

Autobiography by Herbert Manwaring



I know but little of the Manwarings beyond my grandparents. It is evident, however, that they came from an able line of ancestors. As far as we have been able to learn, Ranulphus Manwaring was a General in the army of William the Conqueror, with whom he came from Normandy in 1066. After they became established in England, the King gave him fifteen lordship estates in Cheshire.

He later became a wealthy, noted Lord in that part of England. The Manwarings were in the King's service for many years. In fact my grandfather states that his uncle owned a very valuable farm beyond the Brook silk factory at Sandbach, Cheshire, England. Grandfather worked on the farm himself.

From this point I shall attempt to give the history from memory. It will be meager and disconnected, as many years have passed before I conceived the idea that many of the events of our life's history would be lost if not written at this time. Now in my seventy-eighth year, I am attempting to gather together the broken threads of my own biography. My great grandfather and grandmother were John and Mary Manwaring. They lived in a little thatched roofed house on a farm in Sandbach Heath, Cheshire, England. This is where my grandfather John Jr. was born Feb. 7, 1789. He worked as a farm laborer nearly all his days. He married Eleanor Bratt, who was born May 28, 1793. There were born to them a family of twelve children. Their names and dates of birth are as follows:

Thomas	Dec. 6, 1812
Mary	Aug. 10, 1814
John	Nov. 7, 1816
Ann	Feb. 23, 1818
Jane	Jan. 26, 1820
Peter	Nov. 18, 1822, he died at age of 12.
*Henry	Feb. 10, 1827
George	Aug. 28, 1829
Elizabeth	Aug. 26, 1830
Eleanor	July 19, 1834
William	Nov. 17, 1836
James	July 16, 1839



John Manwaring Jr.

It might be well to state here that I did the Temple work for all this family and their near relatives.

My father, Henry Manwaring, was the seventh son of John Manwaring and Eleanor Bratt. He was born Feb. 10, 1827. He was a shoemaker by trade and lived in the village of Sandbach. He married Sarah Barber about 1849. They lived with his wife's father, her mother, Mary Steele, having died several years, before, until the death of his mother, when they went to live with Grandfather Manwaring to keep house for him. This was about 1851 or 2, after they had been married three or four years.

Father was of a religious turn of mind, and went from one religion to another, striving to find the true gospel of Christ. He often went to hear the Mormon Elders preach. For six years he studied the doctrines and principles of the various creeds of the day. He claims that a voice speaking to him made it plain that the Gospel preached by the Elders for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was the truth. He was baptized into the Church about 1861.¹ For a time there was quite a large branch of the Church established at Sandbach. Most of the church members immigrated to Utah leaving only about six members and their families. When father and mother joined the church, there were but Robert Bate, his son Richard and wife Nancy, there son Nixon and wife, and father and mother who belonged to the church branch.

I am the oldest son of Henry Manwaring and Sarah Barber.²

Herbert	Jan. 28, 1849
George	Mar. 19, 1854
Eleanor	Mar. 10, 1856
Mary	Apr. 18, 1858
William	Nov. 25, 1860
David	Apr. 16, 1862
Jesse	June 26, 1864
John Henry	May 18, 1866
Albert	July 25, 1869



Henry and Sarah Manwaring

I was born at Sandbach Heath, Cheshire, England, Jan. 28, 1849. My father and mother lived a humble life. Father made a very scant living. They did not have a home of their own, but lived with grandfather. I had but very little opportunity to go to school, and spent most of my boyhood days learning the shoemaker trade. As I did not like shoemaking, when I was thirteen, father hired me out to work for Uncle Joel Harker, carrying off brick at company brick yard. I did this all summer, but when winter came I had to go back to the shoe trade. The following summer I worked at the brick yard for a man by the name of Sam Mason. I had to walk three miles and back each day besides doing the regular work for the day. Again I had to return to shoe making in the fall.



Back: George, David, Jessie & John.

Middle: Herbert & Albert.

Front: Eleanor, Henry, & Sarah.

¹ Actual baptism date is listed as Sept., 1860 on Hazel Manwaring Hilbig's Family Group Record. Sarah Barber and Herbert were both baptized June 5, 1862.

² Pedigree put in for genealogical purposes, we are descendents of Herbert's younger brother David.

When I was fifteen I was hired by the year to a farmer by the name of Walker. He lived at Brindley Green. I got one pound sterling per year and my board. Mr. Walker had many well to do friends come to see him and as I tended their horses and carriages they often gave me a tip, so that I got another pound which made me about \$10.00 per year. When Mr. Walker died, his oldest son took charge of the farm. The second year at the farm I was able to plow and harrow in the field, and the boss gave me two pounds per year.

I had joined the church when I was twelve years old, and was baptized by Elder Robert Bate about June 5, 1862. During the time I worked on the farm, I attended meetings at father's house which was about four miles from where I worked. During this time the Elders of the Church had convinced my parents to send me to Zion. It took my parents and me four years to earn enough to pay my fare to Wyoming. About April, 1866, we decided to ask for my release from my employer. We applied for the release, but the farmer would not let me go. I stated the facts in the meeting of the Saints, and had practically decided that I could not go that year. I bore my testimony and stated my desire to go to Zion, but the way seemed closed for me. After I sat down a sister Nancy Bate got up and began to speak in tongues. We thrilled under the power of the Spirit of God. After she had finished and sat down, Father, who was presiding at the meeting, asked if there was anyone who had the interpretation of this tongue. The sister then got up and interpreted what she had just said: "Brother Herbert, thus sayeth the Lord, if you will be faithful you shall go to the land of Zion. You shall have many trials and difficulties to meet, but if you remain faithful you shall be the means of bringing your father, mother, brothers, and sisters to this land." We had faith in this manifestation of the spirit of prophesy and began to prepare for its fulfillment.

Soon we got word that a ship had been chartered to carry the saints to New York. It was to sail on April 26th. My parents and I agreed that I should ask for the privilege of going to town. This I did and carried my little bundle of clothes and came home. We then decided that I should sail on that ship. I went to town to the barber and got my hair cut and went home and prepared for the trip. I stayed all that night with the folks at home, and next morning bade all my folks goodbye, and started for the boat. I took my small trunk, weighing sixty pounds, and father and I carried it six miles to the railway station. At Crew Junction father bade me goodbye, and I took the train for Liverpool. At Liverpool I boarded the old sail boat *John Bright* and set sail next morning for Zion.³

This was a new and strange experience for me. I was only seventeen years old, and had never been over fifteen miles from home. I had only one light blanket and a robe for a bed. The robe I lay on the boards of my bunk and put the blanket over me. I was alone, had no relations, and only a slight acquaintance with one or two people on the ship. However, I soon made friends with a Welch brother by the name of John James. His bunk was next to mine, and he became a true friend. When our boat was ready to sail, a small steam tug pulled us through the English Channel, and out to open sea. As the boat left, a group of Welsh boys sang a number of songs they had composed and cheered up the crowd with merriment. Brigham Young Jr. also came on board and gave us a real good talk before the boat sailed.

³ Because of Mr. Walker's refusal to release Herbert from his contract, Herbert had to sneak away to Liverpool and onto the *John Bright*.

The wind was favorable and the sky fair for about ten days. Then there came a calm and we drifted back instead of forward. Following this calm came a severe wind storm, which caused the ship to roll and pitch very badly. This lasted for over three days, during which time nothing could be cooked, and many of the people were very seasick. Many prayers were said for our protection and safety. We were tossed about on the waves for three or four days and finally entered a great fog. When we passed through it, we saw a most beautiful and welcome sight—land! It was the coast of Newfoundland.

We sailed down the coast and landed at Castle Gardens, New York. When we landed we spent a few hours in a great building then walked for a mile or so, carrying our hand luggage to a steam boat landing. There we took a steam boat and rode all night up the St. Lawrence River. We then changed to the train and went to Quebec. We passed thru many places of interest, and saw many wonderful scenes. We finally landed on the frontiers of Florence, Wyoming. Here we awaited ox, horse and mule trains for Utah.

It took them several weeks to load the wagons with merchandise, luggage, and the immigrant passengers. Of course I had no one to give me any advice, or to help me get loaded. So I just wandered around camp watching the games and trying to get acquainted with some of the teamsters. One day a man by the name of Bill Stewart said he would like to hire me for his clerk, and asked me if I would go along with him. He said he had the bacon wagon but no passengers. I anxiously accepted this offer, got my small trunk and luggage and put them on his wagon. I found that he was from Pleasant Grove and that he was with a group of Pleasant Grove boys. Theirs was an ox train, and James Chipman of American Fork was Captain, and Appollas Driggs was assistant. These fellows were a fine bunch of young men, and I felt good over my prospect of getting to the valleys.

We started on our journey across the plains about the middle of June 1866. I tried to make myself useful in helping to gather fuel, make fires, carry water, and help with the cooking. I also helped drive and yoke the oxen. I was always called “the clerk” and the men treated me fine. Once even my food supply got low, they said, “Give our clerk some more flour and provisions”, so that I did not want for anything. They soon took me right in their “mess”. I then helped with the cooking and dishwashing, etc. I also learned to drive the oxen. On the road James Cobbley took sick, and I took care of his ox teams, and drove them for two days. After he got well I drove his team often while he went hunting. He often brought deer, antelope, and chickens for the camp. These he divided with the immigrants. Many times during the trip we had Indians come into camp to trade hides, furs, and buckskins for flour and provisions.

One day a young chief who could talk English came into camp and wanted to trade a hand of horses for a white girl. Parley Driggs, who was always in for some fun, offered to trade one of the immigrants girls for the horses. He was laughing and joking all the while with the boys and girls, and thought the Indian took it as a joke. But the Indian was indeed earnest. He went and brought the horses, and when he could not actually make the trade, he went away very angry. We were made to pay dearly for that joke. We were camped one day on the creek bottom for dinner. As it was a pleasant place where there was a lot of brush and grass, they camped long enough for some of the women to do a little wading and cleaning up. The cattle were grazing, the camp was quiet and peaceful. Suddenly the herders came into camp stating that the Indians had stampeded the cattle. Each man got his gun and they followed the Indians for quite a

distance, but about ninety head of cattle were gone out of reach. As they were pursuing the Indians a band of Indians and white men jumped out of the brush and yelled, "Come on you damned Mormons!" In order to avoid a battle the men gave up the chase. We were only half way on our journey, and we were hardly able to move the train due to the loss of than many oxen. We moved on very slowly for two or three days.

Finally we met a herd of oxen that had stampeded and left a freight train that was several days ahead of us. Our herders rounded them up and they were put into service in our train. This was a God send to our train. It helped us move along again as usual for a number of days. Of course we had to give them up when we overtook the belated freight train. Then we were again unable to move. However, we were now at a point where a number of oxen had been left at the ranches by the wayside to recuperate. Brigham Young telegraphed word for us to pick up all the oxen that were again able to travel. By doing this we were able to go on our way again, and reached the valley the first of September.

The train was driven into the tithing yard at Salt Lake City, where the freight and luggage was unloaded. Passengers who had relatives were taken to their homes, but those who were without relatives or acquaintances camped in the tithing yard until they could find some place to go. The Pleasant Grove boys took me with them. They left the same evening that we reached Salt Lake, and camped for the night at the Milo Andrus ranch about fifteen miles south of the city. About four o'clock the next morning they started out for Pleasant Grove and arrived there about noon.

That night there was a celebration and dance for the boys. I was made to feel at home with the parents of William Stewart. They provided me a bed on the ground in the orchard until I could hear from my father's cousin at Springville.

I had just hired out to work for a merchant, when Appollas Driggs came from Salt Lake and informed me that Ann Taylor of Salt Lake, my relative, was looking for me, and had learned that I had gone with the Pleasant Grove boys. She sent word to me that her Father, John Faulkner, my second uncle, was now living at Springville, and that I could go there and have a home. I immediately left the merchant's employ, packed my few clothes in a bundle, bade my friends goodbye, and started for Springville. I walked that distance of about 16 miles and carried my bundle of clothes. When I reached the Provo River, the bridge had been washed out, and I could cross the river only by crawling over logs that spanned parts of the river. After resting, I resumed my journey and reached Spring Creek just north of Springville early in the evening.

A Mr. Friel helped me across the creek and directed me, as best he could to my uncle. After traveling through the Town Hall square, the block my uncle lived on, I found his home. He gave me a warm welcome, but could not remember me until I told him I was the son of Henry Manwaring, and had just reached Utah from England. Uncle and Aunt treated me fine and made me feel quite at home. Uncle was a shoemaker and as I had worked at the trade in England, I went to work for him to pay my board and lodging. I stayed with them all that winter.

While living in Springville, I was enlisted in the Utah militia, and went to the Provo bench for three days of training. Being a new chum just from England, and with no equipment other than a big stick for a gun, I made quite a good deal of fun for the whole camp. But I took all of the drill practice. Here again were nearly all the boys I became acquainted with while crossing the plains.

In the spring of sixty-seven I left Uncle, and went to drive teams for his son in law, John Taylor. I worked for him about three months, and then went to work for Brigham Young in his fields. He grew this root for coloring woolen goods used at his woolen mills near Liberty Park. When this job was finished, I went with three or four other men to work on the City Creek canyon road. I helped to unwrap the covering of Brigham Young's and Captain Hoope's new carriages that had been trailed across the plains that year.

When fall came, I wanted a home for the winter, so went to the tithing yard where people went to meet friends and immigrant trains, or hire help. I met a man by the name of Gun, and asked him if he knew of any farmer who would like to hire a lad for the winter. He said, "Yes, a friend of mine by the name or Isaac Fergusen from Big Cottonwood wants a boy." I found Mr. Fergusen and he hired me. I was to work for my board and room when there was only chores to do and to get \$20.00 a month when there was farm work to do. Mr. Fergusen had one ranch and home at Big Cottonwood about twelve miles from Salt Lake and another at Parley's Park, and a wife at each place. He took me out to the Park ranch.

I helped open up a road into a patch of timber and then hauled wood into Big Cottonwood. He had oxen, cows, and sheep and I helped to tend them both at the canyon ranch and in the valley. As he did not treat his animals well, and was not a good paymaster, I got discouraged and left him in the spring of 1868.

I went to work for a Mr. Clinton D. Thompson on a farm for eight years, and had a good congenial home all the time. Shortly after going to work for him, I was re-baptized in the spring of 1868 by Elder Robert Green of South Cottonwood.

During the year 1869, we had what was called the grasshopper war. In the spring, the hoppers hatched out by the millions and ate up all vegetation before them. After they were grown, we tried to wage war against them. We dug trenches and drove them into them, made fires with straw, and drove them into that; drove them into water ditches, and caught them with sacks. But there was not much saved. As soon as they could fly they moved from place to place and ate up whole fields of grain in one night. They were so numerous that when in flight they really darkened the sun at noon day. After they were gone, we planted a second crop of corn. Although it did not fully mature, it made good feed for animals.

The railroad was being built just then, and it was so all the men who had teams secured work on the railroad, which provided them with something to live on that winter. Mr. Thompson went freighting and left me to tend the farm. We earned five or six hundred dollars that way. 1870 was a normal year again and good crops were raised.

During 1870, I met with a severe accident. On the 16th of June, I was cultivating potatoes. I was driving Mr. Thompson's cavalry horse, Major. A storm was threatening and I said, "Thunder and lighting, Major, hurry up or we shall get caught in a storm." We had not gone far when a thunder bolt struck us both. The horse was killed instantly and I was near to it. My clothes were torn entirely from me and my heavy boots were blown off my feet and were a rod away. There I lay as naked as when I was born, and my face and breast were badly burned by the lightning.

A Dr. Harvey Hillinger was waiting on some sick children at the Thompson home at the time. He had just been to see them and had gone to the Post Office. On the way back he met a Mr. John Tanner who asked him to go with him to look at his crops. While

they were talking, this shaft of lightning struck about a quarter of a mile from them. The Doctor was curious and said he would go and see where the bolt hit. He walked to the edge of the meadow and climbed upon a pole fence to see if he could get a look at the spot where the lightning struck. He saw a horse lying in the middle of the potato field so went over to see what it was.

Here he found me in my sorry plight. He felt my pulse, but could not detect that my heart was beating. He gave me a good shaking, and then tried to carry me, but I was so slim, and heavy that he could not. He said that I flopped around like a dead fish. He lay me down and ran a quarter of a mile to get Mr. Thompson. They brought a bucket of water and the Dr. began to dash it on my breast and face. Soon I began to gasp for breath. After they got me breathing, two other men came over, and the four carried me to the house on a quilt. When they were half way to the house, they lay me down to rest themselves, and here I spoke for the first time.

I asked what they were doing with me. They told me that I had been struck with lightning and that they were taking me to the house. I could hear their voices but could not see their faces. It must have been over half an hour before I regained consciousness after being struck. They lay me on the porch; I asked them to take me in the house as it seemed that my limbs were dropping off. They lay me on a bed on the floor, and gave me camphor to drink which caused me to vomit. The discharge from my stomach was green as grass and stunk like material used in fumigating a house. The Dr. put cold packs on my burning chest and then they administered to me. The Dr. began to question me about the things I had seen on the other side. I told him I guessed that I had hardly got there. I said that I must have got pretty near as he could not see or feel any signs of life until he had dashed the cold water on me. He applied cold packs until the fire was drawn from my wounds, and then he applied castor oil and flour until the wound was healed.

The wounds completely healed and never left a scar, and I was able in a couple of weeks to get up and walk about the house. However, I was a frightful sight for a while, and had partially lost my hearing. In fact I have been somewhat deaf ever since. It took me a long time to get my strength back, but Mr. Thompson was very kind to me. He gave me light jobs, and told me to be careful and not overwork. He hired me for the year 1871 and gave me my wages in advance.

I then went to Brigham Young and told him that my parents and brothers and sisters were in England and wanted to come to Utah, and asked if he could assist me in bringing them over. I told him I had \$150.00 toward paying their passage. Then looking me full in the face, he asked if I would be responsible for the balance it would take to bring them. When I said that I would, he told his clerk to take note of that and said, "They shall be sent for!" The clerk took the name and address of my parents and I gave him my \$150.00. They were sent for. In fact in the meantime Grandfather Manwaring had died and left father and mother a little money; so that they were prepared to leave when the word came that their ship was ready.

Those were anxious days for me. I waited and dreamed of them and many times it seemed that I was there counseling and advising them. It seemed that I was leading the children by the hand. Yes, I was with them in spirit all the way, day and night. Truly the prophesy of Sister Nancy Bates was being fulfilled. The Lord promised me through her that, although I should have trials and troubles, if I would be faithful, I should be the means of bringing my parents and brothers and sisters to Zion. I want to impress the

import of this promise on those who may read this sketch, and especially my children and grandchildren. I shall repeat the words of Sister Bates given in that strange tongue. "Brother Herbert, thus sayeth the Lord, if you remain faithful, you shall accomplish that thing." After five long and tedious years had passed, that prophecy was fulfilled. That promise and its fulfillment has always been a great testimony to me, and I hope it shall be to all my posterity.

My folks had a hard, tiresome trip, although they came by steamship and railroad all the way, and the time was much shorter than when I came. They landed in Salt Lake safely about Sept. 1871. However, a great trial was awaiting them. My sister Mary took sick with mountain fever, which then turned to pneumonia, and she died two weeks after they landed. This was a terrible blow to us all. She was buried in "Potter's Field" and we have never been able to locate her grave.⁴ Father too had an attack of the fever, but he soon got well.

During the first year my parents lived in Salt Lake, and as I was living in Cottonwood, I was able to supply them with flour and meat, etc. My brother George⁵ got work in Teasdale's store, so they got along fairly well. They lived in Salt Lake until the spring of 1872, when I took them down to Springville where they lived the remainder of their days. They first lived in Milan Packard's little adobe house. Then they moved to a little log store where the Orem station now stands. They then moved to the west part of town. Finally Edwin Whiting sold them the little log house east of the present High School. The boys fixed it up, and they lived humbly and comfortable until death took them both. Father died Mar. 25, 1902 at the age of 75 years. Mother survived him and died at the age of 88 years. They are both buried in the old Springville cemetery.

During the summer of '73, the crops were light and Mr. Thompson did not need me, so I went to work in the mine up Big Cottonwood Canyon. I earned \$2.50 per day working in prospect holes and tunnels. I did not like this work very well as it was dangerous and the men were a rough lot. I quit and went back to the farm. I worked for wages during the summer, and did chores for my board in the winter and went to school. I again went to work for Mr. Thompson for \$200.00 per year. Beside the farm work, I hauled coal from Weber and silver ore from the Emma mine in Little Cottonwood Canyon. During the time I was freighting I boarded at Elizah Maxfield's. I had just quit hauling that fall, when a great snow slide came, taking houses and everything before it. Seven or eight men lost their lives in that slide. I was almost a miracle that I escaped calamity.

One winter I freighted from the Big Cottonwood mines to the Sandy smelters. At this time that whole country was a mere barren waste. There were but a few houses and stores in Sandy, Union, Murray, and the other towns. I have seen all that country grow from a wilderness to its present prosperous condition. During the time that I lived with Mr. Thompson, I got acquainted with Miss Clarissa Wilkins, the daughter of Charles Wilkins of South Cottonwood. Miss Wilkins and I were later married, May 23, 1876.

A Mr. Jesse Turpin and I went over the Jordan River, to the place that is now called Granger, and each filed on a quarter section of land. We were the first to locate in that section. After filing on the land we immediately prepared to locate there. I sold a

⁴ Mary Manwaring was 13 years old.

⁵ George Manwaring would go on to write the music and words to "Oh How Lovely was the Morning" and many other hymns before dying at the age of 35.

city lot I had in Springville and secured a little span of mules and Mr. Wilkins gave me an old wagon and a set of harnesses. Mr. Turpin and I each built a rough lumber house on our land; dug a surface well, built a large corral, and prepared to care for a large herd of cattle for the summer.

I hooked my little mules on the wagon and Miss Wilkins and I drove to Salt Lake to get married. We were married in the old endowment house in Salt Lake by Elder Joseph F. Smith on the 23rd of May 1876. On our return to Cottonwood, the folks gave us a reception and dance. Next day we left for our new home over Jordan.

Our only neighbors were Mr. Turpin and his family, and our only company was Heber and Nephi Wilkins, my wife's brothers. They came to help with their father's cattle, and to help care for the milk cows I had taken from Mr. Thompson to milk. I was very lonesome, but we visited the folks in Cottonwood very often. I was away to work most of the first year, and only came home for Sundays.

In the years that followed, we had many trials and vicissitudes such as most people have in the development of a new country. Soon many other people came and took up land, and built canals and irrigating ditches. It took three or four years before we got enough water to irrigate small garden plots. About five or six years later we got enough water to irrigate a good sized plot of ground. While waiting for the water, we worked at whatever we could find to do. We went to Mill Creek, Cottonwood, and Salt Lake. My first crop was about three acres of wheat. It was poor and so badly shrunk that it was not fit for milling. Next year I had a fair crop, but it was hailed on before it got ripe. In a few years we began to raise real good field crops and gardens. In fact, we were getting to be real prosperous, and were making some nice homes. However, our prosperity would not last. When the men began to irrigate above us, our land began to swamp and show salaratus. All of our crops and trees were killed, and the land became infested with fox tail and black tumble weed. This was a real calamity to us, and we were again thrown into poverty. We had to shift every way we could to make a living. It meant that we had to work wherever we could get a job. I worked on the Salt Lake Railroad, the Park City Road. I worked my team all I could, and then helped to lay ties until the deep snows of winter stopped the work. Mr. Turpin and I also hauled salt to Park City and loaded back with coal.

During these days of trial, we were not allied with any church organization, and our religious duties were rather neglected. The Brighton Ward was about four miles north of us, and finally Bishop Fredarick Shanefelt came over and held a cottage meeting with us and our neighbors. He then called Daniel McRae and me to act as ward teachers⁶ in the Southern part of his ward. I was then given another companion and labored two more years until the Granger ward was organized. In the days of our early pioneering, we were so remote from the church that four of our children were born before we had any of them blessed. But once we had taken up our religious duties again, we tried to live the Gospel as we knew it, and to properly teach our children its principles.

The Granger Ward, was first organized with Daniel McRae as Bishop, Abraham Sorenson as First Counselor, and John Bowden as Second Counselor. Then of course all the auxiliary organizations were perfected, and we had the benefit of a real live ward organization. A school district was organized and school house built. This building was used for both a school and a Church for several years. During this time, I was ordained a

⁶ Home teacher

Seventy and acted as Ward Teacher. The fact that I was hard of hearing prevented me from holding many church offices that I otherwise may have held. But I always tried to do all that was asked of me.

After our irrigated farms became water logged, I went five and a half miles south of the old homestead and filed on a dry farm under the Preemption Act⁷. I built my house on the land with the intent of moving my family up the next spring. In April of the next year I took my two little boys and my small flock of sheep and moved them into the place. The very day that I reached there, a man by the name of Freshey moved onto the place also. He and another man came with their families and belongings, and pitched their tents on my land and a Mr. David Warr with the intent of contesting our right to the land. I left my two little boys, who were then nine and eleven, there all alone and went to Salt Lake during the night to see a lawyer. Next morning I was back with my wife and family, and never left there until we had fulfilled the requirements of the law. The other people lived near us on the same piece of land most of the summer. They annoyed us and tried us and tried to quarrel with us, but we took no notice of them. I did some plowing, and tended my cows and sheep. We got along nicely until the grass was gone on the nearby hills. I then had to send the sheep back to the old home and leave the two little boys there to herd them. The boys were only six and eleven, and it was a terrible trial to have them off alone with those sheep. The other little boy, nine, herded my cows and drove them a mile and a half each day to water. I had to haul water for the house and part of my stock. Then some of my horses died, and I had to work a slip of a colt the remainder of the year.

These were hard days indeed, and during the anxiety of it all, we had a new baby born. We lived up to the requirements of the law, and when the time came to prove-up the land we did so, and our contesting neighbors never appeared against us. In fact sickness and death came into their family and they left. Although we were tried to the limit, we felt that the Lord was with us through it all. He answered our fervent prayers made in our home, and in the secret fastness of the desert.

During this summer my brother John was canvassing for a picture of the Prophet Joseph Smith. When he reached Logan he went to the temple, here he wept for joy and prayed the Lord that he would so prosper him that he might be the means of bringing all his father's family to that Temple for their endowments, sealings, and adoption. He was prospered, and sent for us all to come. He let the money to those of us who could not pay our way. Our whole family rejoiced at this opportunity. I left my family under the stress of circumstances and went. I told my wife and children to trust in the Lord and all would be well. I greeted our contest neighbors as I left, and after I had got out of sight, they left, and never did return.

We all reached Logan alright, and this was the first time our family had all been together since our sister Mary had died. Mother and Father received their endowments, were married for time and eternity, and had all their children sealed to them. We also began the work for our dead. This week in the Temple was a bright spot in the history of my father's family. It was a blessing we had long hoped and prayed for. Personally I

⁷ **The Preemption Act** of 1842 gave settlers in Utah 160 acres to farm, then 21 months to repay the cost of the land. It was a forerunner to the Congressional **Homestead Act** of 1862 which was similar but required residency on the property for five years and improvements including building homes and planting trees.

have looked upon the trials of that summer as a test of our faith and integrity, and a preparation for the blessing of the Temple.

That fall there was considerable road work done. I had one good horse, and a small two year colt, but I hauled gravel with them, and earned a little money to fit up the family for winter.

During the year 1889, there was a land boom throughout Salt Lake County, and some poor land was sold for big prices. In the spring of 1890 I sold my old home for fifty dollars per acre. I also sold my dry farm. After paying my debts I had about two thousand dollars to buy a new home. I finally purchased thirty acres of land in Mapleton from Roswell Bird. I paid \$1500 for the land without any improvements. I moved my family to Mapleton in May 1890. We rented a house for the first summer while we were building our own little house. I built a small rough lumber two roomed house, a small grainery, and a rough shed, and moved into my own piece of ground that fall.

During the time I lived in Mapleton, I was active in the church. I labored with J. T. Williams as a ward teacher for ten years. I was also assistant to him for two or three years in the Mapleton South Sunday School. During this time I was ordained a Seventy and then a High Priest. My companion and I were often called upon to administer to the sick, and many miracles were performed under our hands. Many were healed both among neighbors and in my own family. A few years after we moved to Mapleton my wife had a very severe sick spell and it looked as if she could not live. However, through the power of the Priesthood she was restored to fair health again. For several years, however, she was not able to do much of her housework, and as help was expensive and hard to get, we had to train our boys to do the housework. Later our eighth and last son was born. Our family consisted of eight boys and no girls. The following is a list of their names and the dates of their birth:

Hyrum	June 23, 1877
Levi	May 5, 1879
Charles Herbert	April 25, 1881 (lived 4 days)
Orson	July 2, 1882
Walter Henry	March 23, 1884
Arthur	April 14, 1886
Horace	Aug. 1, 1888
David Heber	June 29, 1896

All of these lived to manhood, but Charles Herbert, he died a few days after birth.

When my oldest boy was about nineteen and my youngest two, we decided to make a tremendous cooperative effort and build us a new home. We laid our plans and worked them out. Hyrum, my eldest boy worked on the railroad and earned the cash for current expenses. Levi, with Walter and Arthur to help, made the adobes on our own place. Orson worked on a brick yard for the brick. I had general charge of the whole affair and traded a couple of cows, etc. for the lumber etc. By fall we had a nice new brick house, and were very proud of our efforts and our accomplishments. It was to us a real home.

As we had only a small farm and not a very productive one, our boys had to get out and hustle for themselves. The older boys worked away most of the time, but always had a home to come tow when not employed. The smaller boys helped me on the farm. My oldest boy took a man's job on the railroad before he was sixteen years, old, and

rather set a pace that the other boys followed. He also became inspired to go to High School at the Brigham Young Academy, and I am thankful to say that all of my other boys followed him there. Every one of them attended the BYU.

When Hyrum was twenty-one he was called on a mission to Australia. In this he began a new activity of missionary work in the family. Later Orson went to the Central States and Arthur to England. When Hyrum was called there seemed no way of our raising the money for him to go. He was also so interest in school that we hardly knew whether he should discontinue and go. We could hardly decide what was best to do; we went and asked the advice of my father. After he had heard Hyrum's story, he said, "They must go on the mission. They can go to school when they come back. The Lord will prepare the way for thee." This settled the question, and was always a key and testimony to us all. Hyrum sent word that if they would give him six months, he would be ready to go. Two weeks after that, he was appointed foreman over that gang of men he worked with and his wages were doubled. He went and fulfilled a good mission. Then the other boys were called, and we knew what answer to give and they too were successful in their missions. I am only sorry that each of the boys did not have the privilege of going.

My second son, Levi, married Belle Whiting Dec. 3, 1901 and began to make a home for himself. They had three children, Earl, Lola and Florence.

Hyrum returned from his mission May 5, 1903. He married Bessie Bird, Sept. 16, 1903 and moved to Provo to attend the BYU. They had four children: Hyrum Laurence, Lucille, Eugene Bird, and Gladys.

Orson went to Canada in 1902 and was called on a mission while there but did not go until Sept. 30, 1903. He filled an honorable mission and returned Dec. 24, 1905. He later went to Bingham to work and became a break man on a freight train, later yard conductor.

Walter, my fourth son, married Emogene Bird May 15, 1907. They had five children: Naoma, Florence, Leo and Leah, twins, and Lenore. Walter died in Rexburg Feb. 27, 1921.

Walter went to work for a man in Idaho by the name of Gus Powell. He sent Orson some money from there to help him in his labors. Orson filled an honorable mission two years and three months, and returned the 24th of Dec. 1905. We had Christmas dinner at Levi's house. Soon after his return he went to Bingham and worked as timekeeper for Guy Mendenhall on the railroad. Walter helped me run the farm in 1907. I think he worked for a railroad construction company out at Calents in the fall of 1906, and he married Emogene Bird, C.M Bird's youngest daughter, and they lived in part of our house until 1908 when the boys concluded to go up to Idaho to get themselves a farm.

Orson took the lead, and he and Barr Whiting went with a team and wagon and camp outfit to hunt land and they traveled over considerable area of country till they came to a place called Groveland, northwest of Blackfoot, where Orson bargained for 80 acres in one place and 50 where he now lives, and Burr Whiting on South of him. Orson came home and wanted some money to make first payment on his purchase, and I mortgaged the farm in Mapleton and gave him \$800.00. I think he sold some mining stock and made up a thousand, then got Walter and wife with their first baby Naoma, to go to live on the 80 acre farm. Orson was working on the railroad in Bingham. I gave

Walter a pair of colts and a wagon, harnesses, plough, harrow, and they went and farmed that land. Orson earned money to keep them going.

My son Arthur was called on a mission to England and he married Emma Teressa Holley in the Salt Lake Temple before he left. He visited our relatives in the old home town, also mother's brother, John, in Manchester. Teressa clerked in a store while he was on that mission and helped me support him there. There were babies born to them—six children: Marie, Holley, Wanda, Basel, Rondo, and Lorraine. We had only our sons Horace and David then at home with us, Horace about 12 and David 4.

I was paying interest on about \$1500.00, so we concluded to sell our farm and go to Idaho. Orson had married Jessie Whitney of Mapleton. Orson and wife have three boys, Elwood, Leonard, and Fred. She had been living up Bingham Canyon with him some time, but had gone home to her mother for a season. Orson met with an accident on foggy day while backing down grade from a copper mine on the train. Another train was backing up grade on the same track and it was so near he called to his helper to jump off and he followed, but his helper was hit by the backing car and lay unconscious. Orson ran over a mile for the Doctor and back and dropped down exhausted. His helper died and the Dr. had to work on Orson for an hour to recuperate him, but as soon as he felt able he said, "I am going home to my wife. If she hears of this before I get there it will give her such a shock it will nearly kill her." The Dr. said he was not fit to go 10 or 12 miles, but he went and quit the railroad right then and went to his farm in Idaho in 1910, where he stayed with his wife and three boys, and was a good church worker, holding important positions in the Church.

In the spring of 1910, my wife and I decided to pay all our debts and move to Idaho and live near our boys, so Orson came down and we sold the place to Stephen Johnson of Springville and we paid our debts and Orson engaged a car and loaded it with our goods and chattel and horses and cows. He went with that car, and we boarded a passenger car and all landed safe in Groveland, Idaho. Of course we had to rent a home until we could build. Some land agents sold the boys another 80 acres a little northwest of Orson's and they built us a nice home on that. My son Arthur had returned from his mission and he moved up there in a house on the south corner of said 80 acres. Orson built a good brick house. Levi was still in Mapleton, Horace going to the BYU and David too in the winter.

Some things were rather disagreeable, such as having to haul our drinking water from the canal in barrels, and in winter we had to break 6-10 inches of ice to get it. The boys were getting along very well with their crops and cattle. They paid the interest on their land and bought implements to work with and raised good colts and calves.

In spring 1913, I thought I would take my wife on a trip to Utah. We went to Springville and Mapleton. In June of that year she was stricken with paralysis of the right side of her body and she was helpless for about six weeks. She could walk only with a crutch and a person holding her up on the left side. She could hardly use her right hand and went quite deaf, but she got so she could walk to her son's house about 40 rods away. I took her to meetings but she could not hear what was said, which made her feel sad, but she liked to go and meet friends and acquaintances. She got so she could do light work, but I had to be there to help all the time. We thought she could get well again because she had been treated by a medical doctor and an osteopath and was so much improved until the 8th of Feb. 1914, she was stricken again. She was treated as before

and got better a second time, but was weaker in body. She could scarcely lift anything with her right hand, but she got so she could do a little light work again, until the next month when one day she had been sitting reading some time and got up to go to bed and could not get in bed. She said to me, "You will have to come and put me in bed" which I did and that night she was taken very sick and got worse.

We had prayed for her in ward and stake meetings and sent for a faithful Elder to administer to her. He said she seemed to be living on borrowed time. We sent word to Utah for the boys to come and did not think she would live till they got there, but she took a turn for the better and was considerable better when they arrived. A chiropractor by the name of Alvin Hale came and said he thought he had the treatment that would cure her if she was not appointed to death, so after much argument we let him commence to treat her. He said it seemed like the spell of death was upon her then but he commenced treatment and he would talk to her in a cheerful way and she seemed to be getting better. I took her out in the buggy often and made her believe we would be able to go on the 4th of July celebration, but it was rather stormy and disagreeable and she was not so well.

She did go to see Emogene and her twins on the 17th of July. On the 24th I took her to the ball grounds but she could not recognize anybody unless they came close up to her, so I realized she was losing her sight. She took a relapse soon after this and the Dr. realized his treatment was doing her no good. She worried about him not coming, so we told him to come, if only to comfort her a little. She remained in a sinking condition until the 16th (of August), but rallied again until the night of the 22nd (September) when she asked to be raised up and Mr. Warren, Horace and I commenced to raise her up and put pillows behind her when she said to me, "Hold me tight in your arms and caress me, for I am going, I am going." She lay in an unconscious condition until 7am of the 26th when she passed away and was buried in the Groveland (Idaho) Cemetery. Brother John and wife were at the funeral, all her sons, 5 of her brothers, and 2 sisters, and she was well respected by all who knew her.

In September of 1914, my son Hyrum moved to Rexburg, Idaho to take a position as teacher in Ricks College.⁸ After my mother died, and our home was broken up, my youngest son, David, quit attending the BYU and went to Rexburg to attend Ricks College. Here he met and married Zella Hart. They made their permanent home in Rexburg. They have a family of five children: Helen, Beth, Vera, Blair and Var.

I stayed a while with my children then went to the Logan Temple to work for my kindred dead during the winter, then back to work on the farm in summer. About Christmas time 1916, I went to Springville to visit Mother and Brother, and I went to Manti and Spring City hunting genealogy. When I came back to Springville I started for Logan and stopped overnight with Brother Jesse at Provo. Next morning there was a heavy fall of snow and I could not go on my journey to Logan as the railroad was blocked with snow. While I was there, there came a phone call from John asking me if I would not return to Springville and stay with mother until the snow was gone and she was not able to get out and John was so busy. He was janitor at the central school and night watchman at Reynolds store and sexton at the cemetery. So I returned to make paths around the house and help her in the house some. I went up to Evergreen Cemetery with John to shovel snow and dig a grave. After we got home Albert and wife were at

⁸ Hyrum Manwaring was president of Ricks College from 1930-1944 where most notably he fought to keep it a church owned school rather than an Idaho State college, the Manwaring Center is named for him.

mothers, as she had fallen down and bruised her right knee and thigh. She was not able to get up for some time and we hired a nurse to take care of her and do the house work, but as mother got able to get up with some help, this sister Mary Moe wanted to quit. I said I would stay and keep house and care for her the best I could as I had done while my wife was sick. She never did walk alone anymore. The Relief Society sisters would come and bathe her and dress her and we continued this course for about a year and nine months when dropsy set in and her leg mortified and took her off this stage of action to join her husband. She had been a faithful worker in the Sunday School and Primary and Relief Society.⁹

I had neither wife nor mother and all my children were in Idaho except Levi, who had moved back to Farmington, so I went back to work for my kindred dead in the Logan Temple, but was not to stay there long for the flu was raging there and the temple was closed. I went to Idaho to my sons and worked on the farm until fall, when I left for St. George and commenced working for the dead. My folks and I had done the endowment work and sealing in behalf of our Grandfather and Mother and Great Grand Father and his wife, and all of our near kin. We could not get any more genealogy of near relatives, so I took some scraps of history of the Manwarings my brother Albert sent from England when he was on his mission. Mother had them for 12 years. I took them to the Temple clerk in St. George and in 1915 I got the history of the First Manwaring that came with William the Conqueror from Normandy, France. He was a general in the King's army, and his name was Ranulphus. I did the work for some 75 male kin and the Relief Society of St. George did the work for their wives, then we came to a standstill for lack of means. Later some people in Spring City by the name of Allred claimed relationship by marriage. One James T. Allred married a Manwaring girl in Nauvoo, whose parents came from Herefordshire, England. They got all the Genealogy they could find of the Manwarings in the genealogical office in Salt Lake City, and I joined them and we exchanged lists and concluded that those I had and theirs were all relatives, so I have done some endowment work for their males in the St. George Temple, and they had the sealing work done in the Manti Temple. They had about 535 names, but part of them were children. Some are alive and some dead. There are missing links in the chain of relationship we can't find as yet. I guess we will have to wait till some messenger from the other side of the veil shall come and give us the missing links.

After I passed my eighty-second birthday it seemed unwise for me to attempt to work anymore in the temple. As my son Arthur had bought my home, I made my home with him and his family at Blackfoot. In the summer I nearly always spent two or three months with Hyrum and David and their families at Rexburg. My children were always very kind to me. The boy's wives were all very considerate of my comfort and happiness. This pleased me so very much, as I had no daughters of my own. No one could be kinder to their own father than these girls were to me. My grandchildren were very nice to me, and I am very proud of my entire family. There are eight sons and their wives, thirty-one grandchildren and on great-grandchild, forty seven in all.

⁹ Sarah Barber died October 3, 1918 and is buried in Springville, Utah with her husband Henry Manwaring.

I feel to say, Father, Thy will be done, only give me strength of body and mind to endure faithful to the end of my days, that I may be worthy of a place in the Celestial Kingdom. I do feel grateful for the wife and children that have been given to me and to know that if I shall remain faithful to the end of my days that they are mine for time and eternity. I do feel grateful for the blessings of the Gospel that have been confirmed upon us through obedience to it's mandatory, and hope we may continue in the faith as a family, that we will not forfeit any of these blessings promised us for they are worth more to us than all the wealth of the world, for what doth it profit us if we gain the wealth of the world and lose our own souls.

The following story of Clarissa's and Herbert's deaths is from Helen Manwaring Ashcraft, a niece. She wrote, "Clarissa's health gradually grew worse and she lost her hearing. With both of them suffering this affliction, it was inconvenient and sometimes laughable. One morning as they knelt for family prayers, Herbert asked his wife to pray. She spoke quite low and he didn't hear her, so he thought he wouldn't ask her again and he started to pray. Clarissa got through her prayer, got up and looked around. The boys pointed to their father praying so she knelt back down again. When they arose the boys were laughing. He was quite indignant until they explained, and then they all had a good laugh.

Herbert's wife passed away at Groveland, Idaho, 26 September 1914. After that he spent his winters working in the temples at Logan and St. George. He lived with his son Arthur and wife Teresa Holley Manwaring when not working in the temple. They enjoyed having him in the home and treated him kindly.

He passed away quietly 29 February 1936 in Blackfoot, Idaho. He was never bedfast. He seemed to know he was going to die that day; he called Teresa and said, "Thank you for all your kindness to me. Tell my boys to always keep the faith." He was buried in the Groveland Cemetery (Blackfoot, Idaho)."

Patriarchal Blessing of Herbert Manwaring

Logan, Utah, Feb. 13, 1915

A blessing by Geo. R. Hill, Patriarch upon the head of Herbert Manwaring son of Henry Manwaring and Sarah Barber, born Jan. 28, 1849 at Sandbach Heath Cheshire, England. Given by permission of the Cache Stake presidency.

Brother Herbert Manwaring in the name of Jesus Christ and in the authority conferred upon me, I place my hand upon thy head and seal upon thee a patriarchal blessing as the Lord shall direct. I bless thy body that it may be healed and become healthy and strong. I bless thy hearing that thou shalt be able to hear the word of the Lord and thy heart that it may be open to receive the truths of the Gospel. Thou art of the lineage of Ephraim and the blessings pronounced upon that tribe shall be extended unto the earth and the Lord will give thee power over thyself that thou wilt be able to overcome every appetite and desire that is not of the Lord. If thou wilt hearken unto the promptings of the Holy Spirit, the Lord will guide thee and direct thee in thy labors and success shall come unto thee and thou shalt be enabled to accomplish all that the Lord shall recognize at thy hands. Thou shalt witness the signs of the coming of the Son of Man in the Heavens above and the fulfillment of the predictions of the prophets of God concerning the latter days. Thou shalt be hold the glory of God manifest in the gathering of the disperse of Israel and rejoice in the redemption of Zion and the manifestations of his power upon the earth. Thou shalt be a savior unto thy fathers household and thy progenitors shall accept thy work and sacrifice and will intercede with the Father in your behalf. Thy children shall bless thee and minister comfort unto thee in thy aged and declining years and thy last days shall be thy best days because of the fulfillment of these promises. Lift up thy heart in praise unto the Father. Be firm and steadfast in the cause of truth for these blessing are true and faithful. I seal upon thee all the blessings that have hitherto been pronounced upon thee I seal upon thee the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob together with the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant and seal thee up unto the day of redemption with power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, pass by the angels and the God to the Glory and exaltation in the celestial Kingdom of our Heavenly Father. I seal these blessings upon thee by power and authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ.

Amen

Recorded in Book E Page 414

Granger Ward Salt Lake Co Utah, June 2nd 1884

A Blessing given by Wm J. Smith, Patriarch upon the head of Herbert Manwaring, Son of Henry Manwaring & Sarah Barber. Born January 28th 1849 Sandbach Cheshire Engalnd.

Brother Herbert I place my hand upon thy head in the name of Jesus & by virtue and authority of the Holy Priesthood I pronounce upon thy head a Patriarchal & a fathers Blessing I confirm all of thy former Blessings and bless you with the Blessings of Abraham Isaac & Jacob with all partaining to the New & everlasting Covenant even the Blessings of Posterity I bless you in the Priesthood that the power there of may rest upon you to heal the sick cast out devils and perform any miricle for the salvation and deliverance of Israel the Blessings of the Fathers shall be upon thy head Thy storehouse shall be filled with plenty then Houses & lands flocks and heards thy years shall be many upon the earth and thou shall have wisdom and power to accomplish every riteous desire of thy Heart and the Lord is well plesed with thy honesty & integrity and thou shall be a Saviour to thy fathers house and asist in their redemption back to where the gospel chain is broken and thou shall obtain a record of thy dead thou shall have power to honor both Priesthoods be a mighty minister of Jesus and proclaim the everlasting gospel to the sons of men thou shall asist in the redemption of Zion see Israel gathered from the four corners of the earth and Zion established I seal these blessings with the ministring of Angels
Dreams & visions
[cut off]

Compiled by Charlotte Manwaring Hawkins 7/2006