

I remember Pap, as we called grandfather Judd, when I would come and visit. He had whiskers and seemed very old to me, just a little girl. He seemed to want to talk to us and learn what we did at home. I remember that just before he died he called all of us grandchildren to his bedside and kissed us. I remember how his curly beard tickled my face and I also remember seeing him in his casket. I was only 6 or 7, too young to understand very much about death.

I learned to know and love Mother Judd, after our own mother died and we children were staying with Aunt Fan and their family. Later when we would come for a visit, long or short, she always took me by the hand and showed me my mother's picture and say, "Do you know who that is"? Mother's big picture was hanging on the North wall of her bedroom, and there was Aunt Annie's picture there also. She showed us Ruby's little dish cupboard, which fascinated us when we were young. I was always fascinated too with the big wall folding bed that was in her kitchen. We watched, eyes agog with eager expectation, while she pulled it down and it became a comfortable bed for us. She always wanted us to stay and eat with her. Sometimes we did, and even when she became older she still prepared the nicest meals. I remember how interested she was when my father married Aunt Martha, because she knew we needed a mother to take care of us. One day after I was married, I brought my new Mother-in-law to visit with her. Grandmother talked and visited, then she gave us each a nice handkerchief to keep. Mother Gregory still has her handky, so do I and we talk about that visit often.

Of course we always remember her crippled hands but she was given a blessing and a promise which has been fulfilled. I'll always feel the testimony that it brings and the example she set to help bring about the promise. We loved her.

Ruth West Gregory, grand-daughter.

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My memories of Pap and Mother Judd are much the same as those of the other grand-children. This is a natural thing because these outstanding stories and incidents are etched so deeply in our minds that they have become a part of our lives. To tell these stories would only be repetitious, so I will try to include a few things that I remember, which have not been mentioned.

My memories of Mother and Pap are nostalgic, loving, living ones. I have but to close my eyes and I see, in retrospect, the little two-room house they were so proud of. It was a luxurious abode compared with log rooms they first lived in. I see the granary where the grain was stored and the log stable where the cows

were milked; the long haystack, the tall crossed hay poles and the steel cable stretched between them on which the Jackson fork was pulled back and forth to distribute the hay in the proper places. I see myself as a girl waiting while Pap harnesses Old Jim, hitches him to the buggy, and we are off on one adventure or another. One of these little journeys took us to Devils Slide, for what reason I do not know, but I do remember that the Weber River was a raging angry stream, and had overflowed its banks in several places. When we reached the river bridge the water was so high that the floor of the bridge was completely submerged. I was terrified and didn't want to cross, but not Pap, he just touched Old Jim with the whip, and he trotted right along through the water, sprinkling us with water every step he took. Again I see Pap sitting on a stool next to the water hydrant, a cupful of cool clear water in his hand. How he loved that spring water and the convenience of having it so close at hand. I see him lift the cup to his lips and drain it, the water spills over and trickles down his gray curly beard. Then with the back of his wrinkled hand or the sleeve of his shirt he wipes the water from his mouth and whiskers. I see him again at house-cleaning time. Oh, how he hated it! There was just no place for him to be, in all the confusion of calstomining walls, cleaning and moving of furniture etc. He would tell Mother it was all nonsense, "Besides", he would say, "You can't tell where you've been when you are finished." Mother threatened to leave one dirty spot on the wall just so Pap could see how it looked "before and after".

I see Pap as he sits in the center of a group of young fellows, and he is relating his experiences as he traveled, by oxteam, across the plains, bringing emigrants or freight. Among others, he tells, without mother knowing, (she would never allowed such a story to be told, so modest is she) how at evening campsite Pap saw one of his companions use a five dollar bill for that "bathroom tissue," so very early in the morning he quietly retrieved the money. Five dollars was a great amount of money in those early days.

I see them both on Saturday night. Mother is "armed" with soap, water, brush and scissors. She is giving Pap's head, neck and ears a weekly bathing, using a little brush in the deep wrinkles of his neck. Then she takes the scissors and gives his hair and whiskers a trimming. When she is satisfied that he looks just right she turns her attention to polishing his shoes with some soot from the under side of the stove lid, then gives them a final polish with her black stove brush, and Pap is ready for Sunday morning Priesthood meeting.

I see Mother as she busies herself around her house, the woven rag carpet, handmade by Matilda Francis, covering the bedroom floor, the wardrobe with its faint fragrance of perfume, the bed with the high foot and higher head board. I see the quaint little high chair which was used for most of her babies. I see the old washstand with the oil-painted splasher, and the cupboard which reached nearly

to the ceiling. It had glass doors at the top where her pretty dishes peeked through and shelves at the bottom for setting pans of milk while the cream raised. Then I see her churning that cream into sweet yellow butter. I see her again as she takes a day to clean her folding-bed. She has a long chicken feather and a can full of some foul smelling liquid. She dips the feather in the "bug-be-gone" then forces it down into every crease and crevice in the old wooden bed. Any wise bed-bug would never get within smelling distance of Mother's folding bed. I see her, too as she cleans the soot and ashes out of her stove. It was a task she disliked because it meant some of the ashes and dust would get around in the house. She used a little stove "rake" about 3 inches long and 2 inches wide, attached to a long wire handle. She inserts the rake into the small opening near the bottom of the stove and the soot is slowly but surely drawn out a little at a time.

I see her as she stoops over, without bending her knees, and reaches into the little cellar under the pantry floor for some potatoes or a bottle of root beer. I see the crock filled with "lazy" pickles on the pantry shelf. I see the gooseberry and red currant pies, the suet puddings and apple dumplings, tied in cloths and dropped into the iron kettle, and boiled for hours on top of the stove. I see her as she sits in the gathering twilight, reading the book of the life of Queen Victoria, her most treasured volume. Even though she pledged her allegiance to a new country, she never relinquished her love for her sovereign queen, Victoria, of England.

I see her now in her checkered dress and calico apron. She was never completely dressed without a front apron. For every-day it was long and of dark colored material but for Sunday it was white and often lavishly trimmed with lace or embroidery. Mother's apron had a multipule number of uses. It could be converted into a shawl for the baby, or a sunbonnet to protect the face from the sun, or a handkerchief to wipe the running nose of a youngster. It could become a receptacle for gathering chips to make a fire, or to carry a mess of green peas, or a head of lettuce, or a half dozen fluffy baby chicks while the mother hen is busy getting the other half dozen, or it may be a litter of baby kittens, their eyes not yet opened, or a number of other things.

As I think about Mother and her personal character traits, there are several words which just pop into my mind and seem to be synonomus with her. These words are: genteel, refined, well-born, modest, uncomplaining, faithful, loving, and mild mannered, but firm in decisions where right or wrong was in question.

It was my privilege and blessing to be near my grandmother Judd from the time I can first remember until her death, after-I-was-married and had children of my own. To me she was a wonderful person, one who influenced my life for good living and still does. If she had faults, and she must have, I was not aware

of them. I think her very worst "swear" words were "O, law", or "Oh, my (H)ecky".

The story, so impressively remembered by all of the grand-children, of the promise given her by President Daniel H. Wells, that her crippled hands would never be a burden of hinderance to her was literally fulfilled. As to the last part of the blessing, wherein he promised that her hands would be made perfect on the morning of the ressurection, we cannot yet know, but if I can live worthy to be granted the wish of my heart, it will be that I might stand at the side of Mother Judd, on that glorious ressurection day and behold with her, two hands with ten fingers as perfect as yours and mine. So strong is my faith in that blessing.

Maxine Richins Wright, Grand-daughter.

# Mormon Immigration Index - Families

Name	Born		
Ship: <b>Manchester (April 1861)</b>			
JUDD, Ann	<1818>		
	Age: 43	Origin: England	Occ: Wife
JUDD, Thomas	<1822>		
	Age: 39	Origin: England	Occ: Labourer
Note: BMR, p. 2			
JUDD, George	<1843>		
	Age: 18	Origin: England	Occ: Labourer
JUDD, James	<1845>		
	Age: 16	Origin: England	Occ: Labourer
JUDD, Charles	<1848>		
	Age: 13	Origin: England	
JUDD, John	<1853>		
	Age: 8	Origin: England	
JUDD, Thomas	<1861>		
	Age: infant	Origin: England	
Note: "Infant" (EEIC)			

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## Mormon Immigration Index - Voyages

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Ship: **Manchester**

Date of Departure: 16 Apr 1861      Port of Departure: Liverpool, England  
LDS Immigrants: 379      Church Leader: Claudius V. Spencer  
Date of Arrival: 14 May 1861      Port of Arrival: New York, New York  
Source(s): BMR, Book #1047, pp. 1-16 (FHL #025,691); Customs (FHL #175,567)

Notes: "DEPARTURE. -- The packet ship Manchester cleared on the 15th instant, and sailed on the morning of the 16th from this port for New York, having on board 379 souls of the Saints, under the presidency of Elder Claudius V. Spencer. The company, when organized, presented a very interesting appearance, and seemed to enjoy themselves admirably. Much good feeling and kindly intercourse was manifested, and a spirit of joy and thankfulness at their long desired emancipation having arrived appeared to pervade the whole. Elders Edward Hanham, William Jefferies, James Mc. Ghie, William Bayliss, George P. Ward, Benjamin P. Evans, David John, Barry Wride, B. F. Cook, John Davies, David Mustard, and Job Pingree, who have labored in the ministry in these lands -- some of them for a number of years -- with grateful hearts availed themselves of the privilege of going to Zion, and have sailed on the Manchester with the blessing of the presidency here. President Spencer has labored for a short period in the Southampton District with energy and zeal; but his rapidly failing health has compelled him to return to Zion, though his desires were strong to continue his labors in these lands. He is assisted by Elders Hanham and Jefferies as counselors. On Sunday, the 14th, Presidents Lyman, Rich, and Cannon visited the ship as she lay in the river, and held meeting, giving the Saints many good instructions relative to their journey, and their parting blessing. May the blessing of the Lord attend them in their journeyings to the mountain home of the Saints!"  
<MS, 23:17 (April 27, 1861), pp.267-68>

"Tues. 16 [Apr. 1861] -- The packet ship Manchester sailed from Liverpool, England, with 380 Saints, under the direction of Claudius V. Spencer. They arrived at New York May 18th."  
<CC, p.65>

**Manchester (April 1861)**

**Autobiography of Eliza Burdett Horsepool**

... Father and mother saved enough money to take us to Utah so on April 10, 1861, along with about 500 other Saints we sailed from England on the ship *Manchester*. The trip was very rough on account of stormy weather and we were on the water 27 days. One of my older sisters was so very sick all the way across the ocean, they thought sure that she would die and have to be buried at sea. However, she lived and after she came to Utah was married and raised a large family.

We arrived in Williamsburg where we stayed for 5 weeks, father working in a knitting factory while we were there. We then took [p.111] a train for Florence, Nebraska or what was then known as Winter Quarters. Here there were sixty-one wagons with ox teams that President Brigham Young had sent to meet us and bring us to Utah. Captain Horn was placed at the head of the company. ... [p.112]

... When we arrived at Ogden, a brass band led by Mr. Sprague met us at Riverdale and played some lively tunes to cheer us up. We reached Ogden on September 15, 1861. At that time there were only three shingled houses in Ogden, Mr. Brown's, Walter Thompson's and the tabernacle. ... [p.113]

BIB: Horsepool, Eliza Burdett, [Autobiography], Utah Pioneer Biographies, vol. 13, pp. 111-113. (FHL)

**Manchester (April 1861)**

**Autobiography of John Durrant**

... I gave my master notice that I should have to leave him about the last of that month. He said, "I am sorry, John, that you are going to leave us, but I will buy anything that you have to sell to help you raise some money to help you off." I sold him quite a few things, such as my mother didn't want to use. All hands treated to a gallon of beer each day the last week I was at work with them. I left them on the 7th of April 1861. The next day was my birthday, 24 years old. I went up to the work where they were with a large bottle of beer and a birthday cake which surprised them very much. My master paid me up all that he owed me and gave me half a crown for pocket money. As I was coming back home I met an old master, he asked me what was the reason that I was not at work. Said I, "My work is done in this country." "Why," said he, "You are not going to leave us, are you? Why, you were in the Union as a pauper last month and now you have sufficient means to go to America." "Yes, I have enough to take me cross the water and my brother, Edward, has got me a place to work where he is working." "Well, goodbye Mr. John Austin, I must be going to Hemel Hemsted tonight." I started off home to get ready to pack my clothes in the box.

Mother said, "Then you intend going, do you?" "Yes, Mother, I must go. I have already my certificate in my possession and that says I must be down to Liverpool on the 10th of April 1861." I bade my sister Charlotte goodbye and she gave me ten shillings to help me off. They were both crying and said they should never see me or Edward again, for the ship might sink. I told them not to fear, I was in the Lord's hands and He would guide the vessel in all storms and guide me safely through. I started to Hemel Hemsted that day, lodged with William Sells that night. Started off the next morning to Boxmoor Station with three or four others. April 11, 1861, we landed in Liverpool in the evening. There we found Brother Blackbourne, Brother Edwin Scott, Jacob Gates and others waiting for us and others to come and buy their tinware ready [p.289] to go on the ship, *Manchester*. We went down to the docks the next day and found out that the ship's bunks would not be ready until the 14th, when we were called upon to go on board and get acquainted with our several bunks and save expenses, which we did. And the tugboat tugged us out to anchor and Brother George Q. Cannon and Brother [Amasa M.] Lyman came out to us and organized our brethren for the trip, and preached to us about being patient with one another and trying to help one another.

The next morning, April 15th, the word came that if anyone wanted to go ashore to buy necessities, they could, by permit. I went and bought a barrel with an open lid, lock and key, a straw mattress, a leg of cooked pork and a few other things to spend my money, for word came on board ship that English money was of no use in America, and so I gave the last two shillings to Brother Blackbourne.

April 16th, I started to America on the sailing ship *Manchester*, about 11 o'clock a.m., it being very calm....

The ship *Manchester* was tugged into New York Harbor May 16th, 1861, anchored out that night... My brother Edward hired a row boat and came out to the vessel, bringing some provisions on board with him. I was looking over the bulwarks with one of those hard biscuits in hand, trying to eat it when he held up a handkerchief with some food in it for us. We were very much pleased to see him for we had not seen him for twelve months. That next day they took us into Castle Garden to get us registered and then I started out to Astoria, Queens County, Long Island, to A.C. Henery's. It was late at night when we got there. All hands were gone to bed. Edward and I laid in the same bed; we were talking about the old country all night.



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We saw the daylight approaching before we dropped off to sleep. The boss got up, made the fire and got the breakfast for all hands. After breakfast he told me I could go and saw wood into lengths for the stove. It was very hard hickory, the saw being very dull, it made me sweat. The boss came to me and tried it and sent me off to get it sharpened.

About this time Henery Groom came to see me and inquired about his brother Nathan and the rest of the people at Beachwood Green where he came from. I was pleased to see him because he was the first one that brought the everlasting gospel to Bovingdon and Edward was the first to receive it. Henery inquired of me about Martha Newland, a young lady that Henery promised to send for and marry, but he found out she was coming with me but he never came near the vessel to see her and what was the reason? He had taken up with an Irish girl in the States and married her. He had broken his word in twelve months. Consequently he apostatized and he never came any further.

After working around there a few days my boss says, "John, I want you to take charge of my horses if you will." "Yes, sir," [p.290] says I, "that is just to my hand." Now this required me to get up a little earlier in the morning, about 5 o'clock. This was quite different here to what it was in Old England, three hours less work per day and more pay. I gave very good satisfaction. The horses began to look much better in flesh. I continued with them until the 22 of July, 1861, when the boss came and said, "John, I am very sorry that the war continues; my business is very dull and I am compelled to discharge some of my men." "Now," he says to me, "It matters not to me whether Teddy emigrated, or you, both suit me very well. You can see your brother Teddy and make it up between yourselves, and I will pay either of you and send my team to the depot with your luggage as I understand that the last of your people will start for Salt Lake City on the 23rd." I laid the matter before my brother, and he said Elizabeth had only just got a place to work and I've not sufficient means to take us both through, and another thing, you are only getting 10 dollars per month and I am getting 12. I told him my nine weeks wages would not take me to Florence. Edward said "How do you feel about going this season?" I answered that I would just as leave go this season as any other if I had sufficient money to take me to Florence. Edward said, "I will give you \$10.00 to help you on your way if you wish to go, and William Icom and his wife will start with you. The boss says he will send the wagon to take the baggage for all three of you." I agreed to go and Edward gave me the \$10.00. We started and took the train on July 23, 1861. We rode all night through the various States until daybreak, which was the 24th of July....We traveled until Sunday morning, then we were obliged to lay over then until Monday morning about 8 o'clock. I recollect myself and William Icom went up into the meat market and found out meat was very cheap. Ham, 4 cents per pound, mutton, 3 cents; beef, 4 cents, and so on.

We then took the train for St. Joseph, Missouri. Now these were very exciting times. We were herded inside of the cars by the conductor, for they were going to throw on full steam as they had received a telegraph dispatch that soldiers were waiting for that train to come along. We finally came to an open prairie where the soldiers were. The train halted and they soon jumped on board. They rode full speed for a long distance until we came to a large hotel. The train stopped and the soldiers formed into line and they surrounded the house. The train started again. Soon after, it commenced to thunder and lightning. We left the train that evening and started to walk down to the river and just before getting there the rain came down in torrents and we were dripping wet, and what was worse the man who was hired to bring our baggage down came and dumped it all in a pile; the result was the boxes got tipped every which way and broken and wet through. We had to make our beds on the floor of the boat that night. The next morning the boat [p.291] started up the river to Florence. The boat being heavy loaded with government freight for the

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soldiers, and the water being low, made it quite difficult for the boat to get up the river. After a long time we arrived at Omaha where the captain of the boat found out that the last of the freight had to be landed there -- this leaving the passengers about four miles to walk. Myself and Brother "Oget" being the only two that reached Florence that night. In reaching there to my surprise I saw John Biggs, a brother that crossed the sea with me. He said I was just in time to hire out to E.R. Wright with him to drive an ox team across the plains. I hired out the next morning for \$10 per month and my board. The freight not being ready as it was promised, we went out to herd the cattle until the freight came up the river. We were expecting it every day for two weeks. We were busy herding and yoking up our wild cattle trying to break them in, ready for the trip to cross the plains, one thousand miles, which proved to be a very long and tedious journey.

We started out on our journey August 3, 1861, with eleven wagons loaded with cotton machinery and a printing press. . . . [p.292]

. . . October 13, 1861, drove into Salt Lake City. The same day I felt very much pleased to think that God had permitted me to reach my destination in safety. . . . [p.293]

BIB: Durrant, John, [Autobiography], Our Pioneer Heritage comp.by Kate B. Carter, vol 9. (Salt Lake City: Daughter of Utah Pioneers, 1966) pp.289-293. (HDL)

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### Manchester (April 1861)

#### Journal and Autobiography of Barry Wride

... Myself and two sisters parted with father and mother, brothers and sister for the gospels sake. The date of our departure from the Graig Farm was April 10th 1861 for Cardiff where we lodged that night Elder David John was along in the company also my wife hannah then single who was joined in wedlock to me at Liverpool on the 13th April 1861 by Apostle C. [Charles] C. Rich at the office 42 Islington. This was a noted circumstance in my life. I had formed an association and kept company with this lady some time but had set no date for this union. Brother Rich thought then the set time it was so arranged. Arrived at Liverpool on the evening of the 11th April. Arranged for our tickets the next day to sail on the packet ship *Manchester* under the management of Captain Trask.

During our stay at Liverpool I wrote several letter home and other places. One for publication to the Welsh paper called the Udgorn Seion new Seren y Saint. It was published in said paper of our departure from the Old Country. Had the honor of eating a meal at 42 Islington in the company of three [p.11] of the Apostles, Amasa Lyman, C. C. Rich, and George Q. Cannon. Brother John Kay and Elder David John.

On the 15th April 1861 we were fixing and arranging our luggage and tin ware for the trip.

George Q. Cannon gave a speech and a course of instruction to the Saints for their benefit on ship. Claudins [Claudius] V. Spencer was appointed president of the company to New York. Elder's Edward Hanham & William Jeffries we made counselors. The company were divided into five wards or divisions. I and Brother D. John had charge of two parts to preach over.

April 16th 1861. The captain came on board the ship at 9:30. The Saints sang a hymn before starting then the steam tug boat drew out the ship into the channel about 30 miles. Wind was favorable, passed the Tuskan Lighthouse next day early morn. One of the sailors was lost in the Bay of Biscay, fell from the rigging. An effort to recover him was made but sea was rough, case abandoned. This was the only serious mishap on the voyage as I know of. It would be hardly interesting to note concerning seasickness and appearances on deck of its effects. It would be of interest to note concerning the preparation of the food we had not been used to allowancing out so much meat, peas, rice, sea biscuits, groceries and the like and then to go to the galley to have our dishes &c cooked. It required some patience & waiting. It may, he said to the credit of our cooks that they were patient, for they were abused at times for partiality as supposed by some. They were duly appointed from among our people and did the best they could as we concluded under the circumstances. I will state a curious little affair after a shower of rain, the deck of the ship was slippery. A lady coming from the galley or cook place in crossing slipped and fell and sliding right across the ship deck with a dish of porridge, [p.12] spilt, made quite a sight. I smiled at it and the women noticed it for which I was never forgiven. I think because it was referred to afterwards as being cruel on my part to be so thoughtless but I was holding to the bull work [of] the ship side to keep from falling and sliding and could hardly help myself. These were the circumstances. I could render no aid , quite a storm and the ship was rolling and each had to care for self.

Sunday 21st April 1861. On sea the Saints wanted a meeting. They had dressed in their holy day clothes being Sabbath. A meeting was called on deck in the afternoon. I was called to offer prayer. J. H.

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Ward preached. Brothers Jeffries and Hanham made remarks. Brother William Bayliss by prayer closed.

We had calm and wind during the week. Rough sea waves rose high and flooded the deck at times.

Sunday 28th. Misty and cold. We were told that we were near the banks of Newfoundland. It was published previous that there would be a meeting on deck in the afternoon but being so cold it was postponed.

We had foggy and cold weather about this time. I took a severe cold and was quite sick and ailing. It was recorded on my day journal that on the 7th day of June came a heavy gale of wind from the west. The ship heaved and rolled to that extent many became helpless. The chests and tinware that were not tied & fastened kept sliding to and fro in a fearful manner. Children tumbling down, women seasick, the slop pails and water cans upsetting. Things were in a very unpleasant predicament and we were driven back eastward. Many miles during the day afterwards we had calm weather. The ship was at times nearly at a stand still then it was to us monotonous and dull. No progress forward.

We landed at New York on the 15th of June 1861. We were met by Apostle [p.13] Erastus Snow, N. V. Jones, Thomas Williams and others from Utah connected with the emigration. We arranged for our passage from New York to Florence, fare about \$15.00. Our passage through the States was slow. Had a good chance to view the country and new scenery to us, towns and villages very different to the Old Country; much timber, wild and uncultivated at that period.

1861. Having had a desire for a long time to behold the great Mississippi River this was gratified on the 21 of May by steamboat from Quincy to Hannibal. A fine sheet of water appeared almost still considered the longest river in the world. I visited the city of Quincy at this time. 'Tis an elegant town. I made some purchases at a store there.

We had a rough ride through the State of Missouri. The Q. & St. Joseph's Railroad was new but not finished. Appeared to be the most uneven road for a railroad I ever traveled on.

Arrived at St. Joseph the same day and boarded a steamboat there next day for Omaha & Florence, 2 ½ days on that turbulent stream. We had a great time of it twisting and rounding about sand bars and snags and loading wood for fuel to propel the boat. This was to me a curiosity. My wife was sick at the time, had to hire cabin passage for her, could not endure steerage passage. I stood the racket but had a hard time for bedroom on the lower deck had some meals in the cabin for extra pay. Had the privilege of attending my sick wife who was somewhat improving and recovered soon after our arrival at Florence on the 25 of May.

Attended meeting at the school room. Elders Jacob, Gates & Claudius Spencer preached being the Sabbath Day, 26 May. Rented a house there to live while getting ready to start on the plains.

Paid a visit to the camping ground on the 27 May and had a good time for [p.14] frontiers life on the border of the Missouri River. I went on the shore different times for fuel to cook with and into the thickets and capses and gathered some fine hickory goods for whip stocks for the driving of cattle on the road west. Picked some hazel nuts. Attended public meeting at the school room on Sunday 2nd of June in the afternoon.

The following week was spent in visiting Omaha and some old acquaintances there and making

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purchases for the plains.

Attended an open air meeting at Florence. Elders Jacob Gates and Milo Andrus preached. There were a large number of Saints present. A steamboat with upward of one thousand souls had arrived the day previous.

I purchased one yoke of spotted cattle for 15 English sovereigns for them. A large price at that time, but however they were beauties and good workers. This was on the 12th day of June 1861.

I herded cattle on the prairie with Brother Howels sometime while getting ready to start westward.

Sunday 16. Attended meeting at 10 a.m. in the new bowery erected by the brethren since their arrival since their arrival. Elders Martindale and Andrus preached to the Saints. I wrote a a [SIC] letter for publication to Brother Ajax the interpreter for the Udgorn Scion at the office at 42 Islington, Liverpool, and one to G. G. Bywater who succeeded me in the Cardiff Conference.

Tuesday 18th June. I went down to Omaha in company with B. Evans and D. John. Yoked my cattle for the first time, drove to town of Omaha, made purchase of provision for our journey to the vales of Utah. Returned to Florence in the evening.

Thursday 20. Packing and loading to leave for the camping ground started in the afternoon. Had a rough night, thunder & lightning, rained in torrents, looked [p.15]somewhat scaley to new comer. First night on the prairie we had a tent.

21. Two young fellows drowned in the mill pond in plain sight. They just came from London. They went in bathing with many others and waded into danger deep water, not able to swim. They sank and no aid in time, they went down the third time and were no more. Attended their funeral the next day at the cemetery. This was a sad affair. Their widowed mother died brokenhearted soon afterward and was buried with them. Elder Edward Hanham preached their funeral sermon.

Moved out from Florence on the 23 for the purpose of organizing the company of about 60 wagons. Homer Duncan was appointed captain of the company and captains of tens were also appointed and started out next day. The company made a purchase of a mule and presented it to Captain Duncan for the work on the plains to gather up the cattle. The matter appeared to give satisfaction to all the camp and a good expression was given at the meeting where collection was made for means to pay the expense. . . . [p.16]

. . . Camped between Big and Little Mountain on the night of the 12th Sep. and arrived in Salt Lake City next day. We were invited to stay at C. [Claudius] V. Spencer's house and slept their that night. . . . [p.19]

BIB: Wride, Barry. Journal and Autobiography, 1867-68, 1901-1903. (Special Collections & Manuscripts, MSS SC 204) pp.11-16, 19. (Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah).

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### Manchester (April 1861)

#### Journal of David John

... baggage remained there 'till 8 A.M. took it to the [UNCLEAR POSSIBLY MALIELOV] Docks to the ship *Manchester* which had been chartered to New York. The Captain's name was Mr. Trask, a gentleman from New York about 30 years of age. He behaved and conducted himself gentlemanly towards our company all the way. Left the ship at noon, and went to town (Liverpool). At 1 p.m. Elder [Charles] C. Rich married Sister Hannah Salmon to Brother Bolly Stride [Barry Wride]. Returned to the ship at 4 p.m. and remained there overnight.

14th April, Sunday. Ab. [About] 2 p.m., a meeting was held on shipboard. The company were addressed by Elders Amasa Lyman, Charles E. Rich, and George Q. Cannon. The emigrants on board were organized into 5 wards with a President Claudius V. Spencer, two counselors, Edward Hemam [Hanham], and William Jefferes [Jeffries], and with five Bishops; Benjamin [P.] Evans. David John, and Barry Wide from Wales. Job Pingree from Ogden, Utah, and William Bayliss from Manchester, England. Went to Liverpool at 6 p.m. and returned to the ship at 9 p.m.

15th. The doctor and government officers came on board at 9 a.m. for inspection. The ship had her clearance in the evening.

16th. Sailed from the river at 9:30 a.m. we were taken out by a steam packet, the distance of 20 miles. It left us at 1:30 p.m. We sailed at the rate of about 4 or 5 miles an hour during the evening, and had a very fine weather. At night we passed the beautiful sites of the Carnarvon Line Mountains, North Wales and the point of Anglesey. Had fine weather during night.

17th. At 6 a.m. we were within sight of Ireland, had a fair wind. Sailed at the rate of 6 or 7 miles an hour. At sunset we passed Truska's lighthouse. (A small island near Ireland.) The majority of the emigrants were sick in the evening, had a fair wind all night, and day. [p.243]

April 18th. The most of the passengers were sick, my wife among the rest, I was sick for about 5 minutes which was all the sickness I endured during the whole voyage. Sailed at the rate of 6 miles an hour.

19th. At 6 a.m. we were 500 miles from Liverpool, cleared the Irish Channel in the evening. One of the ship crew, an Irishman born in America, fell from the mast and got drowned. The captain stopped the ship, and sailed forth the lifeboat in pursuit under the charge of the first mate, but could not get his body. His feet must have slipped off, for it was a very fine, calm day. The first mate expressed his sympathy to me, after him particularly for the sake of his mother, who lived close neighbor to him in New York. He spoke highly of the character of the drowned young man, and concluded by saying, that he must have been very careless in falling on such a fine day, and continued he'd\_\_\_m him if he were to return I would kill him for being drowned so carelessly. The ship sailed at the rate of 7 miles during the day, at night at the rate of 10 1/2 miles an hour. Passengers were nearly all sick.

20th. Being a fine day-sickness unmovng. Sailed 7 or 8 miles an hour. Administered by the laying on of hands to many of the sick. Sailed at the rate of 5 miles an hour during the night. We sailed from 6 p.m. of the 19th to 6 p.m. of the 20th, 176 miles, make an average of 8 1/3 miles in the last 24 hours. At 3

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p.m. we found that we had sailed 800 miles from Liverpool, but in a direct line 576 miles distance.

21st, Sunday. Held a meeting on board in the morning. We sailed at the rate of 5 miles per hour, at noon 3 miles an hour, in the evening 6 miles, and during night 4 miles an hour. The meeting was addressed by Elders [p.244] Edward Hemam, William. Jefferes and [George P.] Ward. I laid hands on Sister Croper [Cooper] from the Manchester Conference and on Sister [Margaret] Roberts from Ezlingsfach, Caernarvon, North Wales. They were both sick.

22nd. I got up at 4 a.m. and swept and scrubbed the passenger's deck, being a fine and clear morning. Ship sailing at the rate of 4 1/2 miles an hour. At 6:30 p.m. I saw some fish hogs about 12 in number. They were following the ship in a straight line one after another, with their heads above the water. In the evening we had a dance on deck, and a few comic songs, attended prayers on deck at 8:30 p.m. Fair wind the most of the day.

23rd. Had unfavorable wind, sailed at the rate of 3 miles an hour during the day, in the evening had a dance, singing, and prayers, in the open air.

24th. Being damp light showers of rain in the morning, sailed at the rate of 4 miles an hour during the day, and at the rate of 7 miles during night. I was on watch from 9 p.m., till 1 o'clock midnight.

25th. Being fine weather, strong breeze from the most favorable quarter, sailed at the rate of 9 miles an hour, several encountered seasickness.

26th. Had the most favorable wind all day, the majority of the passengers were sick, the ship rocked worst then we had experienced before, sailed during night at the rate of 10-1/2 miles an hour. During the night the sea was so boisterous that it was quite a task for the passengers to keep in their berths.

27th. Had rough weather, the water dashing on deck, many sick, small rain from 12 o'clock at noon yesterday till 12 noon today, we sailed 235 miles in 24 hours; being 5 miles lacking of covering 10 miles an hour during the 24 hours. At 12 o'clock noon we were 2 hours 13 minutes behind (later) the Liverpool time. During the afternoon and evening we sailed averaging 7 miles an hour. The sea was rather boisterous all night. [p.245]

28th Sunday. Being dark and foggy, we were entering the banks of Newfoundland. I saw strange 2 birds called "Bosons", with a red feather, and a long tail, about one foot in length, sailed about 4 miles per hour. The wind increased at noon, the weather being too rough to hold meeting on deck, which was published to be held at 1 p.m. in the afternoon. We sailed at the rate of 10 miles an hour. At 4 p.m. we were surrounded by a very thick foggy mist, we could not see over 200 yards distance. It was cold with a small thick rain night and day. The Captain informed me that it was raining the year round on the Banks of "Newfoundland". The bell of the ship was ringing day and night. They also blew the horn, to give an alarm, if other ships might be near us, lest we should become in contact with each other in the dark. We averaged during the night 10 miles an hour.

29th. Surrounded by the same cold stormy dark, and rainy weather. The wind blew extremely cold, it was nearly impossible to remain long on deck, all nature seemed dreary and gloomy. The sun, moon, and stars, as far as we discovered never visited those banks; it seemed to us as though when the Creator separated "light from darkness" and called one "day and one night" that the Banks of "Newfoundland" were left to exist in their primeval state, without an organization, for Mr. Trask, our kind captain, told me, it was

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always the same kind of weather there. All except 2 of the emigrants enjoyed good health, the atmosphere too cold for the visitation of any fever to prey upon us. Still severe cold possessed many, among others my babe, Annie Jane, Born Dec 15/1860 in Nottingham, England (being my firstborn) being at this time 4 months and 14 days old. A young lady by the name of Mary Ann Thomas took her in her arms, up on deck, when I found her, her face and forehead were turned blue with the [p.246] cold, water running freely from her eyes and nose. The cold settled on her lungs, which never left her. She died from the effect of this cold on the plains by Devil's Gate on the 20th of Aug. 1861 and buried there. For more particulars see Aug. 20th and 21st 1861 this book. Sailed during night at the rate of 10 miles an hour.

30th. The same kind of weather as the last 2 days. Sailed about 5 miles an hour in the morning. At noon the darkness disappeared. It became clear and fine for a few hours. We thought we were leaving the "banks." At 2 p.m. we saw a buoy of a ship, on the water, which proved that we were still on the banks, and that a fishing ship was near. At 3 p.m. the weather became dark and cloudy as before, and it continued so 'till 11 p.m. Then it became fine and clear. At this time we left the banks, and found ourselves on what is termed by many the "American Coast." We sailed at the rate of 5 miles an hour during the night.

May 1st. Clear and fine morning. Sailed at the rate of 1-1/2 miles an hour, enjoyed good and healthy atmosphere. The Saints seemed thankful that we sailed so slow and easy after having endured such rough weather on the "Banks." Discovered a ship sailing north to south. Sailed at the rate of 5 miles an hour in the afternoon, and 6 miles during the night.

May 2nd. Being very foggy and dark, we could not see beyond about 200 yards distance. Sailed at the rate of 1 mile an hour in the morning, at the ratio of 5 miles an hour in the afternoon, evening and night.

3rd. At 2 a.m. a heavy gale rose, the passengers tumbling to and fro all over the ship. The wind blew us five points out of our course. The ship was steering direct to the North point, which made the atmosphere quite cold. Out of every 12 miles we sailed, we gained 4 miles toward the west. [p.247] The ship was rocked like a cradle on the ocean, the water dashing over the deck, the people tumbling on board on each other. Tins and cooking utensils moving to and fro and found no resting place. Down below I noticed a Scotchman on his knees, holding fast to the contents of a dish of soup of oatmeal and peas, determining not to lose it in the storm, when an Englishman passed by with the contents of a chamber, fell down, the contents of the chamber emptying into the soup. The Scotchman got up and attempted to strike him, but a Welshman came tumbling up and down and he was thrown down between the both. As he was getting up, he was vomiting, and dispatched a mouthful of peas to the Scotchman's face. This relieved the Englishman, and the Scotchman threatened to have the Welshman tried for his standing in the Church for his abuse. The majority of the emigrants were sick, I waited on them all day.

4th. Fine weather, sailed slow, sickness removed, had a dance in the evening.

5th. Sunday. Had a stormy day like the 3rd instant. As the ship was rolling I had a bad fall, got my left shoulder hurt, so that I was unable to get up alone, one of the sailors picked me up. The wind was favorable, sailed at the rate of 10 miles an hour during the day and night.

6th. Fine like unto the 4th instant. At 6 p.m. a heavy gale rose, and the sea was boisterous all night. All the passengers were deprived of a night's rest.

7th. Being the roughest day since we left Liverpool. At noon we were on George's banks.



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Emigrants sick. The captain feared George's rocks on the right point, he turned the ship and sailed southwest to evade them. The sea surrounded us like high towering mountains. At times we sailed as in a low valley, with mountainous waves on the right, left, before, and in the rear, it seemed [p.248] as if one thousand part of the water that formed itself above us in the shape of perpendicular mountains would but empty itself on the ship. That it would drive us forever into the forgotten depths of the ocean, but before the mind thought inspired with velocity divine could give birth to a new thought, the valley beneath and the mountains above had disappeared, and we found the ship on the very summit or pinnacle of a mountainous ocean, with an eternal abyss below us the next moment we found the ship hanging as it were a bird to a crag on the side of a perpendicular mountain. This was a scene that no artist could type, no tongue can describe, but the heart may imagine with feelings of horror, delight and thankfulness combined. The passengers were tranquil, and calm, and all hushed into silence, no talking, no shouting, no public prayers, were heard among the Saints, but the crew of the ship was alarmed. The captain and first mate rushed down below to us. As they came the mate spoke in a trembling heart rendering voice, "We will be all drowned in a few minutes." "I have been on sea 20 years, and never experienced such an awful storm before." The sailors could do no good. It took them all their physical strength to save themselves from tumbling over. The captain in a tremulous tone addressed himself to me, saying "I wish if you Bishops would unite yourselves together with the saints, and pray the Lord to save us, and have mercy on us, for I have heard that your people can perform miracles, and if you can now is the time one is needed. I replied that we did not profess to perform miracles, but we believed that God is no respecter of persons, and that he was just as willing and ready and able to save us as he was to save his disciples on the sea of Galilee, and saved Paul [p.249] when it became shipwrecked. The Captain replied for Heaven's sake do not preach now, there is no time for preaching, go and pray the Lord to save us. I replied that we had made our prayers before hand, like Daniel the Prophet before he was thrown into the den of wild Lions, he was calm then, and we are calm now; and I assure captain the Lord will not suffer us, 400 Saints to perish in the deep, so do not be alarmed, God will preserve us. He replied "If you do not need to pray for yourselves, pray for our sakes." We gathered the Saints together and offered up a petition to our Heavenly Father to quiet the storms and the waves, that it might become calm. In one half an hour or less, it became perfectly calm. The captain told me that he knew now that the Saints could perform miracles. I assured him that they did not profess to be performers of miracles, but that they believed that God would listen to their cry when they call upon him in faith.

8th: Fine day, the health of the emigrants gaining, were driven southwest 5 miles out of our course.

9th: Fine, sailed slow in the afternoon. In the morning, we were within 276 miles to New York.

10th: Fine day, sailed at the rate of one mile an hour. All day were driven a few points southward out of our direct course.

11th. Fine morning sailing at the rate of 2-1/2 miles an hour, all the Saints got on deck, to recruit health.

12th, Sunday: Fine day sailed at the rate of 3-1/2 miles an hour. Held a meeting at 2:30 p.m. and administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper at 7 p.m. Good feelings prevailing among the Saints.

13th. Fine, sailed at the rate of 5 miles an hour. At 7:30 a.m. a pilot came on board to pilot us in. At 10 a.m. we discovered Long Island in the State of [p.250] New York on the right, and the State of New Jersey on the left. In the afternoon we passed Sandy Hook (?) and at 7 p.m. we cast anchor at quarantine

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within 9 miles of New York. The sight was beautiful to behold. One glance at land, houses, green trees bearing foliage, on the right and left of us, within one mile to us, created happy sensations within us after being on the ocean deprived of our present surroundings about one month. Held meeting at 6 p.m. when a vote of thanks was presented to our kind captain and his officers for their kind treatment towards the emigrants. We gave three cheers to the land of our adoption.

14th. At 7:30 a.m. a doctor came on board and examined the health of the passengers. All passed as being healthy. We were taken in by a steamer within one mile to Castle Garden where we remained all day.

15th. At 9 a.m. the custom house officers came on board and examined our luggage. We presented them with a few pounds sterling, and had no difficulty. Proceeded, landed, and went to Castle Gardens, and got our names registered according to law. Went to one of the docks and got our luggage weighed, and crossed the river by a steamer, over to New Jersey. At 1 p.m. I took a walk through the city and examined the surrounding scenes for a few hours. Met a man and his wife from within 2 miles to my father's house, by the name of Thomas Evans, a member of the Church, who had gone so far towards Utah, but had given way to drinking, and remained there, seemingly contented with his situation in the midst of wickedness. As a token of his great regards to me he offered me some brandy to drink. I told him that I had left my native land for the sake of my religion, and hoped that he would quit his evil habits, save his means, and gather up to Zion, he promised to do so. [p.251]

15th: Elders Erastus Snow (one of the twelve), N. V. Jones, and Thomas Williams, (emigration agents) spent the day with us, and afforded us much joy. At 9:30 p.m. took the Railway cars and started at 10 p.m. Myself and wife, with a few others, rode in the 1st Class carriage all the way to St. Joseph, Missouri. On our route we passed the following stations.

New Jersey (city)	Monroe	Bergen	Oxford
Hackensack	Junction	Boiling Spring	Chester
Passaic Spring	Goshen	Huyler's	Hampton
Pasterson	Middletown	Godwinville	Howells
Hohokus	Otisville	Allendale	Port Jerris
Ramsey's	Shoholo	Suffen's	Lackemicen
Ramapo	Mast Hope	Hoatsburg	Narrawsburg
Southhills	Coehuton	Greenwood	Calicoon
Teirneirs	Homkins	Lordville	Pattboneville
Stockport	Cameron	Hancock	Crosbyville
Haley's Eddy	Canirsteo	Deposit	Hornesville
Susquehanna	Almon	Great Band	Alfred
Andover	Binghamton	Genesee	Union
Scio	Campville	Phillipsville	Owego
Belvidere	Tioga	Friendship	Smithboro
Cuba	Barton	Hindsdale	Stevenly
Cheming	Great Valley	Wellsburg	Little Valley
Elmira	Catteraugus	Big Flats	Dayton
Corning	Perresburg Mills	Painted Post	Smiths
Addison	Forestville	Chicago	Dunkirk

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St. Joseph (last) Cleveland [p.252]

We sailed on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers for about 48 hours when we landed in Florence. On the Missouri River my only child Annie Jane was taken sick with the lung fever, but became better before we landed in Florence. We arrived at Florence on the 24th May 1861, and tarried there till June 23rd. I rented a part of a house and lived there for one month. While there I bought 2 oxen, 2 cows and a wagon and the remainder of our outfit for to cross the wilderness. While having this rest my child, Annie Jane, gained on her health.

On June 23rd 1861 we moved 1 mile west of Florence and there camped. In the evening a meeting was called when Elders Milo Andrus, Jacob Gales and John McAllister addressed us. Elder [Ansel P.] Harmon was appointed our Captain. . . . [p.253]

BIB: John, David, Journal (Special Collections & Manuscripts, MSS 21, vol. I), pp. 243-53 (Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.)

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### Manchester (April 1861)

#### Reminiscences and Diary of William Jeffries

... Sometime after receiving my release to emigrate, I made arrangements for marriage, and I was married to Mary F. Ould, on Tuesday, April 3, 1861, by a clergyman of the Church of England, at the Church of St. Phillips and Jacobs, in the city of Bristol thus honoring the law of the land; and in the evening of the same day I honored the priesthood of [p.21] God by having Elder George Halliday marry us at the residence of my wife.

Having made arrangements to emigrate, we went to Liverpool April 11, 1861. We went on board the ship *Manchester* (Captain Trask) on Saturday, April 13, 1861, and on the next day, Sunday the 14th, the presidency C. [Charles] C. Rich, Amasa M. Lyman, and George Q. Cannon came on board and organized the company. Claudius V. Spencer was appointed president, and Edward Hanham and myself his counselors.

We set sail on the 16th. Our family consisted of myself, my wife, my wife's mother and my wife's two brothers, James and Franklin. We had a pretty good passage, arriving in New York in about twenty-eight days, where we found the war spirit rife and Castle Garden occupied by United States Soldiers. We passed officers, got passengers and luggage on board the cars as soon as possible and started on our trip to Florence, Nebraska, the latter part of our trip being by steamboat up the Missouri River. Our company was the first of the season, and we remained at Florence some seven or eight weeks. A church store was started for the emigration season, and I was engaged in it for a time. Joseph W. Young came from Utah with a teams for the transportation of the Saints and their luggage from this point to Utah, and I was appointed to act as his clerk in emigration business. All the companies were started, and six days after the last company started, in which were the members of my family. J. [Joseph] W. Young, Orson Pratt, Erastus Snow, B. [Benjamin] Stringham, and a few more of us started out to overtake the trains. We overtook the last company at Loup Fork crossing, and after remaining with them one day and two nights, we went on to Wood River. There I stayed at Brother Johnson's, from Monday till the following Friday afternoon, working at emigration accounts, and particularly preparing [p.22] lists of names of emigrants to send to the "Desert News" for publication. Our company arrived at Wood River. I joined it, and found the family doing pretty well, better than when they were at Loup Fork, for my wife was pretty sick about that time. I continued with the company the remainder of the trip. I was appointed chaplain and marshal. From this on I walked the prairies, waded the streams, attended to the duties of my offices, and got along as well as I could, arriving in Salt Lake City on Monday afternoon, Sept. 23, 1861, feeling thankful to our Heavenly Father for his preserving care over us. . . . [p.23]

... April 12, 1861, booked for New York. Spent most of the day with Brother Blackburn in emigration business. On this day, I think, in the evening, my wife's brother James arrived from London, where he had been working, for I had written him to meet us there. Lodged at Mr. Powel's.

April 13, 1861. Got luggage from Lains Street and wapping stations put it on board the ship *Manchester* 1,065 tons register Captain Trask, and went on board ourselves. She was lying in Waterloo Dock. She left the dock about 1 p.m. and anchored in the Mersey.

April 14, 1861. Sunday. We lay at anchor in the Mersey. We were visited by the Presidency of the

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British Mission, Elders Amasa M. Lyman, Charles C. Rich and George Q. Cannon of the quorum of the twelve apostles. Held meeting on deck. Each one of the apostles addressed us and gave much good instruction, which if carried out while crossing the Atlantic Ocean, will result in much salvation to us all. They appointed Claudius V. Spencer President of the ship's company with Edward Hanham as first and William Jeffries (myself) as second counselor. After the meeting I was busily engaged in taking orders from the Saints for beds, tinware, etc. placing luggage in position and doing all I possible could for the convenience and comfort of my brethren and sisters.

April 15, 1861. Went ashore, about 7 a.m. to purchase tinware, etc. Just before [p.146] I reached the shore, I saw Mr. Ould ( my wife's father) in a boat accompanied by two detectives, going to the *Manchester* in search of his wife and two sons - and of me and my wife too I suppose. I was powerless to help others, as their boat would reach the ship before I could, therefore I called upon the Lord to protect them, and placing them in his care, I attended to my duties. Later, went to Prince's Landing and saw Mr. Ould and the detective there. They had returned from the ship. Took a small boat an in company with Presidents Rich and Cannon and Elder John Kay, went to the *Manchester* undiscovered by the detectives or Mr. Ould. On arriving at the ship I found that the detective and Mr. O. [Ould] had searched the ship from stem to stern and then Mr. O. [Ould] went over it a second time but they failed to find those they sought, although they passed close to them. I could give more detail here, but suffice it to say that Sister Ould and her boys were hid in the passenger's luggages. The government and medical officers came on board and the detectives and Mr. O. [Ould] came also again. In the examination I and my wife passed close by the detective and Mr. O. [Ould] but were not recognized. They closely watched every passenger, made inquiries for Sister O. [Ould] and the boys and done all they could to find them, but all to no purpose, and they had to leave without their prey. The power of God was manifested in blinding the detectives and especially Mr. O. [Ould] for he was near one of his sons and did not recognize him, and his daughter, my wife, passed so close to him that her dress nearly touched his legs, but he did not know her. I was very busy all day with passengers and luggage. 11 p.m. arrived. I released Sister O. [Ould], and the boys from their uncomfortable positions in the luggage so that they could get some food and rest.

April 16, 1861. Hid them up in the luggage again. Attended to my duties. The tug boat brought the captain on board, and on it came two fresh detectives to try their skill. We weighed anchor and the tug boat took us in tow about 9:30 a.m. She took us out about 20 miles, and then left us in the care of the winds and the waves, and our Heavenly Father. The detectives left on the tug boat and I went and released Sister Ould and her two boys from their uncomfortable position of body and mind. They had been hid up in the [p.147] luggage about 27 hours. They were nearly exhausted. After a little washing, refreshment, and fresh air, they soon recovered with the exception of some weakness and bruises which remained with Sister Ould for a while. A busy day. A little music on deck in the evening. Beautiful weather and fair wind.

April 17, 1861. Weather still good and wind fair. All feeling fine. Completed our organization. Music and dancing on the upper deck.

April 18, 1861. Fine day. Wind fair. I was more or less sick all day. A great number sick. Not much music this evening.

April 19, 1861. I felt fine this morning. Appetite good all day. Fine day and fair wind. Some of the Saints recovering but quite a number still sick. Got all hands on deck to take air. Aired the bedding. A sailor fell from the rigging into the sea, and was drowned. A boat was lowered, and search made, but he

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could not be found. Beautiful evening. A little sporting, singing, and parading on deck.

April 20, 1861. Weather fair, and wind right. Got the Saints on deck, cleaned the berths, and aired bedding. The ship rolled considerably. Saints recovering. Cloudy evening. Prayers in English and Welsh. To rest, all right.

April 21, 1861. Sunday. Wind from the northeast, but not quite strong enough. Cloudy. Singing and prayer, as usual. The majority of the Saints on deck feeling fine. Afternoon got the Saints together in meeting capacity. I opened with prayer. George P. Ward, myself and Brother Hanham address it. The captain, first mate, and medical officer paid great attention. A pretty good feeling prevailed. A cold wind. Considerable singing on deck in the evening.

April 22, 1861. Cloudy morning. North wind. Wind veered round to the west, so that we had nearly a head wind. A little rain in the afternoon. Saints feeling well. Aired bedding. Singing and dancing on deck in the evening. A violin and tambourine gave forth their harmony. Singing and prayer on deck.

April 23, 1861. Cloudy morning. Prayers usual. Rallied the Saints and got them on [p.148] deck and set a guard to keep them there. This was necessary in order to get the berths cleaned and aired, so as to prevent sickness through an unpure atmosphere. Wind northeast, but very little of it for we were nearly becalmed. All, with the exception of about 3 enjoying good health, and very good appetites. Quite a lively evening on deck, plenty of singing and dancing. There singing and prayer on deck.

April 24, 1861. Rather cloudy. A northeast wind and a little more of it then yesterday. Saints pretty healthy and plenty of work for the galley. The captain took an account of the names, country, luggage, and destination of the passengers. A little rain and a little more wind. Music, singing, and dancing on deck and evening prayers there.

April 25, 1861. A little cloudy and a little rain in the morning. A pretty good south - east wind. Busy today - also last evening - getting up rules for the galley and getting them translated into Welsh. A little rain in the evening, and a squall between 10 & 11 p.m.

April 26, 1861. A beautiful morning. Southeast wind sailing first rate. A number of the Saints sick. A pretty strong breeze in the afternoon and stronger in the evening - then the pots, etc. were taking an excursion and quite a number of the folks going from larboard to starboard and vice versa, and tumbling about the deck. Rather a rough night.

April 27, 1861. Wind still blowing pretty strongly from the northeast. Rather difficult to keep the breakfast things still and quiet. Sea legs required. Many sick. Wind not quite so strong at noon, but sailing finely. A fine day overhead. Saints feeling as well as possible under the circumstances.

April 28, 1861. Cloudy morning. Almost a headwind. By about 11 a.m. it had gradually veered back to the north. Saints feeling pretty well and acting harmoniously. Sisters Ould and Fulcher were on deck. I got them on deck a little yesterday. They had been in bed about two days and nights. Foggy afternoon. Good breeze from the north. Going about 10 miles an hour. On the bans of Newfoundland. Very cold. [p.149] Two watches on the bow. A bell ringing and a horn blowing all night. Very little sleep. Some rather nervous.

April 29, 1861. Still foggy. Rain and sleet falling, and very cold. A watch on the bow, blowing his

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horn. Sisters Ould and [Mary] Fulcher still very ill. Gave them some arrowroot and I and Brother Spencer administered to the latter. Brother Spencer wished me to take Sister Fulcher under my care, and I done so. Previous to this, I and my wife had paid her every attention we could, consistent with our circumstances, for Sister Susan Leggett, who had promised to attend to and wait upon the old lady had let her almost entirely to shift for herself - she arrived almost without an earthly friend, therefore we had compassion on her, and treated her as kindly as we could. With rain, wind, and cold, the day passed as pleasantly as could be expected.

April 30, 1861. Still foggy and cold. Wind in the north. Speeding on our way first rate. Sisters Ould and Fulcher were a little better. Others sick Saints improving. Brother George P. Ward's wife miscarried about breakfast time. She was about 10 weeks advanced in pregnancy. The ship's doctor attended her. She was as well as could be reasonably expected. Cold, damp, foggy evening. Saints feeling well - singing and enjoying themselves below.

May 1, 1861. Morning pretty clear. Sea calm. A little wind from the northeast. Going only about 3 miles an hour. The wind had been going down since yesterday, and we had not gone much faster ever since. The sick folks much better. Up and on deck. Appetites improving. 2 p.m. wind very little, but coming from south - east by south. Pretty clear day. Sun out at times. Some ships in sight, but during the fog I don't think we came near one. Engaged during the afternoon and evening collecting money from the Saints for their fares from New York to Florence, Nebraska.

May 2, 1861. Resumed the business of collecting cash for fares. A little rain in the morning. Very little wind, but what we had was from the right quarter. Just after noon we were becalmed or, at least, I could not perceive that we made any progress. The majority of the saints feeling well in the circumstance. About 3 p.m. a little wind sprang up [p.150] from the north, and we were sailing from 6 to 8 miles an hour. Busy all the evening at accounts for the fares from New York to Florence.

May 3, 1861. Cloudy morning. Wind strong from the northwest quite a head wind. Considerable rolling and tossing, and their consequences among the folks and the tinware. Wind went down a little about 5 p.m. Sea calms. I had felt very queer for several hours. My wife and her mother sick in bed. Sister Fucsher very ill today. Clear sunny afternoon. Retired to rest early this evening, for I was suffering with a severe cold, and seemed nearly worn out.

May 4, 1861. Arose pretty early. My health was improved. Done considerable writing. Sea quite calm. Rain came on towards evening. Wind arose. It blew from the south. A beautiful sight presented by the sea, on account of the south wind blowing.

May 5, 1861. Sunday. Wind very boisterous. About 8 a.m. a squall arose, which Brother Spencer said, was the worst he ever saw, and I understand that when he crossed in 1853, the vessel was dismantled. We got out of it without any particular damage - the folks and their cooking utensils, and a few other things, got tumbled about for awhile. We had a very strong breeze from the north till late in the afternoon. We also had considerable rain, and shipped some seas. Late in the afternoon it cleared away nicely. The sun shone beautifully, and not a cloud could be seen. Wind from the north. Many porpoises seen. A beautiful evening. We had no meeting today, except our prayer meetings morning and evening, and very few attended them, for many were sick in bed.

May 6, 1861. Fine morning. Wind southwest by west - quite a hard wind. Sailing about 4 miles an

## Mormon Immigration Index - Personal Accounts

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hour. Sea pretty clam. The sick feeling better. Busy at accounts. Fine evening. Going about 8 miles an hour. Singing and dancing on deck. Wind southwest.

May 7, 1861. Stormy, rough morning. Wet, fog, and wind continued till about 2 p.m. Saints sick. Tinware tumbling about. Shipped many [p.151] seas. Dangerous for women and children to be moving about and especially in the upper deck. After about 2 p.m. the wind abated, but the sea rolled very heavily. It rose very high on each side of us, and at times the good ship *Manchester* was nearly on her beam ends. Afternoon clouds cleared away, sun shone brightly but still a heavy swell. We were lying as still as the elements would allow us to, for we had a headwind.

May 8, 1861. A fine, clear morning. Wind rather southwest still a little too much ahead of us. Tacked ship, and sailed as near to the point as we could. Going from 5 to 7 miles an hour. I learned that we were 50 miles further from New York than we were yesterday morning. This was caused by the gale and adverse winds we experienced. We are now - 8 a.m. - about 350 miles from New York. Had it not been for the calms and adverse winds we met with, it is very probable we should have been in New York on the 5th or 6th, thus making this trip in 19 or 20 days but all is right! God is at the helm! Afternoon - sailing about 8 miles an hour, but the wind was about southwest, and drove us too much to the North. Held meeting on the lower deck about 5 p.m. Brothers Spencer and Hanham addressed it, correcting some little evils which existed, and giving the Saints some instructions suitable to them during their journey from New York to Utah; and those who practiced them will be greatly blessed. The effect of this meeting will be good, I feel satisfied. The sick among us were improving, generally, but Sister Ould and Fulsher were still very ill. I and Brother Hanham administered to the latter. Evening storms were expected, for heavy clouds made their appearances, but they passed by and left us unharmed. Singing on the upper deck in the evening.

May 9, 1861. A fine morning but no wind, therefore we were not making any progress. About 10 a.m. a little wind sprang up from the northwest, which moved us about 2 miles an hour. Singing and games on deck. We made but little progress during the day.

May 10, 1861. We were nearly becalmed all day. What little wind we had some parts of the day was head wind. Busy today getting up resolutions of appreciation and thanks to Captain Gustavus D. S. Trask; for [p.152] his gentlemanly conduct during the voyage. Music and dancing in the evening - the Saints enjoying themselves. Sisters Fulcher and Ould, and the Saints generally, were improving nicely.

May 11, 1861. A cloudy, still morning. We had sailed very slowly during the night. A little northeast wind this morning, moving us about 3 miles an hour. Hope it will increase. Wind very changeable during the latter part of the day sometimes enough to send us along 8 miles an hour, and sometimes nearly a calm. Music, dancing, and games on the upper deck in the evening. Saints fastly recovering from their sickness.

May 12, 1861. Sunday. Beautiful, clear morning, but we were quite becalmed - the ocean was something - in smoothness - like a mammoth fish pond. A ship hove in sight. The first mate and 5 men put off in a boat to visit her and obtain some news. They found her to be the American ship "Golden Rule." Captain Mayhoe, bound for Liverpool, England; general cargo and a few passengers. They obtained some papers of May 9th, which contained much information relative to the progress of affairs in American. The whole country seemed in general ferment. War had commenced. One hundred lives had been lost on the side of the general government at the attack it made on Fort Moultrie [Moultrie], which was given up to the



## Mormon Immigration Index - Personal Accounts

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Secessionists - for the time being. 1 p.m, sea very calm - only moving about a mile an hour. Sun shining beautifully. held meeting on the upper deck at 3 p.m. It was addressed by Elders John Davis - in Welsh - Charles Housley, Benjamin T. Cooke, and Edward Hanham. Good instructions were given, and a good feeling prevailed. The captain listened attentively to the address by Brother Hanham. At 7 p.m. we held a sacrament meeting on the upper deck. A good feeling prevailed at that meeting, also. Previous to convening this meeting the captain kindly proffered to loan us the use of the quarter deck, a cloth, a pitcher, and some tumblers. We declined to go on the quarter deck, as the wind was cold, but accepted the loan of the articles named.

May 13, 1861. Monday. A little wind from the southeast. Going about 4 miles [p.153] an hour. About 7:20 a.m. a pilot came on board. He was coasting round in the "William and Mary." We were then about 45 miles from New York. He brought us New York papers, which gave us more information concerning the increasing troubles in America. Arrived at Sandy Hook in the afternoon. At about 5 p.m. a meeting was called on the upper deck. President C. [Claudius] V. Spencer made a few introductory remarks, and then some motions were made and some resolutions were passed. Here is a copy: "At a meeting of 370 passengers, held on board the fine packet ship *Manchester*, May 13, 1861, President Claudius Victor Spencer, being called to the chair, rose and briefly and happily alluded to the object of the meeting, and stated that he should be very pleased to put to vote the name of any persons, who should be nominated as a committee, to draft resolutions of appreciation, and thanks, to Captain Trask, for his courteous and liberal conduct towards us while on our voyage from England to America. Whereupon, Barry Wride Esquire nominated Judge William Jefferies. Seconded by the Reverend David John and Benjamin P. Evans Esquire nominated President Edward Hanham. Seconded by Captain George P. Ward. Both names were carried by acclamation. The committee retired for ten minutes, and returned with the following resolutions:

1st. That we deem it not only a duty, but a pleasure to express our approbation to Captain Gustavus D.S. Trask for his gentlemanly and courteous bearing, liberal acts, and solicitous spirit, by which he has sought to make our voyage as comfortable as possible.

2nd. That we unitedly tender our thanks to Captain Trask, with our best wishes for his prosperity.

3rd. That we remember, with very kind feelings and much respect the officers of the good ship *Manchester* for the propriety which has characterized their conduct towards us; & also the crew, for their general civility.

4th. That we say frankly and with one voice, to Dr. J.R. Chamberlin: Sir, you have been most kind and attentive, in the discharge of your duties, and, in doing so, we have discovered an excellent feature, prominently developed in your practice, namely: "Prevention is better than cure." [p.154]

May you, with all on board, who have shown a manly and unprejudiced bearing towards an oft misrepresented people, be blessed in life, and saved in eternity.

The chairman proposed prosperity and long life to the noble ship *Manchester*, which was carried enthusiastically by 3 cheers.

Signed in behalf of the passengers  
C. [Claudius] V. Spencer.

## Mormon Immigration Index - Personal Accounts

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E. [ Edward] Hanham.  
William Jefferies."

This passed off in first rate style. An excellent spirit characterized the proceedings. At the close the captain replied with a few pointed remarks, concluding by "wishing us happiness and prosperity during the remainder of our journey to Utah, and the realization of all the blessings we anticipated when we arrived there."

President Spencer concluded the proceedings by hoping that the captain and his officers may be there to enjoy a share in those blessings.

We arrived at quarantine ground, and dropped anchor between 7 & 8 p.m. I believe this place is about 10 miles from New York. Before the anchor was properly down, a reporter boarded the ship and the captain handed him his report.

This is a beautiful spot here. When the rich verdure which clothed Staten Island and Long Island met our anxious gaze, it was quite a treat, after having the monotony of the broad Atlantic before our view for nearly a month. Surely this is a beautiful part of the harbor of New York! It was misty and dull; but, had it been clear, and the sun shining gloriously on the scene, we should have almost supposed we were having a view of fairyland. Attended to our prayers, and retired to rest, thankful to our Heavenly Father for his kindness and preserving care which we had experienced throughout our voyage from Liverpool to New York.

May 14, 1861. Arose at 5 a.m. The medical officer was on board soon after. [p.155] Rallied the Saints and though it was a very wet morning, the whole company were passed, with few exceptions, in a very short time. This occurred on the upper deck, and before the medical officer.

We had our luggage all packed and ready for starting immediately by steamer for Castle Garden, but Brother N.V. Jones, who was emigration agent, visited us, and on account of the above place being occupied by U.S. Troops, he deemed it wise for all hands to remain on board ship. Counsel was given to the company to that effect. On account of the dreadful, warlike attitude of the North and South, these troops were collected there. They were a very mean set, too, and Brother Jones had informed the proprietors, that unless the Garden was cleared of them, he should not land his people there.

A fine day. Very busy managing for the best interest of the Saints, as Brother Spencer had gone ashore. So far as we are able to see New York, we believe it to be a beautiful city. Anyway, it is a fine harbor. We would like to land and take a walk in it, so as to view some portions of it, but that privilege and pleasure are denied us, on account of the martial state it is in, in connection with what is before stated concerning Castle Garden. At about 4:30p.m. the "Isaac Webb" was towed by us. She left Liverpool the same day we left, came in yesterday, and one which sailed from there 3 weeks before us, foundered. She ran into the "Progress," and went down- all hands saved by the "Progress." A nice day, after the rain in the morning. Done the best we could at night, considering that all our luggage was packed ready for removal. However, we had to unpack a little for conveniences during the night.

May 15, 1861. Put our luggage on a barge. Went on the barge ourselves. Luggage examined by custom house officers and all passed. Went to Castle Garden registered our names, etc., and returned to the boat. Went to the railway depot got all our luggage weighed by the railroad company, got it put into the

## Mormon Immigration Index - Personal Accounts

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railroad bars, and started for Florence at 10:30 p.m.

This was a busy day for me, as I had to superintend the handling of all the luggage, and I was very glad to have the privilege of sitting down to rest and quiet in the railway car.

Got along pretty well on our trip. Lost a woman by the name of [p.156] Eliza Phillips, from the Southampton Pastorate. She was missed from the train one night, and it was supposed that she fell from the cars in passing from one car to another. While traveling, the conductor could not learn anything about her. A Brother William Hammond, from the same Pastorate, had a sick baby die on the train, and Brother Hanham and I took it to an undertaker, for burial, at Dunkirk, I think.

May 24, 1861. Arrived at Florence just after noon. Met Brother Jacob Gates. Some houses hired for accommodation of the company. We got our luggage to houses, fixed ourselves up as comfortable as we could in the time and under such circumstances - and we were pretty comfortable - went to bed, and had a good night's rest.

May 25, 1861. Arose just after 6 a.m. this morning. Had a good breakfast, felt much refreshed; provided wood and provisions; and increased our comfort.

Also on this date, in connection with a Brother Taylor, who had come up from New York took charge of a store-a part of which we lived in-for Brother Gates, as he had some hams, bacon, flour, etc., to sell to the Saints.

June 14 or 15, 1861. Remained in charge of the store, and clerking for Brother Gates, till above date, when I was released, and Brother C. W. Penrose does the clerking. It was the intention of Brother Gates to put Brother Penrose in that office at the time of his opening the establishment, but he did not arrive from England in time.

June 16, 1861. On this date Brother J.[Joseph] W. Young arrived from Great Salt Lake City, to take charge of the church emigration.

June 17, 1861. On this date Brother J. W. Young called a meeting of all the Saints who expected assistance of the church to go to Utah, and to go in the church companies. At this meeting, I was appointed to do the clerking for Brother J. W. Young. This was done by, or through, the recommendation of Brother Gates, or I will [p.157] say, through the interposition and kindness of my Heavenly Father. I entered upon my duties and strove to discharge them faithfully. Brother Young required all, who expected financial assistance from the church, to pay over to him, through his clerk, every cent of money they possessed, so that he may be able to purchase the necessary outfit for the emigration, and leave none behind, who wanted to be set down in Utah. I, of course, being dependent, in part, handed over every cent I possessed; and the Saints, generally, I believe, did the same. I was collector.

July 11, 1861. On this date my family started on the plains in Ansel Harmon's company-virtually Brother J. W. Young's company, but Brother Harmon took charge in the start. I remained with Brother Young to attend to some business.

July 17, 1861. On this date, Orson Pratt, Erastus Snow, J. W. Young, Benjamin Stringham, myself, and several Danish or Swiss brethren, started on the plains with two mule teams. . . . [p.158]

## Mormon Immigration Index - Personal Accounts

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. . . Sept. 23, 1861. We traveled down Parley's Canyon on this date which was a Monday, and in the afternoon arrived at the 8th Ward Square, Great Salt Lake City, feeling thankful that the Lord had brought us safely to the place where the prophets and apostles of God dwelt, and where a temple was being reared to his holy name, in which he could bless his children. Although it was a wet day, many people were at the Square to meet their relatives or friends. . . . [p.160]

BIB: Jeffries, William. Reminiscences and diary, pp. 21-23, 145-58, 160. (HDA)

Family # - # in Family:	5-1
Year Emigrated:	1862
Last Name:	*JUDD
First Name(s):	SAMUEL
Ship Emigrated On:	MANCHESTER
Other Information:	

Family # - # in Family:	6-7
Year Emigrated:	1861
Last Name:	JUDD
First Name(s):	JAMES
Ship Emigrated On:	MANCHESTER
Other Information:	

Family # - # in Family:	6-7
Year Emigrated:	1861
Last Name:	JUDD
First Name(s):	JOHN
Ship Emigrated On:	MANCHESTER
Other Information:	

Family # - # in Family:	6-7
Year Emigrated:	1861
Last Name:	JUDD
First Name(s):	CHARLES
Ship Emigrated On:	MANCHESTER
Other Information:	

Family # - # in Family:	6-7
Year Emigrated:	1861
Last Name:	JUDD
First Name(s):	THOMAS
Ship Emigrated On:	MANCHESTER
Other Information:	

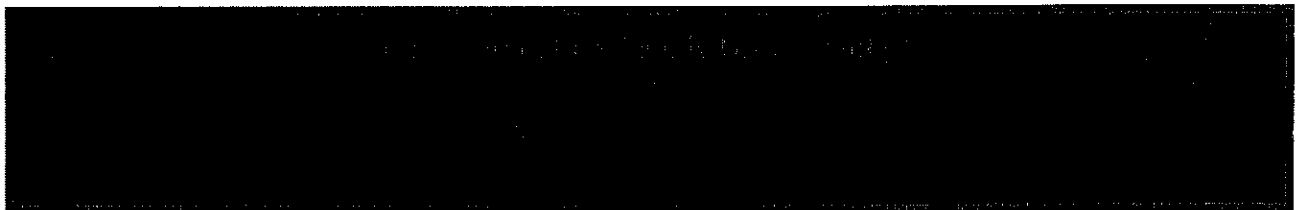
Family # - # in Family:	6-7
Year Emigrated:	1861
Last Name:	JUDD



First Name(s):	GEORGE
Ship Emigrated On:	MANCHESTER
Other Information:	

Family # - # in Family:	6-7
Year Emigrated:	1861
Last Name:	JUDD
First Name(s):	ANN
Ship Emigrated On:	MANCHESTER
Other Information:	

Family # - # in Family:	6-7
Year Emigrated:	1861
Last Name:	*JUDD
First Name(s):	THOMAS
Ship Emigrated On:	MANCHESTER
Other Information:	



Family # - # in Family:	0199-07
Year Emigrated:	1862
Last Name:	JUDD
First Name(s):	GEORGE
Other Information:	

Emigrated to the United States in 1862

### Pioneers of 1849

Heart Throbs of the West, Kate B. Carter, Vol.10, p.441

#### From Files of Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Journal History, etc.

Heart Throbs of the West, Kate B. Carter, Vol.10, p.441

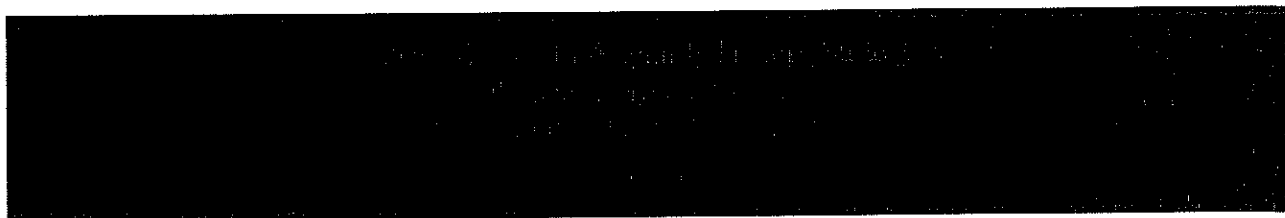
The immigrant Saints of 1849 came in five companies of about 500 wagons and 1400 people led by Orson Spencer (Sp), Allen Taylor (T), Silas Richards (R), George A. Smith (s), and Ezra T. Benson (B). Many others came in independent companies, as well as some members of the Mormon Battalion (MB).

Heart Throbs of the West, Kate B. Carter, Vol.10, p.441

Name	Age	Date of Birth	Place of Birth	Co.
Abbott, Abigail S.	43	Sept. 11, 1806	Williamson, N.Y.	S
Abbott, Emily				
Abbott, Abile				
Abbott, Abigail	7	Feb. 3, 1842	Illinois	
Abbott, Charilla A.	20	July 4, 1829	Maron, N.Y.	
Abbott, Phoebe (Fife)	18	May 18, 1831	Steuben Co., N.Y.	S



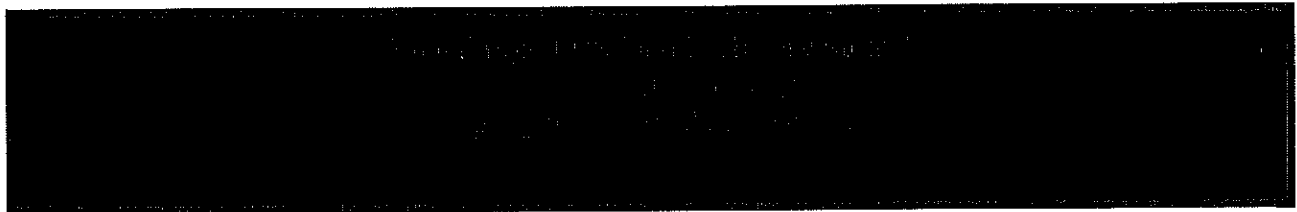
Name	Age	Date of Birth	Place of Birth	Co.
Jones, Samantha				E
Jones, William				E
Jones, Winfield				E
Jones, Laura	32	Feb. 8, 1817	Wales	
Jones, Ricy D.	21	Oct. 18, 1828	So. Wales	
Jones, John Morris	17	Nov. 5, 1832	Yetgoch, Wales	S
Jones, Sarah A.M.				
Jones, James	17	April 26, 1832		
Jones, Jacob	16	April 26, 1833	Ohio	
Judd, Thomas Alfred	47	April 19, 1802	New York	
Judd, Teresa Hastings	37	Oct. 3, 1812	New York	
Judd, Margaret Gay	18	Sept. 6, 1831	Canada	
Judd, William Riley	16	May 9, 1833	Canada	
Judd, Rosalie				
Judd, Phoebe Teresa				
Judd, George Thomas				
Judd, Alfred Hastings				
Judd, Joel				
Judd, Phoebe Smith				



## Summit County

Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 16, p.98

*Henefer.* Joseph E. Foster, pioneer of 1860 is credited with instructing the first Sunday School in 1864. It consisted of 16 pupils of various ages and was held in a one-room log dwelling. The house was purchased by the people in 1865 and it was used for all public meetings for a time. On December 25, 1870, a regular Sunday School was organized with Robert Jones as superintendent. A reorganization took place September 6, 1896, with Thomas F. Dearden as superintendent, George Judd and William Edgeworth as assistants. Later William Brewer, who had been an assistant under Robert Jones, was again selected to assist in the presidency. He was affiliated with the Sunday School for a period of more than forty-eight years, during which period he served as Superintendent, assistant, secretary and organist. Upon his release from his long, devoted service to this organization he was presented with a beautiful picture of the Good Shepherd on which was a card that read: "From the Henefer Ward to William Brewer, our retiring Sunday School Superintendent, with our love and gratitude for your long service. June 1915." —Maxine Wright



> > "Summit County"

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>Brewer, our retiring Sunday School Superintendent, with our love and gratitude

>for your long service. June 1915." Maxine Wright

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## Mormon Immigration Index - Individuals

Name	Born	Ship	Departure
REDDING, Mary	<1812>	Minnesota	1869
	Age: 57	Origin: Southampton, England	
Note: BMR, p.87			

(print additional histories if found to be ancestral)

## Mormon Immigration Index - Voyages

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### Ship: **Minnesota**

Date of Departure: 25 Aug 1869      Port of Departure: Liverpool, England  
LDS Immigrants: 454      Church Leader: Marius Ensign  
Date of Arrival: 6 Sep 1869      Port of Arrival: New York, New York  
Source(s): BMR, Book #1041, pp. 77-94 (FHL #025,692); Customs #1032 (FHL #175,673); Der Stern, vol. 1 (1869), p.144

Notes: "DEPARTURES. -- The steamship Minnesota, Captain Price, sailed from this port for New York, on Wednesday, the 25th instant, with 443 souls of the Saints on board, under the presiding care of Elder Marius Ensign. Elders P. D. Lyman, J. F. Hardie, J. Sharp, M. F. Farnsworth, J. W. Lee, H. J. McCullough, J. F. Gibbs, E. A. Noble, and G. H. Dunford, returning missionaries, were also on board. These brethren, with the exception of Elder G. H. Dunford, who became sick immediately on his arrival here, have labored energetically and faithfully in the performance of the duties of their missions, and they return home with the blessing of the Almighty to continue their labors in building up the kingdom of God. We wish them and the Saints with them a safe, speedy, and pleasant journey to the valley of the Salt Lake."  
<MS, 31:34 (Aug. 21, 1869), p.548>

"Wed. 25. [Aug. 1869] . . . The steamship Minnesota sailed from Liverpool, England, with 443 Saints, in charge of Marius Ensign. The company arrived at New York Sept. 6th, and at Ogden Sept. 16."  
<CC, p.81>