

BLOSSOM

THE ENOCH TRAIN

AND THE

EDMUND ELLSWORTH HANDCART COMPANY

OF 1856

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Acknowledgments and Dedication

The references to Blossom came out of research efforts in assembling a history of my hometown of Salem, Utah, which required contributions from a multitude of individuals. Some of these were Erma Taylor and the late Stan Sorenson and his wife, LaRee. It was these three individuals who pointed me in Blossom's direction with their clues from family experiences and remembrances; especially, Erma who kept feeding me tiny bits of information pertaining to this little shadow of a girl and how she fit into a pioneer family which participated in the initial settlement of Salem, located in the southern portion of Utah Valley, Utah; it was her encouragement which fueled the persistence for uncovering the scant factual data which was available and for making this compilation.

Others who have extended help were Priscilla Sheen Sundblom and Lois Cloward Roper, both direct descendants from the Sheen Family which is one of the families featured in this account. These two, along with many others, are heirs to the Blossom legacy. Appreciation is also a byproduct from this study for the cast of emigrants who lived through the experiences on the *Enoch Train* and the first handcart company; for their example of fortitude and integrity; a legacy of substance for persistence against the forces of denial, especially those who dedicated themselves to recording the events, how they felt and responded to the forces—tangible and otherwise—which were marshalled against them and their objectives, the multitude of sacrifices they were required to make to bring them to fruition.

When this work was first begun, if there had been a thought of dedication, it would have been extended to those who lived through the drama of those times and circumstances. However, as the compilation was nearing completion, we learned, as a family, that our grandchildren through our daughter, Tracey, and her marriage into the Doney line are direct recipients to the contents of this thesis. While the focus herewith may primarily be on the Sheen, Powell and Walters Families, there is in the background the John and Ann Doney Family, ancestors to one side of our own posterity.

Therefore, this treatise is dedicated to the Doney grandchildren: Daniel K., Melissa Anne, Christopher Lee, Michael Bradford, Trevor Isaac, Travis Lynn, and Joshua T., who, unbeknownst to them, down among their nerve cells and in and between the atoms and molecules that have constituted their makeup, is recorded portions of what this story is all about. Somehow in ways not fully appreciated, those who know Blossom and how her contemporaries responded to her and those times, have unknowingly become part of this story.

What is their responsibility?

If they were ever to accept the challenge, it is to find what it is they each inherited from the events summarized herein. How to make it work to their good as it has been intended.

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Preface

The handcart migration was an attempt to move new Church members more economically from Western Europe, especially the United Kingdom, to a city and a society being built next to an inland, salted sea in the Great Basin of Western America where they might worship to the dictates from an unsealed heaven; to assemble them in a place—unwanted by others—where those pure in heart might dwell . . . a place they called Zion.

In researching, ordering and assembling a history of one of the communities built in this Zion (SUMMER SPRING, An Historical Perspective of Salem, Utah), the author, and some of the multitude of those assisting in that labor, uncovered, mostly from oral folklore, the story of Blossom, a small child whose mother gave her to the Sheen Family, imploring them to please take her with them as they were preparing to leave England in 1856 as participants in the first Mormon handcart migration into the Utah Territories. As massive, as unknown and thus as threatening as this migration was to the Sheens and those they would be traveling with, the prospects for her daughter were more promising than if she were to remain in England with her own family. It was a request the Sheens graciously accepted, even though the child was only three . . . but also black and blind.

With our completion of the community history in 1990, this writer continued to be drawn to the Blossom story and the large body of circumstances surrounding this particular emigration and the body of touching stories pertaining to it. Previously, the primary sources of information, dealing with this episode of Church and Utah history and what transpired in the initiation of the epic handcart migrations, were the official journal kept by Andrew Galloway, Secretary to the Edmund Ellsworth Handcart Company on the handcart phase of the journey, and the Archer Walters journal, the carpenter from Sheffield who faithfully made his recordings from the time he and his family left their homeland until September 14, 1856 when they were in Wyoming and less than two weeks from their destination.

Included among the earlier settlers of Salem and the Salem area, were the Sheen and Powell Families who were included with those of Archer Walters as passengers on the *Enoch Train*, and the John Doney Family who followed on the *Samuel Curling* and became united participants in the Ellsworth Handcart Company. Plus there were others who had various ties and associations to Salem and its early residents. In conducting the research for the Salem history, a number of these family histories, journals and assorted references were uncovered. This treatise, therefore, is a summary, a blending in of all these additional sources of information, particularly how the events which transpired were played out in the lives of these local participants.

As this work was ordered in a sequential fashion, the prevailing thoughts were: "What would have been the impact of all these circumstances and experiences upon little Blossom? Where and how would she have fit into the sailing segment as they pulled away from the Liverpool docks in March of 1856? How was she accommodated when she was included with the handcart company which would initiate the novel way of immigrating into the semi-arid frontier of Western America? She was there. She experienced, for her age at least, what all the others did, except her's were with a darkened innocence. What went through her mind as all these things came to pass?"

The Blossom story was initiated from oral family folklore. From there the research went to the ship's manifest, both in Liverpool and later in Boston where they disembarked. Both

confirm her passage with the Sheen Family. No journal entries or other written references were found pertaining to this little cipher moving in the shadows of reality. The hand-me-down-accounts are the principal sources for this story-line, and even though it's said that she survived the relocation and lived to be about 80, there are no recordings of her death and burial in the Salem City records.

As you review the summary of this particular migration and the circumstances associated thereto, it is suggested that you project yourself into the exposures of little Blossom. For as traumatic as this relocation must have been for the others, imagine, if you will, what it would have meant to her . . . what it might mean to you when viewed from her prospectives.

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Abbreviations And Explanations

af	Ancestral file (LDS Church records)
aka	Also know as . . .
b.	Born
BYU	Brigham Young University
c.	Circa
Church	Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS)
d.	Died
DUP	Daughters of Utah Pioneers
FHC	Family History Center, Brigham Young University (BYU), Provo, Utah
FHL	Family History Library, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah
HDC	History Department of the LDS Church
m.	Married
PEF	Perpetual Emigration Fund
Saints	Members of the LDS Church
SLC	Salt Lake City, Utah
Zion	Those who are "pure in heart" or where the "pure in heart" dwell; those who become members of the LDS Church are considered "Citizens of Zion."

1 PREPARATIONS

What we see and hear—how we feel and the way in which our feelings motivate our responses—depends mainly on where we are standing, what we are willing to stand for . . . or sail for . . . where we are willing to walk and how far.

As March moved toward April in 1856, a sailing vessel secured to a wharf in the Waterloo Docks at Liverpool was being made ready for an Atlantic crossing to Boston with a full shipload of Mormon emigrants, the first Europeans to avail themselves of travel loans provided through the Perpetual Emigration Fund (PEF), and thereby to initiate an experiment with a handcart migration planned from Iowa City, Iowa, to a promised valley on the far side of a distant continent.

The ship was docked where it was and the plans that went with its sailing were due to the PEF having been officially adopted as policy by the semi-annual General Conference of the Church on October 5-6, 1849 and subsequently implemented by the directives outlined in the Thirteenth General Epistle of the First Presidency, dated Salt Lake City, October 29, 1855:

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

In regards to the foreign emigration . . . let them pursue the northern route from Boston, New York or Philadelphia, and land at Iowa City or the then terminus of the railroad; there let them be provided with hand-carts, on which to draw their provisions and clothing, then walk and draw them, thereby saving the immense expense every year for teams and outfits for crossing the plains.

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

We propose sending men of faith and experience, with some suitable instructions, to some proper out-fitting point, to carry into effect the above suggestions; let the Saints, therefore, who intend to emigrate the ensuing year, understand that they are expected to walk and draw their luggage across the plains, and that they will be assisted by the Fund in no other way.¹

The following February, there appeared in the Millennial Star a lengthy circular containing more of the details pertaining to the European migration planned for the summer of 1856:

The P. E. Fund emigrants will use hand-carts in crossing the plains, in which they will convey their provisions, tent, and necessary luggage . . . There will of course be means provided for the conveyance of the aged, infirm and those unable from any cause to walk . . . The Saints may all rest satisfied that their interest and comfort will be consulted in the best possible manner by those men who will be charged with instructions directly from our beloved Prophet, Brother Brigham . . .

The first two hundred [and seventy five] miles of the journey from [Iowa City to Florence (Old Winter Quarters) Nebraska] will be through a settled, grain-growing country, where it is expected that supplies of provisions can be obtained without the labor of hauling them any considerable distance. By traveling this distance with the carts lightly loaded, the Saints will have an excellent opportunity of becoming accustomed to camp life, and walking, and thereby be better prepared for starting out on the plains.²

What follows next is part of the story associated with a young girl called Blossom who lived in the vicinity of Worcester in west-central England, not too far from the Welsh border, and who was a participant in that monumental effort with a large family by the name of Shinn. Blossom's mother was acquainted with this family when they responded to this invitation. As the Shinns were preparing to divide asunder their family, part of them to leave homeland by commencing a long journey across the stormy north Atlantic in the sailing vessel called the *Enoch Train*, they shared their plans with Blossom's mother who was either a neighbor or at least a close acquaintance. The planned months-long journey, besides the tortuous and turbulent ocean crossing, included rail travel from Boston to a place called Iowa City at the end of the line, and thereafter to walk and pull a handcart across an unforgiving frontier, motivated by the magic forces drawing them to a place called "Zion."

(When eventually the participating Shinn Family boarded this ship at Liverpool, they would give their name as "Sheen" for reasons never mentioned in the available data; for justification reserved to them alone, they had made the decision to also change their name as they were surrendering their former lives and abandoning their homeland. Maybe the action was symbolic: they wanted to leave all the old behind and deal solely with the hopeful newness in what they excitedly envisioned for the future. In any event, the new spelling is how we know them as these pioneers eventually settled in the Payson-Salem area of Utah Valley, how henceforth we will make all future references.)

All was finally in readiness. The Sheens were nearing the time appointed for their departure. They were numbered among the first to apply and be accepted for participation in the PEF program, which meant that they could borrow their transportation costs if they would commit themselves to this experiment of walking while pulling a handcart from the railroad terminal at Iowa City, Iowa, to a place far in the west in the pathway of the setting sun, a walking/pulling distance of approximately 1,300 soul-searching miles filled with—yet-to-be-learned experiences, unrelenting demands of taxing tribulations upon body and soul. During the preceding months, they'd made application, been approved and processed as participants in this new Church-sponsored emigrating program for those without or with limited financial resources. Apparently some of the criteria, which determined their eligibility and selection, was made on

the basis of their length of Church membership, their marital status, age, etc. Under this program the participants would be loaned their travel costs, provided they either repaid the advance within a reasonable time after arriving at their destination or they did work in compensation for this assistance.

The Sheens and the hundreds who would be their traveling companions on the *Enoch Train* were not only the first Europeans of that year to avail themselves in this assisted migrating program, but they were likewise the first to participate in the experimentation of crossing the plains with handcarts, supported by a few wagons. All of the ship's passengers were Mormon migrants and would eventually constitute most of the first two handcart companies (the Edmund Ellsworth Company, followed by the Daniel D. McArthur Company).

The Sheen Clan involved in this immense repositioning, consisted of the father, James Sheen, Sr. (60), although he was listed in the Liverpool passenger list at age 58. Apparently, 60 was in the upper limits of those considered for such an adventure due to the expectations of a call for strenuous physical exertion. His wife, Maria, was 57. Accompanying them were two married sons: Robert (29), his wife, Elizabeth (29) and their four children: Mary (8), Louisa (5), Ann (4), and their youngest, Emma (3). Next was James Sheen, Jr. (26) and his wife, Mary, (24). She was heavy with child; the birth could be expected early in their travels. For her welfare and that of her expected child, it would have been best to postpone the departure to a more beneficial time, but opportunity never comes when it is convenient. In addition, if they had forfeited their position, there was no telling if . . . or when . . . the chance would come again. The time was now, whatever the cost.

Also included in the Sheen's emigration were two unmarried daughters: Hannah (22) and Ellen (19) who in the vernacular of that place and time were called "spinsters"; totally the Sheen Family numbered 12.

Grandpa and Grandma Sheen also had married children who remained in England and did not participate in this traumatic relocation.

The Sheen Family came from Barrow (and there about), Worcester, England. Family records have it that they were converted to the church by Apostles Wilford Woodruff and John Taylor.

The men were laborers by occupation, but when listed in the ship's passenger registry, each is shown as "Quarryman."

As the final preparations were being concluded, Blossom's mother came to the Sheen Family with a request concerning her daughter. It is assumed she directed her petition to the matriarch, Maria Loveridge Sheen, wife to James Sheen, Sr., mother and grandmother to the dozen family members involved in the migration.

Her request: "Will you take my little girl with you?" One mother saying to another, in essence, "I want you to have my child . . . I am willing to trust her to your care because the promise there is in what you are undertaking—even though it has as much of the unknown as it does danger—her welfare with you would be better for her than to remain here with me."

Before you question this woman's judgment, you need to know that her daughter was only three . . . she was black . . . and she was also blind. (In the tabulation of the passengers who subsequently boarded the sailing vessel in Liverpool, this child is listed as "Ann Eliza Sheen", elsewhere in the accounting records her name is given as "Annie Eliza Sheen", but in the oral traditions passed down through the Sheen Family, she was called "Annie Blossom", some thought it was "Auntie Blossom" or simply "Blossom" as is used herein.)

Blossom thus became the 13th member of the migrating Sheens. Besides being listed on

both the official passengers' lists, the one at Liverpool, the second when they disembarked in Boston. The only other, known documentation about her, besides her name and the given age of three, are two small notations: one in the Liverpool records showing one word that could, with a stretch of the imagination, mean an abbreviation for "Mulatto." In the second account in the arriving records at Boston, under the heading "Occupation", are these two words: "Craft Builder." This is all there is. Everything else that is known about this little phantom girl moving around the edges and in the shadows of reality associated with this unprecedented migration is in oral hand-me-downs from family members. What follows hereafter is a part of what transpired in the circumstances that moved with the Sheens and in the unlit world of the small, dark child which accompanied them in those times and seasons. Always . . . Blossom's voice is silent. All that comes through are the words of her contemporaries in sensitive recordings and the poignant verbal accountings that were transmitted among their posterity, along with the inner observations/feelings of coexistent passengers who empathized in journal entries on what they experienced during their seven months of traveling. Also, to those who identify with the trials of this crossing, there are added details, not particularly as they may have unfolded, but as they are taken on in personal meaning by those empathetic to what these stalwart individuals experienced and endured.

Two other families play a significant role in the saga of what the Sheen Family encountered and the little black and blind girl who traveled with them. To piece together their story, there must be an inclusion of the Powell Family: John (43) and his wife, Sarah Elizabeth Harris Powell (35); their six children, William (15), Mary (13), Margaret (8), Elizabeth (7), Anna (4), and David, a babe of three weeks at the time of their departure. All of them would survive the strain and the protracted traveling time it would take to relocate in the promised mountain valleys. But by the time they approached the Rocky Mountains their clothes were in rags and most of the children would be walking barefoot because their thin shoes had worn away. John was a stone cutter by profession, born in Sheffield but emigrating from Wales where he had gone to find employment. There he and his family also found the Church and acquired the hopes and promises that were offered in a far-distant Zion. Members of both the Powell and Sheen Families would become acquainted aboard ship and later they would settle in the Payson/Salem area in Utah County.

Archer Walters, his wife and children make up the third family whose affairs with the *Enoch Train* and the Ellsworth Handcart Company are interwoven with the Sheens and Powells. Archer was born July 29, 1809 in Cambridge into a prominent, well-to-do family, consisting of doctors and clergymen. He was given the same first name as his father, and, as was then the custom among such families, provisions were made for young Archer to be taught a trade to go with his inheritance. The trade chosen was carpentry or "joiner", cabinet-maker, as it was known in England, a training he was pursuing in Sheffield when he met and fell in love with Harriet Cross who was charming and lovable, but "a factory-girl" that his family wouldn't accept. However, they were married in 1837, the same year the Church's first European Mission was opened in England. His family's depth of disapproval of his wife's "social inferiority" eventually resulted in his disinheritance. As a result, Archer stayed in Sheffield where he practiced his trade, and he and Harriet began a family and a life on their own.

In the shop window to his business, he had a sign which said that his services covered the interval "FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE", meaning that his profession also

included the duties of an undertaker. Both services would be used extensively in making and endlessly maintaining the handcarts through the whole of the westward trek, and in the construction of coffins whenever lumber was made available.

Eventually he and his family were baptized (his baptismal date is given as Sept. 3, 1848), and while the Sheens were making preparations to gather in Zion, the Walters were doing likewise. His sheltered life did not prepare him any more than it did the others for the unknown hardships which lay ahead. But Archer, like a dozen or so others was also a journalist who preserved for us a penetrating insightfulness of their ordeal. In anticipation of what was between them and the promises they sought, he said at his departure from their home in Sheffield on March 18, 1856—as he and his family caught the train to Liverpool where they would board a sailing vessel that would advance their abandonment of homeland and the comforts of things familiar—

*If I can but reach the Valleys of the Mountains, in the land of Zion, with my family, that they may grow up under the influence of the Gospel of Christ, then I shall be satisfied, though I give my life in the effort.*³

As the Archer Walters Family began their emigration on the momentous day mentioned, Archer, the faithful diarist, recorded the following: "Left Sheffield, Yorkshire, England, by rail to Liverpool, under the charge of Elders [Edward] Frost and McDonald. A pleasant journey and under their charge all was in good order and all happy and rejoicing, numbering 31 in all. Comfortable, with my wife and five children in good health and spirits; all rejoicing in going to help the building up of the Lord's Kingdom in the Valleys of the Rocky Mountains."⁴

Archer and Harriet his wife were both 47; their children were: Sarah (18), Henry (16), Harriet (14), Martha (12), and Lidia (6).

After their arrival in Liverpool the whole family went down to the Waterloo Docks along the side of the Mersey River estuary to see the *Enoch Train*, the sailing vessel which would be their passage to the promised land, and to observe the final preparations being made for the voyage. Thereafter they went to the Church's European headquarters located at 42 Islington (a location used for decades to arrange passage across the Atlantic for thousands of faithful British and European members) where they were cleared and booked for the crossing.

In all the hubbub associated with uprooting his family and transporting them to Liverpool, Archer gets his dates but not his days mixed up. It is Thursday, March 20th, when then go on board and begin conditioning themselves for sailing on the high seas. The next day is Good Friday and by 11 a.m. the ship was anchored out in the Mersey River where the first day's rations were served, a day in which journalist Walters was in high spirits from the excitement in the departure: "All went on very well . . . The best Good Friday I ever saw in my life. A band of music on board and all merry as crickets and the sailors and captains busy at work."⁵

Originally, these three families were highlighted in this account, but as the compilation was being finalized, there was yet another one which made a personal contribution to this writer's family. It was comprised of John Doney (35), his wife, Ann Temperance George (25), and a young daughter, Ann Temperance (b. Oct. 8, 1854). They emigrated from Davenport, Devonshire, England, and were included in the manifest of another sailing craft called the *S. Curling* or *Samuel Curling* as it is sometimes designated among Church records. It likewise

sailed from Liverpool. It carried a total of 707 LDS passengers, and following the *Enoch Train*. It set sail on April 19, 1856, arriving in Boston May 23rd after a 35-day passage which included some turbulent sailing in this spring-time crossing, particularly trying because of the poor condition of the ship.

The Doney's young daughter became seriously ill from ship-borne diseases during the passage, and for the parents "the horror of burying her in the ocean was so great that they prayed constantly to the Lord to spare her life until the sea voyage was completed, and then, if it were His will to take her, they would submit uncomplainingly."⁶ She survived this aspect of their migration, but later died of whooping cough during the rail part of their journey between Boston and Iowa City. The train was stopped long enough at Toledo Forest, Bristol, Ohio, for her to be buried. Ann, the mother, was pregnant at the time. The details of how this family fits into the rest of the account and finally makes their contributions to the author's family will be delineated later.

From the 21st-22nd the ship was removed from the docks and remained at anchor out in the river. There the passengers began positioning themselves and their belongings in the cramped bunks below deck. That Good Friday night, while lying at anchor in the Mersey River, "Sister Mary Ann, wife of Elder Thomas Lyon, was delivered of a daughter, which was named Christina Enoch [Lyon]."⁷ In such cramped quarters, most adult passengers shared the ordeal; no one was more sympathetic to her and the circumstances than the three other women who came on board, knowing they too were nigh unto their own birthing time, expecting to deliver somewhere on the turbulent North Atlantic between Liverpool and Boston. Mary Sheen, wife to James Sheen, Jr., was one of them.

The next day, Saturday, March 22nd, Brother Franklin D. Richards (Mission President of the British Isles and adjacent countries)⁸ came on board, as did the ship's surgeon, Charles B. Jones; official Church calls were extended to James Ferguson, President of the company, and his two counselors, Edmund Ellsworth (37) and Daniel D. McArthur (36) both returning missionaries with families in the valley awaiting their return. Farewells were extended. The ship hadn't even been freed from its moorings and these gentlemen were organizing the migrating saints into five wards: No. 1 (Elder John A. Hunt was appointed President of the first ward—forward steerage, which contained the young single men); No. 2 (Nathan T. Porter, Pres.); No. 3 (Andrew Galloway); No. 4 (Spicer W. Crandall); and No. 5 (Truman Leonard with John D. T. McAllister, Captain of the guard, and clerk of the company). Their main job was to insure order and organize the regimentation necessary for safety, the nightly watches by the male members, cleanliness, the cooking arrangements and everything else essential to living in cramped conditions, on short rations while at the mercy of a contemptuous sea during an anticipated 30-day passage.

ENOCH TRAIN

By the mid-1840s and thereafter most of the travel to and from the overseas' missions was through the Liverpool port, and the emigrant trade was dominated by the American "packet ships", ships which sailed for a given firm or line between fixed ports, on set dates, regardless of weather conditions or the availability of passengers and/or cargo. The oceanic travel was of such a magnitude in those times that the ships came and went much like a modern-day bus at a bus stop.

The *Enoch Train* met most of these criteria. It was built in East Boston in 1854. Its owner was Mr. Enoch Train, a name in keeping with its contractual obligation to transport Mormon emigrants, plus a certain appropriateness that's fitting for its objectives. It was square-rigged, 211 feet long, 41 feet wide, had a depth of 28 feet and weighed 1,618 tons. There were



Enoch Train. Courtesy The Peabody Museum of Salem.

The *Empire* was built by Maine shipwrights with three decks but no galleries, a square stern, and a billethead. On 1 December 1863 she was sold to foreign owners.

ENOCH TRAIN

Ship: 1618 tons: 211' x 41' x 28'

Built: 1854 by Paul Curtis at East Boston, Massachusetts

A big, slow square-rigger, the *Enoch Train* under the command of Captain Henry P. Rich sailed out of the Liverpool harbor on 23 March 1856 for America. On board were 534 Latter-day Saints, of which 431 were financed by the Perpetual Emigrating Fund. Some of these emigrants were to be the first to cross the plains with handcars. Presiding over the Saints were Elders James Ferguson, Edmund Ellsworth, and Daniel D. McArthur. This trio divided the emigrants into five wards under the direction of a group of returning missionaries, including Truman Leonard who had served in India. Among the passengers were nineteen converts from Switzerland, four from South Africa, two from Denmark, and two from India. The voyage was generally pleasant, although there were two deaths from consumption. There were also four births, one daughter being named Christina Enoch Lyon and a boy named Enoch Train Hargraves. The captain and other ship officers "were very kind to the emigrants." After a thirty-nine-day passage the ship arrived at Constitution Wharf at Boston on 1 May.

The *Enoch Train*, which operated in Train's White Diamond Line, had a long and colorful service under the American and British flags. She was owned by Isaac Rich & Co. of Boston. In her later years she encountered much bad luck and eventually foundered in the North Atlantic in February 1883.

THE FIRST EUROPEAN MIGRATION INVOLVING THE PEF⁹

three masts and two decks; below deck or "tween decks" (sometimes called "steerage") there were three compartments: the forward section was reserved for the sailors and single men, the larger space in the middle to accommodate married couples and families, and to the rear were the single women's quarters. Into such confinement were packed 564 souls (534 passengers and a crew of 30).

Of the 534 passengers in the March 1856 crossing, 415 were adults, eight and older; 98 were children, one through eight, and 21 were infants, less than a year old. Of the total, 503 were from the United Kingdom: England (322) and Scotland (146) with a lesser number from Ireland (17) and Wales (18); the remainder were Danes, Americans, Swiss and an Elder Truman Leonard who was returning home from his missionary labors in the East India Mission.

The fare was four pounds, five shillings for adults; three pounds five shillings for children (under 14) and 10 shillings for the infants. (Given the current exchange rate and the devaluations of the pound, the adult fare is estimated at about \$25 or \$30. A more accurate comparison with those times is that an average-sized family's sea passage would amount to over one-third of a laborer's annual income.) Four hundred thirty one (431) of the passengers, amounting to over 80% of the total, were financed by the Perpetual Emigrating Fund (PEF) and were contractually obligated under its terms of repayment. That's the statistics, but how does one record or register the reality that this meant most of the passengers brought little or no extra food with them to supplement the minimum sustenance levels which came with their sailing tickets and the ordeals in the months of traveling which were before them. Little wonder that most of the private journals were continually referencing the problems of hunger, the fatigue and disease which insufficient food aggravated.

As boarding time approached the Liverpool docks were crowded with people who were carrying or dragging toward the ship the sum total of all their earthly possessions. Little Emma Sheen held tightly to her mother's hand as they struggled up the steep gangplank onto, what must have been to her, a huge emigrant sailing vessel. Everything about her was now a bombardment of newness. At two and a half, Emma was more excited about going out on the ocean in a large boat than at the prospects of not seeing her relatives again, her neighbors and friends or what she knew of her homeland. Where was her contemporary, little Blossom, at this time? Who was it who took her hand to guide her toward the intended boarding . . . out of harm's way and into the bowels of the boat? Was she holding Emma's hand? Was Emma her guide? There is no compassion like what is evidenced in innocence. Did their common vulnerability give them strength in union?

Emma had no way of knowing that her grandfather, father, and uncle had contracted with the Church to be the first body of saints from Europe to receive assistance through the PEF. They were told to take "the smallest practicable amount of luggage" possible because they were going to be participating in the first experiment in migrating across 1300 miles of an unsettled continent, walking and using a handcart to transport their provisions and their belongings. The thought never entered her mind that if they were fortunate enough to survive the ocean crossing there would come a time in the months ahead when their survival would depend upon the 17 pounds of baggage—including clothing, bedding and utensils—allocated to the five persons assigned to each handcart; a vehicle patterned after the fruit-vending carts of the major Eastern cities, save the axles were wide enough to match the wheel ruts made by the migrating wagons which had preceded their coming and the few that would accompany them. Yes, she was excited, but also she was comforted by the fact that so many of her relatives were involved in the same venture.

Blossom must have shared much of what occupied little Emma's mind . . . but for her there was still a greater burden . . . her mother had given her away. Yes, she could have some security in occasionally hearing a familiar voice, but whatever degree of security she may have

formerly enjoyed, now all of that was washed away by the things new and thus threatening. But unlike Emma, her new world rushed at her in a chaotic whirl of darkness.

Each must choose where they will stand and what's worth standing for during the endless parade of living experiences. The Sheens chose involvement. They elected to sponsor this additional responsibility, as heavily burdened as they were; to unofficially adopt the child. There were no formal papers to be signed, only the commitments, the likes of which documented an understanding which written words could never insure a greater compliance. Thus the Sheens included little Blossom in all the unknown—even unimagined—trials which might befall them; in everything and anything that represented, the commitment was made to include her in whatever tribulations or blessings lay before them.

HODGETTS FAMILY

As the departing preparations were being executed, there was yet another private drama unfolding. It involved the family of Joseph and Ann Wallcroft Hodgetts who were also from Worcester. They were different than the other emigrants on board the *Enoch Train* now ready to sail for Boston in that Mr. Hodgetts was financial secure; he had considerable land holdings,



From every maritime nation thousands of vessels of all kinds sailed in and out of Liverpool each year. During the nineteenth century this thriving English harbor in the Mersey estuary was unrivaled in world trade, and it was the principal port of embarkation for Mormon emigrants. This "View of Liverpool from the South West" (1847) pictures a sprawling city with acres of crowded docks, swing bridges, and fireproof warehouses. *Courtesy National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.*

LIVERPOOL AND HARBOR AREA¹⁰

some of it in the Spring Hill Terrace around Worcester. Mrs. Hodgetts was converted in 1841,

and later all of the family, except her husband, joined the church. In fact when daughter Mary Ann was baptized, she was miraculously healed of a malady after all medical aid had failed in giving her relief. A son, William Ben, had earlier migrated to Utah and was now back in his home area as a full-time missionary. Mr. Hodgetts was not antagonistic against the church, on the contrary he was very supportive of his wife and children.

In this setting Mrs. Hodgetts decides it is time for her to flee with her children from "Babylon" and join her kind with the gathering in Zion; indications are that her perspectives of relocating her family were much the same as those expressed by Archer Walters when he was committed to leave his home in Sheffield. Therefore, while her husband is away for a few days, she and the children transport themselves to Liverpool and check into a hotel. She asked her son, William Ben, to remain at the family home and inform his father of their actions when he returned.

In the middle of the night, the wife and children take a lifeboat out to the *Enoch Train* which is anchored in the Mersey River. The crew takes them aboard, and final preparations continue.



EMIGRANT SHIP LEAVING LIVERPOOL.
Frederick Piercy. Courtesy Church Archives, Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

MERSEY ESTUARY¹¹

Seen here is a sailing vessel as it is towed by a steam tug boat out into the ocean where it could be made available to the prevailing winds.

In the meantime, the father returns home, and learning of his wife's intentions, hastens to Liverpool where he solicits the help of port officials. Together they take a steam-powered port vessel to overtake the sailing ship. It is late Sunday, and by the time Mr. Hodgetts and the authorities catch up with the ship, it is 10 to 15 miles from Liverpool. Boarding the ship, Mr. Hodgetts persuades Captain Rich, with a payment of 100 sovereigns (a sovereign is a British gold coin equivalent to one pound, worth about \$1.75 at today's values), to anchor the ship for

one hour while he and the inspectors search for his family. The hour is about gone when Mrs. Hodgetts decides to give herself up. (One may wonder how a mother and her four children in a space of 211 feet x 41 feet x 28 feet, comprising only two decks, could avoid detection for so long, but it must be remembered that in that confined space there were 534 passengers, most of them believed to be sympathetic to her cause, plus a 30-man crew that may have been lending some level of support.)

As it turned out the wife finally came forward, they talked and her husband persuaded his wife to return home with him upon his promise that he would divest himself of his holdings and later emigrate with the family. The solution: the two older daughters, Maria (17), and Emily "Emmie" (15) were to stay on board and continue on to Boston, and the parents, along with their two other younger daughters, return to shore and to their home.

The missionary son catches a later steamer and arrives in Boston ahead of the girls. When he meets their boat, he hand-delivers a letter to his sisters from their mother. It says in part, "Maria . . . please come home and take care of your mother in the hour of trial, my days are short. Emmie, my loved one, go to Utah with your brother and keep faithful, work in the house of the Lord. William Ben, be a guide and protection to your sister, tenderly watch her footsteps."¹²

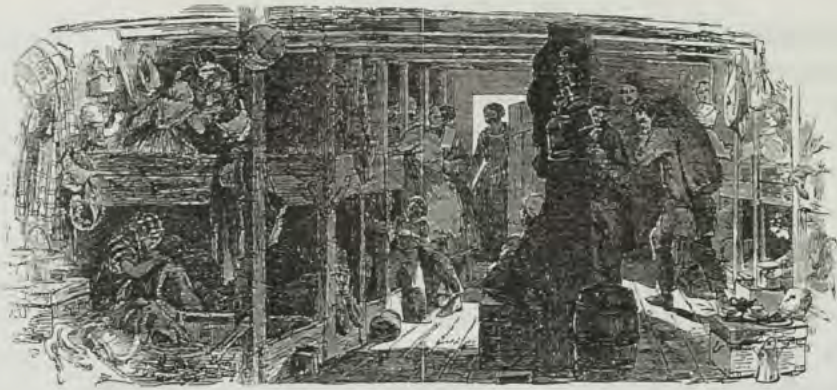
Between the three of them they make plans for Maria to remain in Boston and later take a return voyage home; the brother and sister (Emily) to continue on to Utah. The mother? She lived but a few months after her daughter's return.

Also of note is that some of the last emigrants to leave Iowa City during the 1856 migration were the two Independent Companies comprised of those who could afford wagons and oxen for their transportation. One of these consisted of 37 wagons led by William Ben Hodgetts, the returning missionary we learned about whose mother with four younger siblings tried to sneak out of England on the *Enoch Train* without her husband's knowledge or consent. The other consisted of 50 wagons under the supervision of John A. Hunt. Both these wagon trains, consisting of 385 emigrants, were moving late enough in the season that they were able to render some assistance in the tragedy which befell the Willie-Martin Handcart Companies because of their late start and the onset of winter.

Emily's father's support but never his conversion is evidenced by the fact that as long "as he lived, sent money twice each year to help out, but the family stopped writing soon after his death."¹³

The boarding of the ship in the Mersey estuary by the port authorities in company with Mr. Hodgetts touches every passenger. Those who are diary/journal keepers, each give some version of what transpired. One can't help but wonder what this disturbing experience meant to Blossom. To her these first few days were drastically different. There was the train ride, the hustle and hassle of boarding the ship, the wharf noises and smells, then the departure. What settled her way in bits and pieces of conversation which she had to sort and evaluate, mostly on her own, in her solitary world of sightlessness? Newness, too fast and of too great a magnitude, to a child is like taking away their tenuous hold on security. What had she envisioned from these turbulent first few days in her new life? It stirs the imagination to contemplate what little Blossom and Emma, contemporaries of those times and trials, traded in their conversations. It is hard to imagine that they were ever far apart, the one mothering the other to some extent.

Finally at 6:00 o'clock on Easter Sunday morning, March 23rd, it was time to leave.



Between decks of a sailing packet emigrants ate, slept, and languished—sometimes hatched down in semi-darkness and misery as the ship pitched and rolled through storms. These *Illustrated London News* engravings represent typical conditions for steerage passengers. Courtesy The Peabody Museum of Salem.

A SAILING VESSEL'S LIVING CONDITIONS BELOW DECK¹⁴

Initially the Mormon emigrants were expected to provide their own food, but subsequent legislation required the shipping firms to furnish a minimum daily ration consisting of beef, pork, peas, beans, potatoes, barley, rice, butter, rye bread, sea biscuits, water, flour, salted herring, salt, and oil for lamps. Some ships even carried live animals on deck as a source of fresh meat for the officers and the privileged passengers. However, the rations were often late and/or inadequate in their distribution, and if the passengers had been unable to bring extra supplies on board with them, they would be subjected to periods of hunger during the 30- to 60-day passage for sailing vessels plying their trade between Liverpool and the Boston-New York area or New Orleans.

The passengers took turns preparing their own food. Huddled together in these cramped conditions in a rolling and sometimes pitching vessel, these men, women, and children suffered in body and spirit from lack of privacy. Even in the best of ships overcrowding compounded the misery and indignity of seasickness, the delivery of children, the dying experiences, dysentery, and other afflictions. It was a condition favorable to the breeding of lice and disease which moved with them as they journeyed from the eastern seaboard, across the plains and into the valleys of the mountains where they sought fulfillment in the promises which motivated them.

The wake-up horn had sounded, the decks were cleaned, and at half-past seven the passengers had assembled for morning prayers. Clearance was extended. Captain Henry P. Rich gave the order, the anchor was weighed and the small steam tugboat named *Independence* began pulling the sailing vessel downstream through the Mersey River estuary toward the open sea. They were on their way to a destination that was across an ocean and most of a continent away. The weather and circumstances were fair and favorable—all bode well for the long journey now facing them. At 9:30 a.m. the entire company was mustered on deck to see if any stow-a-ways had slipped on board; none was found, and during the inspection the letter of authority for those called to leadership roles was read with the Saints responding with a hearty "Amen!"

About 5:00 p.m., Elders Wheelock and Dunbar left in the tug which had been towing them all day. Farewells were waved to the accompaniment of the saints singing the songs that would become synonymous with their sacrifices, the demands upon body and soul.

As evening came on, a fresh breeze filled the sails, and they glided along nicely. A few of the first began to get seasick.¹⁵

Assuredly, everyone, who was able, was on deck for this momentous departure, especially the children. Blossom was there somewhere. Was it an adult who positioned her, watched for her welfare, her safety, or were these needs tended to by her contemporaries who also gave her their interpretations of what they saw and what it meant, took the time to teach the motions and direction for waving, and satiated, as best they could, the wonderment in these youthful exposures?

The Sheen, Powell and Walters Families would ultimately and intimately come to know each other, and themselves, in what they would see and hear and feel and experience in where they stood. . . and where they would finish by walking toward a promised valley in the pathway of the distant setting sun.

In the MUSEUM OF CHURCH HISTORY AND ART located on West Temple in Salt Lake City, is a replica of the *Enoch Train*, along with a host of memorabilia and statistics of this sailing and the circumstances of those times. If you haven't already made a visit there—or even if you have—one is highly recommended, especially if you were to take with you the substance and the references summarized in this study.

There you might stand before the representation and attempt to visualize what the circumstances were like and what these stalwart individuals were going to be subjected to in the next 39 days. Standing on a solid surface and enveloped in the comfort, in the security of your surroundings, your visualization can only go so far. You will have no difficulty imagining what it might be like to lose your privacy in such cramped quarters. However, you can never fully empathize with the ordeal, until or unless you can add in the motion and the threat of the stormy north Atlantic, seasickness, darkness, the wretchedness of uncontrollable retching . . . the sounds and smells and the pervasiveness of fear allied to helplessness, during one of the turbulent times.

"In bad weather hatches were battened down, and one reporter wrote that 'men, women, and children screamed all night in terror.' William Clayton, who recorded the second emigrant voyage from Liverpool to New York in 1840 aboard ship *North America*, described a storm in the first few days at sea: 'The wind blew hard . . . many were sick all night . . . Such sickness, vomiting, groaning and bad smells I never witnessed before and added to this the closeness of the births almost suffocated us for want of air . . . On the Friday night a little girl belonging to a family in the second cabin was frightened by the storm and lost her reason.' Two days later

he wrote, 'This night the child which was frightened died.'"¹⁶

Whatever the picture is that you conjure in your mind for this voyage, try to project your feelings into the likes of little Blossom? She and Emma Sheen were likely an inseparable pair; two peas in a pod with only the variable of Blossom's limitations. What bonding went on between them as they together experienced the strains associated with this first phase of the trials they were to experience? What would be the potential loss if they were ever to be separated?

Nowhere in the available journal entries that covered the beginning of this adventure nor in the manifests of this sailing ship are there any indications of what the passengers may be bringing on board—other than themselves, their families and their belongings. What were the intangibles: talents, cherished memories, and the enthusiasm which accompanies the hopes in new beginnings? But it would soon become apparent that even though all had cleared the established inspection requirements, there were the uninvited tag-alongs: the unbidden and hidden germs of disease which would find conditions to their liking in the crowded living quarters and in the unsanitary practices prevailing in the sea-sailing circumstances of those times. In addition there were the ubiquitous fleas which had their own, less noble, reasons for emigrating.

It was either in the crossing or in the extended stay at Iowa City where the company had to continue living in unfavorable cramped conditions for 28 days while the handcarts were being prepared that some of these germs found a favorable host in little Emma Sheen. If they likewise found their way to Blossom, she was spared.

2

THE OCEAN CROSSING

On Monday night, March 31st, the ninth day into their voyage, the first of two deaths, which occurred during the crossing, claimed the life of Sister Esther Deveraux (aka Devereux, Deverona, Deveroux and Deveruth) whose age was variously recorded at 60 and 69 and are both suspect because she was the wife of John Deveraux (51), a laborer by profession who eventually arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in the Ellsworth Company. She was a native of Dymock, Gloucestershire, England, late of the Herefordshire Conference, and her death was attributed to consumption [tuberculosis] . . . others said it was an asthmatic condition, "a long protracted sickness . . . of many years standing."¹⁷

Apparently, this good woman also had in her heart the same motivation as expressed by Mr. Walters upon his departure from Sheffield. For those who knew her wrote: "It appeared she had the desire of her heart. She did not seem to think of reaching the valley herself, but wished to see her family on the way, and then the Lord's will [will] be done . . . " Another acquaintance who Sister Deveraux became well enough acquainted with aboard ship to confide in them her premonition of being unable to complete the journey was Sister Elizabeth Powell whose daughter, Mary, later wrote: "She earlier had said to my mother, 'I'll go on board the ship and start my husband to Utah. If I should die, he will journey on. If we do not commence the journey perhaps my husband and children will not reach Utah."¹⁸ (John Deveraux was later officially listed as a member of the first handcart company, but the number and identity of any children were never delineated.)

They sewed her up in a sheet in preparation for burial, but the contrary winds, the intensity and turbulence of the sea which had prevailed for the past few days intensified to the extent they were unable to have the ocean burial until the morning of April 2nd when at 6:00 a.m. the sobering ceremony was conducted . . . "when her body was committed to the deep, the Captain as a token of respect caused the flag to be hoisted upon the occasion which is not customary, only when an officer is buried. He did the same at the burial of the [infant]."¹⁹ (This is one of two brief notations about an infant dying at sea early in the voyage. See Endnote No. 55 for the tabulation of the 20 deaths known to have occurred during the seven-month journey which impacted, in varying degrees, upon the Ellsworth Company.)

"It was," records journalist Walters, "the first I ever saw buried in the sea and I never want to see another. A rough day all day."²⁰ The sailing conditions for this period and particularly the day of the burial were so unsettling that the ship "rolled and boxes rattled. Bottles upset. Bedsteads broke down and cooking did not please all for the saucepans upset in the jelly. Some scolded and some fell and hurt themselves. A thing to try the patience of some.

Went to bed, ship rocked and rolled about; did not sleep well but all night the President and Captains of the different wards do their best for all and all good saints feel well."²¹ In fact the sailing condition at this time were so contrary that this particular storm "drove them back until they could see the spires of buildings in Liverpool. They were so seasick they thought they would never survive. Following the seasickness the measles were in store for the young children, then the fleas began to attack them, and always the food was rationed very closely. Some, like the Sheens, ran out of food and those who had more rationed it among them."²²

One day, soon after Sister Deveraux's burial, the passengers who happened to be on deck would stare silently with their personal thoughts—vividly being reminded of their own mortality—as they witnessed the body of a man floating past the side of the ship. Obviously, Sister Deveraux and the body of this unidentified gentleman were united in death, bonded to the land and the surrounding waters they had intended to leave.

Nonetheless, the regimentation persists: bugle calls at 5:00 a.m. and 8:00 p.m. summoning everyone to prayers; appointed cooking schedules; the distribution of the ship's rationing of food and water. If the passengers hadn't been able to bring on board extra food, they were restricted to a subsisting level of existence. Luckily for the Sheens and many others, there were those who could and were willing to share. In addition the extra food the passengers were expected to provide for themselves, they were required to furnish their own cooking utensils, bedding, lamps, candles, towels and of course the ubiquitous chamber pots.

However the church leaders were ill-prepared in two categories: illness, including sea sickness, and the explosive population of lice. In the first case, they resorted to what limited home remedies they carried with them and consecrated oil for Priesthood blessings. The on-board doctor complained to the Captain of having nothing to do which did not infer the passengers were free of injury or disease, but rather his charges preferred to rely upon their own resourcefulness. Nor was he asked to solve the lice problem; that became the responsibility of a lice detail.

The food fare of the time consisted of breadstuff, cereal, sea biscuits (hardtack), oatmeal, rice, wheaten flour, potatoes, tea, sugar, split peas, corned beef and molasses.

At two o'clock, Monday morning (March 24th), Sister Agnes, wife of Samuel Hargraves, gave birth to a son which the parents, keeping with the occasion, named Enoch Train Hargraves.

Later that same day at 10:15 p.m., Sister Elizabeth, wife of William Johnstone also had a son which they named Hamilton, including the Lyons this brought the number to three.

On April 6th there was a ship-wide celebration commemorating the organization of the Church. Everyone participated. It was a break in the monotony on waiting for the movements of the currents or an assistance from the winds to determine their speed or the sea-sickening motions which came when the winds hurried them toward their destination. They sustained church leaders . . . sustained each other . . . praised God for the spirit of oneness, and blessed the two new-born babies. As part of this conference, Captain Rich presented a sovereign to the Hargraves child in commemoration of a name he would carry through life honoring the place of his birth.

A fourth birth,²³ involving Mary, wife of James Sheen, Jr., occurred on April 17th. All these sisters were assisted in their deliveries by Sister Hardie of Edinburgh.²⁴ That morning at 2:00 a.m., Archer Walters went on watch duty. Of this particular assignment, he records: "Sister Mary Sheen from Herefordshire Conference was confined 1/2 past 4 o'clock this

morning of a son."²⁵ The initial name they gave him was John, as is evidenced in the passenger's list when they disembarked at Boston, but, later, as the journey progressed, it was changed to Sidney. (In that same entry, Mr. Walters also shares with us the food problems he and his family were experiencing less than a month into their journey: "My wife very poorly and we all feel no great shakes, the diet being so different and cooking so badly managed, having only the ship allowance—no preserves, butter, cheese, ham, as many have, but thank God we shall by his blessing get through.")

On Thursday, April 24, "between two and [four] o'clock, a.m., Jane, daughter of Hugh and Jane Clotworthy, aged two years died of consumption [tuberculosis] of the bowels . . . She was buried at two o'clock, p.m. . . . As she was buried Bro. Ferguson spoke before the plank was drawn. Quite a solemn time to the children and parents as well; indeed all sailors looked straight down their noses . . . Brother Clotworthy's child had been dying from its mother's womb."²⁶

One particular task which broke the monotony in many of their days was the making of tents that they would subsequently use as their only protection against the elements during the handcart phase of their long and arduous journey.

As April prepared to give way to May, they approached the Constitution Wharf in the Boston Harbor. There was no Statue of Liberty to greet them; the welcoming lady wouldn't be in place in the entrance to New York for nearly another three decades. Emma Lazarus, who would, in that future day, write her famous sonnet to be inscribed on a pedestal at her base, was only seven. And although her words couldn't greet them, they, like thousands in similar circumstances, already had in their hearts the hopeful thoughts which this land promised—

*Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,*

With all of her limitations, the offer was also extended to Blossom. Their wind-driven voyage had lasted 39 days (March 23rd to May 1st). It took them two days to get through the quarantine and the logistical chores of unloading. Where was she during all of these experiences of the past 40 days, following the traumatic separation from her natural mother and her assimilation into the Sheen Clan and the regimentation of sea-travel by sailing vessel? One can only surmise what all this meant to the three-year-old black and blind girl who moved in the shadows around the periphery of perpetual motion. It is assumed that little Emma Sheen, her contemporary was her closest companion. Who else would have been more interested, more empathetic? Can't you visualize them in the ship's environment, going . . . coming . . . Emma having the eyes of two for four? It is said of the living experiences that not an episode, an incident, a sight, a sound or even a solitary word will be lost. If that is so, what an event it would have been—could be—to be privy to the conversations between these two as they assessed their understanding of what was transpiring from their innocent perspectives.

In the final hour of the ocean journey phase, there were letters exchanged between

President Ferguson and Captain Rich, who the passengers acknowledged "is a man in every sense of the word, and has been very kind to us." To which the Captain replied: We "tender to you our thanks for the spirit of kindness manifested by you all during the present voyage, tending to the health, and comfort of our passengers under your charge. If such rules and regulations could be followed by all emigrant ships, we should have less, far less of sickness and distress at sea. Cleanliness is part of your religion, and nobly you have carried it out. May your trip across our states be one of pleasure, and when this is passed, and you are encamped upon our western prairies, may your thoughts wander back with pleasure to your ocean voyage."²⁷ This was signed by Henry S. Rich, Master, Enoch Train and Chas. B. Jones surgeon, and was concluded with these words: "Gentlemen, farewell, may health, peace, and prosperity go with you, and when your pilgrimage is accomplished on earth, may a bright immortality be yours, in the world which is to come."

Nearing Boston, the Captain raised a flag, signaling a request for a pilot, who came on board and steered the ship to anchorage and a place of quarantine by 9:00 p.m. the evening of April 30th. They were now three or four miles from their destination. The next morning they docked at Constitution Wharf.

Of this landing, James Ferguson would record: "I was particularly anxious to make a good first impression upon the people of Massachusetts, in view, not only of our emigration interests, but of our approaching struggle for admission into the Confederacy. I am thankful to say that I am more than satisfied. When the Quarantine Doctor, and Government Agent came on board, you might have licked the 'between decks' without soiling your tongue. They both pronounced, it to the visiting stranger, as far a-head of anything they had ever seen. They were followed by a number of Members of the Massachusetts Legislature, who were all astonished at our cleanly, healthy appearance, and, though Know-Nothings, declared their delight at seeing such a class of people come to settle in their country."²⁸

In addition others were included in the greeting. Local ministers, recorded Brother Walters, and "ladies came to visit us and sent oranges for the children. New Testament to all heads of families and many little cards and books [and pictures] to the children."²⁹ After such a bland diet and the austere circumstances in their cramped quarters aboard the ship, these offerings were a real treat. However the lasting nourishment wasn't to body but to mind . . . someone cared enough to care. There were also members of the other kind, local residents who came down to the docks to "peep at the Mormons and their wives."

While the newly arriving immigrants were making the transition from boat to train, certain employers from the city moved among them soliciting men with specific skills. John Powell, for example, was offered the enticing sum of \$8.00 per day if he would stay in the Boston area and do masonry work. To have accepted would have meant a life of relative ease for himself and his family as compared to the life they had known or to the unknown trials which lay ahead. He could have done like some, use the auspices of the Church to get to the promised land where he could strike out on his own with the offerings he would never have known in his homeland. Instead, he declined the offer and persisted with his commitments.

This body of Saints had been blessed: their trials were minimal, and even though the trip was trying, the Captain and crew had treated them graciously; their prayers had been answered, they acknowledged so in supplication their last night aboard ship (April 30th). The accounts and the accountability were settled, and it took them a day to disembark from what had been home for a 39-day passage, and made ready for their transportation via train to the end of the railroad line in Iowa.

3 BOSTON TO ZION

To a send off by the band playing those songs which by now were becoming so meaningful, they left the next day (May 2nd) via train for New York. The rail trip from Boston via New York and Chicago bound for Iowa City, Iowa, the railroad terminus at that time, took 10 days.

TRAIN TRAVEL

Upon their arrival in New York, Elder John Taylor came on board the train to talk to the passengers. "He impressed us very much, standing there so erect and tall. I noticed his long beard. He was ready to address us, our attention riveted on his countenance. Then he turned to Captain [Rich] and said, 'How long since these folks had any refreshments?'

"'Two days,' was the answer.

"'Brethren and sisters,' said John Taylor, 'I should like to see you eat before I speak to you.'

"In less than half an hour bakers bread, steak and coffee were brought unto the train. I had not thought about being so hungry until then. How nice this food tasted!"³⁰

Traveling from New York to Chicago, Brother Walters records, we "left New York 5 o'clock for Iowa . . . [we were] very short of bread for children and they cried for something to eat from May 4th until Friday 9th of May, and then my wife went into town [at one of the stops] . . . she had 2 cents and [purchased] 2 slices of bread and meat . . . bread was plentiful . . . Bro. Frost gave us 15 cents. Left Chicago 11 o'clock at night; arrived at Rock Island, [Illinois] 9 o'clock morning May 10th."³¹

Here at Rock Island on the east side of the Mississippi, River, they were to leave via train the next morning at 8:00 a.m., cross the Mississippi River and go on to Iowa City which was then the end of the railroad line. However, they missed this train connection by 15 minutes. This was decidedly in their favor for that particular train fell from a bridge over the Mississippi River which had burned, and was lost. When they missed their connection, they were lodged in a storehouse over the weekend. Here they were given an allotment of bread, and with some rice they had left over from their ship allowance, they managed through the weekend. On Monday they crossed the muddy Mississippi on boat and thence resumed their rail travel on the Rock Island Railroad in a box car to Iowa City, the first capitol of Iowa. They arrived the afternoon of May 12th. It had taken them 10 days to go from Boston to Iowa City. It was late in the day when they finally arrived at their destination, and it was raining.

IOWA CITY EXPERIENCES

They came! By the thousands they congregated at the railroad terminus, financed by the Perpetual Emigration Fund through contributions by their predecessors in Zion, the place drawing them ever westward. For the financial assistance given them to pay their passage by boat across the stormy Atlantic and for the handcarts and bare essentials, they had agreed to reimburse the fund "the same in labor or otherwise, as soon as their circumstances will admit," upon their arrival in the new Zion being established in the great basin. They had come from the dusty, dirty, smelly towns around the collieries, the mill towns, the contaminating industries which were revolutionizing the former patterns for life and living. They came, they who were mainly the poor—some would say life's discards . . . casualties from a severe economic depression between 1842-1848—born from the adjustments in the industrial revolution which was sweeping the nations of Western Europe. Most were from the United Kingdom. Others were plucked and mixed in from the countries of Western Europe where the missionaries had come bringing promises for the here and now on the far side of a distant and magical new continent—the hope of salvation and exaltation through a restored faith.

Mainly they differed from the thousands who had preceded them in the migration to Zion by their greater poverty. They had never owned a home or property. They were ill-equipped, untried, untrained, and ill-advised. And they had arrived with the expectation of walking nearly 1300 miles, pulling, in some cases, the sum total of all their earthly possessions on fruit-vending handcarts made of freshly-cut lumber, supported by a few auxiliary wagons, hauling foodstuffs and the surplus from what couldn't be transported on the handcarts.

Never was there such an unlikely band of pioneers. They were pale skinned. They had bad teeth. Their chests were thin; their cheeks sallow . . . all evidence of unhealthy working and living condition. Always there was inadequate food and little or no medication. They had never pitched a tent, cooked over an open fire—especially on an open prairie and challenged to do it often without wood (only the Buffalo chips they would soon be taught to use in substitution); they had never slept on the ground to the wail of a coyote, seen a rattlesnake or an Indian, or were they in possession of any of the rudimentary skills that would be demanded upon the frontier which they were about to challenge. There were men and women, more children under 15 than adults, and before their journey was over—be it a shallow grave with naught but snow as a covering for their frozen bodies, a gale for a parting hymn, a memory for an epitaph, or the welcoming arms of a promised valley—they, especially the women, brought with them the stuff from which heroes are made.

They were herded out of the crowded emigrant sailing ships, loaded on the railroad cars and shipped to the end of the Rock Island Line at Iowa City, Iowa, which marked the beginning of the west. They had left late, there were delays en route, and when they arrived at the place where the walking and pulling were to begin, the handcarts weren't ready.³²

As best they could, the Sheens, the Powells, the Walters and the rest walked and dragged their luggage the four miles (some records mention it as two) to a camp established as the jumping off place for the handcart migration. There they began erecting the tents which they had made on board the *Enoch Train* while crossing the ocean. Besides the disappointment in learning that the handcarts hadn't been built as scheduled, their arrival coincided with the spring rainy season, and it would be 28 days before they could begin the walking segment of their arduous journey westward. In the meantime they were sleeping as many as 20 to a tent. Food

was scarce and the diseases and lice established in the confinements required in the ocean crossing began to spread rapidly.

When he wasn't engaged in building handcarts, which was most of the time, Archer Walters was either tending to his sick family or visiting the nearby community, along with the other able-bodied men, looking for work whereby they might buy or barter for food to feed their hungry families. In the Old Country, carpenters, like Brother Walters, also included the profession of undertaker and the building of coffins. Later he would have considerable experience in this regard, along with the persistent demands put upon him to keep the handcarts operating. They were built of green lumber and as the heat of summer, the prairie dust, and the relentless demands upon their usage took their toll, the necessities of repair were as relentless as the need to push westward.

The walking/pulling segment of their journey was to take an estimated 70 days. The first companies met a modified schedule; their suffering acceptable, with adjustments, for future companies. However, the last two parties became the legends of suffering. Whether it was because of petty feuding or rivalry among the hierarchical leaders, gross incompetence, or faith without works, the late July departure from Iowa City was an ominous sign that the Red Sea may chance to close. The debate over the unprepared handcarts and the debacle associated with the delayed starts will persist for as long as there are continued preparations for the realization of Zion.

Eventually, the handcarts for the first two companies were ready. The companies were comprised mostly of passengers from the *Enoch Train*, with about 100 more included from the *Samuel Curling* which was the succeeding ship into the Boston port of entry, one family of which consisted of John and Ann Doney who had buried their only child in Ohio prior to being incorporated into the Ellsworth Company.

The handcarts were designed after the fruit-vending carts seen in the cities along the eastern seaboard, except the wheels were spaced wide enough to follow in the wagon tracks and they were to be pulled by either one or more individuals. About five person were assigned to each handcart; each was allocated 17 pounds of baggage which included clothing, bedding, utensils and other incidentals. Supplemental wagons were assigned to carry extra supplies, and those who from time-to-time because of sickness or injury were unable to walk; few qualified in this regard and if they qualified, most declined the offer.

IOWA CITY TO FLORENCE, NEBRASKA

Finally, on June 9th Captain Edmund Ellsworth's Company was the first to leave Iowa City and move toward Florence, 275 miles away . . . walking miles, thus initiating the migratory experiment through partially settled country, making it supposedly the easiest part of the planned walk. His assistants were Elders Oakley and Butler. The company was comprised of 275 souls, 52 handcarts, and with five supporting wagons. Departure was set for Monday (June 9th), but for some unexplained reason they never got started until 5:00 p.m. It may have been because of the hubbub associated with the start after the long and excessive delay, but it is more likely due to the loss which came upon the Sheen Family with the death of Grandma Maria Loveridge Sheen (57). None of the regularly quoted diarist make mention of her passing, only in family records is there notation of her death and burial in Iowa City on the day of departure.

As previously mentioned, Blossom's closest confidant in the unfolding of events was likely Robert and Elizabeth Sheen's youngest child, Emma, the nearest in the company to her own age. Two little girls who perhaps found consolation in each other, as the one helped herself and her companion to make understanding from what was happening in their constantly changing, stressful world. It is said that empathy is the ability to taste another's tears. Did they share tears or did calls coming from their empty stomachs most often preempt their other concerns?

We can but imagine, each in our own way, what went through the minds of these two little girls as the family buried the matriarch to the Sheen Family, the one most likely who committed them all to the care and responsibility for Blossom. Did the fantasies of childhood ever give them any solace as to why the faith of their elders was subjecting them to this kind of an ordeal at such a tender, innocent age?

Finally, they were moving as it had been planned, but not long into the walk, Brother Kettle died. They used the last lumber in the company to make his coffin. "We buried him," later wrote another child of the company, "beside a mulberry grove."³³

As the month of June wore on, little Emma wore out on their trying trek toward the setting sun. Did she ever ride atop the handcart or on her father's back? When she got sick, how did her mother comfort her? Everyone was in the same destitute predicament. Alone in a sparsely settled frontier with scattered farms where occasionally there were sympathetic farm folk who would provide some food . . . sometimes gifting wood and nails for a coffin. No medicine. Always scant supplies . . . relentlessly the need to push onward.

The second company led by Captain Daniel D. McArthur departed two days later.

In reality, this Iowa City to Florence was a preparatory segment, a conditioning for the trying frontier that was thereafter. Likely it was during this interval, that the Sheens took to tethering Blossom with a rope to either one of the handcarts or to one of the other children. Whatever else the other company members might experience, Blossom's exposures were unique in that they were without the sense of sight. Much of what the handcart companies experienced has had prior exposure in one medium or another, but never were any of them viewed in perspective to this child's encounters.

On June 24, two weeks before reaching Florence, tragedy reaches out and again touches the Sheens. The Official Journal records: "Sidney Shinn [Sheen], son of James and Mary Shinn [Sheen] Jr. [the one born at sea on April 17th], died this morning. Buried thirty yards south of the bridge on Four Mile Creek, on the east bank, under an elm tree." His total life span amounted to 69 days (nine weeks and six days); all of it in endless motion associated with deficiencies in food and care, ever present the debilitations of the diseases of the time with nothing to mitigate the discomfort nor the impaired associations.

And then, two days later, a third tragedy for this same clan: on June 26th, little Emma (3) is likewise taken. Of that date and incident, Archer Walters makes this observation: "Traveled about 1 mile. Very faint from lack of food. We are only allowed about 3/4 of lb. of flour a head each day and about 3 oz. of sugar each week. About 1/2 of a lb. of bacon each a week; which makes those that have no money very weak. Made a child's coffin for Sister Sheen—Emma Sheen aged 2 1/2 years." And the morning of June 27th: "Got up before sunrise. Cut a tomb stone on wood and bury the child before starting from camp."³⁴ For the same incident, in the Official Journal, kept by A. Galloway, are these additional facts: "Emma [Sheen]

daughter of Robert and Eliza [Sheen], died this morning of whooping cough, age two years and eight months . . . Emma [Sheen] was buried this morning [June 27th] twelve feet southeast of a walnut tree on the west bank of the Racoon (sic.), nearly opposite the sawmill. At seven a.m. the camp rolled out and traveled ten miles. Good roads."

As the company resumed their journey, what did Robert and Eliza Sheen leave with their daughter and what did they take with them when independently they each took that last glance backward? It is assumed that they, like most of the others who left loved ones buried by the wayside, often in unmarked graves, would never have the opportunity to return to the burial site, the sacred, final resting place. Its reverence, its sacredness due to a required sacrifice, one made even more memorable because there was nothing more than a memory to cherish.

And where was Blossom when Emma was left behind, no longer to walk by her side? What did she pick up from the conversations of her new family as the two youngest in two day are left behind and dropped from the company? Who now walked by her side and explained to her what she couldn't detect or determine on her own? What rushed in to fill an irreplaceable void?

The burial was but a small interlude. By 7:00 a.m. the camp had resumed the trek. The roads were good and after traveling 10 miles, a favorable campsite was found in a beautiful valley. There was an exceptional spring on the west bank of the adjacent stream, and the decision was made to stop the day's travel early (10:30 a.m.) and take advantage of these surroundings.

The next morning the company was moving again before 5:00 a.m. Wind was blowing. As the day advanced there were indications of storm, but with a good road, except for some hills, they made 16 miles. For 13 of those miles, water was scarce, but they were supplied at Bear Station. Just after lunch they camped and began pitching their tents. At 6:00 p.m. they were hit by a heavy thunder storm, accompanied by strong winds. One tent was blown down, and the belonging to the Walters Family was split asunder. Archer records that the "tent went down. Split the canvas and wet our clothes and we had to lay in the wet clothes [on the] ground. I thought of going through needful tribulation but it made me cross. I took poor Harriet into a tent and fixed the tent up again as well as I could . . . "35

On July 1st eight days before they would arrive at Florence, Nebraska, it was cloudy and raining as the day began. Sometime during the afternoon the Ellsworth Company was hit with an intense thunderstorm. At the time, traveling a short distance behind them in the McArthur Company was the family of Robert (35) and Ann Parker (36), and their four children: Max (12), Martha Alice (10), Arthur (6), and Ada (1). Arthur was sitting down resting when this storm hit, and in the commotion of hurriedly making camp and seeking or providing some protection, he became separated from his family. Later as the storm abated, a search was organized, but when darkness came, he had not been located. The next morning (July 2nd), the company remained in camp while the search resumed. In addition, a delay was also required for Archer Walters to make a coffin for Brother Card's young daughter. The Card Family were participants in the Independent Company, but they were traveling with those led by Edmund Ellsworth. The search for Arthur continued to be unsuccessful and by 3:50 in the afternoon the order was given for the company to continue; even with this late start, they were able to travel about 14 or 15 miles before making the next camp.

However, before the company moved on, Arthur's father, Robert, made the decision to backtrack along the trail and stay with the search until he had either found his son or his body.

As he prepared to retrace their steps, Ann, Arthur's mother, pinned a bright shawl about the thin shoulders of her husband and bid him God's speed as she sent him back alone on the trail to resume the search for their missing young son. Her instruction: If he found him dead, he was to wrap him in the shawl for burial; if alive, the shawl was to be a flag to signal her in her watchfulness as she frequently turned and looked back along the trail as she and her other children took up their load and struggled onward with the company.

Robert retraced the spent miles, calling, searching and praying for his helpless son. At last he reached a mail and trading station where he learned that his son had been found and cared for by a compassionate woodsman and his wife. He had been ill from exposure and fright, but God had responded to the pleadings by an anxious mother and the sympathies of their traveling companions who were touched by this additional trial.

Meanwhile, ahead on the trail, Ann and her family, especially toward evening when the light was fading, kept a vigilance over the course they had traveled. " . . . On the third night [July 5th], the rays of the setting sun caught the glimmer of a bright red shawl, the brave little mother sank, in a pitiful heap in the sand . . . [that night she] slept for the first time in 6 days."³⁶

They arrived in Florence, the old Winter Quarters, on July 8th, 31 days traversing time for the estimated 275 miles.

Here they would remain nine days in final preparations before the walk—the dragging and pushing—became more serious. Some sought to buy more provisions, others inquired about work opportunities that they might purchase provisions, mainly food. All rested, except Archer Walters and those who assisted him. Upon them fell the responsibility of mending the handcarts which were constantly in need of repair. He could have used the outside work to provide for his family. Instead throughout the duration of the overland travel, he would remain the faithful mender, even when his wife was ill and his children went to sleep crying because they were hungry.

While in Florence, a daughter of the Powell Family records that a gentleman came looking for my father, John Powell. It was obvious his reputation and skills as a stone mason were moving in advance of our journey. This "man came into camp asking, 'Is there a man here from Wales by the name of John Powell? That is the man I want. I've looked out for him for the last 5 years. My wife wants to see him. She thinks the world of him. He gave her a home in the old country.'³⁷ This man offered John 80 acres of land if he would settle in Nebraska; plus he would assist him in erecting a house. John said no. He had committed to a course of action, and the first work offer he received in Boston when they landed, the other opportunities he found along the way to work that he might stay the course, and finally this chance to care for his family and lift from them the burdens of their movement were never a consideration for altering his intentions. Here was a gentleman who respected the man who pulled out of the Company after they left Florence to keep a promise to his wife's father when he sensed danger ahead, but for John and those, who relied upon him for their survival and the greater promises he saw in their objective, there could be no deviations.

As the Powells approached Council Bluffs near the end of the first 275-mile segment of their walking-pulling experience, the mother was sick, weak and pale, enough so that there were those who wondered whether she could continue. The father and the two oldest children, William and Mary prevailed in the pulling of the two handcarts. At that particular place, wrote

Mary, "We had the pleasure of meeting an old lady who clapped her hands in delight to see us. She took mother into her neat little log house and made her lie down on the bed. It was snowy white and the room was spotless. While mother slept the woman hurried and churned. When mother woke, she gave us buttermilk. We dreaded to leave this cozy little house. It stood propped on blocks alone in this little grove. It was the only house we saw that day. Mother said she could never forget it."³⁸

FLORENCE TO SALT LAKE CITY

The Ellsworth Company left Florence on July 17th. Where before there was rain and the associated mud . . . now there was dust, the frequent scarcity of water . . . always an insufficiency in something to eat, but the hardest miles were still ahead.

They were not too far into what would one day be called Nebraska when John Powell noticed a Brother Jones ahead of him pulling his handcart and family out and away from his position in the moving column. As the Powell Family came along side, John inquired, "What's the matter Brother Jones?"

"I see danger ahead," said Brother Jones. "I promised Ann's father I wouldn't lead her into suffering. I see danger ahead!"

Brother Jones and wife remained in the Omaha area. He was a butcher by trade and likely secured work. "Father," remembers one of the Powell children, "said we should give him due credit for keeping his word to Ann's father."³⁹

It is likely this episode came frequently into John Powell's mind as he weighed his decision to stay the course as his body and soul were taxed—his loved ones stressed—as the trials intensified as the company approached the mountains.

On July 26th, they crossed the river via ferry at a place called Loop Fork Ferry. About two miles further on, the sky darkened and an intense electrical storm overwhelmed the company in the open prairie where there was no natural protection and they couldn't assemble the tents in time. In about the middle of the train, a bolt of lightning struck and killed Henry Walker (58) from the Carlisle Conference, widowing a wife, Isabella (50), with one child. "One boy burned . . . named James Stoddard [14]; we thought he would die but he recovered and was able to walk, and Brother Wm. Stoddard, father [? Robert was believed to be the father] of the boy was knocked to the ground and a sister, Betsy Taylor, was terribly shook but recovered. All wet through . . . we went 2 miles to camp. I put the body with the help of others, on the handcart and pulled him to camp . . . buried [him] this morning [July 27th] . . . without a coffin for there were no boards to be had . . . four miles west of Loop Fork Ferry on sandy rise, right hand side of the road."⁴⁰

They traveled 15 miles on July 29th. In the course of the day they met a company coming from California. The camp for the night was at a place called Spring Camp, Nebraska. It was Archer Walters' 47th birthday. In his journal recording for the day, he wrote, "A child born in camp. Sister Doney." No mention that the mother had walked those demanding 15 miles as a prelude to her delivery. Family records detail the event: "the company went ahead to see some mountaineers, leaving Mrs. Doney . . . and her husband in the rear to rest . . . No nurse or doctor was in attendance at the event . . . just a crude tent was erected to shelter them. To the company's great surprise they found on their return this little babe who had come to join their ranks. The little stranger, she being the only baby born on this historic journey. A notice

was posted to notify the company in the rear of the wonderful event. Mrs. Doney was allowed to ride in the wagon for a few days, then on the handcart a while longer, after which she walked the remaining distance carrying the baby in her arms for a while, then for a rest carried it alternately in her apron for hours at a time. Before and soon after the baby's birth, she was compelled to wade streams and continue walking with her wet clinging clothes until they were dry . . . She had waded the Platte River before the birth of the baby.^{"41}

The child was given the name, Mary Jane Doney. She was the second daughter born to John and Ann Doney, their first one, Ann Temperance, died on May 29th (age one year and eight months), during the train-traveling segment of their journey between Boston and Iowa City, and was left behind in an Ohio grave.

As the company moved onward, they looked forward to those special campsites where there was a stream of water good enough and of sufficient quantities to bathe their parched skin, to wash their clothes, and, if they still had flour, to bake some bread to carry with them during those extended intervals when the only fuel they could find was dry buffalo chips . . . to cook and prepare their food.

But these were an exception. Some days they had to travel long distances without any water. Then when they would come to a place where the springs had dried up but the ground was still damp or gave other indications of near-surface water, they would stop and begin digging. Especially the children would form a circle of eager watchers around the diggers. "As soon as the dirt was [moist] they would hold it on their face and wrists, to absorb some moisture [while the excavations continued]; the smaller children would often grab the wet mud and suck the water out of it to quench their thirst; not being able to wait for the water to seep in and clear. In spite of these hardships at night after they had had their supper they would sing hymns and express their gratitude to God that he had led them so far on their way."⁴² More than a decade earlier, the Lord knew these migrating saints would often be weary and become discouraged in their efforts to assemble in the new Zion, and therefore he gave them this remedy whereby they could overcome their despondency and discouragement. They were told through Brigham Young "to praise the Lord with singing, with music, with dancing, and with a prayer of praise and thanksgiving."⁴³

August 7th was one of those days of scarce water. There were also buffalo encounters in early August, but on this date, it was also memorable as a day of fear and compensation as the company was engulfed by a vast herd of moving buffalo. The herd so large the animals so numerous they stretched between the horizons. The company had to stop to let them pass. Some of the women became fearful and knelt in prayer. Among the men who played musical instruments, and could get access to them, they played to keep the buffalo from overwhelming them. "Thousands of buffalo," recorded Archer Walters, "Traveled 25 miles. Camped late at night. Had to dig for water and it was very thick. Our hungry appetites satisfied by the buffalo. Got up soon to repair handcarts."⁴⁴

With the animals that were shot, for a while, there was plenty to eat. They dried what they could for the days which lay ahead of them, for those days when they knew the road before them would become more difficult as they began their ascent into the Rocky Mountains.

One wonders once more where Blossom was and how she responded with these buffalo-caused ground vibrations under her feet and the smells through her nostrils brought to her yet more new sensations. How did this sudden and abrupt change in diet influence her?

On the day following their experiences with the buffalo and while still traveling adjacent to the Platte River, an elderly brother became separated from the company. His name was Walter Sanders (65), a widower and brass foundry worker by trade, who was traveling with his four children: Mary (19), James (15), John (13), and Thomas (10). He wasn't missed until late in the day and after they had camped for the evening along the river, Archer Walters noted in his journal that "many went in all directions but could not find him."

Early the next morning, when the search was resumed, he was finally found in a shelter built of willows on the river bank. Previously he had sung the handcart song, the chorus which included the words:

*Some must push and some must pull,
As we go marching up the hill,
As merrily on our way we go,
Until we reach the Valley, oh!⁴⁵*

But he had come as far as his body would take him. There was no more push or pull left, and he had hidden himself, hoping to be left alone to die. And only with a long and persuasive concern . . . the eventual declaration that no one would go on without him, did he finally relent enough to find the will to activate what little reserved strength he had left to rejoin the company and continue.⁴⁶

He was included once more with the company when later that day (August 9th) "the camp rolled out at ten past 1 p.m." and resumed their journey. On the 11th, one of the Walters' cows died. An event not too remarkable in comparison to everything else, but added stress nonetheless. Their lives were not only dependent upon their strength and resourcefulness but also on these animals which gave them strength while facilitating the unabating demands for movement. They were now over 350 miles beyond Florence. On August 14th, they saw the last of the buffalo; three days later Walters records that they came upon Brother Missel Rossin, an Italian, lying "dead by the side of the road." (The official journal says he was from Italy, but that his name was Peter Stalley.)

August 21st: "The camp rolled out at thirty past seven a.m. and traveled sixteen and one half miles. The road today was tolerable good. No water for fourteen and one half miles. Camped on the Platte two miles beyond Chimney Rock at four p.m. Buffalo chips rather scarce."⁴⁷

Continuing the journey, the company eventually came to a place call Deer Creek where they arrived on August 31st. It was "a most excellent camping ground. Plenty of wood, water, and feed for the cattle." It was also a place where one man's life would find closure . . . release from the relentless struggle to move westward. Here "Robert Stoddard, age 51, died of consumption [tuberculosis]. [If it was Robert Stoddard who was hit by lightning on July 26th instead of William, as reported by Walters, his death may have been further enhanced by the lightning strike.] He left a wife, Margaret (44) and three children: James (14), Mary (10), and Dinah (5). His burial was "about four hundred yards from the left hand side of the road."⁴⁸ Of this death, Walters succinctly wrote of those times: "Very poorly, faint and hungry. Traveled to Deer Creek, 22 miles. Brother Stoddard from Carlisle Conference, about 54 [51] years old, died in the wagon on the road. More provisions given out."⁴⁹

With this death and the encouragement to take a needed rest in such a favorable place, they stayed an extra day, getting an early start on September 2nd when once again they picked

up the westward pace. But the record shows that "Walter Sanders [died] last night. Buried this morning about three hundred yards from the south side of the road. Age sixty-five."⁵⁰ His body apparently could no longer endure the demands required by the experimentation with the handcart migration. His will was finally superseded by demands which exceeded his capacity.

Mary Powell Sabin writes of this place: There were groves of trees, a bright clear creek which was lined with timber. Here they rested for a day because it was such a beautiful place after having traveled so many wearisome miles across the barren plains. After resting in this inviting place for a while, "Said I to father, "Let's build a little log house and stay in this place always."

"What would we do for food?" asked father.

"Do as we're doing now," said I, "go without."⁵¹

It's now September. The evenings are pleasantly cool. In the tops of mountains, they see snow for the first time. With the elapsed time and the spent miles behind them, the company consists of seasoned travelers. Some days they were up and going by 5:00 a.m., at other times they would stay the trail until midnight. They would soon be at their destination. They were the first, and this snow in the mountain tops was a sign, portending an even greater tribulation for those who were following behind.

Captain Edmund Ellsworth, the company leader was approximately 35 years old. He had just completed a two year church mission assignment to England and was returning home when he was given the responsibility of leading this first handcart company. Included in the company were two single German girls, and throughout the journey Mr. Ellsworth fraternized with these two women to the extent that most of the journals recording the events reveal the saints' displeasure at the manner in which he conducted himself. They were primarily peeved because each morning he'd lead out the company taking these two women with him and paying little or no attention to the body of emigrants struggling behind. Two months after the arrival in Salt Lake City, Mr. Ellsworth took these two young women as polygamous wives.

Late on September 4th and through the 5th it turned cold and was raining, sometimes alternating with snow and so intense that they couldn't keep the fires going for cooking purposes. The next morning (6th) "about four a.m. . . . the weather became more settled, but we found to our sorrow that twenty-four head of our cattle were missing, owing to the negligence of Robert [Sheen] and James [Sheen] Jr., who were on guard. We had to remain in camp again today as the cattle were not found till about three p.m."⁵² A focus of hard blame, an easy forgetting that with the daily sacrifices that were required, the tempering demanded by the traveling, Emma's father, Robert, had been a stalwart. "He was the one who did more than his share in furnishing wild game for the company."⁵³

By September 13th the Ellsworth Handcart Company was nearing the headwaters of the Sweetwater. This night they camped at a place called Pacific Springs. While here a widow by the name of Mayo (aka Mayer or Mays), who was traveling without any other family members, died of diarrhea. She was 65; her burial site was "close to the big mountain left hand side of the road."^{54 55} One can't help but wonder if she (like another widow of a different company had sent her sons or family ahead to the gathering place for the purpose of getting established so that they could send for her) faced her end without the anticipated reunion . . . to come so

far . . . to be so close and then to be left in a shallow grave by the side of the road.

On the morning of September 17, they were camped on the banks of the Big Sandy, 11 miles east of the Green River. That morning, James Birch (28) died from what was also diagnosed as diarrhea. He was "buried on the top of sand ridge east side of Sandy."⁵⁶

When they arrived on the east side of the Green River, they rested four hours, later crossed and camped at 6 p.m. on the west side. Afterward when they resumed their westward struggle from the far side of "the Green River and were climbing the long slope, they were met by a group of missionaries from Salt Lake City on their way East. They stopped their teams, alighted and shouted, Hosannahs and praise to God and the Lamb. The sight of this valiant company, so sunburned and weary but with smiles on their faces and their eyes shining with joy was one they could never forget. Bernard Snow stood on the tongue of one of the wagons and made a rousing speech bidding them welcome to the valleys of the mountains after which they went on their separate ways."⁵⁷

They arrived at Fort Bridger on September 20th, expecting to find provisions sufficient to complete their push and pull into the Salt Lake Valley, but none was available. Like the required long layover in Iowa City, because the handcart had not been built, the promises which went with planning and preparation were unfilled. The company's food supplies were nearly exhausted. Here the official journal records that they "killed a first rate fat ox" and thus renewed their strength and retained their resolve to persist; took the time to reshoe some of the oxen for the final phase of their objective.

Within a day's journey of Salt Lake City, the company ran out of provisions. Two men who had joined us at [Fort Bridger] were on their way to Salt Lake City.

"What word shall we take from you?" said they to the Captain.

"Tell them we haven't a bite of food left in the camp," said Captain Ellsworth.⁵⁸

THE ARRIVAL

On September 25th, the company traversed 20 miles. By mid-day they had, after numerous canyon crossings, finally arrived at the base of Big Mountain, a dozen or so air miles east of what is today the Pioneer Trail State Park. Here they rested and had lunch, afterward continuing on until they arrived at 6:00 p.m. at the foot of Little Mountain where they camped for the evening. It had been 187 days since that Easter Sunday (March 23rd) when the *Enoch Train*, a sailing ship, had been pulled by a steam tug down the rest of the Mersey River estuary from the Liverpool docks and into the open sea, and they began their abandonment of homeland for a new land and the hopes and promises of a restored faith. For more than half a year, they had been in transition, in strenuous motion—most of the time hungry—to get from there to here. This valiant band, along the trail with the second company led by Daniel D. McArthur, which was two days later in getting started, was right behind them. Unitedly they were filled with joy and thanksgiving, the expectations as their journey was nearing completion, forgetting, as best they could the arduous miles behind them as they faced the prospects of a fresh, new start.

Throughout the journey less encumbered and thus faster-moving immigrants and those using the trail for commerce or other business of the Church and community, kept the City's leaders and the expecting residents apprised of the Ellsworth Handcart Company's status. This naturally intensified as the anticipated immigrants neared the Salt Lake Valley, and in

expectation of their arrival, Governor Young closed down the City's business offices, those conducting territorial business, and assembled an official welcoming committee to go out and meet the weary travelers.

The following day (Friday, September 26), Secretary Andrew Galloway concludes the official journal of the handcart segment of their travels, references this meeting. Included with the journal accounts of others, these were the events as they transpired: "The brethren from the city sent us a wagon with provisions as we were rather short. At thirty past ten a.m. the camp rolled and traveled thirteen miles . . . " They came together in Emigration Canyon (an immigration canyon which later would be named "Emigration"), near the foot of Little Mountain, about eight miles east from the City. The greeting members included Governor Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Lt. Gen. D. H. Wells, the Nauvoo Brass Band led by Captain William Pitt, a part of Capt. H. B. Clawson's company of Lancers, and a great concourse of citizens. The plan was to bid them welcome and then to escorted them into the city where a meal had been prepared. Some of the advance provisions they took with them was a wagon load of melons as an appetizer.

As the greeting unfolded and "when opposite the escorting party, a halt was called and . . . Captain [Ellsworth] introduced the new comers to President Young and Kimball, which was followed by the joyous greeting of relatives and friends, and an unexpected treat of melons."⁵⁹ President Young told us to eat moderately . . . eat the pink and not to eat into the green."⁶⁰ "While thus regaling, Captain D.D. McArthur came up with his handcart company, they having traveled from the east base of the Big Mountain . . . "⁶¹ It was a first rate reception to the city. "Provisions of all kinds came rolling in to us in camp. The brethren of the city manifested great interest towards us as a company, which caused our hearts to rejoice and be glad."⁶²

"After the meeting and salutations were over, amid feelings which no one can describe, the escort was formed, a party of Lancers leading the advance, followed by the bands, the Presidency, the Marshal, and citizens; then came the companies of handcarts, another part of lancers bringing up the rear . . . I must say my feelings were inexpressible to behold a company of men, women, and children, many of them aged and infirm, enter the city of the Great Salt Lake, drawing 100 handcarts, (led by Brother Ellsworth, who assisted in drawing the first handcart) with which they had traveled some [1,300 miles in 15 weeks], and to see them dance with joy as they traveled through the streets . . . "⁶³

This procession arrived at the public square about sunset.

All across the plains whenever the continuance was trying, when there was doubt about involvement, the weariness discouraging, the hunger gnawing, the persistence challenging—or all these together at once or in various combinations—little four-year-old Anna Powell, who had walked all the way, was frequently encouraged by her mother with a promised "big piece of bread and butter when they reached the valley." It was an inducement to go a few more steps, to try for one more day, to call up a bit more exertion when it was felt that all had been expended.

As the grateful handcart members moved into the welcoming area in Salt Lake City where a welcoming feast had been prepared for the occasion, and they had positioned themselves to receive an official welcome from President Young, Anna was at the front near unto where he was to speak. As the new immigrants "had been on limited rations for a long time, the sight of regular food brought . . . a lump into their throats. In true gratefulness they gave thanks and felt that their troubles were indeed over . . . "⁶⁴

As President Young arose to deliver his welcoming address, one of the women nearby, who had been involved in the preparation of the meal to go with the occasion, held up a large piece of buttered bread. Anna, seeing the offering, broke ranks and ran toward her, yelling joyously. "That's my piece of bread and butter!" . President Young, witnessing the event, is reported to have said, "Come, let's serve the food, the speeches can wait."⁶⁵ Others gave witness that there were tears in his eyes; tears on the faces of many from the valley who appreciated what these people had experienced and conquered. But there were no tears from those who were newly arrived in the valley of the promised Zion. They considered themselves bereft of any more tears, far spent after the long months of relentless demands to toil; they imagined themselves incapable of any more crying . . . that was until they looked across the tables of food, furnished and prepared by the welcoming residents, to help them celebrate the magnitude of their accomplishment.

That evening they camped, following all these festivities, in the public square in the 16th Ward. It was Friday night, a prelude to the sabbath. The week was ending, the walking done. They had been traveling for more than six months in a transition which now-a-days can be made in less hours than it takes to make a day. When the first two companies left Iowa City, Iowa, their combined numbers were just a few less than 500 souls. They began their epic journey with 100 handcarts, five supply wagons, 24 oxen, four mules and 25 tents.⁶⁶ It had taken the Ellsworth Company 71 day to travel the ever demanding and extracting 1,000 miles between Florence and Salt Lake City, about a day more than was estimated a year or so earlier when this novel solution to the Church's migration problems was first conceived. They had been in transit, except for the stop overs at Iowa City and Florence, most of the time, always subjected to the direct exposures of nature's elements. They had proved it was feasible to walk and to drag their scant means to Zion . . . if they did their walking before it snowed.

That first night when they went to bed, they were still sleeping on the ground in their tents. But for the first time in months, they went to sleep knowing they were safe, that in the morning there would not be another prescribed distance they had to traverse; the traveling was over, they were where they had been walking to. Blossom must have wondered what this Zion place was all about. Up until now the only change she'd noticed was that she went to sleep with a full stomach. When, in the excitement of the welcoming, the revered leader, everyone was talking about, had warned them not to eat beyond the melons' redness, she alone used her other intensified sensations to differentiate between what was red and green. As she was lying there in her new surroundings, yet comfortable because she was familiar with the old, she must have known her clothes were not much more than rags; she had worn them so long she'd worn them out, as she had her shoes . . . back some unremembered day and place when they would no longer hold together. Of that time all she could remember was that at first the rocks were hard but after a while they got soft. Now in her transition from a day of excitement into slumber, she, like everyone else, slept differently that night. They were in Zion . . . Zion had given them a welcome and had honored their accomplishments.

Anyone who has acquainted themselves with what had happened during this historic event is tempted to imagine what Blossom's reactions were like. How they slept that first night! They'd done it! They were now safe, and could commence their new beginning.

The death and suffering of the handcart companies of 1856 are well documented in myriad personal records, and laced therein in cryptic tones or shining between the lines are the

reasons they left and their justifications for the risk. Acrimony and incrimination may show up in sundry places, but mostly they bore their trials in meekness, praising God, recording in their records the sacrifice of others. The reasons and causes for the suffering is left to the expounding efforts of those who weren't there.

Immediately there were preparations by family and friends—by the Church for those who had no preexisting ties in the valley—to assimilate the new arrivals. There was housing to be arranged, clothing to be provided, who would go where and when. In this initial period, most would remain in or near the city where they would begin working off their contractual terms with the PEF. Others, obviously, looked to where there would be a place they would designate as home, a place they could grow accustomed to because the view would become familiar and any motion would not be the motion of movement but of building a new beginning.

4

EPILOGUE

Yes, they came! And why they came, their willingness to jeopardize everything for that sliver of hope, for the faith which drove them, their eagerness to change is the legacy in the legend of their trek.

John Powell remained camped out in the public with his family until the following Monday when a house for rent became available. When he left the old country, the elders promised John Powell that he and his family would successfully make the trip to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, and there he would be privileged to utilize his stone-cutting skills in work on the new temple. On the Monday following their arrival in the City, Orson Hyde came to the campground where John and his family were and offered to rent them at \$1.50 per month a one-room log cabin located in the 15th Ward. They quickly became the occupants, John and wife and their six children. Brother Nelson Empey loaned them three chairs; Brother Thomas loaned them a chair and a table and Brother Grenic loaned them a bedstead.

The two older children went to work. Mary, who was an early teen at the time (13) did not remain long with her family in their new home. To allow more space and to assist the family in getting reestablished, she found work as a live-in housekeeper for some people from London. Their home was situated between the Gardo House and the theater. The man of house was known as "Clive the tailor."

She worked for them for five weeks . . . never paid one cent. In her later writings of those times she said, "They fed me the minimum amount of food . . . justified their actions by saying I had to eat moderately while I was adjusting from the ordeal in coming via handcart across the plains."⁶⁷

Zion had a fly in the healing balm of recovery! There are a couple of things about money you never want to forget. One is "Never Cheat a Kid" because they will never forget; the memory of it will stick to them as close as their shadow. The other is "Never Skimp on a Gratuity for the Breakfast Waitress." The reasons for this, you have to acquire on your own.

William (15) began dressing rocks for the temple. In anticipation of fulfilling the elders promise that he would one day work on the Salt Lake Temple, "John took his [masonry] tools and put in two days work, cutting stone for the temple, [but soon] became very sick with black canker, [the complications of scurvy]. He was sick three days when he died 10 October 1856, on his wife's 36th birthday; just two weeks to the day the family arrived in Salt Lake [City]", a Friday afternoon. He was buried noon Saturday. A kind neighbor, Sister Judd, gave them two sheets for John's burial clothes. His grave was in the Salt Lake City Cemetery, in a plot that included nine other pioneers who had succumbed to the debilitating demands of their

migrating experience. He had never recovered fully from his injury and illness in Wales, and the physical taxation upon his body in getting his family safely to their new homeland required all that he was capable of giving. A year after his death, his wife, Sarah Elizabeth, took her children and moved south into Utah Valley where they made their home in Payson.⁶⁸

In compiling the trials required of John and Elizabeth Powell in their partaking of the fruits of the restoration and responding to the call to gather in Zion, their posterity were drawn to these poetic lines for best expressing the richness recognized in their inheritance:

THE CROSS A CROWN

God laid upon my back a grievous load,
 A heavy cross to bear along the road.
 I staggered on, and lo, one weary day
 I prayed to God, and swift his command
 The cross became a weapon in my hand.
 It slew my raging enemy, and then
 Became a cross upon my back again.

I reached a desert, o'er the burning track,
 I persevered, the cross upon my back.
 No shadow was there, and in the cruel sun
 I sank at last and thought my day was done.
 But lo, the Lord works many ways, a blest surprise—
 The cross became a tree before my eyes.

I slept. I woke to feel the strength of ten,
 I found the cross upon my back again.
 And thus through all my days from that to this,
 The cross, my burden, has become my bliss;
 Nor ever shall I lay the burden down,
 For God some day will make the cross a crown.

—Amos R. Wells

James Sheen, Sr., who buried his wife, Maria, in Iowa City on June 9th, the day of the Ellsworth Company's departure, initiating the experiment in handcart migration—the woman who undoubtedly gave her promise to Blossom's mother to take and care of her child—died himself in Kaysville, Utah, three days after their arrival.

The price these parents were asked to pay was supreme . . . themselves and two grandchildren. We have to remember them in light of Archer Walters' objective which was the same for Sister Esther Deveraux. His posterity would settle in the new communities of Payson, Salem, and in Cache Valley. It is believed that Blossom went with Robert and Elizabeth Sheen and lived out her days—said to be nearly 80 years—in Salem where she is remembered for peeling fruit and threading it on string so that it could be preserved through drying, in doing those sundry things it was her custom to do with her family in their new place. It is said she was buried in Salem. It could have been in Ogden's Hole or in Payson or somewhere else. No one now living knows for sure. Only the vague recollections which recount her existence, how

they tethered her to one of the handcarts in the crossing, her place within the family, and the one-time sexton who reportedly knew where the "negro lady" was buried.

Likewise, Archer Walters died two weeks after his arrival in the Salt Lake Valley from what was diagnosed as dysentery caused by his diet of corn-meal and molasses, aggravated by being under-nourished and over-taxed, his complete physical exhaustion from pulling a handcart 1,300 miles while relentlessly trying to keep many of the other units in working order. In the end he gave his life—one he said he would be satisfied in giving—if he could relocate his wife and five children where they could worship with the promises of their faith.

His wife never remarried. She lived in Salt Lake City and died at the age of 74. All five of their children married in the Church, and in 1937, the posterity of Archer and Harriet Cross Walters numbered more than 500, most faithful to the cause of the sailing of the *Enoch Train* and the walking . . . the pulling and the pushing done in the Edmund Ellsworth Handcart Company.

Where these people stood they were able to see a supreme cause. Did they count the cost beforehand? It's doubtful. They did not know the price, but if they or their posterity were to yield the question, without exception, it is believed their answer would be the same as one who later participated in the Martin Handcart Company—

" . . . I was in that company and my wife was in it . . . too. We suffered beyond anything you can imagine and many died of exposure and starvation, but did you ever hear a survivor of that company utter a word of criticism? Not one of that company ever apostatized or left the Church, because every one of us came through with the absolute knowledge that God lives for we became acquainted with him in our extremities.

I have pulled my handcart when I was so weak and weary from illness and lack of food that I could hardly put one foot ahead of the other. I have looked ahead and seen a patch of sand or a hill slope and I have said, I can go only that far and there I must give up for I cannot pull a load through it. And a wife with a baby in her arms by [my] side! I have gone on to that sand and when I reached it, the cart began pushing me. I have looked back many times to see who was pushing my cart, but my eyes saw no one. I knew then that the angels of God were there.

*Was I sorry that I chose to come by handcart? No. Neither then nor any minute of my life since. The price we paid to become acquainted with God was a privilege to pay, and I am thankful that I was privileged to come . . .*⁶⁹

Relics for resolve:

Relics are cherished things, but mostly they are pages handed down from other times and places. Some are pages of memory. Upon others are written the associations with a person, a position, circumstances, events or things which survive the passage of time because they are remembered with veneration, and as we keep the memory alive, the passage of time seems to add to them an ever increasing vividness. Some recollections are tangible, others aren't, but each is a surviving memorial of something past which we use to represent the foundation beneath us and to substantiate whatever it is we reverence.

On Friday (Sept. 13, 1991), I was in my office at the university where I was visited by

a friend. Part of what I was working on at the time pertained to family histories, and in the course of our discussion, my visitor began talking about his great grandmother. During this same subject period, she was a widow still living in the Old Country. Earlier she and her family scraped together enough financing to send her two sons to Utah in the early 1850s with the intention of getting them established in the frontier settlement and amassing enough resources whereby she could eventually join them. This they were able to accomplish, and she was coming from Scotland in what became the Edward Martin Handcart Company of 1856 to be with her sons in Salt Lake City. (This particular group—it is remember—along with those under the direction of James G. Willie were the last two companies of the five which made the crossing in that year, and it was with these last two that tragedy struck. They got a late start, were further delayed while the handcarts were being made which resulted in their late arrival in the west, their subjection to severe Wyoming snow storms . . . about 200 of their number dying from exposure and the scarcity of food.) My friend's great grandmother was one of them. She died at Chimney Rock. They had to bury her under a covering of stone.

Her last remarks: "Tell my sons I was facing west when I died."

The speaker was in tears when he finished. His concluding comment: "With that kind of a legacy, with dedication like that, I have to reverence her devotion . . . I have no choice but to be valiant in what I do!"

We are—in part, perhaps a major part—what we are because of what we inherit through our family lines, physiologically, spiritually, and, yes, historically. A study of family histories will not only delineate these traits, but will reveal us to ourselves. These tiny segments—the mother facing west with the last of her breathing and the accounts summarized herein—of family's histories fall into the category of "family scriptures", and in the process become motivators for strengthening personal resolve. Little vignettes like this and the examples set by those who lived them—are now living them—may be the only scriptures which some people will read. In addition, there can come times in our lives when the recall of a revered relic may be the one thing which keeps us going . . .

As long as we have relics of this kind, know where and what they represent, they will be the little reminders which generate and maintain those special, needful kinds of personal feelings. For no meaningful learning takes place unless feelings are aroused . . .

One pioneer child whose parents were participants in this saga treasured these mementos:

My name is Sarah Doney Hatch. I am the daughter of John and Ann Temperance George Doney. I was born in Payson, Utah on October 17, 1858 "in a dugout with straw over the top for a roof, a cloth door, no windows and a willow fence around the dugout . . .

"I have some relics of my childhood, a silk handkerchief sent to me when I was two and one half years of age, by my Grandmother George, in England. It is 175 years old. Also, I have a piece of the first bread that was blessed in the Salt Lake Temple; three hairs from the head of the Prophet Joseph Smith; some of the material my grandmother spun, colored and wove; a sample of grandmother's bonnet, shawl and dress that she wore when she was married; and a white blanket I wove when I was fourteen years old . . .

"When I was 10 years of age I walked around the foundation of the Salt Lake Temple and felt that it was a sacred place."⁷⁰

The Doney's were like Blossom in that there is so little known about their experiences in sailing the Atlantic in the *Samuel Curling* and their participation when they were combined with

the Ellsworth Handcart Company in Iowa City.

The father was John Doney, born in St. Stevens, Cornwall, England on May 3, 1821. He married Ann Temperance George on January 22, 1853. She was born on November 28, 1831 at Slimford, Oakenhays, Gunnislake, also in Cornwall. They emigrated from Davenport, Devonshire, England. Their first daughter, Ann Temperance, died during the transportation via train from Boston to Iowa City and was left in an Ohio grave. Their second daughter, Mary Jane, was born on the trail on July 29th, the only birth which occurred during the handcart phase of the journey.

"Shortly after their arrival in Salt Lake Valley the Doney's made their home in Payson, Utah where they resided until the spring of 1860, whereupon they joined a small party of saints with the view to colonizing what is now North Cache Valley in Idaho. On April 13, 1860, with twelve other families established a camp on the site of what is now the town of Franklin, Idaho. Named after Franklin D. Richards. Other families joined then within the next few months. The entire colony lived in their wagons and small log cabins, in a rudely constructed fort until the summer of 1864."⁷¹

It was while they were living in Payson that Sarah, the third daughter, was born (the one mentioned previously with her relics).

After the family moved to what is now Franklin, Idaho, there was eventually added to the family a sixth child, a son, Elias William Doney (b. May 28, 1869). He eventually fathered a son, Horace Mendenhall Doney (b. September 2, 1903), who had a son, Horace Val Doney, who had a son, Kevin Doney, which married Tracey D. Hanks, the daughter of Ted L. and Della J. Hanks.

When this compilation was first commenced, the only motivation for the author was his general interest in the migration and how it contributed to his hometown, the place of his birth and life-long residency. Plus the captivating story of Blossom, his contemplations of all the ramifications which must have prevailed when one mother gave away her child and another accepted the responsibility for a three-year-old who was black and blind, knowing full well before hand of that obligation in light of what lay ahead for her, her family, and this new member.

As this work progressed, it became an invaluable asset to the heirs of the Sheen and Powell Families, plus a few others whose lives the original participants crossed. However, when the author discovered that some of his and his wife's own grandchildren were direct heirs to this monumental legacy, there was a whole new justification because of the Doney line. Presently, because of their young age, these additional heirs may have limited interest in this inheritance, but hopefully there will come a time when they will acquire an appreciation, maybe in some cases a reverence for these certitudes:

- ◆ "The past is never dead. It's not even past,"⁷² because "the present is the outcome of the past; and it is the great hook upon which the future hangs."⁷³
- ◆ "Some can see the greatness of the past. Some can see the potential of the future, but few are able to recognize the greatness of the present."⁷⁴ "You never know when you're making a memory."⁷⁵
- ◆ "Nostalgia is the halfway house by which you love the past and the sweet things in it

without actually committing yourself to the nonsense that life was better then."⁷⁶
"There has never been an age that didn't applaud the past and lament the present."⁷⁷

- ◆ "The past not merely is not fugitive, it remains present,"⁷⁸ and "those who do not remember the past are condemned to relieve it"⁷⁹ because "the disadvantage of men not knowing the past is that they do not know the present. History is like a hill or high point of vantage, from which, alone, men see the town in which they live or the age in which they are living."⁸⁰
- ◆ "A people who takes no pride in their ancestors will never do anything worthy to be remembered by their descendants."⁸¹



**"I MUST WRITE IT ALL OUT AT ANY COST.
WRITING IS THINKING. IT IS MORE THAN LIVING.
IT IS BEING CONSCIOUS OF LIVING."⁸²**

*Endnotes***1 PREPARATIONS**

1. Millennial Star, January 26, 1856, n. 4, v. 18, p. 54.
2. Millennial Star, February 23, 1856, n. 8, v. 18, p. 122 & 124.
3. Archer Walters, Prelude to his THE JOURNAL OF ARCHER WALTERS which runs from March 18, 1856 to September 14, 1856.
4. Archer Walters, March 18, 1856 entry.
5. Archer Walters, March 21, 1856 (Good Friday) entry.
6. Doney Family records, LIFE SKETCH OF ANN TEMPERANCE GEORGE DONEY.
7. James Ferguson's letter to Pres. Franklin D. Richards, April 30, 1856 and Conway B. Sonne, SHIPS, SAINTS, AND MARINERS, A Maritime Encyclopedia of Mormon Migration 1830-1890: University of Utah Press, SLC, UT, 1987, p. 71.
8. Franklin Dewey Richards was also an Apostle; the counselors serving with him were Daniel Spencer and C.H. Wheelock. They all were released in time to overtake the *Enoch Train* emigrants via another ship: Spencer to help build the handcarts at Iowa, City; Richards and Wheelock to pass the migrating parties in transit, arriving in Salt Lake City on the eve (Saturday, October 4) of the Church's fall conference with the frightful news that there were approximately 1,000 walkers and handcart pullers and nearly 400 wagon emigrants still out on the trail and life-threatened by the worsening winter-weather conditions. Orson Pratt succeeded F. D. Richards as British Mission President.
9. Conway B. Sonne, SHIPS, SAINTS, AND MARINERS, A Maritime Encyclopedia of Mormon Migration 1830-1890: University of Utah Press, SLC, UT, 1987, p. 71.
10. Conway B. Sonne, SAINTS ON THE SEAS, A Maritime History of Mormon Migration 1830-1890: University of Utah Pres, SLC, UT, 1983, p. 32.
11. Sonne, 1983, frontispiece.
12. Emily Hodgetts Lowder, AUTOBIOGRAPHY in Kate B. Carter, Editor, OUR PIONEER HERITAGE: DUP, SLC, UT, 1964, v. 7, p. 424-428.
13. Ibid.

14. Sonne, 1983, p. 59.
15. James Ferguson's letter to Pres. Franklin D. Richard, April 28, 1856.
16. James B. Allen and Thomas G. Alexander, Editors, MANCHESTER MORMONS, THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM CLAYTON: Peregrine Smith, SLC, UT, 1974, p. 173-174. Quoted in Sonne, 1983, p. 53.

2 THE OCEAN CROSSING

17. James Ferguson's letters to Pres. Franklin D. Richards, April 30, 1856, Walters, April 1, 1856 entry, and Mary Powell Sabin.
18. Mary Powell Sabin
19. Ibid.
20. Archer Walters, April 2, 1856 entry.
21. Archer Walters, April 1, 1856 entry.
22. John Powell, FAMILY RECORDS: Written by Sarah E. Sabin Hatch, a granddaughter, with inclusions from the histories of Robert and Eliza Taylor Sheen as written by granddaughter Chloe Davis Jorgensen, DUP records, Salem, Utah, 5 p.
23. The four births which occurred on board the *Enoch Train* were: (1.) Cristina Enoch Lyon, b. March 21, 1856, daughter of Thomas and Mary Ann Lyon, (2.) Enoch Train Hargraves, b. March 24, 1856, son of Samuel and Agnes Hargraves, (3.) Hamilton Johnstone, b. March 24, 1856, son of William and Elizabeth Johnstone, and (4.) John, aka Sidney, Sheen, b. April 17, 1856, son of James Sheen, Jr. and Mary Sheen.

There was also one birth during the handcart segment of the journey, a daughter, Mary Jane Doney, born to John and Ann Doney at Spring Camp, Nebraska, on July 29th.

24. James Ferguson's letter to Pres. Franklin D. Richards, April 30, 1856.
25. Archer Walters, April 17, 1856 entry.
26. Ferguson's letters to Pres. Franklin D. Richards, April 30, 1856 and May 11, 1856. Also, Archer Walter's, April 24, 1856 entry.
27. Included in Ferguson's letter to Pres. Franklin D. Richards, April 30, 1856.
28. James Ferguson's letter to Pres. Franklin D. Richard, May 11, 1856.

29. Archer Walters, May 1, 1856 entry.

3 BOSTON TO ZION

30. Mary Powell Sabin
31. Archer Walters, May 3, 1956 entry.
32. Wallace Stegner, *THE GATHERING OF ZION*, The Story of the Mormon Trail: Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, NB, 1981, p. 221-222 and Leonard J. Arrington, *GREAT BASIN KINGDOM*, An Economic History of the Latter-Day Saints, 1830-1900: Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, NB, 1958, p. 156-158.
33. Mary Powell Sabin, Family biography. This is the only notation found dealing with the death of John Kettle. In Galloway's official record of the handcart segment of the journey and in Hafen and Hafen, John Kettle (53) is listed as "farm laborer", his wife, Judith (43), and their six children: Mary Ann (18), servant, Robert (14), Eliza (12), James (9), Samuel (5), and Hannah (21 months). No information was uncovered on what happened to Judith and her children after her husband died.
34. Archer Walters, June 26 & 27, 1856 entries.
35. Archer Walters and Andrew Galloway, June 28, 1856 entries.
36. Quoted in Hafen & Hafen, 1988, p. 63-64 which is a quote from Camilla W. Judd in Kate B. Carter, Editor, *TREASURES OF PIONEER HISTORY: DUP*, SLC, UT, 1956, v. 5, p. 240-242. Also, there is reference to this incident in the journals of Archer Walters and others.
37. Emma McDowell Jacobson and Mary Powell Sabin.
38. Mary Powell Sabin
39. John Powell *FAMILY RECORDS* and Sheen Family Histories.
40. Archer Walters, July 26, 1856 entry and Andrew Galloway entries for July 26 & 27, 1856.
41. Doney Family records, *LIFE SKETCH OF ANN TEMPERANCE GEORGE DONEY*.
42. John Powell, *FAMILY RECORDS* and Mary Powell Sabin.
43. Doctrine and Covenants 136:28.
44. Archer Walters, August 7, 1856 entry.

45. Part of the chorus of THE HAND CART SONG, composed by John D.T. McAllister who was scheduled to lead the second handcart company, but remained instead at Iowa City, working at outfitting the first handcart emigrants.
46. John Powell, FAMILY RECORDS. Also Andrew Galloway and Archer Walters, August 8, 1856 entries.
47. Andrew Galloway, August 21, 1856 entry.
48. Andrew Galloway and Archer Walters, August 31, 1856 entries and Hafen & Hafen, 1988, p. 280.
49. Archer Walters, August 31, 1856 entry.
50. Andrew Galloway and Archer Walters, September 2, 1856 entries.
51. Mary Powell Sabin
52. Andrew Galloway, September 6, 1856 entry.
53. John Powell Family Records and Sheen Family Histories.
54. Andrew Galloway, September 13, 1856 entry. Mr. Walters' journal entry of September 14 represents his last recording. Apparently the physical exertion of pulling his family's cart by day, mending those of the others by night, making the coffins and burying the dead in the demands of the in between times—all to the accompaniment of his growling middle and wails of his hungry children—finally took their toll . . . he broke his habitual faithfulness, never to write again, of his daily experiences . . . what paraded through his life, what his feelings were, and, more importantly, how he responded.
55. There were 20 deaths in or closely associated with the *Enoch Train*-Ellsworth Company crossing during the 1856 migration from England to the Salt Lake Valley: two (2) on board the *Enoch Train*, three (3) in Iowa City, Iowa, eight (8) in the journey from Iowa City to Florence, and seven (7) in traveling from Florence to SLC. Note: "Consumption" was the vernacular of that day for tuberculosis. These deaths occurred as follows:

Deaths Aboard *Enoch Train*

March 23 - April 31, 1856

- | | |
|----------|---|
| March 31 | Esther Deveraux (60), (aka Devereus, Deverona, Deveroux and Deveruth); buried at sea on April 2nd. |
| April 24 | Jane Clotworthy (2), (aka Jean, daughter of Hugh and Jane Clotworthy.) Noted in Walters' Journal and James Ferguson's |

letters to Pres. F. D. Richards, April 30, 1856 and May 11, 1856, recounting the events of the passage.

Deaths At Iowa City, Iowa

May 12 - June 9, 1856

- June 4 Walters, "Made a coffin for a child dead in camp."
- June 6 Walters, "Made another child's coffin . . ."
- June 9 The matriarch Maria Loveridge Sheen dies and is buried at Iowa City, Iowa.

Deaths Between Iowa City, Iowa And Florence, Nebraska

June 9 - July 8, 1856

- June 14 William Lee (12), son of John Lee died of consumption.
- June 15 At nine o'clock this morning Lora Pratter (3) [aka Prator and Preater], daughter of Richard Pratter, died of whooping cough. This was Sunday and after services, at 9 p.m. William Lee and little Lora were interred by moonlight at Little Bear Creek.
- June 17 Walters, "Made a little coffin for Bro. Job Welling's son."
Galloway, "About twenty minutes past three Job Welling, son of Job Welling, died, age one year and seven months. Died of canker or inflammation of the bowels."
- June ? Brother Kettle. (This is the only reference found of this gentleman's passing. It was taken from Mary Powell Sabin's account in their family bibliography. In Hafen and Hafen, Appendix M: First Company Roster, p. 279, there is listed a John Kettle (53), with a wife, Judith (43) and six children, ages two through 18.)
- June 21 At 4:45 p.m. James Bowers (44) died of quick consumption at a place called Indian Camp Creek. Brother Walters got up the next morning at break of day and made his coffin. He was buried at 11 o'clock near to two other graves a quarter of a mile east of the main line of Fort Des Moines.
- June 24 Galloway, "Sidney [Sheen], son of James and Mary [Sheen] Jr., died this morning. [He was born on the *Enoch Train*, April 17; he was 69 days old.] Buried thirty yards south of the bridge on Four Mile Creek, on the east bank, under an elm tree."
- June 26 Walters, "Made a child's coffin for Sister Sheen—Emma Sheen aged 2 1/2 years . . . got up before sunrise [June 27]. Cut a tomb stone on wood and bury the child before starting from camp."
Galloway, "Emma [Sheen] was buried this morning [June 27] twelve feet southeast of a walnut tree on the west bank of the Racoon [Raccoon], nearly opposite the sawmill."

- July 2 Walters, "Rose about 5 o'clock after sleeping in wet clothes, and made a coffin for Bro. Card belonging to the Independent Company but travels with us, for his daughter _____."

Deaths Between Florence And Salt Lake City

July 16 - September 26, 1956

- July 26 Walters, "We had not got far and it began to lightning and soon the thunder roared and about the middle of the train of handcarts the lightning struck a brother and he fell to rise no more in that body . . . name of Henry Walker, from the Carlisle Conference, aged 58 years. Left a wife and children . . . I put the body with the help of others, on the handcart and pulled him to camp and buried him without a coffin for there were no boards to be had."
- August 17 Walters, "Brother Missel Rossin, Italian, found by the side of the road." Galloway, "Brother Peter Stalley died today. He was from Italy."
- August 31 Robert Stoddard (51) died of consumption "in the wagon on the road. Buried about 400 yards from the left hand side of the road."
- Sept. 2 Galloway, "Walter Sanders [died] last night. Buried this morning about three hundred yards from the south side of the road. Age sixty-five."
- Sept. 7 Galloway, "George Neappris [Nappris] died this evening. Age 24. Emigrated from Cardiff in Dan Jones' company." Walters, "Bro. Nipras died. Left on the road."
- Sept. 13 Galloway, "Mary Mayo [a widow] died of Diarrhea, Age 65. Buried close to the big mountain left hand side of the road [Pacific Springs, west side of South pass]."
- Sept. 17 Galloway, "James Birch, age 28 died this morning of diarrhea. Buried on the top of sand ridge east side of Sandy."
56. Andrew Galloway, September 17, 1856 entry.
57. John Powell FAMILY RECORDS and Sheen Family Histories.
58. Mary Powell Sabin
59. A Deseret News account of the arrival.
60. Mary Powell Sabin
61. Deseret News
62. Andrew Galloway, September 26, 1856 entry.
63. Deseret News and Hafen & Hafen, p. 76-77.

- 64. John Powell, FAMILY RECORDS.
- 65. Ibid.
- 66. Andrew Jenson, 1805-1898, p. 56-67.

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- 67. Mary Powell Sabin
- 68. Emma McDowell Jacobson
- 69. David O. McKay quote in PIONEER WOMEN: LDS Relief Society Magazine, SLC, UT, January 1948, p. 8.
- 70. Personal history of Sarah Jane Doney Hatch and Kate B. Carter, Editor, HEART THROBS OF THE WEST: SLC, UT, 1948, v. 9, p. 438.
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listed as "Ann Eliza Sheen" and in some other references she is listed as "Annie Eliza Sheen", however in the family's oral tradition she was called Annie Blossom or simply Blossom . . . some thought "Auntie Blossom.")

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