

## MARGARET ANN GRIFFITHS HISTORY

By Edith Afton Gines Hartman (descendant of Henry Clegg and Margaret Ann Griffiths Clegg) edited from sources generally available through Henry Clegg descendants and from personal stories told to her by her mother, Priscilla Clegg Gines (daughter of Herbert Lorenzo Clegg, 2nd son of Henry and Margaret Ann Clegg). Written July 2006.

My father and mother's names were John and Margaret Griffiths. They were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on January 30, 1840 by Elder John Taylor while on his first mission to England. My family lived in Liverpool at the time of their baptism.

Margaret recorded the following about her brothers and sisters. William, John (1) and Julia all died in infancy; and Thomas, myself, John (2), Jane Eleanor and Herbert Lorenzo all made the trek to Utah.

I was born 15 April 1840 and when I was six weeks old we went to London to live as her Majesty the Queen wanted more men to work in the Woolwick Dock Yard. My father was one that was called.

Elder Heber C. Kimball sent word to my father in March of 1856 that he should bring his family to Salt Lake City. We got ready to leave.

I had an Uncle and Aunt living in London on Stanhope Street, Clare Market Lincoln, in fields close to Derry Lane Theater, opposite Saint Clements Charity Institution. They had no children and they would come and see us on Sundays and take one of mother's children back with them. So it came my turn to go stay with them the last week we were in England.

My father and family were to leave Woolwick on the midnight express and they would arrive at Austen Square Station in London and stay there till the train left at half past six in the morning. I was to be there by six o'clock in the morning, but lover slept and never woke till six. It was a long way to go and my uncle and aunt went with me and we walked just as fast as ever we could. We got there just in time to see the train start. Well I did not know what to do. I knew that my father, sister and brothers were in that train and leaving me behind. It was terrible. I was sitting down crying when an inspector of the railway station came up to me and wanted to know what was the matter. So my uncle told him and he said for me to stop crying and I should go on the next train, that would be eight 0' clock in the morning.

When the train came I got in and away we started. The inspector told the porter when we changed cars at Watford to be sure and tell the other porter that I was to go along all right as my father had my ticket with him, but when he changed at Watford he must have forgot because when I got to the station called Hedge Hill they took the tickets. When the man asked for mine, he took hold of my arm and jerked me out in double quick time. I told him how I had been left behind, they telegraphed up to London to see if I was telling the truth and the answer they got was that I was to go on to Liverpool as I was a Mormon that had been left behind. Liverpool is two hundred and fifteen miles from London.

I got on the next train that came and it was 12 o'clock noon. We arrived in Liverpool at five minutes past ten at night. Then I did not know what to do. I expected to see my father there waiting for me, but I was disappointed. There was not a soul there that I knew. The station is called Line Street Station.

Well I did not know what to do in a strange place at 10 o'clock. I thought it was something awful, but I went up to an old lady at an orange stand and asked her if she would be kind enough to tell me where Earl Street was. She said 'Yes'. She told me a great many streets to go before I got to the one I wanted, and then I had a hard time to find my aunt's house. I did not know the numbers of her house, so I kept inquiring at every house.

At last I went into a small store and the lady told me I would find my aunt just across the street So I ran across the street and peeked in the window and saw my father, my brother and sister. I tell you - if there was ever a happy day - that was one. It was one o'clock in the morning and I was pretty well give out as I hadn't eaten all day long. It was my father who was sick for he thought he would never see me again. The ship was to sail in three days, and he was a pleased man when he saw me. We ate supper and went to bed.

In three days we sailed for America. We left Liverpool the 28<sup>th</sup> of May 1856 in the ship called Horizon. We were five weeks on the sea, for two weeks I was dreadfully sea sick. We landed at Boston and then took the cars to Florence, Iowa and camped there for four days until our handcarts came. Then we started to cross the plains. It was the first day of September and we arrived in Salt Lake the last of November, making it three months traveling.

We were as happy a people as ever crossed the plains till the snow caught us. We would sit around the campfire and sing. We were as happy as larks. After the snow caught us we had a pretty hard time.

My father took sick and had to ride on one of the wagons that carried our provisions. One day he felt a little better so he thought he would try to walk - but could not because he had rheumatism so bad. He took hold of the rod on the end gate of the wagon, to help him along. When the teamster saw him he slashed his whip around and struck my father on the legs. He fell and could not get up and that was the last wagon. The handcarts had gone on before. I was pulling a handcart so I did not know anything about it. When we got to camp I went back about three miles but could not find him. I returned to camp and was nearly wild. I thought the wolves had eaten him.

There was a company called an Independent Company led by Jesse Haven and they were camped in another direction ITomus. My father saw their tracks and crawled on his hands and knees all the way to their camp. He was so ITozethey did all they could

and two of the brethren brought him to our camp at about eleven o'clock at night. He never was well after that.

Myself, my sister Jane and two brothers John and Herbert pulled the handcarts till brother John died, 12 years old. That was fifty miles on this side of Devils Gate. We camped there two weeks and we only had four ounces of flour a day to eat. Having so little to eat, and it was so cold for the snow was so deep, we could not stand it any longer.

I have seen as many as seventeen sitting around the camp fire eating supper, and I have seen some of them fall over dead as they sat eating. I think there were 650 of us when we started, and I believe there were only 600 that arrived in Salt Lake City. It was the last handcart company that came in that year. It was the last day of November 1856.

At the end of two weeks there were two horses came running into our camp without riders. Then they went back and in a few minutes they came back with two riders. They were David Kimball and Joseph Young. They told us there would be ten wagons come in the morning loaded with flour, and that was good news. They called a Meeting but it was too cold so we went to bed. .

In the morning we had a little more flour and then moved from there to Devils Gate and camped there in some log houses for a week to recruit up a bit Then we left there and went to Independence Rock and camped there another week. We left our handcarts there and came on with the teams that came from Salt Lake. I think there were about 70 wagons with two and three spans of horses and mules to each wagon. They brought provisions with them which we were very thankful for. All that were sick or froze rode with the wagons, all that could walk did so as long as they could, and then they rode.

I buried my brother Herbert, six years old, at Independence Rock. He froze to death, and my sister Jane lost the first joint of her big toes. I was terrible froze myself. I was nine weeks laid up with my feet.

My father died the next morning after we got in Salt Lake. He was froze to death. He was 47 years old. He died the first of December. After that we were pretty well scattered. My sister, Jane, went with Sister Isabella Thorn and I went to Montague. And when I got better I lived out anywhere I could get a place.

Finally I was placed in the home of Henry and Ann Clegg as a domestic girl to earn my board and room. We resided in the 19th Ward, and on 14 August 1857 we received our endowments in the Old Endowment House and Ann Lewis and myself were sealed to Henry Clegg by Brigham Young.

In 1853 my parents sent my brother, Thomas, to Utah to prepare a home for our

family. He sailed on the ship called International. He arrived in Salt Lake in the same year and he lived with Lorenzo Snow, who sent him to Carson Valley and he never came back. The last time I heard from him he was very sick in Sacramento, California. I wrote him but never got an answer. It was in 1855 he went to Carson Valley. It was 1858 before I heard from him and that was by a young man who came in to see my husband. He got to talking about traveling. He said he was a great traveler, he'd been all over the world, and the last place he went was to Carson Valley with the church herd. So then my husband asked him if he knew a man by the name of Thomas Griffiths and he said he had traveled all the way to Sacramento, so that is how I heard Thomas was there. I wrote to him but never heard any more from him excepting one letter which I received in 1858, never heard since.

In 1858 when Johnson's Army was sent to Utah with hostile intentions, the saints left their homes in Salt Lake and moved south. Henry moved his wives and families to Springville and then joined many other men in Echo Canyon to hold back the army invasion. When he returned we decided to make our home in Springville, and he became one of the leading citizens. Being a fine musician, he played the dulcimer for dances. He organized and directed a choir of 60 voices. He traveled a lot giving lectures. Both his wives had lovely voices and he and his wives would sing at his lectures.

When we moved south I had many hardships to contend with. I worked very hard at digging post holes and making and setting them, also making oak brush fences, going out washing, and white washing, taking rolls to spin on shares and spin for Bishop Johnson. Never to get mine wove into clothes. I made soap on shares and candles on shares, and went out gleaning wheat, digging potatoes and cutting sugar cane, tying rope around it and packing it on my back to a molasses mill. I took in sewing, such as pants, coats and vests and basting. Many a night I have set up all night knitting by the fire light by putting on a few chips at a time. We did not have a stove and there was no coil oil in them days, nothing but candles or some grease in a tin with a rag in it to burn.

I would pack corn and dry it, and pick fruit and dry it. Many other things I have done that I cannot think of now. In 1872 we moved up to Wasatch County and I worked pretty much the same as I did in Springville till my sons got large enough to work and then they would not let me work as I had done. I have had eleven living children, 8 sons and 3 daughters.

Henry was an educated man who was not too proud to work with his hands and learn new trades. He carried on his shoe making trade, he took a homestead in Heber and farmed, operated a saw mill and later a rock quarry.

He went into the mercantile business and proved to be a prominent leader in both civic and religious activities in town. He taught school, organized and directed the Band

of Hope and played in the Martial Band. He was Bishop of the West Ward for many years. He was Stake Clerk, Sunday School Superintendent and served on the Wasatch Stake High Council. He was also Justice of the Peace and Water Master, and owned and operated a grocery store.

My husband had gone to the grocery store and I was there to get some apples. He got them for me and said "I have given you thirteen, a baker's dozen". I was right behind him coming from the green grocery room to the other room when he fell. I thought he had fainted but when help arrived they found he was dead. He always said he never wanted to suffer and linger in sickness, but when the Lord wanted to take him home he should do it at once, which he did.

There was an old folks excursion on the 24<sup>th</sup> up here from Provo, and we had a splendid time. There were about nine hundred people.

My son Charles wife' had a baby born on the 21st of November 1900, making me Grandma to 33 grand children, which I am very proud of In 1896 my son Joseph took sick with typhoid fever and then I got it and so did my son, Levi. He died. He was 18 years and 8 months old. He was only sick 18 days. We were all down at once, but burying my son Levi was extremely hard.

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Margaret Ann Griffiths' father worked for the queen of England and she was allowed to ride an elephant in a parade for Her Majesty, The Queen. She also rode on a train, a ship and a horse and buggy and wagon. She pulled a handcart across the plains. In about 1920 her son-in-law, Elisha Cummings, bought an automobile and gave her her first automobile ride.

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When she was about 80 years old an air plane came to Heber giving pleasure rides for \$2.50 a ride, and she wanted to go but her daughter Hannah Clegg Cummings refused to let her ride. Hannah said the plane would fall and kill her. When her daughter went to get dinner her son-in-law, Elisha Cummings, put her on the plane and she had a ride. The next time the plane went up it fell and some people were hurt.

She was sick for three or four months and died at her home about a block west of where Wasatch High School now stands, on 29 July 1929. She was buried in the Heber City Cemetery.