Herbert Manwaring: Keeping the Faith

By Brian Manwaring, a great grandson , November 17, 2013

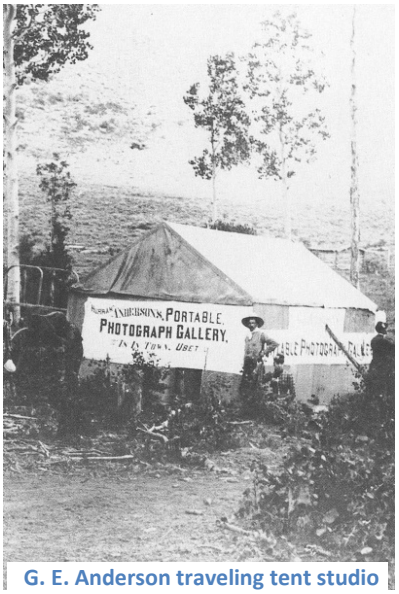
BACKGROUND

Our 2013 family reunion was held on Father's Day week-end. For a Sunday presentation, I began doing some research on what it means to be a Manwaring. I began looking at the line of Manwaring fathers, from my own father, Rondo Manwaring, to his father Arthur Manwaring, and his father Herbert. Unfortunately, I never knew my Grandfather Arthur Manwaring, because he passed away from complications of a stroke when my own father was just 15 years old. That reality always weighed heavily on me growing up, because I could not imagine living without my father as a teenager. I often thought about how difficult it must have been for my father.

An unfortunate consequence of never knowing my grandfather was that I knew even less about my great grandfather. Since Great Grandfather Herbert was, in fact, the first in our Manwaring line of fathers to immigrate to Utah to be with the Saints, I resolved to collect everything I could find about him, using the Internet and family records, in an attempt to learn to know him somewhat and what he was like. I found a couple of life sketches of Herbert written by his descendents, but these were brief histories. Then I began to encounter some curious facts that begged for explanations.

For example, in my very first foray into genealogical research, as a teenager, I looked up some family group sheets on Herbert's parents, Henry and Sarah Barber Manwaring. Several such family group sheets were available on microfiche at the time (this was in the 1960's). I noticed some of the family group sheets listed Herbert as the first born son of Henry; but others left him off entirely. As I looked closer, I discovered that Herbert's birth date was listed as 28 January 1849, while his parents' marriage date was not until 25 August 1853. In other words, Herbert would have been 4 years old by the time his parents were married. Herbert's next oldest sibling was George Manwaring (of hymn book fame) with a birth date of 19 March 1854, so it appears that Great Great Grandmother Sarah was probably pregnant with George when she and Henry were officially married. The family group sheets that omitted Herbert as a son apparently may have been prepared by descendants who did not know about or did not want to include information on Herbert, because he was born prior to Henry and Sarah's official marriage date. This issue is visited later on in this document.

On another point, there was a friendly competition between my wife and I regarding our pioneer ancestors. Hers joined the Church in Nauvoo and trekked across the plains in covered wagons. I had always been under the impression that my original Manwaring relatives who joined the church in England had come to Utah via the railroad. I discovered this was not quite correct.



G. E. Anderson traveling tent studio

There were two additional discoveries that literally opened my eyes regarding my early Manwaring relatives in the church.


Portrait of George Edward Anderson

The first was my discovery on the Internet that Herbert, in 1927, his seventy eighth year, (he died nine years later at age 87) had taken the time to pen an autobiography. While I'm sure many of my relatives knew of this document, I did not; and it was a marvelous experience for me to read this rather long history (15 pages typewritten). Interestingly, seven years later, at age 84, he made a second autobiography; this one being short--only 3½ pages typewritten--yet this second autobiography contained several details that cleared up questions in the first autobiography. A copy of both of these autobiographies is included at the back of this document as Appendix A.

G. E. Anderson's photo studio in Springville

The second discovery was a pioneer photographer in Springville named George Edward Anderson, who took hundreds of photos of church and family groups in the 1870-1920 timeframe. 'Ed' as he was called, was 11 years younger than Herbert . From 1900 to 1904 he also served as bishop of the Springville Second Ward.

Ed used a traveling tent studio to capture wonderful images of pioneer life and church history throughout central, eastern and southern Utah. He established his permanent studio in Springville in 1888, just one year before Herbert sold his properties in the south Salt Lake Valley and moved his young family to Mapleton. Herbert's father's family had moved to Springville in 1872 just a year after arriving in Salt Lake City.

Arthur Manwaring missionary photo taken by G. E. Anderson just before his departure to England ion Oct 29, 1907. He and Teresa were married 6 days earlier.

It is certain that Ed was well acquainted with the Manwaring family, because there are dozens of beautiful photos of the Manwarings of Springville and Mapleton among the 14,000 restored plates in the George Edward Anderson photo collection in the BYU archives. More particularly, Ed Anderson took at least one photo of every single one of Herbert's seven sons who lived to adulthood. He also captured Herbert's parents, several of his brothers, as well as Herbert and his wife Clarissa. What an exciting discovery it was to find these high quality portraits to see just what these wonderful ancestors looked like.

Further establishing the fact that Ed Anderson was contemporary and good friends with the Manwaring family, is a picture in his collection titled, "G. E. Anderson and Manwaring Sunday School Class." Ed is identified in this group picture taken in front of the old Spring-ville First Ward meeting house. Herbert indicates in his autobiography that he was a counselor to a Sunday School president for 3 years.

This picture is titled "G. E. Anderson and Manwaring Sunday School Class." Ed Anderson is the man on the left end of the back row holding a little girl. This was taken at the old First Ward Church located at 400 East and 800 South in Springville. The date is probably around 1900.

Ironically, Ed served a mission to England from 1908 to 1911, after completing four years as bishop in Springville. My grandfather Arthur served in the England mission from 1907 to 1909, arriving home on the day before Christmas of 1909. It is almost certain that these two men knew one another and possibly served together in the mission field, even though Ed was almost 26 years older than Arthur. Ed was still on his mission when Arthur returned. So how did Ed take wedding photos of Arthur and Teresa? Arthur married Emma Teresa Holley 6 days before he left for England, in 1906, so Ed probably took their wedding pictures as well as Arthur's mission portrait at the same sitting.

Additionally, biographical information about Ed Anderson indicates that he was a bit of a kindred spirit to the Manwarings, being highly devoted to his profession and to the church, but not very successful, financially. In fact, Ed Anderson achieved no real fame or wealth as a photographer until long after his death, as researchers discovered his skill at capturing enormous amounts of historical detail.

One photography expert, praised Ed Anderson's work in these words:

> Charles Reynolds, picture editor of the magazine *Popular Photography*, commented at a Brigham Young University photo seminar on 11 December 1973 about his introduction to Anderson's photographs. After attending an exhibition at the Springville Museum of Art, arranged by Rell Francis, he had this to say: "I go to shows several times a week in New York City . . . and I have rarely seen anything as impressive as those photographs. . . . It is awfully hard to astonish me. . . . The George Anderson pictures that I saw today weren't sensationalized pictures in any way. They were very sweet, beautiful, lovely pictures. . . ."

MY EXPERIENCE

Brian Manwaring

In the 80+ pages that follow you will find the most essential pieces of information that I was able to uncover relating to the life and times of a great man. Through this 5 months of research, I have come to know Herbert in a way that I never thought possible. My admiration for him as a faithful Latter-day Saint and as my direct ancestor, paving the way for me and my descendants to be born in the covenant has expanded to the point that I have often been moved to tears of gratitude. My understanding of geography and politics and the various administrations of the early church has increased as I have come to understand how it directly affected Herbert and his family.

One of the great quests of this mortality is to come to a correct understanding of who we really are. In order to do that, we must know something of our ancestors. I confess I have taken for granted my grandfather and great grandfather, and did not, as I should have, study their lives to learn who they were, how they thought, and what they sacrificed to create an extended covenant family. I hope--with this information--to spare my children and grandchildren the unfortunate condition of not really knowing who their earliest Mormon ancestors were.

Frequently during this research process when there was just no clear explanation about what had occurred in Herbert's life, I would put the project on the shelf and wait a day or two. Then, almost without any effort on my part, some piece of information would pop up, which would lead me to some new explanations and enable me to answer more of the questions that kept arising in my mind. I did feel, frankly, that there was a gentle but powerful guiding influence behind my expanding interest in Herbert's life, and I like to think that he did provide assistance along the way.

Of course, the best material in this document is written in his own words. How grateful I am for his efforts to write an autobiography. While I was able to correct a few inaccuracies, it was Herbert's own writings that gave me the basis for discovering and explaining many of the things that occurred in his life. We should all follow his example and try to leave

our descendants with something--even if it is just a few pages--that will help them know how we sought to "keep the faith" in our own lives and uphold the covenant for the benefit of our children.

98% of Herbert's autobiography appears in this history. Wherever Herbert's own words appear, they are in italics. Often there are small notes of explanation, usually enclosed in brackets, within his quotes, but these are not italicized.

I apologize for not keeping a careful record of the various sources I found. There are many places where I quote from other church and historical documents, but did not footnote them. Initially, I never intended this project to become so big, but once it got started, it seemed to acquire a life of its own.

Several fascinating documents are included as appendixes at the end of this document. These include Herbert's two autobiographies, some corroborating journals which explain some of the mysteries in Herbert's account, a letter from the doctor who treated Herbert after his lightning strike, Herbert's two patriarchal blessings and his obituary.

I know that in my efforts to be thorough, I may have created some long-winded information, but it was my desire and hope, which grew stronger every day I worked on this project, to create a history detailed enough that all who read it could gain both a familiarity and a love for Herbert and Clarissa. Sometimes in the everyday detail of things, we begin to learn about personalities, about strength and about humility. I found it no small coincidence that the phrase, "Keep the Faith," kept coming up as I studied Herbert's life. Truly, he embodied that admonition and I will now take great pride in sharing it often and regularly with my own children and grandchildren.

SANDBACH BEGINNINGS

Herbert provided some important initial genealogical information on his father, grandfather and great-grandfather in his autobiography, as follows:

Herbert was the son of Henry and Sarah Barber Manwaring; Henry was the son of John Manwaring Jr and Eleanor Bratt Manwaring; John Jr. was the son of John Manwaring and Mary Manwaring. In several pedigree charts in church archives, John Sr.'s last name is spelled "Mainwaring" instead of Manwaring.

Saxon stone crosses in Sandbach

All three generations prior to Herbert were born and raised in and around Sandbach (pronounced Sand-batch), Cheshire, England. While Henry was a shoemaker, both John Jr. and John Sr. were farmers. Herbert says his grandfather, John Jr., remembered working on a very valuable farm owned by one of his uncles, located near the Brook Silk factory in Sandbach. (in the early 1800's several hundred people worked in silk mills in Sandbach.)

Close-up of Sandbach stone crosses

Additonally, Herbert mentions another relative--his Aunt Eleanor, Henry's sister--who worked at the silk mills. Eleanor was the only other member of Henry's family to join the church. She was single, and died in 1864, at the age of 29, just a few years after joining the Church. Herbert does not explain what was the

Plaque at stone crosses in Sandbach

cause of Eleanor's death.

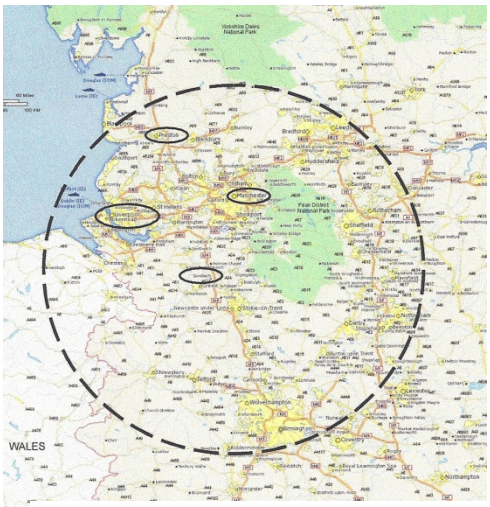
The name Sandbach is taken from the Saxon words *sand bæce* which can mean 'by the sandy stream' or 'sand valley.' Little is known about the settlement during Saxon times, except that it was subject to Welsh and Danish raids. In the 7th century, the whole town was converted to Christianity by four Catholic priests. This event in 653 A.D. was commemorated in the 9th century by the erection of two Saxon stone crosses, which were restored in 1816 by Sir John Egerton after they had been destroyed by iconoclasts during the Protestant reformation. These restored crosses still stand today in the center of Sandbach and are recognized as a significant medieval landmark in England.

High Street in Sandbach, Cheshire, England

Sandbach had a population of less than 2,000 in 1800, but by 1851, two years after Herbert's birth, the population had risen to nearly 5,000. Today, the population of Sandbach is about 18,000.

It is interesting to note Sandbach's location in relation to the early Mormon missionary effort in the 1800's. Liverpool was far and away the most heavily used departure point for immigrating Mormon converts from England and also from Scandinavia. The town of Preston, where the first LDS missionaries arrived in July, 1837 and baptized thousands of souls in just the first year, is located less than 40 miles north of Liverpool. The town of Manchester, another large branch of the church in the 1840-1860 period is located just 33 miles east of Liverpool. (Herbert mentions in his writings that his son Arthur, while on a mission to England in 1907, visited Herbert's mother's brother, John Barber, in Manchester.) Sandbach is located 34 miles southeast of Liverpool. It has been suggested that most of the British converts to the church came from areas that were within a 100 mile radius of the Liverpool harbor.


Map of England and Wales, showing Liverpool, center of missionary activity and primary embarkation point for LDS immigrants



Close-up of same map showing Liverpool on the west. Preston to the north, Manchester to the east and Sandbach to the south are all less than 40 miles away.

It is also estimated that between 60,000 and 70,000 converts emigrated to Zion during the 19th century, with about 23% of those coming from Scandinavian countries and 75% (56,000) coming from the British Isles. The impact this had on the church in Utah was enormous. Brigham Young said of the European converts, "They have so much of the spirit of gathering, that they would go if they knew they would die as soon as they got there or if they knew that the mob would be upon them and drive them as soon as they got there."

By 1850, 42,316 people had been baptized in Britain and another 52,192 had been baptized by 1870. The entire

population of the state of Utah in 1850 was 12,000, but largely due to the immigrant influx, it exploded to 87,000 by 1870. For several years, the Church population in England was much greater than it was in Utah.

The 1870 Utah census showed the British-born Latter-day Saints at their apogee in proportion to the total population of Utah Territory. At that time nearly a quarter of Utah's inhabitants - 24 percent - were born in the British Isles. With their American-born children they may well have made up as much as half of the population.

In a 1937 book on Mormonism in Great Britain, Elder Richard L. Evans wrote, "Based on studies of information submitted to the Genealogical Society, it is estimated that 80 percent of the members of the Church [at that time] are of British extraction.

HOUSE OF ISRAEL CONNECTION?

One has to wonder why there were so many people in such a relatively small geography who were not only ready to accept the Gospel when they heard it, but also to leave homes and often families to make the difficult journey to Zion. It must be that significant numbers of the House of Israel--particularly of the Tribe of Ephraim--were somehow transplanted to this part of the British Isles in ancient days. Researchers have documented the presence of Hebrew names on gravestones in many parts of Europe and England. It is generally believed that the name Denmark, for example, which is spelled Danmark in Scandinavian languages, had some connection to a people from the tribe of Dan. History documents that Vikings from primarily Denmark raided England in the 7th and 8th centuries. As we will see, Vikings also settled in Normandy, France.

If one assumes that these early British and Scandinavian Saints were direct descendants of the House of Israel, then it must be--based on what we know of lineages in patriarchal blessings--that large numbers of the tribe of Ephraim were scattered throughout Scandinavia and the British Isles (North Countries). We have no specific records of how this might have happened, but we do know of some potential links.

RANULPHUS AND THE NORMAN INVASION

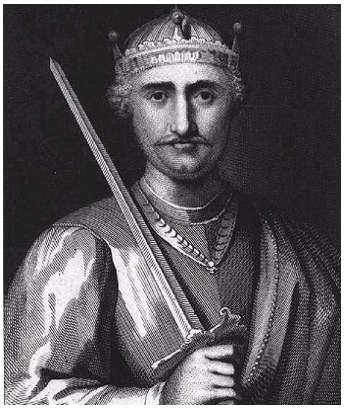
Herbert explains that the very first Manwaring was named Ranulphus. He was a general in William the Conqueror's army during the Norman invasion in 1066. Interestingly, the Norman invasion came from Normandy, an area located in the north-northwest part of France, directly across the English Channel. Normandy was actually invaded and taken over in the 9th century by Vikings from Scandinavia. It was called Normandy because the Scandinavian word for North Men is "Norrman." Normandy is the place occupied by the 'men from the North.'

One interesting fact supporting the idea of Scandinavian origin for the Normans is that William the Conqueror's genealogy goes back some 9 generations, and his 7th great grandmother was named Eisteindater, while her father was named Eistein. Clearly, this naming practice is similar to the medieval Scandinavian practice, where John Peterson's son would have a surname of Johnson rather than Peterson; and John Peterson's daughter would have a surname of Johndotter rather than Peterson.

It is possible that this medieval Scandinavian naming custom actually evolved from Hebrew origin, as Hebrew sons and daughters receive a surname based on their father's (or sometimes their mother's) first names, using the prefix 'ben' for son or 'bat' for daughter, i.e. Joseph's son, Isaac would be called Isaac ben Joseph, while Judah's daughter Sarah would be called Sarah bat Judah.

What is clear is that the Vikings which conquered and settled in Northern France were a rowdy bunch. Their leader was a fellow by the name of Rollo. And although Rollo never won an outright victory, his forces were constantly springing guerilla attacks on Paris and other parts of France. In a desperate attempt to get Rollo to just stay at home and stop

bothering the rest of the country, the king of France, Charles the Simple, offered to give Rollo the counties of Normandy and Brittany. The hand-off was somewhat of a farce in that Rollo, despite having accepted the offer, showed utter contempt for the King by refusing to kneel to kiss his feet. In a procedural compromise, King Charles raised his foot to Rollo, so he could kiss it amidst the laughter of all attending. Rollo's name was changed to Robert, and the Norman kingdom began to grow and its line began to intermarry with other lines of royalty.

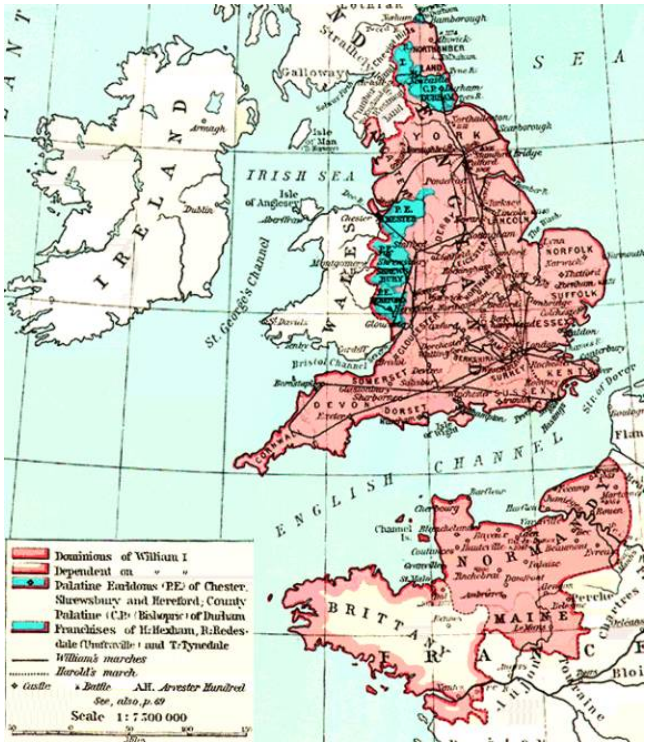


William the Conqueror

Wax likeness of William the Conqueror

William the Conqueror, the Norman king in 1066, was also known as William the Bastard, because he was the illegitimate son of the then single, Duke of Normandy and his mistress. As it happened, despite his illegitimacy, he was the cousin of Edward, King of England, and at least by blood, a potential heir to the throne of England. Edward was childless, and upon his death in early 1066, there were a number of claimants for his kingdom.

William maintained that King Edward had promised him the throne of England upon his death and that the other primary contender for that throne, Harold Godwinson, had also agreed to support William's claim to the throne. Upon Edward's death, however, Godwinson immediately assumed the English throne himself. So William left Normandy, crossed the English Channel, bringing a large navy and army in late 1066. In the Battle of Hastings, fought just a few miles from where William's army landed on the south England shore, Godwinson was killed, and William pronounced himself King of England. It took another 12 years of quelling rebellions for William to solidify his position as King of England.

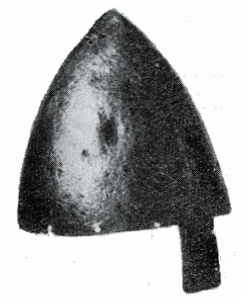


Norman Empire in 1086

A key part of William's strategy in eliminating rebellions was to bring thousands of his loyal allies from Normandy into England to take over the land-owning positions that had previously been held by the Anglo Saxon privileged class.

William the Conqueror crossing the English Channel, beginning the Norman invasion of England in 1066

Ranulphus, mentioned by great grandfather Herbert, was one of those Norman allies. Medieval documents show his name at the time (11th century A. D.) was Ranulphus (or Randulfus) de Mesnil Warin. He was one of 32 persons to whom William the Conqueror gave the most part of Cheshire, including 15 lordships there, among which was Peure (pronounced "Peever;"now called Over Peover).

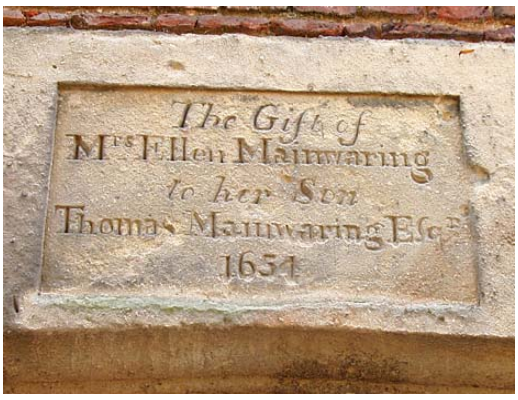


A Norman iron helmet, forged in one piece.

Effigy on the tomb of Phillip Mainwaring in St. Lawrence church at Over Peover

The St. Lawrence cathedral in Over Peover, which contains a Mainwaring chapel and effigies of Phillip and Randal Mainwaring

Mainwaring stables at Over Peover



Plaque above stable doors

Over Peover had become a prominent seat of the Mainwaring family by 1200 A.D. The de Mesnil Warin surname continued until about 1220 A.D. when it suddenly morphed in one generation to Mainwaring (pronounced 'Mannering'). The Mainwaring name appears in some pedigree charts in our line for Herbert's great grandfather (my great-great-great grandfather), John Sr. The name changes to Manwaring (also pronounced 'Mannering' in England) for John Jr. born in 1789.

The small village of Over Peover is located barely 10 miles north of Sandbach. There is a cathedral there in which can be found effigies and tombs of various Mainwarings, including Randle Mainwaring and Phillip Mainwaring and their wives. Randle Mainwaring was the 14th generation after Ranulphus.

One British historian writes, "The Norman Conquest resulted in destruction and mayhem in many places in Cheshire. Following his success at the Battle of Hastings in 1066, William the Conqueror endeavored to suppress numerous uprisings in various parts of the country, particularly in the north of England. In the summer of 1069 Norman armies marched across the Pennines into Cheshire to quell a rebellion. Once the uprising had been crushed, William's forces destroyed all before them."

"The Domesday Book describes Over Peover, together with many manors in Cheshire, as 'wasta' meaning 'abandoned' or 'useless land'. A good number of the Saxon lords were dispossessed of their lands and the spoils of these acts of devastation were divided between the victorious Normans. One such adventurer was Ranulphus, who was believed to have been William's nephew.

"Over Peover was one of several manors granted to Ranulphus from whom the Mainwaring family ancestry may be traced. Thus it was that the Mainwaring family established itself in the parish and, for several centuries thereafter, the fortunes of the inhabitants of Over Peover became inextricably linked with this ancestral lineage."

"At the time of the Domesday survey, Peover was spelt Pevre, although previously in Anglo Saxon times, it had been spelt Peever. The name, regardless of its spelling, means Bright Stream or Shining Water, a reference to the river now known as the Peover Eye. The river forms one of the Parish boundaries and gives rise to the words Over and Lower, reflecting the difference in elevation between the parishes."

This process of replacing the entire Saxon privileged class with William's Norman supporters was the most profound result of the Norman invasion, and completely reshaped British royalty. From 1072 A.D. on, the privileged class was almost entirely of Norman (Viking?) descent rather than Anglo Saxon.

Interestingly, the traditional Manwaring Crest shows a shield with 2 horizontal red stripes with a donkey's head atop a knight's helmet. There is a tradition that Ranulphus, in battle, lost his horse and in a desperate effort to return to the fighting, mounted a donkey to continue his charge. The motto, *"Devant si je puis"* is French/Norman and has been translated "Forward, if I can," or "Foremost, if I can." The latter translation seems to make more sense.

Visitors petting donkeys at Over Peover

In the Manwaring Chapel at Over Peover, Phillip Mainwaring's effigy is laid upon a family crest that is slightly different in that the donkey's head is missing, replaced by 3 plumes atop a knight's helmet. The donkey must still have some intrinsic meaning in the Manwaring tradition, because donkeys were kept on the Over Peover grounds until recently.

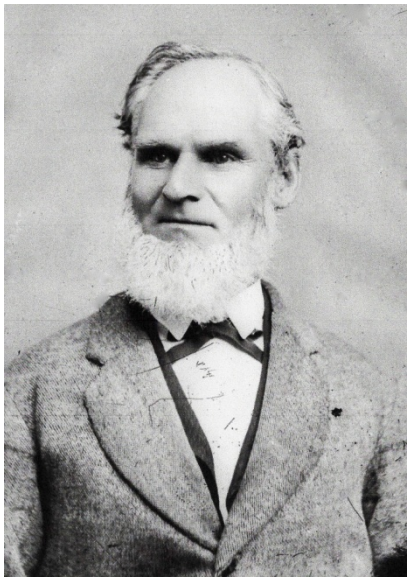
Note in the historical quote above that Over Peover was only one of "several" manors granted to Ranulphus in the beginning. Over time, these would have been inherited by various Mainwaring offspring. In fact there is evidence to suggest that there were several Mainwaring lines existing in different villages and communities throughout Cheshire. It was not uncommon for family heads to have several sons--only one of which could inherit the father's manor--and there was also a tendency among the privileged class to indulge in concubines, producing offspring which carried the name, but which were considered illegitimate in terms of having claims of inheritance. So, in the space of 8 or 10 generations there was probably a very small wealthy class of Mainwarings and a much larger lower class of Mainwarings.

[As a side note, in the early 1990's, I had the opportunity to make a business trip to London, England. During that visit, I found a London telephone book and searched it to see if there were any Manwarings listed. To my surprise, I found over 7 full pages of Manwarings and Mainwarings listed for the London area. (Keep in mind this was pre-Internet, so phone listings were more complete.) The sheer volume of Manwaring/Mainwaring families in London--over 160 miles

away from Cheshire--helped me realize that the Manwaring name is pretty common all over England. Further, at least in the 1800's, all the Mainwaring/Manwaring lines seemed to repeatedly utilize given names of John, Henry, George and Phillip. For this reason, making correct genealogical links becomes very difficult for families that lived prior to 1800. For example, the church's Family Search pedigree information correctly shows that Henry's father, John Jr was married to Eleanor Bratt. Herbert's autobiography confirms this. But it also shows--perhaps incorrectly--that Henry's father, John Sr., was married to Ann Bloor. Herbert, in his own autobiography, says that his grandfather, John Sr., was married to a lady named Mary. The problem is that there were literally scores of John Manwarings and hundreds of Mary's living in and around Sandbach at that time, and it is so far impossible to find the right one with certainty.]

To summarize: the Normans were originally Vikings, probably from Denmark. Ranulphus de Mesnil Warin, the first Manwaring, was probably a nephew of William the Conqueror, but was at any rate a prominent general in his service. After the Norman invasion of England in 1066, almost all landholdings were taken from the Anglo Saxon gentry and given by the King to his loyal followers from Normandy. Ranulphus was among these trusted followers and received 15 Lordships in the county of Cheshire. By 1200, Over Peover in Cheshire had become the ancestral estate for at least one main line of Mainwarings, but other lines were scattered all over Cheshire county. Our Manwaring line traces itself to Sandbach to John Manwaring, Sr., eight generations ago. Despite some who claim otherwise, as of this writing we have not been able to identify with certainty any Mainwaring/Manwaring ancestors prior to our John Mainwaring Sr. Our exact connection to Ranulphus remains a mystery. Over the last 250 years, we can accurately document 8 generations of our Manwaring line. However, we cannot yet accurately trace the line from 1766 to 1066 (700 years and probably 30 or more generations) to the original Ranulphus de Mesnil Warin, and we have no history of Ranulphus' ancestors prior to his 1067 arrival in Cheshire.

HENRY MANWARING AND SARAH BARBER BECOME BETROTHED



This is the youngest picture we have of Henry Manwaring, probably taken a few years after their move to Springville in 1872. Henry was 45 in 1872.

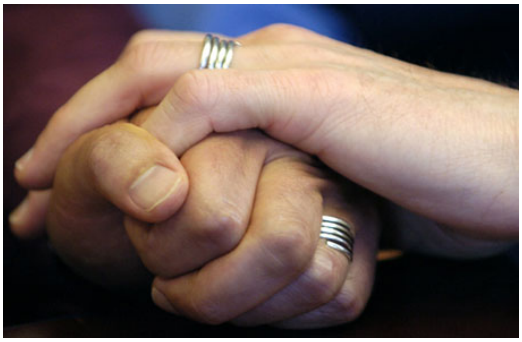
Herbert Manwaring's father, Henry, was born February 10, 1827, just 7 months before Joseph Smith received the gold plates from Angel Moroni, and a little over 3 years prior to the formal organization of the Church in New York. Henry was the 7th of 12 children. Herbert says his mother and father married "about 1849," which is interesting, since that is the same year that Herbert was born. Parish records indicate that a formal wedding ceremony for Henry and Sarah took place in 1853, four years after Herbert was born and just a few weeks after Sarah became pregnant with her second child, George. Herbert offers no explanation for this discrepancy, but it does appear that--at least in Herbert's mind--there was some kind of valid marriage promise between his parents prior to the time he was born.

This is the youngest picture we have of Sarah Barber Manwaring, Henry's wife, and one of the few where her hair has not yet turned grey. Sarah would have been 41 when she and Henry arrived in Utah. This picture was probably taken soon after their arrival.

This is not as unreasonable as it might appear, as marriage custom and practice were quite different then than they are now, especially among the poorer classes. A number of historical facts support Herbert's assertion that his parents had some form of acceptable marriage agreement before he was born.

Henry was a shoemaker by trade and never did own his own home in England. He and his wife Sarah lived initially with Sarah's widowed father, Thomas Barber, in Sandbach (Herbert says that he and Sarah moved in with Thomas Barber after Thomas's wife, Mary Steele died. Other records confirm that Mary Steele died in September of 1848. Henry and Sarah would have moved in, as a couple, soon after that date, to assist him in his old age.

When Henry's own mother, Eleanor Bratt Manwaring, died 3 years later, in August of 1851, they moved in with Henry's father, John Jr., to keep house for him. Herbert writes, *"This move* [to John Manwaring, Jr.'s home] *took place in 1851 or 1852, after they* [Henry and Sarah] *had been married three or four years."* Here again is a reference to some kind of marriage compact that would have occurred around 1848, but we have no public record of it.



The following information, gleaned from the Internet, sheds a great deal of light on how Henry and Sarah could have legitimately begun having children prior to a formal church wedding. (The reference for this information is David Cressy: *Birth, Marriage, and Death: Ritual, Religion and the Life-Cycle in Tudor and Stuart England*, Oxford University Press, 1997.)

WHAT WAS A BETROTHAL?

A betrothal, also called a 'spousage', 'contracting', 'troth-plighting' or (especially in northern England and Scotland) a 'handfasting', was essentially the confirmation of a promise to marry, made either privately or more often before witnesses as part of a ceremony. But it was not in itself a marriage, and not recognised as such either by the law or by the Church. It was however generally regarded as a legally binding contract to marry in church in future: and certainly a public betrothal ceremony would be regarded by the local community as almost tantamount to an actual church wedding. As a public declaration of commitment made between two people, betrothals in fact long pre-dated church weddings. The church muscled in on them comparatively late: even in Chaucer's time, marriages were still held at the church door, rather than inside the building.

In some more remote areas, the betrothal was still regarded as more binding than a formal marriage, even if no church wedding ever followed. But both the church and the law frowned on this view.

THE ESSENTIALS OF THE CEREMONY

Not being official ceremonies, betrothals had no precise set form. The essentials however were that the couple should first confirm that they were neither married nor promised in marriage to anyone else. They would then clasp hands, and both make some declaration of intent to marry. This might take the form of a present promise:

“I, A, take thou ,B, to my handfast wife, refusing all other women for thy sake, and thereto I plight thee my troth."

“I, B, do take thee, A, to my handfast husband, refusing all other men for thy sake, and thereto I give thee my troth.”

Alternatively the words might be an engagement to marry in future, as

“I, A, take thee, B, to be my espoused wife, and do faithfully promise to marry thee in times meet and convenient.”

Rings, gold if affordable or gilt brass if not, were sometimes but not always exchanged: poorer couples might also, or alternatively, cut a silver coin in half, and each keep one half, matching them again into a complete coin when the church marriage took place: until then the half coins might be pierced and hung round the neck. Others wore the betrothal rings in this way until they were formally married, when they would be publicly worn on the finger.

WHO WAS PRESENT AT THE CEREMONY?

Betrothals were regarded as binding if only one witness was present. Indeed, if both partners (when separately questioned) could convince the authorities that a betrothal had really taken place, they might be held binding with no witness at all. But they were usually regarded both as a very public declaration before as many of the family and community as possible, and an excuse for a party. In fact, they were sometimes far more extravagantly festive than the church marriage itself. Apart from the couple themselves, parents or the equivalent would of course be present: they would probably take the opportunity to sort out the financial terms of the marriage before the ceremony took place.

Very often the ceremony was presided over by the most senior member of the community - possibly a grandfather or other head of the family, a minister, or a magistrate or other gentleman. If one or other of the couple were in service, the president might be their employer, and the ceremony might take place in his hall. This president often first asked the couple to publicly declare that they were free to marry (e.g not married or betrothed to anyone else, or too closely related by blood): he then joined the couple's hands, and might instruct them what to say: but he did not perform the ceremony, which was carried out by the couple themselves in saying the agreed words.

In light of the above information, it is quite clear that Henry and Sarah probably performed a betrothal ceremony of some kind prior to having children. This ceremony would have been as binding in their community as a church marriage, but not recorded in church records as such. Part of the betrothal agreement was typically to have their betrothal ratified by a formal church ceremony at some future time when finances and circumstances would permit. The fact that Henry and Sarah lived in both their fathers' homes for some years prior to their formal church wedding certainly suggests that their betrothal was known and acknowledged as valid. Unfortunately, our own modern marriage customs imprint over this betrothal custom a cloud of suspicion and a notion of illegitimacy.

I remember having a discussion with my parents when I discovered some family group sheets back in the 1970s (these were at that time on microfiche rolls in the Church's genealogical library) that showed Henry and Sarah's family consisted only of the children born to them AFTER their church wedding date. In other words, George was the firstborn child and Herbert was left off the chart entirely, because he was considered illegitimate by simple, modern minds who saw him as being born out-of-wedlock.

Captain Dan Jones preaching in Wales during the 1840s. He was born in Halkyn, Wales, which is located less than 25 miles from Liverpool. It is about the same distance from Wrexham, Wales, which was the birthplace of John Jones, a young man who became good friends with Herbert on the ship *John Bright* as they sailed across the Atlantic. Interestingly, Granger, the area where Herbert subsequently homesteaded, was first settled by Welsh Saints led by Captain Dan Jones in 1849.

HENRY LEADS HIS FAMILY TO THE CHURCH

Herbert says his great-grandfather lived in a "little thatched roofed house" like this one. His grandfather was born in that house.

Herbert gives this short description of his parents which underscores the meager circumstances under which they lived in England: *"My father and mother lived a humble life. Father was a shoemaker and mother ran a mangle, and later bound shoe tops. In this way they earned a very scant living. They did not have*

a home of their own, but lived with grandfather. I have had but very little opportunity to go to school, and spent most of my boyhood days learning the shoemaker trade."

Henry and Sarah had 9 children, 7 sons and 2 daughters. Herbert was the oldest by five years. The other siblings were all born about 2 years apart. Their 5th child, William, lived for only two weeks before passing away in Sandbach. Their 4th child, Mary, lived to immigrate to Salt Lake City in 1871, but very sadly, came down with mountain fever immediately upon her arrival, which turned into pneumonia and soon killed her. She was only 13 years old at the time. Her father, Henry, also came down with mountain fever upon arriving in Utah, but was able to overcome the disease. At that time, the family was so destitute, having exhausted all their resources to get to Utah, that they could not afford a funeral or a burial plot for Mary. To this day there is no record of her grave location.

An early LDS missionary preaching the Gospel in England

Particularly fascinating is Herbert's description of his father's search for religious truth*: "Father was of a religious turn of mind, and went from one religion to another, trying to find the true gospel of Christ. He was a shoemaker and worked for some length of time in a shop with a friend who was a member of the Latter-Day Saint Church. 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 testified that he was in his garden one day behind a hedge near his bees praying for a more sure testimony when he heard an audible voice telling him that the Latter-day Saint Church was the true Church. He had no more doubt and was baptized right away and remained true to the faith. He was baptized into the Church about 1861,* [at the age of 34.]"

Doing the math, this means that Henry started investigating the Mormon church in 1855, when Herbert was six years old. Further, it was doubtless a topic of conversation in their family from the time Herbert was six until he was twelve in 1861 when his father was baptized. Herbert would have witnessed firsthand some of the Mormon missionary 'fervor' (and persecution) that existed in his part of England from 1840 to 1860.

Of the Sandbach area, specifically, he writes the following: *"For a time there was quite a large branch of the Church established at Sandbach. Most of the Church members emigrated 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 [Richard's] wife, Nancy; Thomas Nixon and wife, and [my] father and mother who belonged to the Church branch. "* As we will see, Robert Bate and his daughter-in-law Nancy Bate would play significant roles in the Gospel progress of Herbert's life. Indications are that within 2-3 years, Henry became the branch president of this little group of members in Sandbach, and church meetings were held in their (his father, John Jr.'s) home.

Some life sketch records indicate that mother Sarah joined the church sometime later in 1861. Herbert (and possibly George) was baptized in the year following Henry's baptism. Herbert gives the date as June 5, 1862:

"Having been taught the principles of the Gospel, I was baptized in June of 1862 by Robert Bate, then President of the Sandbach branch, and was ordained a deacon about the middle of that month. The president of the branch later apostatized and Father was made president. There were only two families besides ours left in that branch. Father's sister, Eleanor, was the only relative to come into the Church. She did not live long after becoming a member. I do not know how old she was when she died, but she was only a young woman. She was unmarried and worked at the silk factory." [Records indicate that Eleanor was 29 years old when she died in 1864, three years after Herbert was baptized. Presumably Eleanor joined the church about 1862 or 1863.]

At the time of Herbert's baptism, Henry and Sarah would have had only 4 children, and only Herbert, 13, and George, 8, would have been old enough to be baptized. In 1862, based on birth records, Robert Bate himself would have been about 50 years old. One life sketch of George says he "joined the church" when he was nine, which would have been in the following year (1863) after Herbert's baptism.

Herbert relates a heart-breaking experience that occurred with the last child born to Henry and Sarah before Herbert left them for American. He only lived 15 days:

" Mother had nine children, seven boys and two girls. The last one born before I left for Zion [this was Henry and Sarah's 5th child, named William]*, a baby son, became very sick and they did not know what to do about his being blessed and given a name before he died. Grandfather wanted to bring the vicar of the Church of England, but my father did not want him to come. The missionary elder of that district, although he was miles away, was prompted and walked nearly all night to get there. He arrived about daylight and blessed the child and gave it the name of William and it died soon afterward. That was another instance where the servant of the Lord was inspired to come to comfort and bless, with no other warning except through the Holy Spirit. They did not know where the elder was; neither did he know what he was wanted for, but he knew where he was wanted and got there in time."*

HERBERT'S LIFE AS A CHILD

Life for young Herbert was no picnic, and he seems to have accepted that reality with little complaint. As was the custom with poor families in England at the time, children were hired out as workers to provide their own sustenance. Often children were required to do the work of grown men. Herbert was no exception. He writes,

Working in a brickyard in the 1850s

Child Factory labor during the mid-19th century

"As I did not like shoemaking, when I was thirteen, father hired me out to work for Uncle John Barber (this would have been his mother Sarah Barber's brother), carrying off brick at a 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 beside doing the regular work of the day. Again I had to return to shoemaking in the fall."

Oxford historian Jane Humphries estimates that during the 1821-1850 period, 60 percent of all 10-year old boys from working class families were in the labor force. Herbert was fortunate to have been able to hire out to a farmer. In the larger cities, thousands of children were employed in industrial factories or in mines. The jobs were unsafe and unhealthy. In fact, professor Humphreys suggests that child slave labor was what powered the Industrial Revolution in England.

Further complicating the plight of children in England during this time is the fact that 18% of fathers were abandoning their families. Accidents, epidemics and wars caused the deaths of additional fathers, so that during the early 19th century in England, about one third of all children grew up in single parent families. In the absence of a breadwinner, children were forced to hire out, essentially as bond servants. In effect, their 'pay' was room and board. Wages were so meager as to be insignificant. (http://www.independent.co.uk/news/uk/home-news/revealed-industrial-revolution-was-powered-by-child-slaves-2041227.html)

Herbert describes how he was hired out to a nearby farmer: *"When I was fifteen I was hired by the year to a farmer by the name of Walker. He lived at Brindley Green.* [Brindley Green was a rural farming estate about 4 miles northwest of Sandbach. Interestingly, in 1671, this estate was jointly owned by Sir Thomas Mainwaring and Sir Thomas Brereton .] *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."*

Herbert worked like this on a farm from age 15 to 17 for $10/yr

A LIFE-ANCHORING WITNESS FOR HERBERT

A truly significant turning point in Herbert's life occurred when he was 3 months past his 17th birthday:

"During the time I worked on the farm [1864-1866], I was going home every Sunday to attended meetings at father's house, which was about four miles from where I worked. As early as 1862, [the year of Herbert's baptism] *the Elders of the Church had counseled my parents to send me to Zion. It took my parents and me four years to earn enough to pay my fare to Wyoming, [Nebraska]. About mid-April , 1866, we decided to ask Mr. Walker for my release. We applied for the release, but he would not let me go."*

"On April 26, I stated the facts [of my circumstance] in a [testimony] meeting of the Saints and had practically decided that I simply could not go. I wanted to prepare for my family to go to Zion, but the way seemed closed to me. After I sat down, Sister Nancy Bate got up and began to speak in tongues. She trembled 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. Sister Bate 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 helping your father, mother, brothers, and sisters to that land.' We had faith in this manifestation of the spirit of prophecy and began to prepare for its fulfillment." [When this event took place, Nancy Bate was 32 years old.]

This experience burned itself into Herbert's mind. He never forgot it, and thought of it often throughout the entire course of his life. Also worth noting is that Herbert says he and his parents saved enough money for his fare to Wyoming, which fare, based on other journals, was probably in the neighborhood of $42, an enormous sum for the Manwarings at that time. And we shall also see that his reference to Wyoming was NOT the state of Wyoming, but rather the city of Wyoming, Nebraska, located a several miles south of Winter Quarters on the Missouri River.

THE MANWARINGS SEND HERBERT TO THE ZION

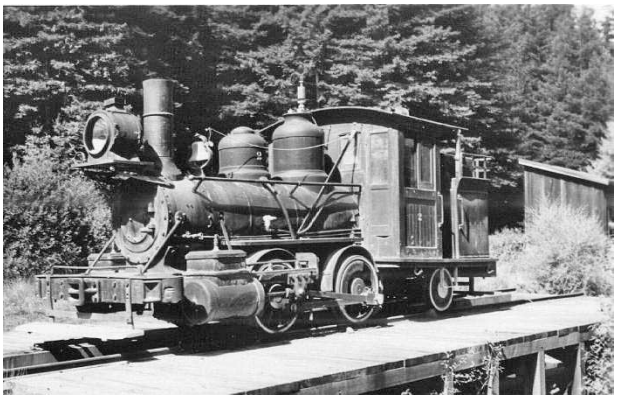
Following the spiritual manifestation through Nancy Bate, Henry, Sarah and Herbert re-evaluated what they should do and came up with a new plan. All the arrangements were made for passage for Herbert on a ship being chartered by the Church, set to sail from Liverpool on April 30. The name of the ship was the *John Bright.* On April 25, Herbert asked for and received permission from his employer to go to town to get his hair cut. At the time, all the possessions Herbert owned could be packed in a small satchel. These he took with him when he left for town.

"Well, Father, Mother and I held a council and concluded that I should run away from my place of employment, which I did on the night of the 25th of April, 1866. I left my employer, went to town and got a haircut, then went to Father's and stayed overnight. I did not even visit my relatives to say goodbye as I thought they might give me away. I said goodbye to those at home, then [on the morning of the 26th] *Father and I walked six miles through by-lanes and fields carrying a sixty-pound trunk, till we arrived at a junction station called Crewe, where we met a family who were going to New York on the same ship as I. As Father was acquainted with them, they being members of the branch of which Father was president, he placed me in their care and we said goodbye to Father and boarded the train for Liverpool. After all arrangements were made we boarded the ship "John Bright" a sailing vessel, and on Sunday morn, the 26th of April, 1866, we set sail for New York."*

Herbert's dates appear to be off just a little. He is probably correct about leaving the dock on a Sunday morning, since there would have been worship services, and he does mention songs and a talk by Brigham Young Jr. However, Sunday was not the 26th, but rather the 29th of April in 1866. In all probability, Herbert left his employer Friday afternoon, April 27; then boarded the train at Crewe on the morning of April 28. He would have arrived in Liverpool that afternoon and had time to board the ship. On April 29 (Sunday) the ship probably left the docks and anchored in deeper water near the Irish Sea to make final preparations. Official records say the John Bright departed Liverpool for open ocean sailing on Monday, April 30, 1866.

The passenger list for the John Bright mentions no one by the name of Bate or Nixon, so the family Herbert and Henry met at Crewe must have been a more distant member family, not living in the immediate Sandbach area. Crewe is a city about six miles southwest of Sandbach. It was the closest city on a railroad line that went to Liverpool. Herbert and Henry traveled southwest to get to the railroad station, and Herbert then rode the train northwest to get to Liverpool. Once in Liverpool, Herbert would have had to negotiate getting himself and his trunk off the train and over to the Liverpool docks to find the ship he was to board.

Railroads started in England, with the first railway connecting two cities opening in 1830, the year the church was organized. Ironically, the two cities connected by this first railway were Liverpool and Manchester. The trains that ran this route in the 1830's had a top speed of 30 miles per hour. Average speeds for the trip were more like 10-15 miles per hour. Even though they were terribly slow by our standards, these early trains were much faster than horses, and horses were the competition. Further, if necessary, trains could run all night, while horses had to rest at night. Even poor people in England could afford the train thanks to 3rd class passage, which was basically an open-air box car with chairs. Cost for 3rd class was about a penny a mile.



Early steam engine like the one Herbert would have used on his train ride from Crewe to Liverpool

The English trains evolved rapidly and by 1866 appeared much like the trains used in the US during the Civil War. Maximum train speeds had increased, but probably not much beyond 40-50 mph. Average speed, however, would have been about 20 mph, since there were many stops along the way. We can estimate the timing of Herbert's day as follows:

A. Herbert and Henry would have required about 2-3 hours to walk to the six miles to the Crewe train station, since they were taking fields and sideroads to avoid being seen. Presumably they were able to time their travel so that Herbert did not have to spend too much time waiting for the next train. Henry would have walked back home alone--another 2-3 hours--probably praying for his son's safety every step of the way. He may have wondered how he would explain Herbert's absence to his employer when he came calling.

Lime Street Station is still used near the Liverpool dock area. This photo was taken in the late 1860's, about the time Herbert would have landed at the station and set out for the docks at Liverpool.

B. The 40-mile train ride from Crewe to Liverpool would have taken another 2 hours, assuming all stops along the way were in the 10 minute range. Herbert certainly would have traveled 3rd class. The end of the line and the closest railroad terminal to the docks at the time was the station on Lime Street, which is still in use today.

C. The time required to get from the Lime Street station to the dock was probably 45 minutes to an hour. The Lime Street station is about 1.5 miles from the nearest docks. There are literally dozens of docks in the Liverpool harbor, and we do not know which one the *John Bright* sailed from. Lime Street Station is 1.6 miles due east of Albert Dock, one of the most well known of the Liverpool docks; but since dozens of docks line the west harbor of Liverpool both north and south of Albert Dock, the walk to the ship from the train station could have been as long as 90 minutes.

Assuming Herbert and Henry started for Crewe Junction by 7 am, Herbert was probably at his ship and boarded, at the latest, by late afternoon on the same day. As was the practice, he would have loaded his trunk on board and found his bunk space that evening in preparation for a departure the following morning. Church records indicate the *John Bright* did not officially leave Liverpool until April 30.

A depiction of LDS immigrants waiting to board ship on the Liverpool docks

Herbert's own description of his feelings as he arrived on board the ship is very poignant:

"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 relatives, and only a slight acquaintance with one or two people on the ship.

Brigham Young Jr. was President of the European Missions of the Church from 1865 to 1867.

Actual photo of Liverpool docks area in mid-1800s

However, I soon made friends with a Welsh brother by the name of John Jones. 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 into the [Irish Sea,] and out to open water. As the boat left, a group of Welsh boys sang a number of songs they had composed and cheeried(sic) up the crowd with merriment. Brigham Young Jr. also came on board and gave us a real good talk before the boat sailed."

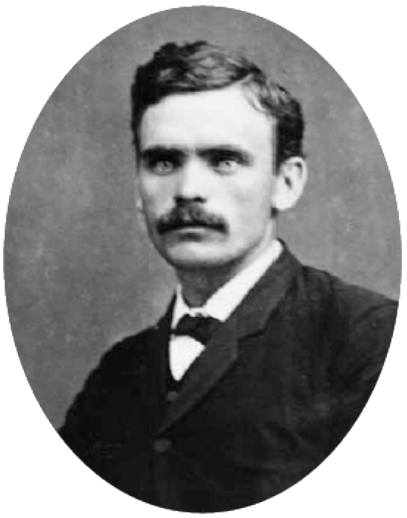
I found some additional information on the Internet about the ship that Herbert sailed on at a website covering 22 emigrant ships involved in the Mormon immigration from Europe, as follows:

> "The second [of three voyages of the *John Bright* carrying Mormon immigrants] originated at Liverpool on 30 April 1866. Captain W. L. Dawson was master of the ship. Aboard were some 747 Mormon emigrants led by Elder Collins M. Gillett, a returning missionary from England, who died later that August crossing the plains west of Fort Kearney. He was assisted by Benjamin J. Stringham and Stephen W. Alley.

Tall Ship photographed in San Francisco, near Fisherman's Wharf, similar in size and design to the *John Bright* (note Alcatraz in the background.)

The HMS Warrior is a sailing ship similar in size and design to the *John Bright*

Herbert went through one very severe 3-day storm while on the John Bright.



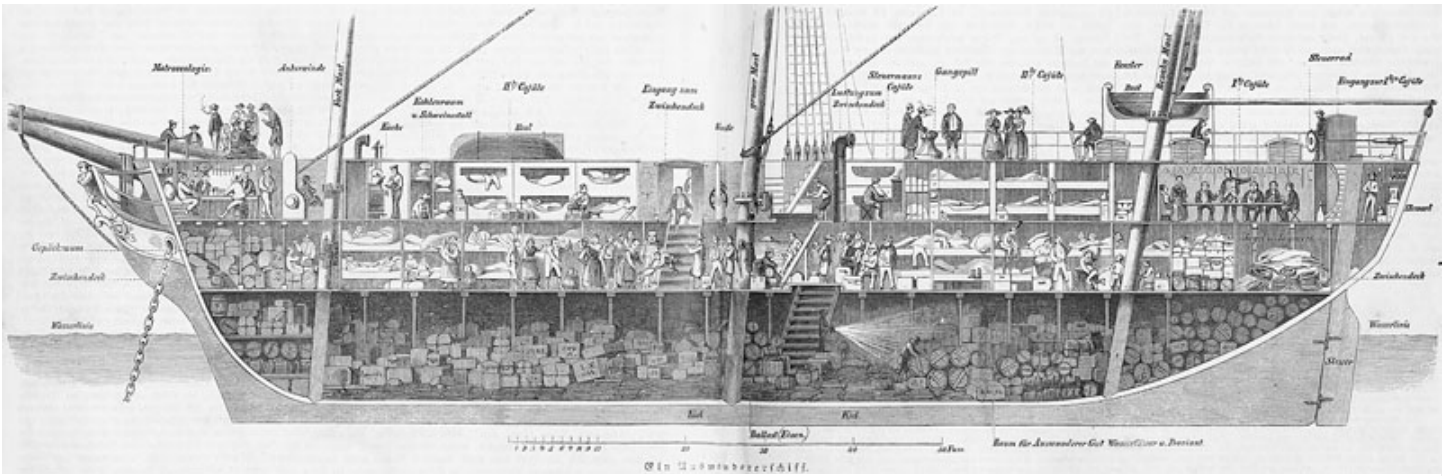
Portrait of B. H. Roberts

Picture of steerage deck on one of the last remaining hulls of a 19th century sailing ship

"Among the emigrants was a young boy, Brigham Henry Roberts [B. H. Roberts], who was to become a prominent writer and leader in the LDS Church. During a "pleasant" passage of thirty-seven days there were no deaths and only one storm. Three births and one marriage were recorded. The vessel docked at New York on 6 June. This American three-decker, one of the largest square-riggers used by the Saints, was chartered by the church for this voyage. She had an elliptic stern, a round tuck, and a billethead. The ship was built in 1854 in New York City. She measured 192 feet long and 29 feet wide. In 1874 she was wrecked off the coast of Brazil."

The standard sailing route for immigrant ships was to head north from Liverpool past the Isle of Man and out the North Channel of the Irish Sea. Then it was a relatively straight course west to North America.

In a wonderful stroke of luck which helped me explain some further inconsistencies in Herbert's narrative, I found two diary accounts written by Andrew Jensen, age 15, (who emigrated with his parents and a younger brother from Denmark



Steerage or Tween deck is the middle deck between the cargo hold and the upper deck for full fare passengers

and arrived in New York on July 15th, 5 weeks after Herbert's ship *John Bright* arrived), and Caroline Hopkins Clark, age 34 (who, with her husband and 6 children, not only sailed with Herbert on the *John Bright*, but also traveled in his wagon train across Nebraska, Wyoming and Utah.) Both of these accounts were considerably more detailed than Herbert's and helped me fill in much of the missing detail of his journey. They are included at the back of this document as Appendixes B and C.

Steerage areas were subject to spills from water buckets and slop buckets as well as nauseated passengers. The floor was slippery and wet, falls were common and the air was very foul.

Herbert's trans-Atlantic trip was unusual in that there were no deaths among any of the 747 Mormon immigrants on board. [One journal mentions that technically there was one death--a canary, which was buried at sea.] Typically there was at least one or two deaths on a voyage, usually infants or very old passengers, who were buried at sea. Immigrants typically traveled in "steerage," the deck between the hold and the upper deck. Here, there were tables and bunks assembled very close together with bunks sometimes 3 and 4 high to maximize passenger capacity. Conditions were dark and wet, and the smell was extremely unpleasant. Because of poor quality food and seasickness, many passengers often became malnourished and ill during the voyage, sometimes quite seriously. This type of existence, wore down the health of everyone on board. In fact, the reason for many deaths along the overland journey from New York to Salt Lake City was because the trans-Atlantic voyage had completely compromised the health of some immigrants.

Herbert's description makes the voyage seem shorter than the 37 days it actually took: *"The wind was favorable and the weather 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 went up 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."*

During storms, steerage was a place of mass seasickness

It is important to note that even though the *John Bright* may have been within sight of land, the coasts of Newfoundland are very far north of New York City, and the voyage would have only been about 2/3 complete, with about 1,000 miles remaining to sail down the coast to New York Harbor.

Caroline Clark made brief comments in her diary every day or two of the voyage. Reading her descriptions of events sheds much light on the experience Herbert had while on the boat and on his description in his autobiography:

> **To America**
> Monday, April 30, 1866-Ship John Bright sailed from Liverpool, England, with 747 Saints under the direction of C. M. Gillett and landed in New York, June 6, 1866. We left Liverpool at four o'clock on the afternoon of April 30, 1866.

May 2nd-Martha is seasick. We went upon deck. It is a grand sight to see the waves roll mountains high. Herbert seasick, and Roland poorly. Sister Staples is very kind in helping with the children. John is busy attending to the cooking, but all together very comfortable.

3rd-We have just been up on deck to see a steamer pass. A hailstorm has commenced and the vessel is rocking. It is about time for prayers.

4th-The ship rolls very much. Martha and I went up on deck. A wave dashed over and gave us a ducking. We saw five large fish. Their heads resembled those of horses.

6th-We are feeling a little better. Martha said she dare say you would be wondering what we were having for our dinner. We had a Yorkshire pudding. Just as it was done, the captain ordered us up on the deck, so we had to stand outside and eat it the best we could. We also had boiled potatoes and peas. They had to stand in the water about one hour after they were done, before we could get to eat them. Evening, we are on the top deck, and the winds are very high. Little Frank is afraid he will fall over. We wish you were all with us, particularly Tom Green. He would make a little fun out of it, to see us tossing to and fro.

This drawing shows an artist's image of feeding time on steerage deck. Note the two large stew pots and the crowded conditions

7th-We are sailing very swiftly today.

8th-John has to work very hard in the cooking department.

10th-The sea is very rough. None of us are able to stand on our legs. I fell down and hurt my leg badly, and John has had many falls, in fact we all fall more or less. The tins are rolling about, the victuals are tossing about, but we cannot help laughing.

11th-Dare say you have heard people say they could go to sleep with rocking, but we cannot go to sleep with rocking. We had plenty last night. Talk about a swing boat, why bless your life, it is nothing compared to being rocked on the sea. We can hardly keep in bed. We had to get up and turn our heads where our feet should be, or we would not stay in bed at all. The tins and boxes were rolling about. The slop buckets upset. The sailors said it was as rough a night as they had ever seen, and it continued so all day.

12th-Saturday night, 6 o'clock. We have just finished dinner. The sea still remains very rough, but we are not at all afraid for we feel we shall get to New York quite safe. The reason I tell you of these things is because I told you I would send you the truth of how things were. We have plenty of music and dancing on board.

First sight of New York Harbor

15th-A beautiful fine day. We had a concert and dancing on deck. At night we went up on top deck to see the sun sinking in the west. It is the grandest sight we ever witnessed. It is impossible to describe, but if you would like to see it you will have to do as we have done. It is my birthday today.

18th-A very rough day, and we were driven back some distance. We have had to keep to our bed because we could not stand up. Sometimes we were almost upright in bed. There was much confusion with the boxes and tins, as many were smashed all to pieces. John has had several falls, but the rest of us are well now.

20th, Sunday-We have had two good meetings during the day. It is very foggy. John is boiling potatoes for our supper.

23rd-Every few days they stove the vessel out, so we have to go up on deck. [Note: the phrase 'stove the vessel out' suggests that heaters or cooking stoves were used to heat the air in the steerage compartment so it would rise and clear out. Typically, this process also involved some degree of smoke from the oil/wood fires that were used. This helped remove bacteria and stench.] We had our dinner, of meat pies and jam tarts, up on top deck. We thought if Brother Greene and some of the Birmingham boys had been with us, it would have caused rare fun to see us gypsying [dancing] in the sun and to see the big fish trying to catch the little ones. We have had three births but no deaths. Herbert, Frank and the baby have the whooping cough.

24th-Very foggy. We cannot see far, and we dread the banks of Newfoundland, where whales were seen this morning.

025th- We have to drink water and vinegar with a little sugar in it for our drink.

Castle Garden immigrant processing center

30th-The sea is very rough. Little Frank and Roland were seized with a blight in their eyes. We had to be smoked out again, so we took our dinner on top deck. We can see many fishing smacks, so expect we are nearing land.

31st-Quiet and cold as winter in Birmingham. The vessel is quite at a standstill.

June 1st-Much warmer, many fishing smacks about. The second mate and two more men went out in a boat and brought a turtle which caused a great deal of fun on deck. Little Frank seized with the measles.

2nd-The vessel goes as much backward as forward, so you see how fast we are sailing. The baby and I have the bowel complaint.

Castle Garden in 1880

3rd-About one o'clock we saw a boat coming along which proved to be the pilot. There was great shouting for joy. Sorry to say, the baby keeps very ill. Little Frank is some better.

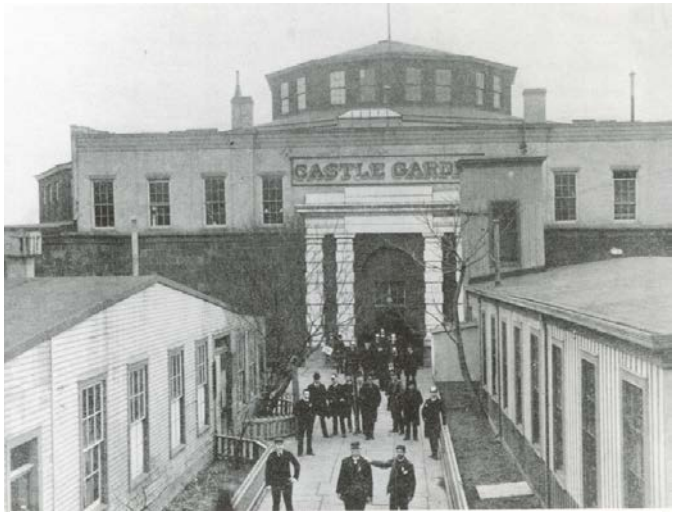
4th-Smoked out again. Great preparations were made for the inspector to come and look over the ship. Martha, in a great hurry to come down stairs, came down all at once, but has not hurt herself much.

Drawing of the interior view of Castle Garden

5th-The tug has just come to take us to New York. It is the grandest sight I have ever witnessed; to see things as we go up the river. We have just gone up on deck to pass the doctor.

He took no notice of any of us, so we passed first rate.

6th-We are still on the ship in much confusion. They have taken our berths down. We expect to go into Castle Garden today.



Castle Garden exit onto Manhattan Island

Castle Garden transfer barges brought immigrants from sailing ships. Note the barges were able to dock right at the seaward side of Castle Garden

7th-We were taken into Castle Garden today about 12 o'clock (noon). We had to stay there until twelve o'clock at night. During this time we went into New York, and found some bread and cheese and a little something else. We had to pay at the rate of a pence for a small loaf. Martha and I bought a hat for traveling. At ten o'clock we had to walk about two miles to a steamboat. The lame, old, and children had to have cars, so we fell in with that number. We had to sit in a boat all night, so you can guess how comfortable we were.

8th-At break of day we were hurried out to go to the train.

It is interesting to contrast Caroline's account of the arrival at New York City with that of Herbert's, below:

"We sailed down the coast and landed at Castle Garden, 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 steamboat landing. Here we took a steam boat and rode all night up the St. Lawrence River. From steamboat [we] went to railroad cars—sometimes velvet seats and sometimes cattle cars with plank seats and a little straw on the floor. Sometimes we camped out waiting for another train to come and pick us up, or a steamboat. We changed to a train that went to Quebec. We passed through many places of interest, and saw many wonderful scenes. We finally landed on the frontier at Florence, Wyoming [sic]. Here we awaited ox, horse, and mule trains for Utah."

Perhaps due to his lack of education and perhaps due to the passage of time, Herbert listed the wrong destination in the above description. It is his reference to Florence, Wyoming, a city that has never existed.

There is a city named Florence, Nebraska, which is Winter Quarters, Nebraska, on the Missouri River. But that is not the correct destination for his group, either. In 1864, the Church moved the departure point from Florence, NE, to a tiny community named Wyoming, Nebraska, about 45 miles south of Florence on the Missouri River. How Herbert got confused about Florence, Wyoming took some research into the Church's down-and-back wagon train plan, which will be explained shortly, used to bring immigrants to Utah at a very low cost.

An artist's rendition of New York Harbor looking south, with the Hudson river on the right and the entrance to the East River on the left

Herbert makes reference to "Castle Gardens" as if it were the name of the city where he landed. The correct name is singular. Castle Garden is not a city, but rather the name of the "great building" in which he spent several hours upon leaving the *John Bright*. At the time, it was the U.S. immigrant processing point. It still stands today at the very southern tip of Manhattan Island and is operated by the National Parks Service.

Most are familiar with Ellis Island as an immigrant processing center. It was used for that purpose from 1892 until 1954, but prior to that, from 1855 to 1892, immigrant processing was handled at a different building--Castle Garden.

Castle Garden was originally an American fort, referred to as Southwest Battery, built between 1808 and 1811 to protect the New York harbor from British incursions expected in the tensions of the War of 1812. However, none of its 23 cannons was ever fired. By 1823, the fort was deeded to New York City which turned it into a restaurant and entertainment center, renaming it Castle Garden. A roof was added in the 1840's and it served as an opera house and theater until 1854.

On August 3, 1855, Castle Garden opened as the official immigrant processing center for the US and served this function for the next 34 years. During this time, over 8 million people entered the U.S. through its doors. It closed April 18, 1890, when immigration processing was moved to Ellis Island. New York City then remodeled it into an aquarium which opened December 10, 1896. The New York City Aquarium was an extremely popular attraction until 1941, when it was moved to Coney Island. Saved from demolition in 1946, the Castle was restored to its original design by the National Park Service and reopened in 1975 as Castle Clinton National Monument.

Herbert, arriving in 1866 would have gone to the Castle Garden building. Caroline states in her diary that it took 12 hours for the 747 immigrants on the *John Bright* to process through Castle Garden and that they were there from 12 noon to 12 midnight. Herbert writes that after being processed, he carried his luggage "for a mile or so" (Caroline's diary says it was 2 miles) to a steamboat landing. This makes sense, since there are docks running up and down the shore of the Hudson River, which flows on the west side of Manhattan Island and also on the East River, which runs along the east side. His mention of traveling up the St. Lawrence River is mistaken, since the St. Lawrence river is hundreds of miles north in Canada.

This map shows the river route steamships took to get to Albany from NYC. The Hudson River was navigable by steamboat up to Albany.

Caroline's diary notes that they boarded a steam ship, on which they stayed all night long, indicating the ship sailed most of the night and was docked by morning at their intended port.

The big question is, where did they sail, and why didn't they just get on a train in New York City and head west?

Although neither Herbert nor Caroline mention it specifically, multiple diaries from immigrants who processed through New York City during the summer of 1866 indicate that many immigrants were routed north from New York City to get onto Canadian train lines rather than heading immediately west. The reason appears to have been cost. With the end of the Civil War the previous year in 1865, railroad fares were changing rapidly. Church agents could not afford an increase in rates, so they sought out alternative routes that would minimize cost increases. One such route was a river route up the Hudson River to Albany, then north by train to Montreal; another route was an ocean route out the East River to the Long Island Sound to New Haven, CT, and then north by train to Montreal. In both cases, immigrants boarded a train at Montreal that went south west in Canada through the Great Lakes to Port Edward [now called Sarnia], Toronto, then ferried across the St. Clair River to Port Huron, Michigan. There they would have boarded a train to take them across Michigan to Chicago.

Albany is about 150 miles due north up the Hudson River from New York City; New Haven is an 80-mile boat trip out the East River and then northeast, up the Long Island Sound from New York City. The Albany trip would have taken about 10 hours and the New Haven trip about 6 hours by steamboat.

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Despite the fact that Herbert says that he sailed up a *river,* multiple journals and travel notes verify that Herbert's group took the Long Island Sound route to New Haven.

Steamboat route taken by Herbert's and Andrew Jensen's groups from Castle Garden through the Long Island Sound to New Haven, CT.

A very good description of why the northern routes to Canada were undertaken comes from the diary of immigrant Andrew Jensen, whose group took the New Haven to Montreal route a few weeks after Herbert's:

"At Castle Gardens [sic] we passed through the usual examinations and scrutiny, including the enrollment of names, ages, nationality, etc., after which we enjoyed a few hours rest in the large and airy rooms of the Gardens. At 9:00 o'clock a.m. we left Castle Gardens and walked through a part of New York City to a point on the East River where we boarded a large steamship which had been chartered by the Church emigration agent to take our company to New Haven, Connecticut, and the night was spent sailing up East River and Long Island Sound.

Modern photo of south tip of Manhattan looking north with Hudson River on the left and East River on the right. The island at the top right corner is Rikers Island; from there East River leads northeast into the Long Island Sound.

<u>On our arrival in New York we were told that the different railroad companies which had terminals in New York had arbitrarily broken their contract previously made by the Church agent, by adding to the price agreed upon for taking the emigrants by rail westward. But as it was known that the emigrants were not able to pay this extra fare, Thomas Taylor, the emigration agent, had entered into a contract with another railroad company whose terminal was in New Haven to carry us to the frontiers at the rates previously agreed to by the other railroad companies. This was the cause of us having this extra voyage by steamboat to New Haven."</u>

Apparently, church agents regularly had to rebook railroad travel arrangements due to changing fares and price gouging, particularly on itineraries that went directly west from New York City.

The voyage to New Haven put Herbert and his group of Saints at a New Haven railroad terminal with a connection that went north to Montreal, where they could board a Canadian train bound for Point Edward/Sarnia, Toronto, just across the US border from Port Huron, Michigan. Canadian trains terminated at Point Edward, and travelers disembarked to ferry across the St. Clair River (at the southern tip of Lake Huron), entering into the United States at Port Huron, Michigan, located about 60 miles northeast of Detroit. Traveling through Canada must have been necessary to get the immigrants to Nebraska without raising fares.

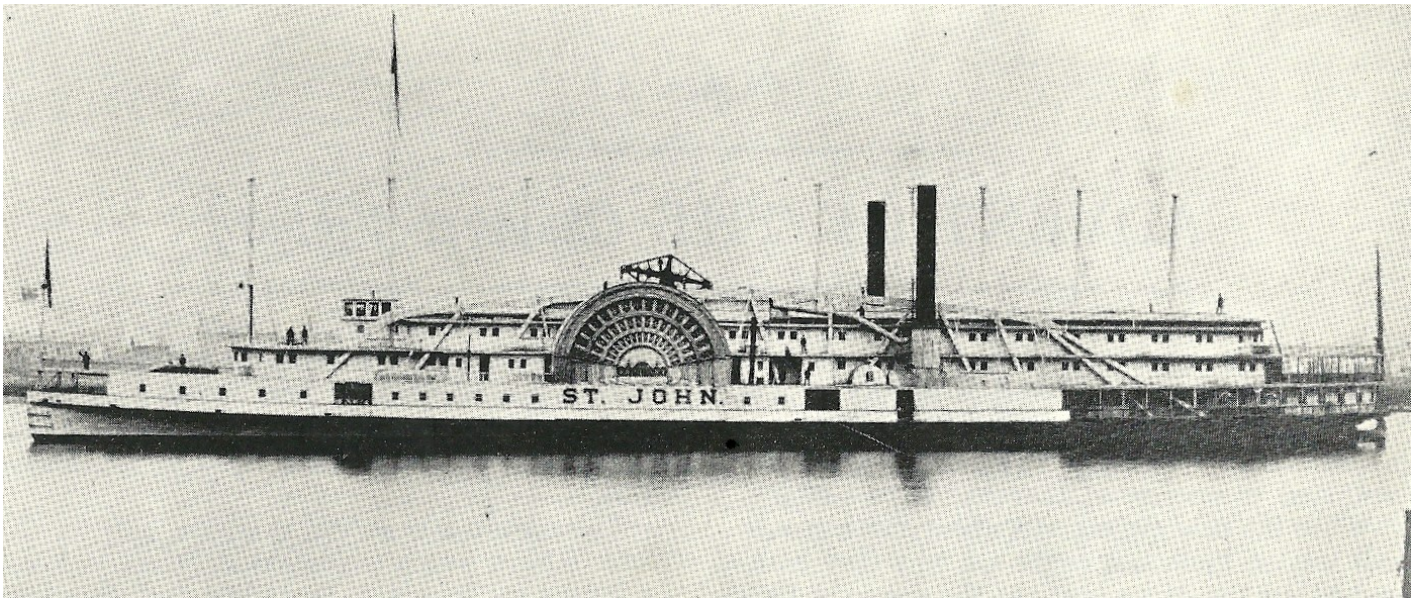
Interestingly, based on several journal entries, the church was charging immigrants about $42 each for the fare from Liverpool to Wyoming, Nebraska. I could not verify whether this fully covered the actual ship, train and steamboat fares, or whether it was subsidized by the church, but we do know that the Church and its agents performed a miraculous mission of bringing nearly 70,000 converts, most of whom were very poor, to Zion, even though the resources of the Church were meager and strained at that time. Consider this from the Deseret News commenting on counsel given at the October, 1867, general conference:

"The counsel which was given at Conference, to the people to donate means to send for their poor co-religionists in England, came home to the minds of all present as timely and heaven-inspired. The Spirit bore testimony to it. From the feeling already manifested upon this subject we are justified in expecting a hearty response on the part of the Saints. The counsel should call forth a spirited effort.

The object to be accomplished is worthy of the attention and exertions of a great people. It is but a few years since we ourselves came here, weary and destitute fugitives from oppression. Subsequent immigration has not added many rich men to our numbers. But we are united. In union we are rich. The emigration, therefore, of so large a number of poor people, as now await in England their deliverance from Babylon, would show to the world what can be accomplished by a united people under the guidance of wise leadership. Everyone, however humble and poor, can do something towards carrying this counsel into effect." -Deseret News, Nov. 20, 1867.

In the 1860's, there were two types of steamboats used for river and intra-coastal travel: dayboats and nightboats. The dayboats were generally equipped with open compartments for sight-seeing along the way, while the nightboats were fitted with enclosed compartments for passengers to sleep in during the night voyage and to protect them (slightly) from colder temperatures.

It is ironic that the first ever successful commercial steamboat excursion ran from New York City to Albany using Robert Fulton's steamboat design in 1807, two years after Joseph Smith was born. It traveled the 150-mile distance in 30 hours, averaging about 5 miles per hour. By 1866, steamboats were covering the 150 miles to Albany in 9-10 hours, averaging as high as 15 miles per hour, upstream. The night voyages were a popular way to keep boats in service 24 hours a day, increasing revenue.



The St. John was a well-known night boat that sailed the Hudson River in the 1860's

Herbert says at the end of his steamboat ride (in New Haven, CT), he "changed to the train and went to Quebec." This is consistent with a train connection to Montreal, which is a terminal connection for the nearly straight line route west to

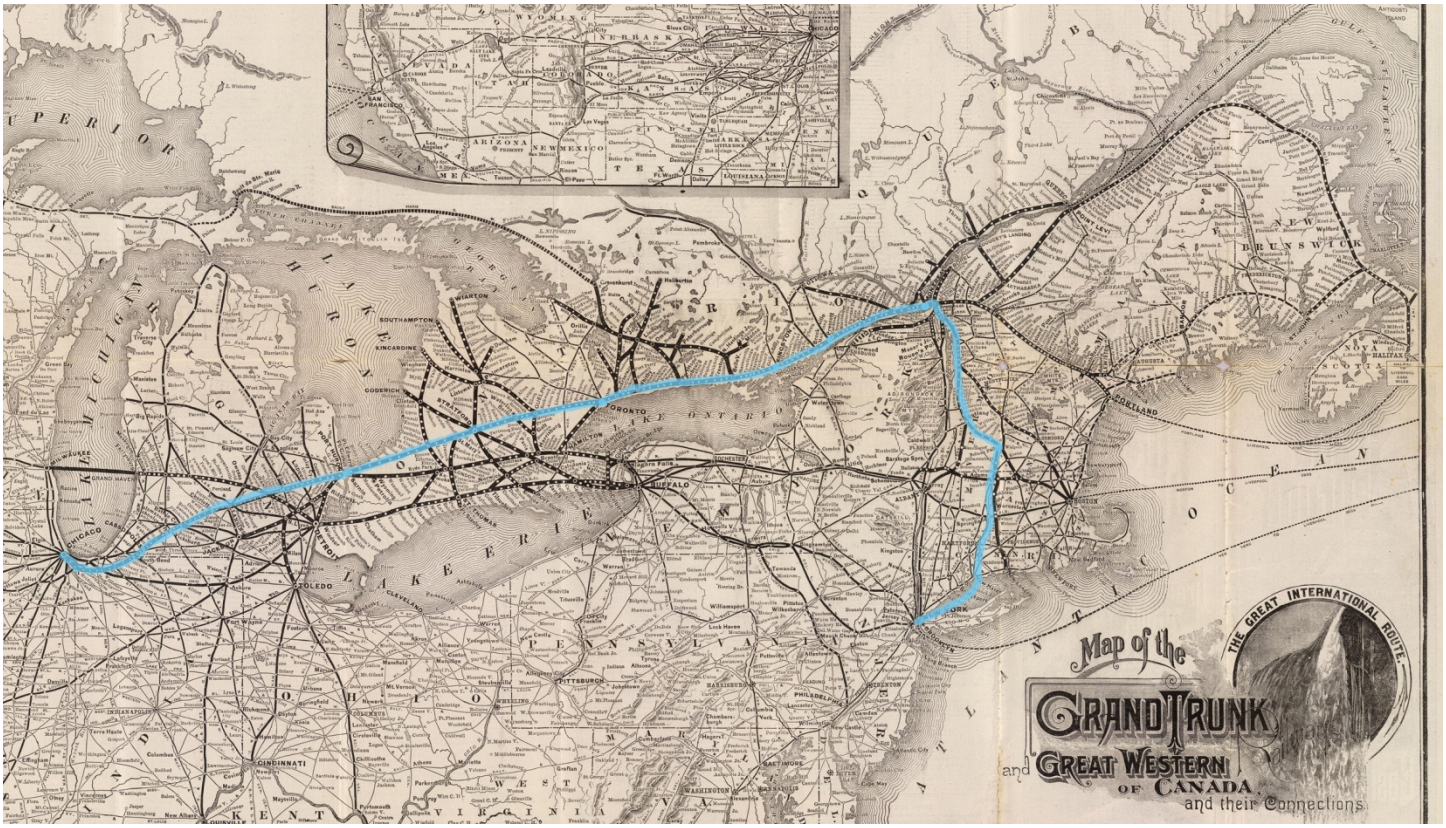
Chicago. Both Herbert and Caroline mention being in Canada, and Caroline mentions Montreal specifically, where they crossed the St. Lawrence River and changed trains:

Modern-day view of the Blue Water Bridge at the southern tip of Lake Huron, connecting Port Huron, Michigan, with Sarnia, Toronto, Canada

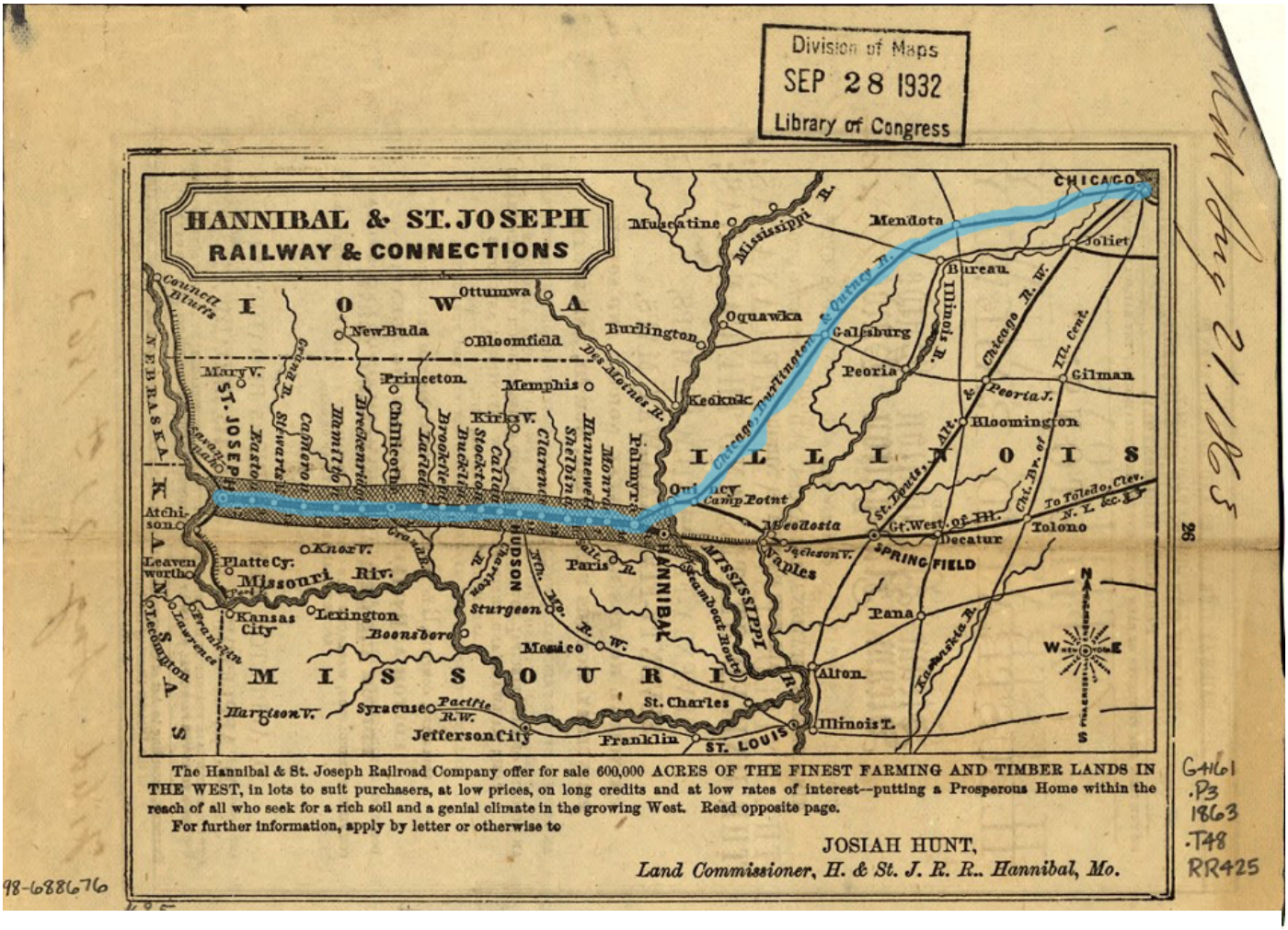
June 9th-We are still riding by rail. We went through British Canada. We were stopped on the road and searched by soldiers for firearms. We had to change trains at Montreal. Mr. Wheeler, the cab man, met with an accident. He had to have his foot taken off. We saw some beautiful waterfalls on the road. The houses are mostly built of wood. The people dress fine about here.

10th-Still continue on by rail. We got some new suits, which were quite neat. Things were very cheap in Canada. Meat is one half shilling a pound and everything else according. The eggs are five pence a dozen. Things have raised on account of the war. Soldiers are stationed every short distance along the road.

11th-We are still journeying by railway. We had to change cars and drop over a river into the United States. There we got refreshments and started again on our journey. The baby remains very ill.



The blue line on this map of the Grand Trunk and Great Western of Canada Railway shows how Herbert (1) sailed up the East River and out into the Long Island Sound to New Haven, CT, and (2) then was able to ride by rail north to Montreal, Quebec, Canada, and then (3) directly to Chicago. At Montreal, Herbert crossed the St. Lawrence River. His route kept him in Canada until arriving at Point Edward, Toronto, where his group ferried across the St. Clair River into Port Huron, Michigan. There was another change of trains in Chicago, as they then headed for Quincy, IL, on the Mississippi. There they had to ferry across the river again and wait for yet another train to take them to St. Joseph, MO, on the Missouri River.



1870 Railroad map of line from Chicago to St. Joseph. Blue line shows Herbert's route.

12th-It is very tedious, riding by rail so long. The country looks well. We have passed by nice villages. Herbert is seized with the measles.

13th-Very sad news to tell of today's journey. Mr. Cox was taken worse during the night, and remained so until about nine o'clock, when he died. The name of the place was called Michigan. He was taken on to Chicago. We stayed there during the night. Sorry to say baby keeps very ill. Little Frank has the bowel complaint.

Wagon trains across the plains could be very long and many overlapped each other at various times during the journey.

14th-Today's journey is a sad one to us, on account of the death of our own dear baby. It grieved us much. She died at the place where Mr. Cox was buried. John stayed behind to bury her. She died with the same complaint as my other three children. We left Chicago and proceeded by train to Quincy. We changed trains, and crossed the river.

15th-We took the train and proceeded to St. Joseph, Missouri.

DOWN AND BACK WAGON TRAINS

Following the debacle of the Martin and Willie Handcart companies in the winter of 1856, the church set about trying to find a different inexpensive way to get poor immigrant converts across the plains without bankrupting the church. The church was oxen-rich and cash-poor, so in 1861 Brigham Young instructed his son Joseph A. Young to experiment with taking oxen teams and wagons FROM Salt Lake City TO Winter Quarters (Florence), NE, rather than attempting to procure teams, wagons and supplies in Florence. Four such wagon trains went out from Salt Lake City that year and returned successfully. These became known as the "Down-and-Back" Wagon trains and functioned very well as a lower cost method of moving the Saints until the transcontinental railroad was completed in May of 1869.

Brigham Young asked every LDS bishop in Utah Territory to have his congregation, or ward, loan at least one wagon outfit for the six-month round trip in exchange for a church-donations credit. Wagons were to be "the best Chicago make," with two-inch iron axletrees, bows and good covers. Oxen should be unshod but sent with eight thin ox shoes per team and sufficient nails.

Supplies each wagon should carry were spelled out. Most of the seventy-five wards, nearly every ward in Utah, donated two or more fully outfitted wagons and four yoke of oxen, and most sent more than four yoke. Wards also provided drivers for the outfits, usually a young man or two, and tons of flour. The four companies left Utah with 203 wagons, 217 teamsters, I ,699 oxen and some eighteen guards. Together they transported 136,000 pounds of Utah flour and other staples.

An additional 70 or so wagons and teams were purchased in Florence to fully outfit the 4 trains that went that year. But even so, the church saved many thousands of dollars using this down-and-back strategy.

During the years from 1861 to 1868, from Utah farm communities north and south , hundreds of donated wagons, teams and drivers moved to the mouth of Parley's Canyon east of Salt Lake City each spring in mid to late April. There, the wagons were grouped into companies. Mormon Trail veterans were assigned as captains. Between April 15 and May 1, the trains left Salt Lake City and started following the Mormon Trail in reverse, heading *down* to the Platte River valley , then on to the Missouri River to bring *back* needy LDS emigrants.

Note the wagons in this train have 2 and 3 yoke of oxen. The need for teamsters becomes readily apparent.

More than 2,500 Utah outfits, or an average of 400 wagons per year, helped the LDS emigrants between 1861 and 1868. During its existence, the down-and-back wagon train program required about 2,000 wagons 2,500 teamsters, 17,550 oxen and brought approximately 20,500 emigrants to Utah.

Further underscoring the intensity of the strain of the cost of helping immigrants come to Salt Lake City during this period, church records show that NO down-and-back wagon trains were scheduled during the years of 1865 and 1867, largely because the financial strain created too much drain on the funds needed for building the Salt Lake Temple.

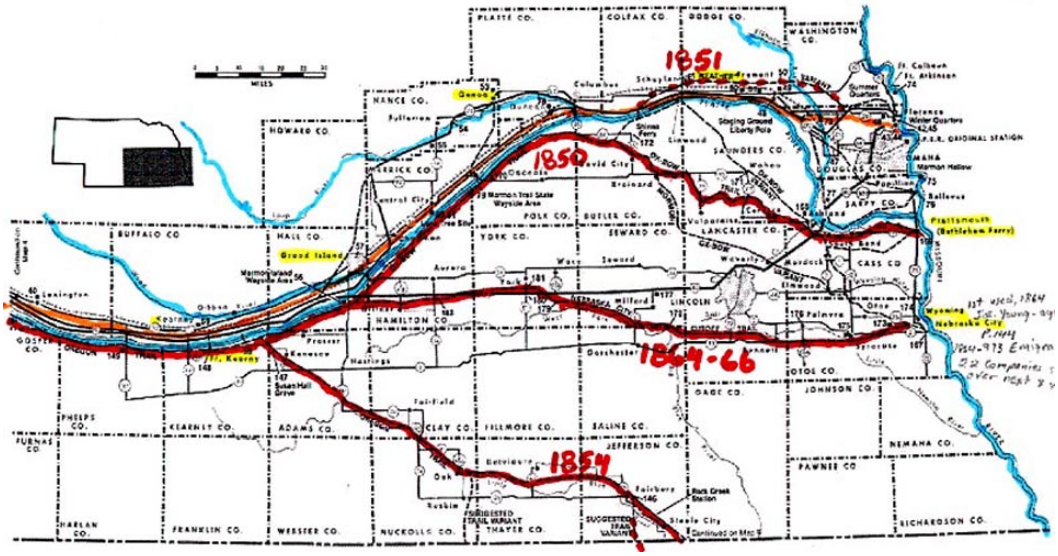
Partly due to this down-and-back wagon program, and also due to increasing freight commerce between the West and the Eastern US during the 1860s, the Mormon Trail across Utah, Wyoming and Nebraska became a two-lane road. There were wagon trains moving both west and east almost all the time, during spring, summer and fall. The bulk of the west-bound wagons were filled with immigrants, while the bulk of the east bound wagons were carrying freight from Utah or California for shipment further east. They were also carrying thousands of pounds of provisions for the LDS immigrants, most of which were stored in several sites along the trail for use on the way back. The traveling season was short, since wagons could not leave Salt Lake City until the mountain snows had melted (usually very late April) and they needed to return before the snows hit the mountains in the fall. Down-and-back wagon trains rarely arrived in Wyoming, NE, before July 1, and they needed to depart before mid-August to avoid winter weather on the return trip. From July 1 to August 15, the Mormon Trail, particularly where it overlaid the Oregon Trail, was a VERY busy road, with several dozens of wagon trains moving across, both LDS and non-LDS, during that six-week period.

Ox team wagon train crossing the Platte River. Note the double team of oxen on the center wagon for extra pulling power while crossing

One historian writes:

"The 2,200-mile round trip could be made in approximately six months. Church leaders arranged for the men, equipment, and supplies, and organized the trains into groups of about fifty each. The captain of each company was given complete authority to get the job done.

"All the men involved were regarded as "missionaries," and were given credit on the tithing books for the value of service rendered--they were in effect paying their 10 percent church tithing "in kind." There was one other fringe benefit--bachelors often found brides among the emigrants--had first pick, so to speak. Happily, romance flourished throughout the entire Mormon immigration period.



This map show 4 different routes from the Missouri River to the Mormon Trail: (1) the topmost one, labeled 1851 was the original route immigrants took from Winter Quarters; (2) the next one down, labeled 1850, headed west from the juncture of the Platte River with the Missouri. It was generally not used by the Saints; (3) the third one down, labeled 1864-66 shows the Wyoming/Nebraska City cutoff trail used by the down-and-back wagon trains from 1864 to 1868. Herbert followed this trail; (4) the bottom trail, labeled, 1854, is the Oregon Trail coming from Kansas City/Independence, Missouri.

"Each wagon was pulled by four yoke of oxen or mules and carried about 1,000 pounds of supplies. The teams were expected to reach the Missouri River at Florence (old Winter

Quarters or modern North Omaha), in July and return with ten to twenty emigrants per wagon and all the freight they could load. (In 1864, the jumping-off place moved to a now-forgotten community with the strange name of Wyoming, Nebraska Territory, where they followed the Nebraska City Cutoff Trail, saving 50 miles (and 3 days) of travel."

One writer made this important observation: "It is unfortunate that most people, Mormon and non-Mormon, have an image of Mormon Trail travel distorted by the harrowing tales of hardship and deaths associated with two LDS handcart tragedies in 1856. That dark experience involved perhaps I ,000 out of some 70,000 Latter-Day Saints who used the Mormon-California Trail--not even two percent. For almost all Mormon Trail travelers, the 1,031 mile trek from the Missouri River or points farther west, was not tragic or overly hard. For most, the trip was routine, boring, sometimes hungry and often uncomfortable like all camping tends to be; but it was a successful trip. The carefully planned and orchestrated emigrations during the 1860s pay tribute to the organizing genius of Brigham Young and LDS agents in charge of a large-scale immigration . Although some companies had moments of hardships, the carefully planned and supplied down-and-back trains, and the independent trains traveling with them, offer a more realistic image of what trail life was like for Latter-Day Saint emigrants who "gathered to Zion" via the Mormon Trail."

FROM ST JOSEPH TO WYOMING, NE

For most of the 1860's, the farthest an immigrant could go west on public transportation was Florence, Nebraska (Winter Quarters). The railroad in the 1860's went as far as St. Joseph, Missouri, about 140 miles south of Winter Quarters on the Missouri River. Immigrants took a riverboat from St. Joseph up the Missouri River for 2-3 days to get to Florence, where they would stage and prepare to join a wagon train to cover the remaining 1,000 miles to Salt Lake City.

Steamboat heading up the Missouri River in 1860

As mentioned earlier, in 1864 the Church changed the staging city for down-and-back trains from Florence to Wyoming, Nebraska, a tiny village 44 miles to the south . Wyoming was right on the Missouri River, but unencumbered with the city development found in Florence. Other than a handful of small structures, Wyoming had a landing dock and not much else. Just up the banks from the dock, however, was a wide expanse of ground, much better suited for staging the thousands of animals and wagons required for the wagon trains to Salt Lake City. Since Herbert traveled in 1866, his itinerary would have taken him to Wyoming, Nebraska, not Florence, Wyoming, as he states in his autobiography. Given the recent change from Florence to Wyoming, (at that time) it is easy to see how 17-yr old Herbert might have gotten confused.

His immigrant group ended their rail ride at St. Joseph, Missouri, and boarded a steamboat there to traverse the 140 miles up the Missouri river to Wyoming, NE. Although Herbert mentions nothing about this steamboat ride, Caroline Clark does:

> June 15th-We took the train and proceeded to St. Joseph, and stayed all day and night there. We inquired about Mr. Burr from Birmingham, and found him. We had a very hearty breakfast, dinner and tea. We had for dinner, a leg of lamb, green peas, and new potatoes. They wanted John to stay with them. He would get from four to five

pounds a week. A gentleman got out of his carriage and wanted Martha to stay. He said he would give her four dollars and her board a week. The servants have not much work to do.

Joseph A. Young, Brigham Young's son who moved the starting point for down and back trains to Wyoming, NE.

June 16th-Then we took a boat and went up the Missouri River. The water is very dirty with undercurrents. We saw Indians on the bank.

17th-We still keep going up the river. We have to be on top deck. We can lie and see the moon and stars shining upon us.

18th-We are still on the river. It remains very hot, and the water keeps very muddy all the way.

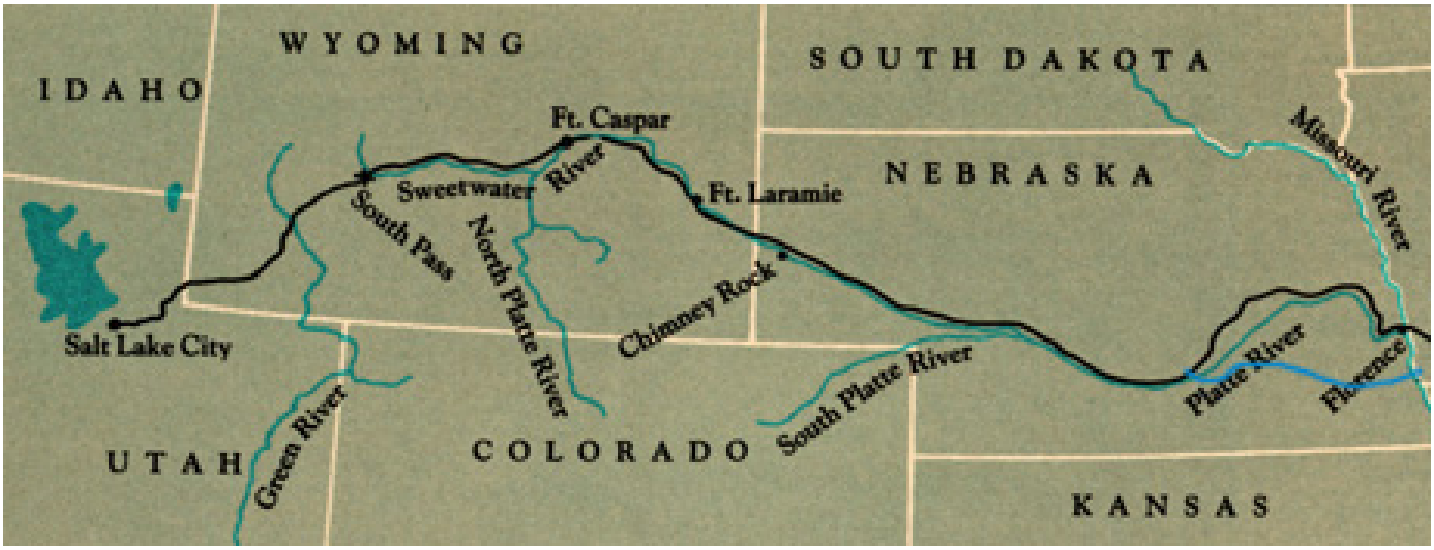
19th-Arrived in Wyoming (Nebraska), very early in the morning. The heat is very oppressive. You should see the children, they are blistered with the sun. Little Frank's arm is very bad. We can see something like sparks of fire. They are small insects. There are not many houses. The teams came to the river for our luggage and took it on to the grove.

20th-We pitched our tent at night, then a heavy thunder storm came up and we all got wet through. We had to take the children into a shed and keep them there until we dried their clothes.

22nd-Another lot of teams have joined us. We do not know how long we will stay here.

23rd-We are still in the shed.

24th-We do not expect to leave for four or five weeks, then we will start with the Birmingham Saints.



The Mormon Trail in 1850. The blue line in the lower right shows the Wyoming, NE, cutoff trail which joined the original Mormon Trail at Fort Kearney. This cutoff, used by the down-and-back wagon trains after 1864 avoided some hostile Indian territory and shortened the journey by about 50 miles (3 days).

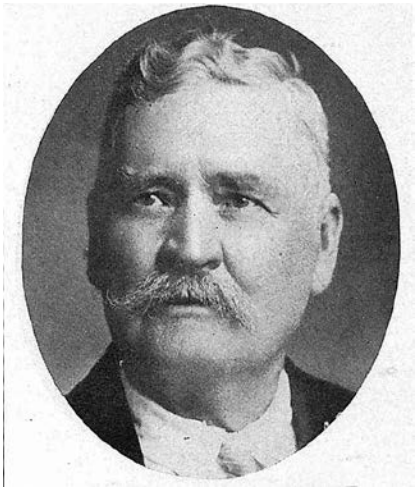
This account corroborates what Herbert says about having to wait for "several weeks" at Wyoming, NE, before their wagon train was organized and loaded and ready to go. In fact, other records substantiate that Herbert and Carolyn arrived at Wyoming on June 19 and left in their wagon train with 375 souls (probably 40-45 wagons) on July 13th. They had to camp and wait on the prairie at Wyoming, NE, for just shy of 4 weeks.

So the full itinerary of Herbert's sojourn from England to Salt Lake City looks something like this:

Left Sandbach:	28 April 1866
Left Liverpool:	30 April 1866
Arrived NYC:	6 June 1866 (Time across the Atlantic = 38 days)
Arrived New Haven:	7 June (overnight steamboat ride up the Long Island Sound)
Arrived St Joseph:	15 June (Assuming an 8-day rail journey to Montreal, Port Huron, Chicago, & St. Joseph)
Arrived Wyoming, NE:	19 June (Assuming 3-day river trip north from St. Joseph)
Departed Wyoming:	13 July 1866, per church records
Arrived SLC:	on or about 15 Sept 1866 (Per church records--Time across the plains = 65 days)

Total travel time from Sandbach to Salt Lake City = 141 days (4½ months)

When Herbert arrived in Florence, he had to depend on his own wits to figure out a way to get across the plains. He may not have known exactly what to do. Generally, immigrants were expected to pay another $45-$50 for travel in a wagon train from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City.



William Henry "Bill" Stewart was 24 years old and single when he was a teamster on Herbert's down-and-back wagon train. At age 30 he married Elizabeth Davis and they had 10 children, all born in Pleasant Grove.

He describes what happened as follows: *"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 located. 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 have 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 Apollos Driggs was assistant. These fellows were a fine bunch of young men, and I felt good over my prospect of getting to the valleys."*

In this very fortunate turn of events, it appears Herbert not only found a way to earn his way across the plains, but also to avoid having to walk most of the way. His diary makes clear that before long he was working as a substitute for some

An 1866 photo of a wagon train group

of the teamsters in actually driving wagon teams.

Herbert's wagon train was one of 10 down-and-back trains that ran to Salt Lake City in the summer of 1866. The earliest of these 10 trains left on July 6 and the latest left on August 8. This means that a wagon train left on average, every 3 days from Wyoming, NE. These trains were often either in sight of one another or traveling together at various times on the trail. Each train carried 250 to 500 people, in 40-80 wagons. The trains were supposed to have at least 4 oxen per wagon, more if possible, and there were between 6-12 immigrants assigned to each wagon. The young and able-bodied walked almost all the way.

[When Herbert's parents and siblings came over to join him five years later in 1871, the transcontinental railroad had been completed, and they were able to take the train all the way to Salt Lake City from New York City.]

"In making our camp, our usual "Mormon" method of forming two half-circles with the wagons was observed, so that a corral was made into which the oxen would be driven in the morning to be caught and yoked up anew. Our tents were pitched outside the enclosure, each tent opposite the wagon to which it belonged. The oxen and such loose stock as we had along were herded during the night by special herdsmen but the regular night watch in the camp was taken in turn by the emigrating brethren. Public prayer was offered in camp every night in which everybody was expected to participate. After the prayer, the captain, or some other leader, generally made remarks of encouraging and instructive nature." (from the diary of Andrew Jensen, age 15, who crossed the plains in a wagon train one month after Herbert did). This picture below shows the wagon train formation with Independence Rock in the background.

Herbert's account of the wagon train trip is pretty brief. He offers a description of his relationship with the teamster group that he joined and then tells of one unfortunate experience with the Indians.

"We started on our journey across the plains about the middle of June, 1866. [As noted earlier, the actual date was July 13, 1866, per church records. It was the middle of July, not June.] *I tried to make myself useful in helping to gather fuel* [typically "fuel" was either buffalo or oxen chips], *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 when 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 in 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."

Herbert probably eased the load on the teamsters by doing whatever work they didn't want to do. But over time, he proved his strength, willingness, and ability to drive the teams, and they soon included him fully in their group. He tells in some detail about a fiasco that occurred with the Indians. It is fascinating to compare Herbert's account with Caroline's because it is clear Caroline did not know the real reason the problem occurred, but Herbert knew about it in detail:

Paiute Indians in Utah

[Herbert's account] *"One day, after we reached Fort Laramie, we were camped at noon, when a young chief who could talk English came into camp and wanted to trade a band of horses for a white girl who looked a bit like an Indian. Parley Driggs, who was always in for some fun, offered to trade one of the immigrant 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 the joke."*

"Well, we traveled on two or three days, meeting Indians occasionally, but nothing occurred 'till about the third day at noon. We had camped on a creek bottom, where there was good feed for cattle, and were having dinner. The herders were herding the cattle and some of the women were working down on the creek when some Indians came among the cattle, waving their blankets, yelling and stampeding them. The herders came running in, telling everyone who had a gun to come and help head them off. But before the boys could get out there, the Indians had got away with ninety head of cattle and three or four horses and were out of sight. The boys followed after for about a mile, when up jumped a lot of Indians and some white men that were lying across the road and yelled, "Come on, you damn 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 that many oxen. We moved on very slowly for two or three days. And that was how the boys paid for a practical joke."

"Finally we met a herd of oxen that had stampeded and left a freight [wagon] train that was several days ahead of us. Our herders rounded them up and they were put into service in our train. This seemed a Godsend 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 part of

September, 1866." [Church records confirm that the arrival date of Herbert's wagon train in Salt Lake City was on or about September 15.]

Contrast Herbert's version of this story with this day-to-day account written by Caroline Clark:

> *"11th-Left Wyoming five miles, and then we joined Captain Chipman's train.* [Herbert's wagon train]
>
> *16th-We traveled very slow. Today we were crossing a creek, when the cattle turned, I went to get down out of the wagon, and Mr. Stonehouse went to help me and we both fell and hurt us very bad. John went to stop the brake, and got a bad foot sprain. He isn't able to sit up with his. The weather is very hot. The children are getting fat.*
>
> *22nd-We passed Tree Creek and Beaver Creek today. We reached the Platte River. John's foot is better, he can walk again.*
>
> *25th-Yesterday was the anniversary of our people who first entered the valley. We traveled about half the day, then we had singing and dancing, and all enjoyed ourselves. We are journeying by the Platte River. A young deaf and dumb girl died in our camp.*
>
> *30th-We are still by the Platte River. There are small mountains on one side, and mountains on the other. We passed Cotton Tree Creek, and there were many soldiers camped there on account of the Indians. There were two more deaths in our camp.*
>
> *Aug. 1st-We crossed the Platte River. It was very deep, and in places took the wagons up to the covers. We all got over safely, but our clothes were wet.*
>
> *6th-We left the South Platte (a distance of fifteen miles). You should have seen the mountains we went down. It looked impossible for any persons to go down them, let alone with wagons and oxen. We are among the Indians.*
>
> *10th-We passed Chimney Rock. It is a rock that can be seen many miles off, and forms a chimney. We passed high rocks. All things are going well with us.*
>
> *14th-We passed Laramie, Wyoming; the soldiers stopped our train to see what firearms we had. They told us the Indians had killed a hundred or more and robbed them. I guess you would like to know how we live on the plains. We do not get any fresh meat or potatoes, but we get plenty of flour and bacon. We have some sugar, a little tea, molasses, soap, carbonate of soda, and a few dried apples. We brought some peas, oatmeal, rice, tea, and sugar, which we had left from the vessel. We bought a skillet to bake our bread in. Sometimes we make pancakes for a change. We also make cakes in the pan, and often bran dumplings with baking powder. We use cream of tartar and soda for our bread, sometimes sour dough. At times Roland goes to the river and catches fish and sometimes John shoots birds. We get wild currants and gooseberries to make puddings. All together we get along very well.*
>
> *18th-Today we had trouble with the Indians. We suppose they followed us. We had just corralled, and begun to cook our dinners, when the alarm came that the Indians were driving away our cattle. The boys followed them, but they got away with ninety-one head and wounded three.*

The 320-foot tall Chimney Rock was an oft-mentioned landmark along the Mormon Trail. It is located in the North Platte River Valley about 40 miles east of the western Nebraska border. This picture was taken about 1905.

20th-We passed Deer Creek. The same day the Indians took our cattle, they took all the possessions of two homes, killed the people and burned their homes. A telegraph message has come to tell us Brigham Young is sending us some mule teams and provisions to help us.

22nd-We crossed the.....[Ft. Casper] bridge. There were many soldiers stationed there on account of the Indians.

24th-This morning we were just starting when four of our men drove in about one-hundred cattle that they had taken from the Indians. We found the train they belonged to and we gave them back.

Large wagon trains could extend for a mile or more along the trail

26th-We passed the Devil's Gate. Jack wanted to know if the devils lived there. John has been appointed captain of the guards. We have been forced to have men guard our trains back and front.

29th-Today we saw the first mountains with snow on them. At noon we came to some springs called, Iced Springs. It is very cold. We can scarcely keep ourselves warm.

Sept. 1st-We passed South Pass. The cold has been severe. We dined on the leg of an antelope. It sure was a treat.

3rd-The mule teams have met us and brought provisions. They have gone on to meet the ones that waited back.

6th-We crossed Green River and Ham's Fork River. Today was the twins' birthday. We had a hare and a half, so we are not starving. Little Frank keeps very thin, but seems pretty well in health.

9th-We passed muddy station. They say we are just a hundred miles from the Valley. We had another birth, and three children have died. We are still able to see snow on the mountains. Mr. Gillett, captain of our vessel, has died on the plains. He was just a young man and highly respected.

Dear Friends:
Whomever may read this letter, be sure when you come to bring plenty of flour, suet, lard, currants, raisins, a little tartaric acid, bicarbonate of soda, baking powder, laboring bonnets, they are very useful for women and children. Be sure to take care of your provisions. For some days, you feel like you could not eat anything, but your appetite will come to you in time. Be sure to bring some onions and potatoes. If you cook your meat one day and have some left, it makes nice potato pies. You must bring flour. Then the fat of the meat makes nice crust. Bring a large tin to wash in.

We had plenty to eat all the while we were on the sea, but often we had to wait a long time before we could get it cooked. It is a tedious journey by rail. You want your water bottle. When you start by rail get plenty of provisions to last three days and water. Save all your pieces. You will need them on your journey. You also need a baking pan to bake your bread in on the plains.

Just 3 days after this last entry, Caroline and her family reached Coalville on the eastern border of Utah (about 45 miles from Salt Lake City). Since they had some relatives there and since Caroline's little boy Frank was quite sick, they decided to stop there before going any further. .

Unfortunately, 12 days later, little Frank died. Caroline and her husband John had had 9 children in England, 3 of which died there. So the remaining six came with them to Zion. She lost her baby during the railroad trip to Chicago, and then her second youngest, Frank, at Coalville. Caroline and John settled in Summit county after arriving in Utah and had six more children there. She buried five of the 15 children she bore.

The Salt Lake City/County Building was built on Washington Square

In the 1850's, wagon trains typically stopped at Washington Square in Salt Lake City, where immigrants could camp in tents for a few days until they met relatives or figured out where to go and settle. Washington Square was the full block square where the historic City/County Building is now located, from State Street (1st East) to 2nd East and from 4th South to 5th South. Sometime in the 1860's, this primary end point changed to the Church's Tithing Yards on the northwest corner of Main and South Temple, where the Joseph Smith Memorial Building now stands.

B. H. Roberts, who was a 9-yr old youth traveling with Herbert's group all the way to Salt Lake City, says in his autobiography that their wagon train came into the city on 3rd South and moved west until they hit Main Street, turned right and then moved north to the intersection of Main and South Temple, where they arrived at the tithing yards.

At the tithing yards, immigrants met family or friends or camped in tents and in the tithing sheds until they determined a place to go. Since most of the tithing then was "in kind" there had to be barn/shed facilities for donations of livestock, grain, fruits and vegetables, etc.

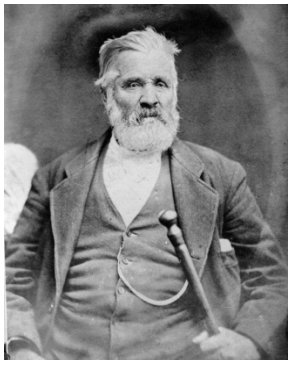
Tithing Office at NE corner of Main and South Temple

"The [wagon] train was driven into the tithing yard at Salt Lake City, where the freight and luggage were unloaded. Passengers who had friends or 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 [the teamster who had hired Herbert to be his clerk/assistant on the bacon wagon]. *They provided me a bed on the ground in their orchard until I could hear from my father's cousin at Springville."*

Wagon Train arriving in Salt Lake City

Tithing yards and sheds behind the tithing office. The building in the distance with 10 gables is the Lion House



Milo Andrus in the 1880s

Fifteen miles south of Salt Lake City would have been about where present-day Sandy is located. Milo Andrus was a prominent member of the church, having been a member of Zion's Camp, a bishop in Nauvoo, a worker on the Nauvoo, Salt Lake and St. George Temples and a member of the Quorum of the Seventy. He was also a major in the Nauvoo Legion, which was reformed and called by that name by the Saints who settled in Utah. He was involved in the building of many roads in northern Utah and south-eastern Idaho. He married 11 wives who bore him 57 children (the same number as Brigham Young) and had the 4th largest family in LDS history.

It is conceivable that Herbert knew of Milo Andrus because he was called to preside over the Birmingham District in England during 1860 and 1861, right at the time his father was baptized into the church. Birmingham is just 60 miles south of Sandbach, and the Birmingham District bordered the county of Cheshire where Sandbach is located. Even though Sandbach was not part of the Birmingham District, the Manwarings would probably have heard of Milo Andrus as a nearby presiding Elder in England.

HERBERT'S FIRST JOBS IN UTAH

It is not immediately clear who Herbert is referring to when he writes of "my father's cousin at Springville." This would have been the child of one of his grandfather, John Jr.'s, eleven siblings (5 girls, 7 boys in the family). However, Herbert makes reference to a relative in another paragraph that explains the connection for determining who "my father's cousin" is. Note this entry made when he arrived at Pleasant Grove:

Fort Utah--the beginning of Provo--in 1850s

"I had just hired out to work for a merchant, when Apollos Driggs [who was the assistant captain of Herbert's wagon train; someone with whom Herbert would have become well-acquainted while working and supporting the teamsters--see paragraph below] *came from Salt Lake and informed me that Ann Taylor of Salt Lake, my relative, was looking for me, and he learned that I had gone with the Pleasant Grove boys. She sent word to me that her father John Falkner, 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 out for Springville. I walked that distance of about 16 miles and carried my bundle of clothes. When I reached 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."

[Apollos G. Driggs was only 25 years old in 1866 when he helped lead Herbert's down-and-back wagon train to Salt Lake City. Apollos and his parents went to Nauvoo in 1842 to join the church, one year after Apollos was born. According to his obituary, he met the Prophet Joseph and at one time sat on his knee as a child. He lived in Pleasant Grove as a young man, but moved to the Salt Lake Valley and served as bishop of the Sugar House Ward for 32 years. He crossed the plains seven times helping to transport immigrants and freight to Utah. He was a natural athlete and considered an expert in irrigation. One of his wives was Cornelia Pratt, daughter of Parley P. Pratt.]

Sure enough, in examining the pedigree chart connections, we find that Eleanor Bratt, who was Herbert's grandmother, had a younger sister, Mary, who married a John Falkner. Mary was 12 years younger than Eleanor. Technically then, any children from John Falkner and Mary Bratt would have been Henry Manwaring's cousins on his mother's side. Ann Falkner, their first child, was born in 1829, so she would have been 20 years older (37) than Herbert when he arrived in Utah. Ann married a man by the name of John Taylor, and she and her husband, as well as her parents, were already in Utah when Herbert arrived. Although she and her husband lived in Salt Lake City, her father--Herbert's second uncle--was living at the time in Springville. At this time, John Falkner would have been 61 years old.

The significant revelation of this brief reference to other relatives in Utah is that the Henry Manwarings were not alone in their family tree, in their interest in, and affection for, the restored Gospel. We have Herbert's previous reference to Henry's sister, Eleanor, who joined the church, and now this second reference to Herbert's second uncle and his family who had joined the church and were already in Utah when he arrived.

Herbert relates the experience of meeting his second uncle:

"A Mr. Friel helped me across the Spring Creek and directed me, as best he could to my [second] *uncle. After traveling through the Town Hall square, to 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."*

A group of the Nauvoo Legion in Utah (Utah Territorial Militia). Unlike Herbert, these troops all had real guns.

Technically, Herbert trained for, and was enlisted in the Utah edition of the Nauvoo Legion. When the Saints left Nauvoo and began to gather in Salt Lake City, the militia that had been formed in Nauvoo, Illinois, was re-organized in Utah and called by the same name. More correctly it should have been called the Utah Territorial Militia, but the Nauvoo Legion moniker didn't die out completely until 1870. Probably due to the on-going need for settlement defense, against both Indians and the Federal Government during the Utah War in 1857-8, there appears to have been a form of 'draft' policy for young men, from which Herbert was not exempted.

"While living in Springville, I was enlisted in the Utah [Territorial] *militia, and sent to 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."*

Note the verb forms "was enlisted" and "sent" suggesting that he did not volunteer for this training. Yet it appears that almost all the other young men who had been with him on the wagon train were also required to take this training. There is a note of humble submission in his sentence, noting he had no money for any of the normal equipment involved in militia training, including a gun. Instead he simply used a big stick and allowed himself to become a bit of a camp joke. The likelihood is that the "boys" he refers to here were more likely the Pleasant Grove 'Mormon Boys' or teamsters he worked with, rather than other young men who were immigrants.


Madder roots

Herbert continued, as best he could, to try to find a way to earn money to sustain himself and also to save toward bringing his family to Utah. From his narrative, it is clear that he was not afraid to work and would do almost anything for a reasonable wage. Since staying with his second uncle and helping him as a shoemaker did not enable him to earn more than room and board, he went looking for more lucrative opportunities in the spring.


Field madder blossoms

"In the spring of sixty seven I left Uncle and went to drive team 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 this woolen mills on the City Creek canyon. When this job 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."

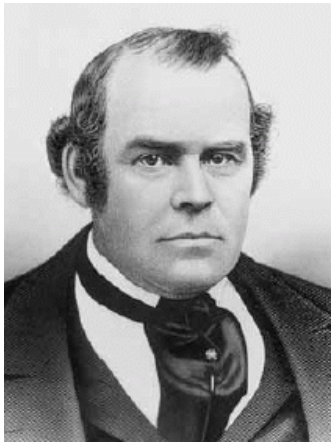
Herbert's reference to a" root" is a reference to madder root, which had a long history in the old world as a wool dye for colors from orange to deep red. Madder root would have been able to be cultivated in the Salt Lake area, although I was not able to determine whether it was successfully grown by Brigham Young. Madder is mentioned in one old Mormon folksong as a red shirt color. The Encyclopedia Britannica offers this information:


Wool yarn died with madder root

> **madder,** also called **dyer's madder:** any of several species of plants belonging to the genus *Rubia* of the madder family, *Rubiaceae*, especially *Rubia tinctorum* and *R. peregrina*. These are native European plants. *Rubia* is a genus of about 60 species; its members are characterized by lance-shaped leaves that grow in whorls and by small yellowish flowers that grow in clusters.
>
> The common madder (*R. tinctorum*) was formerly cultivated for a red dye, alizarin, that was obtained from the ground roots of these plants. This dye was used for cloth and could be prepared and applied in such a way as to yield pink, orange and purple shades as well as red. The dye properties of the madder root appear to have been known from the earliest historical times; cloth dyed with madder has been found on ancient Egyptian mummies,

and madder was used for dying the cloaks of Libyan women in the time of Herodotus (5th century BC). In the 1860's a way was found to manufacture alizarin synthetically, and so the once-extensive use of madder as a source of alizarin dye has now practically disappeared.

"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 of 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 per 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."



Parley P. Pratt explorer, surveyor and road builder in the Salt Lake Valley was one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church when he was murdered by Hector McLean, the estranged husband of Pratt's 12th wife, in Van Buren, Arkansas, May 13, 1857

Herbert's reference to Parley's Park is from Parley P. Pratt, who did quite a bit of exploring of the canyons east of Salt Lake City. He is also the source of the name of Parley's Canyon. In exploring for ways to reach the Weber River Valley, Parley P. Pratt discovered a beautiful, well-watered high mountain valley, which became known as Parley's Park. In later years, this name was changed to its more familiar current name, Park City.

So Mr. Fergusen's two wives were not close to each other geographically, and moving from the canyon ranch to the valley ranch--a distance of nearly 30 miles--would have taken a couple of days by horseback. But there were other problems Herbert had in working for Isaac Fergusen. Though he was willing to work at almost anything, Herbert still had standards:

"I helped [Isaac Fergusen] open up a road into a patch of timber and then haul 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."

This experience probably left Herbert a bit disillusioned and perplexed, needing a new lease on life. He had come to Zion and was finding that not all in Zion were true Saints--an issue that is a sensitive one to Manwarings even today. At about the same time he left the employ of Isaac Fergusen, he says he was re-baptized by Elder Robert Green in South Cottonwood. Rootsweb confirms the existence of a Robert Kenyon Green who lived and died in South Cottonwood. He was a polygamist with five wives, but I could find no further information on his life.

Binding wheat sheaves in 1870s

Rebaptism was fairly common in the church in the 1860's. Brigham Young commanded all the early saints to be rebaptized once they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley from their trek from Nauvoo. Brigham Young himself was rebaptized several times during his life. Historically, members were rebaptized as an act of rededication. This was first practiced in Nauvoo and was continued in the Utah Territory. Rebaptism served as a ritual of recommitment but was not viewed as essential to salvation. Members often sought rebaptism when called to assist in colonization or to participate in one of the united orders. On some occasions, the Saints were rebaptized as they prepared for marriage or entrance into the temple. Early members also rebaptized some of the sick among them as an act of healing. Because of misuse by some Church members, and in an effort to focus the saints on the Sacrament as the ordinance for renewing of the baptismal covenant, all practice of rebaptism was officially discontinued in 1897.

Herbert must have been more careful in seeking his next employer, because he stayed with the next one he found for eight years--until he got married--in 1876. And, indeed, it appears this second farmer was particularly considerate and helpful to Herbert. He began working for "a Mr. Clinton D. Thompson," whose farm was in South Cottonwood, in the spring of 1868. Further research revealed this man's correct name to be Dewitt Clinton Thompson. Clinton was 13 years older than Herbert, so would have been 32 years old when Herbert began working for him. He and his wife Evelyn Lucretia Willis Thompson lived in Cottonwood from 1863 to until 1877. Seven children were born to them while living there.

Herbert worked for D. Clinton Thompson for eight years in South Cottonwood. His gravestone is located in Richfield (UT) City Cemetery.

Clinton was a second generation member of the church and was called on a mission to New York, where his family originated, in December of 1871. He left his wife and 5 small children, with Herbert and perhaps others to take care of the farm while he was gone. We don't know the exact duration of his mission, but it was probably at least a year and maybe two. During this time, Herbert would have played a key role in running the Thompson farm, since Clinton's oldest sons at that time were only 8, 4 and 2. It is clear, from other comments made in Herbert's autobiography, that Bro. and Sis. Thompson treated Herbert almost as if he were a member of the family. Sister Thompson was known for her knowledge of words and definitions and may have assisted Herbert in learning better how to read and write.

Apparently Clinton suffered from some form of rheumatism or arthritis, which may have been a reason why he hired Herbert. One year after Herbert left Clinton's employ to get married, Clinton leased his South Cottonwood home and farm and homesteaded near Marysvale, Utah [about 30 miles south of Richfield on Highway 89] on doctor's orders to get to a drier climate. Clinton and Evelyn had four more children in Marysvale, and ultimately developed a thriving farm that eventually grew to 200 acres, located about 3 miles south of Marysvale.

Clinton Thompson had a reputation for being an honest and good man. In a life sketch, one of his descendants wrote about him: "He was kind and generous; 'never let your left hand know what your right hand is doing' he would say. He followed the teachings of the Master, 'Do unto others as they would do unto you.'"

Herbert refers to a "grasshopper war" in 1868. Grasshopper hordes were common and frequent during the years 1867 to 1872, with 1868 generally being considered the worst year. But grasshopper attacks were definitely not an isolated occurrence in early Utah history. One historian wrote the following:

"One of the most dramatic and famous moments in Mormon history occurred in 1848 when the first crop in Utah was threatened by a plague of crickets. Fearing the loss of food needed for survival, the settlers fought the ravenous insects by every possible means. Then, when it appeared that all was lost, in answer to a prayer a white cloud of seagulls flew in and devoured the crickets. This miracle was told in the diaries and reminiscences of several of the pioneers who observed it. It became a faith-promoting tale that was often retold. The Seagull Monument on Temple Square is said to be the only monument in honor of a bird, and appropriately the seagull became recognized as the state bird of Utah.

"Not so well known are the other, subsequent attacks by crickets and far more frequent attacks by grasshoppers. Over and over again these insect invasions threatened the crops of the early Mormons. Frequent contact with grasshoppers, in sometimes overwhelming numbers, was a common experience for many years in pioneer Utah.

Often the first approach of the grasshoppers was signaled when swarms of them appeared in the air overhead--an awesome sight. Settlers described them as looking like a "heavy snowstorm" or snow-flakes and so numerous as to cover the sky and darken the sun. The Deseret News reported one massive appearance in which "the grasshoppers filled the sky for three miles deep, or as far as they could be seen without the aid of Telescopes, and somewhat resembling a snow storm." These locusts were known to fly overhead several hours a day for a period of two or three weeks. When they landed they could be even more troublesome.

Grasshopper swarms were often thick enough to block the sun during the 1860's in Salt Lake Valley.

Minerva Edmerica Richards Knowlton remembered a noonday buzzing and apparently the sun going behind a cloud. Also, something bumped against windows and doors. She went outdoors and found millions of Rocky Mt. Locusts all over the house, garden, yard etc. The family washing had been put out early that morning, and the "tobacco juice" (children call it) stained the clothing so badly that the home-made soap and boiling the clothes on the kitchen stove, each washing, never fully removed the stains.

Clearing a field of grasshoppers using a bonfire

Worse, the grasshoppers did not depart as quickly as they came but often stayed on for weeks, even through disagreeable weather. Benjamin LeBaron, describing the visitation of 1868, reported that when it rained "they would gather on the tree trunks, fence poles and posts, and every other object that might afford shelter for them, until they literally covered all such things." Other observers echoed this feeling of the grasshoppers being ubiquitous. Alfred Cordon, the bishop of Willard, described his return from the funeral of Heber C. Kimball in Salt Lake in June 1868: "The air was full of Grasshoppers and the fields & Gardens were covered. We travelled

through one continued stream of locusts until we reached within four miles of home." A month later Cordon recounted the cheerful festivities surrounding the July 24 celebration, adding, almost in an offhand way, "There was nothing to mar our peace only the thought that the Locusts were destroying our crops. The Locusts were very numerous. They ate our clothing as we sat in the Bowery."

"In summary, research shows that the peak periods of grasshopper invasion and devastation seem to have been 1854-56 (with 1855 being the worst year of the century), 1867-72, and 1876-79. Utah was practically free from serious grasshopper problems the last twenty years of the century.

"It would be surprising if a people accustomed to seeing their experience in terms of a divine plan failed to discern the hand of Providence in the infestations. Like other trials through which the Latter-day Saints had passed, the grasshopper invasions were often looked upon as tests imposed by Providence--tests of their faith, preparedness, ability to call upon deity in prayer, dedication to the cause. Drawing from their biblical and Christian traditions, the Latter-day Saint leaders asserted that such trials were the means by which God reminded his children of their dependence on him, calling them back from their materialism, worldliness, and self-sufficiency. "The Lord chasteneth those he loveth"--this old theme had its Mormon counterparts."

Here is Herbert's description of the problem at its worst in South Cottonwood in 1868 or 69:

"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."

Many early Mormon settlers survived by doing contract work of various kinds for the railroad expansion that occurred in the 1870s

Another major event of 1869, the driving of the golden spike at Promontory Point, signaled completion of the main transcontinental railroad line. There was then a flurry of railroad work being done building connections and spurs to that main line, especially in Utah, where Brigham Young's colonization effort had created many dozens of additional communities throughout the state. In part because of the devastation wrought by the grasshoppers, farmers with working teams rushed to secure work with the railroad, to provide themselves with something to survive on during the coming winter. Herbert's employer was no exception, and he took some teams with him to do freighting for the railroad, leaving Herbert to tend the farm. Herbert believed that Mr. Thompson was able to earn as much as $600 that year, working for the railroad. The next year, Herbert says, was a normal year and good crops were raised.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

Also during 1870 came another life-changing experience for Herbert in the form of a freak accident. His description of it is detailed and vivid:

"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 lightning, 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 smelled like sulphur. My heavy boots were blown off my feet and were a rod [16 ½ feet] away. There I lay as naked as when I was born, and my face and breast badly burned by the lightning.

"A Dr. Harvey Hullinger 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 up on 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.

A lightning burn

"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 limp 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 to breathing two other men came over, and the four carried me to the house on a quilt. [As we shall see, one of these 'two other men' was Herbert's future father-in-law, Charles Wilkins, Jr., who lived about a ½ mile west of the Thompson farm.]

Cow that survived a direct lightning strike

"When they were half way to the house, they lay me down to rest themselves, and here--though I was not conscious--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. They laid me on the porch as they thought it would be too close in the house. I asked them to take me in the house as it seemed now that my limbs were dropping off. They made a bed for me 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.

Example of a lightning burn scar

"The Dr. put cold packs on my burned chest and then they administered to me, at which point I began to regain full consciousness. It must have been over half an hour before I regained consciousness after being struck. The Dr. began to question me about the things I had seen on the other side I said, "I guess I did not get there." He 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 the cold packs until the fire was drawn from my wounds, and then he began applying castor oil and flour on the burns.

"Well, he doctored my burns with clothes wrung out of cold spring water to take out the fire, and then put on castor oil and flour to heal the wound, which was as large as my hand all down my breast. It took two weeks to heal before I was able to get up out of bed.

Many people came to see me and said they could not see how I could have been struck down and recover. It seemed like I had been raised from death.

"The wounds completely healed and never left a scar. 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."

The doctor's application of castor oil and flour seemed at first unusual to me. But a quick check on the internet showed that castor oil has been a primary remedy for burns since the 1800's. Here is what came up on http://www.findhomeremedy.com/home-remedies-for-burns-on-hands/:

> Castor Oil: The cooling and healing properties of castor oil are almost magical. Application of castor oil on a burn and covering it with gauze will help the burn to heal in a few hours. For severe burns you need constant application of castor oil for several hours. Soak castor oil in gauze and tie it around the burn. This way you can be sure the castor oil remains in place for 24 hours. Continue application until the burn heals and the scar marks start fading away.
>
> Wheat Flour: The efficacy of wheat flour lies in the fact that wheat flour will immediately absorb the moisture in the burned skin and will start the wound . . . healing. Wheat flour is also a natural band aid, which prevents air, dust and germs from entering the wound and causing infections and blisters. Take finely ground wheat flour and apply on the affected skin. Soon the wheat flour will absorb the moisture from the burn and form a paste, which will stick to the wound and protect it from external irritants.

A few more details about this incident are found in a letter Dr. Hullinger wrote to Herbert many years after this event. A copy is included as Appendix D.

This near-death experience, although it had no conscious spirit world component, clearly left Herbert humbled and keenly aware of life's frailty. His recuperation was long and slow. He did not feel fully recovered until April of the following year--10 months later. As he gained back his strength, his thoughts turned to his family still waiting in England. I'm sure he must have asked himself what might happen to them if were to die before they were able to immigrate. He had been in Utah for over 4 years and had still not saved enough money to pay for their trip. He shared his concerns with the Thompsons. At Mr. Thompson's suggestion and urging, Herbert determined to ask the Church for financial help. His resolve was strong enough that he sought for, and obtained, a personal interview with Brigham Young.

"Well, that promise made me by Sister Bate had not come true yet. My folks were still in England and I was so weak I was not able to do a day's work the balance of that year. But the Thompson's were kind to me and I stayed with them and went to school that winter in South Cottonwood and did the chores for my board and lodging while my boss (Mr. Clinton) went out to Echo Canyon freighting from the end of the railroad that was being built to Utah."

Brigham Young, President of the Church from 1844-1877

" In the spring (April) of 1871 I was strong again and hired to Clinton Thompson for another summer. He said to me, "You say you want to send for your folks. Well, I have a little extra money. I will pay you $150 in advance. You can go to President Young and tell him you have folks in England who want to come to Utah and I have $150 to pay down."

Herbert writes this about his interview with Brigham Young:
"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 through the Perpetual Immigration Fund. I told him I had $150.00 toward paying their passage. He looked me full in the face and asked, "Young man, will you be responsible for the balance that will be due after they arrive?" 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 (John Jr.) 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."

I was not able to find precise data on the cost for emigrating from Liverpool to Salt Lake City once the railroad went all the way to Salt Lake City, but based on the costs for the sea crossing, and a railroad trip from New York City all the way to Salt Lake City in 1871, the total cost to get to Utah from Liverpool, per person, was probably in the $80 range. The remaining family consisted of parents, Henry, 44, and Sarah, 41, plus six children: George,17; Eleanor, 15; Mary, 13; David, 9; Jesse, 7; and John, 5.

Assuming an average cost of $80 for adults (over 12) and $50 for younger children, the total cost would have been in the $550 range.

After four years of trying to save some money, Herbert had only the $150 advance payment Mr. Thompson had given him for the coming year. By early 1871, Herbert must have felt considerable desperation, which moved him to go, however reluctantly, to ask for help from Brigham Young directly. It is impressive that Herbert was successful in obtaining a direct interview with the Prophet Brigham Young.

Passenger Train in 1870s

We are never told how much money John Jr. left to the family at his death, but given the overall financial culture and times that they lived in, it seems unlikely that it exceeded the $150 amount that Herbert had already given Brigham Young. This would have left about $250 more to pay to the church just for their transportation. Plus they would have had additional expenses for incidentals along the way. (Perhaps Henry was able to sell his father's home before leaving England, which would have helped cover the bulk of their travel costs.)

"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 prophecy 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. As 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 Bate 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 had its fulfillment. A patriarch once told me that Satan had tried to take my life, that that wonderful promise should not be fulfilled. That promise and it's fulfillment has always been a great testimony to me, and I hope it shall be to all my posterity.

"When I had been well five months, that promise came true, though I had been nearly killed before it came to pass and five years had passed away. But the Lord did preserve my life that I should be the means of emigrating them. They arrived safely but had to have many trials after they got here. They came by steamship and boat and railroad all the way. They were only three weeks coming overland as the railroad had been built into Salt Lake.

"My folks had a hard, tiresome trip, although they came by steamship and railroad all the way, and the time was much

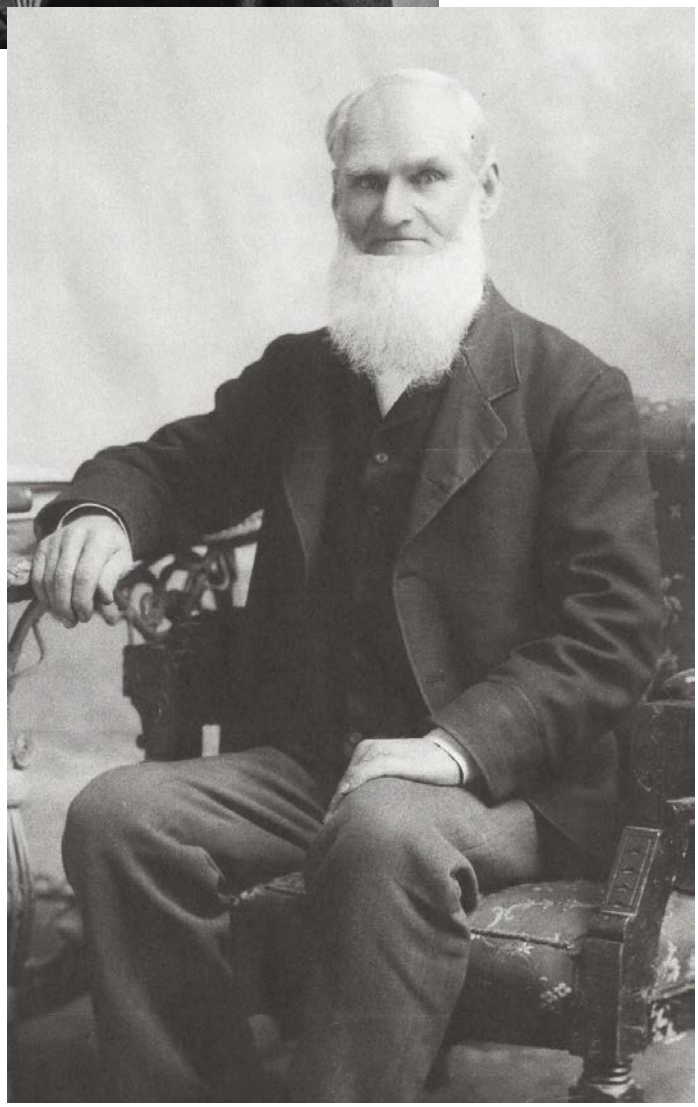
shorter than when I came. [An estimation of how long the trip might have been would be 10-12 days on the transatlantic steamship and 8-9 days on rails, much faster than Herbert's 4½ month trip, but still a pretty grueling period with no rest periods to normalize and adjust to 9 time zone changes and an elevation change of 7,000 feet.] *They landed in Salt Lake safely about September 1871. However, a greater trial was awaiting them. My sister Mary took sick with mountain fever which turned to pneumonia, and she died two weeks after they landed. This was a terrible blow to us all. She was buried in a "potter's field" and we have never been able to locate her grave. Father, too, had an attack of the fever, but he soon got well."*

It is impossible to imagine the heartache that must have existed in the hearts of the Manwaring family to have finally been reunited in Utah, only to lose a beloved daughter and little sister so quickly after arriving....and to lose her in a state of financial exhaustion of such degree that they could not even pay for a funeral or gravesite. The joy of being reunited was probably completely swallowed up in the grief over losing Mary. To this day, Mary's burial site is unknown.

This picture was probably taken close to the time when the Henry Manwaring family assembled to complete the sealings of all the children to their parents in May, 1888. It would have definitely been before George Manwaring's death in 1889 since he is in the picture. Family members in this sitting include: (back row) George, David, Jesse, John; (middle row) Herbert, Albert; (front row) Eleanor, Henry and Sarah.

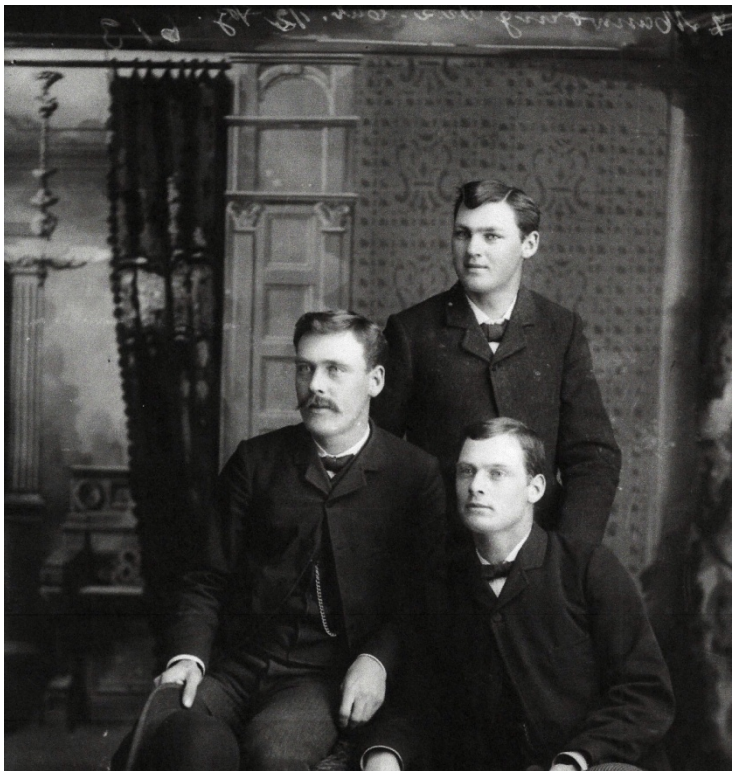
The above two pictures of Herbert's mother Sarah Barber Manwaring Manwaring were taken together at about 1900, when she was 70.

Sarah in front of her house at 222 East 400 South in Springville, approx 1914. She was a widow for 16 years and died in 1918 at the age of 88.



Henry Manwaring approx 1897, about 70 years old. Henry died in 1902 at age 75.

Herbert's next younger brother, George, who wrote several hymns in the LDS hymnbook, including Joseph Smith's First Prayer



Herbert's brothers David (left), Albert (in back) and John Henry

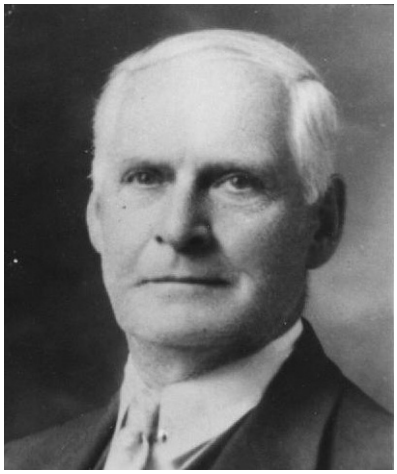
Herbert's brother Jessie, as a young man, photographed by George Edward Anderson

Jessie Manwaring as Provo Chief of Police

One of the few known photos of Albert Manwaring

David and Marion Manwaring and three of their children. David served as a bishop in Provo for 13 years and in Green River for 10 years.

David Manwaring, Herbert's younger brother, in later years.



John Henry Manwaring served in several bishoprics and was a stake patriarch for 10 years

John Henry Manwaring photographed by George Edward Anderson. John and David successfully canvassed (sold pictures door-to-door) for Anderson and artist John Hafen, to earn money to bring his family to the Logan Temple to be sealed.

It should also be pointed out that Herbert met, for the first time, his two youngest brothers when the family arrived. John Henry Manwaring was born on May 18, 1866, one month after Herbert left on the *John Bright*, and Albert was born July 26, 1869, three years later. When the then 21-year old Herbert first met them, John Henry was 5 years old and Albert was 2 years old.

The Manwarings got settled--for that winter of 1871--somewhere in Salt Lake City. Herbert supplied them with flour and meat and other staples from his work at the farm in South Cottonwood, while George was able to get work at Teasdale's store. Herbert says that with the income from both him and George, his family got along "fairly well." In the spring of the following year, Herbert moved his parents (with the younger siblings) to Springville, where they lived the remainder of their days.

Henry and Sarah Manwaring's final homesite in Springville was at this address: 222 East 400 South. The original home was probably built on this home's foundation, which measures only about 50 feet by 30 feet. Note the corner of the old seminary building on the right side.

Over the years they lived in four different small homes in Springville, finally settling in a log house purchased from Edwin Whiting, east of the old high school, near 400 South and 300 East. The younger boys in the family fixed it up, and Herbert's parents lived humbly, but comfortably until their deaths. Father Henry died March 25, 1902 at the age of 75, and Mother Sarah lived another 16 years and died on October 3, 1918, at the age of 88. They are buried together in the old Springville City Cemetery.

No specific items are mentioned by Herbert for the year 1872, although one of the things he relates for 1873 may have actually occurred in 1872. He writes that the spring and summer seasons of 1873 were difficult and the crops were light. The work on Mr. Thompson's farm was not sufficient to keep Herbert working, so he went to work in the mines up Big Cottonwood Canyon. He earned $2.50 per day working in the prospect holes and tunnels. This was approximately $12.50 per week, or a rate of about $600 per year--a king's ransom compared to the $10.00 per year he had earned working for a farmer in England eight years earlier

However, this work was fraught with risk. In those days, there were dozens of startup mine tunnels in Big and Little Cottonwood Canyons. Prospectors would scour the canyon rock sides for signs of ore veins and then begin digging with picks and shovels.

None of the safety equipment now used in mining was used then, and many of the holes dug were barely large enough for a man. Lighting was primitive, and often the holes and tunnels filled with water and toxic air.

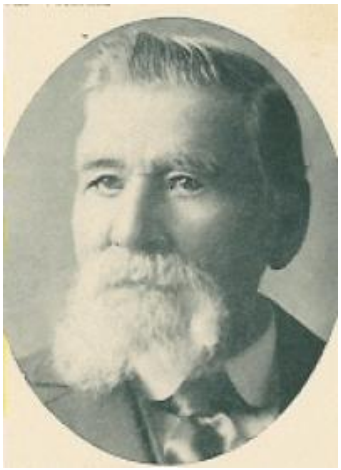
Herbert soon quit this job, because the work was so dangerous and the men he worked with "were a rough lot." He also states, *"I quit and went back to the farm. I worked for wages during the summer, and did chores for my board in the winter and went to school."* [This interesting comment tells us that even at age 25, Herbert was still trying to get some education.] *"I again went to work for Mr. Thompson for $200 per year. Beside the farm work, I hauled wool from Weber, and silver ore from the Emma mine in Little Cottonwood canyon. During the time I was freighting I boarded at*

A mine entrance in Big Cottonwood Canyon

Miner using a pick to chip out silver ore

Confidence Mine entrance, Big Cottonwood Canyon

Old photo of Emma Mine in Little Cottonwood Canyon



Elijah Maxfield

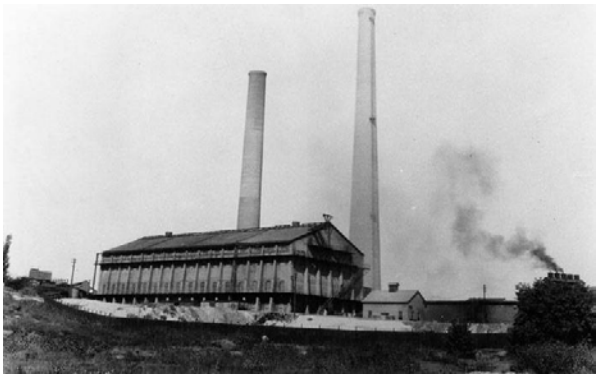
Elijah Maxfield's. I had just quit hauling that fall, when a great snow slide came taking houses and everything before it. Seven or eight men lost their lives in that slide. It was almost a miracle that I escaped calamity."

Historical newspaper records show that a mammoth snow slide occurred in Little Cottonwood Canyon near Alta on December 26, 1872, and that there were 10 known deaths connected with that slide. Herbert may have missed the year, thinking it was 1873 instead of 1872. Elijah Maxfield was a member of the church and also known for his work as a pony express rider, a spy in Johnston's Army during 1858-1860, and a member of the Martin and Willey handcart

rescue of 1856. In 1862, Brigham Young called him to take his young family from Big Cottonwood to settle Dixie. They spent 5 years of struggle and hardship in Toquerville in Washington County. In 1867, they left Toquerville and moved back to South Cottonwood. In 1873 he lived in "Cottonwood" and worked as a lumber contractor. Herbert may have worked with him in some of his freighting work.

Freighting ore out of the canyon

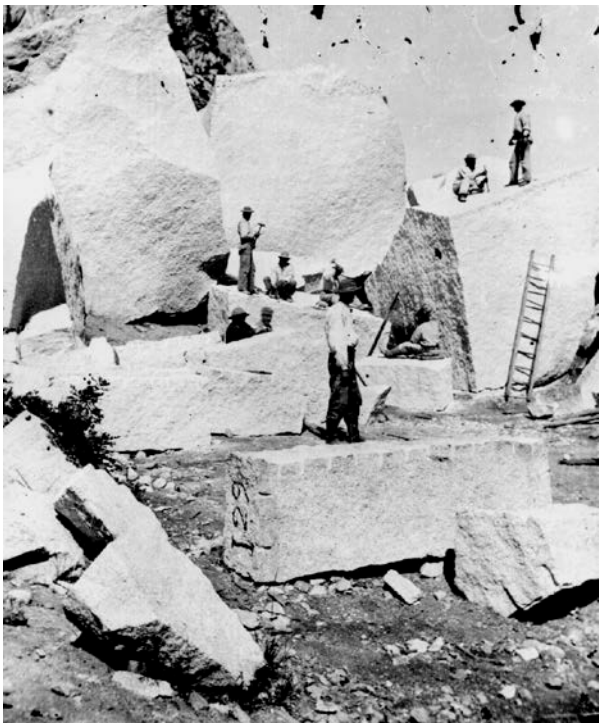
The Emma Mine in Little Cotton-wood Canyon, located just above Alta, mentioned by Herbert is one of the most infamous of all Utah silver mines, because after its ore was exhausted, bogus ore samples were used to sell the played-out mine to British investors. Some high-ranking US politicians used their influence to help sell the mine for $5 million in late 1871, an extraordinary amount for that time. Within months it became apparent the mine was worthless and it caused a major controversy between the US and Great Britain. The fraud was exposed in a Congressional investigation in 1876.



Twin smokestacks at the American Refining and Smelting Company site near 5200 South in Murray.

Herbert was apparently more adept at, and more comfortable with 'freighting' for the mines than actually entering them. But he apparently made sufficient contacts in the mining community that he was able to use his team and wagon to freight ore down the mountain to the smelters in Cottonwood and Sandy.

Looking into present Salt Lake Valley from Little Cottonwood Canyon. On the right wall is where the LDS Church granite vaults are located, and on the left wall at the mouth of the canyon is the quarry where granite for the Salt Lake Temple was obtained.

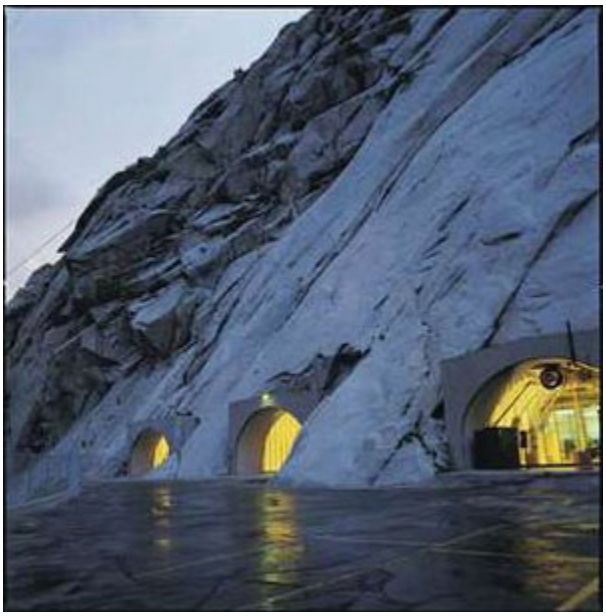


Quarrying white granite for the Salt Lake Temple at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon

"That 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."

The task of freighting ore down Big Cottonwood Canyon was not as simple as it might sound. The road is very steep, and even the best teams and skilled drivers sometimes lost control of their loads. Herbert must have been pretty good at running his team and wagon, because he mentions no accidents or problems during his ore freighting. He also mentions that he owned a span of mules, which makes sense because mules are considered more surefooted and capable on steep roads than are horses. Whether his span was two or more mules isn't clear, but he does say he used his mules to drive Clarissa to the Endowment House when they got married.

Surprising to many, during this time, there were no fewer than 14 smelters in the Murray/Sandy area, making it the smelting center of the western US. I was surprised when I googled "Sandy Smelters" and found a wealth of information. The IHC Medical Center in Murray in fact was built over an area that had two very large historic smokestacks connected with smelting in the late 1800's and early 1900's. Most of the areas where smelters were located were considered polluted with heavy metals and were special sites designated for clean-up with federal funds. At its peak, over 10,000 people were directly employed by the mining/smelting industry in Utah at the turn of the century. Total metal production from Big Cottonwood Canyon alone from 1870 to 1920 amounted to 30,600 ounces of gold, 17.5 million ounces of silver, 18.1 million pounds of copper, 252 million pounds of lead and 4.7 million pounds of zinc.



Entrances to LDS Church's granite vaults in the granite walls of Little Cottonwood Canyon

Since Herbert spent 8 years living and working in "South Cottonwood," it is helpful to know just what that location is. Most sources equate the South Cottonwood of 1870 to the present-day city of Murray, Utah. However, there were evolving definitions and boundaries back in Herbert's day. Helpful insight about the development and locaion of South Cottonwood in the years prior to Herbert's arrival is found in the following information:

An old picture of the South Cottonwood Ward meeting house, where Herbert undoubtedly met with many of his new Utah friends, including his future wife, Clarissa.

"The book BETWEEN THE COTTONWOODS (1992) says that "The south-eastern portion of the Salt Lake Valley was a lush grassland during the 1800s, cut by creeks and small streams and pocked by numerous flowing springs. Birds and small animals thrived in the riparian environments, while the grass acted as a haven for wild horses (actually Indian ponies). The young men and boys of the area considered the catching and riding of these horses a favorite sport during the 1850s and 1860s ... The field north of the present South Cottonwood Ward (5600 South and Vine Street) was used by Utes on their annual

migration ... The field's continued use by the Utes prompted its maintenance as a campsite. It later acted as a camp and rest stop for the teams of oxen that hauled the granite for the Salt Lake Temple, beginning in 1853 and continuing through the 1860s and 1870s. These teams left the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon and followed what is now Vine Street to the site of the South Cotton-wood Ward. The men and oxen would then camp overnight before continuing the journey to Salt Lake City the next day. Beginning in 1874 the field became the ward burial ground."

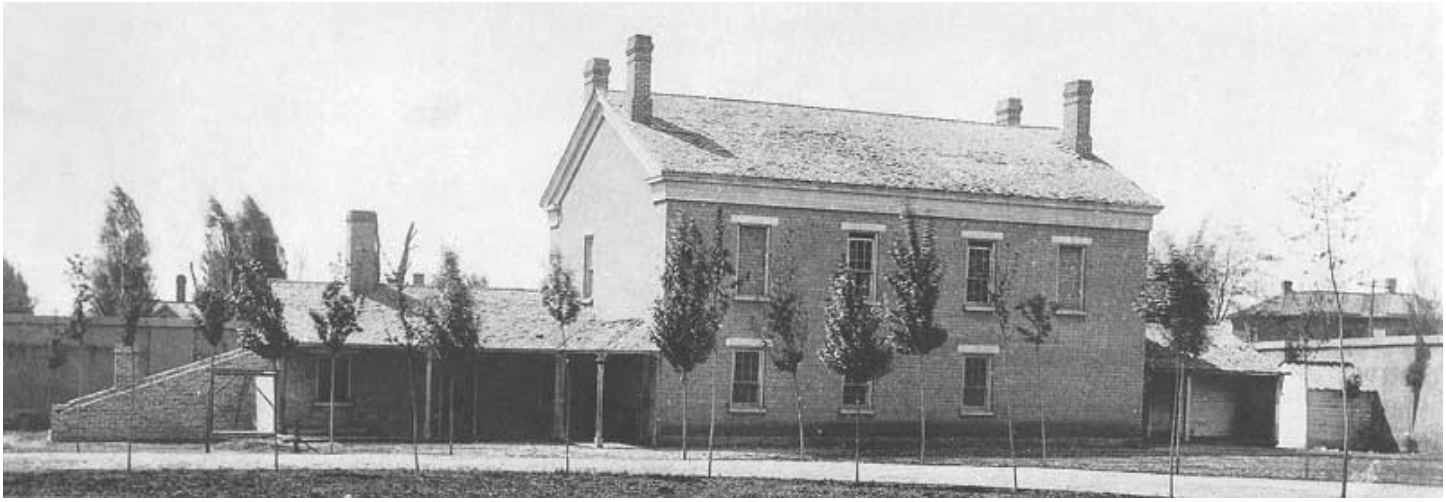
"Most of the pioneers who first settled in South Cottonwood were part of the "Flake Company" of Saints from Mississippi, who had crossed the plains and come into the valley in 1847 a few days after Brigham Young's party (they had wintered in Pueblo, Colorado, and Brigham Young sent Amasa M. Lyman to meet them and bring them into the valley). Some of the Southern Saints (the Flakes, Crosbys, and Browns), were slaveholders. The original plots of the 'Amasa Survey' were assigned to Amasa M. Lyman, William Crosby, Daniel Clark, James M. Flake, John Tanner and his sons Sidney and Nathan, Daniel M. Thomas, and John Brown, among others."

"Most of the settlers of South Cottonwood continued to live in either tents or wagon boxes during the fall and winter of 1848. John Brown erected the first adobe house during the spring and summer of 1849. Many of the original settlers of South Cottonwood, including several black slaves of the Southern Saints, left the Salt Lake Valley in 1851 and went with Apostle Lyman to help settle San Bernardino, California ... The South Cottonwood Ward (also known as the "Mississippi Ward"), with Abraham O. Smoot as Bishop, was organized in 1852, and the Amasa Survey plots were redistributed. The ward covered an area from Big Cottonwood Creek on the north to the Point of the Mountain on the south (approx. 13 miles), and from the Wasatch Mountains on the east to the Jordan River on the west (approx. 7 miles). The South Cottonwood Ward meeting house at 5600 S. Vine Street (at approximately 700 E.) was erected in 1856."

No doubt church meetings were the primary meeting place for Herbert to get to know those living in and around the area of South Cottonwood. The meetinghouse that was built for South Cottonwood mentioned in the above paragraph, was demolished in 1995, but a picture taken just before demolition is shown here. At church meetings Herbert probably first met first met a young lady by the name of Clarissa Wilkins. The Wilkins family moved to South Cottonwood from Willard City in Box Elder County on or about 1860. Herbert got there in 1868. By the time Herbert first arrived, Clarissa would have been 11 years old while he was 19. He would have watched her grow for 8 years until she herself was 19 before he proposed and married her. Herbert is very stingy with details about their courtship., but does indicate that he did not begin "keeping her company" until just before they got married. All he tells us is:

"During the time I lived with Mr. Thompson, I got acquainted with Miss Clarissa Wilkins, the daughter of Charles Wilkins of South Cottonwood. Now, my good wife-to-be, Clarissa, was living only a half mile west of Clinton Thompson where I lived. Her father helped to carry me to the house when I was struck by that wicked bolt of lightning. I was well acquainted with him, but not so well with the family until I commenced to keep her company not long before we were married. She was about 19 then. She accepted my proposal and on the appointed day, 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. We went out on the prairie to make our home without any neighbors to welcome us except a young fellow who was a cattle herder. We went nine miles from her home with a little span of mules and an old wagon, bedding and some household utensils, to a rough lumber house about sixteen feet square with about $125 or $130 worth of furniture waiting to be used. There were no neighbors within a mile of us.

"That is how we started life. O, she was a courageous little woman. I have never met one that I felt I could love better than her and I will joy, I am sure, when we meet again in that land where there is no more death or sickness to mar our happiness, where I can make good for many mistakes I have made and we will have joy in meeting with our friends and relatives and those we have helped to redeem.



This is the Endowment House as it appeared in the 1870's when Herbert and Clarissa were married there. Note the adobe walls visible in the background on the far left and right. The Endowment House was located in the northwest corner of temple square, near the corener where the north wall met the west wall. This view is from a location where the main visitor's center now stands.

The Endowment House on Temple Square no longer stands, but was located in the far northwest corner of the square. It was built to facilitate the performance of sealing ordinances during the 40 years the Salt Lake Temple was under construction and unable to be used. Until the Salt Lake Temple opened in 1893, the nearest functional temple for anyone in the Salt Lake Valley was the Logan Temple, 65 miles north, which was dedicated in 1884. The St. George Temple was the first temple opened in Utah, in 1877, but it was a 2- week journey by horseback just to get there.

The Endowment House was a two-story adobe building, 44 by 34 feet (13 by 10 m), with a single-story 20-foot (6.1 m) extension on its north side. In 1856, another extension was added on its south side and a baptistry on its west side

Inside, the Endowment House was the first building designed specifically for administering temple rituals. Earlier buildings used for such purposes—such as Joseph Smith's Red Brick Store in Nauvoo; the Nauvoo Temple; and the Council House—only had temporary canvas partitions. The Endowment House had the typical ordinance rooms found in some later Mormon temples: a creation room; a garden room; a world room; a celestial room; and sealing rooms. In 1856,William Ward painted the walls of the creation room to represent the Garden of Eden, the first such temple mural. It was one of the first buildings in Utah to have indoor bathrooms.

The Endowment House was used primarily for performing certain temple ordinances. From 1857 to 1876 the baptismal font was used to perform 134,053 baptisms for the dead. Between 1855 and 1884 54,170 persons received their washings and anointings and endowments. Between 1855 and 1889, 68,767 couples were sealed in marriage—31,052 for the living and 37,715 for the dead.

Mormons did not consider the Endowment House a temple, so they did not perform all temple ordinances in it. Brigham Young explained, "We can, at the present time [1874], go into the Endowment House and be baptized for our dead, receive our washings and anointings, etc. ... We also have the privilege of sealing women to men without a Temple ... but when we come to other sealing ordinances, ordinances pertaining to the holy Priesthood, to connect the chain of the Priesthood from father Adam until now, by sealing children to their parents, being sealed for our forefathers, etc., they cannot be done without a temple" Hence, there were no sealing of children nor endowments for the dead performed in the Endowment House. These ordinances were first administered in Utah's first temple, in St. George, in 1877.

The Endowment House was also used for other purposes, including prayer circles, settings apart, and instructing missionaries before their departure, as well as meetings of the various church leaders, such as the First Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve Apostles.

The Endowment House became a casualty of the anti-polygamy campaign of the U.S. Federal Government, especially the Edmunds–Tucker Act of 1887, which disincorporated the LDS Church and allowed the federal government to seize all of its assets. In response, church leaders ceased performing new plural marriages. In October 1889, Wilford Woodruff, President of the Church, learned that a plural marriage had been performed the previous spring in the Endowment House without his permission. After discussing the matter with the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, he ordered the building razed without delay. The *Salt Lake Tribune*, in its issue dated November 17, 1889, reported that the building was "being demolished". By the end of the month all trace of the Endowment House was gone.

Ury Welch Wilkins

Clarissa's father, Charles, had lost his first wife during their trek across the plains in 1854. At that time he had a very young daughter, Elizabeth. who was cared for after the death of her mother by a family named Welch. Job and Charlotte Welch and their two daughters, Honor and Uriah, were crossing the plains with the Wilkins and they became close friends. Uriah, usually called Ury, was only 13 when she took Charles' little daughter under her wing. By the time both families got to Salt Lake, they had bonded together and decided to settle next to one another. Very soon after getting set up, Charles married Ury. She was 14 and he was 27. Charles was from Berkshire, England, and Ury was from Dorset, England. Ury would ultimately bear 15 children. Her firstborn was Clarissa, born on October 11, 1857. Ury was 15 years old when Clarissa was born.

Charles was a jack of many trades, engaged in farming like most others, but also possessing the skills of butchering, carpentry and teaching. He taught some of his sons the art of butchering and together they maintained a successful business at that trade for several years, in addition to their farming activity. He built a house for his family that was comfortable by the day's standards. It was a 1½ story home with four rooms and a large lean-to in back. It also boasted an iron stove, instead of just a fireplace, which would have been a blessing to young Ury with all her children.

Charles Wilkins, Jr.

Charles was at one time president of the Seventies Quorum in the South Cottonwood Ward. In 1872, church leaders made plans to create the South Cottonwood Cemetery, since there was no place outside of the Salt Lake City Cemetery--other than private property--for the early settlers to bury their dead. Charles Wilkins was selected as the first sexton of the Cottonwood South Ward cemetery, which later became what is today the Murray City Cemetery, a position he held for twenty years. He played a key role in the original planning and layout of the cemetery. Charles and Ury along with their sons Nephi and Stephen J. are buried in that cemetery and their graves are marked by a single headstone.

This large headstone in the Murray City Cemetery marks the graves of Ury and Charles Wilkins as well as their sons Nephi and Stephen.

Interestingly, Charles had some ability also at making and repairing shoes. Whether this was a skill that he had already learned or one that Herbert had coached him on, we do not know, but the two at least had this ability in common.

The relationship between Herbert and Charles must have been a good one, because when Herbert and Clarissa married and left South Cottonwood to homestead in Granger, he took with him a good portion of his father-in-law's cattle herd plus two of Clarissa's brothers, Heber, age 12, and Nephi, age 10, to help care for the livestock.

Another individual Herbert met and became good friends with was Jesse Richard Smith Turpin. The Turpin family, like the Wilkins family, were early settlers in South Cottonwood and had moved there several years before Herbert arrived. Jesse Richard arrived as the first born son of Jesse Turpin and Jane Louisa Smith Turpin in Hutchinson, MO, in 1847. He was born two years before Herbert. As an infant, his parents had to hide him from the Missouri mobs who came searching Mormon homes in those days. The family moved to Nauvoo, but was driven from that place also and came to Salt Lake City in 1848.

Jesse Richard Smith Turpin as a young man. He was Herbert's homesteading partner in Granger

They settled in South Cottonwood, where they had two more children, but in 1852, Father Jesse was called on a mission to the West Indies. Louisa and her three small children got along as best they could while their father spent two years on his mission. On his return from the missionfield, Father Jesse contracted cholera and died and was buried in Leavenworth, Kansas. Louisa did not find out about this tragic turn of events until the wagon train he was supposed to be traveling with arrived in Salt Lake City. She had made a special trip to Salt Lake to meet that wagon train. Jesse Richard was with his mother when the wagon train arrived and they learned their husband and father was buried in Kansas.

Jesse Richard Smith Turpin was one of the many young men who participated in the down-and-back wagon train program that brought Herbert to Salt Lake. It was on one of those trips that he met his future wife, Joan Jennette Litson. When Jesse Richard married Joan, he was 19 and she was 18. They were married in the Endowment House on October 26, 1866. [This was the same year that Herbert arrived in Utah.] Unlike Herbert, Jesse some years later, took a second wife and between the two wives, he had 21 children. Utah legal documents show he spent 6 months in the Utah Penitentiary for "unlawful cohabitation." Unlike Herbert, Jesse's family stayed on their Granger homestead, and today the Turpin name is recognized as one of the more prominent family names of West Valley City.

[The four unincorporated areas of Granger, Hunter, Redwood and Chesterfield joined together in 1980 to form what is today West Valley City, Utah's second largest city. I lived with my siblings and parents in Hunter for 3 years from 1957 to 1960 before we moved to Pocatello. We rented an old adobe brick pioneer farmhouse which has since been destroyed, but it very well could have been one of the oldest buildings in Hunter at the time, and may have been built prior to 1900. My bedroom was created out of a lean-to structure on the back end of the house. Our address in Hunter was 3602 South 5600 West. In those years we were surrounded by farmland and livestock, but today it is all developed.]

"Mr. Jesse Turpin and I went [west] *over the Jordan River, to the place that is now called Granger, and each* [of us] *filed on a quarter section* [160 acres] *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 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 harness. 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."*

Hand-dug surface wells are excavations with diameters large enough to accommodate one or more persons with shovels digging down to below the water table. Where Herbert lived, it would have been probably at least 12 feet deep.. They are usually lined with laid stones or brick; extending this lining upwards above the ground surface to form a wall around the well serves to reduce both contamination and injuries by falling into the well.

Hand dug wells provided a cheap and low-tech solution to accessing groundwater in rural pioneer locations when flowing water was not available. Hand dug wells are inexpensive and have low operational and maintenance costs, in part because water is extracted by hand bailing.. The water seeps into the surface well slowly from the surrounding aquifer.

Drawbacks to hand-dug wells are numerous. It can be impractical to hand dig wells in areas where hard rock is present, and they can be time-consuming to dig and line even in favorable areas. Because they exploit shallow aquifers, the well may be susceptible to drying out when the water table drops in times of drought.

Jesse was trained in leatherwork, primarily for the making of saddles and harnesses, by his father. Herbert shared this experience with leather, except that it was with shoes, instead. They became acquainted in South Cottonwood and were close enough as friends that the two of them struck out together, with their young families, to homestead in Granger, Utah, west of the Jordan River. In 1876, when they started homesteading, Jesse and his wife Joan had 2 little children; Herbert and Clarissa had no children of their own, but took with them Clarissa's two little brothers.

Jesse Turpin's gravestone is located in the Elysian Gardens Cemetery in Murray, only about 1 mile from the Murray City Cemetery where Charles and Ury Wilkins are buried

Granger was north and west of South Cottonwood. The approximate boundaries of Granger in Herbert's day were from the Jordan River (approx 1200 West) to 4500 West and from 2100 South to 4100 South. Importantly, it was entirely west of the Jordan River. All the area west of the Jordan River was referred to as "over Jordan" and Herbert used that term in his autobiography. In 1876 there was little or no development of irrigation canals, so water on the west of the Jordan River was a constant problem. Big and Little Cottonwood Canyons and the higher mountains in those canyons provided a more reliable source of water for the area east of the Jordan River, but the Oquirrh Mountain watershed for the west side was much smaller, resulting in more difficult water concerns. Herbert seems to have located both his Granger homestead and his later West Jordan homestead about a mile and a half (approx. 3000 West) from the Jordan River, because, he explains, he had to haul


This is what rough 2-room lumber homestead cabins looked like in the 1870's and is probably pretty close to what Herbert built in Granger and in West Jordan and, initially, at his place in Mapleton. He writes that his Granger cabin measured 16 feet square. The women in this photo are depicting 3 generations of the Bunting family that settled in Kaysville.

water that distance for his farm.

Herbert describes his new neighborhood this way: *"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. It 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 Sunday.*

"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 shrunken that it was not fit for milling. Next year I had a fair crop, but it was hailed out 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 was not to last."

Based on the above, the timeline would look something like this: Herbert moved his wife and her two little brothers along with some livestock to the Granger homestead just a day or two after getting married--during the last week of May, 1876. For 3-4 years they struggled on what would have been a dry farm with no irrigation, probably hauling their water from the Jordan River. Around 1879, they finally got an irrigation source that enabled them to grow a small garden. In those days, a "small garden" probably would have been pretty big by our standards, perhaps as much as a quarter acre. It took another five years before canals were fully in place for Herbert to irrigate a field. So around 1884, Herbert was working on raising real crops. But the trials just kept coming. His first crop was 3 acres of wheat that was so too poor to be milled. The second year was going to be a good crop, but a hail storm destroyed it before it could be harvested. About 1885 Herbert began to have some decent success with his homestead, but that only lasted a couple of years.

"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 foxtail and black tumble weeds. 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.

Saleratus, or natural potassium carbonate from the ground, was used by pioneers as a substitute for baking

[Herbert's mention of 'salaratus' is interesting. I found the following information about it. It appears he is referring to the accumulation of alkali on the surface of the ground from overwatering. This was acknowledged as a major problem in an article on the early history of Granger: "The Granger area was settled by Welsh Latter-day Saints who had come to Utah with Dan Jones in 1849. Irrigation systems and agriculture were developed in the area, and it was Elias Smith who proposed the area's name on account of its successful farming. At other times high alkali content made farming difficult. There were enough Latter-day Saints to form a separate Granger Ward in 1884." Another source further explained the meaning of the word like this:

"Salaratus should be spelled saleratus. Saleratus is a chemical compound (potassium carbonate) which naturally weeps from the ground as mineral-bearing water evaporates. Coming from Latin roots, *sal aeratus* means aerated salt, referring to its ability to produce carbon dioxide when mixed with another acidic food element such as vinegar or tartaric acid (cream of tartar). It is used instead of

soda to make biscuits. Pioneers on the trail often gathered saleratus when they found it, for example near Independence Rock in Wyoming. It is also reported to occur on the shores of the Great Salt Lake."]

[Another note: The Dan Jones/Welsh connection in Granger is another interesting coincidence. Dan Jones was the first missionary to preach in Wales. He had come from Halkyn, Wales, which is less than 25 miles from Liverpool. Although his missionary activity occurred just before Herbert's birth, Dan Jones was one of the most successful missionaries in the Church. He helped to convert thousands in Wales, including his family members. Herbert states that when he boarded the ship *John Bright* to sail to America, one of his first "true" friends was the fellow bunking next to him, named John Jones. Unfortunately there were no less than six John Joneses listed on the passenger list for the *John Bright* and all six were from Wales. Three of them were under the age of 11, traveling with their parents, so it is unlikely they were assigned to a bunk next to Herbert. The other three John Joneses were John R. Jones, age 32, traveling with his wife and 3 small children; John J. Jones, age 30,traveling with his wife and 4 small children; and John B. Jones, age 22, the oldest of 5 children traveling with their parents, Thomas and Ann Jones.

I believe the John Jones that Herbert refers to in his autobiography was this last one for two reasons: first, like Herbert, he was a grown but unmarried young man. It is likely that church agents would have assigned them together rather than with young married fathers with young children.

Second, the family of Thomas and Ann Jones came from a small village near Wrexham, Wales, which is actually less than 25 miles from Dan Jones birthplace of Halkyn, Wales.

It is also less than 50 miles as the crow flies from...surprise, surprise....Sandbach, England! They could have had church acquaintances in common due to their proximity.

Not much is known about John B. Jones except that he arrived here in Herbert's group, and his family apparently settled in or near Provo. Three of his siblings eventually were buried in Provo. But I could find no record of his marriage and the only information on his death was that he died in 1914 at the age of 70 and was buried in Springville, Utah.]

Apparently the first years on the Granger homestead resulted in Herbert and his family becoming somewhat isolated from the Church. They were distant enough from neighbors and meeting houses that they were not able to regularly attend church meetings. But the valley was filling fast with new pioneers and immigrants arriving almost every week, and soon the church expanded to find Herbert again:

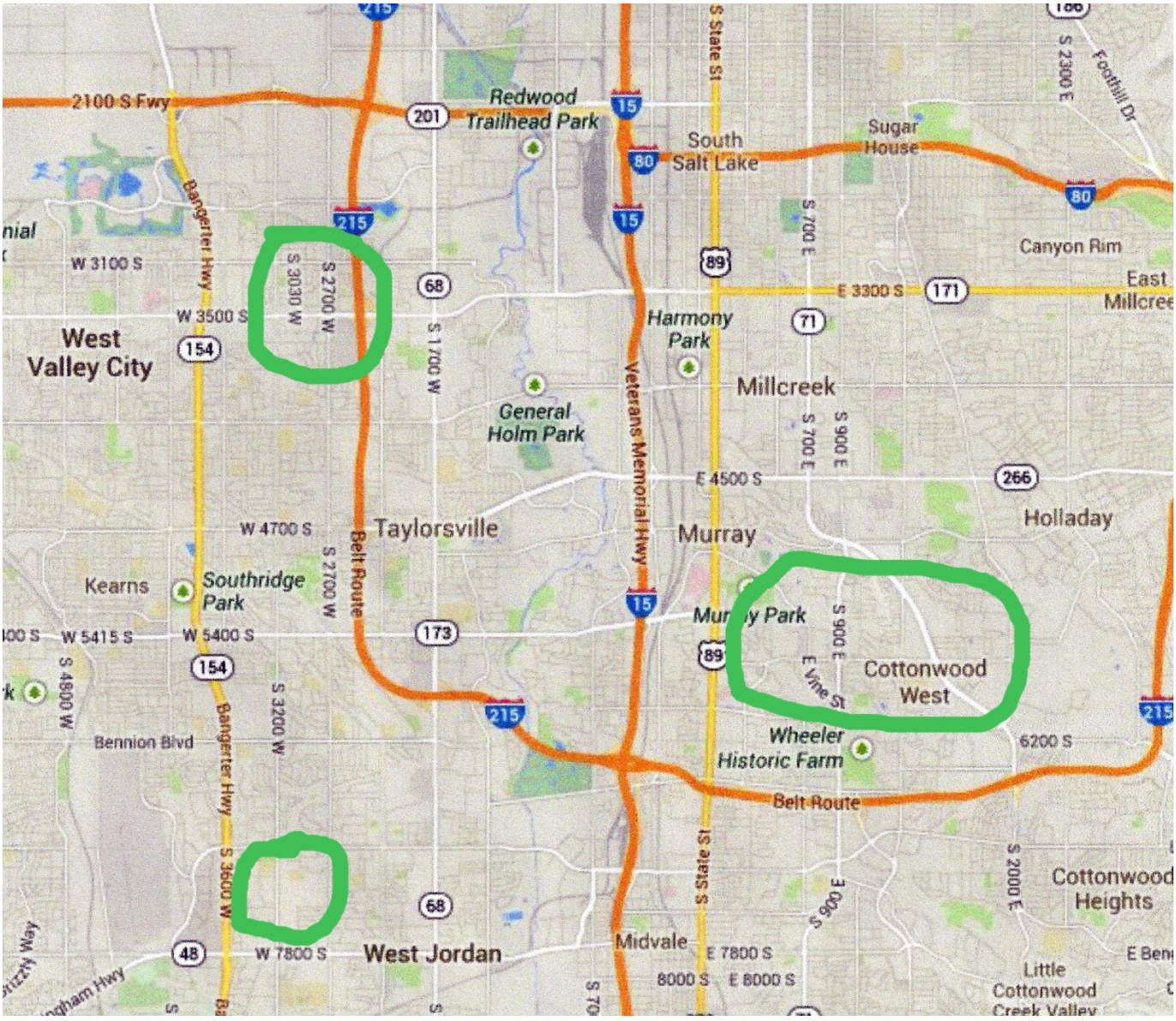
Wrexham, Wales, the hometown of John Jones, whom Herbert met on the *John Bright* was less than 50 miles west of Sandbach.

"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 Frederick Shanefelt came over and held a cottage meeting with us and our neighbors. He then called Daniel McRae and me to act as ward teachers in the Southern part of his ward. Later Bro. McRae was called to serve in the Taylorsville ward. I was then given another companion and labored two years more 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 it's principles.

"The Granger ward was first organized (February, 1884) with Daniel McRae Bishop, Abraham Sorenson first, and John Bowden, second counselors. 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 a school house built. This building was used for both a school and a Church for several years. During this time, I was ordained a Seventy and acted as a 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.

So, after staking everything on his homestead claim and working for several years to develop it, his land was ruined through overwatering by other settlers' efforts to develop irrigation for themselves without regard to his property. This must have really tested Herbert and Clarissa. But it never seemed to affect their testimonies in any way. They simply



This map shows the three main areas Herbert lived before moving to Mapleton. The green circle on the right is the area of South Cottonwood; the upper left circle is the approximate location of Herbert's Granger homestead; and the lower left circle is about where his second homestead was in West Jordan.

realized that they could no longer farm the Granger homestead, so Herbert set out to find another one.

"After our irrigated farms became water logged, I went five and a half miles south of the old homestead [if Herbert's distance measure is accurate, this location would have been somewhere near 7500 South in West Jordan] *and filed on a dry farm under the preemption act. 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 Farshey moved onto the place also. He and another man, Mr. David Warr, came with their families and belongings, pitched their tents on my land and with the intent of contesting our right to the land. I left my two little boys there, who were then just nine and eleven, 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, [this would have been Levi and Hyrum, respectively] *and it was a terrible trial to have them off alone with those sheep. The other little boy, nine*, [this would have been Orson] *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."*

Herbert's comment about his son Orson "driving cows a mile and a half each day to water" suggests that he was probably located a mile and a half from the Jordan River, since that was the only reliable water source, before irrigation, in the area. This means that the Granger homestead would have been in the vicinity of where I-215 now runs. Historically, the main east-west road in Granger was 3500 South, so Herbert was probably close to where 3500 South and 2700 West intersect. It is likely that he was not too much farther west from the Jordan River when he went south into what is now West Jordan for his second homestead.

"These were hard days indeed, and during the anxiety of it all, we had a new baby born. [This would have been Horace, born in August of 1888. At the time Herbert and Clarissa also had two little toddler sons, Walter (4) and Arthur (2). Their last child, David Heber, was born in 1896 after they had moved to Mapleton.] *We lived up to the requirements of the law and when the time came to prove-up of 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."*

Test after test. Trial after trial. After losing their first homestead to the overwatering/alkali problem, when they staked their second homestead claim, two other families came to challenge their claim. These competing families set up tents and stayed there to harass Herbert and Clarissa into leaving. But Herbert was no quitter and stayed on the property until it was legally his. In fact, the contesting families didn't leave the property until just before it was legally finalized for Herbert and Clarissa. That occurred simultaneously with a wonderful and final family reunion of the Henry Manwaring family. It is a singular event that Herbert tells with obvious tender feelings.

FAMILY REUNION AND SEALING IN THE LOGAN TEMPLE

"During this summer [1888] 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.

The Logan Temple was dedicated by John Taylor in 1884. Herbert and his siblings were sealed to their parents here on May 31, 1888. This view shows the south side, where Herbert's brother John determined to bring his family to be sealed.

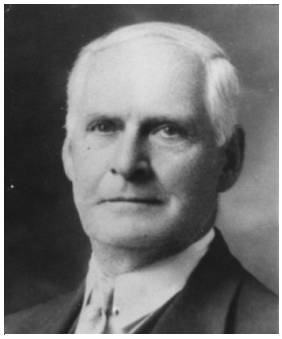
"We all reached Logan alright, and this was the first time our family had all been together since our sister Mary died. Mother and father received their endowments, were married for time and eternity, and had all their children sealed to them. [Church records place the date of this ordinance as May 31, 1888.] *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 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."*

Herbert describes his brother John as "canvassing" meaning he was going door-to-door for some reason. It appears he may have been doing it to sell a painting of Joseph Smith. Fortunately, John also wrote an autobiography and describes with more clarity exactly what he was doing in Logan:

John Henry Manwaring in his 20's

" In the spring of 1888 in company with C. A. Stane, I engaged with George E. Anderson [the photographer] to canvass for pictures in Cache Valley going to Logan. Being impressed with the sight of the Temple, I made my way to the Temple ground and feeling I was treading on holy ground removed my hat. As I walked around the building and being impressed with a desire to enter that holy house with the rest of my father's family I sat down on the window sill on the South side and prayed earnestly to God to open the way that we might be able as a family to come there and be sealed for time and eternity, with a promise if He would bless me with means I would use it for that purpose.

"I wrote to my parents and told them of my visit to the Temple and advised them to get ready to come there with a promise that I would pay the expenses. I never had a dollar, and there were nine of us as follows: Father, Mother, Herbert, George, Eleanor, David, Jesse, Albert, and myself. When they got my letter Father said, "Pooh, that boy thinks he can do a lot." The expenses would be about $75.00, and there wasn't one of the family that had enough to pay their railroad fare. Mother said to Father, "Let's try, maybe the Lord will open the way." And he did, for in a year we were all there and I had the money to bear the expense, and oh what a happy reunion for three days, and the blessing of being sealed together as a family for time and all eternity."



John Henry Manwaring in later years

This painting of Joseph Smith making his last address to the Nauvoo Legion was at least one of the pictures John and Albert Manwaring sold to raise the money to bring their parents and siblings to the Logan Temple to be sealed.

Additional insight comes from a life sketch on Albert, Herbert's youngest brother. Apparently, both Albert and John were employed by George E. Anderson in "canvassing" probably both for photograph sittings and for selling art. Albert's life sketch explains they were selling a painting done by John Hafen of Springville of the Prophet Joseph Smith making his last address to the Nauvoo Legion. John Hafen along with Cyrus Dallin donated in 1903 the first works of art that eventually became the beginnings for the Springville Museum of Art. This singular museum is the oldest museum for visual art in Utah and showcases over 250 works by Utah artists through the years. Here is the wording from Albert's life sketch:

"Albert returned to Springville and began working for John Hafen, selling a picture he had painted representing the Prophet Joseph Smith making the last address to the Nauvoo Legion. He canvassed all through Tooele County, Brigham City, Logan, and all of Cache Valley. While there he and his brother John arranged to have the entire family go through the Logan Temple."

Church records indicate that Herbert's parents, Henry and Sarah, were actually sealed together in the Endowment House during the first year after their arrival [May 27, 1872]in Salt Lake City before they moved to Springville. But the children, most of them still living, were NOT sealed to their parents at that time, because sealings to parents and endowments for the dead were not allowed to be performed in the Endowment House. The family sealings in the Logan Temple took place on May 31, 1888. They completed the needed sealings of all the children, living and dead, to their parents for the Henry and Sarah Manwaring family, and also for Henry's parents and grandparents.

This was truly a fortunate turn of events, because two of Herbert's siblings died within the next two years. George the hymn writer died in 1889 at the age of 35 and his sister Eleanor, died in 1890 at the age of 34. John demonstrated the faith of all the members of the Henry Manwaring family in being the instrument to make this temple work take place. John Henry was very active in the church and participated in many miracles. He was called to serve as a missionary in the southern states mission two years after this family temple sealing, then served in multiple bishoprics. Before he died he was called and ordained as a stake patriarch in the Kolob Stake and served in that capacity for over 10 years.

HERBERT MOVES TO MAPLETON

By 1889, Herbert's constant struggles with water and irrigation must have started him thinking about leaving his Salt Lake Valley homesteads. His parents and living siblings were all located down in Springville, and he must have felt some inclination to relocate closer to them. The thing that precipitated his decision to move was a sudden rise in land prices in the Salt Lake valley.

"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. My sister Ellen died, and I was called to her funeral at Springville. While there I looked around for prospects of buying a new home. I

The main white front entrance, shown here, was the original Mapleton meeting house. It has since been remodeled multiple times and now has several wings, making it large enough for a full size ward.

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 granary, and a rough shed, and moved into my own piece of ground that fall.

The land which Herbert purchased is not far from the foothills and probably had better prospects for water/irrigation than any he had owned in the Salt Lake Valley. Herbert and Clarissa lived on this land for 20 years, until 1910, by which time all their sons had grown. Horace married in September of that year, leaving only David at home and single.

Hyrum, Herbert's oldest son, would have been only 13 when the move to Mapleton took place, so it could be said that all of Herbert's sons basically 'grew up' in Mapleton and all except the youngest found and married girls from Mapleton/Springville.

The picture on the left shows adobe mud curing in forms in the sun. The picture on the right reveals how adobe walls were often plastered over to look smooth. Unlike bricks which were cured in a hot kiln, making them harder, adobies were sun-cured.

A careful reading of Herbert's autobiography reveals that he initially built a temporary, two-room rough lumber house on the Mapleton property. This enabled them to move onto the property after the first year in 1891. This cabin would have been very similar to the cabins he built for his homesteads in the Salt Lake Valley, and would not have been a very comfortable home for two parents with 7 growing sons, especially for Clarissa, who had seven boys and a husband to feed. This first cabin structure has long since disappeared. It appears they lived in this original cabin until about 1897 or 1898--six or seven years--before they started a major project to build a proper brick family home.

Herbert and Clarissa's home in Mapleton as it appeared in 1909 just before they moved to Idaho

"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." [Note: when the youngest son, David, was two, the year was 1898. In that year, Hyrum, the oldest, would have been 21. What we can say about timing is that this house-building project took place sometime before Hyrum left on his mission. The project was apparently started in early spring and finished in the fall.]

"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 adobies 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 was very proud of our effort and our accomplishment. It was to us a real home."

The brick home Herbert's family built in 1902 has been sold and remodeled several times, but still stands today at its original address along with 10 of the 30 acres of the original farm.

While this adobe/brick house and at least 10 acres of the original 30-acre farm are still intact today, they sit on the edge of multiple residential developments, with large, beautiful homes surrounding them on all sides. The worth of the house and 10 acres today, because of where it is situated, is probably close to $750,000.

With the completion of this new house, Clarissa would finally have a home that could afford her a few comforts. Unfortunately, sometime between the move to Mapleton in 1890 and the birth of their last son, David, in 1896, Clarissa became quite ill. Herbert is not specific about what her illness was, but it may have been connected with her last pregnancy. Although Herbert mentions nothing about any problems with David's birth and delivery, sometime before that birth, Clarissa became seriously ill and seems never to have fully recovered from this illness for the rest of her life.

"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."

After this initial sick spell, Clarissa began to lose her hearing, too. 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 Herbert finished and looked up, the boys were laughing. He was quite indignant until they explained what had happened, and then they all had a good laugh.

With seven boys, no girls, and Clarissa's health failing, the boys had to take turns working in the house. Their mother was a very good housekeeper and cook. She baked eight loaves of bread each day. Arthur said that when he and his brother scrubbed the board floor, they divided the 15 boards with seven on each side and one in the middle. They wouldn't do more than their own half, and there was usually a dirty streak down the middle of the center board where they came together.

Herbert also explains that he was frequently called to administer to the sick. No doubt he administered to his wife on multiple occasions to help keep her well. Others in the community also considered Herbert to have a gift when it came to administering to the sick:

Herbert and Clarissa with their son Horace. This was taken by G. E. Anderson, probably within 2-3 years after they moved to Mapleton in 1890. At this point they would have been about 42 and 34, respectively. Horace would have been about 4 years old.

"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 the neighbors and in my own family."

Herbert and Clarissa with their youngest son, David Heber. Assuming David is 8 in this photo, it would have been taken in 1904. Herbert would have been 55 and Clarissa 47.

Herbert's brother, John, mentions an instance when Herbert was involved in administrations in Mapleton, citing one prominent example in which he and Herbert participated together. A Mapleton sister named Emma Peterson had become possessed of evil spirits such that she would "carry on singing and wanting to dance with every person who came into the house, and was so strong she could handle strong men at her will." Several brethren, including John and Herbert had been called. Herbert had been designated to do the administration for Sister Peterson, but at the last minute, she demanded that her husband administer to her, instead, saying 'My husband has as much priesthood as Brother Manwaring.' "The presiding officer yielded to her request, allowed her husband to do the administration, and the administration was a failure.....she just laughed in their faces. A day or two later, the priesthood brethren returned to her home and re-performed the administration successfully, after which she "wilted under the power of God, couldn't raise a hand and was carried to bed by two of the elders, entirely healed."

A BRIEF SUMMARY OF EACH OF HIS SONS

"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, 1887 (lived 4 days)*
Orson	*July 2, 1882*
Walter Henry	*March 23, 1884*
Arthur	*April 14, 1886*
Horace	*August 12, 1888*
David Heber	*June 29, 1896*

"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 to 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 Brigham Young Academy.

"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 interested in school that we hardly knew whether he should discontinue and go. We could hardly decide what was best to do, so we went and asked the advice of my father. After he had heard Hyrum's story, he said, "Thee must go on the mission. Thee can go to school when thee comes 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 [to the Church] that if they would give him six months, he would be ready to go. Two weeks after that he was appointed foreman over the gang of men he worked with [at the railroad] 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.

"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.

"My second son, Levi, married Belle Whiting Dec. 5,1901 and began to make a home for themselves. They had three children, Earl, Lola and Flora.

"Orson, my third son, 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 brakeman on a freight train, later yard conductor.

"Orson 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 one 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 with 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.

"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 labours. Orson filled an honorable mission two years and three months and returned the 24th of Dec. 1905. We had Christmas dinner at Levi's home. Soon after his return he went to Bingham and worked as timekeeper for Guy Mendanhall on the railroad. Walter helped me run the farm in 1907. I think he worked for a railroad construction company out to Calientes (Nevada) 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 them a farm.

[Note: Walter's wife, Emogene, was the youngest sister of Hyrum's wife, Bessie. Both were daughters of Charles Monroe Bird and Abby Ann Whiting. There were 8 children in the family, a son, then four daughters, then three sons. Bessie was the oldest of the 4 daughters while Emogene was the youngest. Two Manwaring brothers married two Bird sisters..]

"My fifth son Arthur was called on a mission to England and he married Emma Teresa 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. Teresa 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, Basil, Rondo, and Loraine. We had only our youngest sons Horace and David then at home with us, Horace about 12 and David 4.

THE MOVE TO GROVELAND, IDAHO

"[In 1909] *Orson took lead, and he and Burr 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 piece 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 my farm in Mapleton and gave him $800.00. I think he sold some mining stock and made up a thousand, then he got Walter and wife with their first baby Namma, 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 wagon, harness, plough, harrow and they went and farmed that land. Orson earned the money to keep things going.*

"I was paying interest on about $1500.00, so we concluded to sell our farm and go to Idaho. 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 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 chattels, and horses and cows, and 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 Orsons 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. 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 barrells, and in winter break from 6 to 12 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.

CLARISSA'S PASSING

"In 1913, I thought I would take my wife on a trip to Utah. We went to Springville and Mapleton. In June of the 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 about a little and improved so that in about two months she could walk to her son's house about 40 rods away [roughly 660 feet].

Clarissa about 1891, age 39

"I took her to meeting 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 would get well again as she had been for 18 years 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 her prayed for 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.

Clarissa about 1904, age 47

"We sent word to Utah for the boys to come and did not think she would live till they got here, 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 unto 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 she would be able to go to the 4th of July celebration, but it was rather stormy and disagreeable and she was not so well. She did go to see Emo [This was her son Walter's wife, Emogene] *and her twins on the 17th of July.*

Last photo taken of Clarissa, probably before 1913, age 55. Clarissa died two weeks before her 57th birthday.

"On the 24th [of July]*I took her to the ball grounds* [for Pioneer Day celebrations] *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, but she worried if he did not come and on time, so we told him to come, if only to comfort her a little*.

"She remained in a sinking condition until the 16th [of Sept.], but rallied again until the night of the 22nd when she asked to be raised up and Dr. Warren and 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,' but she lay in an unconscious condition until 7 a.m. of the 26th when she passed away and was buried in the Groveland cemetery. Bro. 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.

"[Also] *in September 1914, my son Hyrum moved to Rexburg, Idaho to take a position as teacher in Ricks College. After 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.*

HERBERT''S LIFE AFTER CLARISSA'S DEATH

The fall of 1914 must have been a time of great heartbreak for Herbert. The finality and discouragement that came to him at Clarissa's death is reflected between his lines when he writes, *"After mother died, and our home was broken up....* Cleary, Herbert felt that Clarissa was the anchor for his family. And while history shows that the boys remained close to each other, for Herbert, life just wasn't that same after Clarissa died.

He had been caring for her almost constantly since her paralysis--probably caused by a stroke--occurred in June of 1913. For the first six weeks after the stroke, Clarissa was "helpless" and Herbert had to attend to her every need. Eventually she was able to use a crutch to move and walk a bit, but as Herbert explains, she really couldn't do much, so Herbert had to take over care of Clarissa and their house. He did this for 15 months.

Each of his sons seemed to have found his way in life, and Herbert was left struggling to regain his footing and purpose. After enduring so many sacrifices and struggles, this man of character had to regroup and rethink what he could do as a 65 year old man without a wife. He never had any interest in remarrying, but he did think of his ancestral family and their need for sealing ordinances. He understood the doctrine that they needed him and he needed them. He spent time on the Blackfoot farm during the summer and usually visited Hyrum and David for a few weeks each year, but his purpose seemed to be to search out his relatives and get their temple work done.

The remains of the Spring City, UT, Endowment House

In this endeavor, he began visiting all the active temple sites, including Logan, Manti, St. George, Salt Lake and also Spring City. Spring City was not a temple site, but there was an endowment house located there, so--like the temples themselves--it was a source of records to search. Spring City is located just east of Highway 89 between Mt. Pleasant and Ephraim, about 12 miles north of Manti. Orson Hyde--a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, who had dedicated the land of Israel for the preaching of the Gospel in 1841--built the Spring City Endowment House and is buried in the Spring City Cemetery.

Another reason for visiting Spring City was that the original settler of that town, James T. Allred, was married to a girl by the name of Eliza Bridget Mainwaring/Manwaring from Herefordshire, England. She had heard the Gospel in England and emigrated to the US as a young girl. She lived in Nauvoo and worked as a cook for Joseph Smith in the Mansion House. There she married James Allred, and they set out with the first group of Saints toward the Salt Lake Valley. At Winter Quarters, James was inducted into the Mormon Battalion and Eliza, though she was pregnant, was allowed to accompany the Battalion as a laundress. Both Eliza and James became ill before reaching Pueblo, CO, and on the way, Eliza gave birth to a baby which died shortly after birth. Because of their illnesses, they detached from the Battalion at Pueblo and wintered there. In the spring, they traveled north to Laramie to join other pioneers headed for Salt Lake. They entered the Salt Lake Valley on July 29, 1847, just five days after the original company had arrived. In 1852, James and Eliza built the first cabin in Spring City. In its initial years, Spring City was sometimes referred to as the 'Allred Settlement,' since most of the settlers there were related to James and his 3 brothers.

"I stayed awhile 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 the 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 in Provo [Note: Herbert's brother, Jesse Manwaring, served as the Chief of Police for the city of Provo for six years, from 1915 to 1921.] 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.

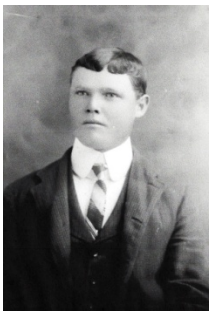
While I was there, there came a phone call from John asking me if I would not return to Springville and stay with mother until the snow was gone as she was not able to get out and John was so busy. He was janitor at the Central School and night watchman at Reynolds store and sexton at the cemetery. So 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 mother's, 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 Noe wanted to quit.

Hyrum Manwaring and Bessie Bird Manwaring

Levi Manwaring and Clara Isabel Whiting Manwaring

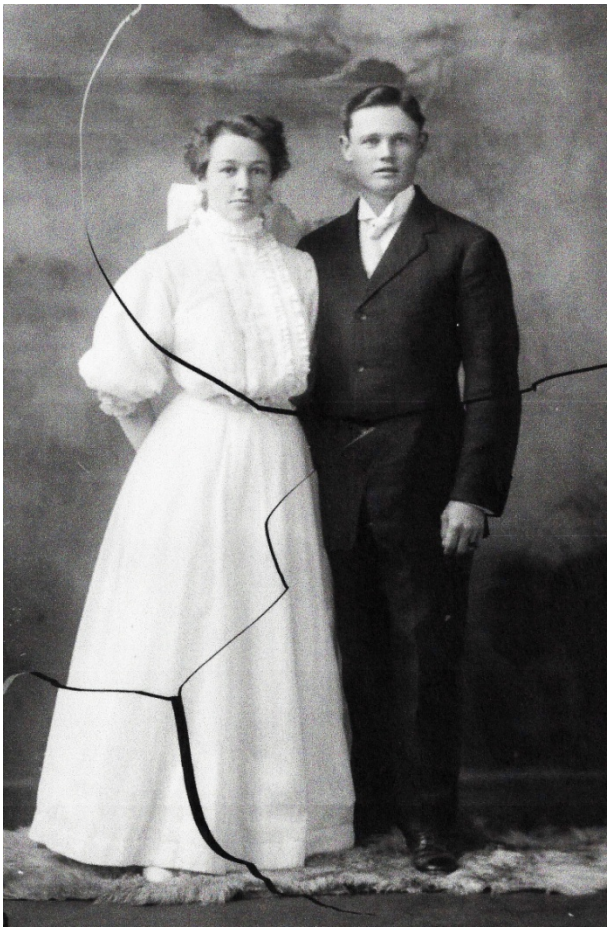
Orson Manwaring and Jessie Colista Whitney Manwaring



Walter Henry Manwaring and Emogene Bird

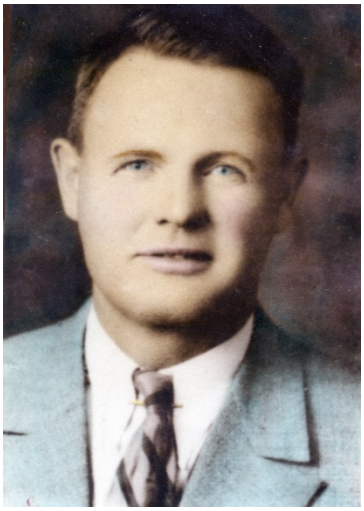
Arthur Manwaring and Horace Manwaring

Horace Manwaring and Ivy Lee Manwaring



Arthur Manwaring and Emma Teresa Holley Manwaring

David Heber Manwaring and Sarah Zella Hart Manwaring



Arthur and Teresa Holley Manwaring

Arthur Manwaring's wife Teresa with her sisters in a photo titled "The Letter" taken while Arthur was on his mission. The letter was from Arthur.

Albert Manwaring's wife Charlotte Sperry and their 3 daughters

Herbert sometime after Clarissa's death in 1914

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 any more. The Relief Society sisters would come and bathe and dress her and we continue 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.

Herbert's reference to 'dropsy' is a shortening of the word 'hydropsy,' which was the 1800's medical term for edema. Sarah's leg apparently swelled with fluid probably due to blood pressure or heart weakness problems. In time, it 'mortified' as Herbert says, meaning the tissue began to die off due to lack of circulation, much the same way as foot tissue dies in cases of severe diabetes that limits circulation. As the tissue died, it would have turned black and ultimately become gangrenous, creating potential for blood infection and other serious problems which led to Sarah's death.

Significant to me is the fact that, after caring for his paralyzed wife for 15 months, Herbert then volunteered and cared for his bedridden mother for another 21 months. Anyone who has ever done round-the-clock care for a bedridden relative knows that this is not easy work, and perhaps some of the most selfless service that can be performed. These actions manifest a profound sense of love and respect for the two most important women in his life. His dedication to the women he loved was truly exceptional.

Herbert while living in Groveland

"[After my mother's death], *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 again working for the dead.*

"My folks and I had done the endowment work and sealing in behalf of our Grandfather and mother and great grandfather and wife, and all 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 daughter of my own. No one could be kinder to their own father than these girls were to me. My grandchildren were also very nice to me, and I am very proud of my entire family. There are eight sons and their wives, thirty-one grandchildren and one great grandchild—forty-seven in all. 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 it 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 its Mediator, 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 for the world, for what doth it profit us if we gain the wealth of the world and lose our own souls."

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 his daughter-in-law, Teresa (Arthur's wife), and said, *"Thank you for all your kindness to me. Tell my boys to always keep the faith."* He was buried with Clarissa in the Groveland Cemetery.

After reading this last statement from Herbert, I wondered if it, in fact, became something of a family motto. I can recall my father frequently and earnestly encouraging me to "keep the faith." It must have been a legacy passed on to him by his father, from his grandfather. It is a most fitting epitaph for Herbert to leave for all his descendants.

Picture taken February 20, 1936, the day after Herbert's funeral at the home of Arthur and Teresa Manwaring in Blackfoot, Idaho. *Back Row:* David Heber Manwaring (son), Arthur Manwaring (son), Hyrum Manwaring (son), Orson Manwaring (son), John Henry Manwaring (brother), Albert Manwaring (brother), Leonard Herbert Manwaring (grandson through Orson), Orson Elwood Manwaring (grandson through Orson), Alfred Henry Harker (grandson in-law--Naoma Manwaring's husband); *Middle Row:* Sarah Zella Hart (David Heber's wife), Emma Teresa Holley (Arthur's wife), Bessie Bird (Hyrum's wife), Florence Manwaring (granddaughter through Walter), Leah Manwaring (granddaughter through Walter), Naoma Manwaring (granddaughter through Walter), Lenore Manwaring (granddaughter through Walter), Emogene Bird (Walter's wife); *Front Row:* James Basil Manwaring (grandson through Arthur), Fred Manwaring (grandson through Orson), Rondo Isaac Manwaring (grandson through Arthur--my father), Teresa Marie Manwaring (granddaughter through Arthur), Clarissa Lorraine Manwaring (granddaughter through Arthur), Wanda Ruth Manwaring (granddaughter through Arthur), Vera Manwaring (granddaughter through David Heber) and Beth Manwaring (granddaughter through David Heber).

Leonard Herbert, Orson Elwood and Fred Manwaring are Orson's sons. Florence, Leah, Naoma and Lenore Manwaring are Walter's daughters. Vera and Beth Manwaring are David's daughters. James Basil, Rondo Isaac (my father), Teresa Marie, Clarissa Lorraine and Wanda Ruth are Arthur's children. Emogene Bird is Walter's wife.

Herbert's sons, Levi, Walter and Horace do not appear in this photo. When Herbert passed away in 1936, John Henry and Albert (seen above) were Herbert's only living siblings. All the others--George, Eleanor, Mary, William, David, and Jessie--had already passed away. John Henry died in 1950 and Albert died in 1956, both in Springville.

APPENDIXES

Appendix A: Herbert's initial autobiography

Appendix B: Herbert's second autobiography

Appendix C: Excerpt from Andrew Jensen's Journal

Appendix D: Excerpt from Caroline Hopkins Clark's Journal

Appendix E: Letter from Dr. Hullinger who treated Herbert's lightning burns

Appendix F: Herbert's two patriarchal blessings

Appendix G: Herbert's obituary

APPENDIX A

First Autobiography of Herbert Manwaring, Age 78

I know but little of the Manwarings beyond my grandparents. It is evident, however, that they came from a noble 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 that 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 the time. Now in my seventy-eighth year, I am attempting to gather together the broken threads of my own biography.

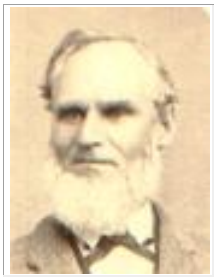
John Manwaring

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	6 Dec 1812	
Mary	10 Aug 1814	
John	7 Nov 1816	
Ann	23 Feb 1818	
Jane	26 Jan 1820	
Peter	18 Nov 1822	died at the age of twelve
Henry	10 Feb 1827	
George	28 Aug 1829	
Elizabeth	26 Aug 1830	
Eleanor	19 Jul 1834	
William	17 Nov 1836	
James	19 Jul 1839	

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.



Henry Manwaring

Sarah Barber

Father was of a religious turn of mind, and went from one religion to another, trying 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 of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was the truth. He was baptized into the Church about 1861. For a time there was quite a large branch of the Church established at Sandbach. Most of the Church members emigrated 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, Thomas Nixon and wife, and father and mother who belonged to the Church branch.

I am the oldest son of Henry Manwaring and Sarah Barber. I was born at Sandbach Heath, Cheshire, England, Jan. 28, 1849. My father and mother lived a humble life. Father was a shoemaker and mother ran a mangle, and later bound shoe tops. In this way they earned a very scant living. They did not have a home of their own, but lived with grandfather. I have 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 John Barber, carrying off brick at a 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 beside doing the regular work of the day. Again I had to return to shoemaking in the fall.

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 make 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 counseled 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 26, 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 a meeting of the Saints, and had practically decided that I could

[cut off?]

Zion, but the way seemed closed to me. After I sat down a sister Nancy Bate got up and began to speak in tongues. She trembled 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 helping your father, mother, brothers, and sisters to that land." We had faith in this manifestation of the spirit of prophecy and began to prepare for it's 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.

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 relatives, and only a slight acquaintance with one or two people on the ship. However, I soon made friends with a Welsh brother by the name of John Jones. 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 cheeried up the crowd with merriment. Brigham Young Jr. also came on board and gave us a real good talk before the boat sailed.

The wind was favorable and the weather 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 went up 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 steamboat landing. Here 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 located. 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 have 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 abut 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 when 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 in 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 band of horses for a white girl. Parley Driggs, who was always in for some fun, offered to trade one of the immigrant 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 great deal of brush and grass, they camped long enough for some of the women to do a little washing 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 d___d 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 that 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 seemed a Godsend 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 Sept.

The train was driven into the tithing yard at Salt Lake City, where the freight and luggage was unloaded. Passengers who had friends or 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 their 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 merchants employ, packed my few clothes in a bundle, bade my friends goodbye, and started out for Springville. I walked that distance of about 16 miles and carried my bundle of clothes. When I reached 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 sent to 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 team 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 of 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 per 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 haul 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 the 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 that 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. He 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 lightning, 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 badly burned by the lightning. A Dr. Harvey Hullinger 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 limp 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 to 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 layed me on the porch as they thought it would be too close in the house. I asked them to take me in the house as it seemed now that my limbs were dropping off. They layed 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 use in fumigating a house. The Dr. put cold packs on my burned 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 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 the 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. He looked me full in the face and 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 prophecy 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. As 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 had its fulfillment. A patriarch once told me that Satan had tried to take my life, that that wonderful promise should not be fulfilled. That promise and it's 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 greater trial was awaiting them. My sister Mary took sick with mountain fever which 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. 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 at Cottonwood, I was able to supply them with flour and meat, etc., and my brother George 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 father 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 in 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 mines 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 wool from Weber, and silver ore from the Emma mine in Little Cottonwood canyon. During the time I was freighting I boarded at Elijah 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. It 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.

Herbert, Horace, and Clarissa Manwaring
About 1889

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 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 harness. 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 23 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. It 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 Sunday.

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 shrunken that it was not fit for milling. Next year I had a fair crop, but it was hailed out 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 was not to 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 foxtail and black tumble weeds. 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 Frederick Shanefelt came over and held a cottage meeting with us and our neighbors. He then called Daniel McRae and me to act as ward teachers in the Southern part of his ward. Later Bro. McRae was called to serve in the Taylorsville ward. I was then given another companion and labored two years more 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 it's principles.

The Granger ward was first organized with Daniel McRae Bishop, Abraham Sorenson first, and John Bowden, second counselors. 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 a school house built. This building was used for both a school and a Church for several years. During this time, I was ordained a Seventy and acted as a 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 act. 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 Farshey moved onto the place also. He and another man came with their families and belongings, pitched their tents on my land and 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 near by 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 along 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 of 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 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 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 old colt, but I hauled gravel with them, and earned a little money to help fit up the family for the 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. My sister Ellen died, and I was called to her funeral at Springville. While there I looked around for prospects of buying 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 granary, 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 the 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, 1887 (lived 4 days)
Orson	July 2, 1882
Walter Henry	March 23, 1884
Arthur	April 14, 1886
Horace	August 12, 1888
David Heber	June 29, 1896

All of these boys 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 adobies 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 was very proud of our effort and our accomplishment. 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 to 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 B.Y.U.

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 interested in school that we hardly knew whether he should discontinue and go. We could hardly decide what was best to do, so we went and asked the advise 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 the 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. 5,1901 and began to make a home for themselves. They had three children, Earl, Lola and Flora.

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 brakeman 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 labours. Orson filled an honorable mission two years and three months and returned the 24th of Dec. 1905. We had Christmas dinner at Levi's home. Soon after his return he went to Bingham and worked as timekeeper for Guy Mendanhall on the railroad. Walter helped me run the farm in 1907. I think he worked for a railroad construction company out to 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 them a farm.

Orson took lead, and he and Burr 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 piece 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 my farm in Mapleton and gave him $800.00. I think he sold some mining stock and made up a thousand, then he got Walter and wife with their first baby Namma, 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 wagon, harness, plough, harrow and they went and farmed that land. Orson earned the money to keep things 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 Loraine. 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 one 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 with 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 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 chattels, and horses and cows, and 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 Orsons 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. 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 barrells, and in winter break from 6 to 12 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 1913, I thought I would take my wife on a trip to Utah. We went to Springville and Mapleton. In June of the 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 about a little and improved so that in about two months she could walk to her son's house about 40 rods away. I took her to meeting 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 would get well again as she had been for 18 years 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 her prayed for 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 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 unto 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 she would be able to go to the 4th of July celebration, but it was rather stormy and disagreeable and she was not so well. She did go to see Emo 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, but she worried if he did not come and on time, so we told him to come, if only to comfort her a little. She remained in a sinking condition until the 16th, but rallied again until the night of the 22nd when she asked to be raised up and Dr. Warren and 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," but she lay in an unconscious condition until 7 a.m. of the 26th when she passed away and was buried in the Groveland cemetery. Bro. 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 1914, my son Hyrum moved to Rexburg, Idaho to take a position as teacher in Ricks College. After 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 awhile 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 the 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 in 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 Reynalds 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 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 Noe 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 any more. The Relief Society sisters would come and bathe and dress her and we continue 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.

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 grandfather and wife, and all 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 daughter of my own. No one could be kinder to their own father than these girls were to me. My grandchildren were also very nice to me, and I am very proud of my entire family. There are eight sons and their wives, thirty-one grandchildren and one great grandchild—forty-seven in all.

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 it 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 its mediator, 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 for the world, for what doth it profit us if we gain the wealth of the world and lose our own souls.

APPENDIX B

Second History of Herbert Manwaring, Age 85

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My father, Henry Manwaring, was of a religious nature. He went to the different churches to learn which of them had the true Gospel, and for six years investigated different creeds, including the Gospel of the Latter-day Saints. He was a shoemaker and worked for some length of time in a shop with a friend who was a member of the Latter-Day Saint Church. He prayed for a testimony of the truth. He had heard the Latter-day Saint missionaries preach and had heard members of the branch in Sandbach speak in tongues, enjoying the gifts of the Gospel that the Lord said should be in His Church. Still, he wanted a stronger testimony for himself. He was in his garden one day behind a hedge near his bees praying for a more sure testimony when he heard a voice telling him that the Latter-day Saint Church was the true Church. He had no more doubt and was baptized right away and remained true to the faith.

Mother did not join 'til sometime later; I think in the same year. I do not know the exact date but it must have been in 1861. Having been taught the principles of the Gospel, I was baptized in June of 1862 by Robert Bate, then President of the Sandbach branch, and was ordained a deacon about the middle of that month. The president of the branch later apostatized and Father was made president. There were only two families besides ours left in that branch. Father's sister, Eleanor, was the only relative to come into the Church. She did not live long after becoming a member. I do not know how old she was when she died, but she was only a young woman. She was unmarried and worked at the silk factory.

Mother had nine children, seven boys and two girls. The last one, a baby, became very sick and they did not know what to do about his being blessed and given a name before he died. Grandfather wanted to bring the vicar of the Church of England, but my father did not want him to come. The missionary elder of that district, although he was miles away, was prompted and walked nearly all night to get there. He arrived about daylight and blessed the child and gave it the name of William and it died soon afterward. That was another instance where the servant of the Lord was inspired to come to comfort and bless, with no other warning except through the Holy Spirit. They did not know where the elder was; neither did he know what he was wanted for, but he knew where he was wanted and got there in time.

My folks and I had been in the Church about four years when the elders counseled them to send me to Zion as I could be of more help in assisting them to emigrate by going to Utah then by staying there. I was working on a brick yard in summer and had to go back to the shoe trade in winter and I did not like that. So, Father hired me out to the farmers when I was about 16 for the enormous sum of one proud sterling, not quite $5.00 in paper currency, for a year's work. Well, I stayed that year and hired out to the same man for the year 1866 for two pounds. Word came that a ship would sail for New York with a load of Saints and that my folks had better send me. I was going home every Sunday to meeting at Father's house and I got up to bear my testimony and said I would like to go to Zion, or to the valleys of the mountains, but I guessed I would not be able to that year as I was hired for the year and my boss didn't want to release me. After I sat down a Sister Nancy Bate got up and spoke in tongues. When she sat down Father asked if anyone had the interpretation of what Sister Bate had said. No one had so she got up again and these are the words she said, "Brother Herbert, thus saith the Lord: If you will be faithful you shall go to the land of Zion and you shall be the means of helping your parents and brothers and sisters to that land. You will have difficulties and trials to pass through but if you will be faithful you shall do that thing."

Well, Father, Mother and I held a council and concluded that I should run away from my place of employment, which I did on the night of the 25th of April, 1866. I left my employer, went to town and got a haircut, then went to

Father's and stayed overnight. I did not even visit my relatives to say goodbye as I thought they might give me away. I said goodbye to those at home, then Father and I walked six miles through by-lanes and fields carrying a sixty-pound trunk, till we arrived at a junction station called Crewe, where we met a family who were going to New York on the same ship as I. As Father was acquainted with them, they being members of the branch of which Father was president, he placed me in their care and we said goodbye to Father and boarded the train for Liverpool. After all arrangements were made we boarded the ship "John Bright" a sailing vessel, and on Sunday morn, the 26th of April, 1866, we set sail for New York.

There was great rejoicing among the passengers for a day or two till some got sea-sick and the ship was becalmed out in mid-ocean and was not sailing forward. Well, many prayers went up that we might sail on. Finally a favorable wind came up and we were sailing again. Then a heavy wind came and it looked as if we would be swallowed up. For two or three days the waves came like mountains and nearly tipped the ship over sidewise, then we had heard winds and the ship would seem to be ducking under the great waves. We could scarcely cook anything during this time. Many prayers went up for our safety and favorable wind that we might arrive in port, which we did after being on the ocean forty days.

We were in Castle Gardens a few hours, then started afoot to a steamboat port where we boarded a boat and sailed all night. From steamboat went to railroad cars—sometimes velvet seats and sometimes cattle cars with plank seats and a little straw on the floor. Sometimes we camped out waiting for a train to come and pick us up, or a steamboat. We finally landed at Florence, Nebraska, where we camped for a month waiting for the ox trains from Utah to get loaded up with freight and luggage for Utah. There were about 50 wagons in a train, two or three yoke to a wagon. We started from there about the last of July.

When we got to Laramie we were camped for noon when some Indians came into camp. Seeing a young woman that looked like an Indian girl, a young chief wanted to buy her, so one of the teamsters, to have some fun, agreed to sell the girl to him for three or four horses. He thought it was a bargain and went and got the horses. They had quite a time with him trying to make him believe that they were only in fun. But he was in earnest and went off angry because he could not get the girl.

Well, we traveled on two or three days, meeting Indians occasionally, but nothing occurred 'tillabout the third day at noon. We had camped on a creek bottom, where there was good feed for cattle, and were having dinner. The herders were herding the cattle and some of the women were working down on the reek when some Indians came among the cattle, waving their blankets, yelling and stampeding them. The herders came running in, telling everyone who had a gun to come and help head them off. But before the boys could get out there, the Indians had got away with ninety head of cattle and three or four horses and were out of sight. The boys followed after four about a mile, when up jumped a lot of Indians that were lying across the road and yelled, "Come on, you dam Mormons." But the boys had to turn aback without their cattle. And that was how the boys paid for a practical joke.

We could hardly move the train. They sent a telegram to President Young. He sent word to pick up all the oxen that had been left at ranches while going into Utah. Other trains had left some to recuperate while they had gone down to the frontiers. I think there were three or four ox trains that year. There was an Oregon freight train about three days ahead of us and their oxen stampeded one night and came back on the road and our herders headed them off, ran them into camp with ours, yoked them up and used them until we reached the Oregon train. So with their help and that which we got from ranches on the way we arrived in Salt Lake about the last of September, making a little over five months from the time I left home.

I left the Pleasant Grove boys at their homes and went to Springville to an Uncle of ours and stayed with him all that winter and worked at shoe mending. In the spring of 1867 I went to Salt Lake and hired out to an uncle, son-in-law of John Taylor, to drive team for a while. I later hired to Brigham Young on his farm, picked maldre root to dye woolen cloth. In the fall I hired to a farmer in Big Cottonwood, left him and hired to a man by the name of Clinton Tompson in South Cottonwood, a farmer. In the spring of 1868, the grasshoppers hatched out and took all the crops. They killed them by the myriads but when they could fly they were like a cloud between us and the sun. We could look right toward the sun and it would not make us blink, they were so thick.

I stayed with Thompson for 1870. I was engaged in cultivating potatoes one day when thunder storms were brewing and I was hurrying my horses to get through before it should rain on us. We got half way down the field when a lightning bolt struck us down. A dr. Hulenger(?) found us in the middle of the patch while he was searching for the place where the bolt had struck. As he was in a low meadow and I was on higher ground, he did not see me till he came to see where the lightning had struck. As the horse made no move, he came to me. I was stripped naked of all my clothes, which smelled like sulphur, and burnt down the breast. He shook me and felt my pulse but could not see or feel any sign of life in me. He tried to carry me but laid me down again and ran a quarter of a mile, hailing Tompson to bring a bucket of water. They ran back and the doctor kept darting water on me till I gasped for breath. Two men came from neighboring field and after I could breathe they carried me to the house. When about half way, they set me down a while to rest. I said, "What are you doing to me?" They told me that I had been struck with lightning. I said, "Where is the horse?" He was dead. I did not know anything about it till they told me.

They laid me on the porch. I said "Take me in the house. I feel like my legs will drop off." They did so, and made me a bed on the floor. They administered to me and I became conscious of what had transpired. The doctor asked me what I saw on the other side. I said, "I guess I did not get there."

"Well," He said, "I could not see or feel any signs of life in you." (As a result of the accident, Herbert was very deaf for the rest of his life.)

Well, he doctored my burns with clothes wrung out of cold spring water to take out the fire, and then put on castor oil and flour to heal the wound, which was as large as my hand all down my breast. It took two weeks to heal before I was able to get up out of bed. Many people came to see me and said they could not see how I could have been struck down and recover. It seemed like I had been raised from death. Well, that promise made me by Sister Bate had not come true yet. My folks were still in England and I was so weak I was not able to do a day's work the balance of that year. But the Thompsons were kind to me and I stayed with them and went to school that winter in South Cottonwood and did the chores for my board and lodging while my boss went out to Echo Canyon freighting from the end of the railroad that was being built to Utah.

In the spring of 1871 I was strong again and hired to Clinton Thompson for another summer. He said to me, "You say you want to send for your folks. Well, I have a little extra money. I will pay you $150 in advance. You can go to President Young and tell him you have folks in England who want to come to Utah and I have $150 to pay down." I asked President Young, "Could you have them brought through the Perpetual Emigration Fund?" He looked me straight in the eye and said, "Young man, will you be responsible for the balance that will be due after they arrive?" I said, "Yes, Sir." He said, "They shall be sent for." He told his clerk to make a note of that and where they lived and assured me they would be brought over as soon as a ship could be charted to bring the saints from Liverpool.

My folks were living with Grandfather Manwaring when he died—at the age of 82 years. He had a little money laid away which he gave to Father and they came to Utah soon after his death. They came by steamship and boat and railroad all the way. They were only three weeks coming over-land as the railroad had been built into Salt Lake.

When I had been well five months, that promise came true, though I had been nearly killed before it came to pass and five years had passed away. But the Lord did preserve my life that I should be the means of emigrating them. They arrived safely but had to have many trials after they got here. My sister Mary was soon taken down with mountain fever and in two weeks she died. She was a fine young woman, about 15 years old. That was quite a trial for them. Father also came down with the same disease but survived. I only had two sisters. Ellenor married and had five children. She died before I went to live in Springville or Mapleton. Three of her children are dead. Only two daughters are living, one in Salt Lake and one in California.

Now, my good wife, Clarissa Wilkins, was living only a half mile West of Tompson where I lived. Her father helped to carry me to the house when I was struck by the wicked bolt of lightning. I was well acquainted with him, but not so well with the family until I commenced to keep her company not long before we were married. She was about 19 then. We were married in the old Endowment House by Joseph F. Smith, then one of the Apostles, on the 23rd of May 1876.* The next day we went out on the prairie to make our home without any neighbors to welcome us except a young fellow who was a cattle herder. We went nine miles from her home with a little span of mules and an old wagon, bedding and some household utensils, to a rough lumber house about sixteen feet square with about $125 or $130 worth of furniture waiting to be used. There were no neighbors within a mile of us.

That is how we started life. O, she was a courageous little woman. I have never met one that I felt I could love better than her and I will joy, I am sure, when we meet again in that land where there is no more death or sickness to mar our happiness, where I can make good for many mistakes I have made and we will have joy in meeting with our friends and relatives and those we have helped to redeem.

Herbert Manwaring

Rexburg Idaho

June 23, 1934.

*CFI says 22 May 1876 EH

APPENDIX C

http://heritage.uen.org/companies/Wc786ed5db431c.htm

Jenson, Andrew, 1866 (age 15), Part 1: Denmark to Nebraska

From Autobiography of Andrew Jenson
I spent New Year's Day Jan. 1, 1866, quietly in Saeby with my parents, filled with hope for the future, and I fully expected to see the land of America before another New Year's Day. I was now a trifle over fifteen years old. During the months of January, February, March and April I continued my activities as a salesman and at last found myself in possession of nearly enough money to take me to the frontiers of America. And so it was decided that Father, Mother, my youngest brother Joseph and I should emigrate to Utah at once, and that my older brother Jens should remain in Denmark for the time being, as we had not sufficient means to emigrate the whole family. The fare from Copenhagen to Wyoming, Nebraska, the outfitting place for the Saints who crossed the plains was, in 1866, about 82 Danish rigsdaler ($42.00). Father had saved money enough to take himself, Mother and my younger brother to Wyoming. In taking leave of my brother Jens, I promised him that my first effort after arriving in America would be to earn means to send for his emigration to Utah, a promise that was kept faithfully. We left him working as a servant on the Gjodeie farm.

When we emigrated to America, about twelve years had elapsed since my parents had embraced the restored gospel. During these years we had prayed and hoped for an opportunity to emigrate to Zion, and now when the time had come for us to do so we rejoiced exceedingly, and it seemed no great sacrifice to us to leave our native land, relatives and friends to go to the gathering place of the Saints. Others may have had regrets and sorrow on this account, but so far as my parents and I were concerned we only regretted that we had to leave one member of the family behind. As to our near relatives, none of them seemed inclined to listen to our testimony of the restored gospel, although there was a host of them, but they rather looked upon us as fools because we had joined so unpopular a sect as the "Mormons."

In the latter part of April, I spent most of the time visiting my relatives and friends to bid them goodbye, and many of them expressed their sorrow for me-that one so young and promising was being deceived by the "wicked Mormons". They hoped that when I had found out my mistake I would return to "dear old Denmark". However, they expressed fear that the "Mormons" would kill me, if I should attempt to get away from them. In the meantime Father had sold the few family effects which we had to dispose of, including his mechanical tools and other articles which we could not take with us. But the little means obtained by these sales were hardly sufficient to take us to Copenhagen and to furnish us with a small amount of money with which to defray incidental expenses.

Journey Begins - To Aalborg
Tuesday, May 8, 1866, witnessed the only "Mormon" family of Saeby leave that little city forever to seek a home in the Rocky Mountains in far-off America. Bright and early in the morning a one-horse vehicle driven by a good natured old farmer, made its way slowly toward the city of Aalborg, distant about 30 English miles. Our baggage consisted of the usual emigrant equipment averaging about one hundred pounds to each person. We arrived in Aalborg, after crossing the Limfjord on the pontoon bridge about the middle of the afternoon. Here we met a number of other emigrating Saints from the Aalborg and Vendsyssel conferences, Aalborg being the point of rendezvous for both. As the Saints' meeting hall in Aalborg was too small to accommodate all the emigrants, a larger hall had been hired on Bispensgade, and there our family and most of the other emigrants from Vendsyssel made our home for about a week while we made final preparations for the long journey before us. During that week, emigrants kept arriving until there were nearly two hundred of us. Several meetings were held, in which the necessary instructions were imparted to us by our brethren who had experience in emigration matters.

Aalborg to Copenhagen
On Wednesday, May 16th, at 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon we were all on board the ship Dania, and an hour later we left Aalborg for Copenhagen. The day was fine and the sea calm and we enjoyed sailing over the broad face of the Cattegat, but as the vessel heaved some of the passengers experienced more or less sea-sickness. At daybreak May 17th, we passed the old town of Helsinger (Elsinore) and at 6:00 o'clock a.m. we arrived safely in the city of Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. One of the Elders led the way from the landing stage to a hall which had been rented for the purpose, and there most of the emigrants spent several hours. As to myself, I was too deeply interested in the grandeur of the city to remain quietly in one place, and so, notwithstanding the protests of my parents, I walked all about the city, promenaded on the ramparts, visited the principal squares and churches and enjoyed myself immensely. Copenhagen, which at that time had about 180,000 inhabitants, was the first large city I had ever seen.

To Germany
At Copenhagen the emigrants from the Aalborg and Vendsyssel conferences were united with emigrating Saints from other Danish conferences, especially from the Aarhus conference, and at 1:00 o'clock p.m. we sailed from Copenhagen on board the steamship Aurora which was destined to take us to Kiel in Holstein. The voyage along the coast of Zealand (Sjaelland) and Moen was very interesting. The most conspicuous landmark which we passed was "Moens Klint", a hill of chalk formation which rises abruptly from the sea to a height of 450 feet. The weather was pleasant and the surface of the sea undisturbed. Joy and happiness reigned supreme on board; all of the Saints seemed delighted with the prospects before them.

Having spent the night on the Baltic, we reached the mouth of the "Kieler Fjord" in the morning of May 18th. Proceeding up the fjord, we soon reached the city of Kiel, where we landed, and then tarried several hours in the fine waiting room at the station. I utilized my time by visiting different parts of the city with its beautiful parks and gardens. Kiel was in 1866 an attractive city with about 30,000 inhabitants. It is situated in a fine and fertile district of country and the harbor, or fjord, on which it is built, is one of the best natural and safest harbors on the Baltic. At 12:00 o'clock noon the emigrants were all seated in the railway cars and left Kiel for Altona, about seventy miles distant, where we arrived after three hours pleasant journey through the green and beautiful Holstein. This was my first railroad ride, and the same could be said of the majority of those who composed the emigrant company.

Hamburg

From the railroad station in Altona we all marched down The hill to the banks of the river Elbe, where the women and children boarded a little steamer and went by water, while the men walked a mile or so through a part of Altona into the city of Hamburg, where we were all lodged in an emigration house, and we enjoyed a comfortable night's rest. Before evening, however, I was out on one of my exploration trips, and after walking long distances I lost my way in the great city of Hamburg, and only after considerable difficulty found my way back to the emigrant house. Everyone in Hamburg spoke German, which I did not understand.

On Saturday, May 19, 1866, in the afternoon, we went on board the ship Kenilworth (a sailing vessel, with Capt. Brown in charge). The ship lay at anchor a short distance from the dock in the river Elbe. The Kenilworth was an old English sailing vessel and had been chartered on easy terms. Though not intended for passenger traffic, it had been fitted up on this occasion with bunks and other conveniences on both decks for the comfort of the passengers. The next day, which was Whitsunday (May 20th), was spent in locating the emigrants in different parts of the ship and showing each family their bunks. Our family was given a well lighted place on the middle deck near the bow of the ship, and from our anchorage in the Elbe we had a fine view of the surroundings, the cities of Hamburg and Altona on the north and the low flat country (Hanover) on the south side of the Elbe. On the 21st a meeting was held on the middle deck of the ship when the Elders in charge gave instructions in regard to cleanliness, order and decorum. On Tuesday, May 22nd, another company of emigrants arrived and was taken on board at once. They were in charge of Pres. Carl Widerborg and Elder Christian Christiansen. This increased our number on board the Kenilworth to 684 souls besides the ship's crew.

The next day, May 23rd, the Kenilworth left her moorings and was towed by two small tugs a short distance to a point below Altona. On Thursday, May 24th, a meeting was held on board, at which the emigrant company was organized for traveling, with Elder Samuel L. Sprague as president or leader of the company, and Elder Morton Lund as his assistant. Frederik Berthelsen was appointed secretary and Ole H. Berg, captain of the guard. The emigrants were grouped into 42 divisions, or messes, with a president over each, whose business it was to receive provisions for each district and distribute them to the several families; also to preside at prayers in the respective districts morning and night, and to watch over the Saints in detail and see that the rules of cleanliness and order were strictly enforced. On the same occasion, the ship was dedicated by Elder Carl Widerborg and the prediction uttered that it should carry its precious cargo of souls safe and well to the "land of promise." Much timely and valuable instructions were imparted by the brethren, and it was enjoined upon the emigrants to yield strict obedience to the brethren who had been appointed to preside.

Routines

A child, five years old, died on board. Two other companies of Saints from the Scandinavian countries sailed from Hamburg a few days later, in the ships Humboldt and Cavour, making the total number of emigrants from the Scandinavian Mission 1,213 in 1866. On Friday, May 25, 1866, about noon, the anchor was lifted and our long voyage commenced. Old Kenilworth was towed down the river Elbe and at 9:00 o'clock p.m. we passed Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the river, and soon we were far out on the broad face of the North Sea. The weather was pleasant, the sea quiet and the commencement of the voyage promising. Most of the Saints on board were in high spirits. Usually the ships carrying emigrants from continental Europe passed through the English Channel on their way to America, but in our case it was decided to take the longer route north of Scotland. On the North Sea we were exposed to heavy winds and most of the passengers, owing to the rocking of the vessel, had more or less experience with sea sickness. In the afternoon of June 1st, we passed the Shetland Islands lying north of Scotland and before night we were on the somewhat turbulent waters of the Atlantic Ocean. By this time we had got used to the life on the ocean waves. We were well organized and willingly submitted to the discipline and regulations which had been agreed upon. Thus, at 6:00 o'clock in the morning, we arose at the signal of the bugle, attended to ablutions and engaged in prayer in the different districts at 8:00 o'clock. Then we ate breakfast, which consisted of tea and rye bread in the beginning, but after all the bread had been consumed we feasted on sea biscuits, which were made of rye, wheat and oatmeal. Our food was prepared and cooked in a large kitchen from which it was brought by the several presidents of districts, who distributed it to the respective persons or families in their charge. At 11:30 a.m. we had dinner, which generally consisted of good and solid food, and after that we frequently amused ourselves in dancing, or engaged in divers games on deck, in order to keep up good cheer, and counteract the tediousness of the long voyage. Thus the days passed quickly and pleasantly. At 6:00 p.m. we had supper and at 9:00 o'clock we were supposed to retire for the night, after having had prayers at 8:00 o'clock. Cleanliness and good order were strictly observed on board, and all who were able to do so were required to spend a good part of their time on deck to enjoy the fresh air and exercise. Guard was kept up all night, and all the brethren, who were able and of a proper age, took turns in standing guard. The captain and the crew were gentlemanly in their deportment towards the passengers, and we had no difficulty with any of them except the cook, a hot-headed and disagreeable person, who quarreled with several of the brethren, and especially on one occasion when a fight was barely averted. For several days after reaching the Atlantic Ocean we had favorable winds, but later owing to contrary winds we made but slow progress. For several days we were also enveloped in dense fogs, and in order to steer clear of danger from icebergs, the captain chose a southerly course. On June 20th we encountered a terrific thunder and lightning and rain storm, on which occasion all the sails of the ship were taken down in double quick time and the good old ship reeled like a drunken man and caused some alarm among the passengers.

Passing Time
During the voyage meetings were usually held on Sundays and on other occasions, at which powerful testimonies were borne and timely instructions given as circumstances demanded. A number of marriages were solemnized on board on which occasions we generally indulged in pleasantries, dancing and speech making. Even a manuscript paper was issued almost daily, which introduced humorous and spicy articles suitable for the life we led.

Death
The sad part of our voyage centered around a number of deaths which occurred. The following is a list of those of our company who found a watery grave: On May 24th a child; on May 29th Hulda Rosengren, 91/2 years old, and Wilhelmine Berthelsen, 37 years old; on June 2nd a child from the Aarhus Conference; On June 15th Oilver B. Rosengren, an infant; on June 19th Ole Christensen's child from Vendsyssel Conference; on June 23rd the wife of Chr. Christensen of the Aalborg Conference; on June 25th a young man from the Vendsyssel Conference; on June 27th another child; on July 3rd Christian Beck's child from the Aalborg Conference; on July 6th Inger S. Petersen, 6 years old; on July 12th Sarah Larsen, an infant; on July 13th Dorothea Beck, a child from the Copenhagen Conference and on July 15th a young man who committed suicide by jumping overboard. The death of Sister Christensen called forth much sympathy, as she and her husband had been most liberal with their means in assisting their poor co-religionists to emigrate. During the voyage, two children were born, the first on May 26th and the second on May 29th when Niels Hansen's wife from the Vendsyssel Conference gave birth to a child which was named Kenilworth Brown, in honor of the vessel and its captain. I also made record of seven marriages which took place on board during the voyage.

Arrival in New York
On Sunday, July 15th, which was a beautiful sunny day, a number of coast vessels were seen in all directions and joy and animation prevailed among the emigrants. A meeting was held at 8:00 o'clock a.m. at which timely instructions were given the emigrants as to how they should act when they landed in New York. About noon some of the officers, looking through their spy glasses, said that land was visible to the northwest, but it was not until 6:00 o'clock p.m. that one of our brethren, looking through his glass, called out with a loud voice, "Land, land!" Soon the green shores of Long Island were observed on our right by everybody. Perhaps only those who for weeks and months have been tossed about on the stormy face of the ocean can appreciate the pleasure of seeing terra firma again. The emigrants, who for about two months had been confined to the decks and berths of old Kenilworth appreciated to the fullest extent the change of vision that they enjoyed on this memorable day. The drooping spirits of all were revived and the desire to live in hope of a happy future was manifested universally among the passengers. The men shaved, cut their hair and cleaned up on general principles, while the women began to look for their best dresses in which to attire themselves when the happy privilege of landing should be enjoyed by them. To us Latter-day Saints, the first sight of America had more than usual significance, as this was the "land of promise," the land of Joseph, about which we had spoken, dreamed, and sung for many years before beholding it.

About the time we began to see land, one of the passengers, a young and foolish man, wilfully jumped overboard and was drowned. The ship was hurriedly turned around, a boat lowered, and a number of sailors manning it, endeavored to save the man, but did not succeed; he sank in the billows to rise no more. It was stated by his friends that he had been induced to emigrate, contrary to his wishes and had repeatedly declared that he would never see America, so, when the rest of us began to look so eagerly for land, he, consistent with his resolution, committed suicide by jumping overboard. We passed Sandy Hook after dark, and about midnight anchor was cast off Staten Island, at the entrance to the harbor of New York. The next morning, July 16th, most of the passengers rose early to look at the country. "How beautiful", nearly all exclaimed when we emerged from our quarters on the lower decks and saw the green hills of Staten Island and the tall steeples and magnificent buildings of the cities of New York and Brooklyn in the distance. The pleasant morning breeze wafted the odor of vegetation and flowers from the shore out to us. About 11:00 a.m. the doctor came on board to find that there were no contagious diseases among the emigrants and nothing in the shape of disorder or sickness which would prevent us from landing. Consequently, the anchor was lifted and we sailed into the bay or harbor and anchored a short distance off the city of New York, almost opposite Castle Gardens. As the sun rose higher, the day became very hot and several of the passengers were severely affected by the excessive heat. Elders Thomas Taylor and Wm. H. Folsom, emigration agents for the Church, came on board to arrange for our landing on the morrow.

Shortly before noon on July 17th we took leave of the Kenilworth and boarded a small steamer which took us to Castle Gardens. While taking this short trip the heat was very oppressive and one of our number died ... Others were so overcome by the heat that they were carried on shore more dead than alive; but on being placed in cool, airy rooms at the Castle Gardens, and receiving some medical treatment, they all recovered. We had spent 58 days on board the Kenilworth; 52 days had passed since we sailed from our anchorage at Hamburg and 46 days since we first reached the Atlantic Ocean. No serious accident had happened during our long voyage, and we realized that the predictions made by President Widerborg to the effect that we should pass safely over the great deep had been fulfilled. At Castle Gardens we passed through the usual examinations and scrutiny, including the enrollment of names, ages, nationality, etc., after which we enjoyed a few hours rest in the large and airy rooms of the Gardens. At 9:00 o'clock a.m. we left Castle Gardens and walked through a part of New York City to a point on East River where we boarded a large steamship which had been chartered by the Church emigration agent to take our company to Newhaven, Connecticut, and the night was spent sailing up East River and Long Island Sound.

On our arrival in New York we were told that the different railroad companies which had terminals in New York had arbitrarily broken their contract previously made by the Church agent by adding to the price agreed upon for taking the emigrants by rail westward. But as it was known that the emigrants were not able to pay this extra fare, Thomas Taylor, the emigration agent, had entered into a contract with a railroad company whose terminal was New Haven to carry us to the frontiers at the rates previously agreed to by the other railroad companies. This was the cause of us having this extra voyage by steamboat to New Haven.

To Wyoming, Nebraska, via New England and Canada

After a short but very unpleasant voyage of 80 miles, we arrived at New Haven at 5:00 o'clock in the morning on July 18th. From the landing place we walked a short distance to the railroad station, where, two hours later we boarded the cars and started northward on our first railroad journey in America. Our route led through the states of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont, and we enjoyed the beautiful scenery very much. To us Danes, who had come from a low, flat country where the highest elevated point was less than 600 feet above the level of the sea, the green mountains of Vermont and other elevations along our route of travel appeared grand and majestic. We traveled in 2nd class cars with comfortable seats, all night and part of the next day. Crossing the St. Lawrence River on the great Victoria Bridge, we arrived in Montreal, Canada, early in the afternoon of July 19th. Here we changed cars. The new train placed at our disposal consisted of a few second-class passenger cars and a number of ordinary baggage cars. Some of the latter cars, when we entered them, were dirty and abominable. But our leaders were informed that we would either have to occupy these cars or wait at least two days for better accommodations and so it was concluded to submit to the inevitable. The cars were swept and cleaned out as well as possible, so that they could be occupied after a fashion. Seated or lying on the floor of the cars, we rolled out of Montreal about 7:00 o'clock in the evening, traveling westward along the St. Lawrence River.

It took us two days to travel through Canada this way, as we met with an accident on the shores of Lake Ontario where, owing to the poor condition of the railroad bed, some of the cars jumped the track and several cars nearly toppled over. Yet none of them left the roadbed. This accident happened during the night, and when we, in the morning, beheld the situation of our train we truly felt thankful for having been saved from a terrible railroad disaster. Our train was broken into three sections, on the banks of the lake. Had any of the cars tipped over, the probability is that they would have rolled down the steep embankment into the water. As it was, the track was torn up for several rods. In the afternoon, the railroad men having repaired the track, we continued our journey, and at 7:00 p.m. we arrived at Toronto.

The next day, July 22nd in the afternoon, we arrived at the railroad terminus on the St. Clair River, which separates Canada from the United States, or the State of Michigan. A steam ferry boat took us over the river to Fort Huron in Michigan, where we spent the following night in a large freight building at the railroad station. On Monday, July 23rd, a 1:00 o'clock p.m., seated in good comfortable cars, which we surely appreciated after our experience in the Canada baggage cars, we left Fort Huron and traveled westward through the State of Michigan and arrived in Chicago, Ill., in the evening.

The next day, July 24th, we changed cars and left Chicago at 10:00 a.m. Traveling all afternoon and the following night through the State of Illinois, we arrived at Quincy on the Mississippi River on the morning of the 26th. There a ferry boat took us over the river to the State of Missouri, where we waited in the forest on the bank of the river until 3:00 o'clock p.m. The weather being very warm, a number of us took advantage of the opportunity to bathe in the river which we thoroughly enjoyed; but a young man of our company who, being a good swimmer, ventured too far out in the swiftly running river was carried away by the current and drowned.

At 4:00 p.m. we continued our journey through the State of Missouri, the land where the Saints in the early days of the Church suffered so much persecution. In several of the larger towns, through which we passed, the inhabitants acted hostile towards us and made several demonstrations in the shape of insults and threats. The telegraph had, of course, previous to our arrival, brought the news of a company of "Mormons" coming, and thus the rough element had time to gather at the railway stations to give us their attention as we arrived. Some of the worst men in the crowd gave the impression by their movements that they would have taken delight in treating us similar to the treatment that was given our co-religionists years ago. The conductor of our train appeared to be one of our bitter enemies. In starting the train and in quickening or lessening speed he treated us to such jerks and violent shocks as ordinarily are experienced only on freight trains. Fortunately none of us were seriously hurt, but some of our more delicate women were threatened with nervous breakdowns.

The dawn of Friday, July 27th, found us traveling through the western part of Missouri, and after suffering more jerks and shakings during which the engineer broke parts of his engine, we arrived at St. Joseph, on the banks of the Missouri River, early in the afternoon. This terminated our railroad travel, which had lasted ten days and covered a distance of about 1,700 miles. On our arrival at St. Joseph we were given only one hour in which to procure provisions for a two days' trip up the Missouri River to Wyoming, Nebraska. We boarded the steamboat Denver and left St. Joseph at 5:00 p.m. The following night was a sleepless one for most of us. In the first place the weather was too sultry for anybody to rest, but the worst trouble was that no place could be found on board for the passengers to make their beds. In addition to all this, the ship's officers and crew seemed to be regular demons and endeavored to annoy and vex us in every possible way. The next day, July 28th, the steamboat pulled slowly up the Missouri River. The day being extremely hot, we were not able to venture out from the coverings of the boat for fear of being sunstruck.

On Sunday, July 29th, we arrived safe and well at the landing, below the village of Wyoming, Nebraska, which was the outfitting place for the Saints crossing the plains that year.

Jenson, Andrew, 1866 (age 15), Part 2: Crossing the Plains

Problems at Wyoming, Nebraska
On Sunday, July 29th, we arrived safe and well at the landing, below the village of Wyoming, Nebraska, which was the outfitting place for the Saints crossing the plains that year. At that village we could breathe the fresh air more freely than upon any previous occasion since we commenced our long journey. Both on ship board, and in the railroad cars, we had been confined to narrow quarters, but here on the grassy hill of Wyoming we had plenty of room to spread out and inhale the fresh air and drink the pure water as it gushed forth from the hillside. Here our family also met some acquaintances from Vendsyssel, Denmark, who had spent a year at Wyoming.

On Monday, July 30th, our baggage arrived at the Wyoming landing and was partly carried by hand and partly by teams to the camp ground on the top of the hill, where we were permitted to pitch our tents on any of the unoccupied land lying adjacent to the village. Those of the emigrants who had no tents, made themselves temporary shelter of brush and branches cut from trees in the neighboring woods. While enjoying these conveniences we spent several days busily engaged in washing clothes and otherwise preparing for our journey across the plains. Several of the Church trains sent from the Valley this year after the poor were encamped near Wyoming and when we arrived, had waited for us several days.

Between four and five hundred wagons with three or four yoke of oxen to each wagon, were sent this year by the Church, to the Missouri River after emigrants, most of whom, including our own family came expecting to cross the plains with Church teams. While stopping at Wyoming we could draw provisions from the Church store house, which had been erected on the camp ground. On receiving our baggage at Wyoming, we found that many of the boxes had been opened and robbed of their contents, and thus some of the emigrants lost all their clothes and traveling outfits.

While the emigrant companies were encamped near Wyoming, that little village assumed an air of importance. Regular camps of tents and family boweries were erected by the pilgrims. Some of our company were taken sick with fever, a few very seriously. At least five of our company died before our family left Wyoming, namely: three from the Vendsyssel, one from the Aalborg; and an old lady from the Copenhagen Conference.

On Wednesday, August 1st, another company of Scandinavian emigrants, consisting of about three hundred souls, arrived at Wyoming. This company had sailed from Hamburg, June 2nd on the sailing vessel Humboldt, under the presidency of Elder George M. Brown. Several companies of British Saints preceded our company and were already on the plains when we arrived. The total number of emigrating Saints from Europe in 1866 was 3,327, of whom 1,213 were from the Scandinavian countries. All the companies came by way of Wyoming and most of them crossed the plains with Church teams.

Some of the emigrants who had crossed the ocean in the ship Kenilworth commenced their journey across the plains from Wyoming August 2nd, with Capt. Joseph S. Rawlins' train, and others left with Peter Nebeker's Church train on August 4th. Our family, having decided to go with Capt. Andrew H. Scott's train, moved our effects on August 5th to the place where that train was encamped near the Church store, and the next day we were assigned to our respective wagons, ten or twelve persons to each wagon. Our train consisted of 46 wagons and the company comprised British, Norwegian and Danish emigrants. George M. Brown, who had led the Humboldt company from Hamburg to Wyoming, was appointed our spiritual leader in crossing the plains.

Captain Andrew Scott's Company
It was the intention that our company should roll out of Wyoming on August 7th, but a terrible rainstorm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, such as none of us from Scandinavia had ever experienced, visited the camp. The rain poured down in torrents nearly all day and the following night. The ground was thoroughly soaked by the downpour and while the storm was at its worst the whole village seemed to be a perfect lake. Such storms occurred frequently in this locality in July and August every year. Wednesday, August 8, 1866, will always remain a red letter day in my recollection. At 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon, as passengers in Capt. Andrew H. Scott's ox train, we left Wyoming to cross the plains. Our teams pulled out slowly, traveled five miles out on the prairie and encamped on the brow of a hill where we remained until the next day. A meeting was held in the camp during the afternoon, at which we were more fully organized for traveling and the necessary officers were appointed. George M. Brown, already mentioned, was an American by birth who had performed a mission in Norway, and he, as our spiritual leader was also to act as interpreter for the Scandinavians who did not understand the English language.

With our departure from Wyoming, that village was almost reduced to normal conditions, being left with its very limited number of inhabitants, save a few emigrants and Elders who were waiting for the season's last company of emigrants to arrive. Capt. Abner Lowry's train of Church teams were kept back to bring this last company across the plains. This ox company was known as the Sanpete train, as most of the men and teams in it hailed from Sanpete Valley.

Food/Routines (easier for teen-agers)
On Aug. 9th, Capt. Scott's train broke camp at 8:00 o'clock a.m., and traveled until near noon, when we stopped about four hours, during which provisions were distributed to the passengers for the first time. The rations allowed consisted of 1 1/2 pounds of flour and one pound of bacon each day for each adult besides sugar, molasses, dried fruit, and other eatables, all of which we were to cook and prepare ourselves to suit our respective tastes. Some of us found the baking of bread and the cooking of meals in the open air a

somewhat difficult task, as we had never done the like before, but after a few days' practice we mastered the situation, and life on the plain soon became quite natural and pleasant to those of us who were young and hearty. To the older members of the company, and to those who had large families of children, the case was quite different. Our daily routine was something like the following: We generally broke camp at 8:00 o'clock in the morning and traveled from 12 to 20 miles a day. As a rule we stopped about two hours at noon to rest and feed ourselves and our animals. The task of walking as much as possible was enjoined upon every young and able-bodied person, in order to lighten the burden of the animals. Only the old and weak were privileged to ride to any great extent. Of course, I, being a strong, healthy lad, was among those who walked nearly all the way across the plains, and I rather enjoyed it. At noon and at night, when camping, we all had our busiest time. First, we pitched our tents and gathered fuel and fetched water, then we made fires, baked bread, cooked food, and finally ate our meals around the camp fires, sitting on the grass or rocks. For us Europeans it was indeed a new life, but we soon got used to it. At times we found our energies taxed to the uttermost. Wood was sometimes a very scarce article and in such cases we resorted to the use of dry manure, which we called buffalo chips. This served our purpose very well when we got used to it, and we never complained when we could find enough of it. Frequently we had to tramp long distances to get water, and in some instances we had to make dry camp; that is, we camped in places where there was no water. Often we had to cook our meals when the rain poured down in torrents and drenched us to the skin and put out our fires. At other times the wind blew so hard that our tents fell and our food in course of preparation became spiced with sand to a greater or lesser extent, as the wind raised the soil and enveloped the camp in a cloud of dust. But we soon learned to look on these things as unavoidable difficulties in crossing the plains in teams and we bore them without murmuring or fault-finding.

Making Camp

In making our camp, our usual "Mormon" method of forming two half-circles with the wagons was observed, so that a corral was made into which the oxen would be driven to be caught and yoked up anew in the morning. Our tents were pitched outside the enclosure, each tent opposite the wagon to which it belonged. The oxen and such loose stock as we had along were herded during the night by special herdsmen but the regular night watch in the camp was taken in turn by the emigrating brethren. Public prayer was offered in camp every night in which everybody was expected to participate. After the prayer, the captain, or some other leader, generally made remarks of encouraging and instructive nature; the essence of such remarks, if important, was translated into Danish for the benefit of those who as yet had not learned the English language. Before we reached our journey's end, I had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the English language to be independent of such translation, though I could speak but very little English yet.

Route

From Wyoming we traveled across the prairies of Nebraska in a northwesterly direction to the Platte River, on which we camped for the first time at noon Aug. 16th, at a point about thirty miles east of Fort Kearney. Thence we followed the Platte River, by way of Fort Kearney to a point near Fort McPherson, following the so-called Oregon Trail. Thence we crossed the highland from the South Platte to the North Platte, reaching the latter stream at the mouth of Ash Hollow. Thence we traveled along the North Platte by way of Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluff until we reached Fort Laramie. From that fort we crossed hills and streams until we reached the mouth of Deer Creek, a tributary of the Platte, thence we traveled westward to the upper crossing of the Platte, crossing that river on a bridge, where the "Mormon" emigrants of 1847 built a ferry, near the site of the present city of Casper. Continuing the journey in a southwesterly direction we passed Independence Rock and Devil's Gate and thence followed the Sweetwater about seventy miles to the Continental Divide. Near that point we left the Oregon Trail and followed the Mormon Pioneer Trail, crossing Little Sandy, Big Sandy, Green River, Ham's Fork, and Black Fork to Fort Bridger. From there we traveled on a well beaten road by way of Bear River, Yellow Creek, and other streams, to the mouth of Echo Canyon and up Weber River ten miles via Coalville and Hoytsville to Wanship; then through Silver Creek Canyon, Parley's Park, over the mountain and through Parley's Canyon, at the mouth of which we entered Salt Lake Valley.

Indians/Buffalo

At several points on the journey we came in friendly contact with Indians, but we only saw a few buffaloes, for many of these noble animals had been wantonly destroyed by white hunters, thus wasting the food of the Indians, which made them very angry, and while the Sioux and other tribes showed hostilities to travelers generally, they usually distinguished between the "Mormon" caravans and others, and would steal from other travelers when they would leave the "Mormons" alone. p

Death/Food

Quite a number of people in our company died on the plains but I failed to make a record of them, as I yet was an amateur in record-keeping. During the early part of our journey we had plenty of food and some to spare, but on reaching the mountain country, where the temperature was colder, our appetites increased and yet our daily rations were cut down until we suffered for the lack of food, owing to the fact that the provisions which Capt. Scott's train had cached at different points on the road to be taken up and used when the train returned with emigrants, had been stolen by Indians, or perhaps renegade whites so we were put on half rations which made us go hungry at times. Before we reached places where our stock of provisions could be replenished, we suffered considerably, and I, who was a robust and growing boy with a good appetite, could at times think of nothing more desirable than to live long enough to enjoy a square meal, or to have my appetite satisfied.

Weather

On September 19th we encountered terrific snowstorms near the South Pass. During the previous night it had snowed considerably and the weather was very cold. To add to our suffering, we could find no fuel to start our fires, the snow having covered all the brush and scattered wood. The inexperienced emigrants felt themselves helpless to cope with such situations, but the teamsters soon built a huge camp fire, and in spite of the falling snow, small camp fires were started all around. Snow fell all day and it was truly the coldest and most unpleasant day on the whole journey. Towards noon the teamsters succeeded, after much labor in getting the hungry and half

frozen cattle hitched up and we traveled a few miles to a more sheltered place where we made a new encampment in a snug little valley, while it was still snowing.

Telegram to Brigham Young - Need Help
From South Pass, on Sept. 21st, Capt. Scott sent the following telegram to Pres. Brigham Young: "Encountered a very severe snow and wind storm for twelve hours while passing from Sage Creek over the Rocky Ridge. Some cattle were badly frozen, eight head died and fifty more were disabled. The snow was six inches deep, feed covered up, heavy wind from the northwest very cold. Today fine weather, cattle looking better. Camp in good condition. Shall move from here tomorrow."

Arrival in Salt Lake Valley
On the 7th of October our train emerged from the mouth of Parley's Canyon. As soon as we entered the Valley I joined some of my young fellow travelers in ascending the bluff or bench a short distance above where the Utah Penitentiary is now located. From that point of vantage I enjoyed my first view of Great Salt Lake City.

The city appeared grand and beautiful, as it nestled in the full blaze of the afternoon sun. Together with my companions I shouted for joy as we felt that our fondest hopes and anticipations had been realized. As long as I can remember I had prayed and hoped for the opportunity to gather to Zion. Now, at last, the chief city of the Saints was in sight and our dreams were about to come true. After getting out of the mountain pass we traveled through the Sugar House Ward, crossed the State road and encamped for the night on the Church Farm.

On Monday, Oct. 8th, we traveled about four miles northward and arrived in Great Salt Lake City. Our train immediately went into the Tithing Yard where everything was unloaded, and then the train started off again for the south with those of the emigrants who expected to locate in Utah County, where most of the teams in Capt. Scott's company belonged. Our family, which had not decided where to make our permanent home, remained in the city for the time being. Hence we bade our fellow-travelers an affectionate farewell. They scattered to different parts of the country, where they had friends or relatives, or where more settlers were wanted. The Deseret News of Oct. 10, 1866, announced the arrival of our train as follows:

Capt. A. H. Scott's train of 49 wagons and about three hundred passengers got in on Monday morning, the cattle of the company looking well and the passengers, as a general rule, in good health, although a few were sick. This company of people is reported as one of the finest that has got in for a long time. They are mostly from Norway in Europe, from a highly respectable class of society and have a fine choir of twenty-five singers.

The day after our arrival in the city a man by the name of Isaac Hunter came to the Tithing Office Yard looking for a boy of my size to work for him. I accepted his proposition and worked for him two weeks, during which I added to my knowledge of the English language, having already learned considerably from the teamsters in crossing the plains. In the meantime, the so-called Sanpete train in charge of Captain Abner Lowry, arrived in the city. The emigrants in that train had suffered with cholera and many of them had died crossing the plains.

Our family now having decided to go south in search of a place to make a home, made arrangements to go with Abner Lowry's company to Sanpete Valley, but on the second day out we met a number of old acquaintances from Denmark, at Pleasant Grove, Utah County, and so Mother, my younger brother Joseph, and I stopped off in that town, while Father continued his journey to Ephraim, Sanpete County, but in December following, his family followed him to Ephraim, where we spent the winter of 1866-67. There I was employed by a Bro. Frederik Julius Christiansen, whom we knew in the old country to take care of his stock during the winter.

APPENDIX D

http://heritage.uen.org/companies/Wc28aebbc742cb.htm

1866 (age 35), Hopkins (Clark), Caroline

Caroline Hopkins Clark, born May 15, 1831, at Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, England, was a daughter of Samuel and Ann Newey Hopkins. The early years of her life were spent in England, where she received her education. Hearing the missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints preach the Gospel, she was converted and baptized December 12, 1849, and as a result was rejected by her family. A short time after being baptized, she met a young convert named John Clark whom she married May 31, 1852. Nine children were born to this couple while they were living in Birmingham, Warwickshire, England; three died and were buried there. Those who accompanied the parents to Utah in 1866 were William Roland, Harriet, Orson John, Herbert Henry, Edwin Francis and Martha Eliza. Six more children were born after the arrival of the family in Utah. They settled in Upton, Summit County, Utah, where Caroline died October 30, 1900. The following, taken from her diary, was sent back to her people in England:

To America
Monday, April 30, 1866-Ship John Bright sailed from Liverpool, England, with 747 Saints under the direction of C. M. Gillett and landed in New York, June 6, 1866. We left Liverpool at four o'clock on the afternoon of April 30, 1866.

May 2nd-Martha is seasick. We went upon deck. It is a grand sight to see the waves roll mountains high. Herbert seasick, and Roland poorly. Sister Staples is very kind in helping with the children. John is busy attending to the cooking, but all together very comfortable.

3rd-We have just been up on deck to see a steamer pass. A hailstorm has commenced and the vessel is rocking. It is about time for prayers.

4th-The ship rolls very much. Martha and I went up on deck. A wave dashed over and gave us a ducking. We saw five large fish. Their heads resembled those of horses.

6th-We are feeling a little better. Martha said she dare say you would be wondering what we were having for our dinner. We had a Yorkshire pudding. Just as it was done, the captain ordered us up on the deck, so we had to stand outside and eat it the best we could. We also had boiled potatoes and peas. They had to stand in the water about one hour after they were done, before we could get to eat them. Evening, we are on the top deck, and the winds are very high. Little Frank is afraid he will fall over. We wish you were all with us, particularly Tom Green. He would make a little fun out of it, to see us tossing to and fro.

7th-We are sailing very swiftly today. I wanted to find what time it was, and Jack said I was to ask Mrs. Barlow.

8th-John has to work very hard in the cooking department.

10th-The sea is very rough. None of us are able to stand on our legs. I fell down and hurt my leg badly, and John has had many falls, in fact we all fall more or less. The tins are rolling about, the victuals are tossing about, but we cannot help laughing.

11th-Dare say you have heard people say they could go to sleep with rocking, but we cannot go to sleep with rocking. We had plenty last night. Talk about a swing boat, why bless your life, it is nothing compared to being rocked on the sea. We can hardly keep in bed. We had to get up and turn our heads where our feet should be, or we would not stay in bed at all. The tins and boxes were rolling about. The slop buckets upset. The sailors said it was as rough a night as they had ever seen, and it continued so all day.

12th-Saturday night, 6 o'clock. We have just finished dinner. The sea still remains very rough, but we are not at all afraid for we feel we shall get to New York quite safe. The reason I tell you of these things is because I told you I would send you the truth of how things were. We have plenty of music and dancing on board. Mr. Cox is very tolerable.

15th-A beautiful fine day. We had a concert and dancing on deck. At night we went up on top deck to see the sun sinking in the west. It is the grandest sight we ever witnessed. It is impossible to describe, but if you would like to see it you will have to do as we have done. It is my birthday today.

18th-A very rough day, and we were driven back some distance. We have had to keep to our bed because we could not stand up. Sometimes we were almost upright in bed. There was much confusion with the boxes and tins, as many were smashed all to pieces. John has had several falls, but the rest of us are well now.

20th, Sunday-We have had two good meetings during the day. It is very foggy. John is boiling potatoes for our supper.

22nd-We expect to be given notice in about a week to quit the John Bright.

23rd-Every few days they stove the vessel out, so we have to go up on deck. We had our dinner, of meat pies and jam tarts, up on top deck. We thought if Brother Greene and some of the Birmingham boys had been with us, it would have caused rare fun to see us gypsying in the sun and to see the big fish trying to catch the little ones. We have had three births but no deaths. Herbert, Frank and the baby have the whooping cough.

24th-Very foggy. We cannot see far, and we dread the banks of Newfoundland, where whales were seen this morning.

25th-We wonder if our "company general" went to have his bread and cheese. We would like to have some. We have to drink water and vinegar with a little sugar in it for our drink.

26th-We fully expect the pilot in tomorrow to take us to Castle Gardens. Our health is very good.

30th-The sea is very rough. Little Frank and Roland were seized with a blight in their eyes. We had to be smoked out again, so we took our dinner on top deck. We can see many fishing smacks, so expect we are nearing land.

31st-Quiet and cold as winter in Birmingham. The vessel is quite at a standstill.

June 1st-Much warmer, many fishing smacks about. The second mate and two more men went out in a boat and brought a turtle which caused a great deal of fun on deck. Little Frank seized with the measles.

2nd-The vessel goes as much backward as forward, so you see how fast we are sailing. The baby and I have the bowel complaint.

3rd-About one o'clock we saw a boat coming along which proved to be the pilot. There was great shouting for joy. Sorry to say, the baby keeps very ill. Little Frank is some better.

4th-Smoked out again. Great preparations were made for the inspector to come and look over the ship. Martha, in a great hurry to come down stairs, came down all at once, but has not hurt herself much.

New York

5th-The tug has just come to take us to New York. It is the grandest sight I have ever witnessed; to see things as we go up the river. We have just gone up on deck to pass the doctor. He took no notice of any of us, so we passed first rate.

6th-We are still on the ship in much confusion. They have taken our berths down. We expect to go into Castle Gardens today. Sam and Emma Pike came to see us.

7th-We were taken into Castle Gardens today about 12 o'clock. We had to stay there until twelve o'clock at night. During this time we went into New York, and found some bread and cheese and a little something else. We had to pay at the rate of a pence for a small loaf. Martha and I bought a hat for traveling. They are one yard and three quarters around. If you take a piece of string and measure with it, you can see how far it was around our hats. At ten o'clock we had to walk about two miles to a steamboat. The lame, old, and children had to have cars, so we fell in with that number. We had to sit in the boat all night, so you can guess how comfortable we were.

By Train 8 Days to St. Joseph/Baby Died

8th-At break of day we were hurried out to go to the train. We rode all day. It is a pleasing country. It is impossible to describe the acres of land that lie uncultivated. Riding in the train is very tiresome. It is something like a galvanic battery, and much faster than we go in England.

9th-We are still riding by rail. We went through British Canada. We were stopped on the road and searched by soldiers for firearms. We had to change trains at Montreal. Mr. Wheeler, the cab man, met with an accident. He had to have his foot taken off. We saw some beautiful waterfalls on the road. The houses are mostly built of wood. The people dress fine about here.

10th-Still continue on by rail. We got some new suits, which were quite neat. Things were very cheap in Canada. Meat is one half shilling a pound and everything else according. The eggs are five pence a dozen. Things have raised on account of the war. Soldiers are stationed every short distance along the road.

11th-We are still journeying by railway. We had to change cars and drop over a river into the United States. There we got refreshments and started again on our journey. The baby remains very ill.

12th-It is very tedious, riding by rail so long. The country looks well. We have passed by nice villages. Herbert is seized with the measles.

13th-Very sad news to tell of today's journey. Mr. Cox was taken worse during the night, and remained so until about nine o'clock, when he died. The name of the place was called Michigan. He was taken on to Chicago. We stayed there during the night. Sorry to say baby keeps very ill. Little Frank has the bowel complaint.

14th-Today's journey is a sad one to us, on account of the death of our own dear baby. It grieved us much. She died at the place where Mr. Cox was buried. John stayed behind to bury her. She died with the same complaint as my other three children. We left Chicago and proceeded by train to Quincy. We changed trains, and crossed the river.

15th-We took the train and proceeded to St. Joseph, and stayed all day and night there. We inquired about Mr. Burr from Birmingham, and found him. We had a very hearty breakfast, dinner and tea. We had for dinner, a leg of lamb, green peas, and new potatoes. They wanted John to stay with them. He would get from four to five pounds a week. A gentleman got out of his carriage and wanted Martha to stay. He said he would give her four dollars and her board a week. The servants have not much work to do.

Three Days by Boat to Wyoming, Nebraska
16th-Then we took a boat and went up the Missouri River. The water is very dirty with undercurrents. We saw Indians on the bank.

17th-We still keep going up the river. We have to be on top deck. We can lie and see the moon and stars shining upon us.

18th-We are still on the river. It remains very hot, and the water keeps very muddy all the way.

Wyoming, Nebraska
19th-Arrived in Wyoming, very early in the morning. The heat is very oppressive. You should see the children, they are blistered with the sun. Little Frank's arm is very bad. We can see something like sparks of fire. They are small insects. There are not many houses. The teams came to the river for our luggage and took it on to the grove.

20th-We pitched our tent at night, then a heavy thunder storm came up and we all got wet through. We had to take the children into a shed and keep them there until we dried their clothes.

22nd-Another lot of teams have joined us. We do not know how long we will stay here.

23rd-We are still in the shed. We saw Mrs. Yates from Birmingham.

24th-We do not expect to leave for four or five weeks, then we will start with the Birmingham Saints.

26th-The London Saints arrived this morning. Mary was confined this morning. She has a girl and doing fine.

27th-We had more friends come to see us. One gave us about two pecks of flour and other things which came in very useful. Brother Bean came and showed us how to make our bread for the plains.

29th-We went over to Nebraska today. It is very rough riding. Sometimes we went up, down and sidewise with our ox team. The teamsters said that was nothing to what we would have to go thru before we got to Utah.

July 3rd-Still remains very hot. We had another thunderstorm but escaped getting wet. We do not know when we leave here.

To Utah with Captain Chipman
11th-Left Wyoming five miles, and then we joined Captain Chipman's trains.

16th-We traveled very slow. Today we were crossing a creek, when the cattle turned, I went to get down out of the wagon, and Mr. Stonehouse went to help me and we both fell and hurt us very bad. John went to stop the brake, and got a bad foot sprain. He isn't able to sit up with his. The weather is very hot. The children are getting fat.

22nd-We passed Tree Creek and Beaver Creek today. We reached the Platte River. John's foot is better, he can walk again.

25th-Yesterday was the anniversary of our people who first entered the valley. We traveled about half the day, then we had singing and dancing, and all enjoyed ourselves. We are journeying by the Platte River. A young deaf and dumb girl died in our camp.

30th-We are still by the Platte River. There are small mountains on one side, and mountains on the other. We passed Cotton Tree Creek, and there were many soldiers camped there on account of the Indians. There were two more deaths in our camp.

Aug. 1st-We crossed the Platte River. It was very deep, and in places took the wagons up to the covers. We all got over safely, but our clothes were wet.

6th-We left the South Platte (a distance of fifteen miles). You should have seen the mountains we went down. It looked impossible for any persons to go down them, let alone with wagons and oxen. We are among the Indians.

10th-We passed Chimney Rock. It is a rock that can be seen many miles off, and forms a chimney. We passed high rocks. All things are going well with us.

14th-We passed Laramie, Wyoming; the soldiers stopped our train to see what firearms we had. They told us the Indians had killed a hundred or more and robbed them. I guess you would like to know how we live on the plains. We do not get any fresh meat or potatoes, but we get plenty of flour and bacon. We have some sugar, a little tea, molasses, soap, carbonate of soda, and a few dried apples. We brought some peas, oatmeal, rice, tea, and sugar, which we had left from the vessel. We bought a skillet to bake our bread in. Sometimes we make pancakes for a change. We also make cakes in the pan, and often bran dumplings with baking powder. We use cream of tartar and soda for our bread, sometimes sour dough. At times Roland goes to the river and catches fish and sometimes John shoots birds. We get wild currants and gooseberries to make puddings. All together we get along very well.

18th-Today we had trouble with the Indians. We suppose they followed us. We had just corralled, and begun to cook our dinners, when the alarm came that the Indians were driving away our cattle. The boys followed them, but they got away with ninety-one head and wounded three.

20th-We passed Deer Creek. The same day the Indians took our cattle, they took all the possessions of two homes, killed the people and burned their homes. A telegraph message has come to tell us Brigham Young is sending us some mule teams and provisions to help us.

22nd-We crossed the.....[Ft. Caspar] bridge. There were many soldiers stationed there on account of the Indians.

24th-This morning we were just starting when four of our men drove in about one-hundred cattle that they had taken from the Indians. We found the train they belonged to and we gave them back.

26th-We passed the Devil's Gate. Jack wanted to know if the devils lived there. John has been appointed captain of the guards. We have been forced to have men guard our trains back and front.

29th-Today we saw the first mountains with snow on them. At noon we came to some springs called, Iced Springs. It is very cold. We can scarcely keep ourselves warm.

Sept. 1st-We passed South Pass. The cold has been severe. We dined on the leg of an antelope. It sure was a treat.

3rd-The mule teams have met us and brought provisions. They have gone on to meet the ones that waited back.

6th-We crossed Green River and Ham's Fork River. Today was the twins' birthday. We had a hare and a half, so we are not starving. Little Frank keeps very thin, but seems pretty well in health.

9th-We passed muddy station. They say we are just a hundred miles from the Valley. We had another birth, and three children have died. We are still able to see snow on the mountains. Mr. Gillett, captain of our vessel, has died on the plains. He was just a young man and highly respected.

Stopped in Coalville, another child died

12th-We have reached Coalville. John and Bill went on early in the morning and found Tom and Frank. They brought a team and took us from the train to their house where they made us very comfortable. I would like to have gone on to the Valley, but I began to feel very unwell and thought it best to stop. Little Frank was worse as well.

23rd-Today we had more trouble on account of the death of dear little Frank. He got worse every day after we got to Frank's and died September 23. He suffered a lot with pain. He has never been well since he had the measles. His little body just wasted away. He was very merry on the journey and was often singing until the last two days. He had plenty to have done him good. Some people brought me eggs, new milk, a fowl for him, plenty of fresh butter, biscuits, and plenty of milk for getting, so we are not starving.

Dear Friends:
Whomever may read this letter, be sure when you come to bring plenty of flour, suet, lard, currants, raisins, a little tartaric acid, bicarbonate of soda, baking powder, laboring bonnets, they are very useful for women and children. Be sure to take care of your provisions. For some days, you feel like you could not eat anything, but your appetite will come to you in time. Be sure to bring some onions and potatoes. If you cook your meat one day and have some left, it makes nice potato pies. You must bring flour. Then the fat of the meat makes nice crust. Bring a large tin to wash in.

We had plenty to eat all the while we were on the sea, but often we had to wait a long time before we could get it cooked. It is a tedious journey by rail. You want your water bottle. When you start by rail get plenty of provisions to last three days and water. Save all your pieces. You will need them on your journey. You also need a baking pan to bake your bread in on the plains.

APPENDIX E

From the Office of Dr. H. C. Hullinger, Vernal, Utah
June 16, 1925

Herbert Manwaring
Pocatello, Idaho.

My Dear Brother--I received your very welcome letter of the 22nd/25 With great plasure I red its contents, with pride and a great amount of satisfaction, for the same brought back to me one of the wonders of my life, And how the LORD used me in the saveing and the restoration of yourself to LIFE from DEATH, It was certainly a mirickel, if ever such thing ever did exist, You layed their after the Lightning struck you some 15 or 20 minutes before help reached you, dead as far as this life is concerned,

Now to come to the part that was alloted to me to play in that event that I shoul become your temporal Saveior, I was at Clint Thompins attending his Children with scarlet fever, I went from their to entwitles for my paper, he lived south of Nate Tanners, when returning i met John Tanner, he asked me to go down in the feeld and get some Strawberys i went, i was uneasy all the time, it was about one quarted east of his place, I said to him cant i go to Clints shorter, by going down in the low land to go around as i came, He said yes i started and wen in a hurry, i don't now why, when i got down in Clints pasture, their was a deep gully, iturne to go up to the fence, when i was in that gulsh, the bolt of lightning came, it shocked me for a moment, after that i went up to the fence, i looked west, their i saw that you and the horse were killed as i supposed, I ran out to you where you layed, I looked for a momen i saw your Hat laying several feet from you, your boots one here the other 6 pr 8 feet apart, your hat a hole nocked in it you could stick your fist thru it you was necked about, I ran towards the house 60 or 80 rods off and hollowed to clint that you and the horse was killed, to bring a bcket of water, quick, we ran back to where you lay, I took a double hand full of water slashed it down on your neeked breast, 3 times, the last one you moaned, I said to clint thank GOD he is comeing back to life, when you did,

We picked you up and caryed you to the house, while going you came to you said, Oh¾what is the matter with me, I told you that the lightning had struck you and killed the horse, You said, Oh what will Clint say? He told you to never mind the horse,

When we got to the house the first thing i did, was to take Caster oil and paint your body wit it, then i filled the oil wit flower, to form scab, i kept the entire burn covered with i cold cloth which releaved your pains to a great degree, You vomited every few minutes, but i said give him all the cold water, and as often as calls for it, that condition lasted for about 49 ours,

I went to Salt Lake to see the Dr's, they said you cant sane him, i said you don't now, We stuck to it and we can see what faith and good works can do, when applied as it was by inspiration, as that was,

Now What a conselation to me, to now that i have an instrument in the hands of god to be the chosen one to bring back from appearant death who will go into the Temple and do the work for his relatives that they could not do for themselved, theirby we becoem saveiors on Mt Zion for our ancestors, and carrying out the promise made to you before you left your home, I am also thankfull, that you appreciate, my being one in the hand of GOD, for your restoration to life, What a blessing this life is to us if we can appreciate the same and use it for the purpose that it given us.

Each of us undoubtedly agreed with our Heavenly Father if we were permited to come here, we would go to and do thr work for our dead in the place dedicated for that work. I have been engaged in that work for the last 20 years i have don and hired done 3,165, of my ancestors i had to stop when i had worked up al that i new were dead, i have spent a life for the liveing and the dead, and look for my reward at the end of thr race. GOD BLESS YOU IN your noble work,

Well Herbut let me hear from you agaiin, Yours came to me as a eminder of formed and forgotten times.

[Handwritten at bottom of page]
Excuse my poor writing.

Dr. H. C. Hullinger

APPENDIX F

Herbert Manwaring's Two Patriarchal Blessings

Recorded in Book E Page 414

Granger Ward Salt Lake Co Utah, June 2nd 1884 (Age 35)

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 with eternal life & Holy resurrection for thou art of Ephraim Amen.

Logan, Utah, Feb. 13, 1915 (Age 66)

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 projenitors 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

APPENDIX G

Herbert Manwaring Obituary

Herbert Manwaring Buried at Blackfoot

BLACKFOOT, Idaho, March 6.-- Funeral services for Herbert Manwaring, 87, pioneer settler of Utah and resident of Blackfoot for 26 years, were held Tuesday afternoon at 12:30 from the Blackfoot First ward chapel, Bishop James H. Yancey officiated.

A mixed quartet composed of Winnefred Young, Alice Hebden, Dexter Gardner and Lee T. Howell sang "Sometime We'll Understand," accompanied by Lenoa Elison. Invocation was by Bishop Joseph F. Jensen of Groveland. Violin solo, "The Cradle Song," was played by J. Wesley Curtis. A life sketch was read by Albert Manwaring of Ogden, a brother of the deceased.

Speakers were former Bishop John S. Boker of Groveland, President James Duckworth of the Blackfoot Stake, and Bishop Yancey. The mixed quartet sang, "I Need Thee Every Hour" and Lloyd Reynolds sang "Prayer Perfect," accompanied by Mrs. Mary A. Packham. The closing song was by a male quartet composed of George H. Clark, Dexter, Roscoe, and Herman Gardner, "Life's Golden Dream is Past." Benediction was pronounced by Ben Chesley A. Woodland. Interment was in the family plot in Groveland Cemetery under the direction of the Sandberg funeral home. John H. Manwaring, of Springville, Utah, a brother of the deceased dedicated the grave.

Pallbearers were Elwood Manwaring, Paul Jensen, Leonard Manwaring, Alocey Reynolds, Holley Manwaring and Darrold Jones. Floral tributes were carried by Helen, Beth, Vera, Marie, Wanda, Florence, Leah and Lenore Manwaring. With Mrs. James Yancey of the Relief Society in charge.