

# **Herbert Manwaring**

## **1849-1936**

A biographical narrative prepared by Lenore Manwaring Bigler, presented at the Manwaring family reunion held June 21-22, 1991 in the Manwaring Center, Ricks College, Rexburg, Idaho

Introduction: In his seventy-eighth year, grandfather Herbert Manwaring set about to try to re-create his life from memory. As he states in his autobiography, "It will be meager and disconnected, but I am attempting to gather together the broken threads of my own biography." Taking some literary license with the facts from grandfather's autobiography, I have attempted to write a narrative about the substance of his life, as I perceived it from what he wrote. Lenore Manwaring Bigler

Seventeen-year-old Herbert Manwaring stood looking beyond the bow of the old English sailing ship John Bright as it broke the gray, choppy waters of the Atlantic Ocean and spilled its icy spray onto the deck. He pulled his jacket tighter around him and tried desperately to see through the dense fog, which had cocooned them since the subsiding of the violent storm, they had been experiencing for the past several days. He was cold and lonesome and had a great longing for the parents and brothers and sisters he had left behind in England. Would he ever reach America, he wondered? What kind of future lay ahead for him? As if to answer his questions, the voice of sister Nancy Bates, a branch member of the church Herbert had attended in England, invaded his thinking, and he heard again the words which had changed the course of his life.

Herbert had been sixteen years old at the time, as, in awe, he had listened to sister Bates pronounce – first in tongues and then in English – the prophetic statement which would now be the guidepost for direction in his new life. "Brother Herbert", she had said, "thus saith 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 helping your father, mother, brothers and sisters to that land." Herbert was pondering these words as he stood on that misty ship deck, when suddenly he heard shouting and singing and he realized, to his amazement, that the fog was lifting and the land was in sight. They had made it!

Herbert's father, Henry Manwaring, was a shoemaker married to Sarah Barber. They were living with Sarah's father in a humble little thatch-roofed cottage in Sandback Heath, Cheshire, England, when Herbert, their first child, was born January 28, 1849. As he grew, Herbert had little time for play or school as he was learning the shoemaker trade from his father to help add to their scant living.

Father Henry had been baptized into the church about 1861. Herbert was baptized June 5, 1862, when he was twelve years old. One year later, having expressed his dislike for shoemaking, Herbert was allowed to work for his Uncle John during the summer,

carrying off brick at a company brickyard. Then at age fifteen he went to work for a Mr. Walker on a farm at Brindley Green for approximately \$4 dollars per year and his board.

From the time Herbert was baptized into the church, the elders had counseled his parents to send him to Zion. It was with this goal in mind that he and his parents had saved whatever money they could in order to pay his fare to America. On April 26, 1866, feeling that the time had come for him to answer the call, his parents applied for Herbert's release from the farm, but Mr. Walker answered with an emphatic NO! Having about given up hope then for going that year, Herbert bore his testimony in church one Sunday, stating his desire to go to Zion and explaining the circumstances to the members. It was then that sister Bates had risen and spoken her predictive words. The family began preparing for their fulfillment.

When word arrived that a ship had been chartered to carry the saints to New York, Herbert went to his boss. "Mr. Walker", he said, "I should like the privilege of going to town today if I can". After having been granted this privilege, Herbert joyfully carried his little bundle of clothes and walked the four miles to his home. He did go to town...to get his hair cut. The next morning, after tearful good-byes, he and his father took his sixty pound trunk and carried it six miles to the railway station at Crewe Junction. His father bade him goodbye, and he boarded the train for Liverpool where the John Bright was waiting to take him to Zion. Aboard the ship, alone among strangers, he laid a robe on the boards of his bunk and pulled a light blanket over him, trying to shut out the feelings of homesickness and apprehension, which were inside him. But now, after what seemed like an eternity of tossing wave's, seasickness, and cold fog, the coast of newfound land was in sight. In wonderment, they sailed down the coast and landed at Castle Garden, New York, and Herbert was entranced by the scenery and places of interest he saw as they migrated from New York to the frontiers of Florence, Wyoming, where they were to await the oxen, horse, and mule trains which would be headed for Utah.

One day, during the several weeks it took to get the wagons loaded, one of the teamsters approached Herbert saying, "My name is Bill Stewart. I'm from Pleasant Grove, Utah, and I'm driving the bacon wagon for that ox train over there. I don't have any passengers, but was wondering if you'd like to go along with me as my clerk". Herbert was delighted to put his baggage on Bill's wagon and join the other boys who were part of this train. Soon all was ready, and in mid June 1866, the company began its trek across the plains. Herbert busied himself doing necessary camp chores, yoking oxen and helping to drive them. Many times during the trip, Indians came into the camp to trade hides, furs, and buckskins for provisions. One day a young chief came into camp and in English stated, "I have a band of fine horses. Want to trade for white girl." "Sure", prankster Parley Driggs answered, grabbing one of the emigrant girls by the arm and pulling her forward. "You can have this one." All the boys were laughing as the chief left, but the sobered up quickly when he returned with the horses in dead earnest for the trade. The boys finally convinced him they had been joking, but a few days later, a very angry Indian chief with plenty of help, stampeded the cattle while they were grazing, and about ninety head were lost to the train. The journey was only about half over, and the loss of this many oxen slowed them down considerably until, fortunately, they were able to round up a herd of

strays that had stampeded from an earlier outfit, and also pick up some that had been left to rest at ranches along the way.

Autumn was setting in when the company finally drove into the tithing yard in Salt Lake City and unloaded its freight, passengers, and luggage. William Stewart invited Herbert to stay at his place in Pleasant Grove, which he did until he was informed that his second uncle, John Faulkner, had a home for him in Springville. How lucky he was! His Uncle John was a shoemaker! But putting his dislike of the trade aside, Herbert spent the winter helping make shoes to pay for his board and lodging. He also enlisted in the Utah militia. The next spring Herbert drove team for his uncle's son-in-law, and then found a job in the root field's of Brigham Young. These roots were used for coloring fabrics in Brigham Young's woolen mills. Herbert also worked on the City Creek Canyon Road.

In the fall he returned to the tithing yard in Salt Lake City to see if anyone was hiring help. Approaching a man by the name of Mr. Gun, he enquired, "Do you know any farmer who might like to hire a lad for the winter". "As a matter of fact, I do", replied Mr. Gun. "A friend of mine, Isaac Ferguson from Big Cottonwood, wants a boy". Herbert felt it was a godsend and quickly sought out Mr. Ferguson. "Yes boy, I will hire you", Mr. Ferguson said. "You will do chores for your room and board, and I'll pay you \$20 dollars a month for farm work." Herbert hauled timber, tended oxen, cows, and sheep, and learned that Mr. Ferguson did not treat his animals well, nor was he a good paymaster. Becoming discouraged with these conditions, Herbert left him in the spring of 1868 and went to work on the farm of Mr. Clinton D. Thompson, where he found a congenial home for the next eight years. During those eight years, he was rebaptized, helped fight a devastating grasshopper war, tended the farm while Mr. Thompson went freighting, and had a harrowing experience which nearly ended his life.

"Hurry up, Major", Herbert coaxed. "There's thunder and lightning, and a big storm is coming. C'mon or we'll get caught!" But Mr. Thompson's horse was in no rush, and they had not traveled far when a piercing lightning bolt split the sky and headed right toward them. Dr. Harvey Hullinger, out on his rounds of home visits, saw the fierce shaft of lightning, and being curious started out to see what he could find. What he found was a frightening sight! Major, the horse, was dead; Herbert's clothes were completely torn from his body, and his heavy boots had been blown off his feet. His face and breast were badly burned. The doctor immediately set to work to try to revive Herbert, but he could find no detectable heartbeat. Unable to life the inert body, he left Herbert lying there and raced a quarter of a mile to get Mr. Thompson. They returned with a large bucket of water, which Dr. Hullinger dashed over Herbert's breast and face. Herbert, miraculously, began to gasp for air, and was soon breathing again. With the help of two other men who had now arrived, they carried Herbert to the house on a quilt. After they forced him to drink camphor to make him vomit, placed cold packs on his chest, and administered to him; Herbert finally regained consciousness and was able to talk. For two weeks, cold packs and a castor oil and flour paste were applied to his wounds, and eventually he was able to get up and walk about the house. His wounds healed without leaving any scars, but he had partially lost his hearing, a complication that was to remain with him the rest of his life. The Thompson's were very kind to Herbert. He was not overworked, and he

was hired for another year with his wages paid in advance.

It was 1871 when Herbert, who was now 22 years old, was filled with a great longing to see his family again. Those very important words of sister Bates had been tugging at him: "...and you will be the means of helping your father, mother, brothers, and sisters to that land." So with his money in his pocket, he journeyed to a meeting with Brigham Young. "Sir", he said, "I have \$150 dollars. My parents, brothers and sisters in England want to come to Utah. Can you help me bring them over?" Brigham Young looked him full in the face. "Will you be responsible to repay the balance of what it takes to bring them here?" "Yes, sir!" Herbert replied confidently. "Then they shall be sent for." The waiting and the dreaming of his family's arrival made anxious days for Herbert, but that day in September finally arrived and there they were: his parents, his sisters Ellen and Mary, and his brothers George, David, Jesse, John and Albert. What joyous reunion it was.

The parents settled in Salt Lake City that first year, but in the spring of 1872, they moved to Springville to make a permanent home. Sorrow had come into the family, however, when in the previous November Mary had died of pneumonia after a bout of mountain fever.

Another year passed, and Herbert took leave from the farm to work in the mines in Big Cottonwood Canyon. He earned \$2.50 a day, but a dislike for the work and his coworkers sent him back to the farm to work for \$200 dollars a year and to do chores to pay his board in the winter while he went to school. He also did some freighting of coal and ore.

Romance came into Herbert's life, too. He met Miss Clarissa Wilkins of South Cottonwood, and as the courtship progressed, he knew with a certainty that it was time for him to establish a place of his own. So when the opportunity arose, he and Jesse Turpin went over the Jordan River to a place which would later be called Granger, and each filed on a section of land, built rough lumber houses, dug surface wells, put up corrals, and prepared to care for a large herd of cattle. Herbert sold a city lot he had in Springville and bought a little span of mules. Clarissa's father gave him an old wagon and a set of harnesses. It was in this old wagon, pulled by Herbert's mules, that he and Miss Clarissa drove to Salt Lake City on May 23, 1876, to be married in the old Endowment House. A reception and dance awaited them on their return to Cottonwood, and the next day they left for their new home.

Soon other people came in to take up property. After years of land preparation and some dismal first crops, prosperity finally came to the fast-growing new community for awhile until irrigation problems killed off their growth and turned their land into salty swamps. Since the men were then forced to take other jobs to support their families, Herbert worked on the Salt Lake railroad laying ties, helped on the Park City road, and freighted salt and coal.

During these years of trial, four of Herbert and Clarissa's children had been born beginning in 1877 with Hyrum. Then came Levi, Charles, who had died a few days after

birth, and Orson. As the Brighton ward was four miles north of them, Herbert had been neglecting his religious duties, and none of these four children had ever been blessed, but in 1879 the Granger ward was organized. Herbert was active in the creation and administration of the new ward, and, at last, his children were blessed and given names.

The failure of his irrigated farm had prompted Herbert to file, under the pre-emption act, on a farm south of his first place. In April of that year he took Hyrum and Levi and a small flock of sheep and moved onto his property. Fulfilling the requirements of the Act was not easy. When the grass was gone on the nearby hills, Herbert had to send sheep back to the old home where he left eleven year old Hyrum and six year old Orson there alone to tend them. Nine year old Levi herded the cows and drove them one and one half miles each day to water. Herbert had to haul water for the house and stock, and some of his horses died. Also a new baby boy, Walter, was born. But with English bulldoggedness, Herbert and Clarissa stuck to the land, and when the time came, they proved on it in court. "Our fervent prayers have been answered", Herbert told Clarissa.

This was the summer when Herbert's brother John prospered and was able to go to the temple in Logan. He was overjoyed with his experience and sent for all his family to come, paying the way of those whom could not afford it.

Once again the family was reunited. Their father and mother were married for time and eternity and had all their children sealed to them. The family also began the work for their dead. That week at the temple was a blessed occasion for all of them.

A land boom in 1889 was bringing big prices for poor land. Seeing a real opportunity here, Herbert sold his old home and his dry farm. He paid off all his debts and still had nearly \$2,000 dollars left with which to buy a house.

When his sister Ellen died, Herbert went to Springville for her funeral and while there was able to make a deal to purchase thirty acres of land, and in May, 1890, he moved his family into a rented house while their own rough lumber, two-roomed home, a small granary, and a rough shed were being built. It was a happy fall day when he moved his wife and six boys, Arthur and Horace now having been born, onto his own piece of ground. By June 1896, David, the last of Herbert and Clarissa's seven surviving sons was born. The boys helped as they could in a family effort to keep the not-to-productive farm going. The older boys took jobs away from home; the little ones helped around the farm. It was this same family cooperation that built them a new and better home in 1898.

Time passed, and in 1908 the boys, most of who were now married and starting their own families, to move to Idaho and get a farm made a big decision. Orson took the lead and went hunting for property. He finally bargained for one hundred thirty acres in a place called Groveland near Blackfoot. Walter and his wife left with their first baby, a pair of colts, and a wagon, harness, plow, and harrow to go live on and farm eighty acres of the new Idaho property. Orson kept the necessary cash coming by working on the railroad. Two years later, Herbert and Clarissa decided to sell the place in Utah, pay all their debts and move to Idaho to live near the boys. After a bad accident, which killed his helper,

Orson had quit the railroad and had moved onto his farm with his family. He sold his parents' farm for them, and loaded down with all their belongings and livestock, they moved to a rented home until a new home was built for them near Orson's place. Arthur, who had just returned from his mission, also moved onto this property. They all began to prosper in spite of having to haul drinking water in barrels from the canals, and in winter break through six to twelve inches of ice to get it. The ensuing years brought good times and times of poverty in turn.

1913 was a sad time for the family when in June Clarissa was stricken with paralysis of her right side and was helpless for about six weeks. Although she went quite deaf, she got so she could walk short distances, go to church, and with help, do light housework. For a few years, it seemed she would be well and her normal self again, but in February 1918, she was stricken a second time. She rallied through part of the summer but eventually sank in to unconsciousness, and on the morning of July 26 passed away. By this time Hyrum and David had moved to Rexburg; Levi remained in Utah. In order to ease his loneliness, Herbert stayed a while with the boys on the farm during the summers and did work for the dead in the Logan Temple in the wintertime. He also visited his mother and brothers and did some genealogy research. His father Henry had died in 1902, and in the fall of 1918 mother Sarah died from complications after a fall.

Herbert continued his routine of being on the farm with Arthur and Orson in the summer and doing work for the dead in the winter. Walter and Horace had left Groveland and moved to Rexburg. When a flu epidemic closed the temple in Logan, Herbert went to St. George to do his work there, but at age eight-two, he decided it was time to give it up, and he went to Blackfoot to make his home with Arthur, who had bought his house. He would then spend two or three months each summer with Hyrum and David in Rexburg. Walter had died in 1922, and Horace had moved his family to California. Herbert was always very appreciative of the care and consideration his sons' wives and families gave him. "My daughter-in-law's were the girls I never had", he said. After a short illness, Herbert Manwaring died February 29, 1936, leaving for his heirs, not worldly good, but a rich heritage and a strong testimony of the blessings of the gospel.

FOOTNOTE: Many more interesting details of grandfather's life are included in his autobiography. In the interest of time at the reunion, I had to cut many things out. Most of the cousins have copies of the original I think if any of you want the first-hand experience of reading it as grandfather wrote it himself.