A Sketch of the Life of my Grandmother, Nancy Jane McFerren McCleve

by Jane M. Jackson

Nancy Jane McFerren was born May 1, 1815 at Crawfordsburn, on Skelly Hill, near Belfast, Ireland. She was the only child of William McFerren and Margaret McHarry. Her father died when she was two years old, and her mother went back to her mother's home at Crawfordsburn, where Nancy Jane grew up among her mother's people, the McHarry's. According to her cousin James McHarry of Oakland, California, Nancy Jane was a general favorite, always pleasant, gracious and kind to all, and whe was greatly loved by all of her people. She was expert at needle work and made many beautiful things.

She was married to John McCleve on June 27, 1833. He was the son of John McCleve and Catherine Lamb, and was born at Ballmoney County Down, Ireland. Nothing is known of where the young couple made their home, but their first child, a daughter to whom they gave the name of Sarah, was born at the old McHarry home at Crawfordsburn. The birthplace of their other children have been sent me by their descendents and are as follows: Catherine--County Down, Ireland; Margaret--near Belfast County Down, Ireland; Mary Jane--Belfast, County Down, Ireland; Isabell--Crawfordsburn; Joseph Smith McCleve--Bangor, Moss County Down, Ireland; Eliza--Belfast, County Down; Ireland; and Alexander Gilmore--County Down, Ireland. There is some confusion as Belfast is in Antrim County and separated from County Down by the Bangar River, but the following names have been familiar among our people: Bangar, BangarLough, Holywood, Irish Sea, and others. We hope some day to find exactly where their home was located. I have heard Aunt Margaret tell many times of their beautiful surroundings and the happy times they had. She spoke of the Irish Sea. She also told us what an event it was for them and what a delightful time they always had when they could go to Crawfordsburn and visit the McHarry's.

The family became interested in the message of two Mormon Elders and Nancy Jane and her husband were baptised into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in June 1841. The date of both of their baptisms was copied from the records in the St. George Temple as she gave it when she did her temple work there, May 9, 1877, when it was first opened for work for the dead. We are truly thankful for the work she performed and the records she gave in the temple. We have been able to finish some of the work she started, which has been a great joy, for we have records of some of our ancestors and relatives that we could not have had otherwise.

From what we have been able to learn, John McCleve was the only one of his people to join the church and they were greatly opposed to his doing so, and were very unkind to him. His mother, Catherine Lamb died in 1846 and it appears that he had little contact with his people after that. Nancy Jane was also the only one of her people to accept the Gospel, but it seemed to make no difference to them, they loved her just the same and were always kind and loving to her and her family.

From the records sent me by their descendants; Sarah, Catherine, Margaret, and Mary Jane were baptised August 26, 1850, in County Down, Ireland, in the Irish Sea after dark.

The following excerpt from the diary of John D. T. McAllister, while on a mission to Ireland, was copied and sent to me by his grandson from Los Angeles, California, he being the recorder and historian for the McAllister family; Among thos baptised August 28, 1855, "Ibaptised Isbell Wilkins McCleve, John T. McCleve and Joseph Smith McCleve. The following Sunday I confirmed them members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the Bangar Branch."

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years ago, and the records were in the Historians Office in Salt Lake City. I went to Salt Lake and found that the records they had were so meager that they were of little value to the Church and were salvaged from the papers in an attic after a long and dilligent search by Church Historian, Andrew Jensen. I was very disappointed and realized that it would take time, patience and work to get the information we needed.

In July, 1841, Nancy Jane's mother, Margaret McHarry McFerren passed away. About this time her grandmother, our great-great grandmother, wrote to her grandson, James McHarry of Richmond, California (near Oakland) grieving over the death of her daughter Margaret, and the fact that so many of her loved ones had gone to far off America. She said "Nancy Jane has joined the Church and will be leaving with the Saints for Utah and I am afraid there will be none of my loved ones near me to close my eyes when I pass away." This was told to my sister Eliza M. Wakefield and myself by Mrs. Ada Richardson, of Richmond, California, a granddaughter of James McHarry, when we visited with her in Winslow a few years ago. Her husband was stationed there for a time in the interest of the Santa Fe Railroad, with which he was connected. She is a fine cultured lady and it was a pleasure to meet and visit with her. She told us many interesting things of our grandmother's people and of many quaint relics they have in "their string box" at home. Among them the letter I mentioned from our great-great grandmother. It is interesting to learn from the records we have that Nancy Jane did not leave for Utah until 1856 and her dear old grandmother passed away in 1846, so it is comforting to know that Nancy Jane must have been with her at the last.

They were now very anxious to get to Zion and although the father had a good job it took a great deal for so large a family to make the trip. Some of the Family say John McCleve was a shoe maker and Nancy Jane a dressmaker. We know that she and most, if not all, of her daughters were fine

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February 24, 1854 Nancy Jane gave birth to her 10th child, whom they named Alexander Gilmore. Two years later April 19, 1856 they set sail for America. I copied the following from the sailing records in the Church Historians Office in Salt Lake City; "The ship Samuel Curling sailed April 19, 1856. Among its passengers were the following names:

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The following is a contribution from my sister Eliza M. Wakefield which she copied from an article from the Diary of Twiss Bermingham, published in the American Legion Magazine: "We went on board the Samuel Curling in the Wellington dock, Liverpool, England, April 19, 1856. Ship towed out of dock and cast anchor until 12 O'clock. Tug boat came along side with Franklin D. Richards and some of the Elders. There were 707 saints on board and they were organized as follows: Elder Dan Jones president of the company, John Oakley and David Grant Counselors, Twiss Bermingham clerk, Brother Wilson was his assistant. The company was divided into 11 wards with a presiding Elder over each ward. The rulings were that each ward have a sufficient number of men up every morning to wash and clean under and before each berth in his ward and to have it finished and prayers over before 6:00 O'clock. Breakfast was served from 6 to 9 with 30 minute periods, two wards occupying the kitchen at one time, dinner and supper were served in the same manner. Every precaution was taken to prevent disease and keep sickness out of the ship. The voyage was slow and uncertain, the sea was sometimes very rough and on May 3rd the ship was almost destroyed by a terrific storm. The captain said it was the worst storm he had witnessed in twenty years at sea. The ship was crowded and conditions were unsanitary and deplorable. The people suffered from privations and exposure, several passengers died, and a number of children were born."

Our people had a hard and troubled time on the ocean as their two year old son was ill all the way, sometimes critcally and they were afraid they would have to bury him at sea.

The Samuel Curling made port a Boston, Massachusetts, sometime in the latter part of May 1856. The company then traveled on the "Immigration Luggage" train to Iowa City, Iowa. On this trip our people lost part of their luggage which they never recovered. It contained many prized and valuable things. In Iowa City, they made preparations to cross the plains in the Hand Cart Company, and on June 11, 1856 they left Iowa City in the second Hand Cart Company under

Captain Daniel D. McArthur. The company consisted of 222 souls, with 48 hand carts, four wagons, 12 yoke of Oxen, and 12 cows.

The following is a letter from Elder William Woodward to Heber C. Kimball. Which I copied from "The History of the Hand Cart Companies" by Andrew Jensen in the Historians Office in Salt Lake City.

Iowa City, June 11, 1856

Heber C. Kimball

Dear Brother; Thinking you would like to hear of the European saints and the progress of the hand cart companies, I have concluded to write to you from this point and tell of the immigration of the Mormons on their way to Utah.

In the first place, our camp ground is about two miles west of Iowa City, on a rising point of land. It is a good location and was selected in the early part of May, and has been an important place of business for making hand carts, oxyokes, ox bows, etc. The first hand cart company rolled from this place on the 9th of June, 1856, in fine spirits. This company has a band with it and is led by Captain Edmund Ellsworth. The second hand cart company left this point today about 11 A. M. led by Captain Danield D. McArthur, assisted by S. A. Crandell, and T. Leonard. The company left in good spirits, singing the hand cart song. The chorus is as follows:

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Then merrily on the way we'll go
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They traveled near the first company under Captain Edmond Ellsworth all the way across the plains which too more than three months of trial and struggle. The long hard journey of 1300 miles across the plains and mountains from Iowa City to Zion, pulling and pushing two-wheeled carts laden with all their worldly possessions and weighing approximately 300 pounds, seemed almost beyond human endurance with all the trials, troubles and hardships of the way. Buth they were upheld and sustained with hope of reaching Zion and meeting their two daughters,

whom they were so anxious to see and who now had families of their own.

But near the end of their journey a great sorrow came to them, the father succumbed to the hardships of the journey and died September 24, 1856. They buried him in a beautiful grassy spot near Bear River. That night the bereaved family and their company camped in sight of the lonely grave. Two days later they reached Salt Lake Valley. President Brigham Young and many others went out to meet them. No doubt their two daughters, Sarah and Catherine were among those anxious to meet their loved ones, whom they found in deep sorrow over the death of their beloved father. An Extract from the Deseret News, Sept. 26, 1856:

"The arrival of Captain Ellsworth's and McArthur's hand cart companies in Salt Lake City was noticed as follows in the Deseret News: "The first hand cart companies having learned that Captain Edmund Ellsworth's Company camped at Willow Springs on the evening of the 25th instead of on the 26th, President Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, Lieutenant General Daniel H. Wells and many other citizens and carriages and several gentlemen and ladies on horseback with part of Captain H. B. Clawson's company of Lancers and the brass band under Captain William Pitt left the governor's office at 9 A.M. with the view of escorting them into the city.

Within about a mile and a half of the foot of the Little Mountain, President Young ordered the party to halt until the hand carts should arrive and with President Kimball drove on to meet them. Ere long the anxiously expected train came in sight, led by Captain Ellsworth on foot with two aged veterans pulling the front cart, followed by a long line of carts attended by the old, middle-aged and young of both sexes.

When opposite the escorting party, a halt was called and their Captain introduced the newcomers to Presidents Young and Kimball, which was followed by the joyous greetings of relatives and friends and an unexpected treat of melons. While thus regaling, Captain Daniel D. McArthur came up with his hand cart company, having traveled from the east base of the Big Mountain.

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Nancy Jane took up the double burden and responsiblity of a fatherless family in a strange land and faced the future with faith and determination.

On March 28, 1857, she was married to David Ellsworth and went to live at Payson, Utah. By this marriage she had two children, Diana Jane was born May 14, 1858, and Davesel was born April 2, 1860. Later they moved to Southern Utah, settling in Harrisburg. While here she experienced one of the great sorrows of her life in the tragic death of her eldest son John, but she was

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JOHN McCLEVE

Born 1807 Crawfordsburn, Ireland
Died September 24, 1856. Bear River
(Near Evanston), Wyoming
Arrived in Utah: Died 2 days before
Married Nancy Jane McFerron, June 27,
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NANCY JANE McFERRON

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Died in Toquerville, Utah
Arrived in Utah September 26, 1856
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March 28, 1857

Compiled by Naomi A. Jensen

Submitted June, 1972
Naomi A. Jensen

Emery County Camp Dale

John and Nancy Jane (McFerren) McCleve

Compiled by Naoni A. Jensen

John and Nancy Jane (McFerren) McCleve are my Great-grandparents. Their daughter, Mary Jane McCleve, and Dr. Preddy Meeks are my Grandparents and their daughter, Nancy Meeks, and Jerome Asay are my parents.

John and Nancy Jane (McFerren) McCleve were born and raised in Crawfordsburn, Dawn County, Ireland. He is the son of John McCleve and Catherine Lamb. She was the only child of William McFerren and Margaret McHarry, a lassie from the "Highlands" born May 1, 1815, raised in culture and refinement. Her father died when she was two years old and her mother went back to her mother's home in Crawfordsburn where Nancy Jane grew up among her mother's people, the McHarrys.

She was married to John McCleve on June 27, 1833.

John and Nancy Jane heard and accepted the gospel (The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints) in their native land from Elders James Ferguson and John D. L. Pallister in 1841. John McCleve was the only one of his people to join the church it seems, and they were greatly opposed to him doing so and were very unkind to him.

His mother died in 1846 and it appears he had little contact with his people after that.

Nancy Jane was also the only one of her family to join the church, but it made no difference. They were always kind and loving to her.

Sarah, Catherine, Margaret, and Mary Jane were baptized August 26, 1850, in county Dawn, Ireland, in the Irish sea after dark.[1]

Their two daughters, Sarah and Catherine, preceded them to Zion. They sailed on the Falcon which arrived in New Orleans on May 18, 1853. From there they went by packet train up the Mississippi River and continued by ox train to Salt Lake City, three years before their parents and family arrived. There the two daughters married and were comfortably settled.

John never did know and Nancy Jane did not know they had a grandson until they landed in Salt Lake. Sarah, who had married John Young, a brother of President Brigham Young, had a boy, John McCleve Young.

Catherine married Dennis Cook.

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In March 1852 they had been called to part with their baby, Daniel Bell. This was a trial as they were planning to leave for America as soon as possible.

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[1]Taken from the diary of John D. L. McCallister while on a mission to Ireland. Among those baptized August 26, 1850, "I baptized Isabell Wilkins McCleve, John L. McCleve and Joseph Smith McCleve. The following Sunday I confirmed them members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the Dungar Branch."

Because of sickness and death in the McCleve Family, John and Nancy Jane had not been able to leave Ireland. When the Handcart Project was launched in 1856 they rejoiced at this opportunity of reaching Zion and their daughters, Catherine and Sarah.

They came to America on the Samuel Curling which carried seven hundred and seven souls. The voyage was rough. On May 3, a terrific storm came up which threatened to destroy them. All of the passengers united in prayer asking for God's mercy. Some of the sails were blown away. The Captain said it was the worst he had seen in his 20 years at sea. Much luggage was thrown overboard which contained two barrels of Nancy Jane's lovely down pillows and Irish linens. Captain Dan Jones was President of the ship.

The following was taken from the sailing records in the Church Historians office, Salt Lake City: the ship Samuel Curling sailed April 19, 1856. Among its passengers were the following names: John McCleve, 48; Nancy Jane McCleve, 40; Mary Jane McCleve, 15; Margaret McCleve, 17; Isabel, 13; John L., 11; Joseph Sr., 8; Eliza, 6; and Alexander Gilmore, 2.

Then again from the Church Historians office, Earl E. Olsen Libraian, we learn that Samuel Curling arrived at Boston May 23, 1856. The passengers remained on deck until the 26th and then continued their journey by rail. Captain Jones arranged with the railroad company officials to take about four hundred passengers to Iowa City from Boston for the price of $11 for each adult and half price for children under 14 years of age. This was on a luggage train which was very crowded and uncomfortable, much of the balance of their belonging were lost on this journey as they were crowded in the cars like cattle and had several train changed to make.

They left Iowa City June 11, 1856, in Captain Daniel D. McArthurs Company with their six children and this family of eight walked pushed and pulled their hand carts every inch of the way to Salt Lake City. The Company consisted of 222 souls, with 48 hand carts, 4 wagons, 12 yoke of oxen and 12 cows. They suffered sickness, hungar, fatigue, and even death.

John McCleve's strength weakened from the long journey, and he died two days before they reached the Valley, from a broken blood vessel he received while struggling to keep his hand cart from going over a cliff. He was buried on Bear River, near Evanston, Wyoming, by the side of the road. His is another one of the many graves scattered along the highway where none but God can find.

As Nancy Jane stood by the side of her husband's grave, she gazed into the tear stained faces of their six children. Their eyes were heavy and dark because of hungar. Their little bodies were thin and wasted; their weary feet had walked that long, long trail and now they were fatherless.

She thought of that baby grave in Ireland, little Daniel Bell, whom they left sleeping in that far away land. With a heart filled with sorrow and pain kneeling she gathered her babies around her and thanked God for the Gospel, and his land of promise and prayed for health and strength to carry on. That night the bereaved family and their company camped in sight of the lonely grave. Next morning she gave a last look at the newly made grave. Then putting her baby boy on the hand cart beside six year old Eliza, she picked up the shafts of her cart and with faith, courage, and determination she fared the future.

Two days later they reached Salt Lake Valley.

The following is an extract from the Deseret News, dated September 26, 1856:

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST HAND CART COMPANIES

IN SALT LAKE CITY

"Having learned that Captain Ellsworth's Company was camped at Willow Spring the evening of the 25th instant, on the 26th, President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Lieutenant General Daniel H. Wells, and many others, citizens and carriages, and several gentlemen and ladies on horseback, with part of Captain H.B. Clawson's Company of Lancers, and the Brass Band under Captain William Pitt, left the Governor's office at 9 A.M. with the view of escorting them into the City. Within about one and one-half miles of the foot of Little Mountain, President Young ordered the party to halt until the hand carts should arrive, and he with President Kimball drove on to meet them. 'Ere long the anxiously awaited train came in sight, led by Captain Ellsworth on foot, and two aged veterans pulling the first cart, followed by a long line of carts attended by the old, middle-aged, and young of both sexes.

"When opposite the excorting party, a halt was called and their captain introduced the new comers to President Young and President Kimball, which was followed by the joyous greetings of relatives and friends and an unexpected treat of water melons. While thus regailing, Captain Daniel D. McArthur's hand cart company came up, having traveled from the base of Big Mountain.

"From the halt to the Public Square the following order was observed under the supervision of Captain Clawson: Lancers, ladies on horse back, President Young's, President Kimball's and Lieu-

tenant-General Daniel H. Wells' carriages, the bands, Captain's Ellsworth's and Captain McArthur's hand cart companies, citizens in carriages and on horseback. The line of march was hardly taken up before it was met by men, women and children on foot and in wagons, and on horseback, thronging out to meet the first hand cart companies, and the number rapidly increased until the living tide lined and thronged South Temple Square."

ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE

"The procession reached the Public Square about sun-set, where the Lancers, bands, and carriages and those on horseback were formed in a line facing the line of hand carts, and after a few remarks by President Young accompanied by his blessings, the spectators and escorts retired, and the hand cart pioneers pitched their tents at the end of a walk and pull of over 1300 miles.

"The journey had been performed with less than the average amount of mortality attending ox trains, and although somewhat fatigued, they stepped forth with alacrity to the last, and appeared buoyant and cheerful. They had often traveled twenty-five to thirty miles a day, and would have made it in less time had they not had to wait on the slow motion of the oxen attached to the few wagons containing the tents and groceries." (Andres Jensen)

Time and distance considered, they traveled not over eleven miles a day.

Nancy Jane took up the double burden and responsibility of a fatherless family in a strange land and with faith and determination fared the future.

In March 28 in 1857 Nancy Jane McFerren McCleve married David Ellsworth of Payson, Utah, and went to live at Payson. He was a

horticulturist. By this marriage she was blessed with two children. Diana Jane was born May 14, 1858, and Davisel was born April 2, 1860.

Later they moved to Southern Utah settling in Harrisburg. While here she experienced one of the great sorrows of her life in the tragic death of her oldest son, John, but she was comforted by Apostle Erastus Snow, who promised her that her son John would yet stand in his allotted place in his father's family. We are happy to know the family group sheet of John and Nancy Jane McCleve is now complete.

When the St. George Temple first opened for work for the dead in 1877 Nancy Jane went to this House of the Lord and was sealed to her husband for eternity, and also performed work for many of her kindred dead.

She died in Toquerville, Utah, at the home of her daughter, Diana Allen.

Her children Diana Jane Ellsworth married Orvil Allen and Davisel Ellsworth married Emma Jane Holliday. Margaret McCleve married Mosiah L. Hancock; Mary Jane, my grandmother who was 16 when they crossed the plains, married Dr. Pretty Meeks. Isabell married D. R. Mott; Joseph Smith married Susan Oler; Eliza married James Henry Ellsworth.

Alexander Gilmore McCleve, the baby boy she lifted upon the hand cart as she left her husband's newly made grave, married Emma Cecelia Jennings, daughter of Henry Jennings and Ann Morgan, born September 23, 1856, near Bridger, Wyoming while crossing the plains in Captain John Bank's ox train from Ohio.

Twiss Bermingham was elected first clerk of the Samuel Curling Ship and kept the history of the emigrants who sailed in the Samuel Curling from Liverpool, England, and crossed the plains in the first two hand cart companies. Captain Ellsworth's Company had left Iowa June 9, 1856, and McArthurs June 11, 1856, and landed in Salt Lake Valley September 26, 1856.

The original of his diary was in the possession of Rutledge Bermingham Barry of New York City, his grandsom, and many years ago was published in an American Legion Magazine.

According to the American Legion Magazine, "In training, education and background, Twiss Bermingham was far above the average mormon convert. A graduate of the University of Dublin, a protestant, he had served as private secretary to a British official. Unattracted by the dull routine of Government service, ambitious for his growing family, he staked his limited capital on this venture in the new world at the age of 24."

Following is a copy of the diary with notes by Samuel Taylor Moore:

THE DIARY

12th April 1856: Left Dublin bound for Zion. Kate and children all sick on the passage to Liverpool. After ranging the streets for some time, found Brother Chapman who gave us lodgings and brought our luggage to his house for which we had to pay 5/6. Went to meeting in the morning to the Center Branch. Heard Brother Wheelock and others speak. Went in the evening again and heard Brother Cant. Dan Jones and Brother Wheelock and others. Brother Jones addressed the Saints in English and Welsh, members from both countries being present.

13th April: Passed a very unpleasant night in Chapman's, having been bit by bugs all night and found both my eyes fearfully swelled in the morning. Went to the office 36 Islington, but could not easily settle my passage in consequence of their being very busy. Moved from Chapman's to a fresh lodging.

14th April: Walked through the most part of Liverpool and saw the principal buildings, St. George's Hall and others.

17th April: Left the lodgings and went on board the S. Curling, in the Wellington Dock.

18th April: Ship still in dock taking in cargo and passenger's luggage.

19th April: The ship was towed out of dock into the Mersey and cast anchor until 12 o'clock. Tug-boat came alongside and brought Brother Franklin D. Richards and others of the Valley Elders amongst whom were Brothers Scott and McGhee, bringing Sister Brannigan who went to Belfast a week previous to avoid being taken by her parents who wished to prevent her going with the Saints.

All hands had to come on deck to pass the Doctor and the Govt. Inspector. After passing and going below, I was sent for by Brother Franklin, who gave me his parting blessing and expressed a wish to serve me when he came to Zion. Remained at anchor in the river until next morning when the Captain of the Ship and Brother Capt. Dan Jones, the President of the Ship, came on board. We passed the doctor again in the general muster on deck. The tug towed the ship out to sea and left about 2 o'clock P.M., carrying back letters for post. Wrote to my uncle and Tom, and received a letter from my uncle and one from Brother Bond. Very little wind. Ship running

about 2 miles an hour. Held an organization council on deck, but afterwards went below to the hospital.

President Jones presiding, the following rules and regulations were adopted:

1st Presiding:

Elder Dan Jones--President; Elder John Oakly--Counsellor, Elder David Grant--Counsellor.

The ship was then divided into 11 wards, and I was elected 1st Clerk of the ship. Elder Thos. Thomas to preside over the 1st Ward. John Edwards 2d Ward. John Parry 3d Ward. Job Welling 4th Ward. John McDonald 5th Ward. James Thomas 6th Ward. Evans Evans 7th Ward. Richard Williams 8th Ward. William Butler 9th Ward. John Lewis 10th Ward. John Walters 11th Ward. Brother Wilson to be 2nd or assisting Clerk.

The resolutions passed were, that the President of each ward have a sufficient number of men up every morning to wash and clean under and before each berth in his ward, and to have it finished and prayers over at 6 o'clock. Any neglect of the rules passed by the council or presiding, the President of the ward will be held responsible and will be liable to be tried by a council of his brethren.

The cook house to be open to receive the 1st and 2d wards at 6 o'clock for cooking breakfast. 3d and 5th ward to cook from 6½ to 7, 4th and 6th 7 to 7½, 7th and 8th 7½ to 8, 9th and 10 and 11th 8 to 9.

Dinner to follow the same rotation, commencing at 11 o'clock and ending at 3. Supper or Tea, same rotation commencing at 4½ and ending at 7½, when the galley fires are to be put out.

Prayers are to be over in each ward at 8 o'clock P.M., and the President of each ward to have a teachers' meeting within this time, say to commence at ½8.

In order to prevent disease, the Presidents are to have the Saints go on deck as much as possible.

There were many other resolutions passed with regard to the regulation of the Saints in the different wards, one of which was that the Hospital be allotted to Brother Jones and the Clerks for an Office, and that we keep all sickness out of the ship.

20th April--Sunday: Still a calm. Off the Welsh Coast. A general assembly on deck. President Jones addressed the meeting and his counsellors also spoke.

21st April: Still a calm. In carnarvon Bay, off the Welsh Coast.

22nd April: During the night we had a nice breeze, which left us on the Wexford coast, Ireland, where we are perfectly becalmed.

23d April: Wind a little fresher this morning. Running at 5 miles an hour. Called for night watch and appointed sergeant of the watch. During my watch I found one of the sentries asleep. Relieved by Brother Payne at one o'clock.

24th April: A good and favorable wind. Ship making 12 miles an hour. Kate and children sick. Self sick, and all on board unless the crew and Captain Jones.

25th April: Wind still favorable. Ship running 15 miles. Passengers still all sick. Between decks in a horrid mess, and ship rolling perpetually. Paid the Captain's cook £1 to cook for me during the voyage, it being almost impossible to get anything cooked at the passengers' galley fire, from the number of passengers and the

smallness of the cooking stoves.

Appointed by the President Star and book agent for the passage, he having bought a few numbers of the Star from Liverpool in advance and some books.

Note: This was the celebrated Mormon newspaper "Millennial Star."

26th April: Favorable wind all day. Nearly all the Saints on deck. Paid Brother Jones for the Stars and books sold and returned those unsold, received fifty Stars more to sell. Week's provisions given out. 9 o'clock P.M., all well on board.

27th April--Sunday: A small bird, a swallow or martin, flew on deck and fell down panting, caught by the carpenter of the ship, who gave it to the Captain. The Captain said it flew from land which was 700 or 800 miles from Cape Clear. Favorable wind and ship running well. Addressed the Saints at the evening meeting, being called on by the President. A general meeting held today on deck. Volunteered to assist to wash and clean the ward in the morning.

28th April: Passed a very sleepless night. Water coming down on my berth all night. A child died, 17 months old, this morning, and was thrown overboard at 8 o'clock P.M. Head wind, Ship running about 6 miles an hour.

29th April: Very stormy. Another child died this morning.

30th April: Blowing a gale. Very many of the passengers sick again, owing to the roughness of the sea. Two births, a boy and a girl, which leaves the number of passengers the same as when we started.

1st May: Getting passengers to sign the Bonds, required by the Permanent Emigration Fund Co.

2d May: Getting passengers to sign bonds but obliged to leave

off in consequence of the roughness of the sea. Sister Lawrenson fainted but recovered immediately on being administered to. Sea and storm rose so high that the boxes which were lashed broke from their fastenings and ran all over the ship. A boy fell down one of the hatches and was much hurt.

3d May: A fearful storm last night. Two sails carried away. The Captain of the ship said he never witnessed such a storm, although he was 20 years at sea. Slept none all night. Obliged to hold the children, one under each arm, to prevent their being thrown out of bed. 12 o'clock: Storm still raging, and a great many people sick from the pitching and rolling of the vessel. A general prayer meeting at the middle hatch for calmer weather and a more prosperous voyage.

4th May—Sunday: Passed a good night. Slept well. Vessel making very little progress. Wind dead ahead. A sacrament meeting between decks and another meeting at 7½ in the evening.

5th May: Called last night, just as I was going to bed, to be captain of the watch for the night. Went on guard at one o'clock. Came off at 6. Nothing particular transpired during the night.

6th May: Head winds and stormy. Many very sea sick.

7th May: Head winds. Vessel rocking very much.

8th May: A child died this morning.

9th May: Stormy for the whole day. Another child died this morning. A "gentile" passenger made a great deal of noise and was dragged from the young females' part of the ship where he secreted himself and put into his own berth. Brother Lucas and myself placed as a guard upon the single women's quarters for the balance of the voyage to prevent any such recurrence.

Note: It is of record that the Curling made port at Boston. That there are no further entries in the diary until the start of the handcart trek possibly is due to the press of duties which would fall to the lot of a clerk--Mormon records, the execution of immigration paper, etc. It is probable that entries are lacking for the train journey to Iowa City because immigrants were herded like cattle into cramped quarters and frequent changes of cars were necessary. There is also evidence that the camp at Iowa City was not up to the usual Mormon standards in organization and discipline, which is understandable by reason of the fact that the handcart trains represented a new experiment.

Iowa City, Iowa, 11th June: Left town with the hand carts. Travelled 8 miles. Camped at 9 mile house.

12th June: Travelled 12 miles. Started at 9¼ o'clock and camped at 1 o'clock. Very hot day and windy. The dust flew so thick that we could not see each other 1 yard distant. Before we left, I was appointed President of a tent. This day was so very severe that Brother Laurenson and myself with out families thought we could not go on with safety to ourselves and families and drag hand carts with about 250 lbs. of luggage on them and so determined on returning to Iowa City to try to procure a team to go through with.

13th June: Left the camp and paid 5 dollars to a teamster to take us back. Arrived at Iowa City at 8 o'clock. Found it very difficult to procure lodging. Saw Brother Ferguson at the camp who encouraged me to follow the company.

14th June: Overtook the company at Little Bear Creek, 36 miles from Iowa City.

16th June: Started at 7 o'clock A.M. Camped at ¼7 o'clock. Travelled 15 miles. Day very hot. Bro. Laurenson fainted under his cart.

17th June: Started at 7¼ o'clock. Camped at 3 o'clock. Travelled 15 miles.

18th June: Started at 6 o'clock. Camped at 10 o'clock. Travelled 10 miles.

19th June: Started at 7 o'clock. Camped at 2 o'clock at Elk Creek. Travelled 12 miles.

20th June: Left the camp at 7 o'clock. Camped at 4½ at Indian Creek, 14 miles.

21st June: Started at 7½. Camped at South Skunk Creek. Travelled 14 miles. A child died this morning was buried under a tree.

22d June--Sunday: Remained at South Skunk Creek.

23d June: Started at 7¼. Camped at 10 o'clock, at the 4 mile Creek. 10 miles.

24th June: Started at 7½. Camped at 4 o'clock. 13 miles.

25th June: Started at 7¼, camped on the North Coon River at 4½. 19 miles. A German sister fainted on the road today.

26th June: Started at 7¼ o'clock. Camped at 2½ at the Middle Coon River. 12 miles.

27th June: Started at 7½. Camped at South Coon River. 9 miles.

28th June: Started at 6½ o'clock. Camped at Middle Coon River at 3½. 16 miles. Sister Laurenson fainted on the road today.

29th--Sunday: Remained in Camp.

30th June: Started at 6¾ o'clock. Camped at Turkey Grove. 10½ miles. This day Brother Arthur stopped at a Town, himself and his family as he could not draw his handcart any further.

1st July: Started at ½8. Camped at the head of Turkey Creek. 14 miles. Very tired. A boy, 8 years old, lost on the road, son of Brother Parker. Storm, thunder and lightning raged fearfully all night.

Blew up part of our tent and wet all our clothes through. Lay all night in our wet clothes until morning with the water running under us in streams.

2nd July: Three of the Brethren started in search of the boy. Just returned but found no trace of him. Remained all day encamped. Went on the cattle guard at 1? o'clock.

3d July: Started at 5 o'clock and camped at 7?, after a long and tedious journey of 25 miles. Some of the Brethren fainted on the road and were carried into camp in the ox-team. I nearly fainted myself from exhaustion, but plucked up courage and never let go the handcart. Several of the Sisters and children belonging to Captain Elsworth's company, having gone astray, there were some of the Brethren sent out in search of them. Returned into camp at 4 o'clock in the morning with all those who were lost.

4th July: Started at 6 o'clock and travelled 22 miles. Camped on Silver Creek. One of the brethren fainted under his handcart today. One of the brethren shot a tame Elk for which he had to pay 50 dollars--rather an expensive shot.

5th July: Remained all day in camp.

6th July--Sunday: All day in camp. Brother Parker returned to the camp this morning having found his boy, whom he brought with him. The boy slept all night under a tree in the forest and felt not the dreadful thunderstorm which raged on that night. The next morning he made his way to a farmer's house, some 9 miles distant. The farmer took care of him until his father found him. Attended meeting today and heard several of the Elders speak.

7th July: Left Silver Creek at ?8, and had a very fatiguing journey of 20 miles. After 10 miles, 2 families gave out, being frightened at getting nothing for 3 days but Indian corn stirabout.

They stopped at a farm house to work for 2 dollars per day and food. I feel really sore in my inside from eating nothing else for the above time, without anything with it, either milk or anything else.

8th July: Started from Cruskato Creek at 6½ o'clock and travelled 20 miles. Camped at the Mormon camp at Florence City at 7½ o'clock. The company generally very fatigued. Found some of Brother Elsworth's company lying insensible on the road. This day we traveled through a beautiful country and passed Council Bluffs, which put me in mind of the mountains of Killarney, Ireland. We saw the place where a great number of the Saints were driven from in 1848, and the little graveyard with many of the crude tombstones, on which one could scarcely read the names of some of our brethren who had fallen, perhaps by the hand of some ruffians. The homes in which they had lived were nearly all dilapidated and the tabernacle was a perfect ruin. When it was in good order it must have accommodated nearly 1000 people. At about 5 o'clock we reached the River Missouri, over which we were ferried by a small steamer.

Note: This camp originally was founded as the winter camp of the Mormons after the Saints were driven from Nauvoo. Until the transcontinental railroad was pushed beyond, it served as the final forwarding station west of the Missouri River.

9th July: Camp all well. Several of the Brethren gone to work during the time they remain here.

10th July: Went to work myself to dig a well, but was only employed for one day for which I got $2. I was not sorry that the job was finished as my hands were in one flake of blisters, I had to work so hard. I found it somewhat worse than drawing the handcart.

11th July: Went to Omaha to get a glass in my watch and went afterwards about 2 miles further on to see Sister Brannigan who was sewing at a farmer's house for $3 per week and her board. On way I met with a camp of Indians, the Omahas. Went into their camp but they speak but very little English. They were very friendly. There were about 60 of them. The men are fine looking fellows but the women and children were very plain looking and dirty and perfectly naked.

Brother Brower who was with me gave them some money.

12th July: Went on camp guard from 9 o'clock P.M. till 12½.

13th July: Went again to Omaha to get another glass in my watch, having broke the last one, paid 50 cents for glasses each time.

14th July: Went to Bluffs City--10 miles--to try and sell my watch that I might buy a cow but did not succeed.

15th July: The Sisters Lucas left the camp for good and went to Bluffs City to service, being determined not to go any further with the handcarts.

15th July: Brother Lucas took a lot of ground in the City to build a house on, and got a farm of 350 acres of land 10 miles out on the prairie. He got all for nothing, simply for settling down on it. I was offered the same and a school with a yearly stipend if I would stop and take charge of it but of course I knew better than that. This day a German sister died of fever, 6 days' sickness.

16th July: Brother Reid shot in the leg by a "Gentile."

17th July: Brother Elsworth's company went out.

18th July: The Welsh company is coming in tomorrow.

20th July: The Welsh company came in today, 300 in number. Fifty stopped on the road.

21st July: Some of Brother Elsworth's company came back and said they would not go any farther.

22d July: Spoke to Brother Lucas and tried to get him to come on but no use. He said he would not go any farther, this year.

23d July: Six of us carried in 800 bags of flour into the store. Hard work rather.

24th July: Left Florence. Travelled 7 miles.

25th July: Travelled 20 miles, to Elkhorn River, where we found a camp of Indians, many of whom came to meet us and were very friendly. The chief took my cart and drew it into camp about ¼ mile and although a tall strong looking man, it made the perspiration run down his face until it dropped on the ground. Many of the Indians got drunk in the night and commenced fighting among themselves, but not knowing what they were at we were all called out of our beds and ordered to load our guns. After watching for some time, all became quiet and we returned again to the arms of Morpheus. In the morning we heard that one of the Indians had been shot in the arm by one of his fellows, which we soon verified, their sending over to our camp to know if we had a doctor amongst us. Brother Eatkin went and dressed it.

26th July: Crossed Elkhorn River by means of a very roughly constructed ferry. For the conveyance of us over, the company had to pay $6. Travelled 15 miles without any water until we came to the Platte River, where the water was a joyful sight to many, being 6 or 7 hours under the burning sun without a drop to cool our tongues.

27th July: Camped all day on the north bend of the Platte. Took a dose of castor oil which sickened me very much and kept me cantering for a long time.

28th July: Rather weak this morning and terribly annoyed by two boils, one on my jaw about as big as pigeon egg and another on the calf of my leg which torments me very much when drawing the handcart.

29th July: Boils very sore this morning but must draw on the cart still. With such sores at home I would lie upon two chairs and never stir until they were healed. Started early this morning and travelled 20 miles.

30th July: Started early this morning and travelled 12 miles to Loup-fork ferry, over which we had to ferry the cars and wagons and women and children. It was really funny to see some 50 of the Brethren hauling a large ferry boat over this ferry and when they would come to a deep place in the stream, all make a rush to get on to the boat, some succeeding, some tumbling in and others obliged to swim for it. It took 3½ hours to ferry all over. Camped on the other side.

31st July: Left Loup-fork and travelled 20 miles without water. I was so exhausted with my sores and the labour of pulling that I was obliged to lie down for a few hours after arriving in camp before I could do anything. Kate was also so tired and fatigued out that she was glad to get lying down without any supper and I was not able to cook any for ourselves so we were obliged to do with a bit of bread and a pint of milk. This is the quantity of milk we have been allowed morning and evening since we left Florence. Sometimes it is less. Rather little for 5 persons.

While travelling this day, often was I near falling on the road for want of water, and with fatigue. Many did fall right down and some had to put into the wagons but many were obliged to wait until they recovered a little and foot it again. 8 o'clock when we got into camp.

1st August: 23 miles over a bad road. No water, only what we carried. Sister Hardy from Scotland fainted on the road today.

2d August: Started early this morning and travelled 28 miles over a very bad road, having to pull the carts through heavy sand, sometimes for miles. We were obliged to carry water with us today. Camped on the open prairie without either wood or water and consequently had to go to bed supperless.

3d August--Sunday: Started at 5 o'clock without any breakfast and had to pull the carts through 6 miles of heavy sand. Some places the wheels were up to the boxes and I was so weak from thirst and hungar and being exhausted with the pain of the boils that I was obliged to lie down several times, and many others had to do the same. Some fell down. I was very much grieved today, so much so that I thought my heart would burst--sick--and poor Kate--at the same time--crawling on her hands and knees, and the children crying with hungar and fatigue. I was obliged to take the children and put them on the hand cart and urge them along the road in order to make them keep up. About 12 o'clock a thunder storm come on, and the rain fell in torrents. In our tent we were standing up to our knees in water and every stitch we had was the same as if we were dragged through the river. Rain continued until 8 o'clock the following morning.

Note: There are no entries from August 4th to 12th inclusive.

13th August: Started out at 10 o'clock and Kate was obliged to travel all day without a shift and nothing on but a shal and petticoat and those half wet. Had to travel over a great many sand hills and camped on the wet ground in a wet blanket as well as to go to bed supperless. No wood to make a fire and very bad water. Went on the camp guard from 12 o'clock till 4.

14th August: Started at 5½ o'clock without any breakfast. Travelled 8 miles and halted at the River Platte. Got breakfast and

dried all our wet clothes and then travelled 14 miles more. A few days previous to this we met a man coming from California. He was deserted on the plains by his companions, who left him with nothing but a shirt and trousers which he had on. He was making his way as fast as he could to Council Bluffs. He was then 200 miles from it. We gave him some bread.

15th August: Travelled 17 miles--5 miles sand.

16th August: Started this morning before breakfast at 4½ o'clock. Stopped at 8 o'clock for breakfast. This morning an old woman belonging to our company was bitten by a rattlesnake in the leg and before half an hour her leg swelled to four times its thickness. She was administered to by the Elders and we started again, but unfortunately as we were starting another old woman was run over by one of the wagons. The front wheel went over her thighs and the back wheels over her shins, and singular to say, although the wagon was laden with 32 cxt. of flour, not one of her bones was broken. This day we had the most severe day's journey we had since we started and travelled over 20 miles of heavy sand hills or bluffs. Besides having to ford many streams. All seemed to be fully worn out when they got into camp.

17th August: Sunday: In camp all day. Spent the day mending my boots, and Kate was washing. This day, a German Sister died.

18th August: Buried the girl and started out of camp at 5½ o'clock. Travelled 20 miles. 10 miles of sand today and had to ford 6 streams.

19th-20th-21st--22d--23d--August: These five days we travelled at the rate of about 22 miles per day. Some days starting as early as 5 o'clock and never after 7. Most of those days we had heavy

sandy roads. Sometimes for ten miles at a time.

August 24th--Sunday: Camped all day at Chimney Rock. Spent the day mending my clothes and baking and cooking while Kate was washing and mending the children's clothes. On the 22d while we were on the road travelling, we were overtaken by a very heavy thunderstorm which wet us all to the skin, but as soon as it was over we went at it again and made a journey of 7 or 8 miles before we camped and then there being no firewood to cook, the Buffalo chips being all wet. We had to ford 20 streams this week.

25th--26th--27th--August: Very heavy travelling through sand all the time at about 19 miles per day.

28th August: After travelling 12 miles through sand, came to Fort Laramie where after crossing the river and getting some wet trousers and petticoats we remained all night. Passed many camps of Indians, all peaceable.

29th--30th August: These two days we travelled 50 miles. The 30th we crossed the Platte again to the north side. Remained in camp all day.

31st August: Travelled 29 miles and crossed the Platte over to the south side.

1st--2d--3d--September: Travelled at about 25 miles a day. On the 2d lost a German boy.

4th Sept: Crossed Muddy Creek and travelled 20 miles and late in the evening forded the Platte again for the last time, For five days we were not in camp for an hour after night and we were always up at daybreak preparing to start at 5. We met the wagons at Deer Creek which were sent with flour from the Valley to meet us. There

There were 5 wagons, one for each Company and each wagon had 1000 lbs. of flour in them. Two started for the Valley with our Company. German boy's father died.

Sept. 5th: Very wet today. Could not start it rained so much. Snow four feet deep on the mountains all around us.

Sept. 21st: From the 5th to the 21st, nothing particular occurred save the meeting of some wagons of flour from the valley for which we will have to pay at the rate of 18¢ per lb. when we get to the city.

Passed Independence Rock. Crossed Green River which we had to ford with many smaller ones. Met some other wagons and people coming to meet their friends in the Company. Travelled at the rate of about 25 miles per day. Two days we travelled 32 miles each. Camped last night at Fort Bridger where we remained until 10 o'clock today. We are now 113 miles from the city. Henry Bouning fell down and fainted yesterday under the hand cart from fatigue. Had to be carried into camp which we did not reach until 10 o'clock at night.

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Thus the diary. Salt Lake City was a disappointment to Twiss Bermingham and his family. The following year he apostacized and returned to Florence, Nebraska, where he welcomed the post as school teacher which the previous summer he "of course knew better" than to take. In seven years' residence at Florence one of the three children who had made the long hard journey died of scarlet fever. But five other children subsequently were born to the Berminghams, seven living to maturity, four are still alive at this writing.

From Florence the growing family moved to Boston and later to New York City, where it prospered far above the average. For many years before his death at the turn of the century Twiss Bermingham held the title of Tax Commissioner of New York City.

Four of his grandsons wore the United States uniform in the world war. One of them, Rutledge B. Barry, who supplied the diary, was a first lieutenant in the 93 Aero Squadron of the third pursuit group and is a former vice commander of Westport (Connecticut) Post of the American Legion.

JOHN McCLEVE

Born 1807 Crawfordsburn, Ireland
Died September 24, 1856. Bear River
(Near Evanston), Wyoming
Arrived in Utah: Died 2 days before
Married Nancy Jane McFerron, June 27,
1833.

NANCY JANE McFERRON

Born May 1, 1815, Crawfordsburn,
Ireland.
Died in Toquerville, Utah
Arrived in Utah September 26, 1856
Captain Daniel D. McArthurs Company
MarriedJohn McCleve
June 27, 1833
and
David Ellsworth
March 28, 1857

Compiled by Naomi A. Jensen

Submitted June, 1972
Naomi A. Jensen

Emery County Camp Dale

John and Nancy Jane (McFerren) McCleve

Compiled by Naomi A. Jensen

John and Nancy Jane (McFerren) McCleve are my Great-grandparents. Their daughter, Mary Jane McCleve, and Dr. Preddy Meeks are my Grandparents and their daughter, Nancy Meeks, and Jerome Asay are my parents.

John and Nancy Jane (McFerren) McCleve were born and raised in Crawfordsburn, Dawn County, Ireland. He is the son of John McCleve and Catherine Lamb. She was the only child of William McFerren and Margaret McHarry, a lassie from the "Highlands" born May 1, 1815, raised in culture and refinement. Her father died when she was two years old and her mother went back to her mother's home in Crawfordsburn where Nancy Jane grew up among her mother's people, the McHarrys.

She was married to John McCleve on June 27, 1833.

John and Nancy Jane heard and accepted the gospel (The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints) in their native land from Elders James Ferguson and John D. L. McAllister in 1841. John McCleve was the only one of his people to join the church it seems, and they were greatly opposed to him doing so and were very unkind to him.

His mother died in 1846 and it appears he had little contact with his people after that.

Nancy Jane was also the only one of her family to join the church, but it made no difference. They were always kind and loving to her.

Sarah, Catherine, Margaret, and Mary Jane were baptized August 26, 1850, in county Dawn, Ireland, in the Irish sea after dark.[1]

Their two daughters, Sarah and Catherine, preceded them to Zion. They sailed on the Falcon which arrived in New Orleans on May 18, 1853. From there they went by packet train up the Mississippi River and continued by ox train to Salt Lake City, three years before their parents and family arrived. There the two daughters married and were comfortably settled.

John never did know and Nancy Jane did not know they had a grandson until they landed in Salt Lake. Sarah, who had married John Young, a brother of President Brigham Young, had a boy, John McCleve Young.

Catherine married Dienis Cook.

John McCleve was a shoemaker and Mary Jane a dress maker. She and most, if not all, of her daughters were fine seamstresses.

For a few years before they left Ireland, John was overseer on a plantation for an Irish Lord by the name of Alexander Gilmore, a very fine man who was kind and gracious to them and for whom they named their youngest son. This pleased him greatly, and he gave the baby many fine presents including a little velvet suit sent him after they were in Utah.

In March 1852 they had been called to part with their baby, Daniel Bell. This was a trial as they were planning to leave for America as soon as possible.

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[1]Taken from the diary of John D. L. McCallister while on a mission to Ireland. Among those baptized August 26, 1855, "I baptized Isabell Wilkins McCleve, John L. McCleve and Joseph Smith McCleve. The following Sunday I confirmed them members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the Bangor Branch."

Because of sickness and death in the McCleve Family, John and Nancy Jane had not been able to leave Ireland. When the Handcart Project was launched in 1856 they rejoiced at this opportunity of reaching Zion and their daughters, Catherine and Sarah.

They came to America on the Samuel Curling which carried seven hundred and seven souls. The voyage was rough. On May 3, a terrific storm came up which threatened to destroy them. All of the passengers united in prayer asking for God's mercy. Some of the sails were blown away. The Captain said it was the worst he had seen in his 20 years at sea. Much luggage was thrown overboard which contained two barrels of Nancy Jane's lovely down pillows and Irish linens. Captain Dan Jones was President of the ship.

The following was taken from the sailing records in the Church Historians office, Salt Lake City: the ship Samuel Curling sailed April 19, 1856. Among its passengers were the following names: John McCleve, 48; Nancy Jane McCleve, 40; Mary Jane McCleve, 15; Margaret McCleve, 17; Isabel, 13; John L., 11; Joseph Sr., 8; Eliza, 6; and Alexander Gilmore, 2.

Then again from the Church Historians office, Earl E. Olsen Libraian, we learn that Samuel Curling arrived at Boston May 23, 1856. The passengers remained on deck until the 26th and then continued their journey by rail. Captain Jones arranged with the railroad company officials to take about four hundred passengers to Iowa City from Boston for the price of $11 for each adult and half price for children under 14 years of age. This was on a luggage train which was very crowded and uncomfortable, much of the balance of their belonging were lost on this journey as they were crowded in the cars like cattle and had several train changed to make.

They left Iowa City June 11, 1856, in Captain Daniel D. McArthurs Company with their six children and this family of eight walked pushed and pulled their hand carts every inch of the way to Salt Lake City. The Company consisted of 222 souls, with 48 hand carts, 4 wagons, 12 yoke of oxen and 12 cows. They suffered sickness, hungar, fatigue, and even death.

John McCleve's strength weakened from the long journey, and he died two days before they reached the Valley, from a broken blood vessel he received while struggling to keep his hand cart from going over a cliff. He was buried on Bear River, near Evanston, Wyoming, by the side of the road. His is another one of the many graves scattered along the highway where none but God can find.

As Nancy Jane stood by the side of her husband's grave, she gazed into the tear stained faces of their six children. Their eyes were heavy and dark because of hungar. Their little bodies were thin and wasted; their weary feet had walked that long, long trail and now they were fatherless.

She thought of that baby grave in Ireland, little Daniel Bell, whom they left sleeping in that far away land. With a heart filled with sorrow and pain kneeling she gathered her babies around her and thanked God for the Gospel, and his land of promise and prayed for health and strength to carry on. That night the bereaved family and their company camped in sight of the lonely grave. Next morning she gave a last look at the newly made grave. Then putting her baby boy on the hand cart beside six year old Eliza, she picked up the shafts of her cart and with faith, courage, and determination she fared the future.

Two days later they reached Salt Lake Valley.

The following is an extract from the Deseret News, dated September 26, 1856:

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST HAND CART COMPANIES

IN SALT LAKE CITY

"Having learned that Captain Ellsworth's Company was camped at Willow Spring the evening of the 25th instant, on the 26th, President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Lieutenant General Daniel H. Wells, and many others, citizens and carriages, and several gentlemen and ladies on horseback, with part of Captain H.B. Clawson's Company of Lancers, and the Brass Band under Captain William Pitt, left the Governor's office at 9 A.M. with the view of escorting them into the City. Within about one and one-half miles of the foot of Little Mountain, President Young ordered the party to halt until the hand carts should arrive, and he with President Kimball drove on to meet them. 'Ere long the anxiously awaited train came in sight, led by Captain Ellsworth on foot, and two aged veterans pulling the first cart, followed by a long line of carts attended by the old, middle-aged, and young of both sexes.

"When opposite the excorting party, a halt was called and their captain introduced the new comers to President Young and President Kimball, which was followed by the joyous greetings of relatives and friends and an unexpected treat of water melons. While thus regailing, Captain Daniel D. McArthur's hand cart company came up, having traveled from the base of Big Mountain.

"From the halt to the Public Square the following order was observed under the supervision of Captain Clawson: Lancers, ladies on horse back, President Young's, President Kimball's and Lieu-

tenant-General Daniel H. Wells' carriages, the bands, Captain's Ellsworth's and Captain McArthur's hand cart companies, citizens in carriages and on horseback. The line of march was hardly taken up before it was met by men, women and children on foot and in wagons, and on horseback, thronging out to meet the first hand cart companies, and the number rapidly increased until the living tide lined and thronged South Temple Square."

ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE

"The procession reached the Public Square about sun-set, where the Lancers, bands, and carriages and those on horseback were formed in a line facing the line of hand carts, and after a few remarks by President Young accompanied by his blessings, the spectators and escorts retired, and the hand cart pioneers pitched their tents at the end of a walk and pull of over 1300 miles.

"The journey had been performed with less than the average amount of mortality attending ox trains, and although somewhat fatigued, they stepped forth with alacrity to the last, and appeared buoyant and cheerful. They had often traveled twenty-five to thirty miles a day, and would have made it in less time had they not had to wait on the slow motion of the oxen attached to the few wagons containing the tents and groceries." (Andres Jensen)

Time and distance considered, they traveled not over eleven miles a day.

Nancy Jane took up the double burden and responsibility of a fatherless family in a strange land and with faith and determination fared the future.

In March 28 in 1857 Nancy Jane McFerren McCleve married David Ellsworth of Payson, Utah, and went to live at Payson. He was a

horticulturist. By this marriage she was blessed with two children. Diana Jane was born May 14, 1858, and Davisel was born April 2, 1860.

Later they moved to Southern Utah settling in Harrisburg. While here she experienced one of the great sorrows of her life in the tragic death of her oldest son, John, but she was comforted by Apostle Erastus Snow, who promised her that her son John would yet stand in his allotted place in his father's family. We are happy to know the family group sheet of John and Nancy Jane McCleve is now complete.

When the St. George Temple first opened for work for the dead in 1877 Nancy Jane went to this House of the Lord and was sealed to her husband for eternity, and also performed work for many of her kindred dead.

She died in Toquerville, Utah, at the home of her daughter, Diana Allen.

Her children Diana Jane Ellsworth married Orvil Allen and Davisel Ellsworth married Emma Jane Holliday. Margaret McCleve married Mosiah L. Hancock; Mary Jane, my grandmother who was 16 when they crossed the plains, married Dr. Pretty Meeks. Isabell married D. R. Mott; Joseph Smith married Susan Oler; Eliza married James Henry Ellsworth.

Alexander Gilmore McCleve, the baby boy she lifted upon the hand cart as she left her husband's newly made grave, married Emma Cecelia Jennings, daughter of Henry Jennings and Ann Morgan, born September 23, 1856, near Bridger, Wyoming while crossing the plains in Captain John Bank's ox train from Ohio.

Twiss Bermingham was elected first clerk of the Samuel Curling Ship and kept the history of the emigrants who sailed in the Samuel Curling from Liverpool, England, and crossed the plains in the first two hand cart companies. Captain Ellsworth's Company had left Iowa June 9, 1856, and McArthurs June 11, 1856, and landed in Salt Lake Valley September 26, 1856.

The original of his diary was in the possession of Rutledge Bermingham Barry of New York City, his grandsom, and many years ago was published in an American Legion Magazine.

According to the American Legion Magazine, "In training, education and background, Twiss Bermingham was far above the average mormon convert. A graduate of the University of Dublin, a protestant, he had served as private secretary to a British official. Unattracted by the dull routine of Government service, ambitious for his growing family, he staked his limited capital on this venture in the new world at the age of 24."

Following is a copy of the diary with notes by Samuel Taylor Moore:

THE DIARY

12th April 1856: Left Dublin bound for Zion. Kate and children all sick on the passage to Liverpool. After ranging the streets for some time, found Brother Chapman who gave us lodgings and brought our luggage to his house for which we had to pay 5/6. Went to meeting in the morning to the Center Branch. Heard Brother Wheelock and others speak. Went in the evening again and heard Brother Cant. Dan Jones and Brother Wheelock and others. Brother Jones addressed the Saints in English and Welsh, members from both countries being present.

13th April: Passed a very unpleasant night in Chapman's, having been bit by bugs all night and found both my eyes fearfully swelled in the morning. Went to the office 36 Islington, but could not easily settle my passage in consequence of their being very busy. Moved from Chapman's to a fresh lodging.

14th April: Walked through the most part of Liverpool and saw the principal buildings, St. George's Hall and others.

17th April: Left the lodgings and went on board the S. Curling, in the Wellington Dock.

18th April: Ship still in dock taking in cargo and passenger's luggage.

19th April: The ship was towed out of dock into the Mersey and cast anchor until 12 o'clock. Tug-boat came alongside and brought Brother Franklin D. Richards and others of the Valley Elders amongst whom were Brothers Scott and McGhee, bringing Sister Brannigan who went to Belfast a week previous to avoid being taken by her parents who wished to prevent her going with the Saints.

All hands had to come on deck to pass the Doctor and the Govt. Inspector. After passing and going below, I was sent for by Brother Franklin, who gave me his parting blessing and expressed a wish to serve me when he came to Zion. Remained at anchor in the river until next morning when the Captain of the Ship and Brother Capt. Dan Jones, the President of the Ship, came on board. We passed the doctor again in the general muster on deck. The tug towed the ship out to sea and left about 2 o'clock P.M., carrying back letters for post. Wrote to my uncle and Tom, and received a letter from my uncle and one from Brother Bond. Very little wind. Ship running

about 2 miles an hour. Held an organization council on deck, but afterwards went below to the hospital.

President Jones presiding, the following rules and regulations were adopted:

1st Presiding:

Elder Dan Jones--President; Elder John Oakly--Counsellor, Elder David Grant--Counsellor.

The ship was then divided into 11 wards, and I was elected 1st Clerk of the ship. Elder Thos. Thomas to preside over the 1st Ward. John Edwards 2d Ward. John Parry 3d Ward. Job Welling 4th Ward. John McDonald 5th Ward. James Thomas 6th Ward. Evans Evans 7th Ward. Richard Williams 8th Ward. William Butler 9th Ward. John Lewis 10th Ward. John Walters 11th Ward. Brother Wilson to be 2nd or assisting Clerk.

The resolutions passed were, that the President of each ward have a sufficient number of men up every morning to wash and clean under and before each berth in his ward, and to have it finished and prayers over at 6 o'clock. Any neglect of the rules passed by the council or presiding, the President of the ward will be held responsible and will be liable to be tried by a council of his brethren.

The cook house to be open to receive the 1st and 2d wards at 6 o'clock for cooking breakfast. 3d and 5th ward to cook from 6½ to 7, 4th and 6th 7 to 7½, 7th and 8th 7½ to 8, 9th and 10 and 11th 8 to 9.

Dinner to follow the same rotation, commencing at 11 o'clock and ending at 3. Supper or Tea, same rotation commencing at 4½ and ending at 7½, when the galley fires are to be put out.

Prayers are to be over in each ward at 8 o'clock P.M., and the President of each ward to have a teachers' meeting within this time, say to commence at ½8.

In order to prevent disease, the Presidents are to have the Saints go on deck as much as possible.

There were many other resolutions passed with regard to the regulation of the Saints in the different wards, one of which was that the Hospital be allotted to Brother Jones and the Clerks for an Office, and that we keep all sickness out of the ship.

20th April--Sunday: Still a calm. Off the Welsh Coast. A general assembly on deck. President Jones addressed the meeting and his counsellors also spoke.

21st April: Still a calm. In carnarvon Bay, off the Welsh Coast.

22nd April: During the night we had a nice breeze, which left us on the Wexford coast, Ireland, where we are perfectly becalmed.

23d April: Wind a little fresher this morning. Running at 5 miles an hour. Called for night watch and appointed sergeant of the watch. During my watch I found one of the sentries asleep. Relieved by Brother Payne at one o'clock.

24th April: A good and favorable wind. Ship making 12 miles an hour. Kate and children sick. Self sick, and all on board unless the crew and Captain Jones.

25th April: Wind still favorable. Ship running 15 miles. Passengers still all sick. Between decks in a horrid mess, and ship rolling perpetually. Paid the Captain's cook £1 to cook for me during the voyage, it being almost impossible to get anything cooked at the passengers' galley fire, from the number of passengers and the

smallness of the cooking stoves.

Appointed by the President Star and book agent for the passage, he having bought a few numbers of the Star from Liverpool in advance and some books.

Note: This was the celebrated Mormon newspaper "Millennial Star."

26th April: Favorable wind all day. Nearly all the Saints on deck. Paid Brother Jones for the Stars and books sold and returned those unsold, received fifty Stars more to sell. Week's provisions given out. 9 o'clock P.M., all well on board.

27th April--Sunday: A small bird, a swallow or martin, flew on deck and fell down panting, caught by the carpenter of the ship, who gave it to the Captain. The Captain said it flew from land which was 700 or 800 miles from Cape Clear. Favorable wind and ship running well. Addressed the Saints at the evening meeting, being called on by the President. A general meeting held today on deck. Volunteered to assist to wash and clean the ward in the morning.

28th April: Passed a very sleepless night. Water coming down on my berth all night. A child died, 17 months old, this morning, and was thrown overboard at 8 o'clock P.M. Head wind, Ship running about 6 miles an hour.

29th April: Very stormy. Another child died this morning.

30th April: Blowing a gale. Very many of the passengers sick again, owing to the roughness of the sea. Two births, a boy and a girl, which leaves the number of passengers the same as when we started.

1st May: Getting passengers to sign the Bonds, required by the Permanent Emigration Fund Co.

2d May: Getting passengers to sign bonds but obliged to leave

off in consequence of the roughness of the sea. Sister Laurenson fainted but recovered immediately on being administered to. Sea and storm rose so high that the boxes which were lashed broke from their fastenings and ran all over the ship. A boy fell down one of the hatches and was much hurt.

3d May: A fearful storm last night. Two sails carried away. The Captain of the ship said he never witnessed such a storm, although he was 20 years at sea. Slept none all night. Obliged to hold the children, one under each arm, to prevent their being thrown out of bed. 12 o'clock: Storm still raging, and a great many people sick from the pitching and rolling of the vessel. A general prayer meeting at the middle hatch for calmer weather and a more prosperous voyage.

4th May--Sunday: Passed a good night. Slept well. Vessel making very little progress. Wind dead ahead. A sacrament meeting between decks and another meeting at 7½ in the evening.

5th May: Called last night, just as I was going to bed, to be captain of the watch for the night. Went on guard at one o'clock. Came off at 6. Nothing particular transpired during the night.

6th May: Head winds and stormy. Many very sea sick.

7th May: Head winds. Vessel rocking very much.

8th May: A child died this morning.

9th May: Stormy for the whole day. Another child died this morning. A "gentile" passenger made a great deal of noise and was dragged from the young females' part of the ship where he secreted himself and put into his own berth. Brother Lucas and myself placed as a guard upon the single women's quarters for the balance of the voyage to prevent any such recurrence.

Note: It is of record that the Curling made port at Boston. That there are no further entries in the diary until the start of the handcart trek possibly is due to the press of duties which would fall to the lot of a clerk--Mormon records, the execution of immigration paper, etc. It is probable that entries are lacking for the train journey to Iowa City because immigrants were herded like cattle into cramped quarters and frequent changes of cars were necessary. There is also evidence that the camp at Iowa City was not up to the usual Mormon standards in organization and discipline, which is understandable by reason of the fact that the handcart trains represented a new experiment.

Iowa City, Iowa, 11th June: Left town with the hand carts. Travelled 8 miles. Camped at 9 mile house.

12th June: Travelled 12 miles. Started at ½ o'clock and camped at 1 o'clock. Very hot day and windy. The dust flew so thick that we could not see each other 1 yard distant. Before we left, I was appointed President of a tent. This day was so very severe that Brother Laurenson and myself with out families thought we could not go on with safety to ourselves and families and drag hand carts with about 250 lbs. of luggage on them and so determined on returning to Iowa City to try to procure a team to go through with.

13th June: Left the camp and paid 5 dollars to a teamster to take us back. Arrived at Iowa City at 8 o'clock. Found it very difficult to procure lodging. Saw Brother Ferguson at the camp who encouraged me to follow the company.

14th June: Overtook the company at Little Bear Creek, 36 miles from Iowa City.

16th June: Started at 7 o'clock A.M. Camped at ¼7 o'clock. Travelled 15 miles. Day very hot. Bro. Laurenson fainted under his cart.

17th June: Started at 7½ o'clock. Camped at 3 o'clock. Travelled 15 miles.

18th June: Started at 6 o'clock. Camped at 10 o'clock. Travelled 10 miles.

19th June: Started at 7 o'clock. Camped at 2 o'clock at Elk Creek. Travelled 12 miles.

20th June: Left the camp at 7 o'clock. Camped at 4½ at Indian Creek, 14 miles.

21st June: started at 7½. Camped at South Skunk Creek. Travelled 14 miles. A child died this morning was buried under a tree.

22d June--Sunday: Remained at South Skunk Creek.

23d June: Started at 7¼. Camped at 10 o'clock, at the 4 mile Creek. 10 miles.

24th June: Started at 7½. Camped at 4 o'clock. 13 miles.

25th June: Started at 7¼, camped on the North Coon River at 4½. 19 miles. A German Sister fainted on the road today.

26th June: Started at 7¼ o'clock. Camped at 2½ at the Middle Coon River. 12 miles.

27th June: Started at 7½. Camped at South Coon River. 9 miles.

28th June: Started at 6½ o'clock. Camped at Middle Coon River at 3½. 16 miles. Sister Laurenson fainted on the road today.

29th--Sunday: Remained in Camp.

30th June: Started at 6¾ o'clock. Camped at Turkey Grove. 10½ miles. This day Brother Arthur stopped at a Town, himself and his family as he could not draw his handcart any further.

1st July: Started at ½8. Camped at the head of Turkey Creek. 14 miles. Very tired. A boy, 8 years old, lost on the road, son of Brother Parker. Storm, thunder and lightning raged fearfully all night.

Blew up part of our tent and wet all our clothes through. Lay all night in our wet clothes until morning with the water running under us in streams.

2nd July: Three of the Brethren started in search of the boy. Just returned but found no trace of him. Remained all day encamped. Went on the cattle guard at 1^ o'clock.

3d July: Started at 5 o'clock and camped at 7¼, after a long and tedious journey of 25 miles. Some of the Brethren fainted on the road and were carried into camp in the ox-team. I nearly fainted myself from exhaustion, but plucked up courage and never let go the handcart. Several of the Sisters and children belonging to Captain Elsworth's company, having gone astray, there were some of the Brethren sent out in search of them. Returned into camp at 4 o'clock in the morning with all those who were lost.

4th July: Started at 6 o'clock and travelled 22 miles. Camped on Silver Creek. One of the brethren fainted under his handcart today. One of the brethren shot a tame Elk for which he had to pay 50 dollars--rather an expensive shot.

5th July: Remained all day in camp.

6th July--Sunday: All day in camp. Brother Parker returned to the camp this morning having found his boy, whom he brought with him. The boy slept all night under a tree in the forest and felt not the dreadful thunderstorm which raged on that night. The next morning he made his way to a farmer's house, some 9 miles distant. The farmer took care of him until his father found him. Attended meeting today and heard several of the Elders speak.

7th July: Left Silver Creek at ¼8, and had a very fatiguing journey of 20 miles. After 10 miles, 2 families gave out, being frightened at getting nothing for 3 days but Indian corn stirabout.

They stopped at a farm house to work for 2 dollars per day and food. I feel really sore in my inside from eating nothing else for the above time, without anything with it, either milk or anything else.

8th July: Started from Cruskato Creek at 6½ o'clock and travelled 20 miles. Camped at the Mormon camp at Florence City at 7½ o'clock. The company generally very fatigued. Found some of Brother Elsworth's company lying insensible on the road. This day we traveled through a beautiful country and passed Council Bluffs, which put me in mind of the mountains of Killarney, Ireland. We saw the place where a great number of the Saints were driven from in 1848, and the little graveyard with many of the crude tombstones, on which one could scarcely read the names of some of our brethren who had fallen, perhaps by the hand of some ruffians. The homes in which they had lived were nearly all dilapidated and the tabernacle was a perfect ruin. When it was in good order it must have accommodated nearly 1000 people. At about 5 o'clock we reached the River Missouri, over which we were ferried by a small steamer.

Note: This camp originally was founded as the winter camp of the Mormons after the Saints were driven from Nauvoo. Until the transcontinental railroad was pushed beyond, it served as the final forwarding station west of the Missouri River.

9th July: Camp all well. Several of the Brethren gone to work during the time they remain here.

10th July: Went to work myself to dig a well, but was only employed for one day for which I got $2. I was not sorry that the job was finished as my hands were in one flake of blisters, I had to work so hard. I found it somewhat worse than drawing the handcart.

11th July: Went to Omaha to get a glass in my watch and went afterwards about 2 miles further on to see Sister Brannigan who was sewing at a farmer's house for $3 per week and her board. On way I met with a camp of Indians, the Omahas. Went into their camp but they speak but very little English. They were very friendly. There were about 60 of them. The men are fine looking fellows but the women and children were very plain looking and dirty and perfectly naked.

Brother Brower who was with me gave them some money.

12th July: Went on camp guard from 9 o'clock P.M. till 12½.

13th July: Went again to Omaha to get another glass in my watch, having broke the last one, paid 50 cents for glasses each time.

14th July: Went to Bluffs City--10 miles--to try and sell my watch that I might buy a cow but did not succeed.

15th July: The Sisters Lucas left the camp for good and went to Bluffs City to service, being determined not to go any further with the handcarts.

15th July: Brother Lucas took a lot of ground in the City to build a house on, and got a farm of 350 acres of land 10 miles out on the prairie. He got all for nothing, simply for settling down on it. I was offered the same and a school with a yearly stipend if I would stop and take charge of it but of course I knew better than that. This day a German sister died of fever, 6 days' sickness.

16th July: Brother Reid shot in the leg by a "Gentile."

17th July: Brother Elsworth's company went out.

18th July: The Welsh company is coming in tomorrow.

20th July: The Welsh company came in today, 300 in number. Fifty stopped on the road.

21st July: Some of Brother Elsworth's company came back and said they would not go any farther.

22d July: Spoke to Brother Lucas and tried to get him to come on but no use. He said he would not go any farther, this year.

23d July: Six of us carried in 800 bags of flour into the store. Hard work rather.

24th July: Left Florence. Travelled 7 miles.

25th July: Travelled 20 miles, to Elkhorn River, where we found a camp of Indians, many of whom came to meet us and were very friendly. The chief took my cart and drew it into camp about ¼ mile and although a tall strong looking man, it made the perspiration run down his face until it dropped on the ground. Many of the Indians got drunk in the night and commenced fighting among themselves, but not knowing what they were at we were all called out of our beds and ordered to load our guns. After watching for some time, all became quiet and we returned again to the arms of Morpheus. In the morning we heard that one of the Indians had been shot in the arm by one of his fellows, which we soon verified, their sending over to our camp to know if we had a doctor amongst us. Brother Eatkin went and dressed it.

26th July: Crossed Elkhorn River by means of a very roughly constructed ferry. For the conveyance of us over, the company had to pay $6. Travelled 15 miles without any water until we came to the Platte River, where the water was a joyful sight to many, being 6 or 7 hours under the burning sun without a drop to cool our tongues.

27th July: Camped all day on the north bend of the Platte. Took a dose of castor oil which sickened me very much and kept me cantering for a long time.

28th July: Rather weak this morning and terribly annoyed by two boils, one on my jaw about as big as pigeon egg and another on the calf of my leg which torments me very much when drawing the handcart.

29th July: Boils very sore this morning but must draw on the cart still. With such sores at home I would lie upon two chairs and never stir until they were healed. Started early this morning and travelled 20 miles.

30th July: Started early this morning and travelled 12 miles to Loup-fork ferry, over which we had to ferry the cars and wagons and women and children. It was really funny to see some 50 of the Brethren hauling a large ferry boat over this ferry and when they would come to a deep place in the stream, all make a rush to get on to the boat, some succeeding, some tumbling in and others obliged to swim for it. It took 3½ hours to ferry all over. Camped on the other side.

31st July: Left Loup-fork and travelled 20 miles without water. I was so exhausted with my sores and the labour of pulling that I was obliged to lie down for a few hours after arriving in camp before I could do anything. Kate was also so tired and fatigued out that she was glad to get lying down without any supper and I was not able to cook any for ourselves so we were obliged to do with a bit of bread and a pint of milk. This is the quantity of milk we have been allowed morning and evening since we left Florence. Sometimes it is less. Rather little for 5 persons.

While travelling this day, often was I near falling on the road for want of water, and with fatigue. Many did fall right down and some had to put into the wagons but many were obliged to wait until they recovered a little and foot it again. 8 o'clock when we got into camp.

1st August: 23 miles over a bad road. No water, only what we carried. Sister Hardy from Scotland fainted on the road today.

2d August: Started early this morning and travelled 28 miles over a very bad road, having to pull the carts through heavy sand, sometimes for miles. We were obliged to carry water with us today. Camped on the open prairie without either wood or water and consequently had to go to bed supperless.

3d August--Sunday: Started at 5 o'clock without any breakfast and had to pull the carts through 6 miles of heavy sand. Some places the wheels were up to the boxes and I was so weak from thirst and hungar and being exhausted with the pain of the boils that I was obliged to lie down several times, and many others had to do the same. Some fell down. I was very much grieved today, so much so that I thought my heart would burst--sick--and poor Kate--at the same time--crawling on her hands and knees, and the children crying with hungar and fatigue. I was obliged to take the children and put them on the hand cart and urge them along the road in order to make them keep up. About 12 o'clock a thunder storm came on, and the rain fell in torrents. In our tent we were standing up to our knees in water and every stitch we had was the same as if we were dragged through the river. Rain continued until 8 o'clock the following morning.

Note: There are no entries from August 4th to 12th inclusive.

13th August: Started out at 10 o'clock and Kate was obliged to travel all day without a shift and nothing on but a shal and petticoat and those half wet. Had to travel over a great many sand hills and camped on the wet ground in a wet blanket as well as to go to bed supperless. No wood to make a fire and very bad water. Went on the camp guard from 12 o'clock till 4.

14th August: Started at 5½ o'clock without any breakfast. Travelled 8 miles and halted at the River Platte. Got breakfast and

dried all our wet clothes and then travelled 14 miles more. A few days previous to this we met a man coming from California. He was deserted on the plains by his companions, who left him with nothing but a shirt and trousers which he had on. He was making his way as fast as he could to Council Bluffs. He was then 200 miles from it. We gave him some bread.

15th August: Travelled 17 miles--5 miles sand.

16th August: Started this morning before breakfast at 4½ o'clock. Stopped at 8 o'clock for breakfast. This morning an old woman belonging to our company was bitten by a rattlesnake in the leg and before half an hour her leg swelled to four times its thickness. She was administered to by the Elders and we started again, but unfortunately as we were starting another old woman was run over by one of the wagons. The front wheel went over her thighs and the back wheels over her shins, and singular to say, although the wagon was laden with 32 cwt. of flour, not one of her bones was broken. This day we had the most severe day's journey we had since we started and travelled over 20 miles of heavy sand hills or bluffs. Besides having to ford many streams. All seemed to be fully worn out when they got into camp.

17th August: Sunday: In camp all day. Spent the day mending my boots, and Kate was washing. This day, a German Sister died.

18th August: Buried the girl and started out of camp at 5½ o'clock. Travelled 20 miles. 10 miles of sand today and had to ford 6 streams.

19th-20th-21st--22d--23d--August: These five days we travelled at the rate of about 22 miles per day. Some days starting as early as 5 o'clock and never after 7. Most of those days we had heavy

sandy roads. Sometimes for ten miles at a time.

August 24th--Sunday: Camped all day at Chimney Rock. Spent the day mending my clothes and baking and cooking while Kate was washing and mending the children's clothes. On the 22d while we were on the road travelling, we were overtaken by a very heavy thunderstorm which wet us all to the skin, but as soon as it was over we went at it again and made a journey of 7 or 8 miles before we camped and then there being no firewood to cook, the Buffalo chips being all wet. We had to ford 20 streams this week.

25th--26th--27th--August: Very heavy travelling through sand all the time at about 19 miles per day.

28th August: After travelling 12 miles through sand, came to Fort Laramie where after crossing the river and getting some wet trousers and petticoats we remained all night. Passed many camps of Indians, all peaceable.

29th--30th August: These two days we travelled 50 miles. The 30th we crossed the Platte again to the north side. Remained in camp all day.

31st August: Travelled 29 miles and crossed the Platte over to the south side.

1st--2d--3d--September: Travelled at about 25 miles a day. On the 2d lost a German boy.

4th Sept: Crossed Muddy Creek and travelled 20 miles and late in the evening forded the Platte again for the last time, For five days we were not in camp for an hour after night and we were always up at daybreak preparing to start at 5. We met the wagons at Deer Creek which were sent with flour from the Valley to meet us. There

There were 5 wagons, one for each Company and each wagon had 1000 lbs. of flour in them. Two started for the Valley with our Company. German boy's father died.

Sept. 5th: Very wet today. Could not start it rained so much. Snow four feet deep on the mountains all around us.

Sept. 21st: From the 5th to the 21st, nothing particular occurred save the meeting of some wagons of flour from the valley for which we will have to pay at the rate of 18¢ per lb. when we get to the city.

Passed Independence Rock. Crossed Green River which we had to ford with many smaller ones. Met some other wagons and people coming to meet their friends in the Company. Travelled at the rate of about 25 miles per day. Two days we travelled 32 miles each. Camped last night at Fort Bridger where we remained until 10 o'clock today. We are now 113 miles from the city. Henry Bouning fell down and fainted yesterday under the hand cart from fatigue. Had to be carried into camp which we did not reach until 10 o'clock at night.

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Thus the diary. Salt Lake City was a disappointment to Twiss Bermingham and his family. The following year he apostacized and returned to Florence, Nebraska, where he welcomed the post as school teacher which the previous summer he "of course knew better" than to take. In seven years' residence at Florence one of the three children who had made the long hard journey died of scarlet fever. But five other children subsequently were born to the Berminghams, seven living to maturity, four are still alive at this writing.

From Florence the growing family moved to Boston and later to New York City, where it prospered far above the average. For many years before his death at the turn of the century Twiss Bermingham held the title of Tax Commissioner of New York City.

Four of his grandsons wore the United States uniform in the world war. One of them, Rutledge B. Barry, who supplied the diary, was a first lieutenant in the 93 Aero Squadron of the third pursuit group and is a former vice commander of Westport (Connecticut) Post of the American Legion.

JOHN AND NANCY JANE (McFERREN) McCLEVE

Complied by Naomi A. Jensen

John and Nancy Jane (McFerren) McCleve are my Great-grandparents. Their daughter, Mary Jane McCleve, and Dr. Preddy Meeks are my Grandparents and their daughter, Nancy Meeks, and Jerome Asay are my parents.

John and Nancy Jane (McFerron) McCleve were born and raised in Crawfordsburn, Dawn County, Ireland. He is the son of John McCleve and C therine Lamb. She was the only child of William McFerren and Margaret McHarry, a lassie from the "Highlands" born May 1, 1815, raised in culture and refinement. Her father died when she was two years old and her mother went back to her mother's home in Crawfordsburn where Nancy Jane grew up among her mother's people, the McHarrys.

She was married to John McCleve on June 27, 1833.

John and Nancy Jane heard and accepted the gospel (The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints) in their native land from Elders James Ferguson and John D. L. McAllister in 1841. John McCleve was the only one of his people to jmin the church it seems, and they were greatly opposed to him doing so and were very unkind to him.

His mother died in 1846 and it appears he had little contact with his people after that.

Nancy Jane was also the only one of her family to join the church, but it made no difference. They were always kind and loving to her.

Sarah, Catherine, Margaret, and Mary Jane were baptized August 26, 1850, in county Dawn, Ireland, in the Irish sea after dark.[1]

Their two daughters, Sarah and Catherine, preceded them to Zion. They sailed on the Falcon which arrived in New Orleans on May 18, 1853. From there they went by packet train up the Mississippi River and continued by ox train to Salt Lake City, three years before their parents and family arrived. There the two daughters married and were comfortably settled.

John never did know and Nancy Jane did not know they had a grandson until they landed in Salt Lake. Sarah, who had married John Young, a brother of President Brigham Young, had a boy, John McCleve Young.

Catherine married Pienis Cook.

John McCleve was a shoemaker and Mary Jane a dress maker. She and most, if not all, of her daughters were fine seamstresses.

For a few years before they left Ireland, John was overseer on a plantation for an Irish Lord by the name of Alexander Gilmore, a very fine man who was kind and gracious to them and for whom they named their youngest son. This pleased him greatly, and he gave the baby many fine presents including a little velvet suit sent him after they were in Utah.

In March 1852 they had been called to part with their baby, Daniel Bell. This was a trial as they were planning to leave for America as soon as possible.

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[1]Taken from the diary of John D. L. McCallister while on a mission to Ireland. Among those baptized August 28, 1855, "I baptized IsBell Wilkins McCleve, John L. McCleve and Joseph Smith McCleve. The following Sunday I confirmed them members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the Bangar Branch."

Because of sickness and death in the McCleve Family, John and Nancy Jane had not been able to leave Ireland. When the Handcart Project was launched in 1856 they rejoiced at this opportunity of reaching Zion and their daughters, Catherine and Sarah.

They came to America on the Samuel Curling which carried seven hundred and seven souls. The voyage was rough. On May 3, a terrific storm came up which threatened to destroy them. All of the passengers united in prayer asking for God's mercy. Some of the sails were blown away. The Captain said it was the worst he had seen in his 20 years at sea. Much luggage was thrown overboard which contained two barrels of Nancy Jane's lovely down pillows and Irish linens. Captain Dan Jones was President of the ship.

The following was taken from the sailing records in the Church Historians office, Salt Lake City: The ship, Samuel Curling sailed April 19, 1856. Among its passengers were the following names: John McCleve, 48; Nancy Jane McCleve,40; Mary Jane McCleve, 15; Margaret McCleve, 17; Isabel, 13; John L., 11; Joseph Sr., 8; Eliza, 6; and Alexander Gilmore, 2.

Then again from the Church Historians office, Earl E. Olsen Libraian, we learn that Samuel Curling arrived at Boston May 23, 1856. The passengers remained on deck until the 26th and then continued their journey by rail. Captain Jones arranged with the railroad company officials to take about four hundred passengers to Iowa City from Boston for the price of $11 for each adult and half price for children under 14 years of age. This was on a luggage train which was very crowded and uncomfortable, much of the balance of their belongings were lost on this journey as they were crowded in the cars like cattle and had several train changes to make.

They left Iowa City June 11, 1856, in Captain Daniel D. McArthurs Company with their six children and this family of eight walked pushed and pulled their handcarts every inch of the way to Salt Lake City. The Company consisted of 222 souls, with 48 hand carts, 4 wagons, 12 yoke of oxen and 12 cows. They suffered sickness, hungar, fatigue, and even death.

John McCleve's strength weakened from the long journey, and he died two days before they reached the Valley, from a broken blood vessel he received while struggling to keep his hand cart from going over a cliff. He was burried on Bear River, near Evanston, Wyoming, by the side of the road. His is another one of the many graves scattered along the highway where none but God can find.

As Nancy Jane stood by the side of her husband's grave, she gazed into the tear stained faces of their six children. Their eyes were heavy and dark because of hungar. Their little bodies were thin and wasted; their weary feet had walked that long, long trail and now they were fatherless.

She thought of that baby grave in Ireland, little Daniel Bell, whom they left sleeping in that far away land. With a heart filled with sorrow and pain kneeling she gathered her babies around her and thanked God for the Gospel, and this land of promise and prayed for health and strength to carry on. That night the bereaved family and their company camped in sight of the lonely grave. Next morning she gave a last look at the newly made grave. Then putting her baby boy on the hand cart beside six year old Eliza, she picked up the shafts of her cart and with faith, courage, and determination she fared the future.

Two days later they reached Salt Lake Valley.

The following is an extract from the Deseret News, dated September 26, 1856:

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST HAND CART COMPANIES

IN SALT LAKE CITY

"Having learned that Captain Ellsworth's Company was camped at Willow Spring the evening of the 25th instant, on the 26th, President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Lieutenant General Daniel H. Wells, and many others, citizens and carriages, and several gentlemen and ladies on horseback, with part of Captain H.B. Clawson's Company of Lancers, and the Brass Band under Captain William Pitt, left the Governor's office at 9 a.m. with the view of escorting them into the City. Within about one and one-half miles of the foot of Little Mountain, President Young ordered the party to halt until the hand carts should arrive, and he with President Kimball drove on to meet them. "Ere long the anxiously awaited train came in sight, led by Captain Ellsworth on foot, and two aged veterans pulling the first cart, followed by a long line of carts attended by the old, middle-aged, and young of both sexes.

"When opposite the excorting party, a halt was called and their captain introduced the new comers to President Young and President Kimball, which was followed by the joyous greetings of relatives and friends and an unexpected treat of water melons. While thus regailing, Captain Daniel D. McArthur's hand cart company came up, having traveled from the base of Big Mountain.

"From the halt to the Public Square the following order was observed under the supervision of Captain Clawson: Lancers, ladies on horse back, President Young's, President Kimball"s and Lieu-

tenant-General Daniel H. Wells' carriages, the bands, Captain's Ellsworth's and Captain McArthur's hand cart companies, citizens in carriages and on horseback. The line of march was hardly taken up before it was met by men, women and children on foot and in wagons, and on horseback, thronging out to meet the first hand cart companies, and the number rapidly increased until the living tide lined and thronged South Temple Square."

ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE

"The procession reached the Public Square about sun-set, where the Lancers, bands, and carriages and those on horseback were formed in a line facing the line of hand carts, and after a few remarks by President Young accompanied by his blessings, the spectators and escorts retired, and the hand cart pioneers pitched their tents at the end of a walk and pull of over 1300 miles.

"The journey had been performed with less than the average amount of mortality attending ox trains, and although somewhat fatigued, they stepped forth with alacrity to the last, and appeared buoyant and cheerful. They had often traveled twenty-five to thirty miles a day, and would have made it in less time had they not had to wait on the slow motion of the oxen attached to the few wagons containing the tents and groceries." (Andres Jensen)

Time and distance considered, they traveled not over eleven miles a day.

Nancy Jane took up the double burden and responsibility of a fatherless family in a strange land and with faith and determination fared the future.

In March 28 in 1857 Nancy Jane McFerren McCleve married David Ellsworth of Payson, Utah, and went to live at Payson. He was a

Horticulturist. By this marriage she was blessed with two children. Diana Jane was born May 14, 1808, and Davisel was born April 2, 1860.

Later they moved to Southern Utah settling in Harrisburg. While here she experienced one of the great sorrows of her life in the tragic death of her oldest son, John, but she was comforted by Apostle Erastus Snow, who promised her that her son John would yet stand in his allotted place in his father's family. We are happy to know the family group sheet of John and Nancy Jane McCleve is now complete.

When the St. George Temple first opened for work for the dead in 1877 Nancy Jane went to this House of the Lord and was sealed to her husband for eternity, and also performed work for many of her kindred dead.

She died in Toquerville, Utah, at the home of her daughter, Diana Allen.

Her children Diana Jane Ellsworth married Orvil Allen and Davisel Ellsworth married Emma Jane Holliday. Margaret McCleve married Mosiah L. Hancock; Mary Jane, my grandmother who was 16 when they crossed the plains, married Dr. Pretty Meeks. Isabell married D. R. Mott; Joseph Smith married Susan Oler; Eliza married James Henry Ellsworth.

Alexander Gilmore McCleve, the baby boy she lifted upon the hand cart as she left her husband's newly made grave, married Emma Cecelia Jennings, daughter of Henry Jennings and Ann Morgan, born September 23, 1856, near Bridger, Wyoming, while crossing the plains in Captain John Bank's ox train from Ohio.

Twiss Bermingham was elected first clerk of the Samuel Curling Ship and kept the history of the emigrants who sailed in the Samuel Curling from Liverpool, England, and crossed the plains in the first two hand cart companies. Captain Ellsworth's Company had left Iowa June 9, 1856, and McArthurs June 11, 1856, and landed in Salt Lake Valley September 26, 1856.

The original of his diary was in the possession of Rutledge Bermingham Barry of New York City, his grandson, and many years ago was published in an American Legion Magazine.

According to the American Legion Magazine, "In training, education and background, Twiss Bermingham was far above the average mormon convert. A graduate of the University of Dublin, a protestant, he had served as private secretary to a British official. Unattracted by the dull routine of Government service, ambitious for his growing family, he staked his limited capital on this venture in the new world at the age of 24."

Following is a copy of the diary with notes by Samuel Taylor Moore:

THE DIARY

12th April 1856: Left Dublin bound for Zion. Kate and children all sick on the passage to Liverpool. After ranging the streets for some time, found Brother Chapman who gave us lodgings and brought our luggage to his house for which we had to pay 5/6. Went to meeting in the morning to the Center Branch. Heard Brother Wheelock and others speak. Went in the evening again and heard Brother Capt. Dan Jones and Brother Wheelock and others. Brother Jones addressed the Saints in English and Welsh, members from both countries being present.

13th April: Passed a very unpleasant night in Chapman's having been bit by bugs all night and found both my eyes fearfully swelled in the morning. Went to the office 36 Islington, but could not easily settle my passage in consequence of their being very busy. Moved from Chapman's to a fresh lodging.

14th April: Walked through the most part of Liverpool and saw the principal buildings, St. George's Hall and others.

17th April: Left the lodgings and went on board the S. Curling, in the Wellington Dock.

18th April: Ship still in dock taking in cargo and passenger's luggage.

19th April: The ship was towed out of dock into the Mersey and cast anchor until 12 o'clock. Tug-boat came alongside and brought Brother Franklin D. Richards and others of the Valley Elders amongst whom were Brothers Scott and McGhee, bringing Sister Brannigan who went to Belfast a week previous to avoid being taken by her parents who wished to prevent her going with the Saints.

All hands had to come on deck to pass the Doctor and the Govt. Inspector. After passing and going below, I was sent for by Brother Franklin, who gave me his parting blessing and expressed a wish to serve me when he came to Zion. Remained at anchor in the river until next morning when the Captain of the Ship and Brother Capt. Dan Jones, the President of the Ship, came on board. We passed the doctor again in the general muster on deck. The tug towed the ship out to sea and left about 2 o'clock P.M., carrying back letters for posts. Wrote to my uncle and Tom, and received a letter from my uncle and one from Brother Bond. Very little wind. Ship running

about 2 miles an hour. Held an organization council on deck, but afterwards went below to the hospital.

President Jones presiding, the following rules and regulations were adopted:

1st Presiding:

Elder Dan Jones--President; Elder John Oakly--Counsellor, Elder David Grant--Counsellor.

The ship was then divided into 11 wards, and I was elected 1st Clerk of the ship. Elder Thos. Thomas to preside over the 1st Ward. John Edwards 2d Ward. John Parry 3d Ward. Job Welling 4th Ward. John McDonald 5th Ward. James Thomas 6th Ward. Evans Evans 7th Ward. Richard Williams 8th Ward. William Butler 9th Ward. John Lewis 10th Ward. John Walters 11th Ward. Brother Wilson to be 2nd or assisting Clerk.

The resolutions passed were, that the President of each ward have a sufficient number of men up every morning to wash and clean under and before each berth in his ward, and to have it finished and prayers over at 6 o'clock. Any neglect of the rules passed by the council or presiding, the President of the ward will be held responsible and will be liable to be tried by a council of his brethren.

The cook house to be open to receive the 1st and 2d wards at 6 o'clock for cooking breakfast. 3d and 5th ward to cook from 6½ to 7, 4th and 6th 7 to 7½, 7th and 8th 7½ to 8, 9th and 10 and 11th 8 to 9.

Dinner to follow the same rotation, commencing at 11 o'clock and ending at 3. Supper or Tea, same rotation commencing at 4½ and ending at 7½, when the gallery fires are to be put out.

Prayers are to be over in each ward at 8 o'clock P.M., and the President of each ward to have a teachers' meeting within this time, say to commence at ½8.

In order to prevent disease, the Presidents are to have the Saints go on deck as much as possible.

There were many other resolutions passed with regard to the regulation of the Saints in the different wards, one of which was that the Hospital be allotted to Brother Jones and the Clerks for an Office, and that we keep all sickness out of the ship.

20th April--Sunday: Still a calm. Off the Welsh Coast. A general assembly on deck. President Jones addressed the meeting and his counsellors also spoke.

21st April: Still a calm. In carnarvon Bay, off the Welsh Coast.

22 April: During the night we had a nice breeze, which left us on the Wexford coast, Ireland, where we are perfectly becalmed.

23d April: Wind a little fresher this morning. Running at 5 miles an hour. Called for night watch and appointed sergeant of the watch. During my watch I found one of the sentries asleep. Relieved by Brother Payne at one o'clock.

24th April: A good and favorable wind. Ship making 12 miles an hour. Kate and children sick. Self sick, and all on board unless the crew and Captain Jones.

25th April: A wind still favorable. Ship running 15 miles. Passengers still all sick. Between decks in a horrid mess, and ship rolling perpetually. Paid the Captain's cook to cook for me during the voyage, it being almost impossible to get anything cooked at the passengers' galley fire, from the number of passengers and the

smallness of the cooking stoves.

Appointed by the President Star and book agent for the passage, he having bought a few numbers of the Star from Liverpool in advance and some books.

Note: This was the celebrated Mormon newspaper "Millennial Star."

26th April: Favorable wind all day. Nearly all the Saints on deck. Paid Brother Jones for the Stars and books sold and returned those unsold, received fifty Stars more to sell. Week's provisions given out. 9 o'clock P.M., all well on board.

27th April--Sunday: A small bird, a swallow or martin, flew on deck and fell down panting, caught by the carpenter of the ship, who gave it to the Captain. The Captain said it flew from land which was 700 or 800 miles from Cape Clear. Favorable wind and ship running well. Addressed the Saints at the evening meeting, being called on by the President. A general meeting held today on deck. Volunteered to assist to wash and clean the ward in the morning.

28th April: Passed a very sleepless night. Water coming down on my berth all night. A child died, 17 months old, this morning, and was thrown overboard at 8 o'clock P.M. Head wind, Ship running about 6 miles an hour.

29th April: Very stormy. Another child died this morning.

30th April: Blowing a gale. Very many of the passengers sick again, owing to the roughness of the sea. Two births, a boy and a girl, which leaves the number of passengers the same as when we started.

1st May: Getting passengers to sign the Bonds, required by the Permanent Emigration Fund Co.

2d May: Getting passengers to sign bonds but obliged to leave

off in consequence of the roughness of the sea. Sister Laurenson fainted by recovered immediately on being administered to. Sea and storm rose so high that the boxes which were lashed broke from their fastenings and ran all over the ship. A boy fell down one of the hatches and was much hurt.

3d May: A fearful storm last night. Two sails carried away. The Captan of the ship said he never witnessed such a storm, although he was 20 years at sea. Slept none all night. Oblighed to hold the children, one under each arm, to prevent their being thrown out of bed. 12 o'clock: Storm still raging, and a great many people sick from the pitching and rolling of the vessel. A general prayer meeting at the middle hatch for calmer weather and a more prosperous voyage.

4th May--Sunday: Passed a good night. Slept well. Vessel making very little progress. Wind dead ahead. A sacrament meeting between decks and another meeting at 7½ in the evening.

5th May: Called last night, just as I was going to bed, to be captain of the watch for the night. Went on guard at one o'clock. Came off at 6. Nothing particlar transpired during the night.

6th May: Head winds and stormy. Many very sea sick.

7th May: Head winds. Vessel rocking very much.

8th May: A child died this morning.

9th May: Stormy for the whole day. Another child died this morning. A "gentile" passenger made a great deal of noise and was dragged from the young females' part of the ship where he secreted himself and put into his own berth. Brother Lucas and myself placed as a guard upon the single women"s quarters for the balance of the voyage to prevent any such recurrence.

Note: It is of record that the Curling made port at Boston. That there are no further entries in the diary until the start of the handcart trek possibly is due to the press of duties which would fall to the lot of a clerk- Mormon records, the execution of immigration paper, etc. It is probable that entries are lacking for the train journey to Iowa City because immigrants were herded like cattle into cramped quarters and frequent changes of cars were necessary. There is also evidence that the camp at Iowa City was not up to the usual Mormon standards in organization and discipline, which is understandable by reason of the fact that the handcart trains represented a new experiment.

Iowa City, Iowa, 11th June: Left town with the hand carts. Traveled 8 miles. Camped at 9 mile house.

12th June: Travelled 12 miles. Started at 9½ o'clock and camped at 1 o'clock. Very hot day and windy. The dust flew so thick that we could not see each other 1 yard distant. Before we left, I was appointed President of a tent. This day was so very severe that Brother Laurenson and myself with out families thought we could not go on with safety to ourselves and families and drag hand carts with about 250 lbs. of luggage on them and so determined on returning to Iowa City to try to procure a team to go through with.

13th June: Left the camp and paid 5 dollars to a teamster to take us back. Arrived at Iowa City at 8 o'clock. Found it very difficult to procure lodging. Saw Brother Ferguson at the camp who encouraged me to follow the company.

14th June: Overtook the company at Little Bear Creek, 36 miles from Iowa City.

16th June: Started at 7 o'clock A.M. Camped at ¼7 o'clock. Travelled 15 miles. Day very hot. Bro. Laurenson fainted under his cart.

17th June: Started at 7½ o'clock. Camped at 3 o'clock. Travelled 15 miles.

18th June: Started at 6 o'clock. Camped at 10 o'clock. Travelled 10 miles.

19th June: Started at 7 o'clock. Camped at 2 o'clock. at Elk Creek. Travelled 12 miles.

20th June: Left the camp at 7 o'clock. Camped at 4½ at Indian Creek, 14 miles.

21st June: Started at 7½. Camped at South Skunk Creek. Travelled 14 miles. A child died this morning was buried under a tree.

22d June--Sunday: Remained at South Skunk Creek.

23d June: Started at 7¼. Camped at 10 o'clock, at the 4 mile Creek. 10 miles.

24th June: Started at 7½. Camped at 4 o'clock. 13 miles.

25th June: Started at 7¼, camped on the North Coon River at 4½. 19 miles. A German sister fainted on the road today.

26th: Started at 7¼ o'clock. Camped at 2½ at the Middle Coon River. 12 miles.

27th June: Started at 7½ o'clock. Camped at South Coon River. 9 miles.

28th June: Started at 6½ o'clock. Camped at Middle Coon River at 3½. 16 miles. Sister Laurenson fainted on the road today.

29th--Sunday: Remained in Camp.

30th June: Started at 63/4 o'clock. Camped at Turkey Grove. 10½ miles. This day Brother Arthur stopped at a Town, himself and his family as he could not draw his handcart any further.

1st July: Started at ½8. Camped at the head of Turkey Creek. 14 miles. Very Tired. A boy, 8 years old, lost onthe road, son of Brother Parker. Storm, thunder and lightning raged fearfully all night.

Blew up part of our tent and wet all our clothes through. Lay all night in our wet clothes until morning with the water running under us in streams.

2nd July: Three of the Brethren started in search of the boy. Just returned but found no trace of him. Remained all day encamped. Went on the cattle guard at 10 o'clock.

3d July: Started at 5 o'clock and camped at 7¼, after a long and tedious journey of 25 miles. Some of the Brethren fainted on the road and were carried into camp in the ox-team. I nearly fainted myself from exhaustion, but plucked up courage and never let go the handcart. Several of the Sisters and children belonging to Captain Elsworth's company, having going astray, there were some of the Brethren sent out in search of them. Returned into camp at 4 o'clock in the morning with all those who were lost.

4th July: Started at 6 o'clock and travelled 22 miles. Camped on Silver Creek. One of the brethren fainted under his handcart today. One of the brethren shot a tame Elk for which he had to pay 50 dollars--rather an expensive shot.

5th July: Remained all day in camp.

6th July--Sunday: All day in camp. Brother Parker returned to the camp this morning having found his boy, whom he brought with him. The boy slept all night under a tree in the forest and felt not the dreadful thunderstorm which raged on that night. The next morning he made his way to a farmer's house, some 9 miles distant. The farmer took care of him until his father found him. Attended meeting today and heard several of the Elders speak.

7th July: Left Silver Creek at ¼8, and had a very fatiguing journey of 20 miles. After 10 miles, 2 families gave out, being frightened at getting nothing for 3 days but Indian corn stirabout.

They stopped at a farm house to work for 2 dollars per day and food. I feel really sore in my inside from eating nothing else for the above time, without anything with it, either milk or anything else.

8th July: Started from Cruskato Creek at 6½ o'clock and travelled 20 miles. Camped at the Mormon camp at Florence City at 7½ o'clock. The company generally very fatigued. Found some of Brother Elsworth's company lying insensible on the road. This day we travelled through a beautiful country and passed Council Bluffs, which put me in mind of the mountains of Killarney, Ireland. We saw the place where a great number of the Saints were driven from in 1848, and the little graveyard with many of the crude tombstones, on which one could scarcely read the names of some of our brethren who had fallen, perhaps by the hand of some ruffians. The homes in which they had lived were nearly all dilapidated and the tabernacle was a perfect ruin. When it was in good order it must have accommodated nearly 1000 people. At about 5 o'clock we reached the River Missouri, over which we were ferried by a small steamer.

Note: This camp originally was founded as the winter camp of the Mormons after the Saints were driven from Nauvoo. Until the transcontinental railroad was pushed beyond, it served as the final forwarding station west of the Missouri River.

9th July: Camp all well. Several of the Brethren gone to work during the time they remain here.

10th July: Went to work myself to dig a well, but was only employed for one day for which I got $2. I was not sorry that the job was finished as my hands were in one flake of blisters, I had to work so hard. I found it somewhat worse than drawing the handcart.

11th July: Went to Omaha to get a glass in my watch and went afterwards about 2 miles further on to see Sister Brannigan who was sewing at a farmer's house for $3 per week and her board. On way I met with a camp of Indians, the Omahas. Went into their camp but they speak but very little English. They were very friendly. There were about 60 of them. The men are fine looking fellows but the women and children were very plain looking and dirty and perfectly naked.

Brother Brower who was with me gave them some money.

12th July: Went on camp guard from 9 o'clock P.M. till 12½.

13th July: Went again to Omaha to get another glass in my watch, having broke the last one, paid 50 cents for glasses each time.

14th July: Went to Bluffs City--10 miles--to try and sell my watch that I might buy a cow but did not succeed.

15th July: The Sisters Lucas left the camp for good and went to Bluffs City to service, being determined not to go any further with the handcarts.

15th July: Brother Lucas took a lot of ground in the City to build a house on, and got a farm of 350 acres of land 10 miles out on the prairie. He got all for nothing, simply for settling down on it. I was offered the same and a school with a yearly stipend if I would stop and take charge of it but of course I knew better than that. This day a German sister died of fever, 6 days' sickness.

16th July: Brother Reid shot in the leg by a "Gentile."

17th July: Brother Elsworth's company went out.

18th July: The Welsh company is coming in tomorrow.

20th July: The Welsh company came in today, 300 in number. Fifty stopped on the road.

21st July: Some of Brother Elsworth's company came back and said they would not go any farther.

22d July: Spoke to Brother Lucas and tried to get him to come on but no use. He said he would not go any farther, this year.

23d July: Six of us carried in 800 bags of flour into the store. Hard work rather.

24th July: Left Florence. Travelled 7 miles.

25th July: Travelled 20 miles, to Elkhorn River, where we found a camp of Indians, many of whom came to meet us and were very friendly. The chief took my cart and drew it into camp about ¼ mile and although a tall strong looking man, it made the perspiration run down his face until it dropped on the ground. Many of the Indians got drunk in the night and commenced fighting among themselves, but not knowing what they were at we were all called out of our beds and ordered to load our guns. After watching for some time, all became quiet and we returned again to the arms of Morpheus. In the morning we heard that one of the Indians had been shot in the arm by one of his fellows, which we soon verified, their sending over to our camp to know if we had a doctor amongst us. Brother Eatkin went and dressed it.

26th July: Crossed Elkhorn River by means of a very roughly constructed ferry. For the conveyance of us over, the company had to pay $6. Travelled 15 miles without any water until we came to the Platte River, where the water was a joyful sight to many, being 6 or 7 hours under the burning sun without a drop to cool our tongues.

27th July: Camped all day on the north bend of the Platte. Took a dose of castor oil which sickened me very much and kept me cantering for a long time.

28th July: Rather weak this morning and terribly annoyed by two boils, one of my jaw about as big as pigeon egg and another on the calf of my leg which torments me very much when drawing the handcart.

29th July: Boils very sore this morning but must draw on the cart still. With such sores at home I would lie upon two chairs and never stir until they were healed. Started early this morning and travelled 20 miles.

30th July: Started early this morning and travelled 12 miles to Loup-fork ferry, over which we had to ferry the cars and wagons and women and children. It was really funny to see some 50 of the Brethren hauling a large ferry boat over this ferry and when they would come to a deep place in the stream, all make a rush to get on to the boat, some succeeding, some tumbling in and others obliged to swim for it. It took 3½ hours to ferry all over. Camped on the other side.

31st July: Left Loup-fork and travelled 20 miles without water. I was so exhausted with my sores and the labour of pulling that I was obliged to lie down for a few hours after arriving in camp before I could do anything. Kate was also so tired and fatigued out that she was glad to get lying down without any supper and I was not able to cook any for ourselves so we were obliged to do with a bit of bread and a pint of milk. This is the quantity of milk we have been allowed morning and evening since we left Florence. Sometimes it is less. Rather little for 5 persons.

While travelling this day, often was I near falling on the road for want of water, and with fatigue. Many did fall right down and some had to put into the wagons but many were obliged to wait until they recovered a little and foot it again. 8 o'clock when we got into camp.

1st August: 23 miles over a bad road. No water, only what we carried. Sister Hardy from Scotland fainted on the road today.

2d August: Started early this morning and travelled 28 miles over a very bad road, having to pull the carts through heavy sand, sometimes for miles. We were obliged to carry water with us today. Camped on the open prairie without either wood or water and consequently had to go to bed supperless.

3d August- Sunday: Started at 5 o'clock without any breakfast and had to pull the carts through 6 miles of heavy sand. Some places the wheels were up to the boxes and I was so weak from thirst and hungar and being exhausted with the pain of the boils that I was obliged to lie down several times, and many others had to do the same. Some fell down. I was very much grieved today, so much so that I thought my heart would burst--sick--and poor Kate--at the same time--crawling on her hands and knees, and the children crying with hungar and fatigue. I was obliged to take the children and put them on the hand cart and urge them along the road in order to make them keep up. About 12 o'clock a thunder storm came on, and the rain fell in torrents. In our tent we were standing up to our knees in water and every stitch we had was the same as if we were dragged through the river. Rain continued until 8 o'clock the following morning.

Note: There are no entries from August 4th to 12th inclusive.

13th August: Started out at 10 o'clock and Kate was obliged to travel all day without a shift and nothing on but a shal and petticoat and those half wet. Had to travel over a great many sand hills and camped on the wet ground in a wet blanket as well as to go to bed supperless. No wood to make a fire and very bad water. Went on the camp guard from 12 o'clock till 4.

14th August: Started at 5½ o'clock without any breakfast. Travelled 8 miles and halted at the River Platte. Got breakfast and

dried all our wet clothes and then travelled 14 miles more. A few days previous to this we met a man coming from California. He was deserted on the plains by his companions, who left him with nothing but a shirt and trousers which he had on. He was making his way as fast as he could to Council Bluffs. He was then 200 miles from it. We gave him some bread.

15th August: Travelled 17 miles--5 miles sand.

16th August: Started this morning before breakfast at 4½ o'clock. Stopped at 8 o'clock for breakfast. This morning an old woman belonging to our company was bitten by a rattlesnake in the leg and before half an hour her leg swelled to four times its thickness. She was administered to by the Elders and we started again, but unfortunately as we were starting another old woman was run over by one of the wagons. The front wheel went over her thighs and the back sheels over her shins,, and a singular to say, although the wagon was laden with 32 cxt. of flour, not one of her bones was broken. This day we had the most severe day's journey we had since we started and travelled over 20 miles of heavy sand hills or bluffs. Besides having to ford many streams. All seemed to be fully worn out when they got into camp.

17th August: Sunday: In camp all day. Spent the day mending my boots, and Kate was washing. This day, a German Sister died.

18th August: Buried the girl and started out of camp at 5½ o'clock. Travelled 20 miles. 10 miles of sand today and had to ford 6 streams.

19th-20th-21st-22d-23- August: These five days we travelled at the rate of about 22 miles per day. Some days starting as early as 5 o'clock and never after 7. Most of these days we had heavy

sandy roads. Sometimes for ten miles at a time.

August 24th--Sunday: Camped all day at Chimney Rock. Spent the day mending my clothes and baking and cooking while Kate was washing and mending the children's clothes. On the 22d while we were on the road travelling, we were overtaken by a very heavy thunderstorm which wet us all to the skin, but as soon as it was over we went at it again and made a journey of 7 or 8 miles before we camped and then there being no firewood to cook, the Buffalo chips being all wet. We had to ford 20 streams this week.

25th--26th- 27th--August: Very heavy travelling through sand all the time at about 19 miles per day.

28th August: After travelling 12 miles through sand, came to Fort Laramie where after crossing the river and getting some wet trousers and petticoats we remained all night. Passed many camps of Indians, all peaceable.

29th--30th August: These two days we travelled 50 miles. The 30th we crossed the Platte again to the north side . Remained in camp all day.

31st August: Travelled 29 miles and crossed the Platte over to the south side.

1st--2d- 3d- September: Travelled at about 25 miles a day. On the 2d lost a German boy.

4th Sept: Crossed Muddy Creek and travelled 20 miles and late in the eving forded the Platte again for the last time, for five days we were not in camp for an hour after night and we were always up at daybreak preparing to start at 5. We met the wagons at Deer Creek which were sent with flour from the Valley to meet us. There

There were 5 wagons, one for each Company and each wagon had 1000 lbs. of flour in them. Two started for the Valley with our Company. German boy's father died.

Sept. 5th: Very wet today. Could not start it rained so much. Snow four feet deep on the mountains all around us.

Sept. 21st: From the 5th to the 21st, nothing particular occurred save the meetings of some wagons of flour from the valley for which we will have to pay at the rate of 18 cents per lb. when we get to the city.

Passed Independence Rock. Crossed Green River which we had to ford with many smaller ones. Met some other wagons and people coming to meet their friends in the Company. Travelled at the rate of about 25 miles per day. Two days we travelled 32 miles each. Camped last night at Fort Bridger where we remained until 10 o'clock today. We are now 113 miles from the city. Henry Bouning fell down and fainted yesterday under the hand cart from fatigue. Had to be carried into camp which we did not reach untill 10 o'clock at night.

TRIBUTES GIVEN TO NAOMI JENSEN

FEBRUARY 15, 1987

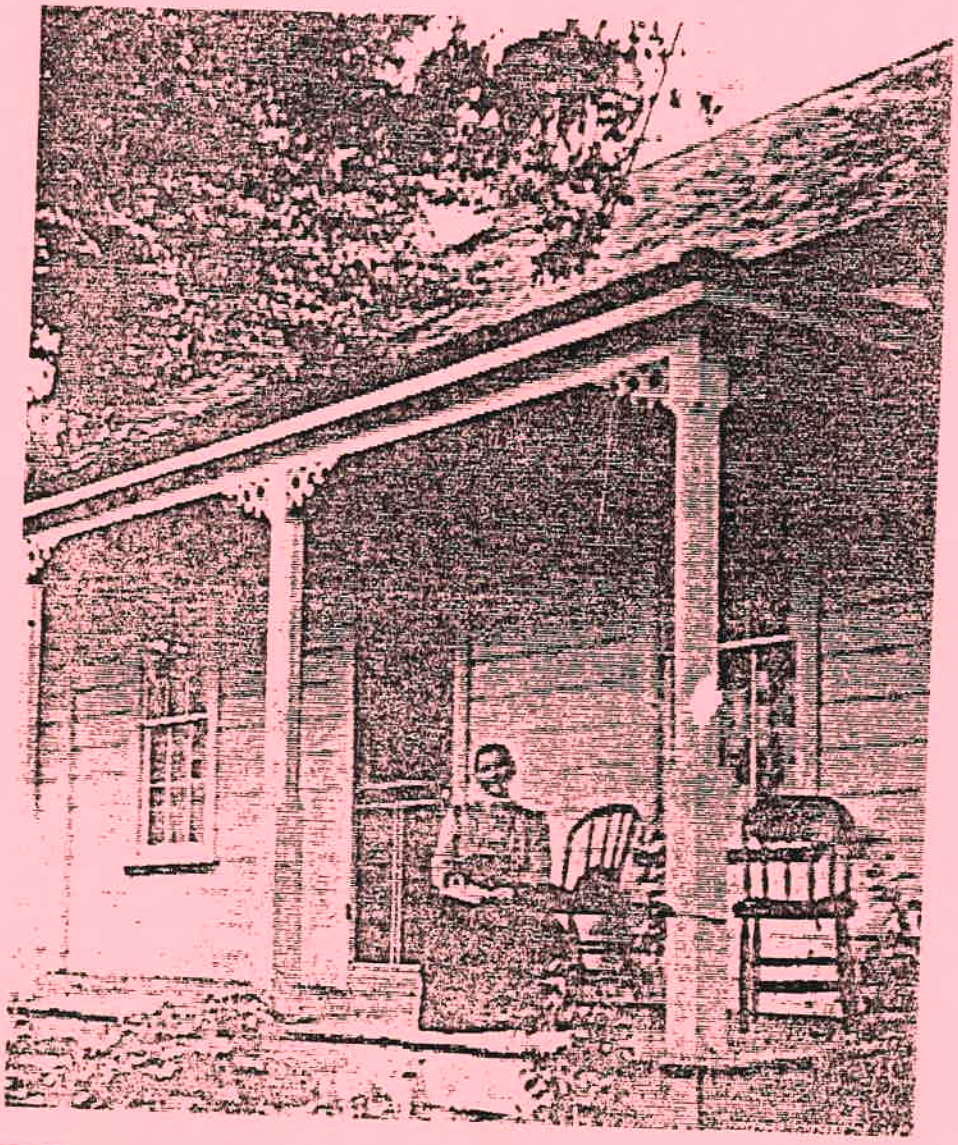
EMERY COUNTY NURSING HOME

IN CELEBRATION OF HER BIRTHDAY

From the Emerald Isle to Orderville
The Story of

Mary Jane McCleve

Convert, Handcart Girl, Pioneer, Midwife, Mother



From the Emerald Isle to Orderville
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The ancient symbols of eternal or everlasting life are the color green, the jewel, the emerald and evergreen trees. It is interesting that Ireland is nicknamed the Emerald Isle. Maybe the desire for eternal life was part of that heritage.

This beautiful island with its peaceful, pastoral scenes was also a land of human conflicts, a land of contrasts, the few wealthy and the many poor, churches against other churches and the Irish against their English rulers.

In the 1840's and 50's there were three million Catholic Irish, the Protestant and Anglo-Irish numbered one half million and the Scotch Irish Presbyterians, mainly living in Northern Ireland, were nearly a million in number.

Due to British control the minority Anglo group controlled the government and commerce of the Island. This group of Protestants had a monopoly on every political office. A Catholic could not be a member of Parliament, a king's counsel, or a judge. At the same time, the Catholics and Presbyterians paid 500,000 pounds a year for the upkeep of the State Church.

The McCleve family as well as Mary Jane's mother, Nancy Jane McFerrin's family had been in County Down for several generations. This county with Belfast as its capital city was in the northeast corner of Ireland.

The proximity to Scotland, which is just across the Irish sea gave this area close ties to the Scots. Many of them had sailed across the narrow sea to settle in Ireland. Due to the McCleve, McFerrin, McHarry names in their genealogy, it would be safe to assume that their ancestry traces back to the Scottish clans. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians were the business men and farmers of this northeast corner of Ireland. We might also assume that the McCleve's were part of this Scott-Irish minority.

The date of Mary Jane's birth has some question marks--was it 1839 or 1840? The records submitted to the Church for temple work have the year 1839. However, the ship register has Mary Jane as 15 as does the handcart record. As the ship sailed April 19, 1856--this would make her birth year as 1840--she would not have been 16 for several months, as all agree that her birthdate was August 21st. Other writings by both Priddy and Mary Jane have her as being 16 years or in her seventeenth year at the time of their marriage in November of 1856.

No matter the year, to her descendants the actuality of her birth has been a great blessing. Her strength of character, her cheery personality and her love of the restored gospel has left its mark on her posterity.

Her parents John and Nancy McCleve investigated the doctrines of a new religion claiming to be the old religion restored to the earth, with a living prophet, revelation, priesthood authority and the fullness of the gospel. After prayerful study they received their testimonies and were baptized in June of 1841, when Mary Jane was a baby.

They became members at a time when it was unpopular to do so. John's family, opposed his joining and had little contact thereafter. Nancy was the only one of her family to join but they still were close until their move to Zion.

Mary Jane grew up in the gospel and often met together and studied the gospel principles.[1] Thus, on August 21, 1851 she and her three older sisters Sarah, Catherine and Margaret were baptized in the Irish sea. Of this occasion she said, "Our baptism took place after dark while the chilly evening sea breeze nipped at our wet skin and clothes."[2] They were baptized at night, to avoid disruption of the service and persecution.

As they studied the gospel, it became evident to the family that they should move to Zion and help in its establishment. It was about this time that the first compilation of the Pearl of Great Price was printed in England. In Moses 7:19 it says, speaking of the people of Enoch, "And the Lord called his people Zion because they were of one heart and one mind, and dwelt in righteousness; and there was no poor among them." This people then were able to build a Zion City. There were more references

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[1]Handcart, pp. 2

[2]Ibid, pp. 2

to Zion in the Latter-day scriptures than any other subject. In addition, it was sung about in many hymns. The desire for political and religious freedom and the opportunity to own their own piece of land, was part of this dream of Zion. Also throughout Europe, there had been a potato blight, destroying one of their major sources for food. The blight came to Ireland in the 1840's. The total deaths in Ireland from starvation and disease during the five years from 1846 to 1851, the year of Mary Jane's baptism was close to a million people. In the decade starting in 1847, one and a half million people emigrated from that ancient Island. Mary Jane said, "Even though these were trying times, we were happy with our new religion and kept hoping we could go to Zion."[3]

At this time, her father was the overseer of a large plantation owned by an Irish Lord named Alexander Gilmore. "He was a fine man, very kind and gracious and my parents had great admiration for him."[4] Even though John McCleve had a good job, it was hard to save enough money to take a large family to Zion. John worked nights making and mending shoes. Nancy worked as a dressmaker and the children pitched in with any type of work available. At this time, the baby Daniel Bell became ill and died. This put a damper on their spirits and made it harder to leave.

In 1853, they were able to get enough money to send Sarah, age 20 and Catherine age 18 with a group of Saints. They sailed in the ship, Falcon, to New Orleans then up the river and over the plains by wagon train to Salt Lake City. Soon after their arrivals, Catherine married Phineas W. Cook and

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[3]Handcart, pp. 2

[4]Handcart, pp. 2

Sarah married John Young, brother of Brigham Young. Here the line of providence that Priddy Meeks mentions in his journal, begins to connect the Meeks and McCleve families.

On February 24, 1854, a little boy, Alexander Gilmore McCleve, named for the Irish lord was born. Gilmore was pleased and gave the baby many presents. Later he sent a velvet suit to the little boy way over the ocean in Utah.

With their savings growing and hearing from the Elders, about the new idea of handcart travel, they decided to make this great leap of faith the next year. After Christmas 1855, they began selling their furniture and all the extra things they could not take. Mary Jane said "After that, it seemed that every few hours someone came to our home to either look at the pieces,to discourage us from leaving or to encourage us to go."[5]

Being young and full of life, the trip excited her but thoughts of leaving Ireland, friends, and relatives would fill her with worry and concern. Her family had a good job, in a beautiful countryside. Her parent's families especially the McFerrin's and McHarry's were nearby and she enjoyed the family visits. They were not leaving because of the economic conditions, they were leaving because of their testimonies of the restored gospel and the dream of Zion.

During her last year in Ireland, Mary Jane met a nice looking young man whom she really liked. This young lad joined the Church and they had even discussed marriage when he came to Zion the next

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[5]Handcart, pp. 3

year. He gave her a silk scarf which she wore as she left Ireland to Liverpool, England on the ship, "Enoch Train", which is depicted in the Church history museum on West Temple.

In later years speaking of this relationship she said, "It probably was a good thing that he never came to, Utah because I am sure that he was not the one I was to marry."[6]

Mary Jane's personality was like the effervescent rivers and streams of her native Ireland, as they ran swiftly to the sea. Her character was as firm as the craggy, rock cliffs of County Down, standing firm against the countless waves, continually pounding against them. The substance of who she became was forged in the Emerald Isle, fired by the spirit, as it testified to her of the truthfulness of the restored gospel. Strengthened and tempered by the adversities and experiences of life, as she emigrated across the Atlantic Ocean to a new land, handcart travel over the 1,200 miles of the great plains to the Rocky Mountains and marriage to an older man, as a second wife, as directed by the Spirit. The polishing that comes from giving birth to ten children, raising a family, serving her people as a midwife and living the gospel, as she assisted her husband in pioneering a raw, new land.

As the ship "Enoch Train", moved slowly out of the harbor, till the wind filled the sails then speedily moved out to sea, Mary Jane stood in silence drinking in the last view of her beloved Emerald Isle.

In Liverpool, there was the hustle and bustle of moving themselves and their possessions to the ship, "Samuel Curling." While her father registered he and his wife and seven children, the others stowed

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[6]Handcart, pp. 4

their gear and found a berth for the family. Many sea captains liked to have Mormons on board. No ship with a company of Saints was known to go down at sea. Also, the Saints were well organized and disciplined.

The 707 members on the ship were under the direction of Elder Dan Jones, known for his friendship with Joseph Smith, having been in the jail the night before Joseph's martyrdom. There were eleven wards of about 70 each with a presiding Elder. The important tasks were assigned a time and those to accomplish it,such as washing, cleaning, cooking, prayers and meeting times.

The excitement of the adventure was soon overridden by sea sickness, home sickness and the busy work schedule. It's one thing to watch the waves of the sea from the safety of the shore, when they fill one with awe, but something else to be on a small sailing ship, a mere chip in a sea, where you see nothing but crashing waves in every direction.

The voyage was difficult, full of trials and sickness. On May 3rd, they were enveloped in a fierce storm that almost capsized the ship. But the passengers sang and prayed. Exercised faith and survived.

At Boston, when her father went to purchase train tickets, there wasn't enough money for seats in a passenger car. So, for $11.00 for ages 15 and older and $5.50 for 14 and younger, they rode all

the way to Iowa City, Iowa in the luggage car. Speaking of this experience, Mary Jane said, "We were packed in like sardines but we reached our destination with some cash left over."[7]

In Iowa, the family decided to try the new experimental handcart as a means to get to Zion. This was less expensive and possibly faster than wagon train. Besides, there were no trains leaving and it was important to leave in time to beat the early storms in the Rockies. An old saying on the Oregon and Mormon trails was, "If you see yellow leaves in Wyoming, you'll never live to see Oregon."

Even though someone might try to explain how difficult a trial may be, you don't really understand until you experience it. There was no way these Irish and English Saints could understand, or be prepared mentally for the long trek to Zion. Their green, rain watered small islands could not compare to the wide open spaces of the great plains. The huge distances, the dust, the quick thunderstorms, the heat of the days and the coolness of the nights, or the tremendous effort and energy to move themselves and 500 pounds of possessions, belongings, etc. in a 60 pound cart.

Many possessions had to be left to provide room for necessities. Mary Jane "began to wonder if they would reach their destination with anything but the clothes on our back."[8]

The handcart groups were also formed into companies and organized into smaller groups. The McCleve's were in the second company under the direction of Daniel D. McArthur. One of the songs

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[7]Handcart, pp. 7

[8]Handcart, pp. 8

they sang to lift their spirits, was the handcart song written by J.D.T McAllister, the missionary who had baptized Mary Jane and her two older sisters. In this company were several families of Saints, whose lives became intertwined together by the line of providence in very special ways. They were the McCleve's, the Heaton's, the Bowers, and the McAllister's.

Speaking of the journey, Esther Heaton, wife of William wrote, "The McCleve family, along with another (Elliker) shared a big sleeping tent with us at night. Fifteen year old Mary Jane McCleve carried my baby many an afternoon, for she was a strong, healthy Irish girl whose friendly teasing cheered the hearts of all who walked near her."[9]

Just about 11 days into the journey, Brother James Bowers who had become weakened by the exertion and sickness, died and was buried near Fort Des Moines, Iowa. William Heaton spoke to the combined Ellsworth and McAllister companies exhorting them to persevere in the journey. Esther writes, "Oh, how my heart ached for Sister Bowers, as she gathered her children around her and went bravely forward...the next morning."[10]

Mary Jane was kept busy helping her family and the Heaton's. Her brother Alexander was two, the Heaton's had a baby five months old and a boy, Christopher age three. She carried the Heaton baby much of the time or helped the two little boys. Taking them by the hand and helping them along, or at other times, she would assist her parents or the Heaton's pulling or pushing the handcarts.

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[9]Esther's children, pp.2

[10]Esther, pp. 2

Sometimes giving the little ones a ride on the cart, which was against company rules. The heat, the contaminated water, the lack of food, took its toll on the strength of those who had to work so hard moving the carts along.

One morning, William Heaton was to weak to travel but he bravely tried. According to Esther, "He turned pale and haggard. As the heavy miles unrolled slowly behind us, his footsteps lagged and he stumbled behind the pulling bar. Weakly he stepped aside and sagged in a stupor beside the trail."

Esther felt that her heart would break as she had to leave her husband at the side of the trail. She wanted to stay behind but that was against the rules and would have cost more lives. William encouraged her to go on while he rested. Friends assisted Sister Heaton while her thoughts were in a turmoil of anger at God. Then, the testimony that brought them this far asserted itself; she prayed for her husband and family. Esther, speaking of those who helped said, "Mary Jane shifted the baby onto her shoulder and took the hand of my clinging little boy and teased him into skipping in great leaps over the dry brush. 'There you go, Chris lad, be a wild pony playing in the sun, leaping high bushes and sailing over the streams.' He laughed happily and leapt again. 'There's a spry one,' she encouraged." Towards the end of this most difficult and trying day, Esther said, "Mary Jane, after camp is made this night, will you return with me to William's resting place? If he is still alive help me to bring him into camp. You are strong and able and I need...

Her answer was quickly given, "Aye, that I will, Esther, I've been thinking that we must do something. He is such a faithful kind soul."[11]

After making camp, the two returned back along the trail only to meet William struggling to catch up. The rest and the cool of the evening had helped revive him. Esther wrote, "As we supported him and put his arms across our shoulders, he spoke his gratitude. 'Thank God you have come. I could not have made it to camp alone. Know this night you have saved my life.'"[12]

The friendship and respect between Mary Jane and the Heaton's was deepened by this experience. Some time later, William proposed marriage to Mary Jane, saying "Surely Miss McCleve, you saved a life that should be of some use to you. Soon you will be needing a husband. Wouldn't you like to be my second wife when we get settled in the valley?"[13]

"Fa, fa, marry an old man like you?" she would retort, "I will not. A young man I shall marry. A handsome young man will choose me to be his wife." Brother Heaton was twenty-nine at this time.

The two families traveled on together with Mary Jane sharing herself with both the McCleve and the Heaton families as needed. Food became scarce, a cup of flour per person each day. As the cattle

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[11]Esther, pp. 5

[12]Esther, pp. 5

[13]Esther, pp. 5

that were milked began to give less, milk was rationed to a pint morning and night for five people. They didn't eat the berries along the trail for they didn't know which were poisonous.

One day they came upon a young boy lying in the shade. He was so thin and sickly, they thought he was dead. Esther wrote, "My heart ached at the sight of the limp body and I could not pass him by. When I touched his shoulder, I could tell he was not yet dead."[14]

William recognized him as Isaiah Bowers, the son of Widow Bowers, and the late James Bowers who had died at Des Moines. After William's experience of being left, the Heaton's assisted by Mary Jane placed the boy on their cart and continued on the journey. After giving the boy a small toddy from their medicine chest the boy began to sweat and soon said he was well enough to walk. Esther writes, "He was a brave little fellow, for, though he often had to grab the cart as he staggered along, he broke into a song as we joyously went on our way to meet his mother."[15]

You can imagine the despair of Sister Bowers having to leave her son after having lost her husband already. But also imagine the joy when she saw her son and hugged him close. She told those who had helped him, "He could not keep-up," she sobbed, "and he dropped by the side of the road. It was almost more than I could do to go on but I prayed with all my heart that he would be found."[16]

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[14]Esther, pp. 5

[15]Esther, pp. 6

[16]Esther, pp. 6

Here, let us talk about the line of providence. Some twenty years later, the Heaton's, the Bowers, and the family of Mary Jane McCleve Meeks, had all joined the United Order and were living in Orderville, Utah, where their old friendships were rekindled. The families associated together daily in work, school and Church. Later, while working in the old textile factory north of Glendale, Heber Meeks, the son of Mary Jane, met, courted and married Clarissa Amanda Bowers, the daughter of Isaiah Bowers the boy, saved by the Heaton's assisted by Mary Jane.

As the miles slowly piled up behind them, these handcart warriors were in the last days of this most difficult journey. Just two days from the Valley, the exertions from pulling the handcart took the life of John McCleve. There is some disagreement as to where this took place. But every record agrees, that it was two days out of the Valley. This would put them at about Mormon Flat, the camping place on East Canyon Creek, just before beginning the ascent to Big Mountain, then down and up again to Emigration Canyon.

Some reported it as happening on the banks of the Bear River and others the Weber. The Bear is many days from Salt Lake and the Weber near Henefer, Utah was at least four days. But east Canyon Creek at the flats, where a historical marker has been placed, is a fork of the Weber river.

Mary Jane said the cause of death was a broken blood vessel in her father's leg. Near the flats the trail crosses the creek many times, the cold water, rocks and exertion, caused the vessel to break and in his weakened condition, he paid the ultimate price for his faith. He laid down his life getting his

family to Zion. Speaking of this great loss, Mary Jane said, "I loved my kind father and it was almost more than I could stand to go on without him."

"That incident seemed to be a turning point in my life, for I pulled and pushed on that handcart every foot of the way from there on. Oh! How I worked, with tears streaming down my face, praying for understanding. Why? Why? Was it worth my father's life? Oh! Lord above, help me!"

"When we reached the place where we could look down into the city of Peace, a calm feeling came over me and I seemed to understand that it isn't when we die that really counts, but how well we are prepared to meet our Maker. I knew that father had given everything he could, even his life for the gospel and that's what counts."[17]

"I looked at that steep descent and wanted to hurry down the mountain to our journey's end. If only my father could have been there to enjoy that sight with us, I would have been the happiest girl in the world. As I stood there, a peaceful feeling came over me, and I felt that he might be, for I surely felt close to him that very moment."[18]

The months on the rugged trail left their clothes tattered and torn and their bodies covered with dust. No wonder that the two older sisters who had come to Utah earlier, did not recognize them.

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[17]Handcart, pp. 16

[18]Handcart, pp. 17

Finally, in the crowds lining the way to welcome these handcart pioneers, Mother McCleve, recognized Sarah and Catherine. It was a reunion filled with the joy of reuniting with family and the sadness at the death of the family head. A bath, clean clothes, a meal and a bed, did wonders for the weary travelers. There were many stories to be told and experiences to be shared. Then, finally the sleep of exhaustion.

The next day, their first in Zion, had them hard at work, washing clothes and even the handcart on which Mary Jane had painted the number nine. Staying with Sarah and her husband John Young, brother of Brigham, Mary Jane asked if they knew of some work available. Mary Jane was ambitious always willing to pull her load.

It wasn't long until she found work with the Gifford family. They lived on what was called the Church farm out west of the Hot Springs north of the city. She worked for room and board plus a small wage. She helped with the smaller children, the kitchen, house cleaning, and outside work in the garden. Mary Jane was used to hard work back home in Ireland, and after the handcart trek could handle any work. She pitched right in, seeing what had to be done without being told what to do.

While living with the Gifford's, she saw her family at Church on Sundays. They were in Conference meeting in October when President Young announced the plight of the Martin and Willies Handcart Company caught in the snow in Wyoming. Mary Jane could not get them out of her mind and waited for word of their rescue.

Even though Mary Jane had just turned 16 in August, she was not too young to think about marriage. She also had been teased about which of the Gifford boys she was going to marry. When she wanted to know if the gospel was true and Joseph Smith was a prophet, she had prayed and received her answer. Knowing that marriage was one of the most important decisions she would ever make, she decided to take the question to the Lord.

On the eighth of November, when everyone else was asleep, she knelt by her bed and in humble faith asked the Lord for guidance. She said, "A vision unfolded in my mind and I was made to understand that a well dressed man would come to the house in a buggy, and ask me to marry him and that I was to go with him."[19]

Even though Mary Jane still had questions about when this man would come, she was at peace. She never doubted, for she knew the vision was from God. Certainly, she wondered what he would be like, what he would look like, and how old he would be. She sensed from the experience that he would be an older man but that age wouldn't be a problem.

She didn't have long to wait and wonder. Three days later while down on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor, she heard the dog bark. Looking out to see who was coming, she recognized the buggy or spring wagon belonging to President Young. In the fading light of evening she saw the man from her vision, but because of the lack of light couldn't see his face clearly. Everything was just

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[19]Handcart, pp. 23-24

as she had seen. As her sister Sarah McCleve Young and Aunt Mary Young stepped down, Mary Jane walked outside to greet them.

The two women told her about the man, Dr. Priddy Meeks. He had earned the respect and trust of both President Brigham Young and his brother John, back in 1846 and 47 while crossing the plains. At Mt. Pisgah in 1846, Dr. Meeks had donated his wagon and two yoke of oxen to be used by the Vanguard company.

Priddy was blessed by Uncle John Smith for his faithfulness. He was promised that the Lord would provide another outfit to travel to Zion. True to that promise, Brother Meeks was outfitted and ready to travel the next summer. While traveling in Jedediah M. Grant's company, many animals were lost in a stampede. Among them was one of John Young's oxen. He asked Brother Meeks for the use of his milk cow. Priddy refused, but loaned him one of his oxen and worked the cow himself, because she was getting ready to calve and he didn't want to lose cow or calf.

Later Sarah, Mary Jane's sister, who came to Utah with her sister Catherine, before her family came, met and married John Young as a plural wife. When Dr. Meeks, a family friend, asked the Young's about a handcart girl for a wife, they immediately thought of Mary Jane and drove out to the Gifford place.

After telling Mary Jane about Dr. Meeks, they asked her if she would consider marriage to Dr. Meeks, she immediately accepted the proposal.

While this was going on, Brother Meeks stayed by the buggy. He had heard glowing reports about Mary Jane, but of course had not seen her. He was praying that the Lord would let him know if she was the one. The Spirit said, "Look upon her countenance and you will know."

When the two were introduced they shook hands and Mary Jane got her first close-up look, as what light was left, was on his face. What she saw, she liked, there was no doubt that he was the one that had been shown to her.

She was a little puzzled at his behavior for he moved her around till the light was on her face. Then a warm smile covered his face, and he said, "Yes, I will take her, it is just right." Some time later she asked him about this and he explained that he had to see her face as he had been directed by the Spirit and then he knew she was the one for him.

Mary Jane packed her belongings and left that night with her sister, Sarah, Mary Young and Brother Meeks. They visited on the way to the Young home getting better acquainted and making plans. The next day the 12th of November, they were sealed for eternity in President Brigham Young's office. The following day, Mary Jane, Priddy and his daughter Peggy Jane, started back to Parowan. Speaking of this she said, "We were quite a trio. I was sixteen, Peggy Jane was about two years older than I, and Doctor Meeks was sixty-one. Many people have asked me how I could marry a man that much older than I, but it was no problem. I was told that he was the one for me and it was love at first sight between both of us."[20]

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[20]Handcart, pp. 26

Priddy, speaking of this marriage, said, "The Lord knows best about these matters...I have often said if I picked the territory, I could not have suited myself as well as in Mary Jane. So I give God the glory while I receive the blessing and exaltation."[21]

Mary Jane was somewhat concerned about how Priddy's wife, Sarah, and their children would react to her, but their warm acceptance soon put her concerns to rest. Sarah told her about the prophetic blessing given to them by the Prophet Joseph Smith. She said, "I have been unwilling to allow another wife in my house, however, the more I thought about the Prophet's promise, the more I realized what must be done. I didn't know whether Dr. Meeks would obey me or not. (She had told him not to come back without another wife.) But you are here and we must make the best of it." "Thank you for accepting me," I said. "Did he tell you that he promised the Prophet and Hyrum that if we did have more children that the first two boys would be named after them?" she asked. "No," I answered, "But that certainly will be acceptable to me."[22]

Both women knew they were following God's direction so they worked out their problems between themselves, never bothering Dr. Meeks about them. The two women decided early in their relationship to always sit down and talk their problems over when they couldn't handle feelings by themselves. They thought it wasn't fair to make their husband take sides in a disagreement. Mary

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[21]Utah Historical Quarterly, Vol. X, pp. 91

[22]Handcart, pp. 26-27

Jane said, "I had youth, Granny had experience and wisdom. Youth and wisdom rarely go together, so I tried hard to see her side and I'm sure she tried to see mine."[23]

Sometimes, I would try to put myself in her place and think how I would feel. It was then that I could see how hard it was for her. The natural person doesn't recognize other's feelings easily. I knew she prayed often for help and strength to accept her role in the plan. Few women can live in polygamy and get along amiably. I always felt I was blessed and must do my part, for that is what the Lord wanted me to do. Besides that, I loved Doctor Meeks and wanted to stay with him...one thing we both had in common was the love and gentleness of a good man. He often saw our problems and tried to help us in what he did and said, but I'm sure he prayed constantly that we could solve any differences between us."[24]

Mary Jane showed a great maturity for her age. She and Sarah worked out a relationship that was mutually beneficial to both. Sharing home duties and responsibilities, Sarah and her daughters helped Mary Jane with her children. They tended, while Mary Jane went to school for a while, and later when she assisted Priddy in his doctoring.

After Priddy's death in 1886, when Mary Jane was just 45, the two women continued to live together in their Orderville home. Sarah died in 1900 at age 98. Mary Jane saw to her burial next to Priddy and purchased her head stone.

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[23]Handcart, pp. 48

[24]Handcart, pp. 40-41

On one occasion, Mary Jane asked Dr. Meeks why he was looking for a wife who had made the handcart trip. He said, "That's easy to answer, I had decided there would be extra single girls and that any girl who would leave her home for the gospel and walk over a thousand miles across this continent to reach Zion, would be able to get along any place with anything. I figured she would be strong, converted to the gospel and be able to handle most any situation. I knew she would have courage and know what hard work was all about."[25]

Over the next twenty years Mary Jane and Priddy had ten children. She said of them, "We figured all along our children were intelligent, well behaved young ones. They got along good, received good care and were loved very much. Granny (Sarah) was a wonderful help with them and they loved her."[26]

The first boy was named Joseph, followed by a daughter Nancy Jane and then Hyrum. Thus they fulfilled the promise made in Nauvoo. These children were born in Parowan. John Priddy was born in Harrisburg, but only lived two weeks before he died. Sarah Deseret was the first child born in Long Valley and present day Kane County in 1864. Because of Indian problems they returned to Harrisburg where five more children were born. Mary Ellen, Heber Jesse, named for (Heber C. Kimball), Charles Mason, who died after being scalded by hot peach preserves. Then came Elizabeth Dalton. Was she named for Priddy's daughter by his first wife Mary, who married Edward Dalton? The last was Alfred Randall, who was born just before they moved back to Long Valley to live out

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[25]Handcart, pp. 32

[26]Handcart, pp. 35

their lives in Orderville. They were the type of faithful, humble, hard working people who could live the United Order. When the Order was dissolved, the Meeks were given a town lot where they built a home presently owned by Richard Esplin. Joseph was 29 when his father died and Alfred was 9.

Mary Jane never remarried, but spent her time caring for her family and Granny, as well as ministering to the sick throughout the valley. She delivered 700 babies. Never losing a mother or child. Sometimes she would be gone a week caring for the new mother and family.

She lived into the 20th century seeing trains, automobiles and airplanes. She went to Salt Lake City in the early 30's and stayed with Joseph Meeks' youngest daughter Ida Meeks Balken. She marvelled at the airplanes and really wanted to fly. She was amazed at how quickly and easily one could come to Salt Lake City by air, compared with her handcart adventure.

In summing up her life she said, "Life has been good to me and I loved my beautiful Ireland, but I thank my Father in Heaven for his guidance in leading me to Zion...where I have had a chance to raise my family and work in the Church...the Gospel has been real important in my life. Because of it, I met a very kind, patient, loving husband and bore him ten choice children. I have many grandchildren and great-grandchildren and I love them all. Now I am ready to meet my Maker and those who wait for me, whenever my Lord calls me home."[27]

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[27]Handcart, pp. 47

Esther and William Heaton also settled in Orderville and lived out their lives there. She wrote, "Dear Mary Jane lived long into a modern age. Instead of marrying her handsome young man, she was prompted into a marriage with a man much older than William. She was the messenger who told you, my grandchildren, little bits of our story."[28]

More of the story was written by Wilford Meeks Halladay in Handcart Number Nine.

My last remembrance of great grandmother Meeks was shortly before her death. With my mother, Leah Meeks Jackson, we had driven to Orderville to visit. Grandma was not home. As we drove down the street to see if she was at Aunt Ellies, we saw Mary Jane walking up the street. When mother asked where she had been, her reply was, "Oh, I've been out visiting some of the old folks." When mother asked their names, she told us and my mother laughed for they were all 15 to 20 years younger than Grandmother. She was full of life, still had a spring in her walk and a twinkle in her eye. What a beautiful Irish lass she was. We, her descendants, can count our blessings for having her as one of our progenitors.

In 1949, when I entered the mission home in Salt Lake City, I was paired with Elder Russell Palfreyman of Springville. His mother had borne 11 children and only two had lived to maturity. His mother told me that when Russ was a baby, they were living near Orderville, while her husband worked on the road between that city and Glendale.

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[28]Esther, pp. 8

The baby Russ could not hold down his milk, had lost his appetite, and was slowly dying as had some of her other children. Someone from Orderville told Sister Palfreyman about an old woman in Orderville, who could heal her son. She immediately took the baby to town. This lady examined the baby, and put him on goat's milk, plus some light teas, penny royal, etc. The boy began to gain strength and survived to serve a mission and is presently living in South Pasadena California.

When I heard the story I said, "And I can tell you the name of the woman who healed your son, Mary Jane Meeks."

She replied, "How did you know?"

"She's my great grandmother and we've used some of her remedies all my life."

So, she saved the life of my favorite missionary companion.

We should also note that the Heaton and Meeks family finally came together in marriage when Mary Jane's granddaughter, Arvilla Hoyt Jorgenson, married LeGrande Heaton, and Clarissa Hoyt married William Carroll Heaton. Later, great granddaughter, Nora Meeks, married Kelly Heaton and great grandson Vard Meeks married LaVina Heaton.

Another interesting family connection happened when great granddaughter, Joyce Jackson, married Evan McAllister, a descendant of J.D.T. McAllister, the Elder who baptized Mary Jane.

Another connection, my wife, Afton Maxwell, has a great grandfather, "George Edgel", who was also in the McArthur Handcart Company and would have known the McCleve's.

It is hoped that this collection of experiences from the life of Mary Jane McCleve Meeks, will draw us, her descendants closer to our family of faith, and to our Pioneer heritage.

Sincerely yours,

Valton E. Jackson
Great grandson