we were just at daybreak in the morning. I was put into the wagon and we reached home in about two hours. I was very weak for quite a number of days but through the kind nursing of a mother and devoted wife, I was brought through all right in a few weeks.

The following Spring, 1856, myself and wife made preparation to start back to Green River or Fort Supply, but the water was very high that spring, so we abandoned the idea of taking a wagon and concluded to go on horseback. We saddled up a couple of mustang ponies and packed our blankets and provisions and lashed it to our saddles and started into the hills. We went by way of Weber Canyon. We had to take the Indian Trail on the north side of the river until we reached Echo Canyon. In those early days there were no houses or settlements, so we would camp where night would overtake us. We would spread down our blanket and cover ourselves with another and this would complete our equipment for the night's rest, except the wide canopy of Heaven for a covering with a silent prayer offered up for his protection over us. And no sound but the howl of the big mountain wolf which would make the night hideous. It made my wife a little nervous, but to me it was music to my ear as I was always fond of venture. We travelled on in this way until we reached Bear River where we found the water very high. It looked like a dangerous undertaking to try to cross it, and she replied that if my horse could make it she thought hers could. We decided to make the attempt. We either had it to do or turn back. We were about one hundred miles from home. I told my wife that I would try it first, so I unsaddled my horse and rode into the stream to see if I could make the crossing. I had no fear for myself for I was a good swimmer, but I made it across alright. My horse only had to swim two or three rods in the middle of the stream. When I came back I noticed my wife looked a little pale and I asked her if she felt afraid to cross. She replied, 'Not much,' so I cinched up [her saddle] good and tight and she got on astride. I told her to hold to the horn of the saddle and to let go the bridle reins. I tied a rope to her horse's neck and I took hold of it and we started in. After we had got to the swimming part of the stream our horses plunged in and we made the other shore alright. After we had crossed we made preparations to dry our clothes. After it was all over I thought she would collapse, but through her strong will power she came around alright in a few moments. After we had made a fire and dried our clothes and gotten something to eat we gave thanks to the Lord for His providential care over us.

In the fall of 1856, Eli and his brother, Mosiah, both went out from Ft. Supply to assist the late companies. Eli's wife and the other women at Ft. Supply sent baked bread and cooked meals. Eli wrote about the sad challenges of the immigrants:

I went out with others to meet the hand cart company going back as far as the Sweet River beyond the South pass, and found them in a terrible condition, with snow on the ground and bitter cold, and if it had not been for help from the valley, they would have perished. I remember that after we arrived at Green River and had made camp, I was asked to look after a little boy eight or nine years of age, and that after thawing out his shoes by the fire and after pulling off his stockings the flesh peeled off clear to the bone. It was a sickening sight. The poor little fellow died that night and was buried the next morning with two or three others that had [died] through exposure, and the rest got through to the valley, although some were pretty badly frozen. [The boy was possibly Herbert Lorenzo Griffeths.]

On a happier note, that winter, Eli recorded: "On the third day of February, 1857, our first child was born and we named her Eliza Ann and like most fathers and mothers we thought she was the only child."

Sources: Copies of "Eli Alexander Tracy" autobiography and letter to Charles Middleton courtesy Cecily Nelson, Kaysville, Utah; *Ensign*, March 2012; Jolene Allphin, "Rescue Timeline," unpublished research paper, 205-206; Jolene Allphin, "Martin company death list," unpublished research paper.

MOSES MOSIAH TRACY

Born: 7 Sept 1838 Far West, Missouri

Age: 18

Rescuer

Moses Mosiah Tracy (known as Mosiah) was the third of eleven children of Moses and Nancy Naomi Alexander Tracy. The births of his nine brothers and one sister chronicle the persecution of Church members in the early days of the Church.

Mosiah's parents were both born and then married in Ellisburg, New York. Their first baby was born there in 1833. Two years later their second baby was born in Kirtland, Ohio, the place where the Prophet Joseph Smith had called the Saints to gather. This baby was named Lachoneus Moroni, reflecting the parents' newfound faith and testimony of the Book of Mormon.

1838 found the Tracy family in Far West, Missouri, having followed the call of their beloved Prophet once again. In Missouri they hoped to build the latter-day Zion. Mosiah was born in Far West in the midst of much tribulation as Joseph Smith was imprisoned and the Saints were driven from Missouri even as Mosiah was an infant.

The Tracy family found short respite in Nauvoo, Illinois, where four more children were born. The first three born in Nauvoo also died there at the ages of two, three, and one respectively. The fourth Nauvoo child was born in the midst of being driven from Illinois in 1846. This son lived to be 78 years old.

The Tracy family, and other persecuted and driven Church members, soon reached Council Bluffs, Iowa, where the Tracy's second son, age 11, died upon arrival. Another son was born to the Tracy family in Council Bluffs.

The last three Tracy children were born in the Rocky Mountains of Utah, within the confines of Mound Fort and Bingham's Fort in Weber County, reflecting the need for protection from Indians. The 11th child was born in September of 1856, and Mosiah finally had a sister.

Mosiah was serving in the Shoshone Mission, and living at Fort Supply in 1856.¹ He had faithfully answered the call to leave Weber County and the girl he intended to marry, in order to do this. In October 1856, Mosiah went with others on a search and rescue mission to save the immigrants who were late coming to Utah that year. He later returned home to find that his sweetheart had grown weary of waiting for him and married someone else.

Mosiah soon determined to leave Utah and go to the gold fields of California to seek his fortune. His mother begged him not to go, telling him that she knew if he did they would never see him again. Undaunted by her pleadings and with the fire of youth burning in his broken heart, Mosiah left anyway. His family heard from him last in 1858 as he was planning to come home to Utah, but he never arrived. It is not known how or where Mosiah died.²

Mosiah's mother was a prolific journal keeper, and wrote about much Church history as well. She found comfort in her testimony of the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ as reflected in her own words: "This kingdom will roll on and eventually triumph over all others. This gives me consolation and satisfaction to know that eventually we shall become the head and not the tail. This is worth living for and if need be, to die for. I never sought notoriety, neither affluence, but I have sought the riches of Eternal life that fade not away. I have desired to so order my life that I would meet the approbation of my Heavenly Father and tried to use my influence in this direction with my family and my friends. I thank the Lord that He has given me enough of His Spirit to keep me from being contaminated with the influences of Babylon and Sectarianism. I have drunk the bitter cup to the dregs, yet the Lord has sustained me and been merciful to me and has not forsaken me. Yes, I have been preserved and now if I could only see the families of my children and their children living their religion with the Spirit of the Gospel in their hearts, I would feel to say in my soul, O Lord, it is enough. Let thine handmaid go in peace."

Source: Family records of Nancy Naomi Alexander Tracy in possession of Jolene S. Allphin, obtained from descendants. Nancy's original diaries are housed in the Bancroft Library at UOC, Berkeley, California.

¹Mosiah's brother, Eli A. Tracy was also at Ft. Supply. See his story in rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

²There is some indication that John Cole, a boy Mosiah's age who also had a brother at Fort Supply, may have gone with Mosiah to California. There is ongoing research.

EDWARD MILO WEBB

Born: April 15, 1838 in Daviess, Missouri

Age: 18

Rescue Party



Edward Milo Webb's journal reveals some of the dangers faced by the rescuers:

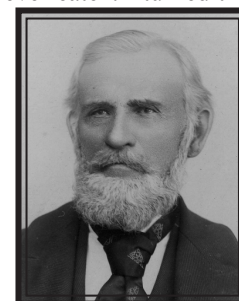
In 1852, my father was called on a mission to England, returning in 1856, the handcart year, in the fall when several thousand crossed the plains with their handcarts, and several of the companies were delayed until winter overtook them.¹ At the October conference of that year in Salt Lake City, a call was made by the Presidency for twenty-five teams of four horses, mules or oxen, each with two drivers, to go East and meet the belated companies. I had charge of one of the outfits, but had only one yoke of oxen. At Green River, Wyoming, we had to rest ten days until the Willie Company of handcarts came. The people in this company were in very poor condition, short of food and many were sick. I assisted them, pulling their carts through Green River, and then Brother William H. Kimball begged me to go East to meet and help Martin's company, who were in worse shape.

I left early the next morning and drove 12 miles to Big Sandy. When I awoke next morning, it was snowing hard and fast. That day I traveled thirty miles and camped on the Sandy river. In the morning I could not find my oxen that I had turned out in the night to feed. It was noon before I found them and I drove until midnight, crossed the South Pass and camped on the Sweetwater. The snow was now deep and the weather very cold, and my feet were badly frozen. I took off my worn shoes and held my feet in the icy water for some time. Here I ran out of food and was badly discouraged.

I was told when I left Salt Lake City that I would find a good camp and plenty of supplies at Pacific Springs west of South Pass; however, the station was off the road and I passed it in the night. I drove on down the river in a blizzard of wind and drifting snow; camped that night at Black Ridge and ate my last morsel of food. Next morning I climbed a hill but could see no living thing and then returned to my camp. The snow was now fully three feet deep on the level. I discovered a flour sack among my things, gave it a good shaking and got about four ounces of flour from it. This I mixed with water and baked it on a flat rock. It made three cakes about four inches square and one-half inch thick. I ate two and left the rest for the next day.

In the meantime my feet were paining me very much—the heels of my woolen socks were worn out and my old shoes let in the snow. For a coat I used a blanket with a slit in the middle, so it would slip over my head, and started out to find my oxen. I found them in a sheltered spot about noon and then left for Green River. I drove nearly all night and camped fifty miles from that town; made my bed in the snow and had to cut my shoes off my swollen feet. I felt as if I were lying down for the last time; but in the morning the sun came out as I was preparing to arise, when a mule team, driven very fast, came along going West. I was too dazed and stupid to call out or fire my revolver.

Later I saddled an ox and wrapped my feet in a blanket and made a resolution to ride to Green River or die in the attempt. I made thirty-five of the fifty miles, but could not go any further. Next day it took me all day, in great distress, to reach Green River just at sunset. Now my ox would not ford the river with me on him, so I had to dismount, twist his tail, and hanging onto his tail, I waded across the river. As I came out of the water, an old gentleman met me and seeing my condition, took me into his cabin and fed me some of the best food I have ever eaten. I turned the oxen out and the old man insisted that I stay with him until I could walk again. He did all he could to relieve my suffering and sent for a Shoshone Indian squaw who was a good nurse and put her in charge of me. She peeled off my toe nails and a lot of the frozen skin, and as far as I could see, used freshly killed jackrabbit, bear's grease, and other things, and tore up all the old man's white shirts to make bandages. She gave me the best of care and food for some weeks. Finally the [Martin] handcart company came along and to my great joy my father was among them. He had a light spring wagon, put me in it, and we started for home. The snow was still quite deep and frozen hard, but eight days later we reached Salt Lake City. I was rejoiced to see my dear mother and relatives again. I had to use a crutch until February of the next year, but, thanks to that wonderful squaw, I had the use of my feet again, although father had to cut off one toe with his pocket knife.



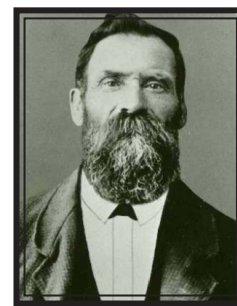
Chauncey
Griswold Webb

Sources: familysearch.org; Diary of Edward Milo Webb, as found in "Freighting in the Olden Days," Daughters of Utah Pioneers lesson book; see also rescuer Harvey Cluff in *Tell My Story, Too*.

¹Edward Milo's father was Chauncey Griswold Webb. He left England in March 1856 on the ship *Canada* as a returning missionary. He was assigned to be in charge of the making of handcarts at the outfitting camp in Iowa City, Iowa, for a time and then came on to the Valley, just in time to turn around and go back on the trail with the first rescue company under Captain George Grant.

JOSEPH WARREN WADSWORTH

Age: 24
 Born: 16 Dec 1831 Maine
 Rescuer



Joseph was the oldest of ten children born to Abiah and Eliza Ann Hardy Wadsworth. Most of these children were born in the family's home state of Maine. But beginning in 1844, the births of the Wadsworth children parallel the movements of fellow Saints in the Church: 1844 - Hancock County, Illinois; 1849 - Des Moines, Iowa; 1851 - Council Bluffs, Iowa; and finally the last 1,000 miles to Utah in 1851 with the John G. Smith pioneer company. Joseph was 19 years old at the time of his family's immigration and his mother had just given birth to a baby girl.

Of their own immigration, Joseph wrote:

"We left on the 10th day of May. ... We had five yoke of cattle, one span of ponies and three wagons, and four cows. My father drove two yoke of oxen and two cows and I drove three yoke of cattle and two cows. My mother drove the ponies. We all felt fine and had a fine trip with no accidents or sickness on the trip across the plains. We stayed in Salt Lake one night."

Five years later, Joseph returned to help the late companies on the plains who had experienced much sickness and death. Joseph and his wife, Abigail, were living in Uintah, Weber County, Utah, at the time of the rescue. Joseph records his activities of that summer and fall: I put my crop in and tended it, which was composed mostly of corn. I raised a fair crop and then went to work in the canyon hauling wood until November [1856].

About this time the call came for volunteers to meet the Hand Cart Companies. I was in the third call¹ which was composed of myself and a man named Dave Osborn. We went as far as Fort Bridger where we met the last company coming in. We turned around and came back with them. This was the saddest sight I have ever seen. The biggest part of them were given out and nearly frozen to death, some with their feet frozen, some with their hands frozen. It was a sight that would make one's heart ache just to look at them. The next morning after leaving Fort Bridger I was called on to help bury children that had died during the night. We were camped in a big cedar grove and buried the children on the side of the mountain.

Everything went along all right as there was plenty of fuel and provisions, until we came to East Canyon stream. There I was called on again to bury two more children. We had a hard time for the Canyon was full of snow and it was all we could do to get through. The authorities had sent out wagons and men from Salt Lake to put up tents, clear the snow from the ground, and to set the fires so they could start them as soon as we came in sight. They did and it was a welcome sight to see them. I returned home in East Weber.

Sources: *Abiah Wadsworth, His Wives and Family, 1810-1974*, 46; familysearch.org; Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

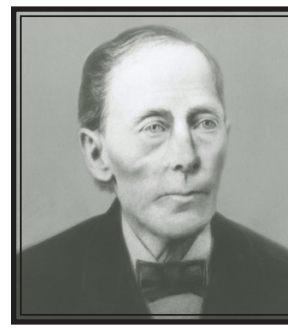
¹Brigham Young issued his first public call for rescue of the late 1856 companies on October 5, as soon as he became aware of their need. On October 26, Heber C. Kimball called for more volunteers to go and help the last companies. As yet, there was no word from the first rescue party that had gone out. More volunteers were enlisted to run cattle and drag logs over the trail from Salt Lake City to Echo Canyon to pack down the snow and keep the trail open. This job was tedious and difficult and in our day somewhat overlooked and thankless. On November 2, Brigham Young spoke in the Tabernacle: "My mind is yonder in the snow, where those immigrating Saints are. . . . Every minute or two my mind reverts to them . . . my brethren and sisters who are on the plains, and what is their condition. . . . We must now rescue those people, and may God help us to do it. Amen." He then encouraged more volunteers to get up teams and go after the late companies. This is likely the "third call" mentioned by Joseph Wadsworth. Brigham Young and his counselors continued to request more help until all were safely in the Valley. See "Brigham Young" in rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*.

CYRUS HUBBARD WHEELOCK

Born: about 1813

Age: 43

Chaplain of the main rescue party



In 1856, Cyrus was returning from his third mission to England. He had served as a counselor to mission President Franklin D. Richards part of that time. After completing their duties in England, Cyrus, President Richards, and other returning missionaries left Liverpool on July 26, 1856, having arranged emigration matters for over 3,000 Saints that season. They reached Florence, Nebraska, in time to assist the Martin handcart company and two rear wagon trains, Hodgett and Hunt, on their journey. On September 2, 1856, Cyrus wrote a letter to Elder James Little in England that tells what was happening in Florence:

Dear Brother—I almost steal a few moments from our busy labour to partially redeem a promise I made to you when we shook hands at our last parting on the steamer—to write to you on our arrival in the States. Time compels me to be brief. ... The Lord blessed and prospered us on our way on every hand, and filled our souls with increased joy as we passed through the ranks of the ungodly unharmed, realizing all the way that the blessings and prophecy of President Pratt were fulfilled upon us. ... We are preparing to leave [Florence] to-morrow, and all hands are up to their eyes in business. ... I am perched upon a box trying to write a line to brother James. The dust like snow is flying in my face, which refuses to keep clean with a half dozen washings a-day. ... We arrived at this point on the 21st of August, having been, as you will observe, twenty-six days on our journey from Liverpool.¹ At New York we spent twenty-four hours with Elders [John] Taylor, George A. Smith, and others. At Chicago we were detained twelve hours waiting for a train. At St. Louis business kept us thirty-six hours. At the latter place we were joined by brother Spencer, who accompanied us to this place, where we had the privilege of shaking hands with our beloved brethren Elders W.H. Kimball, G.D. Grant, J. Ferguson, J.D.T. McAllister, and others who have been labouring incessantly in getting off the Saints.² All our hearts were made glad in beholding each other again after a separation of a few months.

In less than an hour after our arrival on the campground, we laid by our fine cloth[es], and mentally and physically engaged in practical “Mormonism,” in assisting to complete the organization of the hand-cart and wagon companies for their journey over the Plains. The presence of brothers Franklin, Spencer, and my humble self among them seemed like the magic of heaven. Their spirits and bodies seemed almost instantly refreshed, and when we passed up and down the lines we were met with those hearty greetings that none but Saints know how to give and appreciate. All were in good spirits, and generally in good health, and full of confidence that they should reach the mountains in season to escape the severe storms. We had several excellent meetings with them while fitting them out. I have never seen more union among the Saints anywhere than is manifested in the hand-cart companies. And hundreds bear record of the truth of the words of President Young, wherein he promised them increasing strength by the way.

The last hand-cart company, under the Presidency of Elder Edward Martin, left here on the 25th of August, and the last wagon company of Saints left this day, under the Presidency of Elder John A. Hunt; the rest of the companies are well out on the Plains. I have conversed with the Captain of a party returning from California; he met all the companies, and reports them in a flourishing condition, and the feed all the way the best that he had seen it for years.

Elder E[rastus] Snow, who is now with us, reports Elder A[braham] O. Smoot’s company as far advanced as the head of Grand Island, rather heavily loaded but having excellent teams. Elder [William] Walker with ten wagons, loaded principally with the surplus luggage of the Saints, has not yet arrived here from Iowa City. When last heard from he was 70 miles from this place. Brother J[oseph] A. Young has been despatched to visit him, and inquire into his circumstances; his further course will be determined by brother Snow on his arrival at this point. It is feared he will be too late to proceed with safety.³ ...

That the Lord may greatly bless you ... is the prayer of your brother in the Gospel. CYRUS H. WHEELOCK.

(Cyrus H. Wheelock - Page 2)

Several accounts mention the part Cyrus Wheelock played in the rescue:

Cyrus Wheelock could scarcely refrain from shedding tears, and he declared that he would willingly give his own life if that would save the lives of the emigrants. - *John Jacques, Martin company*

A man by the name of Cyrus Wheelock . . . carried some of the children across the [Sweetwater] river, even helped pull some of the handcarts by a rope fastened to his saddle. One time he had three little boys on his horse, one in front and two behind him. I was the last boy on that side of the river and tried to wade across. He told me to climb up behind the last boy behind his saddle, which I did. We crossed the river all right, then the horse leaped up the steep bank, and I slid off in the shallow water. I held on to the horse's tail and came out all right. - *Peter Howard McBride, Martin company*

Every morning and evening prayer meetings were called, at which addresses were made by the members of the rescuing and relief party, at one of which, a night or two before we left], Elder Cyrus H. Wheelock, who had just returned from a three-year mission to the British Isles, during which period he had become greatly attached to scores in our camp and company, offered a very remarkable prayer.

His heart and soul was filled with sorrow at our condition, as we had several in our camp yet that had to a certain extent lost their minds—since crossing the North Platte river, at least, they became like children and impersonal.

Raising his hands to heaven in a very impressive and appealing manner, his voice nearly stifled with emotion and grief, he prayed to the Father that if for any fault or weakness that he might have done or committed in his life and ministry, the progress of the members of our company that he loved dearer than his own life was impeded; that if through anything he had done or left undone he had caused or helped to cause, or bring about our present plight, that He would instantly remove him out of the way by death, and let the company go on without further loss, to the valleys of the mountains. It was touching and deep in its humility, and this brief digest will no doubt refresh the memories and reproduce the scene in that snowbound camp for many of our surviving comrades. - *Josiah Rogerson, Martin company*

One of the rescuers, 18-year-old Nathan Hunting, was under the direct leadership of Cyrus during the rescue. Nathan told about Elder Wheelock waking at 2:00 a.m. in a blizzard and being shown exactly where one of the stranded handcart companies was, and though Nathan's hands were "numb with cold, . . . he managed to hitch up the outfit and they started." Nathan also told of an incident on their return to Salt Lake City during a severe storm:

Bro. Wheelock knew they could not make it with the sick and weary, so he stopped and prayed, asking for help and that the course of the storm be changed. No sooner were they started again than the wind blew from their backs, cutting a path clear for them, and they went easily on into Salt Lake.

Nathan said he "never doubted the power of revelations nor the restoration after that night, [but had] no testimony before that time." Nathan served as a Bishop in the Church for nine years, with a testimony kindled by the example of Cyrus Wheelock.

Cyrus continued in faithfulness and at the end of his life was serving as a Patriarch in the Church. He wrote the words to Hymn 319, "Ye Elders of Israel." The hymn has been recorded by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. The following is the first of three verses and the chorus:

Ye elders of Israel, come join now with me, And seek out the righteous where'er they may be,
In desert, on mountain, on land, or on sea, And bring them to Zion, the pure and the free.
O Babylon, O Babylon, we bid thee farewell; We're going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell.

Sources: Olsen, Andrew D., *The Price We Paid*, 2006; Letter from Cyrus Wheelock to James A. Little, September 2, 1856, in *Millennial Star*, Oct. 25, 1856, 681-682; Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files, including "Life Timeline of Cyrus Hubbard Wheelock" by Rick Gillespie; "History of Cyrus Hibbard Wheelock" by Marian Maud Wheelock Tubbs, "Cyrus H. Wheelock" by Afton Cameron.

¹Their travel on a steam ship took less than half the time of the sailing ships *Thornton* and *Horizon*.

²These men all served as rescuers after their return to Salt Lake City.

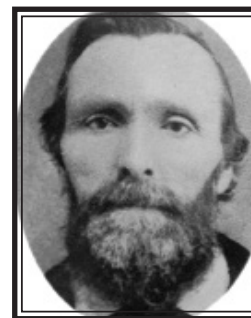
³William Walker did not make it through with the freight until 1857. Walker's own account is equally interesting and pertinent to the 1856 story. It will be posted in its entirety in the future at tellmystorytoo.com.

PETER WINWARD

Born: 22 December 1832 in Warrington, Lancashire, England

Age: 23

Rescuer



Peter's father, Thomas Winward, was among the first converts to the Church in England in 1841. His mother, Betty Silcock Winward, never could accept its teachings. In February of 1842, Thomas sailed from Liverpool with two of his sons, William and Peter, on the ship *Hope Duocburry*, leaving his wife and four other children, but hoping they would soon follow.

Thomas took his sons to Nauvoo where he bought a small lot and began to build a home, still hoping his wife would come and join him. He also worked on the Nauvoo Temple. Six months later, Thomas and William contracted diphtheria and were sick for several weeks. One day, as William was recovering, he and Peter were playing close by the chair their father was sitting in when they discovered he had died. Thomas had exacted a promise from a friend, Charles Shumway, before his death, that if anything should happen to him, Charles wouldn't send the boys back to England. This was a difficult promise to keep as the boys were so young and their mother had sent money for their return. Charles told the authorities the promise he had made to Thomas Winward and it was decided to let the boys choose for themselves. Remembering how seasick they both had been and frightened to make the long trip back, Peter and William decided to stay in America with the Mormons. Their mother wrote several letters to Bishop Hale, but the boys still stayed.

Peter and William lived with several families in Nauvoo, including the Shumway family, where Charles Shumway taught Peter to work as a blacksmith. One day the Prophet Joseph Smith came to visit the Hale family where Peter was then living. When Peter saw him coming he ran and opened the gate for him. Joseph placed his hand on Peter's head and said, "Always be a good boy and you will never lack for bread." Peter always remembered this and said it proved to be true.

Peter was 15 years old when he traveled to Utah. He worked in Salt Lake for a time and was then called to Manti to help build the temple there. He moved to Payson a short time later where he settled. In May of 1855, Lucindia Bingham also arrived in Payson. Peter met her at a dance, but said he had already seen her face in a dream. They were married six weeks later and Peter always called her his "dream girl." Peter was always active in the Church and community and served as Payson's Water Master. One reservoir in Payson Canyon is named after Peter.

The first of Peter and Lucindia's 12 children was born shortly before Peter volunteered to go out to meet the late immigrants of 1856. When Peter was in his later years he often went to the fields with his children and grandchildren when they had hoeing to do; showing [them] how to make the moisture stay in the ground longer. It was on these occasions he told [them] of the experiences he had endured [in the rescue]. One thing he said was that the snow in Emigration Canyon was so deep on either side that a whip stock laying across the wagon would touch the snow.

Winnie Curtis Wright wrote: Our grandfather was a religious man, and when troubled, he would always pray. On one occasion, he had several acres of ripe wheat to cut. He knew where he could get a scythe for \$3.00, but having no money, he was troubled as to how he could get the wheat cut. Walking home from work one night, he said a silent prayer [and] as he jumped across the ditch, there beside the road was \$3.00.

Peter was called to serve a mission in England in 1884. His sister, Ann Woods, was furious to see him and flung her husband's treasured Bible into the fireplace. As Peter and his brother-in-law removed what was left of the Bible from the flames, the damage had ended at James 1:5—"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

Sources: Letter and family histories from Eleanor Ferrin, 2006, including pictures and "Highlights of Peter Winward's Life Story" by Winnie Curtis Wright.

WOMEN OF THE RESCUE

In 1855 the Saints in Utah were subjected to drought and a grasshopper plague. Many of them were struggling with their own basic needs.¹ But when Brigham Young began issuing calls to rescue the immigrants still on the plains, the sisters responded without hesitation.² Lucy Meserve Smith said that in one meeting, the women “stripped off their petticoats, stockings, and everything they could spare, right there in the Tabernacle, and piled [them] into the wagons to send to the Saints in the mountains.” After this the sisters continued to gather necessary items. Lucy said: “We did all we could, with the aid of the good brethren and sisters, to comfort the needy as they came in with handcarts late in the fall. ... As our [Relief] society was short of funds then, we could not do much, but the four bishops could hardly carry the bedding and other clothing we got together the first time we met. We did not cease our exertions til all were made comfortable. [When the handcart companies arrived, a building in the town was] loaded with provisions for them. I never took more satisfaction and, I might say, pleasure in any labor I ever performed in my life, such a unanimity of feeling prevailed. I only had to go into a store and make my wants known; if it was cloth, it was measured off without charge. [We] wallowed through the snow until our clothes were wet a foot high to get things together.”

Lucy had a personal perspective of what the immigrants might be facing. In 1849, she was traveling from Winter Quarters to Utah with the George A. Smith/Dan Jones wagon company. They were caught in winter storms that came even earlier than those in 1856. On October 1, 1849, Lucy wrote: “We traveled until 11 o'clock at night to get to the willows, as we found no food for the animals as it is snowing very fast.” Like the Willie company, Lucy's company traveled through a snow storm until late at night in order to reach the camp at Rock Creek.³ Reports say that 60 to over 70 of their cattle died there as the storm continued for the next few days. Lucy wrote: “We were oblige[d] to stay a number of days before we could move on, the snow was so very deep, had it not been for the help from the valley, we must have left a portion of our wagons in the willows.”

Another pioneer woman who sacrificed was Ellen Breaknel Neibaur. Her husband, Alexander, had been educated to become a Rabbi. He graduated from the University of Berlin as a surgeon and dentist and spoke seven languages. After the Neibaur family joined the Church in England, they gave up their high station of wealth and moved to Nauvoo, where Alexander taught the Prophet Joseph the Hebrew and German languages and was also his dentist. The family came to Utah in 1848 after being driven from multiple homes in Nauvoo.⁴ They lived through the first winter in Salt Lake in a tent with seven children.⁵ A granddaughter wrote of a sacrifice Ellen made that may have been for the 1856 pioneers: “When they got settled and began to make a little money, Alexander bought his wife a nice pair of shoes and then she knitted herself some stockings that were blue and white striped. She was very proud of them and thought they were very pretty. She had only had them for a short time when the Brethren came around collecting clothing to take back with them to meet another company of pioneers, and when they came to the house, Alexander said he had nothing to give them, but Ellen answered, ‘Yes, we must give something,’ and she took them from her feet, the pair of new shoes and stockings, and gave them to the Brethren, binding her own feet in rags. When that next company of Saints arrived in Salt Lake, the people turned out to welcome them, and among them was an old friend of Ellen's that she had known in England, and she was wearing Ellen's shoes and stockings.”

Sources: *Daughters in My Kingdom: The History and Work of Relief Society*, 2011, 36-37; Smith, Lucy Meserve, “Autobiographical sketch,” Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website; meserve.org; lds.org/gospellibrary/pioneer; neibaur.org/journals/Ellen.htm.

¹Sarah Ellen Neibaur wrote: “In 1855 came the grasshoppers. I can never forget it, we had nothing to eat but bran mush and pigweeds and I, like the seagulls, couldn't keep them down, and many times I would faint from weakness.” Sarah was 6 years old.
²Through the next ten weeks of rescue calls, the women continued to participate in the rescue. Women at Fort Supply sent freshly baked bread with their husbands. When the last immigrant train neared the Salt Lake Valley in mid-December, the women began sending cooked food.

³The camp site at Rock Creek has been verified through the research of Jolene Allphin.

⁴Ellen was sick with a fever when a mob drove her family from Nauvoo. She had a 10-day-old baby and 6 other children at the time.

⁵From autobiography of Sarah Ellen Neibaur, daughter of Alexander and Ellen.

BRIGHAM YOUNG

Born: June 1, 1801 Whitingham, Windham, Vermont

Age: 55

Rescuer



On October 4, 1856, Franklin D. Richards, returning president of the European Mission, and other missionaries who were returning with him, arrived in Salt Lake City and reported to Brigham Young, President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They had hurried across the plains by carriage and light wagon, having passed the last immigrants of the season the previous month in Nebraska. The third handcart company of 1856 had just arrived in Salt Lake City two days previously. Following are some excerpts from Brigham Young's first rescue call, the next day at a Sunday meeting:¹

Brothers and sisters, I will now give this people the subject and the text for the Elders who may speak today and during the conference. ... As most of you have heard, on this, the fifth day of October ... many of our brethren and sisters are still out on the plains with handcarts. They must be brought here. We must send assistance to them. ... Here is the subject to which we all shall speak. The text will be—to get them here! I want the brethren who may speak to understand that their text is the people on the plains, and the subject matter for this community is to send for them and bring them in before the winter sets in.² That is my religion. That is the dictation of the Holy Ghost that I possess. It is to save the people! We must bring them in from the plains.

I shall call upon the bishops this day. I shall not wait until tomorrow nor the next day. I want sixty good mule teams and twelve or fifteen wagons. I do not want to send oxen. They are much too slow for this enterprise. I want good horses and mules. They are in this Territory, and we must have them. I want also twelve tons of flour and forty good young men as teamsters.

Let me make myself perfectly clear. I will tell you that all your faith, all your religion, and all your profession of religion will never save one soul of you in the celestial kingdom of our God, not unless you carry out just such principles as I am now teaching you. Go and bring in those people now on the plains! Attend strictly to those things which we call temporal duties, otherwise your faith will be in vain. The preaching you have heard will be in vain to you, and you will sink to hell, unless you attend to the things we tell you.

I feel disposed, brothers and sisters, to be as speedy as possible with regard to helping our brethren who are now on the plains. Consequently, I shall call upon the people forthwith for the help that is needed. I want them to give their names this morning, if they are ready to start on their journey tomorrow. Don't say, 'I will go next week, or in ten days, or in a fortnight hence,' for I wish you to start tomorrow morning. ... I want the sisters to have the privilege of fetching blankets, skirts, stockings, shoes and so forth for the men, women, and children that are in those handcart companies. I want hoods, winter bonnets, stockings, skirts, garments, and almost any description of clothing. I now want brethren to come forward to the stand, for we need forty good teamsters to help the brethren on the plains. You may rise up now and give your names.

There was an immediate response from the men and women present. Approximately 80 to 100 men answered the call, including 50 men who signed up as teamsters.³ Two days later, on October 7, the first rescue party of about 50 men was on its way. George D. Grant was set apart and sustained as their captain. Church leaders continued to call for more rescuers and more men continued to answer these calls for the next ten weeks until all the late companies were brought to the Valley. President Young went out himself, but he became sick and was forced to return to Salt Lake City.⁴

The following excerpts are from a few of the rescue calls that were either reported in summary or published as given in the *Deseret News* or in personal journals:

October 26: Journal of Wilford Woodruff: "Sunday, I attended meeting all day at the Tabernacle. ... President [Heber C.] Kimball ... spoke in the power of God. At the Close of his remarks He Called for all the Horse teams in the City & Country to go into the Mountains & pick up the companies who were coming with hand Carts & bring them into the City. 115 Teams were raised in a few moments. All were to be prepared to start in the morning. They were to take grain to feed them with. This is a great exp[ense] to this Territory to send out so many teams to bring in the companies. ... President B. Young ... was unwell & did not attend meeting through the day."⁵

(Brigham Young - Page 2)

November 2: Brigham Young: “My mind was been with them ever since I had the report of their start from Winter Quarters (Florence) on the 3rd of September. I cannot talk about anything, I cannot go out or come in, but what in every minute or two minutes my mind reverts to them; and the questions? Whereabouts are my brethren and sisters who are on the plains, and what is their condition, force themselves upon me and annoy my feelings all the time. And were I to answer my own feelings, I should do so by undertaking to do what the conference voted I should not do, that is, I should be with them now in the snow, even though it should be up to the knees, up to the waist, or up to the neck. My mind is there, and my faith is there; I have a great many reflections about them. ... A good many teams have already gone out to meet the Saints who are struggling to gain this place; I can hardly keep from talking about them all the time, for while I am preaching they are uppermost in my mind. The brethren were liberal last Sunday [Oct. 26] in turning out to meet them with teams, still if any more feel desirous of going to their assistance, I will give them the privilege and advise them to take feed, not only for their own animals, but also for those of the brethren who have already gone but, for they will very likely be short. But I should be more particularly thankful if the minds of this community could be so impressed and stirred up, so wakened up, that when those poor brethren and sisters who are now on the plains do arrive they may be able to say of a truth and in very deed, ‘God be thanked, we have got to Zion.’ ... I cannot help what is out of my reach, but I am on hand to send more teams, and to send and send, until, if it is necessary, we are perfectly stopped in every kind of business. Br. Heber says that he will send another team, and I mean to send as many more as he does; I ought to send more than br. Heber, for I am fourteen days older than he is. I can send more teams, but I do not intend that the fetters shall be on me another season.”

November 2: Joseph Warren Wadsworth journal: “I raised a fair crop and then went to work in the canyon hauling wood until November. About this time the call came for volunteers to meet the Hand Cart Companies. I was in the third call which was composed of myself and a man named Dave Osborn. We went as far as Fort Bridger where we met the last company coming in. We turned around and came back with them. This was the saddest sight I have ever seen.”

November 9: Charles Sansom journal: “A call was made for teams to go out. ... In response to this call, over two hundred horse and mule teams went out, some went as far as the Sweetwater. I volunteered to go and on November 11th I left North Ogden with a four-horse team well loaded with horse feed. In Salt Lake City I met with President Brigham Young. He told me not to hurry my team but try and have them in as good condition as I could to come back with, so as to be able to do more good than I would be with a used up team.”

[**November 13:** Joseph A. Young and Abel Garr arrived in Salt Lake City at 4:00 a.m. They had ridden 327 miles in 10 days. Their report was the first word Brigham Young had of the circumstances and location of the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt Companies, but the rescue calls were now in their sixth week.]

November 23: This rescue call was reported by Joseph Elder in his diary. Joseph had traveled with the Willie Handcart Company. He had arrived in Salt Lake City on November 9. He wrote: “I again went to the Tabernacle. After preaching was over, the President made a call for volunteers to go out and help the last handcart company into the valley. I volunteered to go. ... [When] we [returned to] the city again ... truly we were glad for some of the boys had been gone nearly three months in the snow and mountains and sometimes without feed for their animals.”

November 30: Brigham Young: “I have a few words to say, before this meeting is brought to a close. We expect that the last hand-cart company, Brother Martin’s, will soon be in the streets by the Council House. ... We have quite a task upon us this season, for when the last hand-cart company arrives and is comfortably disposed of, we still have about 400 more brethren and sisters who are yet beyond Fort Bridger, probably near Green river. They are those that came out with [wagon] teams, or the independent companies. All their gold, their silver, their cattle and their other property will not enable them to reach here before the snow has overtaken them; and they had plenty of cattle, of money and means; everything that heart could wish, for an outfit for crossing the plains. To succor those 400 I call out door business; I call it a snow business, a labor, mountain toil and fatigue of a severe description.

Night before last we received a messenger [This messenger was at Ft. Supply on November 27 and in Salt Lake City on November 28] from those two independent trains, by whom we have learned that they are living on their cattle at Green river. The brethren at Fort Supply are striving to get them as far as Fort Bridger.

Our messengers started out night before last [November 28] to gather fifty more relief teams.⁵ We have sent to Utah and Tooele counties. Until now, [Salt Lake] and Davis and Weber counties have had to bear the burden. We have sent for those teams to carry flour to Fort Bridger, and load back with people. Some, perhaps, will have to be left there, and if so we will carry supplies to them and keep bringing in the people, until all are comfortably provided for.

(Brigham Young - Page 3)

Those that are yet back [Hodgett and Hunt companies] have been living probably for nearly a week, solely on the cattle that die; they have no flour, and are subsisting upon cattle that drop down through weakness and exposure, which is certainly hard fare. [This is the same message given on November 27 at Fort Bridger and Fort Supply.] Still, do not be scared, for they will eat and live and come here. ...

As soon as this meeting is dismissed I want the brethren and sisters to repair to their homes, where their Bishops will call on them to take in some of this [Martin] company; the Bishops will distribute them as the people can receive them. I have sent word to Bishop Hunter that I will take in all that others will not take. I have house room enough to accommodate the whole of them, if it is necessary; I am willing to take my proportion. ...

This is what I can say truly, with the rest of your counselors and directors, that no man or woman, that we have any knowledge of in the church, has refused to do as requested, with regard to this immigration; they have run by day and night. Our messengers have been traveling from here to the Platte, and back and forth between Bridger, Green river and the Sweetwater; and scores of men have been riding by day and night, without having enjoyed an undisturbed night's rest during the last two months only occasionally snatching a little sleep when sitting by the camp fire. They have been riding by day and night, hurrying to and fro and laboring with their might and have not refused to do what we have required of them; this is to their praise. Works have been most noble when they were needed; we put works to our faith, and in this case we realize that our faith alone would have been perfectly dead and useless, would have been of no avail, in saving our brethren that were in the snow, but by putting works with faith we have been already blest in rescuing many and bringing them to where we can now do them more good.

Some you will find with their feet frozen to their ankles; some are frozen to their knees and some have their hands frosted. They want good nursing, and if you do not know how to treat frozen flesh, let me inform you that the same treatment is needed as in a burn, and by pursuing that method you can heal them.

The Bishops are here, and as soon as the meeting is closed they will meet the company and dispose of them as wisdom shall dictate. And I want you to understand that we desire this people to nurse them up; we want you to receive them as your own children, and to have the same feeling for them. We are their temporal saviors, for we have saved them from death. ...

Now that most of them are here we will continue our labors of love, until they are able to take care of themselves, and we will receive the blessing. You need not be distrustful about that, for the Lord will bless this people; and I feel to bless them all the time, and this I continually try to carry out in my life. The two wagon companies still out we are sending for, and will supply flour to such as may have to tarry at Forts Bridger and Supply. We do not calculate to have the winter blast stop us; it cannot stop the Mormon Elders, for they have faith, wisdom and courage; they can perform that which no other men on the earth can perform.

News Report: Capts. Hodgetts and Hunt's companies, with those who went to their relief, have been arriving within the past few days, and are now, **Dec. 16**, all in, except a few who will tarry at Fort Supply during the winter,⁶ and the small company previously mentioned as being stationed at the Devil's Gate. ("Immigration," *Deseret News*, 17 Dec. 1856)

¹The Semi-Annual General Conference did not begin until Monday, October 6.

²The urgency of Brigham's rescue call meant that the first rescue party reached the immigrants "just in time." But the immigrants' journals belied the coming onslaught of cold weather and delays. On Oct. 5, John Jaques of the Martin Company recorded the weather in what is now Wyoming as "hot." On Oct. 14, the Willie Company journal recorded: "Weather splendid." Jesse Haven of the Hodgett Company made the following entries: Oct. 2: "Ever warm for the season and dry." Oct. 3: "Thermometer stood at noon in the Sun at 112 1/2 degrees." Oct. 4: "Weather continues hot." Oct. 5: "Weather still warm." Oct. 13: "Pleasant weather." Oct. 14: "Pleasant this morning." Oct. 15: "Weather continues pleasant." Oct. 16: "Pleasant but windy." Oct. 18: "Weather pleasant." Oct. 20: "Weather cold and snowing." Oct. 21: "Thermometer standing at 26." There had been an 86 degree drop in temperature in 2 1/2 weeks. On Nov. 6, a cold snap brought another 37 degree plunge at Devil's Gate. Robert Burton recorded: "6th colder than ever Thermometer 11 Deg's below Zero." Harvey Cluff, a rescuer who was camped with the Martin Company in the cove on this date, wrote: "The only glimmer of hope that seemed to reconcile our feelings and that was the utmost confidence in President Brigham Young's inspiration that he would keep companies coming out to meet us. ... The boys from Utah knew that president's foresight and excellent judgement would be sufficient to grasp the situation of the emigrants and their needs in such an inclement season and therefore teams and supplies would be forwarded train after train until the last Saint should arrive safely in Zion."

³This original handwritten list of names is in the Church archives; research by Laura Anderson; copy in files of Jolene Allphin.

⁴See John Pulsipher, rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*, for some details.

⁵This was Brigham Young's immediate response. He did not wait until the next day, but sent for help that very night.

⁶These included Lucy Ward, Willie company; Jane Barlow, Martin company; and the Parker family, Hunt company.

JOSEPH ANGELL YOUNG

Born: 1834 in Ohio

Age: 22

Rescuer



From riding express in October 1856 to locate the Willie, Martin, Hodgett and Hunt emigrant companies and let them know that rescue wagons were coming—to carrying express reports back to Salt Lake City in November—to shoveling snow and breaking canyon trails into December to get the last immigrants safely in to the Valley—Joseph Angell Young traveled over 800 miles during the rescue. He is mentioned often in pioneer diaries as being the first rescuer to arrive. After a four-year mission to Great Britain, he had been home in Utah for only three days when he answered the first rescue call of his father, Brigham Young, and headed back east on the trail he had just traveled.

On October 14, Robert Burton recorded in the rescue company journal: “Sent on an express to meet the companies & report Back to us their Situation, whereabouts, &c: C[yrus] H Wheelock, J[oseph] A Young, Stephen Taylor, A[bel] Garr.”

These four express riders found the Willie handcart company on October 19. The previous day, George Cunningham (age 15) of the Willie company had seen Joseph Young and Stephen Taylor in a dream:

I dreamed a dream that morning had come. . . . I thought I saw two men coming toward us on horseback. They were riding very swiftly and soon came up to us. They said that they had volunteered to come to our rescue and that they would go on further east to meet a company which was still behind us and that on the morrow we could meet a number of wagons loaded with provisions for us. They were dressed in blue soldier overcoats and had Spanish saddles on their horses. . . . I also could discern every expression of their countenance. They seemed to rejoice and be exceedingly glad that they had come to our relief and saved us. At last morning came. . . . Everybody stood around the fires with gloomy faces, as if in a death trap, when all at once flashed into my mind my dream of the previous night. How joyfully I related my last night’s dream in detail. My mother told them that she knew it would come true, as I was promised that gift in my blessing. And to our great pleasure every word was literally fulfilled. . . . At [the] approach [of these express riders] I roared out, “See! See them coming over that hill!” They told me I was a true dreamer, and we all felt that we should thank God.

The Willie company had been reducing their rations for more than two weeks, and that day their flour supply was exhausted. The good news that wagons full of provisions were coming gave the pioneers great hope. Emily Hill, who was acquainted with Joseph Young in England, reported that when he saw her, he burst into tears. “Why do you cry, Brother Young?” she said. “Oh, because you look so starved,” he replied, “and the provision wagons are [miles] away.” Then, feeling in his pocket, he produced a small onion. “Eat this,” he said.

Thirteen-year-old Betsy Smith also recorded Joseph’s sympathetic tears when he approached the camp and saw Betsy and her sister:

“Look, Jennie [Jane]. There is a team of horses and two men! See, they are stopping to speak!” Now, Jennie was eighteen and bashful, and whispered, “You answer,” as we went towards them. It was Joseph A. Young and Cyrus Wheelock. I learned this afterwards. Brother Young said, “Sister, where is your camp? . . . Is there any sickness in the camp?” “No,” was the answer. “Just one woman died today while eating a cracker.” [He asked,] “Have you any provisions?” [I replied,] “All gone but some crackers.” “Well, cheer up,” he said. “Help is coming.” I turned to my sister and said, “What ailed that man? I saw him wiping his eyes.” [Jennie replied,] “It may be that he is sorry for us. Let us hurry to camp and hear him speak.” We did so, and he told us there were many wagons with provisions coming.

Joseph’s express team rode on in search of the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies. They were instructed to go no further than Devil’s Gate. When Captain Grant arrived at Devil’s Gate on October 26, he was disheartened—still no word of the rear companies. Robert Burton recorded: “27th remained in the same place, feed tolerable good. From this point sent on another express. . . . J[oseph] A Young, A[bel] Garr, D[aniel W.] Jones, to find the Co if Posable & report Back their situation, whereabouts &c.”

(Joseph A. Young - Page 2)

Captain Grant instructed them not to return until the companies were found. They rode out on October 27. The next morning, “after riding about twelve miles, we saw a white man’s shoe track in the road. Brother Young called out, ‘Here they are.’ We put our animals to their utmost speed and soon came in sight of the camp at Red Bluff. This was Brother Edward Martin’s handcart company and Ben Hodgett’s wagon company. . . . They had nearly given up hope. . . . Many declared that we were angels from heaven. I told them I thought we were better than angels for this occasion, as we were good strong men come to help them into the valley, and that our company, and wagons loaded with provisions, were not far away.” (Dan W. Jones)

The renewed hope of the immigrants was expressed in many writings. William Binder recorded: “It is impossible to describe the joy and gratitude that filled every heart upon the arrival of such messengers of Salvation.” John Kirkman said, “More welcome messengers never came from the courts of glory.”

John Bond wrote: “Joseph A. Young, Daniel W. Jones, and [Abel] Garr came into camp with a small dun-colored pack mule packed with supplies. The broken-hearted mothers ran, clasping their emaciated arms around the necks of the relief party, kissing them time and time again as [did] the brethren also, rushing up in groups to fall on their necks, the tears falling from their eyes in profusion. . . . ‘God bless Brigham Young and the rescuing parties’ . . . was heard all over camp.”

Samuel Openshaw concluded: “In the midst of all this uncertainty and doubt our hopes were realized, for lo and behold, Joseph A. Young and two others with him came riding into the camp; voices from all parts of the camp, ‘Help for the camp.’ We all rushed together to hear the news. He told us that there were about ten wagons loaded with flour and sent out from the valley for our relief and was about fifty miles ahead of us at a place called Devil’s Gate.”

Patience Loader recorded that when Joseph Young arrived, he asked, “How many are dead and how many are alive?” I told him I could not tell. With tears streaming down his face he asked, ‘Where is your Captain’s tent?’ . . . He [asked] Captain Edward Martin if he had flour enough to give us all one pound of flour each and said if there were any cattle, to kill [them and] give us one pound of beef each, saying there were plenty of provisions and clothing coming for us on the road, but tomorrow morning we must make a move from there. . . . Then he said he would have to leave us [to go find the Hunt company]. He would have liked to travel with us the next morning, but we must cheer up and God would bless us and give us strength. He said, ‘We have made a trail for you to follow.’”

One of the most poignant accounts of the express riders’ arrival was written by 16-year-old Albert Jones of the Martin Handcart Company: “It was at this place that Joseph A. Young arrived as the leader of the [express] relief party sent from the valleys by President Brigham Young. He rode a white mule down a snow covered hill or dug way. The white mule was lost sight of on the white background of snow, and Joseph A. with his big blue soldier’s overcoat, its large cape and capacious skirts rising and falling with the motion of the mule, gave the appearance of a big blue winged angel flying to our rescue. The scene that presented itself on his arrival I shall never forget; women and men surrounded him, weeping and crying aloud; on their knees, holding to the skirts of his coat, as though afraid he would escape from their grasp and fly away. Joseph stood in their midst drawn up to his full height and gazed upon their upturned faces, his eyes full of tears. I, boy as I was, prayed ‘God bless him.’”

After finding the Martin and Hodgett companies, the express riders continued east approximately 10 more miles to find the Hunt Company near the last crossing of the Platte. They got the company moving the next morning and rode hard toward Devil’s Gate to report to Captain Grant. They overtook the struggling Martin Company: “A condition of distress here met my eyes that I never saw before or since. The train was strung out for three or four miles. There were old men pulling and tugging their carts, sometimes loaded with a sick wife or children—women pulling along sick husbands—little children six to eight years old struggling through the mud and snow. As night came on, the mud would freeze on their clothes and feet. There were . . . hundreds needing help. What could we do? We gathered on to some of the most helpless with our [lariats] tied to the carts, and helped as many as we could into camp on Avenue Hill. This was a bitter, cold night and we had no fuel except very small sagebrush. Several died that night. Next morning . . . we three started for our camp near Devil’s Gate.” (Dan W. Jones)

The express team rode hard again, back to Devil’s Gate to report, then turned eastward one more time to assist the immigrants to Devil’s Gate for regrouping and shelter. On November 3, George Grant decided to send express riders to Salt Lake to inform Brigham Young of the situation. Robert Burton recorded for that day: “Remained at the same place [Devil’s Gate] so cold that the Co could not move. Sent an express to Salt L City, J[oseph] A Young, [and] Abel Garr to report our situation & get Counsel & help.”

(Joseph A. Young - Page 3)

Joseph carried a letter from Captain Grant which included the following, “Our company is too small to help much, it is only a drop to a bucket, as it were, in comparison to what is needed. I think that not over one-third of br. Martin’s company is able to walk. This you may think is extravagant, but it is nevertheless true.” At this time, Joseph put on three or four pairs of woollen socks, a pair of moccasins, and a pair of buffalo hide overshoes with the wool on, and then said, “If my feet freeze with those on, they must stay frozen till I get to Salt Lake.”

The temperatures at Devil’s Gate at this time were well below zero, the snow was deep, and the wind fierce. On this express ride, Joseph was able to inform and turn back eastward many wagons of rescuers who had given up and were returning to Salt Lake. Joseph and Abel Garr made this 327-mile ride in 10 days. They arrived in Salt Lake City at 4:00 a.m. on November 13. This was the first word Brigham Young had received of the whereabouts and condition of the last companies, but he had continued to send hundreds of men and wagons into the mountains. Joseph spoke at the tabernacle on Sunday, November 16:

Brethren and sisters, as I have the latest news from companies yet on the plains, and as you are all anxious to hear from them, I have been the first one called upon to speak to you this morning. You are aware that Captain George D. Grant’s relief company left this city on the 7th of October to go and meet the immigration. Captain Grant kept an express in advance until we reached the Devil’s Gate, when he sent three of us on to the Platte River, to see if we could find the companies or hear of them. We traveled until the 28th, when we met Captain Edward Martin’s company of handcarts and Captain Hodgett’s wagon company, at a place called Red Buttes, 16 miles [above] the Platte bridge. [Richard’s or Reshaw’s bridge] We met Captain John A. Hunt’s wagon company [6] miles [above] the bridge. . . .

Captain Martin informed us that about 56 out of 600 had died upon the plains, up to that date. Those who had died were mostly old people. On the 29th, I returned from Captain Hunt’s to Captain Martin’s company. Captain Martin had started early in the morning, and when I overtook them their cry was, “Let us go to the Valley; let us go to Zion.” I camped with them that night in the snow, at a place called Rocky Avenue. . . . The next day I journeyed on towards Captain Grant’s company, and on the 31st rode into their camp and found all well.

In the morning [of November 3rd] Captain Grant sent me and Brother Abel Garr on an express to this city. We found plenty of teams at Fort Bridger, and by this time the [Willie] handcarts have all the assistance necessary to take them up and bring them in within nine days from tomorrow. There were teams enough, so soon as they could meet them, to bring them right through as fast as horses and mules can travel, and such will be done.

All the companies requested me to inform the Saints in the valleys that they desired your faith and your prayers, and that they would endeavor to merit them in their journey and after their arrival. That the blessing of God may attend them is my sincere desire: Amen.

After reporting back to Salt Lake, the tireless Joseph, along with his brother, Brigham Young Jr., and others with ox teams, began breaking the road at Big Mountain through waist-deep snow. The last of the two wagon companies were brought to Salt Lake City by December 15.

In 1864, Joseph was ordained an Apostle by his father, Brigham Young. However, he was never made a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles or the First Presidency. Therefore, no one was called to the apostleship to replace him when he died. Joseph was active in territorial politics and was a member of the Utah Territory’s House of Representatives and the Senate during several sessions. Joseph married Margaret Whitehead of the Hunt wagon company in February 1857. Their son, Richard Whitehead Young, was an Associate Justice of the U.S. Territory of the Philippines Supreme Court between 1899 and 1901. At the time of Joseph’s untimely death at age 40, he was serving as the first Stake President of the Sevier Stake of the Church. The town of Joseph, in Sevier County, Utah, was named in his honor.

Sources: *Deseret News*, 19 Nov. 1856; Robert Taylor Burton diaries; *40 Years Among the Indians*, by Daniel W. Jones; *The Price We Paid*, by Andrew D. Olsen; familysearch.org; wikipedia.org. (See stories for William Binder, John Kirkman, Samuel Openshaw, Patience Loader and Albert Jones in Martin company section of *Tell My Story, Too*. See John Bond in Hodgett Company section; George Cunningham and Emily Hill in Willie Company section of *Tell My Story, Too*. Dan Jones, Abel Garr, Cyrus Wheelock, George D. Grant, and Stephen Taylor are in rescuer section of *Tell My Story, Too*. Also see “The Blue Angel,” by artist, Julie Rogers, at www.tellmystorytoo.com.)

“Oh, will you have plains to cross? Yes, but in a different way.
Will you come through as we did? I will give you a key.
No matter what comes to try your faith, stand by the President of the Church.
God will never allow a fallen prophet to lead His Church.
All will be well with you if you remember.”

Elizabeth Laird, Willie Handcart Company

PIONEER SONGS

“And the ransomed of the Lord shall return,
and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads:
they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.”

Isaiah 35:10

[On arriving in Florence from Iowa City, they were] in fine health and spirits, singing, as they came along, Elder J.D.T. McAllister's noted handcart song – 'Some must push and some must pull,' &c. One would not think that they had come from Iowa City, a long and rough journey of . . . 300 miles, except by their dust-stained garments and sunburned faces. My heart is gladdened as I write this, for methinks I see their merry countenances and buoyant step, and the strains of the hand cart song seems ringing in my ears like sweet music heard at eventide or in a dream. [On departure from Florence, we] "saw them off in good earnest to the tune of 'Some must push,' &c., can't move without that."

-John Henry Latey

Music was very important to the Saints. There are three songs that are mentioned repeatedly in the writings of these pioneers, The Handcart Song, Wait For the Wagon, and Come, Come, Ye Saints.

All music is copied from PIONEER SONGS, compiled by Daughters of Utah Pioneers and used by permission for *Tell My Story, Too*. Most of the songs in the Pioneer songbook were arranged by Alfred M. Durham, the son of Thomas Durham of the Martin handcart company, and Caroline Mortensen of the Willie handcart company.

The Handcart Song 21

Music arranged by
FREDERICK BEESLEY

Moderato

1. (Ye Saints who dwell on Eu-rope's shore Pre-pare your-selves, for man-y more, To
(For you must cross the rag-ing main Be- fore the prom-ised land you gain, And
leave be-hind your na- tive land, For sure God's judge-ments are at hand.
with the faith-ful make a start, To cross the plains with your hand-cart

ritard

CHORUS *Lively*
For some must push and some must pull, As we go march-ing up the hill; So
mer-ri-ly on the way we go Un-til we reach the Val-ley.

2. The lands that boast of modern light
We know are all as dark as night,
Where poor men toil and want for bread,
Where peasant hosts are blindly led.
These lands that boast of liberty
You ne'er again would wish to see
When you from Europe make a start
To cross the plains with your handcart.

3. As on the road the carts are pulled
'Twould very much surprise the world
To see the old and feeble dame
Thus lend a hand to pull the same.
And maidens fair will dance and sing—
Young men more happy than a king,
And children too, will laugh and play
Their strength increasing day by day.

4. But some will say: It is too bad
The Saints upon the foot to 'pad"
And more than that, to pull a load,
As they go marching o'er the road.
But then we say, It is the plan
To gather up the best of men
And women too— for none but they
Will ever travel in this way.

5. And long before the Valley's gained
We will be met upon the plains
With music sweet and friends so dear,
And fresh supplies our hearts to cheer.
And then with music and with song
How cheerfully we'll march along,
And thank the day we made a start,
To cross the plains with our handcart.

6. When you get there, among the rest
Obedient be and you'll be blest;
And in God's chambers he shut in
While judgements cleanse the earth from sin.
For we do know, it will be so,
God's servants spoke it long ago;
We say it is high time to start,
To cross the plains with our handcart.

P. S.

Text and music by John Daniel Thompson McAllister, 1827-1910

“We did all we could to aid and encourage each other . . . in the blizzards and falling snow, we sat under our hand carts and sang, Come, Come, Ye Saints . . . the Lord gave us strength and courage.”
Susannah Stone - Willie Company

1

Come, Come, Ye Saints

In the journey over the plains trials were many, sometimes almost more than human strength could bear. It required skilled leadership as well as implicit faith to cope with situations that would arise. At Loons Creek, Iowa, food was scarce and the travelers were becoming discouraged. Brigham Young feeling anxious asked William Clayton to write a Hymn for the Saints to sing around the camp fire, to buoy them up and help them to forget their troubles. Clayton went to his wagon and in two hours returned with the Hymn, Come, Come, Ye Saints.

W. CLAYTON

1. Come come ye Saints, no toil nor la-bor fear, But with joy wend your way;
2. Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right!
3. We'll find the place which God for us prepared, Far a-way in the West;
4. And should we die be - fore our jour-ney's through, Hap - py day! all is well!

Tho' hard to you this jour-ney may ap - pear, Grace shall be as your day.
Why should we think to earn a great re - ward, If we now shun the fight?
Where none shall come to hurt or make a - fraid; There the Saints will be blessed.
We then are free from toil and sor-row too; With the just we shall dwell.

'Tis bet - ter far for us to strive Our use - less cares from
Gird up your loins fresh cour - age take, Our God will nev - er
We'll make the air with mu - sic ring Shout prais - es to our
But if our lives are spared a - gain To see the Saints, their

us to drive; Do this, and joy your hearts will swell All is well! all is well!
us for-sake; And soon we'll have this truth to tell All is well! all is well!
God and King; A - bove the rest these words we'll tell All is well! all is well!
rest ob - tain, O how we'll make this cho - rus swell All is well! all is well!

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Text by William Clayton, 1814-1879
Music from English folk song

“[The captain’s] face brightened up in a smile. ‘Listen! Listen! He calls out, I hear voices in the distance. Listen, they are getting plainer! plainer!’ . . . The Saints all listen, some going to higher ground to listen. They were getting closer, closer! In a little while, all in camp could hear the valley boys coming to save all, . . . Listen! They are singing that much loved song to help them along their way.” - John Bond, Hodgett Wagon Company

Wait For The Wagon

This is an American song, dating from about the middle of the last century. It was once very popular and has been asked for many times.

Words by
R. B. BUCKLEY

Composer Unknown
Arr. by Alfred M. Durham

Moderato

1. Will you come with me my Phil - lis dear, To — yon blue moun-tain
 2. Where the riv - er runs like sil - ver, — And the birds they sing so
 3. Do — you be - lieve my Phil - lis dear, Old — Mike with all his

free, Where the blossoms smell the sweet-est, Come rove a - long with me. It's
 sweet, I have a cab - in, Phil - lis, And something good to eat. Come
 wealth, Can make you half so hap - py, As I with youth and health? We'll

ev - ery Sun - day morn - ing, When I am by your side, We'll jump in - to the
 lis - ten to my story, It will re - lieve my heart, So jump in - to the
 have a lit - tle farm, A horse a pig and cow, And you will mind the

wag - on, And all — take a ride. Wait for the wag - on,
 wag - on, And off — we will start. Wait for the wag - on,
 dai - ry, While I will guide the plow.

Wait for the wag - on, Wait for the wag - on and we'll all take a ride.

4. Your lips are red as poppies,
 Your hair so smooth and neat.
 All braided up with daisies,
 And hollyhocks so sweet.
 It's every Sunday morning,
 When I am by your side,
 We'll jump into the wagon,
 And all take a ride.

5. Together on life's journey,
 We'll travel till we stop.
 And if we have no trouble,
 We'll reach the happy top:
 Then come with me, Sweet Phillis.
 My dear my lovely bride,
 We'll jump into the wagon,
 And all take a ride.

Statement on sources used:

Some of the individual biographies in this book do not have exact citations, such as exhaustive footnotes, page numbers of documents quoted, or source locations. Please contact Jolene Allphin through the website tellyourstory.com or email tellyourstory@msn.com if you have any questions concerning sources.

Some basic information in all the biographical sketches and data listed in the Index of Names section has been gleaned from common sources. For instance, if a pioneer biography states that an immigrant traveled on a certain ship or with a particular overland travel group, it may be assumed that this information came from the website lib.byu.edu/mormonmigration (British Mission Records [BMR] for emigrants booking passage on ships, not actual ship records) or <http://www.lds.org/churchhistory/library/pioneercompanysearch> (Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website [MPOT]). Sometimes this data came from the personal biographies of these people and was then verified or corrected from these two sources. Along with familysearch.org, these websites are also common sources from which most names, dates, countries of origin and other statistical data was gleaned. Although I've tried to be careful, it is not meant to be verified genealogical data.

These commonly used sources are therefore assumed for most of the biographies. The names and other data listed in the index of names has been updated and corrected continuously for the last 18 years (1999-2017) and is believed to be the most accurate list currently available. New and accurate information or corrections are always welcome.

Much information was gathered from history files and/or publications of the International Society of Daughters of Utah Pioneers (DUP). An index of available files for submitted histories and photos can be searched at www.dupinternational.org. DUP sources may contain more information than what has been used for a particular pioneer biography in this book. Known inaccuracies in these DUP files have been corrected. While not documented individually in this digital edition, many of the photos in this book are also from that source and are used by permission. Many of the new photos in this digital edition came from the Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel website.

Many other copies of written material and photographs have been gratefully obtained from descendants of these pioneers. I always welcome new information. Please contact me through the website, www.tellyourstory.com, or at tellyourstory@msn.com.

The content in this collection of biographies is entirely my own work and not that of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

-Jolene S. Allphin
December 2017

Members of the Willie Handcart Company

From Iowa City, Iowa, and Florence, Nebraska, to Salt Lake City, Utah, and Those Who Died Previously

- Ahmanson, Johan August (29), Sweden; sub-captain, (wife and baby in Hodgett Company)
- Allen, William Wilford (35), with Independent Wagons, traveled with Hodgett Company from Ft. Laramie
- Andersen, Christina (22), Independent Wagons, traveled some with Mortensen family of Willie Company (Parents died at Mormon Grove, Kansas)
- Andersen, Niels (41), Denmark, d. Oct. 24
- Andersen, Mette Hansen (Olsen) (50), wife, Denmark
- Andersen, Anders Nielson (8)
(Olsen) Anna (14), daughter of Mette
- Anderson, David Patterson (18), England
- Anderson, Maria Kristine Amitzbol (54), Denmark
- Anderson, Johanna Kristine (29), daughter
- Atwood, Millen (39), b. Connecticut, sub-captain
- Bailey, John (52) and family, England, died Nov. 9
- Bailey, Elizabeth Haywood (51), England, d. Oct. 24
- Bailey, Mary Elizabeth (17), England
(Ellen Jones, Jacob Jones and Sarah Steed also with Bailey family)
- Bain, May (22) (See Marjorie Bain Smith family)
- Baker, Jeremiah Thomas (46)
- Baker, Adelaide Augusta Binning (22)
- Baker, Mary Ann (19)
- Baker, George Wesley (18)
- Baker, David Ephraim (2)
- Baker, Manasseh Delapole White (infant)
family group left company in Iowa
- Bayliss, Stillborn girl, daughter of Hannah Bayliss,
born on ship *Thornton*
- Bird, Mary Ann Fenn (40), widow, and family, England
- Bird, Ann (19), left company at Homestead, Iowa
- Bird, Sabina (17), left company at Homestead, Iowa
- Bird, Ezra (15) b. England
- Bird, Martha Ann (12), b. England
- Bird, Sarah (10)
- Bird, Susannah (8), b. England
- Bird, William Fred (5), b. England
- Bodenham, Thomas (1), son of Mary Bodenham, died
on ship *Thornton*
- Booth, Brother, from Scotland, friend of James Laird
- Bowles, Edward (49), and family, England
- Bowles, Ann Bolton (54), wife, England
- Bowles, Thomas (19), England
- Bowles, Enoch (12), England
- Boyington, Thomas (26), supply wagon teamster
- Bravandt, Emma Emelie (18), Denmark; father died at
Mormon Grove in 1855
- Brazier, George (21), brother, England, occ. baker
- Brazier, John (19), brother, England, occ. carpenter
- Brittan, Mary Ann Warr (50), England
- Brown, Christina (26), stayed at Ft. Laramie
- Bryant, Ann (69), England, d. Sept. 26, 1856
- Burt, Alexander (19), b. Scotland
- Caldwell, Margaret Ann McFall (39), and family,
b. Ireland, widow, married rescuer Nathaniel Bennett
- Caldwell, Robert John (17), Scotland, drove provision
wagon
- Caldwell, Thomas (14), Scotland
- Caldwell, Elizabeth (12), Scotland
- Caldwell, Agnes (9), Scotland
(Christina McNeil with this family)
- Campkin, Martha Webb (35), and family, England,
widow, with Independent Wagons
- Campkin, Wilford George (8), England
- Campkin, Francesca (or Frencecca) (5), England
- Campkin, Harriet (4), England
- Campkin, Martha Ann (2), b. England
- Campkin, Isaac James (7 mos.), b. England
- Cantwell, James Sherlock (42), Ireland, Independent
Wagons, joined Hodgett at Ft. Laramie
- Cantwell, Elizabeth Cotterell Hamer (37), wife
- Cantwell, Francis Robert (15), England
- Cantwell, James (13), England
- Cantwell, William Hamer (10) England
- Cantwell, Ellen (7) England
- Cantwell, Mary Ann (2), b. St. Louis, Missouri
- Cantwell, Elizabeth Cotterell (6 months), b. Missouri
- Chetwin, Maria (21)
- Chislett, John (24), England, sub-captain, married
Mary Ann Stockdale of company
- Choules, Sarah (23), England
- Christensen, Anders (22), originally traveled with Anna
Nilson (29) and Christian Christensen (11) of Hodgett
Co., on ship *Thornton*, from Jutland, Denmark
- Christensen, Niels Lars (27), with Independent Wagons;
captain, interpreter and counselor for Danish Saints.
- Cook, Minnie Ann (35), b. England
- Cooper, Ann Brummel (38), England,
married Levi Savage of company
- Cooper, Mary Ann (5), England
- Cooper, Adelaide (4), England
- Cooper, Sarah Ann (2), England, d. July 5, Iowa
- Cox, Theophilus William (25), England,
died Nov. 7, Cottonwood Grove, E. Canyon Creek
- Crook, Sophia Mason (65), and daughter, England
- Crook, Eliza (19), England
- Culley, Benjamin (60), father, England, d. Oct. 4
- Culley, Elizabeth (20), daughter, England
- Culley, Jane Dorothy (25), daughter, England
- Cunningham, James (54), with family, Scotland.
- Cunningham, Elizabeth Agnes Nicholson (48), wife,
Scotland
- Cunningham, Catherine (17), Scotland
- Cunningham, George (15), Scotland
- Cunningham, Elizabeth (12), Scotland
- Cunningham, Margaret (10), Scotland
- Curtis, George (64), England, d. Oct. 16.
- Curtis, Rachel (75), died on the ship *Thornton*
- Dalglish, Margaret (31)
- Davenport, Lucinda Melissa (18), left company, Oct. 9,
Ft. Laramie
- Dorney, Mary Davis (65), mother, widow, England
- Dorney, Hannah (25), daughter, England, married
rescuer, Joseph Wadley, Nov. 15, 1856
- Edwick, William (17), returned to Ft. Laramie, Oct. 12
- Elder, Joseph Benson (21), b. Indiana, assisted Captain
Willie in locating rescuers, also rescuer of Martin Co.
- Empey, Jesse (31), England, died Sept. 22, 1856
- Empey, Mary A. Foulks (29), England
- Empey, William (9), England, died Nov. 7, 1856
- Empey, James (6), England
- Empey, Mary Ann (4), England
- Empey, Sarah Jane (9 months), England
(Also spelled Impey)

WILLIE HANDCART COMPANY - PAGE 2

- England, Daniel (55) (family stayed in Florence, emigrated to Utah in 1860)
 England, Mary Ann Medler (48)
 England, William (18)
 England, John (15)
 England, Moroni (6)
- Evans, Amelia (18), Wales
- Findlay, Allen McPherson (27) with family, Scotland, returning missionary from Bombay, India
 Findlay, Jessie Ireland (28), wife, (married on ship)
 Findlay, Mary McPherson (59), mother of Allen
- Forbes, Elizabeth Wilkie (8), with Isabelle Wilkie
- Funnell, Mary Ann Rice Winter (62), mother
 Funnell, Elizabeth (23), daughter
- Gadd, Samuel (40), with family, England, d. Oct. 9
 Gadd, Eliza Chapman (42), wife, England
 Gadd, Alfred (19), England
 Gadd, Jane, (17), England
 Gadd, William Chapman (13), England
 Gadd, Samuel (10), England, d. Oct. 24, Rock Creek
 Gadd, Mary Ann (7), England
 Gadd, Sarah (5), England
 Gadd, Isaac Chapman (1), twin, England.
 Gadd, Daniel Chapman (1), twin, England, d. Oct. 4
- Gardner, James (26), with family, England
 Gardner, Hannah Gubbins (26), wife, England
 Gardner, Mary Ann (7), England
 Gardner, Agnes Eleanor (4), England
 Gardner, Frederick James (3), England
 Gardner, John William (1), b. England
- Geary, John Thomas (33) with Independent Wagons, joined Hodgett Company at Ft. Laramie, England
 Geary, Sophia Fryer (26), England
 Geary, Sophia Ann (3) b. Keokuk campground, Iowa
 Geary, Echo Workman, b. Echo Canyon, Dec. 9, 1856 named after Brother Workman, rescuer who assisted
- Gibb, James (63), d. Oct 23, Rock Creek
 Gibb, Mary Gordon (52), wife
- Gillman, Chesterton John (age 76 according to family records), England, d. Oct. 23, buried Rock Creek
- Girdlestone, Thomas (63), husband, d. Oct. 25.
 Girdlestone, Mary Betts (59), wife, b. England, d. Oct. 30, buried near Green River.
 Girdlestone, Emma (21), daughter, b. England
- Godfrey, Richard (21), b. England
- Gregersen (or Greisen), Maren (26), Vensyssel, Jutland, Denmark
- Griffiths, Catherine Mary (31)
 Griffiths, Edward (25), Wales
- Griffiths, Mary Priscilla (26), England
- Groves, William (22), England, d. Oct. 25, Rock Creek
- Gurney, Charles (39) and family
 Gurney, Charlotte Brown (37), wife
 Gurney, Mary A. (14)
 Gurney, Joseph (13)
- Hailey, William, (67), with wife, d. Sept. 13, N. Bluff
 Hailey, Catherine Coles (66)
- Hansen, Maren (51), d. Aug. 14, buried at Florence, her goods distributed to poor
 Hansen, Peter (13), traveling with Maren
 Sorenson, Christian (9), also traveling with Maren
- Hansen, Nils (or Niels) (41), husband
 Hansen, Anna Catherine (42), wife
 left the company at Council Bluffs, Iowa
- Hansen, Rasmus Peter (40), husband, d. Oct. 19
 Hansen, Anna (40), wife
- Hansen, Rasmus Peter (16), died Nov. 6 (see Paul Jacobsen family)
- Hanson, Rasmus (21), "Cassius" on one roster
- Hardwick, Richard (63) d. Oct. 21 on Sweetwater
- Henderson, James (27) of Scotland, d. Oct. 18
 Henderson, Jane Allison McGibbon (26)
 Henderson, James Mitchell (1)
- Herbert, Ann (25), mother of Charles, sister of Hannah
 Herbert, Charles Martin (3), son
 Herbert, Hannah (16),
- Hill, Emily (20), sister, b. England
 Hill, Julia (23), sister, b. England
- Hill, John (30), b. England, husband
 Hill, Sarah Dean (31), b. England, wife
- Hodges, Janetta Layton (55), mother
 Hodges, Mary Anne (20), daughter
- Hooley (or Holley) Thomas (22), b. England
- Howard, Ann (33), b. England, on J. Linford's tent list
- Humphries, George (45), with family, b. England
 Humphries, Harriet Harding (46), b. England
 Humphries, Edwin (18), b. England
 Humphries, Ann (16), b. England
 Humphries, Mary (15), b. England, married rescuer, Amos Maycock
 Humphries, Elizabeth (12), b. England
 Humphries, Hannah (9), b. England
 Humphries, Salina (7), b. England
 Humphries, James (2), b. England
- Hurren, James (29), and family, b. England
 Hurren, Eliza Reeder (26), wife (father is David Reeder)
 Hurren, Mary Reeder (7), b. England
 Hurren, Emma (4), b. England
 Hurren, Sarah (2), b. England
 Hurren, Selena, b. July 14/15 Iowa City, d. July 28 or 30
- Ingra, George (68) and wife, from England, d. Oct. 4.
 Ingra, Elizabeth Stamford (74), wife, England, d. Sept 3 daughter, Kitty Tassell in company.
- Jacobson, Paul (56), from Denmark, d. Oct. 13
 Jacobson, Lovisa (53), wife
 Hanson, Rasmus Peter (16), adopted son, d. Nov. 6
 Jorgensen, Maren (or Maria S.) (8), b. Denmark, adopted daughter, died Nov. 7, near East Canyon Creek
- Jacobson, Peter (28), with family
 Jacobson, Anna Kirstine Mortensen (32), wife
 Jacobson, Jens Peter (3), son
- James, John (61), Wales, (company journal: "from Whitbourne, Herefordshire, England"), d. Oct. 22
- James, William (48), b. Eng d. Oct. 24, Rock Creek
 James, Jane (41), wife, b. England
 James, Sarah (19), b. England
 James, Emma Jane (17), b. England
 James, Reuben (14), b. England
 James, Mary Ann (11), b. England
 James, Martha (10), b. England
 James, George (7), b. England
 James, John Parley (3), b. England
 James, Jane (8 mo.), b. England, d. on ship *Thornton*
- Jefferies, William (24)
- Jensen, Catherine (19), with Peder Mortensen family
- Jensen, Johanna Marie (21), from Vensyssel, with Ole and Maren Mikkelsen
- Jensen, Petrea Caroline (25), b. 12 Aug 1831, Norway joined Willie Co. about Aug 18
 Jenson, Anders (47), b. Denmark, d. Oct. 29
 Jenson, Anna Christensen (49), wife
 Jenson, Michael (11), b. Denmark
 Jenson, Anton (8), b. Denmark
 (Jenson, Peder C., son, b. 1843, stayed in Denmark)

WILLIE HANDCART COMPANY - PAGE 3

- Jenson, Carsten
- Jones, Ellen (6), with John Bailey family
- Jorgensen, Anders (44), Denmark
 Jorgensen, Elizabeth Nielsen (42), wife, Denmark
 Jorgensen, Hans (12), Denmark
 Jorgensen, Maren (10) Denmark,
 Jorgensen, Anna (6) Denmark, revived at Rock Creek
 Jorgensen, Jorgen (3), Denmark
- Jorgensen, Christian (or Christen or Christine)
- Jorgensen, Maren (or Maria) S. (8), Denmark, d. Nov. 7, 1856, near East Canyon Creek; with Paul and Lovisa Jacobsen family
- Jost, John Alexander (46) b. Halifax, Nova Scotia; with Independent Wagons, joined Hodgett at Ft. Laramie
 Jost, Maryann Zwicker, Sr. (44) wife, Canada
 Jost, Catherine Ann, (Kate?) (15) Canada
 Jost, Samuel Edward (11) b. Lunenburg, Nova Scotia
 Jost, Thomas William (9) Canada
 Jost, Maryann (Minnie?), Jr. (8), Canada
 Jost, Andrew James (4) Canada
 (possibly also George H. and John D. Jost)
- Kay (or Key or Kee), Rose (50), with family
- Keetch, William Kempton (44), family left company in Florence, continued in 1862 to Utah
 Keetch, Ann Greenwood (44)
 Keetch, Charles Greenwood, Sr. (18)
 Keetch, Alfred Greenwood (16)
 Keetch, Elizabeth (14)
 Keetch, Martha Mae (10)
 Keetch, William (8), died Oct. 11, 1856
 Keetch, Ann Maria (1)
- Kelley, Barbara (31)
- Kelley, John (31), with family, b. England
 Kelley, Mary Carmichael (30), wife
 Kelley, John Carmichael (2), b. England
- Kirby, Honour (Hannah) Watson (36), widow
 Kirby, Maria Watson (13), daughter, b. England
- Kirkpatrick, Elizabeth Ramsey (31) b. Scotland
 Kirkpatrick, Alexander (4), son
- Kirkwood, Margaret Campbell (46), Scotland, widow
 Kirkwood, Robert C. (22), son, Scotland, crippled
 Kirkwood, Thomas (19), son, Scotland
 Kirkwood, James (11) son, Scotland, d Oct. 24
 Kirkwood, Joseph Smith Campbell (5), son, Scotland
- Knutsen, Kersten (60), b. Denmark, d. Oct. 29
- Laird, James (30), with family, b. Ireland
 Laird, Mary Rennie (30), b. Scotland
 Laird, Joseph Smith (6), b. Scotland
 Laird, Edward (4), b. Scotland
 Laird, Elizabeth (1), b. Scotland
- Langman, Rebecca Culey (22), b. England
- Lark, Mary F. (10), died on *Thornton*, June 7, 1856
- Larson, Peder (43), from Denmark, d. Oct. 3, 1856
 Larson, Ane Kirstine (37), wife
 Larson, Niels Peder (13) (died in December 1856)
 Larson, Anna Sophie (11), b. Denmark, d. Oct. 21
 Larson, Martine (6)
 Larson, Lars Julius, b. July 5 Iowa City; d. Oct. 16
- Lautrup, Mariane Louise (32), with Sophie Petersen
- Leason, Rivinia Jane Mount (21), widow, b. Illinois, with Independent Wagons, joined Hodgett at Ft. Laramie; (later married Andrew Siler of company)
 Leason, William N. (1), from U.S., son, d. Sept. 28
- Ledingham, William Dikes (29), with family, Scotland
 Ledingham, Catherine McKay (32), wife
 Ledingham, Alexander (6)
 Ledingham, William Dikes (5)
 Ledingham, Robert McKay (3)
 Ledingham, Mary M. (2) d. July 7, Iowa City
- Lewis, Joseph (33), family stayed in Florence, Joseph later came to Utah
 Lewis, Eliza Freeman (33), died 17 Oct. 1857
 Lewis, Mary Ann (11), adopted by Bloomer family
 Lewis, Joseph (9), lived with Dodge family
 Lewis, Benjamin Charles (6), lived with Beard family
 Lewis, Thomas George (4), lived with Brown family
 Lewis, Edward P. (2), adopted by Bloomer family
 Lewis, Heber Brigham, born 4 July in Iowa, adopted by Blake family; Joseph Sr., Joseph Jr., and Edward eventually came to Utah or Idaho.
- Linford, John (47), b. England, d. Oct. 21
 Linford, Maria Bentley Christian (43), wife, b. England
 Linford, George John (16), son, b. England
 Linford, Joseph William (14), son, b. England
 Linford, Amasa Christian (11), son, b. England
- Madsen, Ole Lykke, (41), b. Denmark, d. Oct. 24, Rock Creek
 Madsen, Ane Nielsen or Jensen (46), wife
 Madsen, Johanna Marie (16), b. Denmark
 Madsen, Mette Kirstine (Steen) (13), b. Denmark
 Madsen, Anna Marie (10), b. Denmark
 Madsen, Anders (5)
- Madsen, Peter (49), from Jutland, Denmark, d. Nov. 2
 Madsen, Metta Marie Nielson (44)
- Madsen, Peter (65), Denmark, d. Nov. 5 (clerk)
 Madsen, Petrea Elisabeth Malita (36), daughter
- Marrott, William (34)
- McCulloch, John (22)
- McKay, Joseph (57), b. Scotland, with Andrew Smith
- McNeil, Christina (24), b. Scotland, with Caldwells
- McPhail, Archibald (39), with family,
 b. Scotland, d. Nov. 6, 1856 in Echo Canyon
 McPhail, Jane McKinnon (36), 2nd wife, b. Scotland
 McPhail, Henrietta (14), daughter of Archibald,
 b. Scotland
 McPhail, Jane (McDonald) (3), b. Scotland, adopted daughter (niece of Jane McKinnon McPhail)
- Meadows, Joseph (35), with wife, b. England
 Meadows, Amelia Pendrick (41)
- Millard, Esther Young (31), b. England
- Miller, Flora (61), widow on *Thornton*, may not have continued with Willie company
- Miller, Mary Ann (30), on John Linford tent list
- Miller, Mercy Wilson (26), and son
 Miller, William Alexander Skelton (3)
 Mercy's parents are John and Elizabeth Wilson
- Mitchell, Euphemia (22), b. Scotland, with Margaret Bain Smith family, married rescuer, Robert Bain
- Mortensen, Bodil Malene (9), with Jens Nielson and Peder Mortensen families, d. Oct. 24, Rock Creek
- Mortensen, Peder (50) with family, b. Denmark
 Mortensen, Helena Sanderson (48), wife, b. Denmark
 Mortensen, Anna Kirstine (24) (Peterson), b. Denmark
 Mortensen, Anders Jorgen (22), b. Denmark
 Mortensen, Hans Jorgen (19), b. Denmark
 Mortensen, Lars (13), b. Denmark
 Mortensen, Metta Kirstine (11), b. Denmark
 Mortensen, Mary (9), b. Denmark
 Mortensen, Caroline (6), b. Denmark

WILLIE HANDCART COMPANY - PAGE 4

Moulton, Thomas (45), with family, b. England
 Moulton, Sarah Denton (39), wife, b. England
 Moulton, Sarah Elizabeth (19), b. England,
 Moulton, Mary Ann (15), b. England
 Moulton, William Denton (12), b. England
 Moulton, Joseph (10), b. England
 Moulton, James Heber (8), b. England
 Moulton, Charlotte (5), b. England
 Moulton, Sophia Elizabeth (2), b. England
 Moulton, Charles Alma, born on ship

Neilsen (Anderson), Helle (22) d. Oct. 24, Rock Creek
 with Wicklund family

Newman, Mary Ann Williams (39), widow
 Newman, Eliza (16), b. England
 Newman, William (15), b. England
 Newman, John Moroni (11), b. England
 Newman, Mary Ann (7), b. England
 Newman, Caroline (7), b. England
 Newman, Ellen Maria (6), b. England

Nielsen, Bertha (13)

Nielson, Jens (36), and family, b. Denmark
 Nielson, Elsie Rasmussen (26), wife, b. Denmark
 Nielson, Niels, (5), son, d. Oct. 24, Rock Creek
 (Bodil Mortensen with this family)

Nielson, Jens Peter, (Madsen diary says Jens Nielsen,
 above, loaned money on ship to Jens Peter Nielson.
 Mortensen boys speak of lifelong friend, Jens
 Nielson.)

Nichols (or Nockles), John (61), England, d. Oct. 19

Norris, Cecelia (26), b. England, and sister
 Norris, Sarah (Ann) (23), b. England

Norris, Henry (11), only on BMR for *Thornton*

Oakey, Thomas (42), with family, b. England
 Oakey, Ann Collett (44), wife, b. England
 Oakey, Ann Collett (22), b. England
 Oakey, Charles (19), b. England
 Oakey, Jane (17), b. England
 Oakey, Heber Thomas (15), b. England
 Oakey, Joseph Lorenzo (12), b. England; left in Iowa
 Oakey, Rhoda Rebecca (10), b. England, d. Nov. 9
 Oakey, Reuben Hyrum (8), b. England
 Oakey, Sarah Ann (3), b. England

Oborn, Joseph (45), b. England, d. Oct. 30
 Oborn, Maria Stradling (45) wife, b. England
 Oborn, John (12), son, b. England

Oliver, Ann Tride (23), b. England

Oliver, James (33), b. England

Oliver, Charles (23), b. England, with PEF wagons

Olsen, Ane (46), from Denmark, d. Oct. 24, Rock Creek

Olsen, Anna (14), daughter of Mette Andersen

Ore, Abraham (42), and wife, b. England
 Ore, Elizabeth Pope (41), wife, b. England

Osborn, Ann Folks (24), b. England

Osborne, Daniel (35), with family, d. Nov. 1
 Osborne, Susannah Rebecca Tillet (32), wife, d. Nov. 5
 Osborne, Susannah Rebecca (10), b. England
 Osborne, Daniel Jr. (7), b. England, d. Oct. 19
 Osborne, Sarah Ann (4), b. England
 Osborne, Martha Ann (1), b. England

Page, William (17), b. England

Panting, Elizabeth Crook (28), and family, b. England
 Panting, Christopher (4), b. England
 Panting, Jane (1), b. England

Patterson, John S. (32), b. Scotland, cook on *Thornton*

Peacock, Alfred (19), b. England, left company Oct. 12

Perkins, Mary Ann Clark (64), b. England, d. Oct. 21
 (BMR, pg. 130, lists her as "wife" with others whose
 tickets were c/o "Matthias Cowley")

Peterson, Jens O. (36), with family, b. Denmark
 Peterson, Ane Marie Jensen (32), wife, b. Denmark
 Peterson, Johanna Sophia (11), b. Denmark
 Peterson, Mette Maria (9), b. Denmark
 Peterson, Hans Peter (8), b. Denmark
 Peterson, Christen O. (5), b. Denmark
 Peterson, Peter O. (4), b. Denmark
 Peterson, James Christen (1), b. Denmark

Peterson, Sophia Cathrine Wilhelmine Klauen (31),
 widow
 Peterson, Peter (9)
 Peterson, Thomas (7), died on *Thornton*, buied at sea
 Peterson, Emma Sophie (5)
 Peterson, Anna Johanne Marie (3)
 Peterson, Otto August (1)

Philpot, William (51), b. England, d. Oct. 17
 Philpot, Eliza Hancock (36), wife, England, d. Oct. 22
 Philpot, Julia Matilda (14), b. England
 Philpot, Martha Eliza (11), b. England

Pilgrim, Rebecca (30), b. England

Quinn, William W. (50)
 Quinn, Mary Ann Hosking (49)
 Quinn, William R. (24)
 Quinn, Mary Ann (22)
 Quinn, Harriet A. (19)
 Quinn, Elizabeth (17)
 Quinn, George (14)
 Quinn, Isabella (7)
 Quinn, Joseph Hyrum (7)
 family traveled with Willie company to Missouri
 River, older daughters continued with Martin
 company; rest of family came to Utah 1860)

Rasmussen, Rasmine (9), died on ship *Thornton* of
 inflammation of brain, daughter of Morten Rasmussen.

Read, William M. (62), b. England, d. Oct. 1
 Read, Sarah Brimley (63), b. England, wife
 Read, Joseph (14), b. England, (son, or may be
 grandson, son of Naomi Read)

Reeder, David (54), with family, b. England, d. Oct. 1
 Reeder, Robert (19), b. England
 Reeder, Caroline (17), b. England, d. Oct 15
 (Married daughter, Eliza Hurren, in company)

Reid, James (40), with family (started with McArthur
 Handcart Company, joined Willie at Florence)
 Reid, Elizabeth Cummings (31), b. Scotland, wife
 Reid, Elizabeth (11), b. Scotland
 Reid, James (6), b. Scotland
 Reid, Mary (4), b. Scotland
 Reid, John Cummings (16 months), b. Scotland

Richins, John, (23), husband, b. England
 Richins, Charlotte Priscilla Taylor (22), wife, b. England
 Richins, Hannah Louiza (1), b. England, d. July 12-13
 Richins, Franklin Thornton, b. July 16, Iowa City

Roberts, John (41), b. England, d. Oct. 16

Roberts, Mary Bubb (44), b. England, d. Oct. 26

Rogers, Jemima Brown (53), twice widowed, b. England
 Rogers, Elizabeth (8), daughter, b. England

Rowley, Ann Jewell (48), widow, b. England
 Rowley, Louisa (19), b. England
 Rowley, Elizabeth, (17), b. England
 Rowley, John (15), b. England
 Rowley, Samuel (13), b. England
 Rowley, Richard (11), b. England
 Rowley, Thomas (10), b. England
 Rowley, Jane (7), b. England
 Rowley, Eliza (32) step-daughter, b. England, d. Oct. 19

WILLIE HANDCART COMPANY - PAGE 5

- Sandberg, Jens Truedson (37), b. Sweden
- Savage, Levi (36), b. Ohio, captain of 100
- Showell, Harriet (31), sister, b. England, (became grandmother of Elder Neal A. Maxwell)
- Showell, Ellen Louisa (or C). (18), sister
- Siler, Andrew Lafayette (36), b. US, and company; in charge of 4 Independent Wagons in Willie Company; left Willie at Ft. Laramie to join Hodgett
- Smith, Andrew (19), b. Scotland, with Joseph McKay
- Smith, Harriet (27), b. England, left company with Bird sisters on July 20
- Smith, Isaac, Sr. (59), family dropped out
- Smith, Charlotte Eagle (55)
- Smith, Milicent (
- Smith, Benjamin Albert (15)
- Smith, Emily (11)
(Sarah Choules was with this family; continued with Willie company; married their son, Isaac, Jr.)
- Smith, Marjorie McEwan Bain (51), widow
- Bain, May (22), daughter of Marjorie, b. Scotland
- Smith, Jane (17), daughter, b. Scotland
- Smith, Mary (15), daughter, b. Scotland
- Smith, Elizabeth (Betsy) (13), daughter, b. Scotland
- Smith, Alexander Joseph (6), son, b. Scotland
(Euphemia Mitchell traveling with this family)
- Smith, William (48), b. England, d. Oct. 25
- Smith, Eliza Williams (40), wife, b. England, d. Oct. 19
- Sorenson (or Peterson), Christian (9) with Maren Hansen, (Scandinavian Mission Records)
- Stanley, Elizabeth (Betsey) Gent (39), b. England
- Steed, Sarah (19), traveling with Bailey family, "lame girl," uncle, Thomas Steed, rescuer, had sent for her
- Stewart, Jane Ann (31), b. 27 Dec 1824, Scotland
- Stewart, John (32), with family, b. Scotland, ready for burial but revived at Rock Creek
- Stewart Ann Waddel (30), wife, b. Scotland
- Stewart John (6), b. Scotland
- Stewart, Margaret Ann (2 mos.), b. Scotland
- Stewart, Nancy, had been traveling with Almon Babbitt, joined Willie Co. Aug. 31 as a passenger in James Cantwell's Independent Wagon, stayed at Ft. Laramie, or joined Hodgett at Ft. Laramie
- Stewart, Thomas (40), with family
- Stewart, Margaret (45), wife, b. Scotland
- Stewart, William (13)
- Stewart, Ann B. (10)
- Stewart, Thomas (7)
- Stewart, John L. (4)
- Stockdale, Mary Ann (17), b. 17 Sep 1838, b. England, engaged to John Chislett
- Stone, Susannah (25), b. England, married rescuer, Thomas Lloyd
- Summers, Emma (27), married rescuer, Anson Call
- Tait, Anna F. (31), b. Scotland, d. Oct. 20
- Tait, Elizabeth Xavier (23), b. 23 Dec 1833, India
husband, William, came with rescuers
- Tait, Mary Ann (1), b. India, died July 1, Iowa City
- Tassell, Kitty Ann Ingra (38), daughter of George and Elizabeth Ingra of company
- Thomas, James (16) b. England, husband, of Hereford, married June 12 on *Thornton* by James Willie
- Thomas, Mary Somerville (16), b. Ireland, of Edinburg, may not have continued with Willie company from NY
- Tite, Elizabeth (25), b. England, fiancé, Jesse Tye
- Tofield, Ellen (44)
- Turner, Richard F. (67), from England, d. Sept. 15, 1856
- Wall, Frederick (35), and wife, b. England
- Wall, Mariah Wood Wheeler (30), b. England, parents Edward and Ann Wheeler
- Wall, Joseph Laban (17), with sister, b. England; name listed incorrectly in Journal History, 11/9/1856, with words "and wife."
- Wall, Sarah Emily (16), and brother, b. England, married rescuer, William Cowley
- Wandelin (or Vendin), Lars Gudman (or Gudmanson or Gudmann) (60), from Denmark, d. Oct. 24, Rock Creek
- Ward, Lucy (23), married rescuer, James Cole, on Nov. 2, 1856, at Ft. Bridger, stayed at Ft. Bridger and Ft. Supply until spring
- Waters, John (65), b. England,
d. Oct. 25, 1856; past Rock Creek; shoemaker
- Watson, Andrew A. (23), b. Scotland
- West, Sarah (24), b. England
- Wheeler, Edward (52), with family, b. England
- Wheeler, Ann Wood (55), wife, b. England
- Wheeler, Mary Ann (26), b. England
(daughter, Sarah Wall, in company)
- Whithorn, Eliza Stallard (43), widow, and son
- Whithorn, Joseph (9), son
- Wicklund, Olof (or Ole) Jacobsen (30), b. Sweden
- Wicklund, Ella Jonsson (30), wife, b. Sweden
- Wicklund, Christina, (8), b. Sweden
- Wicklund, Jonas (6), b. Sweden
- Wicklund, Sarah Jacobine (3), b. Denmark
- Wicklund, Ephramine Josephine (1), b. Denmark
- Wicklund, Jacob, b. Oct. 16, 1856, on the Sweetwater
(Ella Nielson or Anderson traveling with family)
- Wilford, William, with Independent Wagons, joined Hodgett Company at Ft. Laramie (same person as William Wilford Allen)
- Wilkie, Isabella (48), b. Scotland, (had charge of Elizabeth Forbes, age 8)
- Williams, Mary (50), from England, d. July 23, 1856,
from eating green plums and sunstroke
- Williams, Sarah Ann (22), b. England
- Willie, James Gray (41), Captain, b. England, returning missionary
- Wilson, Elizabeth Dales (65), mother
- Wilson, John (28), son
Elizabeth and John left company, continued in 1860
(see Mercy Wilson Miller also)
- Witts, Samuel H. (66), b. England, d. Oct. 26
- Woodward, William (23), b. England, sub-captain
- Young, Thomas (19) b. England, teamster of Smoot wagon, joined Willie Company near Florence with Martha Campkin family; Martha and Thomas married and became the 2nd great-grandparents of Apostle L. Tom Perry.

**Members of the Martin Handcart Company
From Iowa City, Iowa and Florence, Nebraska, to Salt Lake City, Utah, and Those Who Died Previously**

- Akers, Joseph (24), and wife, b. England, d. Sept. 22
Akers, Ann Pugh (23), wife (married on ship *Thornton*)
- Allcock, Sarah Upstone Britt, b. England,
d. May 31, buried at sea, mother of Sarah Britt Wright
- Allen, Ann (73), b. England, d. June 27 of stroke
- Allen, Elizabeth (43), b. England, widow, died enroute
Allen, Maria (24), b. England
Allen, James (20), b. England, may have stayed in Eng.
Allen, George (15), b. England, piecer
Allen, Sarah (12), b. England
- Allen, Mary Laysell (43), b. England, died Oct. 6
Allen, Maria (22), daughter
Allen, Eleanor (17), b. Ireland, daughter
- Anderson, Ann Tipping (47), b. England, died enroute
- Andrews, John Johnson (44), died enroute
- Anglesea, Martha (22), b. England
- Ashton, William Albert (34) father, England,
joined army at Ft. Laramie
Ashton, Sarah Ann Barlow (33), mother, b. England,
d. Aug. 26 in childbirth at Cutler's Park, Nebraska
Ashton, Betsy (11), b. England, died on plains
Ashton, Sarah Ellen (7), b. England
Ashton, Mary (4), b. England
Ashton, Elizabeth Ann (2), b. England,
d. July 2 on ship, docked in Boston
Ashton, Sarah Ann, daughter, b. Aug. 26, d. Sept. 11
- Atherton, Ellen Daniels (57), b. England
- Bailey, John (49), and family, b. England
Bailey, Jane Allgood (45), wife, b. England
Bailey, Langley Allgood (18), b. England
Bailey, John (15), b. England
Bailey, Thomas (12), b. England
Bailey, David (5), b. England
- Barlow, Ann Crompton (50), widow, b. England
Elizabeth Crompton Haydock of company is sister;
Jane Nightingale of company is mother-in-law of
Ann's oldest son, Oswald, already in valley. No
deaths in these 3 families headed by widows
Barlow, John (17), b. England, enlisted in army at Ft.
Laramie as a contract laborer
Barlow, Jane (15), b. England, left at Ft. Bridger to
recuperate, married John Long there, Mar. 15, 1857
Barlow, Joseph Smith (8), b. England
- Barnes, George (41), b. England, d. near Devil's Gate
Barnes, Jane Howard (41), wife, b. England
Barnes, Margaret (15), b. England
Barnes, Betsy (or Elizabeth) (12), b. England
Barnes, Esther (10), b. England
Barnes, Deborah (8), b. England
Barnes, William Levi (5), b. England
Barnes, Mary Jane, b. July 24 at Iowa City
- Bartholme, Bone (26), b. Italy, died enroute
- Barton, William (48), with family, b. England, died
Sept. 30, 1856
Barton, Mary Ann Taylor (35), (2nd wife) b. England
Barton, Mary Ann (14), daughter from William's 1st wife
Barton, Francis (3 1/2), daughter, b. England
Barton, Elizabeth (1 1/2), daughter, d. July 6, 1856
- Batchelor, Emma (20), b. England, with Gourley family
- Beecroft, Joseph (45), left company Aug. 13 due to
illness
Beecroft, Sarah Hurst (42), (left with husband)
Beecroft, Joseph (or John) Hurst (9), (left with parents)
- Beer, Benjamin James (43), and wife, b. England
Beer, Margaret Keefe (44)
- Bennett, Harriet (51), b. England
- Beswick, Ann Burtonwood (63)
Beswick, Joseph (34), son
- Billingham, Eliza (18), died July 18 at Rock Island,
Illinois; daughter of Mary Dyson Bingham Douglas
- Binder, William L. Spicer (24), husband, b. England
Binder, Eliza (23), wife, b. England
- Bird, Thomas Pearson (18), b. England, died enroute
- Bitten, John Evington (26) with family, b. England
Bitten, Sarah Susannah Wintle (17), wife, b. England
Bitten, Jane Evington (19), John's sister, b. England
- Blackham, Martha Robinson (49), widow, b. England,
2 sons in Utah, John Blackham came out with rescuers
Blackham, Samuel (21), son, b. England
Blackham, Sarah (16), daughter, b. England
Blackham, Thomas (14), son, b. England
- Blair, David (46) with family, b. Scotland, died after
Nov. 11
Blair, Deborah Jane Bushnell (39), wife, b. England
Blair, Deborah Louisa Bushnell (8), b. England
Blair, Elizabeth Esther Goatley (5), b. England
Blair, David Brigham Major (6 mos.), b. England, died
(Diary of Patience Loader reports 4 total children)
- Blakey, Richard John (43), and family, died
Blakey, Caroline Garston Williams (36), wife, b. Eng.
Blakey, John Moroni (7), b. England
Blakey, Richard Brigham (8 mos.), b. England
- Bleak, James Godson (26), with family, b. England
Bleak, Elizabeth Moore (28), wife, b. England
Bleak, Richard Moore (6), b. England
Bleak, Thomas Nelson (4), b. England
Bleak, James Godson Jr. (2), b. England
Bleak, Mary Moore (11 months), b. England
- Bowers, Elizabeth (25), married 1 month after arrival
- Bradshaw, Elizabeth Simpson Haigh (48), widow
Haigh, Samuel (21), b. England
Haigh, Sarah Ann (19), b. England
Bradshaw, Robert Hall (11), b. England
Bradshaw, Isabella Jane (10), b. England
Bradshaw, Richard Paul (6), b. England
- Brice, Richard (51), with family, b. England
Brice, Hannah Edwards Ledder (50), wife, b. England,
died October, (2nd marriage for both)
Brice, John (11), b. England
Brice, Jane (10), b. England
- Bridge, Alfred Bloomfield (19), baker, b. England
d. Nov 12, (maybe was engaged to Frances Burge)
- Briggs, John (44), and family, b. England, died Nov. 3
Briggs, Ruth Butterworth (39), wife, b. England
Briggs, Eliza (19), b. England
Briggs, Thomas (13), b. England, d. Nov. 11
Briggs, James Thomas (11), b. England
Briggs, Mary Hannah (7), b. England, d. Nov. 29
Briggs, Sarah Ann (5), b. England
Briggs, Rachael (3), b. England
Briggs, Emma (8 mos), b. England
- Brooks, Nathan (60) with family, b. England
Brooks, Betty Smith (wife), (53), b. England
Brooks, Alice (21), b. England, niece
(daughter of Samuel Brooks and Sarah Astley)
- Brown, Elizabeth Eleanor (33), with sister
Brown, Jane (28), sister
(Sister, Esther Brown, in Hunt Company)
- Burge, Francis E. (31), died July 9, Iowa City camp,
"very deaf", maybe was engaged to Alfred Bridge

MARTIN HANDCART COMPANY - PAGE 2

- Burton, Eliza Cusworth (32) with family
 Burton, Joseph Friend (7), b. England
 Burton, Martha Ann (4), b. England
- Carter, Ellen Jackson (37), b. Eng., widow, sister-in-law of Luke Carter; daughter of Charles and Mary Jackson
 Carter, John (10), son, b. England
- Carter, Luke (45), widower, b. England, d. Oct/Nov
- Chatelain, Peter Louis (31), b. 10 Aug 1824, Italy (may not have been in Martin Company)
- Clark, Margaretta Unwin (28), b. England, Clark family had taken in Mary A. Biddle Farmer of Hunt Company as a child; married rescuer, Anson Call
- Clegg, Jonathan (40), with family, b. England
 Clegg, Ellen Walmsley, (40) wife, b. England
 Clegg, William (14), b. England
 Clegg, Alice (9), b. England
 Clegg, Henry (2), b. England
 Clegg, Margaret Ellen (6 mos.), b. England
- Clifton, Robert (51), with family, b. England, died Nov.
 Clifton, Mary Matilda Blanchard (44) wife, b. England
 Clifton, Rebecca (20), b. England, left company
 Clifton, Sophia (12), b. England
 Clifton, Ann (6), b. England
- Cluff, Moses, returning missionary, brother to Harvey and Joseph Cluff of rescue party, married Rebecca Langman of Willie Co. and Ann Bond of Hunt Co. (traveled mostly with Hodgett Company)
- Collings, Richard (38), with family, b. England
 Collings, Emma Luella Lawrence (30), wife, b. England
 Collings, Louisa (9), b. England
 Collings, Frederick John (or James) (7), b. England
 Collings, David (5), b. England
 Collings, George (2), b. England
 Collings, Samuel Willard (5 mos.), b. England
- Cook, Jemima (28), b. England, married John Toone
- Crane, Ann (24), b. England
- Crossley, Mary Jarvis Smith (44) mother, b. England, (Husband already in Utah)
 Smith, Mary Ann (23), daughter, b. England, left at Iowa City
 Smith, Joseph, (19), son, b. England, crippled, d. Nov 5
 Crossley, Hannah (15), daughter, b. England
 Crossley, Sarah (13), daughter, b. England
 Crossley, Ephraim Jarvis (6), son, b. England
 Crossley, William (1), son of Mary Ann, (Mary Ann went back to England from Iowa City; William may have stayed with his grandmother)
- Davies, William (42), b. Wales, d. Iowa City
 Davies, Elizabeth Williams (42), b. Wales (two single daughters and one married daughter with husband, traveled with Bunker Handcart Company)
- Davis, Edmund Weeks (32), b. England, (brother, Elias, and wife in Hunt Company)
- Dobson, Alice Pickup (48), mother, b. England
 Dobson, Mary Ann (24), daughter, b. England
 Dobson, Thomas (19), son, b. England
 Dobson, Willard Richards (16), son, b. England
- Dodd, Thomas (37), with family, d. between Oct. 19-28
 Dodd, Elizabeth Piercy/Pearson (39), wife, b. England
 Dodd, Alma (10), b. England
 Dodd, Thomas (8), b. England
 Dodd, Joseph Smith (5), b. England
 Dodd, Elizabeth (3), b. England
 Dodd, Brigham Young (5 months), b. England
- Douglas, John (41), with family, b. England
 Douglas, Mary Dyson Billingham (36), wife, b. Eng.
 Billingham, Eliza (18), daughter of Mary, died July 18
 Douglas, William (15), b. England, died Nov.19
- Durham, Thomas (28), b. England
 Durham, Mary Ann Morton (27), wife, b. England, wrote words to Hymn 14, "Sweet is the Peace the Gospel Brings"; sister, Eliza Morton was traveling with the Durhams
- Eccles, Thomas (37), with family, b. England
 Eccles, Alice Hardman (34), wife, b. England
 Eccles, Mary Ann (11), b. England
 Eccles, Martha (9), b. England
- Edmonds, Charles (56), b. England, d. Sept. 13, 1856
- Edwards, William (29), b. England, died on plains (probably the same as William Edwards, age 50)
 Edwards, Harriet (18), sister, b. England
- Edwards, William (50), b. England, died near Ft. Kearney, Nebraska (may be duplicate)
- Elliot, Eliza (20)
- Foster, Sarah (25), b. England, with Ollerton family
- Franklin, Thomas Job (34), with family, b. England
 Franklin, Jane Buckland (34), wife, b. England
 Franklin, Lydia (14), b. England
- Franks, Sarah Ann (24), b. England, engaged to George Padley of Martin Co.
- Furner, Robert (25), b. England, died October
 Furner, William Jr. (21), b. England
- Gibbons, Jane (25), b. England
- Giles, Aaron Barnett (15), hired by army at Ft. Laramie
- Gourley, Paul (43), with family, b. Scotland, (two sons working as teamsters in Hodgett Co.)
 Gourley, Ellison Jap (24), (2nd) wife
 Gourley, Nicholas P. (11), daughter of Paul, b. Scotland
 Gourley, Jenette (8), daughter of Paul, b. Scotland
 Gourley, George (5), son of Paul, b. Scotland
 Gourley, Paul (2), son of Paul and Ellison
 Gourley, Margaret Glass (9 months), daughter of Paul and Ellison, died Aug. 14
- Green, Charles (26), with family and sister, Elizabeth
 Green, Ann Norton (21), wife
 Green, George (4 months), son
- Green, Elizabeth (23), b. England, traveled with Mary Harper (died), married Mary's nephew after arrival (Sister of Charles Green)
- Greening, Mary Ann (27), with Sarah Jones family
- Gregory (or Johnston), Ann (63), and sister, d. Sept. 18
 Gregory, Mary (59), sister of Ann (on *Horizon* with Ann Johnston, 32)
- Griffiths, John (46), with family, b. England, d. Dec. 1
 Griffiths, Mary Elizabeth Webb (30), (2nd wife)
 Griffiths, Margaret Ann (16), b. England
 Griffiths, John Jr. (11), b. England, died Oct 19-28
 Griffiths, Jane Eleanor (8), b. England
 Griffiths, Herbert Lorenzo (5), b. England, d. Nov.
- Grundy, Sarah (42), may be related to Charles Edmonds, whose first wife was Mary Ann Grundy
- Haigh, Samuel and Sarah Ann (see Bradshaw)
- Halford, John (58)
 Halford, Sarah Sanders (or Mary) (53), wife
- Hall, Charles (21), with family
 Hall, Elizabeth (24), wife, b. England
 Hall, infant son, b. June 29 at Boston
- Harper, Mary (64), b. England, died Nov. 5, Martin's Cove (with Elizabeth Green)

MARTIN HANDCART COMPANY - PAGE 3

- Harrison, William (41) with family, b. England
 Harrison, Hannah Ellis (39), wife, b. England
 Harrison, Aaron (19), b. England, enlisted in army at Fort Laramie
 Harrison, George (14), b. England, left behind with Indian family who nursed him back to health, then came with Johnston's army
 Harrison, Mary Ann (12), b. England
 Harrison, Alice (10), b. England
 Harrison, Olivia (6), b. England
 Harrison, Hannah (Jr.) (2), b. England
 Harrison, Sarah Ellen (5 months), b. England
- Hartle, John (70), b. England, with family, died October
 Hartle, Lydia Kniveton (71), b. England, died Sept. 17
 Hartle, Mary (36), daughter, b. England, died Sept. 26
- Hartle, William (41), b. England, stayed at Ft. Laramie (Son of John and Lydia Hartle)
 Hartle, Elizabeth Williams (43), b. England, died
 Hartle, John (12), b. England
 Hartle, Samuel (6), b. England
 Hartle, William (3), b. England
 Hartle, Ephraim, b. on *Horizon*, died Oct. 6
- Hartley, Elizabeth Gill (40), and family
 Hartley, Sarah Wells (19), b. England
 Hartley, Matilda Jane (17), b. England
 Hartley, Samuel (Jr.) (14)
 Hartley, Josephine Lucy Smith (10), b. England
 Hartley, Farewell Harrison (7), b. England
- Haslam, Esther Howarth (52), widow, mother
 Haslam, Joseph (18), son
- Hawkey, Hannah Middleton (33), widow, b. England
 Hawkey, James (14), b. England, died Oct. 19
 Hawkey, Margaret Ann (5), b. England
 Hawkey, Hannah (3), b. England
- Haydock, Elizabeth Crompton (55), mother, widow, b. England (sister of Ann Crompton Barlow)
 Haydock, Mary (21), daughter
- Henshall, David (41)
- Herring, Mary Cook (35)
 Herring, George (16), son
- Hicks, Annie (19), b. England
- Higgs, Lydia (45), b. England
- Hill, Mary (48)
- Hill, William (48), father
 Hill, William, Jr. (9), son
- Hiott (or Hyott), John (36)
- Holt, Robert (42), with family, b. England
 Holt, Ellen Walker (44), wife, b. England, James Walker of company possible relative
 Holt, Margaret (24), b. England
 Holt, James (21), b. England
 Holt, Daniel (16), b. England
 Holt, Alice (13), b. England
 Holt, Joseph (11), b. England
 Holt, Martha (5), b. England
- Hooker, Lydia Elizabeth (19), with Jones family, engaged to Samuel S. Jones
- Horrocks, Mary (19), sister of Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson
- Housley, Harriet Agnes Cook (43), mother, b. England
 Housley, George Frederick (19), son, b. England
- Howard, William (10)
- Hunter, James (23), b. England (See John Watkins story); married Jane Brown of Martin Company
- Hunter, James (43)
 Hunter, Catherine Starkey (43)
 Hunter, George (19), died on the trail
 Hunter, John James (17), Isle of Mann
 Hunter, Catherine (15)
 Hunter, Robert (6)
 Hunter, Hannah (5)
 Hunter, James Edward (3)
 family traveled with Jesse Haven company, left Aug. 1, but George and John continued with Martin company
- Hurst, Elizabeth Sarah Hulme (48)
- Jackson, Aaron (32), and family, b. England, died Oct. 19/20, 1856 after Upper Crossing
 Jackson, Elizabeth Horrocks (29), wife, b. England
 Jackson, Martha Ann (7), b. England
 Jackson, Mary Elizabeth (5), b. England
 Jackson, Aaron Jr. (2), b. England
- Jackson, Ann Grimshaw (50)
 Jackson, Elizabeth (24)
 Jackson, Martha Ann (21)
 Jackson, Joseph (16), d. Dec. 6, shortly after arrival
 Jackson, Samuel (12)
 Jackson, Nephi (9)
- Jackson, Charles (60), and family, b. England, d. 19 Nov
 Jackson, Mary Loxam (62), wife, b. England, d. 18 Oct. (Parents of Ellen Jackson Carter of Martin Co.)
 Jackson, William (22), b. England
- Jackson, James (47)
- Jackson, Jane (75) (Samuel's mother), d. Oct. 5
 Jackson, Samuel (40), with family, husband
 Jackson, Alice (41), wife
 Jackson, Lydia C. (15), daughter
- Jaques, Ann (42), mother
 Jaques, Caroline (16), daughter
- Jaques, John (29), and family, b. England
 Jaques, Zilpah Loader (25), wife, b. England, parents' family also in Martin Company
 Jaques, Flora Loader (1), b. England, d. Nov. 22/23
 Jaques, Alpha Loader, born on Aug. 26/27
- Jarvis, Amelia Anne Thomas (35), mother
 Jarvis, Amelia Jane (12)
 Jarvis, Agnes Elizabeth (8)
 Jarvis, Frederic (5)
 Amelia's brother is James Thomas who left at Fort Laramie; Amelia and family may have also left
- Johnson, Elizabeth (57), widow, b. England
- Johnston, Ann (32) (with Mary Gregory on ship)
- Jones, Sarah Ann Bradshaw Till (55), b. England
 Jones, Samuel Stephen (19), b. England, son, engaged to Lydia Hooker of Martin company
 Jones, Albert (16), b. England
- Jones, William Mason (73), died 27 Sept.
- Jupp, Mary (36), b. England
- Kemp, Henry (25)
- Kewley, James (53), and family, b. England
 Kewley, Ann Karran (46), wife, b. England
 Kewley, Margaret Adaline (16), b. England
 Kewley, Robert (11), b. England
 Kewley, Thomas (3), b. England, d. July 4/5, Ohio
- Kirkman, Robert Lomax (34), b. England, died Nov. 11
 Kirkman, Mary Lawson (33), wife, b. England
 Kirkman, Robert (10), b. England
 Kirkman, John (8), b. England
 Kirkman, Joseph, (6), b. England
 Kirkman, Hiram (4), b. England
 Kirkman, James (2), b. England
 Kirkman, Peter, born on July 9, Iowa City, d. Nov. 11

MARTIN HANDCART COMPANY - PAGE 4

Lawley, George (55), b. England, d. Oct. 6, 1856

Leah, James H. (57), husband, b. Eng., d. Oct 14-31
Leah, Sarah M. Berry (58), wife, b. Eng., d. Oct. 4

Lloyd, Ann (36), b. Wales
Lloyd, Jane (7), b. Wales

Lloyd, John (39), b. Wales

Loader, James (57), and family, b. England, died on plains Sept. 27, 1856
Loader, Amy Britnell (54), wife, b. England
Loader, Patience (28), b. England
Loader, Tamar (22), daughter, b. England
Loader, Mariah (19), b. England
Loader, Jane (14), b. England
Loader, Sarah (12), b. England
Loader, Robert (9), b. England

Lord, Charles (39) and wife, b. England
Lord, Mary Hentwistle Duckworth (36), b. England

Lord, James (45)

Loynd, James Sr. (51), b. England, with family
Loynd, Elizabeth Thompson (45), b. England, wife
Loynd, James (17), b. England
Loynd, Thomas (15), b. England
Loynd, Joseph Smith (12), b. England
Loynd, Richard (10), b. England

Maisey, Daniel (39), and family, died Nov.
Maisey, Rebecca Simmons (34), wife
Maisey, Silas (5)
Maisey, George (3)
Maisey, Rebecca (1 1/2)

Marchant, Caroline Amanda (26) England

Marshall, Mariann Brown (or Fleming) (34), mother
Marshall, Emily Montague (9), daughter

Martin, Edward, Captain (37), b. England

Mattinson, Robert (52), b. England, d. Oct. 15
Mattinson, Ann Shaw (44), wife
Mattinson, Robert Jr. (21), b. England
Mattinson, John (17), b. England
Mattinson, George Thomas (12), b. England
Mattinson, Elizabeth Ann (3), b. England

Mayho, Peter (40), b. England
Mayho, Ann Howarth (39), wife, b. England
Mayho, Mary Elizabeth (8), b. England
Mayho, Noah (7), b. England

Mayne, John (24), b. England, d. Oct. 5

McBride, Robert (52), b. Scotland, d. Oct. 20
McBride, Margaret Ann Howard (41), wife
McBride, Jeanetta Ann (16), b. England
McBride, Heber Robert (13), b. England
McBride, Ether Enos (8), b. Scotland
McBride, Peter Howard (6), b. Scotland
McBride, Margaret Alice (3), b. England

Mee, Charlotte (20), sister
Mee, Betsy (14), sister

Mellor, James (37), and family, b. England
Mellor, Mary Ann Payne (39), wife, b. England
Mellor, Louisa (16), b. England
Mellor, Charlotte Elizabeth (14), b. England
Mellor, Mary Ann (10), b. England
Mellor, James Jr. (7), b. England
Mellor, William Charles (5), b. England
Mellor, Emma Marantha (2), twin, b. England
Mellor, Clara Althera (2), twin, b. England
(Conjoined twins, Eliza and Elizabeth, born and died in May as company boarded ship)

Middleton, William (39), b. England
Middleton, Amy Parsons (42), wife,
mother of Ann Parsons Webster of Martin Co.
Middleton, John Parsons (15), son

Mitchell, Mary (32), and son
Mitchell, James (4)

Moore (or Mores), Elizabeth (26), mother
Moore, Sarah Jane (2), d. 3 July 1856, Buffalo, NY

Morley, Sarah Ann Wood (29), b. England, widow
(father, John Birch Wood, in company); married Joseph Wheeler, (parents in Willie company) in 1858.

Morton, Eliza (20), with sister and brother-in-law,
Thomas and Mary Morton Durham

Moss, Joseph (49), and family, b. England
Moss, Mary Brabin (45), wife, b. England
Moss, Edward (20), b. England
Moss, Peter John (18), b. England
Moss, Joseph, Jr. (14), b. England
Moss, James (12), b. England
Moss, Alice (10), b. England
Moss, Hiram (or Hyram) Ralph (8), b. England

Munn, Edward Fredrick (22), b. England, did not continue to SLC in 1856, stayed near Platte Bridge, built toll bridge and trading post near Chimney Rock

Murdoch, Mary Murray (73), b. Scotland, d. Oct. 2/3, 1856, traveling with James Steele family ("Wee Granny")

Nightingale, Jane Archer (57), widow, b. England
Nightingale, Sarah Ann (31), b. England
Nightingale, Jemima (21), b. England
Nightingale, Joseph (16), b. England
(See Ann Barlow family, Oswald Barlow is son-in-law)

Normington, Thomas (37), b. England, d. Nov. 6
Normington, Maria Jackson (36), wife, b. England
Normington, Lavina (11), b. England
Normington, Mary Ellen (9), b. England
Normington, Hannah (6), b. England
Normington, Ephraim Robert (4), b. England, died
Normington, Daniel (1), b. England, d. Aug. 12
Normington, baby boy, born and died in August

Oldham, John (33), and family, b. England
Oldham, Sarah Hodgkinson (24), wife, b. England
Oldham, Jane Elizabeth (5), b. England
Oldham, Louis William (6 mos.), b. England

Ollerton, John (56), and family, b. England, d. Nov. 12
Ollerton, Alice Dandy (53), wife, b. England, d. Nov. 20
Ollerton, Alice (19), b. England, d. abt. Dec. 2
Ollerton, Jane Ann (15), b. England
Ollerton, Sarah (5), b. England
(with Elizabeth Wilson and Mary Rogerson families)

Openshaw, William Jr. (60), husband, b. England
Openshaw, Ann Walmsley Greenhalgh (50), wife, b. Eng
Openshaw, Samuel (22), b. England
Openshaw, Levi (19), b. England
Openshaw, Mary C. (17), b. England
Openshaw, Eleanor (14), b. England
Openshaw, Mary Ann (10), b. England
Openshaw, Eliza Booth, (20) daughter-in-law,
died, Oct. 18

Ord, Thomas (30), husband, b. England
Ord, Eleanor Grant (28), wife, b. England

Orme, Amy Kirby (52), b. England, mother, widow
Orme, Sarah Ann (29), b. England
Orme, Samuel Washington (24), b. Ohio*
Orme, Rebecca (18), b. England
*(family had come to U.S. once before and gone back)

Padley, George W. (20), b. England, died in Martin's Cove, was engaged to Sarah Ann Franks

Palmer, Richard (58), b. England, locksmith
Palmer, Ann Adey (55), wife, d. July 7, buried Chicago
Palmer, Mary (28), b. England, daughter
Palmer, William (26), b. England, son, locksmith
Palmer, Richard (4), d. July 1 of measles, Boston;
family did not continue on with Martin Co.

MARTIN HANDCART COMPANY - PAGE 5

- Parker, Esther Rushton (37), widow, and family (Husband, William Parker died in Feb. 1856)
 Parker, Caroline (36), spinster, dau. of William Parker and 1st wife, Mary)
 Parker, Ellen (8)
 Parker, Priscilla (6)
- Parkes, Elizabeth Hannah (29), (father died at Mormon Grove, Kansas), joined Martin Co. at Florence
- Parkinson, John (38), and family, b. England, died
 Parkinson, Ellen Smalley (38), b. England, died
 Parkinson, Samuel (18), b. England, left company
 Parkinson, Joseph (16), b. England, died
 Parkinson, Elizabeth Jane (11), b. England
 Parkinson, Margaret (9), b. England
 Parkinson, John (7), b. England
 Parkinson, Ellen Jr. (5), b. England
 Parkinson, Mary (3), b. England, died on July 25
 Parkinson, Esther (2), b. England, died
 Parkinson, William (infant), b. England, died July 20 (Hannah Speakman traveling with this family)
- Patching, Susannah (49)
- Paxman, William Reed Horizon, son of William and Ann Rushen Paxman, b. on *Horizon* June 12, parents stayed in Philadelphia, came to Salt Lake later; became 1 of 3 sets of grandparents of Marjorie Pay Hinckley that was on the *Horizon*
- Pearce (or Pierce), Robert (31), crippled man, died approximately September 18, 1856
- Pears, John Burton (57), and family, died Oct. 21
 Pears, Rosehannah Whitehead (55), wife; (Jane Whitehead May of Hunt Co. may be her sister)
 Pears, Eliza (19), daughter of John and Rosehannah, mother of baby girl that was born and died May 31
 Pears, daughter, born and died on May 31, buried at sea
- Peel, John (58), and family, b. England, died Nov. 12
 Peel, Hannah Rhoades (42), wife, b. England
 Peel, Naomi Annie (8), b. England
 Peel, Marantha Althera (6), b. England
- Peyton, Nathaniel (59), and family
 Peyton, Margaret Hodges (37), wife
 Peyton, Eliza (3 months)
- Platt, Benjamin (23), husband, b. England
 Platt, Mary Graves (19), wife
- Porrit, Margaret McCann (36), widow, b. Ireland
 Porrit, Nathaniel (15), b. England
 Porrit, Rebecca (12), b. England
 Porrit, Thomas (6), b. England (Married Sarah E. Hampton of Martin Co.)
- Pucell, Samuel (51), b. England, d. Oct. 22
 Pucell, Margaret Perren (54), wife, b. England, d. Oct 27
 Pucell, William (27), husband of Eliza, did not continue
 Pucell, Ann (25), b. Eng., did not continue
 Pucell, Margaret Augusta (14), b. England
 Pucell, Ellen (Nellie) (9), b. England
 Pucell, Eliza Schofield (25), dau-in-law, b. England
 Pucell, Robert (1), b. England, son of Eliza
- Purson, John (70), b. England
- Quinn, Mary Ann Jr. (23), and sisters, b. Channel Islands
 Quinn, Harriet (19), b. Channel Islands
 Quinn, Elizabeth (17), b. Channel Islands
 (with parents and other siblings in Willie Company to Florence, then with Martin; rest of family came 1860)
- Ramsden, Samuel Lee (45), and family, b. England
 Ramsden, Esther Clough (44), wife, b. England
 Ramsden, Samuel C. (12), b. England
- Read, Samuel George (49), and family, b. England, did not continue to Utah in 1856
 Read, Elizabeth Georgiana Quilley (52), wife, b. Eng.
 Read, Alicia Quilley (15), b. England
 Read, Samuel Milford (14), b. England, did not continue
 Read, Thisbe Quilley (11), b. England
 Read, Walter Pyramus (7), b. England, did not continue
- Rhead, Josiah (25), family left company at Newton, Iowa, came to Utah 1861
 Rhead, Eliza Lewis Beech (31)
 Rhead, Edward Henry (5)
 Rhead, Eliza Persis (1)
- Riley, Mary Ann Malley (39), and son, b. England
 Riley, Thomas Caton (12), b. England
- Robinson, Frederic Charles (29), husband, b. England
 Robinson, Elizabeth Gambles (15), wife, b. England
- Robinson, Solomon (23) brother b. England, d. Nov 5
 Robinson, Elizabeth (20), sister, b. England
- Robinson, George (53), husband, b. England, and family, left the company in Iowa, died there in 1857
 Robinson, Margaret Angus (52), wife
 Robinson, Dorothy (32), b. England (may have been previously married with surname Murgatroyd)
 Robinson, Elizabeth (18), b. England
 Robinson, George Jr. (12), b. England, left company in Iowa, died there in 1909
- Rodwell, John (56), and wife, b. England
 Rodwell, Sarah Jane Morgan (59), wife, b. England
- Rogerson, Mary Harrison Ferron (52), and family, b. England (husband refused to emigrate with family)
 Rogerson, James (25), b. England, crippled, turned back at Iowa Hill
 Rogerson, Bridget (23), b. England
 Rogerson, William, Valentine (22), b. England
 Rogerson, Josiah (15), b. England
 Rogerson, Sarah Ann (12), b. England, married John Henry Lister of Martin Co.
 Rogerson, John Edward (9), b. England (daughter, Jane, was married to Seth Ollerton)
- Routledge, Jessamine Elizabeth (22), b. England (or Hunt Company)
- Royle, Sarah Moss (67), b. Eng., widow, died enroute
- Scott, Mary Berry (54), b. England, died Aug. 18
- Sculthorpe, George John (47), b. England
- Seddon, Richard (40), b. England, father
 Seddon, Elizabeth (17), b. England
 Seddon, Esther (12), b. England
- Sermon, Joseph Simon (54), died, prob. Martin's Cove
 Sermon, Elizabeth Whitear (37), wife, b. England
 Sermon, John Lloyd (9), b. England
 Sermon, Henry Simon (7), b. England
 Sermon, Robert (5), b. England
 Sermon, Marion Elizabeth (3), b. England
- Severn, William Thomas (19), and wife, b. England
 Severn, Mary Astle (19), b. England, married on ship *Horizon* on May 29, 1856
- Shorten, John Bussey (21), b. England, stayed at Devil's Gate (teamster for Hodgett Company)
 Shorton, James Bussey (16)
 (another James Shorten may have been with these brothers, more research needed)
- Smith, Joseph, (son of Mary Jarvis Smith Crossley)
 Smith, Mary Ann (daughter Mary Crossley)
- Somerville, Mary (32)
- Southwell, John William (23), b. England
- Speakman, Hannah (17), b. England, with Parkinson family, on PEF record with George Waugh
- Squires, Henry Augustus (31), and family, b. England
 Squires, Sarah Minnie Catlin (29), wife, b. England
 Squires, Sarah Augusta (8), b. England
 Squires, Mary Emily (6), b. England
 Squires, Catherine Harriet (5), b. England
 Squires, Clara Annie (3), b. England
 Squires, Rosetta Agnes (1), b. England
 Squires, Echo Levinia, b. Nov. 26, Echo Canyon, Utah

MARTIN HANDCART COMPANY - PAGE 6

- Steele, James (30), with family, b. Scotland, d. Nov. 10 near Bitter Creek
 Steele, Elizabeth Wylie (29), wife, b. Scotland
 Steele, James Ephraim (4), b. England
 Steele, William George (1), b. England
 (Mary Murdoch with this family, also Mary Ann Wylie, Elizabeth's mother)
- Stimpson, William (35), b. England, and family
 Stimpson, Rebecca Lubbock (30), wife, died in childbirth, Nov. 9
 Stimpson, Frederick (4)
 Stimpson, William B. (17 mos.), son, d. Sept. 26
 Stimpson, baby boy, born and died Nov. 9
- Stinson, Samuel, with family
- Stone, Jonathan (56), d. Oct. 19
- Stones, James (32), with family, b. England; tent captain of 20 (Jesse Taylor account)
 Stones, Mary Milnes (35), wife, b. England
 Stones, Hannah Rachel (10), b. England
 Stones, Sarah Elizabeth (8), b. England
 Stones, John Charles (4), b. England
 Stones, James Erastus Davison (3), b. England
- Tarne, Catherine (14)
- Tasker, Andrew (52), b. England
- Taylor, Elizabeth Hinton (53), widow, b. England,
 Taylor, Sarah (19) was also in the Hodgett company, nursing her uncle James Taylor who died Oct. 13
 Taylor, Elizabeth (17), daughter
- Taylor, Joseph (44), husband, d. Oct. 8; daughter and husband, William and Mary Upton, in company
 Taylor, Harriet Sidwell (50), wife, d. Nov. 10
- Taylor, Mary Soar (31), widow, with family, b. England; married John Harvey Moore of Hodgett Co.
 Taylor, William Henry (12), b. England
 Taylor, Jesse Soar (10), b. England
- Thomas, James, married Ann at Ft. Laramie, joined the army and stayed there
 Thomas, Ann Jane (14), b. Wales (on ship *Samuel Curling*)
- Thompson, John Walthew (30), and family, b. England
 Thompson, Mary Thompson (30), wife, b. England
 Thompson, Mary Jane (9), b. England
- Thomson, Moses (22), b. Scotland, d. near Devil's Gate, Nov. 1856
- Thorne, James (51), died, probably Nov. (Jane Thorne of Hunt Company is sister)
- Thornton, Hannah Heaton (29), widow, b. England
 Thornton, Wardman (9), son, b. England, may have died
 Thornton, Amanda Jane (5), daughter, b. England
 Thornton, Sarah Ann (3), daughter, b. England
- Toone, John (43), b. England, sub-captain, clerk
- Turner, Robert (30) (may not have been in company)
 Turner, William (28 or 4) (may not have been in company)
- Twelves, Charles (37), and family, b. England
 Twelves, Ann Elizabeth Henrietta Gunn (36) wife
 Twelves, Charles Samuel (14), b. England, d. Nov.
 Twelves, John Robert (10), b. England
 Twelves, Ann Elizabeth Henrietta (8), b. England
 Twelves, Orson (5), b. England
 Twelves, Brigham (2), b. England, d. Aug. 11
 Twelves, Mary Jane, born June 27, died (October?)
- Tyler, Daniel (39), aide to Captain Martin from Florence, returning missionary, some referenced company name as Martin/Tyler
- Upton, William (21), husband, b. England, died Nov. 10
 Upton, Mary Taylor (20), wife, (parents in company)
 Upton, Baby, died
- Venner, Richard (78), b. England, died Sept. 30
- Walker, James (28), husband
 Walker, Sarah Rebecca Ekins (23), wife
- Walker, William T. (43)
- Wallwork, Thomas (27), widower, died enroute
 Wallwork, William (6), son, (died March 1857)
- Walsh, William (30), b. England, d. Nov. Devil's Gate
 Walsh, Alice Fish Bury (27), wife, b. England
 Walsh, Robert (5), b. England, d. Sept. 13, 1856
 Walsh, John (3), b. England
 Walsh, Sarah (6 months), b. England
- Wardell, Hannah (35), married John Toone of company
- Wardle, Isaac John (21), b. England; married Mary Ashton of company
- Watkins, John (22), and family, b. England
 Watkins, Margaret Ackhurst (24), wife, b. England
 Watkins, Elizabeth (4), b. England
 Watkins, John Thomas (1 1/2), b. England
- Watts, Charles O. (18)
- Waugh, George Peden (67), b. England, d. Nov. 29, counselor to Martin; in charge of company invalids
- Webster, Francis (26), and family, b. England
 Webster, Ann Elizabeth Parsons (25), wife, b. England, mother and step-father are Middletons
 Webster, Amy Elizabeth, born Sept. 27, Nebraska
- White, Elias (26), and family
 White, Elizabeth E. (23)
 White, George Washington (5)
 White, Alice Ellenor (infant)
- White, Maria Christmas (55), b. England
- Whittaker, Robert (19), b. England, died Oct. 30/31, Willow Springs (brother, John, in Hunt Company)
- Wignall, Sarah Parkinson (49), and family, b. England
 Wignall, Mary Ann (25), b. England
 Wignall, Sarah Jane (16), b. England
- Wignall, William (33), and family, b. England
 Wignall, Grace Slater (35), wife, b. England
 Wignall, Joseph Smith (11), b. England
 Wignall, Mary (9), b. England
 Wignall, James (7), b. England
 Wignall, Jane (4), b. England
 Wignall, Grace (2), b. England
 Wignall, William Henry (3 mos.), b. England
- Wilkinson, Charles (40), husband, b. England, (Came in 1855 to America, caught up to Martin; delivering books in wagon for President F. D. Richards)
 Wilkinson, Sarah Hughes (41), wife, b. Wales
 Wilkinson, Joseph Thomas (9), son
 Wilkinson, Sarah Jane (6), daughter, died, Iowa City
 Wilkinson, Mary (4), daughter, died, Iowa City
- Williamson, Ann Polit Aldred (48), b. England, husband in Utah already
 Williamson, Ellen (23), b. England
 Williamson, Sarah (20)
 Williamson, Elizabeth Ann (19), b. England
 Williamson, Mary (17), b. England
 Williamson, William (14), b. England
 Williamson, John (11), b. England
 Williamson, Betsy (3), b. England

MARTIN HANDCART COMPANY - PAGE 7

Wilson, Elizabeth Ramsey Small, left Martin Co. to travel with Babbit's wagons, captured by Indians, presumed dead; had left a letter to a cousin, found by the Willie Co., who also buried her baby; (husband, Thomas Henry Wilson, already in Utah, was with rescuers)

Wilson, Baby, (6 mos.), b. England, killed on Aug. 25, 1856, by Indians, 9 miles west of Prairie Creek, Neb.

Wilson, James (26), and family, b. England

Wilson, Elizabeth Ollerton (24), wife, parents in company

Wilson, Nancy Horizon, b. May 27, d. June 19, at sea

Winn, Jane Broughton (58), mother, widow, died enroute (son, Dennis George Winn was rescuer)

Winn, Mary Ann Agnes (12), daughter

Wood, John Birch (51), b. England

(his daughter, Elizabeth Morley, in company)

Wood, Peter (72), b. 19 Mar 1784, Ireland, died enroute

Wood, Mary Nicholson Bethell (60), b. Ireland, died enroute

Woodcock, Charles (52), b. England, d. Sept. 20, from Lancashire

Woodcock, Joseph (29), husband, b. England,

from Yorkshire

Woodcock, Jane (34), b. England, wife

Woodhead, John (20), b. England, died enroute

Wright, Elizabeth Adamson (58), b. England, widow

Wright, Elizabeth (22), b. England

Wright, Rachel Watts (46), mother, b. England

Wright, Charles (13), b. England

Wright, John (48), b. England, died Aug. 11/12, father-in-law of Sarah Ann Britt Wright

Wright, Sarah Ann Britt (30) and children, b.

England, mother, Sarah Allcock, died on ship; (husband left family previously, did not come)

Wright, James Brigham (11), b. England

Wright, Thomas Britt (4), b. England

Wright, Emma Mariah (2), daughter, b. England

Wrigley, Ann (63), traveled with Platt family

Wylie, Mary Ann George (66), mother of Elizabeth Steele of Martin company

Members of the Hodgett(s) Wagon Company
From Iowa City, Iowa, and Florence, Nebraska to Salt Lake City, Utah

- Ahmansen, Grethe Sophie (26), b. Norway
 (Husband, sub-captain in Willie Company)
 Ahmansen, Jacob August (1), b. Norway
- Ainge, George (19), carried members of Martin Co.
 to safety across N. Platte River, incorrectly written as
 "Haines" in several places.
- Ammon (or Hammond), Sarah (30), b. U.S.
- Andersen (or Anderson), Anders (19), b. Denmark
 Anderson, Jorgen (20), b. Denmark, brother
- Ayrton, Isabella Lambert (56), b. England, died 30 Oct.,
 buried Willow Springs, mother of Jane Tennant
 Ayrton, William (28), son, b. England
- Ballan, William (42), and family, b. England
 Ballan, Ann Rea (41), wife, b. England
 Ballan, Charles William (17), son, b. England
 Ballan, Sarah Ann R. (8), daughter, b. England
- Baynham, Mary Elizabeth (Betsey) (21), b. England,
 married Ben Hodgett
- Bithell, Samuel (18), b. England
- Boden, Mary (21) b. England
- Bond, William (39), father, b. England
 Bond, Mary Ann Barker (34), wife, b. England
 Bond, Sarah (17), b. England
 Bond, Ann (15), b. England (later married Moses
 Cluff of Martin Company)
 Bond, John (12), b. England
 Bond, Margaret (8), b. England
 Bond, Mary Jane (6), b. Fall River, Mass.
 Bond, Joseph William (3), b. Fall River, Mass.
 Bond, Nephi Alma (1), b. Fall River, Mass.
 (Family first immigrated to U.S. in 1848)
- Callan, Charles W. (20), b. Wales
 Callan, Ann (39), (Charles' sister), b. Wales
- Christensen, Christian Madsen (11), b. Denmark,
 connected with Anna Nilson of Hodgett Co. and
 Anders Christensen of Willie Co.
 Christensen, Lars Christian (24), b. Denmark
- Cluff, Moses (28) (also with Martin), returning
 missionary, (brother, Harvey Cluff, with rescuers)
- Cooper, John (22), b. England, engaged to Mary Ann
 Lewis of Hodgett Co., stayed at Devil's Gate
- Dove, James (37), husband, b. England, carried
 members of Martin Co. across N. Platte River
 Dove, Alice Stevenson (39), wife, b. England
 Dove, George (14), son, b. England
 Dove, Sarah (12), daughter, b. England
- Fisher, William (41), b. England
 Fisher, Elizabeth Squire (32), b. England
- Gadd, Frederick H.C. (26), b. Denmark
- Gillies, Robert (36), b. Scotland, cabinet maker
 Gillies, Jane Sinclair (37), wife, b. Scotland
 Gillies, John Moroni (10), b. Scotland
 Gillies, Annie Campbell (10), b. Scotland (became
 mother of Butch Cassidy)
 Gillies, Daniel Sinclair (7), b. England
 Gillies, Christina Gibb (4), b. England
 (family left company in 1856, continued in 1857,
 87-year-old John Gillies was traveling with them. He
 and John Moroni both died enroute in 1857.)
- Godsall, John (47) father, b. Eng., Chaplain of company
 Godsall, Mary Baynham (52), wife, b. England
 Godsall, Louisa (19), daughter, b. England
 Godsall, Susanna (17), daughter, b. England
 Godsall, Frances Amelia (8), daughter, b. England
 Godsall, John Peter (5), son, b. England
- Golder, Eber (20), b. England, brother to Richard
 Golder, Richard (24), b. England
 Golder, Mary Ann Brooks (20), b. England
 Golder, Emma (or Emily Mary) (2), b. England
 Golder, George William (4 months), b. England
- Gourley, Robert (17), b. Scotland, teamster
 Gourley, Alexander Glass (15), b. Scotland, teamster
 Sons of Paul Gourley of Martin Company
- Hamilton, Henry (24), b. Scotland
- Haven, Jesse (42), b. Massachusetts, Captain of
 handcart company until Florence, then Haven
 handcart company combined with Martin
- Hawkins, William (39), husband, b. England
 Hawkins, Elizabeth Owen (44), wife, b. England
- Higgs, George (53), b. U.S. (relationship unknown)
 Higgs, Thomas (33), father, b. England
 Higgs, Elizabeth Stowe (32), mother, b. England
 Higgs, Mary Susanna (7), daughter, b. Utica, N.Y.
 Higgs, Annie Elizabeth (2), daughter, b. Utica, N.Y.
 Higgs, Thomas Young (infant), b. Davenport, Iowa,
 d. July 2, 1856, Iowa
 Grandmother, Ann Kite Stowe, was also with family
 Also traveled with Martin Co.
- Hodgett, Emily Teresa (15), sister, b. England
 Hodgett, William Benjamin (25), Captain, brother, b.
 England, returning from mission to Great Britain
- Jackson, Joseph (42), b. England
- Jensen, Christian (30), b. Denmark
 Jensen, Caroline Larsen (38), b. Denmark
 Jensen, Christiane Kirstine (Stina) (17)
 Jensen, Jens Christian (abt. 2), son, b. 16 Aug 1854,
 Peterborg, Denmark, d. June 30, 1856, Iowa City Camp
- Jones, William (45), father, b. England, died Oct. 21,
 1856, near Upper Crossing, Platte River
 Jones, Mary Ann Dovell (50), mother, b. England,
 suffered a stroke after husband became ill
 Jones, Robert (21), son, b. England, crippled
 Jones, Louisa (19), daughter, b. England, drove the
 wagon after father and mother became ill
 Jones, Frederick William (13), b. England
- Jorgensen, Lars (41), b. Denmark, farmer, died Nov. 29
 Jorgensen, Karen Kirstine Nielsen, (30), b. Denmark
 Jorgensen, Karen (3), b. Denmark
 (Martha Nielsen, sister-in-law or mother-in-law to
 Lars, traveling with this family)
- Krause, Marie Wilhelmina Catherine (9), b. Denmark
 traveled with Lars and Bodil Madsen family
- Larsen, Johannes (32), and family, b. Denmark
 Larsen, Ane Jorgensen (30), wife, b. Denmark
 Larsen, Christiana Margrethe (4), b. Denmark
 Larsen, Sarah (3), b. Denmark
 Larsen, Lauritz (Louis) (1), b. Denmark
 Larsen, Joseph, b. Sep 24 Laramie, d. Dec 1,
 near Green River crossing
- Larsen, Niels (30), b. Denmark
- Larson, Line (or Lene) (50), b. Denmark
- Latey, Henry Ash (17), brother, b. England
 Latey, John Henry (21), brother, stayed at Devil's Gate,
 called as clerk to presidency there, carried members
 of Martin Co. across N. Platte River, b. England
 (Brother, William Latey, with Hunt Co.)
- Leason, Rivinia (21), b. Quincy, IL, with Independent
 Wagon with Willie Co. until Ft. Laramie
 Leason, William N. (2) d. 21 Sep. Platte River, Neb.
- Leslie (Leisley or Leasley), Alice (62), widow, b. Eng.
 Leslie, Ann (24), daughter, b. England

HODGETT WAGON COMPANY - PAGE 2

Lewis, Mary Ann (22), b. England, engaged to John Cooper of Hodgett Co.

Lowson, T. M., b. Denmark

Lund, Hans Christian (37), b. Denmark
Lund, Nielsine Kreutzbach Olsen (37), wife, b. Denmark
Lund, Hans Christian (or Hans L.) (8), son, b. Denmark
Lund, Nielsine Wilhelmine (2), daughter, b. Denmark

Madsen, Lars (61), husband, b. Denmark, died Nov. 6 at Devil's Gate, teamster for Johannes Larson family
Madsen, Bodil Nielsen (48), wife, b. Denmark
Madsen, Lars Christian (8), son, b. Denmark (Wilhelmina Krause with this family)

Manning, Elisha Arnold (21), b. U.S., stayed at Devil's Gate

Mikkelsen, Ole (or C.) (42), b. Denmark
Mikkelsen, Maren (61)

More (or Moore), John Harvey (33), b. Ireland

Neilsen (or Nielsen), Johanne (26), b. Denmark
Neilsen (or Nielsen), Maren (32), b. Denmark

Nielsen, Martha Soresen (or Sorensen) (60), b. Denmark, sister-in-law to Lars Jorgensen

Nielson, Lissa (or Eliza) (22), b. Sweden, from Jutland

Nilson, Anna (29) b. Denmark (see C.M. Christensen)

Olsen, Christian (or Christen) (54), b. Norway

Otesen (or Otsen or Olsen), Hans (22), b. Denmark

Parry, Joseph (14), b. Wales

Peterson, Anna Sarah (21), b. England

Philip (Phillip or Philips), Alfred (27), b. England

Porter, Nathan Tanner (36), Captain of 10, b. U.S.

Provost, Luke (47), father, b. U.S.
Provost, Julia Ann Wheeler (40), b. U.S.
Provost, Julia Ann (22), b. U.S.
Provost, Charles Baudin (20), b. U.S.
Provost, James Wheeler (12), b. U.S.
Provost, David Woodruff (8), b. U.S.
Provost, Sarah Catherine (2), b. U.S.

Rasmusen (or Rasmussen), Hans (22), b. Denmark

Rasmussen (or Rasmusen), Hans (40), husband, all family born Denmark
Rasmussen, Maren Stephensen (35), wife
Rasmussen, Rasmus (11), son
Rasmussen, Jens (9), son
Rasmussen, Bendt (6), son, b. 13 or 14 Nov. 1849
Rasmussen, Karen (or Caroline) (4), daughter
Rasmussen, Anna (or Annie) (2), daughter, (twin)
Rasmussen, Christina (or Stene) (2), daughter, (twin), d. June 24, 1856, buried on hill in Illinois at Pond Creek

Rowley, John (33), husband, b. England, brother to George and James of Hodgett Co.

Rowley, Isabella Slater (33), wife, b. England
Rowley, William (12), son, b. England
Rowley, Isabella (9), daughter, b. England
Rowley, Sarah (6), daughter, b. England
Rowley, Margrett (4), daughter, b. England
Rowley, Mary (2), daughter, b. England
Rowley, Joseph (2 mos.), son, b. England

Rowley, George (28), brother to John and James, b. England, died on plains 1856

Rowley, James (24), brother to John and George, b. England

S., Ann, this sister recorded on Oct. 15 roster, but not on Dec. 15, 1856 roster, probably Ann Kite Stowe (66) mother of Elizabeth Stowe Higgs of Hodgett Co. Elizabeth is also possibly mother of Amelia Williams of Hodgett Co.

Scott, Mary Ferguson (45), widow, b. U.S.
Scott, Joseph Green (8), son, b. U.S.
Scott, Mary Cain (79), mother-in-law, d. 18 Aug, 1856, in Illinois

Senior, Thomas (25), b. England

Slater, Thomas (26), b. England

Starley (or Sterling), Henry (31), b. England, teamster for Tenant family, died Oct. 20 or according to Henry Hamilton, Oct. 26

Stewart, William (28), husband, b. Scotland
Stewart, Elizabeth Murdoch (33), wife, b. Scotland, died Nov 23 or 26, 1856, Big Sandy or Green River
Stewart, James Murdoch (4), son, b. Illinois
Stewart, William, son, b. Illinois, died in Florence
Stewart, Niel Murdoch (1), son, b. Illinois
Stewart, Elizabeth, daughter, b. Oct. 23, 1856 on plains, died Oct. 26, 1856, Platte River

Stowe, Ann Kite, (66) with daughter, Elizabeth Higgs and family; may also have been mother of Amelia Williams of Hodgett Company

Swenson, John (27), b. Sweden, Captain of 10

Taylor, James (39), b. England, died Oct. 13, brother-in-law to widow, Elizabeth Taylor, in Martin company

Tenant, Thomas (46), husband, b. England, wealthy benefactor of British Saints, died Oct. 4, buried at Ft. Laramie

Tenant, Jane (24), wife, b. England, mother (Isabella Ayrton) and brother (William Ayrton) in company
Tenant, Thomas Ayrton (1), son, b. England
Tenant, Mary Jane (1)

Upton, William (31), died Oct. 23, 1856, of mortification of heart, "15 mi. past Ft. Bridge" (Small trading post at Richard's Bridge), Red Buttes camp

Vernon, Joseph (37), husband, b. Wales
Vernon, Ann Thomas (29), wife, b. Wales

Watts, George (19), b. England, stayed at Devil's Gate

Williams, Amelia (30), b. England (With Ann Kite Stowe, possibly daughter; Ann married a Mr. Williams after 1833 when her husband, John Stowe, died in England. Ann is mother of Elizabeth Higgs of Hodgett Company; also traveling with Elizabeth Baynham of company)

Williams, Ann (18), b. Wales

Members of the Hunt Wagon Company
From Iowa City, Iowa, and Florence, Nebraska to Salt Lake City, Utah

- Allen, George Richard (24), b. England, butcher
Ashbrook, Ann (25), b. England
Austin, George (20), b. England, laborer
Barman, James, (brother)
Barman, May, (sister), died (Mary Goble account)
Barton, William (26), b. England, laborer
Bauer, Alowis (25), b. Switzerland, wagonmaker
Baxter, Henry (49), b. Scotland, miner
Baxter, Agnes Grant (49), b. Scotland
Baxter, Magdalen (or Magdalene) (23), b. Scotland
Baxter, Catherine (21)
Baxter, Jane (18), b. Scotland
Baxter, Agnes Elizabeth (15), b. Scotland (married Charles Roper of company in 1858)
Beasley (Beesley) William (48), husband, b. England, bootmaker; family turned back to Ft. Laramie Oct. 12
Beasley, Ann Robinson (48), b. England
Beasley, Leticia Mary Ann (17), b. England
Beasley, Sarah Frances (11), b. England
Bell, William (41), husband, b. England, biscuit baker; family returned to Ft. Laramie Oct. 12, 1856
Bell, Sarah Clark (50), wife, b. England
Bell, Sarah (7), daughter, b. England
Billington, Ruth Gaskell (61), b. England, blind, with Elizabeth Gaskell, and maybe with Wiseman family
Bowen, David Parry (33), husband, b. Wales
Bowen, Jane Foster (36), wife, b. Wales
Bowen, William Parry (11), son, b. Wales
Bowen, George Foster (7), son, b. Wales
Bowen, Eleanor Jane (3), dau. b. Wales
Bowen, John Evans (1), son, b. Pennsylvania
Braby, George (22), husband, b. England, baker
Braby, Sarah Cook (24), wife, b. England
Brenchley, Caroline (26), b. England, with Wisemans
Broderick, Thomas Bagshaw (30), husband, b. England, brickmaker
Broderick, Elizabeth Hillard (22), b. England
Brooks, Edmund J. (24), husband, b. England, seaman
Brooks, Eliza White (28), wife, b. England; mother is Mary Ann Syer Smith White Hill of Hunt company
Brooks, George Finley (22), b. England, seaman, brother
Brown, Esther (24), b. Isle of Man, milliner, sisters, Elizabeth & Jane in Martin Company
Bryner, Hans Ulrich (29), husband, b. Switzerland, blind
Bryner, Anna Maria Dorothea Mathis (28) wife, b. Switzerland
Bryner, Mary Magdalena (5), child, b. Switzerland (3 yr. old son, Gottfried stayed in Switzerland with Bryner grandparents; came next year with them)
Bryner, Susannah (66), b. Switzerland, (May be Hans' grandfather's sister), died about Oct. 4
Burton, William (26), died Nov. 6 at Devil's Gate of ague and cold, (see Hunt company journal entry)
Chappell, Elijah L. (25), b. Eng., painter and glazier, (may have stayed at Devil's Gate through winter)
Clark, Rebecca (22), b. England, married James Reece
Cotton, Elizabeth (15), b. England
Crick, James (34), b. England, lawyer, Captain of 10
Cunison, John, b. Scotland (older man, possibly died)
Cutcliff, Mary Jane (21), b. England
Dalrymple, Henry Harrison, (31) stayed at Florence
Davis, Elias (44), husband, b. Eng., laborer, d. Sept. 21, brother, Edmund, in Martin Company
Davis, Ann Jones (47), b. Eng., d. Nov. 7, Devil's Gate
Davis, David Thomas (34), b. Wales, collier
Davis, Elizabeth (42), b. Wales, sister to David
Davis, Nathan, captain of 10, stayed at Florence
Davis, Sarah (30), b. Wales
Dee, John (56), husband, b. Wales, crutemaker
Dee, Margaret Williams (55), wife, b. Wales
Dee, Hannah (12), daughter, b. Wales
Dee, John Mansfield (9), son, b. Wales
Dee, Thomas (24), son of John, b. Wales, potter
Dee, Ann Bowen (21), b. Wales, wife; Hannah Evans is mother in company
Dee, Dan Curling (3 mos.), b. on ship *Samuel Curling*
Derry, George (30), husband, b. Eng. harnessmaker
Derry, Louisa Wheldal (32), wife, b. England
Derry, Charles H. (6), son, b. England
Derry, Moroni Wheldal (4), son, b. England
Derry, Joseph, (34), b. England
Dow, Alexander (56), b. Scotland, coppersmith
Dow, John Alexander (3), b. Scotland (or Missouri), son
Ellis, John Francis (38), b. Wales, stayed at Devil's Gate
Ennion, John (48), b. England, gardener
Ennion, Mary E. Hopwood (50), wife, b. England (guardians of Maren Johansen)
Evans, Hannah (38), b. Wales, spinster, mother of Ann Bowen Dee of company
Evans, Samuel (36), husband, b. Wales, collier
Evans, Sarah (46), wife, b. Wales
Farmer, Elizabeth Morris (68), James's mother, d. July 5
Farmer, Mary Jane (26), b. England, sister to James
Farmer, James Morris (39), husband, b. Eng., mason
Farmer, Mary Ann Biddle, (25), 2nd wife, b. England (foster sister to Margaretta Clark, Martin Company)
Farmer, Emma Jane (13), daughter of James, b. England
Farmer, Agnes Ann (10), daughter of James, b. England
Farmer, Elizabeth Ann (7), daughter of James, b. Eng.
Farmer, Willard Biddle (1 mo.), son, b. Eng., d. July 26
Fredrickson, Hans Peter (or Lars Peter)(15), b. Denmark (may not have been in this company)
Galbraith, John (27), b. Scotland, stayed at Devil's Gate
Gardner, William (29), b. England
Gaskell, Elizabeth (31), b. Eng., with Ruth Billington
Giles, Margaret, died Oct. 15, had left husband, Thomas Giles in Bunker handcart company, she was assisted by Hannah Evans and her daughter, Ann Dee
Giles, Joseph (7), b. Wales
Giles, Hyrum Lorenzo (6), b. Wales
Giles, Baby, born and died on trail! (This is most likely the baby noted Oct. 6, company journal: "Ruth Jones born." The Jones family had a 5-year-old, Ruth, but no new babies born on the trail.)
Goble, William (39), husband, b. England
Goble, Mary Penfold (41), wife, b. England, d. Dec. 11
Goble, Mary (13), dau., b. Eng., married Richard Pay
Goble, Edwin (10), son, b. England
Goble, Caroline (8), daughter, b. England
Goble, Harriet (6), daughter, b. England
Goble, James (4), son, b. England, d. at Devil's Gate
Goble, Fanny (2), daughter, b. England, d. July 19
Goble, Edith (infant), daughter, b. Sept. 24, died Nov. 3
Goodey, Louisa (or Lousee) (30), b. England
Grant, Susannah Hamilton (56), Scotland, widow
Grant, Thomas Torrance (18), b. Scotland
Grant, Elizabeth (12), b. Scotland

HUNT WAGON COMPANY - PAGE 2

- Griffiths, Richard (40), b. Wales, collier, miner
Griffiths, Elizabeth (51), on ship with Richard, listed occupation - wife
- Hancock, William James (20), b. Eng., painter/glazier
- Handy, William (39), b. England, stayed at Devil's Gate
- Hardcastle, John B. (18), b. Eng., stayed at Devil's Gate
- Haycock, Elizabeth (44), widow, b. England
- Henning, Jane Ambosia (21), spinster, b. England,
- Hicks, John Thomas Richards (31), b. England, shoemaker
Hicks, Harriet Yoe (25), b. England
- Hill, Mary Ann Syer Smith White (63), b. England (traveling with her children Barnard, Elizabeth and Richard White, and Eliza White Brooks and husband Edmund Joseph Brooks)
- Holley, Charles F. (35), b. England, stonemason, Captain of Guard, brother to Henry and James Holley
Holley, Mary (26), b. England
- Holley, Henry Cecil (28), husband, b. England, laborer, brother to James and Charles Holley
Holley, Lucy Meadmore (20) wife, b. Eng, died Sept. 26
- Holley, James (31), b. England, laborer, Captain of 10, brother to Charles and Henry
Holley, Lucy Ingram (21), b. England, wife, kept Hunt Company Journal part of the time
Holley, Ann (3) b. England
Holley, James Hyrum (1) b. England
Holley, Lucy Belinda, born 19 Oct. at Platte River
- Hookey, Thomas (61), b. England, blacksmith
Hookey, Hannah (56), b. England
- Hopkins, Mary (7), b. Wales, (mother is Hannah Jones)
- Hunt, John Alexander (26), b. Tennessee, succeeded Dan Jones as Captain of entire wagon train
- Hutchinson, Mary Waddington (70), widow, b. England, died Nov. 11
- Jakeman, Henry (22), b. Eng., stayed at Devil's Gate
- James, Ruth (21), b. Wales, with Morris Jenkins family
- Jenkins, Rosser James (21), stayed at Devil's Gate
- Jenkins, Morris (34), b. Wales, farmer, captain of 10
Jenkins, Margaret (35), b. Wales
Jenkins, Elizabeth (13), b. Wales
Jenkins, John (9), b. Wales
Jenkins, Thomas (4), b. Wales (David Jenkins (7), son, was left behind with Jenkins grandparents in Wales; Ruth James with this family)
- Johansen (Larsen), Maren Kjirstine (7), b. Denmark orphaned at Mormon Grove, 1855, with Ennion's
- Johnson, Ann (18), b. England, servant of Linforth's
- Jones, John (40), b. Wales, brother of Elias Jones
- Jones, Elias (46), b. Wales, husband, had been married to Hannah's sister before she died.
Jones, Hannah Williams Hopkins (38), wife, b. Wales
Jones, Mary (17), b. Wales, daughter of Elias
Jones, John (14), b. Wales, son of Elias
Jones, Llewellen (11), b. Wales, son of Elias
Jones, Annie (9), b. Wales, daughter of Elias
Jones, Elias William (7), b. Wales, son of Elias
Jones, Ruth (5), b. Wales, daughter of Elias
Jones, Thomas (4), b. Wales, son of Elias
Jones, Hannah (2), died on train
Hopkin, Mary, also called Polly (7); was Hannah's daughter from previous marriage
- Jones, Thomas (70), b. Wales
- Jub (or Jubb), Ann (33), widow, b. England
- Kingman, Ann (20), b. England (Ann came on the ship *Horizon* with Martin Co. Her mother, Elizabeth, (42) and sister, Anna Maria (13) came on *Thornton* with Willie Co. Elizabeth died somewhere along the way and it is not known what became of Anna Maria.)
- Knight, Hannah (27), b. England
- Latey, William Henry (19), b. England, carpenter, stayed at Devil's Gate, had two brothers with Hodgett Co.
- Latrille (or Latrielle), Mary Matilda (21), b. England
Latrille, Rachel (or Rachaël) Whymer (55), b. England
- Leaing, Elizabeth Irving (73), b. Scotland; mother of Margaret McMurrin (see Martin Co.)
- Lewis, John (31), husband, b. Wales, Captain of 10
Lewis, Elizabeth David (33), wife, b. Wales
Lewis, George Henry (6), son, b. S. Wales
Lewis, Elizabeth (3), daughter, b. Wales (traveling with Bowen family)
- Lewis, Rufus (25), b. Wales, wool spinner, brother
Lewis, Llewellyn (16), spinner, b. S. Wales, brother
- Linforth, James (28), b. England
Linforth, Mary Jane Paul (28), b. England (Brother, William Paul, and wife in company)
Linforth, Frank Orson (3), b. England
Linforth, Edward W. (2), b. England
Linforth, Alfred (17), b. England, brother to James
- Malin, Ann (24), b. England, cook for Hunt company
- May, George (34), b. England, clerk, with Whitehead family; may have died enroute.
- McDonald, George Rust (28), b. Scotland
McDonald, Martha R. (35), b. Scotland
McDonald, Lemuel I. (1), b. Scotland
- McMurrin, Joseph (35), husband, b. Scotland, cooper, fitted iron tires for handcart wheels, had wagon for tools, joined with Hunt Company after loss of stock
McMurrin, Margaret Leaing (30), wife, b. Scotland; (mother, Elizabeth Leaing, in Hunt Company)
McMurrin, Margaret (10), daughter, b. Scotland (became grandmother of Harold B. Lee)
McMurrin, Mary (8), daughter, b. Scotland
McMurrin, Jennette (1), daughter, b. Scotland
- McMurrin, Margaret Irvine (61), b. Ireland, mother of Joseph McMurrin
Isabella (17), b. Scotland, daughter (was previously indentured in Massachusetts, mother and brother, Joseph, paid her indenture and picked her up on way)
- Mitchell, Henry (41), b. England, laborer
Mitchell, Harriet Cheeseman (46), b. England
- Newman, Henry James, Sr. (27), husband, b. England
Newman, Maria Louisa Penn (27), wife, b. England
Newman, Maria Louisa (4), daughter, b. England
Newman, Henry James (3), son, b. England
Newman, Priscilla Penn (1), daughter, b. England
Newman, Hannah, born and died Nov. 13, 1856
- Parker, Thomas (30), husband, b. Eng., ironmonger
Parker, Elizabeth Jane Paul (31), wife, b. England
Parker, Thomas James (7), son, b. England
Parker, Elizabeth Ann (4), daughter, b. England
Parker, Olive Fanny (2), daughter, b. England
Parker, Edith Unity (6 mos.), daughter, b. ? (wintered at Ft. Supply where Thomas taught school) Esther Singleton traveled with this family)
- Parry, Thomas (21), b. Wales, mason, d. Aug. 13

HUNT WAGON COMPANY - PAGE 3

- Paul, William (27), b. England, brother to Mary Linforth and possibly Elizabeth Jane Parker
 Paul, Sarah Georgiana Burrows (27), b. England
 Paul, child, died "from weakness and diarrhea" Aug 14
- Pay, Richard (34), husband, b. England, shoemaker
 Pay, Sarah Pay (30), b. Eng., d. Nov. 27 Green River
 Pay, Marinda Nancy, daughter, b. July 10, d. Oct. 4
- Petty, John Edward (53), b. England, lawyer
- Player, Elizabeth Ann (17), b. Wales, dressmaker, sister
 Player, Emily (15), b. Wales, sister
- Price, John (36), husband, b. Wales, miner, marshal
 Price, Margaret Edwards (23), 2nd wife, b. England
 Price, John William (4), son, b. Wales
 Price, Joseph (1), died on ship, buried at sea, May 22
 Price, Elizabeth, b. Oct. 30, died Nov. 1
- Price, Samuel (18), b. England, painter
- Quinney, Mary Ann (24), b. England
 with Parker family and Susannah Esther Singleton
- Reading, Ida Emma (24), b. England, listed in "cabin" on *Horizon*; with Tenant family, Jesse Haven, and Edward Martin
- Reece (or Reese), James (60), b. England, died Nov. 11
 Reece, James, Jr. (26), b. Eng., son, married Rebecca Clark of Hunt company
 Reece, Mary Margaret (22), b. England, daughter
- Rees, Ann or Nanson (28), widow, b. Wales, servant with Elias Jones family
- Roper, Charles (37) born England
 Roper, Catherine Elizabeth Rogers (32), born S. Africa
- Routledge, Jessamine Elizabeth (22), (or Martin Co.)
- Rowe, Charlotte Elizabeth Jane Ravill (34), widow
 Rowe, Robert William (10), son, b. England
 Rowe, Charlotte Jane (7), daughter, b. England
- Salisbury, William (40), husband, b. England
 Salisbury, Ann Morris (37), wife, b. England
 Salisbury, William Thomas (14), son, b. England
 Salisbury, Henry (12), son, b. England
 Salisbury, Joseph Morris (4), son, b. England
- Shorten, John Bussey (21), b. England (started with Martin, recruited to Hunt; brother, James, in Martin)
- Singleton, Susannah Esther (19) b. S. Africa, died enroute; with Parker family; half-sister of John Stock)
- Sinnette (or Sinnatt), George (40), b. Wales, farmer
 Sinnette, Martha Walkins (46), wife, b. Wales
- Smith, James (29), husband, b. England, clerk
 Smith, Mary J. (29), wife, b. England
 Smith, Frank P. (or Frank O.) (3), son, b. England
 Smith, Edward W. (2), son, b. England
 Smith, Alfred (18), b. England
- Smith, Mary Hobson (66), mother, b. England
 Smith, Emma Hobson (26), daughter, b. England
 Smith, Robert (35), son, b. England, machine filler
 Smith, Esther Elizabeth (9), dau. of Robert, b. England (Esther's mother's name was Sarah Carter)
 Smith, Sarah Ann (22), born England
- Spencer, George Gilbert (27), b. US; (foster son of Daniel Spencer, see George Van Schoonhoven)
- Spicer, William (29), b. England
 Spicer, Elizabeth Mary Cripps (30), b. England
- Standing (or Standring), Robert (24), b. England
- Stephenson, Joshua (20), b. England
- Stock, Susannah Esther (see Susannah Singleton)
- Strut (or Street), Amelia (62), b. England
- Summers, Edwin (23), b. England, stayed, Devil's Gate (sister, Emma, in Willie; brother, George, rescuer)
- Taylor, James (39), b. England, died Oct. 13
- Taylor, Sarah (20) (Jesse Haven journal says he went and got her from Martin Company to care for sick man, daughter of Elizabeth Hinton Taylor of Martin)
- Taxford (or Tuxford), Sarah (29), b. U.S.
- Thomas, Thomas (41), b. Wales, Captain of 10
- Thomas, William (51), b. Wales, farmer
- Thorne, Jane (53), b. England, brother, James Thorne, in Martin Company
 Thorne, Annie (28), b. England, daughter of Jane (Jane Thorne appears to be Jane "Jemmett" on British Mission Record for ship *Horizon*.)
- Tripp, Margaret (28), b. England
- Turner, John (42), father, b. England, d. Oct. 6, (his wife died just before they left England, 29 Apr 1836)
 Turner, Sophia (14), daughter, b. England, d. Nov. 12
 Turner, John Henry (12), son, b. England, d. Nov. 16
- Van Schoonhoven, Gilbert (27), assistant to Capt. Hunt (also went by George Gilbert Spencer)
- Wadsworth, James (46), b. England, miner
 Wadsworth, Elizabeth Hutchinson (48), b. England
 Wadsworth, James (8), b. England, great-nephew
- Walters, John (46), b. Wales, tailor
 Walters, Esther Callfield (39), wife, b. Wales, d. Oct. 7
 Walters, Mary Adelaide ("Ady") (6), daughter, b. Wales
 Walters, Jane, daughter, born Sept 6, died Nov. 5
- Whitaker, John (23), b. England, stayed at Devil's Gate, (brother, Robert, in Martin company, died Oct 30/31)
- White, Elizabeth (18), daughter, b. England
 White, Barnard (16), son, b. England
 White, Richard Herman (14), son, b. England (Hill 3rd husband), Mary Ann Syer Smith White (63), mother of Elizabeth, Barnard, and Richard; married daughter, Eliza Brooks, also in the Hunt Company)
- Whitehead, Richard (47), husband, b. England
 Whitehead, Elizabeth Walsh (52), wife, b. England
 Whitehead, Jane (20), daughter, b. England
 Whitehead, Margaret (18), daughter, b. England, married Joseph A. Young, rescuer, 19 Feb 1857
- Williams, Emily Grave (17), b. England
 Williams, Jane (12), b. Wales
- Wiseman, John (54), b. England, surgeon
 Wiseman, Mary Ann (42), b. England
 Wiseman, John Joseph (5), b. England, died Oct. 9
 Wiseman, Henry H. (2) b. England, d. Aug. 30, Florence Caroline Brenchley with Wiseman family

**Rescuers of the Willie, Martin, Hodgett, Hunt Pioneer
Emigrating Companies of 1856 (8th edition edited)**

Adams, Henry (39)	*Black, Joseph Smith (20)	Comish, John (17)	*Everett, Schuyler Alanson (21)
Adams, Nathan William (24)	Blackburn, Elias Hicks (29)	**Condie, Gibson (21)	Fairbanks, Amos (54)
Alexander, Quince	*Blackham, John (28) (mother and siblings in Martin Co.)	*Cooper, Isaac (49)	*Farmer, James Bellamy (31)
1*Alexander, Thomas M. (26) stayed at Devil's Gate	*Blair, Brother (may be Seth)	Cordingly, William Thomas (21)	Faucett (Fausett), William
*Allen, Franklin (36)	**Blair, Seth Millington (37)	*Cornia, Peter (Pierre) (27)	*Felt, Nathaniel H. (40)
Allen, George R.	Booth, Edwin (23)	*Couzens, Samuel (17)	*Ferguson, James (28)
**Allen, Marshall Franklin (23)	Bowman, George	Cowan, James (48)	1*Fife, William (19)
Allred, Harry	Boyce, William (32)	Cowley, William Edward (18)	*Follett, William Tillman (37)
*Allred, Paulinas Harvey (27)	Bradshaw, Frederick	Cowley, William Michael (20) (Married Sarah Emily Wall, Willie company)	*Forsyth, George James (12) *Forsyth, Thomas Robert (43) (16) (Brother of George James; their father filled a wagon and sent these boys)
1**Allred, Redick Newton (34)	**Brimhall, Noah (30)	*Crandall, Martin Pardon (26)	*Foss, Ezra Carter (23)
Alvord, Joseph Bonaparte (26)	1**Broomhead, William K. (23)	*Crandall, Myron	*Fuller, Sanford (25)
*Amussen, Carl Christian "Captain"	*Brown, Abraham (48)	*Craner, George	*Gardner, Archie
1*Anaman, William	*Brown, Joseph Gurnsey (32)	*Dailey, Milton	Gardner, Alfred (14) (brother of James Gardner, Willie Company) Gardner, Henry (16) (brother of James Gardner, Willie Company)
*Applebe, Brother	*Brown, Newel Abraham (19)	*Dalton, George Simon (28)	Gardner, Elias (49)
Atkinson, William (42)	Brown, Thomas Dunlop (48)	1*Daniels, Lehi (20)	1**Garr, Abel Weaver (22)
Atkinson, William Newlove, son	Bryner, Casper (22) (brother and family in Hunt Company)	1*Davis, James (30)	Garr, John Turner (29)
*Babcock, Albert or Albern (16)	Buckwalter, Henry Shuler (25)	*Dawson, William (44)	*Gibbs, Gideon H. C. (36) (with Orrice Newell, took first message of Willie company to SLC)
Bailey, John (49)	*Bullock, Isaac (32)	1**Decker, Charles Franklin (32)	Goddard, George (40)
**Bain, Robert Angus (26)	*Bullock, Jared	Devenish, Henry (50)	Goldsbrough, Henry (33)
*Baker, Amenzo White (24)	Bullock, Thomas (39)	1*Dives, Verlen (22)	*Gotelstin, Brother
1*Baker, Charles	Bunnell, George Henry (18)	1*Doty, Benjamin Landon (21)	*Gould, Brother
Bankhead, "Tom" (or Nathan)	Bunnell, Stephen Ithamer (22)	**Driggs, Benjamin (19)	1Grant, George Davis (44) Captain of 1st rescue party
*Banks, John (22)	*Burton, Reuben	Duke, James Oldham (26)	1**Grant, George Wilson (17)
Barker, James (29)	1Burton, Robert Taylor (34)	Dunn, George (44)	Grant, Lewis McKeachie (17)
*Barlow, Israel (50)	**Butler, Kenion Taylor (25)	*Dunn, James (Jimmy) (46)	Green, Alonzo (46) or (17)
Baum, George (27)	**Call, Anson (46)	**Dunyon, Dr. John Lewis (46)	Grey, Charles
*Baum, Isaac (22)	*Carlisle, John George (29) (story in Margaret Kewley, Martin company)	*Durfee, Henry Dennison (23)	1*Griffin, Charles Emerson (20)
**Bean, George Washington (25)	Carter, William (35)	*Earl, Jacob Syhers (34)	*Haight, William Van Orden (15)
*Beck, Thomas Harrison (20)	*Carter, William	*Ekins, John (27) (see Sarah Walker, Martin Co.)	1**Hampton, Benjamin, Jr. (19)
*Beckstead, Henry (29)	*Chipman, W. Henry (23), son	**Elder, Joseph Bensen (21) (Came with Willie Co. then went back on continuing rescue)	*Handsomen Cupid (unknown man referred to by Dan W. Jones)
**Bell, William Milton (23)	*Chipman, Stephen (), father	1*Eldridge, Edmond (21)	**Hanks, Ephraim K. (29)
1*Belliston, James Thomas (37)	*Chipman, Washburn (27), son	*Eldridge, Horace S. (40)	*Hansen, Fred (24)
*Bennett, James	*Clawson, George W., Sr. (29)	Ellis, Joseph Tickle (28) (sister, Hannah Harrison, in Martin Co.)	Harris, Alexander
*Bennett, Nathaniel (40) (see Margaret Caldwell, Willie Co.)	*Cloward, Jack (29) (James Mason Cloward)	Elmer, Elijah (46)	*Harvey, John (39)
Bennion, Samuel (38)	*Cloward, Jacob, Jr. (18)	Elmer, William (36)	1*Harwood, James (28)
*Berry, John Williams (33)	1**Cluff, Harvey Harris (20)	Ensign, Rufus Bronson (33)	
*Berry, William (may be duplicate)	*Cluff, Joseph (22), brothers	Ensign, Lorin (or Samuel) (20)	
*Bigler, Mark (24)	**Cole, James Barnet (28) (see Lucy Ward, Willie Co.)	Evans, Israel (28)	
Bingham, Jeremiah (50)	*Cole, John (18)		
	*Cole, Moroni (23), brothers		
	*Cole, John (35)		

RESCUERS - PAGE 2

- Hawkins, John Bennett (30)
- **Hawley, Asa Smith (21)
- 1*Hawley, Charles L.
- Hawley, Cyrus Benjamin Edwin (24)
- Haws, Albert "W" Abner (19)
- Heath, Henry (27)
- 1*Hickenlooper, John Thomas (20)
- *Hicks, Samuel Moroni (16)
- *Higginson, James Greenwood
- 1*Hill, Alexander Bryce (22)
- **Hinckley, Arza Erastus (30)
- **Hogan, Goudy Erickson (27)
- *Holmes, Henry
- *Holmes, Samuel O.
- *Horne, Henry James (18)
- 1*Houtz, John Shannon (23)
- *Howell, Joseph
- Hubbard, Elisha Freeman (18)
- Huffaker, David (44)
- 1*Hunt, Daniel Durham (59)
- *Hunter, C.
- 1**Hunting, Nathan Charles (17)
- 1**Hunting, William James (17) twin brothers
- 1**Huntington, Clark Allen (24)
- 1*Huntington, Oliver Boardman (33)
- *Hyde, William (24 or 39)
- Ivie, James Alexander (26)
- Ivins, Israel (41)
- *Jack, James (26)
- *Jarvis, Brother
- Jeremy, Thomas Evans Jr. (16)
- 1*Johnson, Daniel (36)
- 1**Jones, Daniel Webster (26)
- *Jones, William Roberts (35), his wife's mother and sister in Martin Co.
- *Judd, William Riley (33)
- Kearns, Hamilton Henry (39)
- Kilbourne, Ozias Jr. (46)
- 1**Kimball, David Patton (17)
- *Kimball, Heber Parley (21)
- 1**Kimball, William Henry (30) (brothers)
- King, Robert Edson (21)
- Knight, Gates A.
- 1*Knight, Joseph N. or Jr. (48)
- 1*Knowlton, Sydney A. (63)
- 1*Lamb, Brigham Young (33)
- 1*Landon, Coriolanus G. (26)
- *Larson, Brother
- *Lee, Edward
- *Lee, Edwin (25)
- Lee, Thomas LaFlesh or Octavious (28 or 33)
- Lemon, Brother
- Linton, Samuel (28)
- *Lish, W.
- *Little, Feramorz (36)
- *Lott, John Smiley (30)
- Maddison, John Francis (23)
- 1*Mantle (Marble), Thomas (41 or 20)
- *Markham, Stephen
- 1*Martin, John (28)
- Matson, George Brinton (28)
- **Maxfield, Elijah Hielt (23)
- Maycock, Amos (20)
- **McAllister, John Daniel Thompson (29) – Composer, Handcart Song
- *McCue, Peter (see Kirkwood, Willie company)
- McDonald, John Taaffe (26)
- *McConnell, Henry Harrison (22)
- McFarlin, James (22)
- McKee, William (31)
- 1*McKenny, C
- McKenzie, George (20)
- *McKinley, George Edward (19)
- McLelland, Thomas (37)
- *Mecham, Brother
- *Mercer, John (38), led a group of rescuers from American Fork
- 1*Merkley, Christopher (47)
- Merrill, George Gee (15)
- Miles, Edwin R. (18)
- 1*Morgan, David
- 1*Morgan, Henry Hollister (22)
- 1*Morris, Joseph (33)
- *Morrison, Brother
- Moss, John (36)
- Mott, Daniel Richmond (30)
- Mott, Hyrum (57)
- Mott, John
- *Moyes, Brother
- *Mumford, Edward T.
- **Murdock, John Riggs (29)
- 1*Mustard, David (37)
- *Nebeker, Ira (17)
- *Neibaur, Joseph William (21)
- *Newell, Orrice (22) (with Gideon Gibbs, took first message of Willie company to Salt Lake)
- Nicol, Alexander (26)
- Nowlan, Charles (39)
- 1*Oakley, John Degroot (36)
- Odekirk, Isaac Carter (47)
- Odekirk, Thomas Jefferson (16)
- *Olmstead, Hyrum Monroe (31)
- *Openshaw, Eli (21) (family in Martin Company)
- *Openshaw, Roger Wamsley (26) (wife, Eliza Booth Openshaw, in Martin Co., died on trail), brothers
- Osborn, David
- *Pace, Wilson Daniel (24)
- *Packard, Milan (26)
- *Pain, Wm. L.
- Palmer, Zemira (25)
- Parker, John (44)
- Parker, William (35)
- 1**Parrish, Joel (28)
- 1*Partington, William E. (20)
- *Partridge, Jonathan William (28)
- **Patten, George (28)
- 1*Peck, Edwin Martin (28)
- 1*Peck, Joseph A. (26)
- Perkins, Franklin Monroe (27)
- *Perkins, Jesse Nelson (37) (brother of Franklin M. Perkins)
- *Perkins, Reuben W. (28)
- Perry, Alonzo Orson (20)
- *Poole, John Rawlston (27) (see Jane Bitton, Martin Company)
- Porter, Lyman Wight (23)
- Pulsipher, Charles (26)
- **Pulsipher, John (29)
- Pulsipher, William (18), brothers
- 1*Randall, Joseph Henry (34)
- Reynolds, Warren Ford (33) (married Christina McNeil of Willie Co.)
- Reynolds, William Pitt (40)
- *Rhodes, Alonzo Donnell (30)
- *Rice, Leonard Gurley (27)
- *Rice, Oscar North (22)
- Richardson, Ebenezer (42 or 19)
- 1*Ricks, Thomas Edwin (28) (see Loader family, Martin company)
- Roberts, William Dewitt (21)
- *Robertson, Alexander
- 1*Robins, James (38)
- Robinson, Edward (48 or 17)
- Robinson, William Smith (16)
- **Robison, Lewis (39) (gggrandson of Mitt Romney)
- Ross, James Darling (32)
- Roundy, Loren Hotchkiss (41)
- 1*Rowes, F (?) N.
- Russell, Henry Maddison (27)
- *Saline, (Savilaakso), John (22)
- *Sanders, Moses Martin (53)
- Sanders, Richard Twiggs (28)
- **Sanderson, Henry Weeks (27)
- *Sanford, Cyrus (42)
- **Sansom, Charles (30)
- *Scholes, Robert
- *Sevey, George Washington (24)
- *Shipham, Thomas
- Shupe, James Wright (33)
- *Simmons, James
- **Simmons, Joseph M. (32)

RESCUERS - PAGE 3

- **Simmons, William Burt (57)
- Singleton, John (31)
- Skeen, John (20)
- *Skeens, Joseph (40)
- Slater, Thomas
- Smith, James
- Smith, John L. (23)
- Smith, Joseph Fielding (Miller) (17)
- Smith, Lot (26)
- *Smith, Wells*
- 1*Smith, William Brown (42)
- 1*Smith, William H.
- Smith, William Henderson (28)
- Smithies, Robert (17)
- *Smoot, William
- 1*Snyder, Chester (41)
- Soper, Richard Perry (23)
- Southworth, Henry (30)
- *Spafford, William Nelson (29)
- *Spencer, Claudius Victor (32)
- 1*Spencer, George Boardman (16)
- **Spencer, Hiram Theron (21)
- Sperry, Harrison (24)
- Staker, Brother
- *Standley, Franklin Schoby (25) (married Sarah Ann Haigh of Martin Co.)
- Stanton, Daniel W. (24)
- **Steed, Thomas (29) (married Mary E. Bailey of Willie Co.)
- Stewart, Moroni (20)
- **Stout, Hosea (46)
- Streep, William Henry (19)
- *Sterrett, William Wilson (30)
- *Stringham, George Ammon (19)
- **Summers, George (25 (siblings in Willie and Hunt Companies)
- Sumsion, William (17)
- Sutherland, Edwin (33)
- 1*Tait, William (37), (see Elizabeth X. Tait, wife, Willie Company)
- Talcott, Asahel Goodrich (44)
- *Talent, Brother
- 1**Taylor, Stephen Wells (20)
- *Teeples, Sidney Paul (18) (see Gourley family, Martin Co.)
- *Terry, Joshua (31)
- Thomas, Brother
- *Thomas, J.M.
- Thomas, Solomon (35)
- 1*Thompson, John Crow (35)
- 1*Thompson, Joseph (30)
- Tidwell, Peter (25)
- Till, Robert (29) (Mother, Sarah Bradshaw Till Jones, and siblings in Martin Co.)
- **Tracy, Eli Alexander (23)*
- **Tracy, Moses Mosiah (18)*
- *Van Cott, John Losee (42)
- 1*Van Buren, Paul (25)
- 1*Van Orden, Everet Clark (22)
- Wadman, Henry Harrison (26)
- **Wadsworth, Joseph W. (24)
- *Ward, Elijah Barney*
- Warren, William James (27)
- Webb, Chauncey Gilbert (19)
- *Webb, Chauncey Griswold (44)
- **Webb, Edward Milo (18)
- *Welby, John B.*
- *Wells, O.*
- Wheelock, Angus (19) (married Mary Latrelle, Hunt Company)
- 1**Wheelock, Cyrus Hubbard (43) Chaplain, 1st rescue party
- Whitbeck, John Crane (29)
- Whitman, Albert
- Whitman, Brother
- Whitney, John Kimball (24)
- Wickersham, John
- ~~Wilkin, David (37)~~
- Wilkens, Brother
- *Wille, Brother*
- Williams, Alexander (52)
- 1*Williams, James VanNostrand (25)
- *Wilson, Henry Woodville (25)
- *Wilson, Robert P. (37)
- Wilson, Thomas Henry (26) (wife, Elizabeth Ramsey Small Wilson, and baby, left Martin Co. to travel with A.W. Babbitt wagons; Elizabeth captured, presumed dead; baby killed by Indians)
- *Winn, Dennis George (24)
- ~~Winn, Dennis Wilson (29)~~
- *Winn, Thomas Griffin (27)
- *Winn, William Henry (23)
- Winters, Jacob (32)
- Winters, Oscar (31)
- **Winward, Peter (23)
- *Witbeck, John
- **Women of the Salt Lake Valley and valleys north and south; also women at Fort Bridger, Ft. Supply and Supply City, who made many sacrifices in the rescue*
- 1*Wood, Daniel (56)
- Wood, David (57)
- Wood, Oscar (18)
- *Wood, Warren*
- Woolley, Franklin Benjamin (22)
- *Woolley, Henry (34)
- Woolley, John Wickersham (24)
- 1*Worden, Nathaniel P. (30)
- *Workman, Albert (25) (Sophia Fryer assisted by "Captain Workman" with birth of baby girl in Echo Canyon, Nov. 26. Baby named Echo Workman Geary. May have been Cornelius Workman.)
- Workman, Cornelius (30)
- **Young, Brigham (55) (Church President)
- *Young, Brigham Jr. (19)
- 1**Young, Joseph Angell (22)
- The following are names and ages of men from the Hodgett and Hunt Wagon Companies who stayed at Devil's Gate through the winter, standing guard over the goods left there. They were rescuers in a unique way. They served under the presidency of rescuers Daniel W. Jones, Thomas M. Alexander, and Benjamin Hampton:
- George Allen (24, Hunt)
- George Austin (20, Hunt)
- John Chappel (45, Hunt)
- John Cooper (22, Hodgett)
- John Ellis (38, Hunt)
- John Galbraith (27, Hunt)
- William Handy (39, Hunt)
- John Hardcastle (18, Hunt)
- Henry Jakeman (23, Hunt)
- Rosser Jenkins (22, Hunt)
- John Henry Latey (21, Hodgett)
- William Latey (20, Hunt)
- Elisha Manning (21, Hodgett)
- John Shorten (20, Martin)
- Edwin Summers (23, Hunt)
- George Watt (19, Hodgett)
- John Whitaker (27, Hunt)
- KEY:
- * = documented rescuer (from primary or secondary sources)
- ** = documented rescuer with biography in *Tell My Story, Too*, 8th edition
- No * = name is currently undocumented as rescuer (by Jolene Allphin)
- ~~strikethrough~~ = previously listed name has been proven incorrect
- italics* = name has been added to previous 8th edition rescuer list
- 1 in front = on list of first 50 teamsters and others in first rescue party that left SLC on Oct. 7. (Some of these teamsters returned to the valley with the Smoot wagon company or the Willie handcart company.)
- jsa, April 2016
- updated December 2017 for digital book.

RESCUERS - PAGE 4

The following men, stationed at Fort Supply between 1853 and 1856, were also rescue participants, although some may not have still been at Fort Supply in the Fall of 1856. There may also be duplicates here from the comprehensive rescuer list:

Adams, Arza
 Alger, John
 Allen, Andrew
 Allen, Charles H.
 Alexander, Robert
 Arnold, Josiah
 Baker, George
 Baldwin, James
 Baum, Isaac
 Berry, William
 Billingsley, C.
 Bird, William
 Bolton, Curtis E.
 Boyce, Asa O.
 Bingham, Augustus
 Bingham, Jeremiah
 Brinton, David
 Brown, James
 Burns, Robert
 Carney, Peter
 Carpenter, Isaac
 Chadwick, Abraham
 Clawson, George
 Cooksley, Henry
 Conover, Peter W.
 Cowan, Alexander
 Crandall, Myron
 Daniels, Aaron M.
 Daniels, Joseph
 Daniels, William M.
 Davis, Daniel
 Dillworth, John
 Downey, Alva
 Duffin, Isaac
 Duzette, E.P.
 Elliott, William
 Everett, Addison
 Fawcett, John
 Frazier, Thomas
 Gale, Frederick
 Green, Austin G.
 Greenig, Daniel
 Hatch, Orrin
 Hatch, Ransome
 Hawley, George
 Henrie, Joseph
 Garr, William
 Gibson, Robert P.
 Green, Austin G.
 Huffaker, Grenville W.
 Ivie, John L.
 Ivie, James A.
 Jenkins, Thomas
 Johnson, William D.
 Kelsey, Eli B.
 Kempton, Jerome B.
 Knapp, Albert
 Lamb, Sewel J.
 Larson, John
 Lee, Eli
 Lee, William H.
 Leonard, John
 Leslie, George A.
 Long, Emanuel
 Love, John
 Loveland, Joel
 Lytle, John M.
 Markham, Stephen
 McKinley, Charles
 Mecham, Daniel F.

Meeks, William
 Merkley, Christopher
 Mikesell, John H.
 Moreton, Jonathan
 Muir, William S.
 Mustard, David
 Nebeker, John
 Neeley, William
 Neff, Franklin
 Nooks, John Hubbard
 Oakley, James
 Packard, Nephi
 Palmer, Edmund F.
 Pierce, Thomas
 Pierce, William
 Pendleton, Andrew J.
 Perkins, Franklin M.
 Perkins, Reuben W.
 Perkins, Ute
 Perkins, William
 Perkins, George Washington
 Pines, Samuel C.
 Porter, George
 Pratt, Cyrus
 Price, William
 Pulsipher, Charles
 Roberts, Ben. M.
 Robertson, Alexander
 Robins, Alexander
 Rolf, Benjamin W.
 Roundy, Lorin H.
 Scovil, Lucien N.
 Sessions, John
 Shell, George
 Smith, William
 Snow, William
 Spafford, William N.
 Spiers, Adam
 Teeples, George B.
 Thompson, William H.
 Van Wagoner, John H.
 Wakeham, John A.
 Wakely, John N.
 Whipple, Edsen
 Wilbur, Stephen K.
 Wilds, A.B.
 Williams, Clinton
 Wiltbanks, Stephen
 Wines, Leonard
 Winward, Peter
 Wood, Warren
 Wrigley, Thomas
 Young, James

“Stories of the beleaguered Saints and of their suffering and death will be repeated again and again. . . . Stories of their rescue need to be repeated again and again. They speak of the very essence of the gospel of Jesus Christ.”
(*Ensign*, Nov. 1996, 86)

“I will never get over being thankful to them; I hope that you never get over being thankful to them. I hope that we will always remember them. . . . Let us read again and again, and read to our children or our children’s children, the accounts of those who suffered so much.”
(*Church News*, 31 July 1999, 5)

“What a story it is. It is filled with suffering and hunger and cold and death. It is replete with accounts of freezing rivers that had to be waded through; of howling blizzards; of the long, slow climb up Rocky Ridge. With the passing of this anniversary year, it may become largely forgotten. But hopefully it will be told again and again to remind future generations of the suffering and the faith of those who came before. Their faith is our inheritance. Their faith is a reminder to us of the price they paid for the comforts we enjoy.

“But faith is not demonstrated only in big heroic events, such as the coming of the handcart pioneers. It is also demonstrated in small but significant events.” (*Ensign*, Nov. 2006, 82-85)

-Gordon B. Hinckley, President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (1995-2008)-

And the elders of the church, two or more, shall be called, and shall pray for and lay their hands upon them in my name; and if they die they shall die unto me, and if they live they shall live unto me.

Thou shalt live together in love, insomuch that thou shalt weep for the loss of them that die, and more especially for those that have not hope of a glorious resurrection.

And it shall come to pass that those that die in me shall not taste of death, for it shall be sweet unto them.

Doctrine and Covenants 42:44-46

GOING ON A PIONEER TREK?
VISITING SITES ALONG THE OREGON OR MORMON PIONEER TRAIL?

Take along a story of a pioneer who walked there in late 1856.

Imagine yourself to be that person.

How did they respond to challenges?

How did they triumph over adversity?

You've heard much about the tragedies of the Willie and Martin Handcart Companies of 1856. Now learn of their triumphs, their miracles, their bonds with one another, and how they came to "know God in their extremities." (see Francis Webster - Martin Company)

