

Grimshaw Origins In Lancashire County, England
With Selected Family Lines

Part B. Selected Family Lines

Version 2.0

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Note: The Grimshaw Coat of Arms and Crest on the cover are from Taylor, Sharon, 1982, *The Amazing Story of the Grimshaws in America*: Halbert's, Inc., 63 p.+

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19. Overview of Selected Grimshaw Family Lines

It is almost certain that the Grimshaw family lines that can be identified in England, Ireland, North America, Australia and elsewhere have their origins in the family tree first described by Whitaker⁶² in 1800 and presented in Section 3 of this report. This family line apparently began well before the Norman Conquest in 1066 and has as its earliest recorded member a Walter de Grimshaw, who was living about 1250. In many cases, the current family lines have not (or perhaps cannot) be connected to the original family line.

Several of the more prominent or interesting Grimshaw family lines are presented in the sections below. I have presented the ones with which I have thus far become most familiar. I know there are many others. Future editions of this document will include additional family lines as they are discovered or delineated.

Some of the family tree information in the following sections is taken from the Ancestral File available at the Mormon (Latter-Day Saints, LDS) Family History Centers. Grateful acknowledgement is given for the accessibility to those files.

⁶² Whitaker, Thomas Dunham, 1872, *An History of the Original Parish of Whalley, and Honor of Clitheroe* (Revised and enlarged by John G. Nichols and Ponsoby A. Lyons): London, George Routledge and Sons, 4th Edition; v. I, 362 p.; v. II, 622 p. Earlier editions were published in 1800, 1806, and 1825.

20. The Oakenshaw Family Line of Grimshaws

Oakenshaw is located adjacent to Clayton-le-Moors about a mile southwest of Clayton Hall. It can be seen in both modern maps (Figure 3) and older maps (Figure 20) of the Clayton-le-Moors area. A line of Grimshaws separate from the Clayton Hall line began at Oakenshaw at an early date, as described by Trappes-Lomax⁶³:

William de Oakenshaw is mentioned as owning Oakenshaw in 1376. William de Oakenshaw and Margaret his wife occur next, and enfeoffed Thomas de Hesketh (lord of Great Harwood) in the Oakenshaw lands: by deed dated 23 Nov. 1401 Hesketh released the same to John 3rd son of Adam de Grimshaw of Clayton by Cicely de Clayton his wife, and the estate continued for many generations in this branch of the Grimshaws.

The John Grimshaw who originated the Oakenshaw line can be seen in Whalley's descendant chart (Section 3, Figure 4) as the fourth child (third son) of Adam and Cicely, born after Henry, Richard, and Agnes. Trappes-Lomax⁵³ (p. 77-81) describes the Oakenshaw family line; this information is summarized in Figure 23. Ainsworth also provides a nice summary which can be found in Excerpt A of this report (see the section on Oakenshaw and Ringstonehalgh).

⁶³ Trappes-Lomax, Richard, 1926, *A History of the Township and Manor of Clayton-le-Moors, County Lancaster*: Chetham Society, Second Series, v. 85, 175 p

21. The Pendle Forest Grimshaw Family Line

One of the most important Grimshaw lines to descend from the original Grimshaw family tree was the "Pendle Forest" line, which was presented in Whitaker's⁶⁵ fourth edition (v. II, p. 276 ff.) and is shown in Figure 24. This descendant chart was re-published by Foster⁶⁶ in somewhat modified form as "Pedigree of Grimshaw, of Pendle Forest, in Whalley Parish, and co. Lnacaster," but no credit was attributed to Whitaker as its source. According to Trappes-Lomax⁶⁷ (p. 16), this branch was started by Nicholas, younger brother of Henry, who was the 9th first-born in the Grimshaw line (see also Figure 4): "This Nicholas is stated in V.C.H. Lancs. to have been progenitor of the Grimshaws in Pendle Forest." Pendle Forest is located about 7 miles north of Clayton-le-Moors (Figure 25). Heyhouses, the location given for Nicholas in Figure 24, is on Pendle Hill near Sabden.

An interesting feature of this line is the marriage of Nicholas, in the fifth generation of the Pendle Forest line, to Anne Grimshaw in the 11th generation of the Oakenshaw line (see Section 20 above). Note also the similarities and differences of the coat of arms and crest shown in Figure 24 for this family compared to that of the original Grimshaw family (Section 5). The griffin is still depicted on the coat of arms, but the crest is also a griffin rather than two back-to-back lions' heads.

⁶⁵ Whitaker, Thomas Dunham, 1872, *An History of the Original Parish of Whalley, and Honor of Clitheroe* (Revised and enlarged by John G. Nichols and Ponsoby A. Lyons): London, George Routledge and Sons, 4th Edition; v. I, 362 p.; v. II, 622 p. Earlier editions were published in 1800, 1806, and 1825.

⁶⁶ Foster, Joseph, 1873, *Pedigrees of the County Families of England*, vol. 1 – Lancashire: London, Head, Hole & Co., unk. p.

⁶⁷ Trappes-Lomax, Richard, 1926, *A History of the Township and Manor of Clayton-le-Moors, County Lancaster*: Chetham Society, Second Series, v. 85, 175 p

Figure 24
(following page)

Descendant Chart of Pendle Forest Grimshaws⁶⁸

⁶⁸ Whitaker, Thomas Dunham, 1872, *An History of the Original Parish of Whalley, and Honor of Clitheroe* (Revised and enlarged by John G. Nichols and Ponsoby A. Lyons): London, George Routledge and Sons, 4th Edition; v. I, 362 p.; v. II, 622 p.

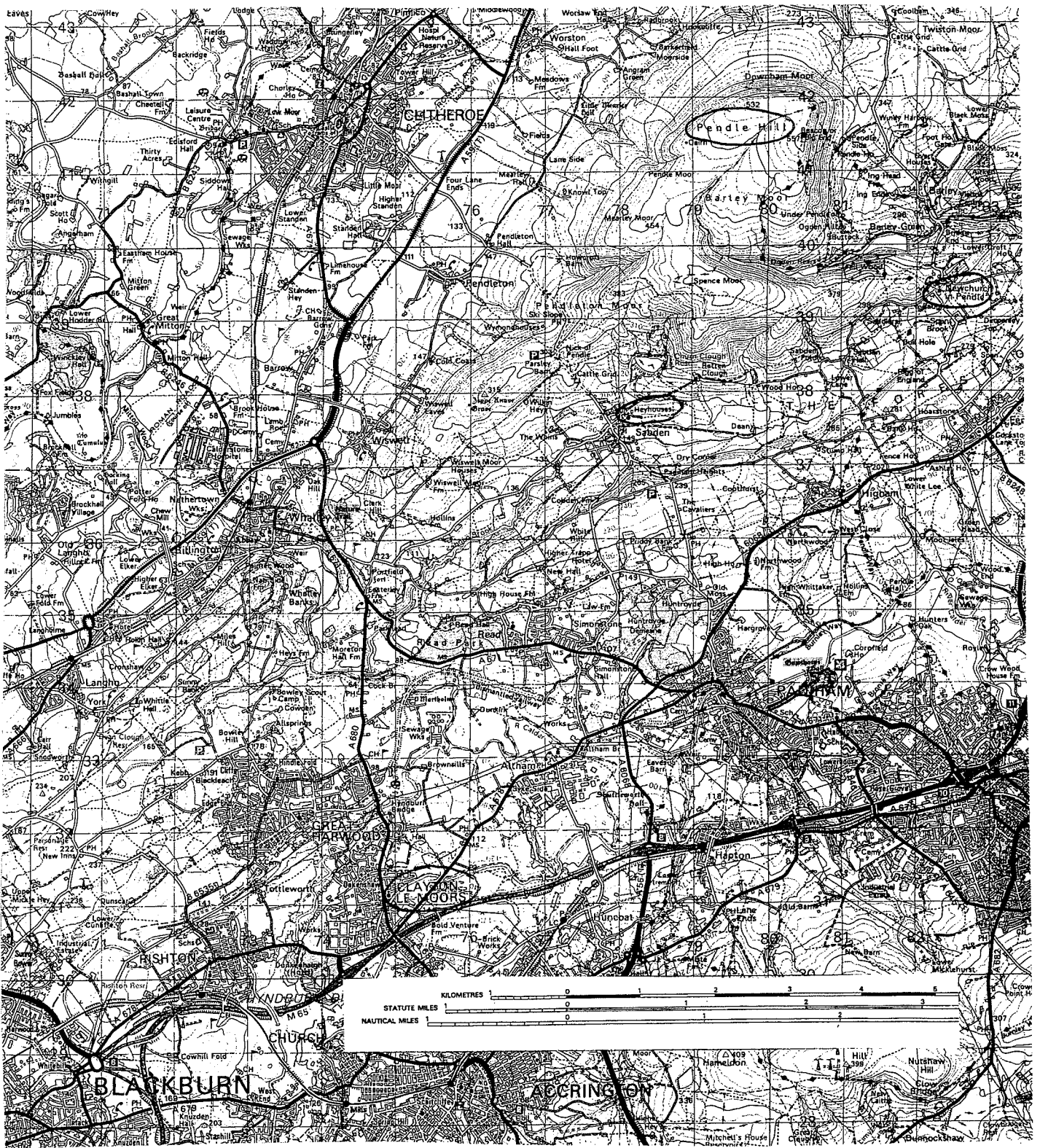


Figure 25
 Map⁶⁷ Showing the Location of Pendle Hill, Clayton-le-Moors, Heyhouses and
 Newchurch (all circled)

⁶⁷ British Ordnance Survey, 1996, Explorer Series, Map 19, West Pennine Moors, Scale 1:25,000 (reduced here)

22. The Pendle Witches: How Much Did The Grimshaws Know?

One of the most famous “witch cases” in England⁷⁰ took place in 1612 and involved individuals from Newchurch, which is less than 3 miles from Heyhouses, where the Pendle Forest Grimshaws began with Nicholas as the progenitor. The earliest date shown for Nicholas is 36 Elizabeth (about 1588), so the Pendle Forest Grimshaws had been living in the area for almost 25 years when the incident occurred. However, no mention is made of any Grimshaws in any of the literature on the event.

In the Pendle Witch event, a bizarre sequence of occurrences, including some very questionable trials, resulted in the hanging of seven individuals (6 women and one man) at Lancaster on August 20, 1612. To this date, the Pendle Hill area is known as “witch country”, a reputation that now appears to be capitalized upon for attracting tourists.

A photo of Pendle Hill is shown in Figure 26 along with the cover of Bennett’s⁵⁶ booklet describing the Pendle Witch incident. The photo is taken to the west; Heyhouses is located to the left of the range of the photo, and Newchurch is located to the right of the photo. As noted in Section 7, Pendle Hill is underlain by a sandstone sedimentary unit called the Millstone Grit.

⁷⁰ Bennett, Walter, 1957, *The Pendle Witches: The County Borough of Burnley Libraries & Arts Committee* (re-published by Lancashire County Books, 1993), 32 p.



a. Pendle Hill, Westward View

b. Cover from Booklet Describing the Pendle Witch Incident



Figure 26

Pendle Hill – Location of the
Pendle Witch Incident of 1612

23. An "Irish" Grimshaw Line

Whitaker⁷¹, in the 4th edition of his book (v. II, p. 276 ff.), presented a line of Grimshaws that originated in the Pendle Forest line described above and apparently migrated to Ireland (Figure 27). The originator of this line, Nicholas Grimshaw, was the second son of Nicholas and Anne Grimshaw (of Oakenshaw), who were described above. Nicholas and his wife, Susan Briercliffe, can be seen on the right side of Figure 24.

This line included Beatrice Ethel Grimshaw, born in 1870 (see lower right corner of Figure 27), who was a noted author of several books on the South Pacific. Her biography as presented in the Encyclopedia Britannica Online is as follows:

Grimshaw, Beatrice (Ethel) b. 1871, County Antrim, Ire. d June 30, 1953, Bathurst, N.S.W., Australia. Irish-born writer and traveler whose many books deal with her travels and adventures in the South Seas. Grimshaw was educated at Victoria College, Belfast; at Pension Retailaud, Caen, France; at the University of Belfast; and at Bedford College, London. She was commissioned by the London Daily Graphic to travel around the world and report her experiences. But she was so attracted by the Pacific islands that the journey was never completed; she settled in Papua in 1907 and became the first white woman to grow tobacco there. She traveled extensively among the islands of the Pacific and the East Indies and made detailed studies of local legends and customs. She wrote more than 33 novels and travel books based on these experiences, of which the best known is the novel, *The Red Gods Call* (1910). Another important novel is *The Victorian Family Robinson* (1934), and her travel books include *From the Fiji to the Cannibal Islands* (1907).

⁷¹ Whitaker, Thomas Dunham, 1872, *An History of the Original Parish of Whalley, and Honor of Clitheroe* (Revised and enlarged by John G. Nichols and Ponsoby A. Lyons): London, George Routledge and Sons, 4th Edition; v. I, 362 p.; v. II, 622 p. Earlier editions were published in 1800, 1806, and 1825.

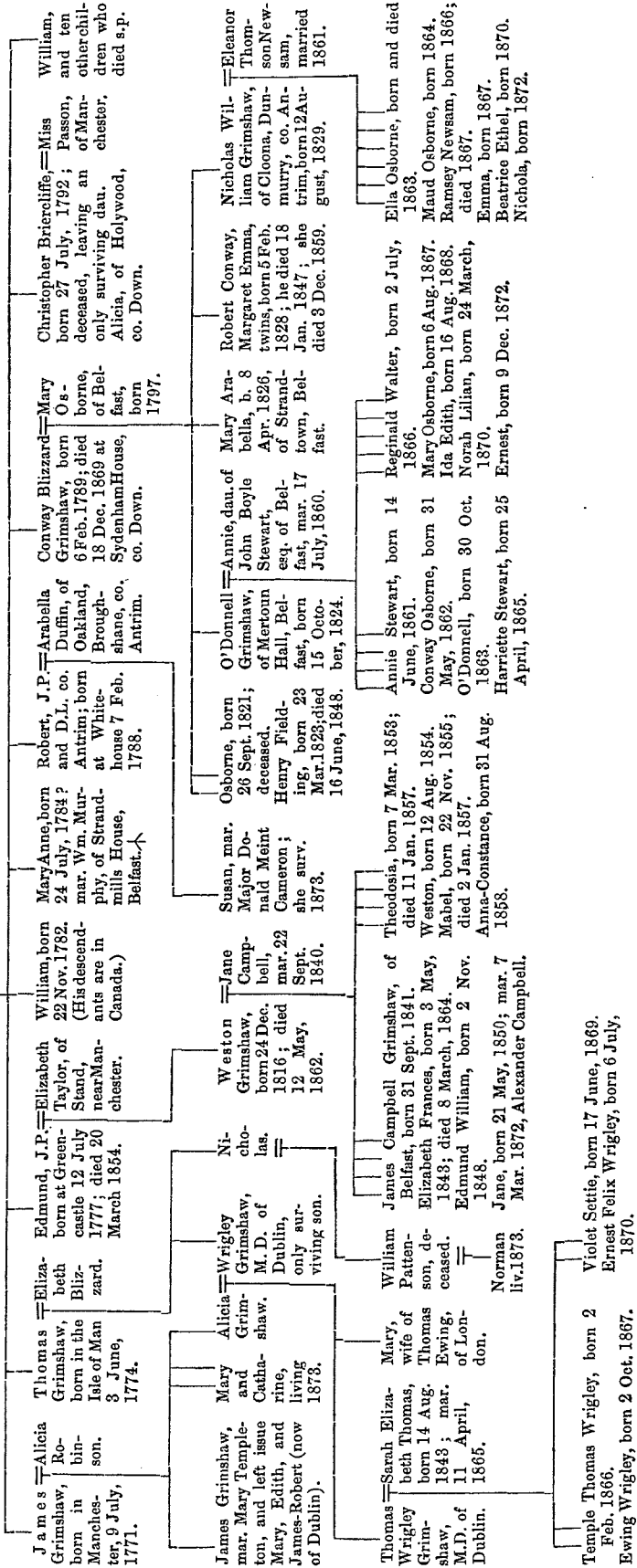
Figure 27
(following page)

Descendant Chart of "Irish" Grimshaw Line⁷²

⁷² Whitaker, Thomas Dunham, 1872, *An History of the Original Parish of Whalley, and Honor of Clitheroe* (Revised and enlarged by John G. Nichols and Ponsoby A. Lyons): London, George Routledge and Sons, 4th Edition; v. I, 362 p.; v. II, 622 p. Earlier editions were published in 1800, 1806, and 1825.

Nicholas Grimshaw, of Blackburn; bapt. 18 April, 1714; —Susan Briercliffe, died when visiting his son at Belfast.

Nicholas Grimshaw, born 10 July, —Mary Wrigley, born April, 1749; Thomas, living 1774.
 1747; of Blackburn; afterwards mar. Nov. 6, 1768, at Old Church, John, died at an advanced age at the house of his nephew Thomas, at Whitehouse, near Belfast.
 Manchester.



Temple Thomas Wrigley, born 2 Feb. 1866.
 Ernest Felix Wrigley, born 6 July, 1870.
 Ewing Wrigley, born 2 Oct. 1867.

24. The Shuttleworths of Gawthorpe – A Major Family Descended from a Grimshaw Female

The Shuttleworth family was based at Gawthorpe, which is in Padiham, about 4 miles northeast of Clayton Hall. The descendant chart for this family was presented by Whitaker⁷³ (p. 183-185) and is shown in Figure 28. An early ancestor of this family is Anne Grimshaw, wife of Hugh Shuttleworth, and daughter (fifth child) of Thomas Grimshaw and Margaret Harrington Grimshaw. She was in the 11th generation and can be found in the original Grimshaw family tree (Section 3, Figure 4) near the bottom of the first page. She was buried at Padiham in 1597.

The Shuttleworth family included members who gained considerable status in English society. As a side note, Charlotte Bronte spent time at Gawthorpe in 1850. Barker and Birdsall⁷⁴ (p. 83-84) describe her visit as follows:

In March 1850 Charlotte went to stay with Sir James and Lady Kay-Shuttleworth at Gawthorpe Hall. The magnificent hall lies near Padiham in Lancashire, just off the present A671. The visit was a surrender to a sort of war of attrition waged by Sir James in an effort to get to know 'Carrer Bell'. He was a remarkable man, a great social reformer; in his younger days, as a doctor in Manchester, he had battled against problems of hygiene among the poor and was instrumental in opening schools in workhouses. He lobbied tirelessly for free libraries and free education, and suffered a series of nervous breakdowns throughout his life due to overwork. He also had an artistic streak, which drew him to the company of writers. His interest had been aroused by the radical nature of Charlotte's novel *Shirley*.

The publicity-shy Charlotte found Sir James uncomfortably overpowering, but the romantic in her was captivated by the monumental Jacobean hall with its reminiscences of her beloved Walter Scott, 'gray, antique, castellated and stately'. She failed to warm to his wife, whom she found graceless and without dignity. Whether or not she felt that lady Kay-Shuttleworth's 200-year-old ancestry and her family's stately home (Sir James had taken her name, Shuttleworth, as the price of the inheritance) should have lent her aristocratic aloofness and condescension is not clear, but Charlotte found her hostess's kind attempts to be friendly 'painful and trying'. Their pressing invitation to stay with them in London over the season she described as a 'menace hanging over my head'. The truth was that, apart from her appalling nervousness in strange company, Charlotte had a deep dread of being patronized. Though never completely at ease, she was to thaw somewhat in her attitude to the Kay-Shuttleworths in later years.

James Kay and his wife, Janet Shuttleworth are shown in the lower-right corner of the Shuttleworth pedigree in Figure 27. Another, equally remote, connection of the Grimshaws to the Brontes occurred at Haworth and is described in the next section.

⁷³ Whitaker, Thomas Dunham, 1872, *An History of the Original Parish of Whalley, and Honor of Clitheroe* (Revised and enlarged by John G. Nichols and Ponsoby A. Lyons): London, George Routledge and Sons, 4th Edition; v. I, 362 p.; v. II, 622 p. Earlier editions were published in 1800, 1806, and 1825.

⁷⁴ Barker, Paul, and James Birdsall, 1996, *The World of the Brontes*: London, Pavilion Books Ltd., 144 p.

Figure 28
(following page)

Pedigree of Shuttleworth, of Gawthorpe
(As Presented in Whitaker⁷⁵, p. 183-185)

⁷⁵ Whitaker, Thomas Dunham, 1872, *An History of the Original Parish of Whalley, and Honor of Clitheroe* (Revised and enlarged by John G. Nichols and Ponsoby A. Lyons): London, George Routledge and Sons, 4th Edition; v. I, 362 p.; v. II, 622 p. Earlier editions were published in 1800, 1806, and 1825.

PEDIGREE OF SHUTTLEWORTH, OF GAWTHORPE.

SHUTTLEWORTH.

Anna-Arched, three wavers' shuttles sabb, lipped and ne- bled et. Arms-Quarterly: first and fourth, Shuttlesworths; second and third, M. v. Argent, three wavers open to be compared. Crest-On a wreath of the colors a cobbler arm in armor, the hand in a gauntlet proper grasping a shuttle, all in the arms.

KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH. Arms-Quarterly: first and fourth, Shuttlesworths; second and third, Kay, viz. Argent, three wavers open to be compared. Crest-On a wreath of the colors a cobbler arm in armor, the hand in a gauntlet proper grasping a shuttle, all in the arms.

Henry de Shuttleworth, a cadet of the house of Agnes, dau. and heir of Richard de Shuttleworth, 2nd son of Richard de Hocking, in Hocking, temp. Edw. III.

John de Shuttleworth, a cadet of the house of Agnes, dau. and heir of Richard de Shuttleworth, 2nd son of Richard de Hocking, in Hocking, temp. Edw. III.

John de Shuttleworth, a cadet of the house of Agnes, dau. and heir of Richard de Shuttleworth, 2nd son of Richard de Hocking, in Hocking, temp. Edw. III.

Nicholas Shuttleworth = Anne, dau. of Christopher Parker, of Rabbolme Park, co. York, Living 1629.

Hugh Shuttleworth, of Gawthorpe, Born = Ann, dau. of Thomas Grimshaw, of Clayton, co. Lanc. Dur. at Fulham 1661.

Richard Shuttleworth, of Gawthorpe, Born = Anne, dau. of Christopher Parker, of Rabbolme Park, co. York, Living 1629.

Richard Shuttleworth, of Gawthorpe, Born = Anne, dau. of Christopher Parker, of Rabbolme Park, co. York, Living 1629.

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Richard Shuttleworth, of Gawthorpe, Born = Anne, dau. of Christopher Parker, of Rabbolme Park, co. York, Living 1629.

25. William Grimshaw of Haworth (and His Brother, John)

One of the best known Grimshaw descendants is William Grimshaw, who was deeply involved in the evangelical movement in England in the mid-1700s. At least four books have been written about his life^{76,77,78,79}, the most recent published in 1997. William was born in Brindle in Lancashire County (southeast of Preston and about 10 miles west of Grimshaw in Eccleshill). Apparently, his family has not yet been “connected” to the original Grimshaw family tree. He was educated for ministry in the Church of England.

During his tenure as head of the church in Haworth, he became a strong evangelist and worked closely with the Wesley brothers during the era when the Methodist church was founded. He did not completely sever his ties with the Church of England, but he preached in many parishes outside his own and gained a significant reputation for the power of his sermons and the large number of conversions to evangelical Christianity for which he was responsible.

The church at Haworth at which he was rector from 1742 until his death in 1763 is shown in Figure 29. A stone fount in the adjacent cemetery with his name on it is also shown in Figure 29. Figure 30 shows the Black Bull Inn, where William (apparently known to some as the “flogging preacher”) would forcibly round up patrons during his church services and “encourage” them to join the service.

The Haworth church and community are even better known for the family of a subsequent rector, Patrick Bronte (see photo of list of rectors from inside the church, shown in Figure 30), the father of the Bronte sisters (Emily, Charlotte, Anne) who achieved fame as authors of great literature (Wuthering Heights, Jane Eyre, etc.)

The church guide which is available to visitors provides the following summary of the church and the influence of William Grimshaw and Patrick Bronte:

We welcome you to the Parish Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Haworth. Although the present building, apart from the tower, is just over 100 years old, generations of Haworth people have worshipped here for nearly 700 years: the old Church was built in 1655 and enlarged by William Grimshaw in 1755. He was Haworth's greatest incumbent and a great friend of John Wesley, drawing great crowds during the Evangelical Revival, and being instrumental in building the first Methodist Church on West Lane in Haworth. The Pewter Flagons (one of which can be seen in the York Minster Crypt exhibition) dated 1750, were provided by Grimshaw to hold wine for as many as 1,000 communicants. Other relics of the time include the Communion Table, Candelabra in the Bronte Chapel, the Stone Font in the Churchyard and the little pulpit in the church at Stanbury, one mile west of Haworth.

⁷⁶ Hardy, R. Spence, 1860, William Grimshaw, Incumbent of Haworth, 1742-63: London, John Mason, 286 p.

⁷⁷ Cragg, George C., 1947, Grimshaw of Haworth: London, The Cnaterbury Press, 128 p.

⁷⁸ Baker, Frank, 1963, William Grimshaw, 1708-1763: London, The Epworth Press, 288 p.

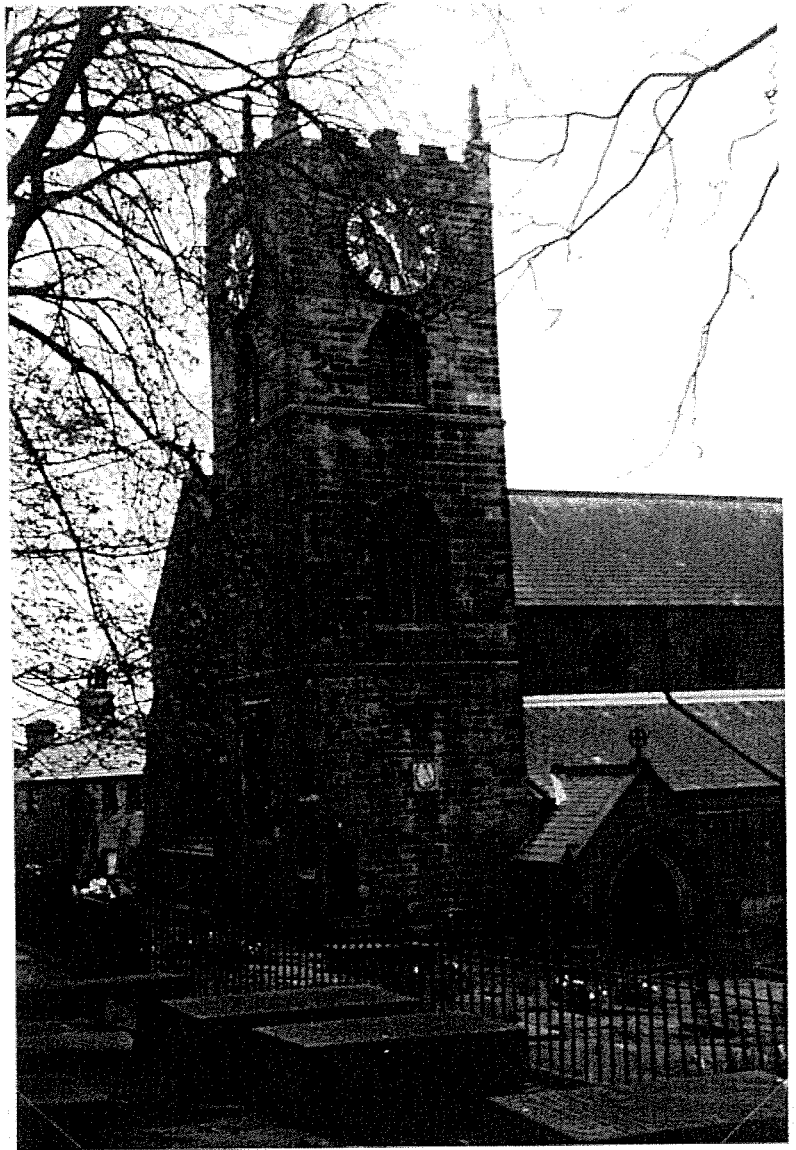
⁷⁹ Cook, Faith, 1997, William Grimshaw of Haworth: Edinburgh, Scotland and Carlisle, PA, Banner of Truth Trust, 342 p.

Figure 29

Haworth Church
William Grimshaw, Rector
1742-1763

- a. Side View of Church,
Showing Clock Tower

- b. Stone Fount in Adjacent Cemetery
With William Grimshaw's Name





a. List of Haworth Church Rectors as Shown on Plaque Inside the Church

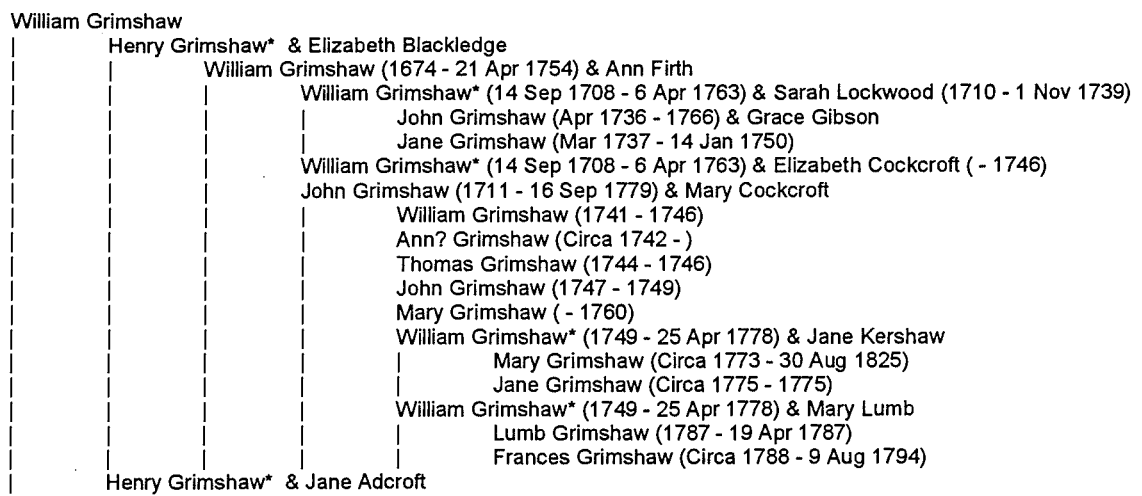


b. Black Bull Inn, Where Grimshaw Rounded Up Patrons To Attend Sunday Services

Figure 30
Sites At and Near Haworth Church

1820 saw the start of Patrick Bronte's forty-one year ministry in Haworth which was to bring the village lasting fame. There are numerous mementos of the Bronte family in the Church: see first of all the Bronte Chapel (This was completed in 1964 by local craftsmen, including a warden, a choir member and the organist) and the monument (cut by John Brown, a friend of Branwell's. Close by is the family vault (which is completely sealed) situated near the family pew in the Old Church; Anne was the only member of the Bronte family to die away from Haworth; she was buried in Scarborough. Near the chapel is a display case showing old documents including the marriage certificate of Charlotte to the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, who had been a curate for eight years. There is also an eighteenth century register recording the death of William Grimshaw (though he was buried ten miles away at Luddenden Foot near Hebden Bridge) and the 17th century Bible kept by Mr. Bronte in his study.

William's brother, John, was also in the ministry. He, however, had no affinity for Methodism. A description of the known ancestors and descendants of the two Brindle Grimshaw reverends was published by Baker⁸⁰. This Brindle line of Grimshaws, as outlined by Baker, is summarized as follows:

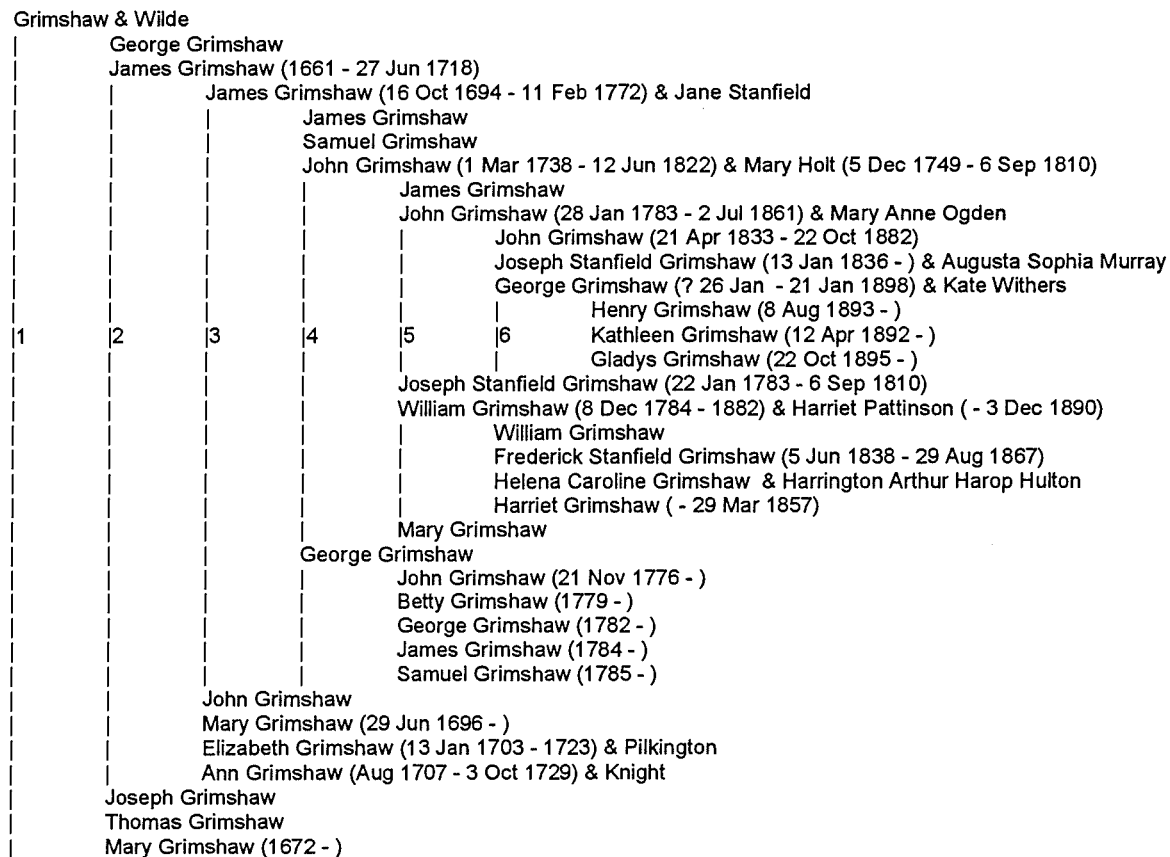


According to the Baker article, there are no known living descendants of either William or John Grimshaw

⁸⁰ Baker, Frank, 1945, The Grimshaw Family: Transactions of the Halifax Antiquarian Society – 1945, p. 49-72.

26. Grimshaws of Audenshaw

In 1906, Francis John Angus Skeet⁸¹ published a history of several families that included a line of Grimshaws from Audenshaw. The original Grimshaw family line from Whitaker⁸² is also presented in summary form to provide context. The Audenshaw line of Grimshaws as given by Skeet is as follows:



This reference usually emerges for Grimshaw researchers who are just getting started because of the presence of the Grimshaw name in the title. However, very little information beyond the family line shown above is provided on the Grimshaws, and there is no connection made of the line back to the original family line. The James Grimshaw born in 1661 would have been a contemporary of Richard and John Grimshaw, the last generation to occupy Clayton-le-Moors before it passed into the Lomax hands in 1715.

⁸¹ Skeet, F.J.A., 1906, *A History of the Families of Skeet, Widdrington, Wilby, Murray, Blake, Grimshaw, and others*: London, Mitchell, Hughes and Clarke, 179 p.

⁸² Whitaker, Thomas Dunham, 1872, *An History of the Original Parish of Whalley, and Honor of Clitheroe* (Revised and enlarged by John G. Nichols and Ponsoby A. Lyons): London, George Routledge and Sons, 4th Edition; v. I, 362 p.; v. II, 622 p. Earlier editions were published in 1800, 1806, and 1825.

27. Was There a Line Of Grimshaws Who Were Mariners?

Descendants of the Grimshaws from Lancashire County spread out to many parts of England (and beyond, especially during the Colonial Period). Indirect evidence indicates that at least one of the Grimshaw lines became involved in the maritime industry, possibly based in Liverpool. Laxton⁸³, in a book on the Irish emigration to North America during the famine years of the middle 1800s, relates the sad tale of the ship Caleb Grimshaw, which sank while transporting emigrants in 1849 with the loss of 90 lives. Excerpt C at the end of this booklet contains the relevant portion of Laxton's book. The possibility of involvement of Grimshaws in the maritime industry will be the focus of a future research effort.

⁸³ Laxton, Edward, 1996, *The Famine Ships – The Irish Exodus to America*: New York, Henry Holt, 250 p.

28. Wolfe Island Grimshaws: William and Mary Ann Blair Grimshaw

Among the Grimshaw immigrants to North America were two families that lived on Wolfe Island, Ontario, which is located near Kingston at the head of the St. Lawrence River at Lake Ontario. The history of Wolfe Island has been summarized by Hogan and Smithson⁸⁴ and by Waller⁸⁵ (p. ii-vi). Waller also outlined the pedigrees of William and Mary Ann Blair Grimshaw (p. 96-98) and of George and Charlotte Menard Grimshaw (p. 99).

The first Grimshaw family to settle on Wolfe Island was apparently that of William and Mary Ann Blair Grimshaw, who acquired several parcels of land in the western half of the island. Figure 31 shows a map of Wolfe Island⁸⁶ with land ownership indicated, including the five parcels owned by this family. Descendants of William and Mary Ann comprise one of the most important lines of Grimshaws in North America today. The full pedigree of the William and Mary Ann family has been researched and determined by Barbara Bonner⁸⁷. The results of her work are summarized in Figure 32.

William and Mary Ann remained on the island and are buried there. Figure 32 shows a picture of the town of Marysville on Wolfe Island and a photo of the grave of William and Mary Ann. Many of their children and other descendants are also buried on the island. Figure 33 shows the former "home place" of the William Grimshaws and the grave of Thomas Grimshaw (b. 1831), their oldest son.

The George and Charlotte Menard Grimshaw family did not remain on the island, and none of the family members is apparently buried there. This family line is described in the next section.

⁸⁴ Hogan, Beth, and G.D. Smithson, 1982, *The Island Communities (Wolfe Island)*, in Rollason, Bryan, ed., *County of a Thousand Lakes – The History of the County of Frontenac, 1673-1973: Corporation of the County of Frontenac*, p. 472-496.

⁸⁵ Waller, Russ, 1995, *Wolfe Island Family Connections: Kingston, Ontario*, privately published, 282 p.

⁸⁶ 1878 Meacham Map, According to Waller, 1995.

⁸⁷ I would like to express my appreciation to Barbara Bonner not only for providing this family tree information, but also for "educating" me on both of the Wolfe Island Grimshaw families.

Figure 31
(following page)

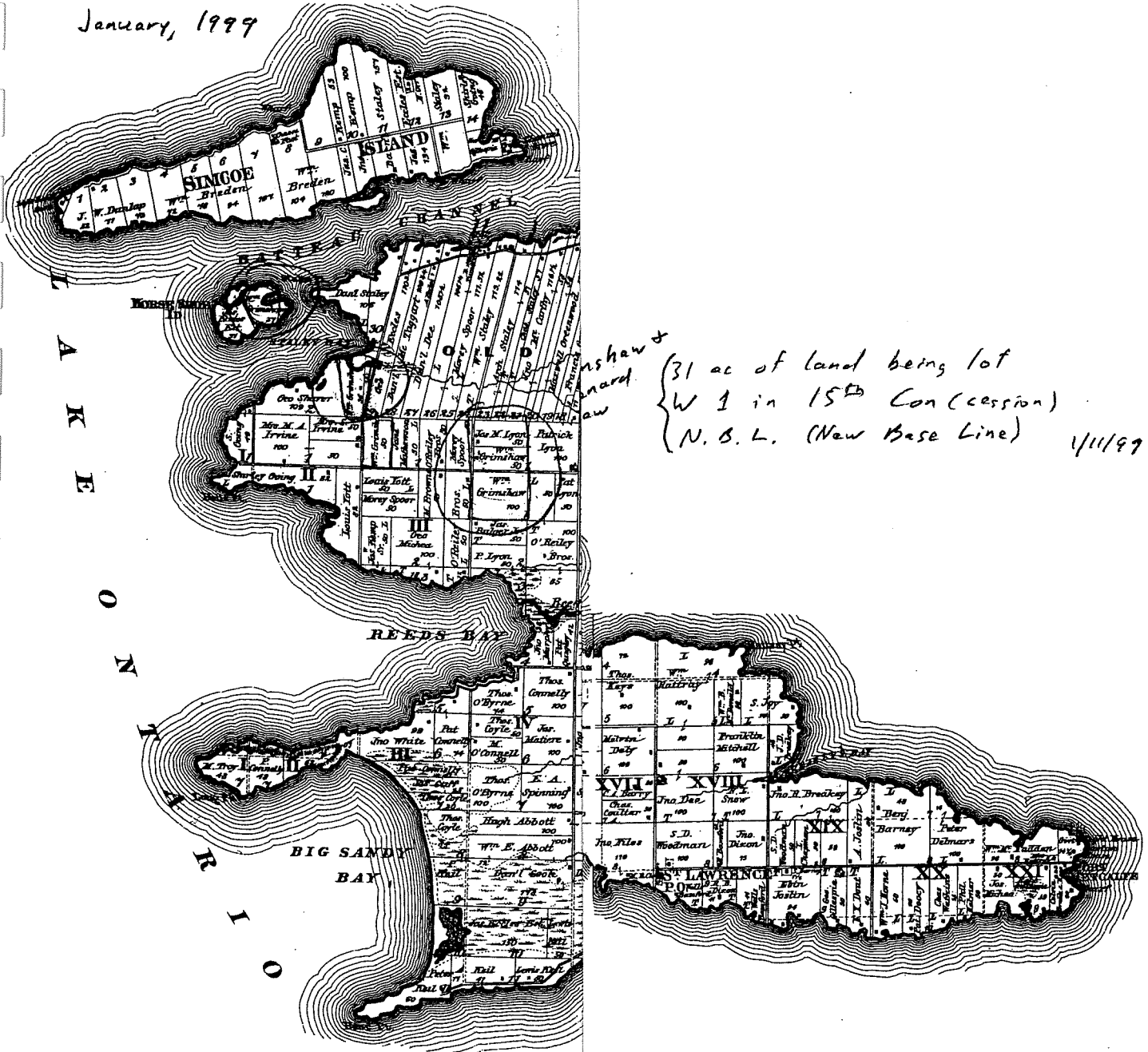
Map of Wolfe Island, Ontario⁸⁸, Showing Locations of Land
Owned by William and Mary Ann Grimshaw and
by George and Charlotte Grimshaw

⁸⁸ 1878 Meacham Map, According to Waller, 1995.

WOLFE ISLAND

Scale 50 chains to an inch

Thomas W. Grimshaw
January, 1999



West Island Grimshaws;
Descendants of
William + Mary Blair Grimshaw

William Grimshaw (1812 - 1897) & Mary Ann Blair (1813 - 1883)

- Thomas Grimshaw (1831 - 1876) & Anna S. Lathrop (1831 - 1926)
 - Miles Grimshaw* (1857 - 1933) & Frances (Frankie) Abbott (1861 - 1885)
 - Miles Grimshaw* (1857 - 1933) & Emma Sluman (1859 - 1930)
 - Emma Grimshaw (1858 - 1939) & George Henry Pyke (1853 - 1912)
 - Robert E. Grimshaw (1859 - 1946) & Nellie Canfield (1859 - 1896)
 - Franklin Grimshaw (1863 - 1863)
 - Ulysses Grant Grimshaw (1865 - 1944) & Phoebe Diana Watts (1869 -)
 - Ida Lena Grimshaw (1868 -) & Milton E. Schell (1867 - 1936)
 - Theodore Thomas Grimshaw (1870 -) & Clara Belle Shaal (1875 -)
 - Coleman Albert Grimshaw* (1873 - 1944) & Elizabeth Sarah Honnewell (1875 - 1933)
 - Coleman Albert Grimshaw* (1873 - 1944) & Elizabeth Long (1873 - 1959)
 - Thomas William Irwin Grimshaw (1877 - 1957) & Magdalena Radley (1879 - 1953)
- Melissa Grimshaw (1835 - 1907) & Thomas Murray Harkness (1835 - 1907)
 - Mary Minerva Harkness (1856 -) & ? Johnson
 - Matthew E Harkness (1856 -)
 - William W Harkness (1859 -)
 - Hannah Harkness (1861 -) & Henry Millar (1856 -)
 - Thomas Robert Harkness (1863 - 1934) & Eliza Maria McDermott
 - Elizabeth Harkness (1864 - 1929) & David Heath (1854 - 1921)
 - Margaret Harkness (1868 - 1897) & Samuel McGuire (1861 -)
 - Isabella Harkness* (1868 - 1936) & Timothe Killackey
 - Isabella Harkness* (1868 - 1936) & William Newcomb
 - Jennie Gertrude (Jane) Harkness (1870 -) & William R Smith (1864 - 1904)
 - Victoria Harkness (1874 -) & ? Stewart
- Almira Grimshaw (1837 - 1919) & John Gillespie (1821 - 1907)
 - John Gillespie Jr (1857 - 1945) & Mary Wilmot (1858 -)
 - William Henry Gillespie (1860 - 1866) & UNNAMED
 - Mary Gillespie (1861 - 1961) & Francis G Brooks (1860 - 1893)
 - Annie Gillespie (1863 - 1949) & Henry Frederick Wilmot (1861 -)
 - Robert Gillespie (1865 - 1936) & UNNAMED
 - Thomas Gillespie (1867 - 1901)
 - Bertha Jane Gillespie (1870 - 1947) & William Alfred Sawyer (1863 - 1941)
 - Simantha Elizabeth Gillespie (1872 -) & Edward Dickinson Baker
 - Henry N Gillespie (1874 - 1942) & Elizabeth Alice Brice
 - George Herbert Gillespie (1876 -)
 - Florence Eleanor Gillespie (1878 - 1972) & Henry A Courtney
- Samantha Ann Grimshaw (1839 - 1883) & James Blair (1834 - 1877)
 - Helen Mary Blair (1864 - 1877)
 - William John Blair (1866 - 1952) & Mary (Minnie) Waddingham (1873 - 1925)
 - Ida Jane Blair* (1869 -) & Neil Fletcher (1860 - 1921)
 - Ida Jane Blair* (1869 -) & George Henry Vassar (1862 -)
 - Jerusha Anna Blair (1876 - 1954) & James Augustus Robinson (1876 - 1954)
- William W Grimshaw* (1842 - 1918) & Maria Wilson (1841 - 1884)
 - Eliza Gillow (1864 -)
 - Robert Henry Grimshaw (1869 - 1952) & Emma Bustard (1877 - 1965)
 - Maud Louise Grimshaw (1873 - 1907) & James Augustus Davis (1874 - 1936)
 - Russell Grimshaw (1874 - 1933) & Margaret (Grimshaw)
 - Matthew William Edward Grimshaw (1880 - 1929) & Doris Fraser
 - Earl Wilson Wallbridge Grimshaw (1881 - 1942) & Claudia Margaret Michea (1884 - 1952)
- William W Grimshaw* (1842 - 1918) & Jane Michea (1862 - 1926)
 - Henry Grimshaw (1844 - 1925) & Lucinda Thompson (1844 - 1948)
 - Robert Fenwick Thompson Grimshaw (1876 - 1948) & Eliza Jane Cooper (1876 - 1960)
 - Ernest Ireland Maurice Grimshaw (1879 - 1898)

(continued on next page)

Figure 32

Summary Descendant Chart of William and Mary Ann Blair Grimshaw of Wolfe Island
(As Established by Barbara Bonner, Kingston, Ontario)



a. Marysville, Taken From Ferry On Approach to Dock

b. Grave of William and Mary Ann Blair Grimshaw, With Barbara Bonner, One of Their Descendants



Figure 33
Wolfe Island Photos



- a. Former "Home Place" of William and Mary Ann Blair Grimshaw on Wolfe Island

- b. Grave of Thomas Grimshaw, Oldest Son of William and Mary Ann Grimshaw

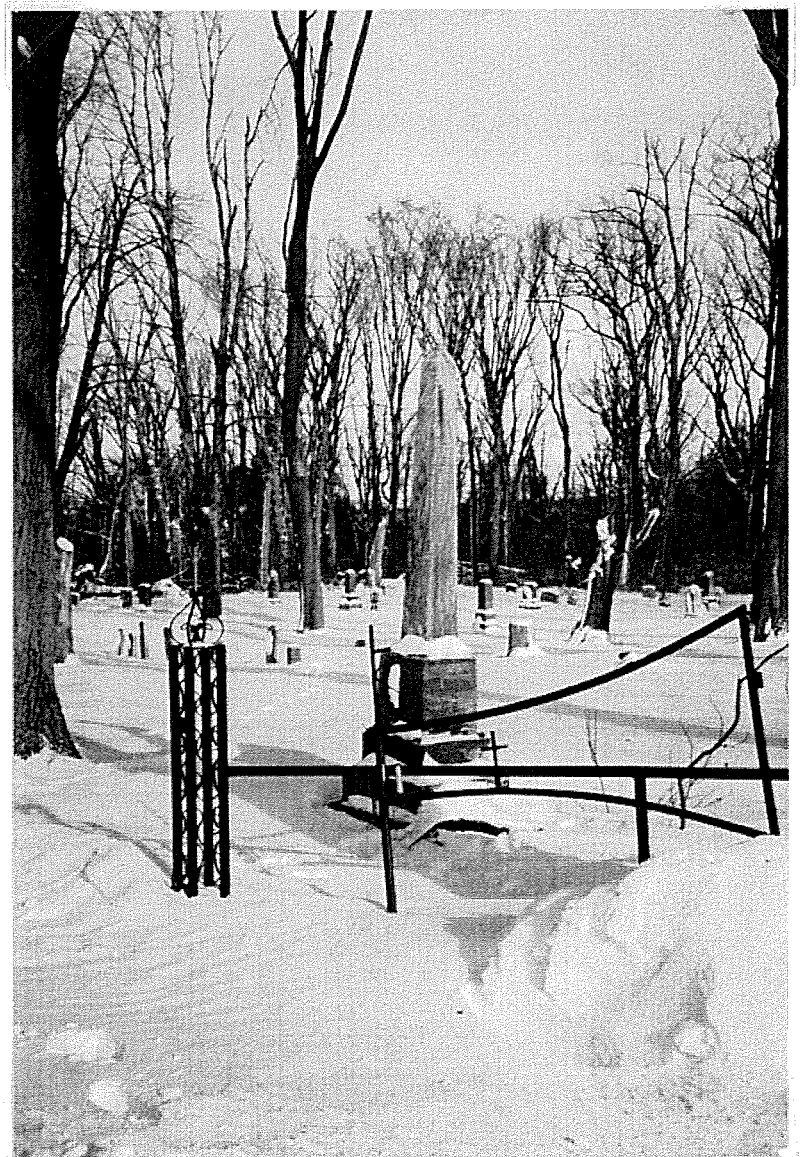


Figure 34
Grimshaw-Related Scenes on
Wolfe Island

29. How the Town of Grimshaw, Alberta, Canada Got Its Name

One notable descendant of the William and Mary Ann line was Matthew Grimshaw (their grandson; fifth child of William W. and Maria Wilson Grimshaw; see Figure 32, first page). He was a physician who was educated in Kingston and who moved to western Canada and established his practice in the Peace River, Alberta area in 1914. The town of Grimshaw in that area is named after Matthew, as related by Hansen⁸⁹:

Grimshaw was named for Dr. M.E. Grimshaw, the pioneer doctor who had given unstinted service for many years to the early settlers throughout the Peace River district.

Doctor Grimshaw was born at Kingston, Ontario. In 1912, he had practiced medicine at Innisfail, and in 1913, in Medicine Hat. From that point, he moved to the Peace River area and established a practice in the village of Peace River Crossing, in 1914. He served on the village council for several years and held the position of reeve. He was village commissioner in 1919 when Peace River was incorporated as a town. His colleague, Dr. W.B.L. Donald was elected to the position of mayor and R. Grimshaw succeeded to this post after Dr. Donald's term had expired. He resigned the position in 1922. In 1929 the Grimshaws moved to Fairview, where the doctor died in November of that year. He lies at rest in the Waterhole cemetery, near Fairview. His wife, the former Doris Fraser, survived him by many years but she too has passed away and is buried in the family plot at Waterhole. Their only daughter, Doris Carradine, mother of David Carradine of Kung Fu fame, died in a tragic fire several years ago. Her body also rests in the family plot. The Grimshaw's son, Fraser, lives in eastern Canada. [Editor's note: Apparently Doris, although married to David Carradine's father at one time, was not the mother of David.]

Grimshaw had a population in 1990 of about 2750. It is located about 320 miles northwest of Edmonton on the southern terminus ("Mile Zero") of the Mackenzie Highway (Highway 35), which leads to the northern part of Alberta and the Northwest Territories. Its major economic base is agriculture, oil and gas, and a large Kraft paper (pulp) mill. Its elevation is about 2000 feet; the average summer temperature is 57° F, and the average for the winter is 17° F. The town puts out the following summary⁹⁰ as part of an information package they make available to interested parties:

Grimshaw was named for Dr. M.E. Grimshaw, a pioneer doctor who established a practice in the village of Peace River Crossing in 1914, and gave loyal service to the settlers of the Peace River District for many years. He served on the village council for many years, and held the positions of reeve, village commissioner, and later the position of mayor from which he resigned in 1922. In 1929 he moved his family to Fairview where he died in November of that year.

The location of Grimshaw was chosen in 1917 and surveyed by Alfred Driscoll in September of 1921. Credit for this is given, in part, to the Central Canada Railway who build a railway line from McLennan to Peace River Crossing in 1916, and an extension westward to Berwyn the following year. When the site for the hamlet was first surveyed it became commonly known as "the stop" to the railway crews.

Jim Kennedy opened a livery stable and hotel in 1921. John Cattnach, regarded as Grimshaw's premier citizen, became postmaster and general merchant in 1923. Then came other merchants who established such businesses as a butcher shop, a service station, a general store, a poolroom and barber shop. The first grain elevator was built by Security Elevator in 1926 and was followed by competition. Other businesses were established such as a real estate company, United Farmers

⁸⁹ Hansen, Evelyn, 1980, Dr. Grimshaw Story, in *Land of Hope and Dreams – A History of Grimshaw and Districts: Grimshaw, Alberta, Grimshaw and Districts* Historical Society, p. 287.

⁹⁰ From Information Package provided by Town of Grimshaw to Bob Grimshaw, Modesto, CA, in 1991. Thanks go to Bob for making this information available.

of Alberta, a restaurant, drug store, farm machinery business, and hardware sales competition. These were the pioneer merchants, ready to make their fortunes in the 1930s. Incorporation was carried out. In March, 1930 the hamlet was established as the Village of Grimshaw, and made a Town on February 1, 1953.

Grimshaw developed first as a community center for a rich mixed farming district. It was a focal point where early settlers did shopping, and from which they shipped their surplus farm products. As the rich land to the north was opened up for settlement after the railroad arrived, it became the nearest rail shipping point for the farmers, trappers and fishermen as far north as Yellowknife, 632 miles to the north, and 15 miles south to the Peace River.

The Town is more important than local farming activities would indicate. The water supply from local springs has attracted many residents to the Town and unlimited room for expansion has attracted commerce. Grimshaw is strategically located for a distribution point for the entire north. The local resources are wheat and coarse grains, forage crops and seeds – mostly alfalfa and grass; cattle, hogs, poultry products, honey, straw; sand and gravel; fish, furs, lumber, oil and gas.

30. Wolfe Island Grimshaws: George and Charlotte Menard Grimshaw

A second family of Grimshaws, George and Charlotte Menard Grimshaw, came to Wolfe Island also, undoubtedly because of a family relationship between George and William (see Section 32, below). George was born in about 1794, and William was born in about 1812. George and Charlotte owned land on the northern shore of the island as shown in Figure 31.

Charlotte Grimshaw, George's wife, apparently died before George moved away from the island; her grave has not yet been found. George and his children left the island, and at least two of his sons moved to Wisconsin. After living for a time in New York, and possibly Pennsylvania, George also moved to Wisconsin and apparently died there. The family tree of George and Charlotte has been prepared by Terry Grimshaw Micks⁹¹ of La Crescent, Minnesota, in conjunction with Barbara Bonner, mentioned above, and is posted on the Internet (Family Tree Maker website). It is summarized in Figure 35.

Family lore has it that George came from an English family of mariners (see Section 27) and immigrated to Canada after marrying Charlotte, a French Canadian. An example of this family lore is a letter from Thomas H. Grimshaw (a descendant of George and Charlotte) to his niece, Fern Grimshaw, written in 1939, which contains the following excerpt⁹²:

...Yes, I knew all your grandfather's brothers. They were George, John, Alex and Mike and a sister Lida. Their father's name was John and his father's name was John (editor's note – this is in error; the correct name is George) and he came from England from a very rich family. His father owned a bunch of ships and my great-grandfather was Captain on one of them and he sailed from England to Canada one time. When he went back home to England he took a wife with him, a French girl. His dad disowned him for marrying in Canada and gave him his share and sent him back to Canada to stay. So that started the Grimshaws in this country...

Further indication of possible mariner connections of this Grimshaw line comes from the records (written about 1984) of Lyra Hodgkin, a South Dakota descendant of John James, the third child of George and Charlotte, concerning John James:

Our knowledge of the Grimshaw family is quite limited. It begins with John Grimshaw who was a Canadian who was a sailor on the Great Lakes we were told by his son George (T.) Grimshaw, who was my Grandfather. I do not know which Lake but since he lived in Wisconsin the first we knew of him I have an idea it was Superior. However George G. was born in Canada so it could have been one of the others.

The connection of this family back to the Lancastrian Grimshaws has not yet been established, nor has the hypothesis of its descent from a line of mariners been proven. The author of this report is descended from this family line and hopes to establish these connections in the future.

⁹¹ Thanks go to Terry for her work on the George and Charlotte Menard family tree, for making other information available and for helping to educate me on the Grimshaw family history.

⁹² Thanks also to Robert Grimshaw for making the letter from which this excerpt came available to me.

George Grimshaw (About 1794 -) & Charlotte Menard (About 1795 -)
 | Christiana Grimshaw (25 Dec 1825 -) & John Egner
 | Sarah Ann Egner (16 Feb 1848 -)
 | Marcelina Grimshaw (About Jan 1828 -)
 | John James Grimshaw* (1 Aug 1829 - 19 Mar 1907) & Mary Ann Mahoney (About 1822 -)
 | Eliza Mahoney (About 1846 -)
 | George Thomas Grimshaw (19 Jul 1849 - 29 Sep 1915) & Aris Phedora Ladd (29 Dec 1848 -)
 | | William Allen Grimshaw (22 Mar 1872 - 1944)
 | | Anna Celestine ("Tina") Grimshaw (7 Dec 1874 - 19 Oct 1962)
 | | Wallace J Grimshaw (3 Apr 1881 - 1942)
 | | Mary Evelyn ("Eva") Grimshaw (13 Jul 1883 - 1964)
 | | Nettie Estelle ("Stella") Grimshaw (29 Oct 1885 - 26 Jan 1892)
 | | Walter Claude Grimshaw (17 Sep 1890 - 7 Feb 1920)
 | John Etimer Grimshaw (26 Oct 1850 - 1934) & Eliza Norris (3 Feb 1854 - 9 May 1927)
 | | May Grimshaw (About 1872 -)
 | | Anna Grimshaw (About 1873 -)
 | | Sarah Grimshaw (About 1877 -)
 | | Alice Grimshaw (About 1879 -)
 | | Maud Ethel Grimshaw (Feb 1883 -)
 | Isiah Grimshaw (About 27 Jun 1853 - About 15 Jul 1853)
 | Mary Charlotte Grimshaw (About 27 Jun 1853 - About 15 Jul 1853)
 | William Alexander Grimshaw (20 Aug 1854 - 1934) & Jane Turner (4 Oct 1854 -)
 | | Bulah Grimshaw (About 1873 -)
 | | Jonas Grimshaw (15 Nov 1874 - 13 Feb 1875)
 | | Cora Nellie Grimshaw (1 Jun 1876 - 2 Nov 1964)
 | | Ida Grimshaw (Before 1878 -)
 | | Thomas Henry Grimshaw (13 Jun 1878 - 9 Jan 1961)
 | | Turner Squire Grimshaw (22 May 1880 - 2 Dec 1894)
 | | Bert F Grimshaw (Jul 1882 -)
 | | Frank B Grimshaw (2 Jul 1883 - 17 Oct 1950)
 | | William Riley Grimshaw (4 Aug 1884 - 7 Sep 1884)
 | | Lillian V Grimshaw (14 Aug 1886 - 23 Jul 1969)
 | | Mary Ellen Grimshaw (28 Dec 1888 -)
 | | Roland Clarence Grimshaw (12 Oct 1893 - 7 Sep 1894)
 | | Lovina Grimshaw (9 Sep 1899 -)
 | Michael Henry Grimshaw (22 Oct 1856 - 26 Oct 1916) & Maria W Norris (10 Mar 1861 -)
 | | Garth Grimshaw (1880 - 1880)
 | | Bertha Luella Grimshaw (16 Jun 1881 - 27 Jan 1921)
 | | William Clarence Grimshaw (8 Jun 1884 - 1 May 1954)
 | | Thomas Meredith Grimshaw (8 Aug 1886 - 23 Mar 1887)
 | | James Henry Grimshaw (4 Feb 1888 - 9 Dec 1930)
 | | Irene Grimshaw (22 Jan 1890 - 1977)
 | Lyda Grimshaw & ? Ritchie
 | John James Grimshaw* (1 Aug 1829 - 19 Mar 1907) & Margaret Newburn (30 Jul 1839 - 4 Feb 1903)
 | Alexander Eli Grimshaw (May 1830 - 4 Feb 1903) & Sarah Ann Thompson (1828 - 18 Nov 1891)
 | Mahala J Grimshaw* (1 Jul 1852 - 1927) & John L Lee
 | | Henrietta E Lee (About 1875 -)
 | | Eli Alexander Lee (- About Oct 1897)
 | | George Leonard Lee
 | Mahala J Grimshaw* (1 Jul 1852 - 1927) & Charles T Claflin (- Before 1910)
 | Elizabeth Rosanna Grimshaw (6 Nov 1853 - 28 Nov 1895) & John Hyland Youngs (10 Nov 1844 -)
 | | Elsie J Youngs (About 1871 -)
 | | Ida Mae Youngs (About 1875 - 15 Apr 1899)
 | | Sarah E Youngs (About 1878 -)
 | | Eddie Youngs (May 1886 -)
 | | Jess Youngs (Apr 1888 -)
 | | Harriet ("Hattie") Youngs
 | Mary E J (Ellen) Grimshaw* (Oct 1857 -) & Charles M Hodges (1872 - 1935)
 | | Charles M Hodges (1872 - 1935)
 | | Merritt Hodges
 | | Dorothy Hodges
 | | Claude Hodges
 | | Amelia Jennie Hodges (About 1878 - 10 Apr 1919)
 | Mary E J (Ellen) Grimshaw* (Oct 1857 -) & Aron (Ed) Bowman (1844 - 8 Feb 1924)

(continued on next page)

Figure 35

Summary Descendant Chart of George and Charlotte Menard Grimshaw of Wolfe Island

Alexander Eli Grimshaw (May 1830 - 4 Feb 1903) & Sarah Ann Thompson (1828 - 18 Nov 1891)
(continued from previous page; 4th child)

- Charlotte (Lottie) Grimshaw (14 Feb 1856 - 19 Jul 1936) & John Emmerson Troupe (21 Sep 1871 -)
 - Lillian ("Bertha") Troupe (28 Feb 1875 - 28 Jul 1934)
 - Carl Henry Troupe (6 Mar 1881 - 29 Jan 1962)
 - Mabel Violet Troupe (22 Feb 1887 - 24 Jan 1971)
 - Harry Nelson Troupe (19 Feb 1896 - 16 May 1957)
- Eli Alexander Grimshaw (1859 - 1924) & Mary Murphy (11 Jul 1859 - 28 Feb 1947)
 - Eli Alexander Grimshaw (28 Aug 1879 - 1924)
 - Annie May Grimshaw (26 Aug 1881 -)
 - Cora Belle Grimshaw (Apr 1885 - May 1966)
 - Mahala Grimshaw (Oct 1890 -)
 - Albert Grimshaw (17 Mar 1894 - 17 Nov 1955)
- Andrew B Grimshaw* (15 Jul 1862 - 20 Feb 0194) & Almira J Bloss
- Andrew B Grimshaw* (15 Jul 1862 - 20 Feb 0194) & Mary Rosa Johnson (6 Jul 1870 -)
 - Charlotte Anna Grimshaw (Jul 1891 -)
 - Perle Leonard Grimshaw (4 Nov 1895 - 9 Oct 1980)
 - Infant Grimshaw (Before 1900 -)
- Anna (Annie) Grimshaw (15 Jul 1862 - 20 Jun 1900) & Henry F Minor (May 1838 -)
 - Bartholomew Minor (Jun 1878 -)
 - Emma Minor (Aug 1879 -)
 - Frank Minor (Aug 1884 -)
 - Charlotte Minor (Apr 1886 -)
- Mary Jane ("Minnie") Grimshaw (17 Apr 1865 - 24 Apr 1902) & Patrick F Murphy (- 8 May 1883)
 - William Murphy
 - Howard Murphy
 - Perle Murphy
- William Henry Grimshaw (14 Oct 1865 - 3 Jul 1936) & Else Marie Oleson (6 Sep 1868 -)
 - Ella Marie Grimshaw (7 Jul 1891 -)
 - Jessie Mae Grimshaw (10 Mar 1893 - 1979)
 - Agnes Evelyn Grimshaw (24 Mar 1895 -)
 - William Alexander Grimshaw (14 Dec 1900 - 7 Jun 1970)
 - Earl Melvin Grimshaw (17 Oct 1904 - 1 Jul 1906)
 - Harold Laverne Grimshaw (6 Aug 1913 - 6 Jun 1993)
- Emma Grimshaw (About 1868 -) & Arthur Smith
 - Mildred ("Minnie") Smith
 - Percy Calvin Smith
 - Gertrude Amelia Smith
 - Gretchen Smith
 - Luella Smith
 - Alice Smith
 - Arthur Sidney Smith
 - James DeWitt Smith
 - William Bartholomew Smith
- Lewis Grimshaw (About Jan 1870 -)
- Henrietta Grimshaw (About 1833 -)
- Charlotte Rosalie Grimshaw (12 May 1835 -)
- Eli George Grimshaw* (22 Feb 1838 - Jan 1885) & Hannah Christiana Sudds (About 1841 -)
 - Joseph Amos Grimshaw (About 1861 -)
- Eli George Grimshaw* (22 Feb 1838 - Jan 1885) & Sarah Elizabeth Pepper (3 Jun 1850 - 3 Sep 1911)
 - James Leonard Grimshaw (25 Feb 1870 -) & Martini (Martha) Christensen (22 Apr 1874 -)
 - Myrtle V Grimshaw (20 Aug 1896 - 4 Nov 1896)
 - Louis Henry Grimshaw (20 Jan 1898 -)
 - Rosie E Grimshaw (3 Jun 1901 - 13 Apr 1907)
 - Eli Leonard Grimshaw (18 Oct 1903 - 10 Aug 1970)
 - William Grimshaw (25 Jul 1906 - 29 Mar 1983)
 - Walter James Grimshaw (2 May 1910 - 1 Aug 1910)
 - Laura Louelle Grimshaw (1 Sep 1912 - 22 Jun 1976)
- Levi Bartholomew Grimshaw (22 Jun 1863 -) & Catherine (About 1845 -)
 - Mary Grimshaw (About 1864 -)

Figure 35 (continued)

Summary Descendant Chart of George and Charlotte Menard Grimshaw of Wolfe Island

31. The Zepheniah Grimshaw Family Lines

Zepheniah was perhaps one of the most prolific Grimshaws – he left descendants from at least two, and possibly three wives – Jerusha (last name unknown), Asentha Noakes, and Adaline Covey. The most complete family line construction that I am aware of has been prepared by Barbara Bonner⁹³. The family trees for the Jerusha and Asentha Noakes descendants are shown in Figures 36 and 37. The (likely) children of the third family are as follows:

Barbara, born March 7, 1861
Orrison, born about 1863
Henry
Samuel
David

Additional descendants from the possible third marriage have not yet been determined.

Barbara conjectures (but has not yet proven) that William, the oldest child of Zepheniah and Jerusha (see Figure 36), is the William that is the progenitor of the Wolfe Island line described in Section 28 (Figure 32). She also believes that George, of the Goerge and Charlotte Menard Grimshaw (Section 30) is related to Zepheniah and William. The nature of the relationship, however, remains a mystery.

⁹³ Thanks, again, to Barbara, this time for making this information on the Zepheniah Grimshaw family lines available to me.

Zephaniah Grimshaw* (About 1790 - 1872) & Jerusha (Grimshaw)

- | William Grimshaw (About 1812 -)
- | Samantha Lucretia Grimshaw (7 Feb 1813 -) & John Blair (About 11 Oct 1811 - 1 Nov 1884)
 - | Mary Ann Blair (30 May 1832 - 7 Feb 1893) & William Trainer (About 1820 - 2 Jan 1884)
 - | William H. Trainer (22 Jan 1856 -) & Amanda (Trainer) (12 Mar 1856 -)
 - | Grace M. Trainer (7 Aug 1880 -)
 - | William Trainer (3 Oct 1885 -)
 - | Lena Trainer (18 Nov 1887 -)
 - | Oscar Trainer (30 Jul 1890 -)
 - | Ann Jane Trainer (About 8 Jul 1861 - 20 Jan 1862)
 - | Thomas James Trainer (10 Mar 1864 - 2 Dec 1864)
 - | Melissa Blair (31 May 1841 - 19 Jan 1899) & William Adams
 - | Herbert Adams (About Jun 1878 -)
 - | Jerusha Ann Blair (3 Jul 1843 - 12 Jul 1843)
 - | Samantha Jane Blair (25 Aug 1844 -)
 - | Elizabeth Blair (2 Jan 1847 -)
 - | John Blair (2 Sep 1848 -) & Margaret Ann Greer
 - | James Blair (3 Apr 1850 -) & Maria (Blair) (About 1850 -)
 - | Willis John Blair (About 1875 -)
 - | James Ernest Blair (About 1877 -)
 - | Willaim Henry Blair (28 Jan 1852 - 28 Jan 1875)
 - | Lucy Blair (About 1856 -)
 - | Thomas Albert Blair (About 17 Jun 1857 - 7 Dec 1861)
- | Edward Grimshaw (About 1815 -) & Hannah Carr (About 1818 -)
 - | Edward Elias Grimshaw (About 1845 -)
 - | William H. Grimshaw (About 1846 -)
 - | Leonard Grimshaw (About 1848 -)
 - | Charlotte E. Grimshaw (About 1849 -)

Figure 36

Summary Descendant Chart for Zephaniah and Jerusha Grimshaw

Zephaniah Grimshaw* (About 1790 - 1872) & Asentha Noakes (About 1792 - 1863)

- | John Nelson Grimshaw (19 Jan 1821 -) & Emeline Wilson
 - | Adeline Grimshaw (18 Jan 1845 -)
- | Harriet Grimshaw (About 1824 -) & Robert Gay (About 1825 -)
 - | Robert Gay (About 1847 -)
 - | Elmira Gay (About 1848 -)
 - | Esther Gay (About 1850 -)
- | Charles Wesley Grimshaw (18 Apr 1825 - 25 Jan 1898) & Lucinda M. Covey (1 Jun 1822 - 30 May 1905)
 - | Cerene Grimshaw (16 Sep 1847 - 1932) & Danforth Frier (1849 - 1927)
 - | Elizabeth Rubertha Frier (9 Apr 1871 -)
 - | Mamie Frier (1873 - 1874)
 - | Ella G. Frier (About 1874 - 1875)
 - | Herbert Frier (1877 - 1962) & Lottie M. Marrison (1888 - 1977)
 - | Susannah Grimshaw (23 Dec 1848 -) & Joseph Denney O'Dell
 - | William Charles Grimshaw (6 Sep 1850 -) & Mary O'Dell (About 1855 -)
 - | Charley Grimshaw (About 1878 -)
 - | Joseph Grimshaw (About Nov 1880 -)
 - | Lucretia Grimshaw (About 1852 - 28 Jul 1857)
 - | Henry Grimshaw (About 1854 - 12 Nov 1857)
 - | Charles Grimshaw (About 1856 - 3 Jan 1858)
 - | Webster Grimshaw (14 Oct 1858 -)
 - | Charles\Chester Grimshaw (3 Feb 1861 -)
 - | Alberta Velona Grimshaw (15 Sep 1863 -)
 - | Martha Jane Grimshaw (26 Sep 1865 -)
 - | Euphemia Grimshaw (26 Feb 1868 -)
- | Timothy Edson Oldin Grimshaw (28 Feb 1827 -) & Agnes (Craik?) (About 1828 -)
 - | Andrew Craik Grimshaw (26 Sep 1847 -)
 - | Emma Grimshaw (About 1851 -)
 - | James Grimshaw (About 1853 -)
 - | Kate Grimshaw (About 1856 -)
 - | Alice Grimshaw (About 1858 -)
 - | Timothy J. Grimshaw (About 1860 -)
 - | Agnes Grimshaw (About 1868 -)
- | Barzillai Grimshaw (2 Apr 1829 -) & Louisa Nokes (About Oct 1835 - 25 Jul 1877)
- | Elizabeth Grimshaw (5 Dec 1832 -) & Nicholas Middlemiss (8 Jul 1825 -)
 - | James Middlemiss (About 19 Mar 1850 -)
 - | Albert Zephania Middlemiss (2 May 1855 -) & Elizabeth (Grimshaw) (16 Feb 1858 -)
 - | Nicholas Jr. Middlemiss (1857 - 1921) & Eleanor Gibson (1861 - 1920)
 - | Wallace Henry Middlemiss (Oct 1888 - Jan 1970) & Sadie Rennie (1894 - 1983)
 - | Anna Eleanor Middlemiss (1923 - 5 Apr 1924)
 - | Florence G. Middlemiss (1924 -)
 - | Victor Middlemiss (1896 - 1958)
 - | Gilbert Middlemiss (About 1861 -)
 - | Jessie Middlemiss (About 1869 -)
- | Esther Mary Grimshaw* (About 1834 - 24 Jul 1908) & Emanuel W. Wilson
 - | Nelson Wilson
 - | Charles Wilson
- | Esther Mary Grimshaw* (About 1834 - 24 Jul 1908) & Samuel Rivers
- | Zephaniah Grimshaw* (5 Aug 1836 - 22 Jan 1901) & Amelia (Emilie) Gay (About 1831 -)
 - | Albert Grimshaw (About 1858 -) & Susan Hunt (About 1858 -)
 - | Thomas Wesley Grimshaw (5 Jun 1883 -)
 - | Joel Grimshaw (6 Jul 1861 -)
 - | Bessie Grimshaw (About 1862 -)
 - | Edwin Grimshaw (12 Jul 1863 -)
 - | Esther Elizabeth Grimshaw (1 Sep 1865 - 1941) & Thomas Henry White (1852 - 1931)
 - | Ella White (1890 - 1891)
 - | Earl Austin White White (1893 - 9 Feb 1918)
 - | T. Edwin White* (1896 - 1961) & Amy A Jamieson (1899 - 1929)
 - | T. Edwin White* (1896 - 1961) & Edith I. Gibson (1909 -)
 - | Ellen Jane Grimshaw (30 Sep 1867 -) & Alexander McCreight (About 1874 -)
 - | Margaret Isabella Grimshaw (25 Jun 1868 -) & Patrick Jacklin\Jacqlin
 - | Mary Ethel Jacklin\Jacqlin
 - | Florence Elisabeth Jacklin\Jacqlin
- | Zephaniah Grimshaw* (5 Aug 1836 - 22 Jan 1901) & Mary (Grimshaw) (26 Jul 1843 -)
- | Anna Grimshaw (About 1838 -)
- | Lucinda Grimshaw (About 1839 -)
- | Elizabeth Grimshaw (About 1844 -)

Figure 37
Summary Descendant Chart for Zephaniah and Asentha Noakes Grimshaw

32. Conjectures about William, George and Zepheniah Grimshaw Family Connections

It is apparent that Grimshaws came to the North American continent in several (perhaps many) distinct families who departed from various parts of England or other countries of the former British Colonial Empire. Some of the families, especially if they arrived before the 1800s, came and then “split” so that today we no longer know the original family that came to North America. This appears to be the case for the families of William, George and Zepheniah. The most in-depth research on the early history of these families (that I am aware of) has been accomplished by Barbara Bonner and Terry Grimshaw Micks⁹⁴.

Early in 1999, I engaged the services of Bruce Murduck, a professional family history researcher in Kingston, Ontario, before I became aware of the work of Barbara and Terry. Bruce interviewed Barbara and Terry, did a limited of research of his own, and submitted a letter report.⁹⁵ His report reflects his experience and knowledge of genealogy of the northeastern U.S., eastern Ontario, and Quebec.

It seems clear that these three families have a solid connection, but the exact nature of the connection will require further research for full resolution. Meanwhile, there are two main lines of conjecture:

- 1) George was from England, part of a family of mariners (perhaps connected to the family that owned the Caleb Grimshaw described in Excerpt C), and settled on Wolfe Island with his French Canadian wife after being himself involved in trans-Atlantic sailing. This hypothesis is suggested by family lore of George’s descendants and has already been described. The connection to William that brought George to Wolfe Island is unknown in this scenario.
- 2) Both George and Zepheniah are descended from an earlier William Grimshaw from New Hampshire who fought in the Revolutionary War, and the William of Wolfe Island is the son of Zepheniah. This hypothesis entails migration of the earlier William and/or his family westward from New Hampshire to Vermont and finally Quebec.

The earlier William Grimshaw appears in the 1790 Census of New Hampshire (p. 35)⁹⁶ as a resident of Grafton County, in a household with 1 “free white male of 16 years and upward, including heads of families”, 1 “free white male under 16 years,” and 2 “free white females, including heads of families.” He is included in the Genealogical Abstracts of Revolutionary War Files⁹⁷ (p. 1445) as follows: “GRINSHAW (sic), William, BLW⁹⁸ #1312-100-25 Mar 179?, srv as Fifer in Hazen’s Regt.” A recent inquiry on the Family Tree Maker website for this William

⁹⁴ Grateful acknowledgement is again given to Barbara Bonner and Terry Micks for educating me on issues related to the origins of these Grimshaws.

⁹⁵ Murduck, Bruce, 1999, Letter Report to Thomas W. Grimshaw dated May 28, 1999: Kingston, Ontario, 5 p.

⁹⁶ Author Unknown, 1907, Heads of Families at the First Census of the United States Taken in the Year 1790 – New Hampshire: Washington, D.C., U.S. Government Printing Office, unk p. (reprinted 1992, 1973, 1966 by Genealogical Publishing Co., Baltimore)

⁹⁷ White, Virgil D., abstracter, 1991, Genealogical Abstracts of Revolutionary War Pension Files, v. II, F-M: Waynesboro, Tennessee, The national Historical Publishing Co., unk p.

⁹⁸ Bounty Land Warrant

indicates that "there is a bronze plaque on a stone monument in the middle of the village of Bath, [Grafton County] NH, in memory of those who fought during the Rev. war"; this plaque apparently bears William's name.

Murduck, in his letter report described above, summarizes the second conjecture, that this earlier William is the progenitor of the Wolfe Island Grimshaws, as follows:

You may already have this knowledge, but Terry is leaning toward the notion that George GRIMSHAW is the son of yet another William GRIMSHAW - this one discharged from 'Hazen's Regiment' on the US side of the Revolutionary War and settled with a land grant in New Hampshire. She backs her suspicions with information from various Canadian (1852) and US (1880) Census returns where George's birthplace is given as either the US or New Hampshire.

Terry remarked that she was first led to the New Hampshire identity of this new William GRIMSHAW in 1790, 1800, and 1810 Census returns from that state. I too had found these entries prior to contacting her, so was familiar with the notion.

Terry has developed a migration model based on her relationship speculations that sees the William GRIMSHAW family moving across New Hampshire, into Vermont, and then, possibly after the death of the elder GRIMSHAW, into Quebec. She sees George GRIMSHAW (and perhaps Zephaniah) as sons of the Revolutionary War participant, and William GRIMSHAW of Wolfe Island as the probable son of George...

In subsequent conversations with Barb BONNER I find that she too has developed a model of movement through Vermont into Quebec, and then to Wolfe Island.

The significant difference between the two lineages, then, is that Barb believes William of Wolfe Island to be the potential son of Zephaniah GRIMSHAW, while Terry MICKS suggests that William of Wolfe Island could potentially be the son of George GRIMSHAW...

I do not speculate that George and William of Wolfe Island, or that Zephaniah and William of Wolfe Island, might be brothers. William of Wolfe Island and George very definitely have some common link, but just what that is I hesitate to guess at right now. Might Zephaniah and George be brothers? Possibly - their ages certainly suggest this, but they could just as easily be cousins as well...

William GRIMSHAW was granted lands in New Hampshire for his role as a 'fifer' in Hazen's Regiment during the Revolutionary War period. He was stated to have been a 'Canadian'. 'Canada' was that part of New France that was garnered by the British by treaty in 1764. Nova Scotia was a separate and distinct colony of the Government of Great Britain until 1867. To have been labeled a 'Canadian' William must have come from the Quebec area. And, if a 'fifer' then we can speculate that William was around 14 years of age - maybe as old as 16, when he 'enlisted'.

Prior to 1764 New France had been settled in limited fashion by citizens of the French Crown, and most lineages of the original pre-1764 families have been detailed. The surname GRIMSHAW suggests a more Anglican origin, but English speaking settlers in Quebec were basically limited to upper level commercial operations in Quebec City and Montreal, or to farming and resource extraction undertakings within the Lake Champlain / Richelieu River and the St. Francis River drainage basins. Standard thinking is that any English speaking resident in these last areas settled there after arriving in North America through New England or one of the New York, Pennsylvania, or New Jersey colonies. So, if William was only a teenager in 1776, then there's the possibility that his parents were living in one of these areas at that time too.

Earlier in his letter, Murduck states:

Barb has done some considerable work into some aspects of Zephaniah GRIMSHAW's origins. In a set of records Barb has labeled as "The Other Grimshaws", she states that Zephaniah was born c 1790, and died in Churubusco NY in 1872. Much of his adult life from marriage through retirement appears to have been spent in Hinchinbrook Township in the Province of Quebec. Barb notes a Claim for Land in Hinchinbrook Twp dated Jan 1 1826, in which Zephaniah asserts ownership on 100 acres, 31 of which had been cleared - so he must have been there for a few years at least...

Barb's transcription of the 1826 Claim held in the Canadian National Archives contains the names of all of the claimants who signed the document. Zephaniah GRIMSHAW's and Thomas BLAIR's names are underlined. I have absolutely no reason to doubt any aspect of the wording of this text...

If Zephaniah was William's son, it is interesting to note that the family had come "full circle," with William coming from Quebec, serving as a fifer in the Revolutionary War, settling on his "bounty land," and then migrating (with his family and descendants) westward back to Hinchinbrook Township in Quebec. Murduck summarizes the family relationships further:

Zephaniah's possibly second wife, Asentha NOAKE, is remarked by Barb to have been the widow of James HUNTER. As these two married in 1847 after Zephaniah had been established on his land for several years, any search for records about James HUNTER and Asentha NOAKES would probably be of little value. That their wedding ceremony was recorded in a Wesleyan Circuit Register may or may not have future significance.

At least one of Zephaniah's daughters - Samantha Lucretia, married a BLAIR - John, on 8 Sep 1831. John, Barb goes on to detail, was born in Armagh, Ireland, c 1811. The NOKES NOAKES surname appears in a few additional relationships as well.

In one section Barb has identified with a large red ink asterisk, she highlights speculation that the origins of this family lay, by several indications, in Vermont.

In a separate untitled Family Group Sheet Barb has identified William GRIMSHAW, born in Vermont c 1812 as one of Zephaniah's son's - but highlights that declaration with more red ink, as speculations

On another Family Group Sheet - one on which Barb has written Great-great grandfather " in red ink, William GRIMSHAW and wife Mary Ann BLAIR were thought to have been in Quebec in 1831 when their first known son Thomas was born. By 1835, however, when first known daughter and second child is believed to have been born, the family was living on Wolfe Island at the upper junction of the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario.

Regarding the George and Charlotte Menard Grimshaw family, Murduck reports the following:

Of George GRIMSHAW and his wife Charlotte MENARD Barb has little to offer. George was reputedly born somewhere in the US c 1794, Charlotte in Lower Canada c 1796. Baptismal events for most, if not all, of the offspring of this union were noted in Roman Catholic registers. In 1825 the baptism of their daughter Christina was recorded in a Hinchinbrook County (Quebec) register. The baptism of their next child, Marcelina, was recorded in St. Mary's Cathedral (Kingston) Registers in 1829.

Terry MICKS has George GRIMSHAW, born about 1794, as her most distant ancestor. His wife is recorded as Charlotte MENARD, born in Quebec c 1795. Terry is uncertain of George's birthplace - she has both US? and England? as the possibilities.

In summary, based on these observations, a possible scenario for this line of conjecture would be that the older William Grimshaw was born about 1760, perhaps in Quebec, but also perhaps in England (and he immigrated with his parents). By the age of 14 to 16 (1774-76), he was a fifer in the Revolutionary War, in Hazen's Regiment. He was rewarded with land in New Hampshire, where he settled for a time. However, he apparently then moved westward to Vermont. Perhaps he had two sons, Zephaniah (b. 1790) and George (b. 1794), during this timeframe and continued westward (or at least his older son did) to Hinchinbrook Township back in Quebec. It is not known where William died or is buried.

In Hinchinbrook Township Zephaniah had a wife, Jerusha, and three children, William (b. 1812), Samantha (b. 1813) and Edward (b. abt 1815). He became acquainted with a Thomas Blair, who had a son, John (b. 1811) and a daughter, Mary Ann (b. 1813). [Possibly they were siblings rather than children]. Later, brother and sister William and Samantha Grimshaw married sister and brother Mary Ann and John Blair. William and Mary Ann Grimshaw moved to Wolfe Island

in about 1830, but John and Samantha Blair did not. Subsequently (or simultaneously), George and Charlotte Menard joined William and Mary Ann on Wolfe Island and had several children there. Charlotte may have died while on the island, but her grave has not been located. George left the island and migrated to the U.S., joining two of his sons who had previously moved to Wisconsin. William and Mary Ann remained on the island, had many children and died and were buried there. George died in Wisconsin and is buried there.

Examination of Figures 32, 25, and 36 indicates that the descendants of William, Samantha and George borrowed extensively from each other in naming their children. Names that are common to at least two of the three family lines are William, George, Thomas, John, James, Melissa, Andrew, Carl, Mary, Albert, Ernest, Maud, Ida, Henry, Frank/Franklin, Irene, Agnes, Earl, Harold and Gertrude (20 names). Zepheniah's second family (with Asentha Noakes) and their descendants apparently continued the practice of name borrowing: Elmira/Almira, William, Lucretia, Henry, John, Alberta/Albert, Elizabeth, James and Andrew.

The resolution of the exact relationships of these early North American Grimshaw families is an exciting area for continuing Grimshaw research.

33. The Duckworth Grimshaws – A Mormon Grimshaw Family Line

One of the most important lines of Grimshaws, in terms of the number of descendants in the U.S., is the Duckworth and Mary Jane Moyes Grimshaw Line. Duckworth's parents were from Accrington (just south of Clayton-le-Moors) and converted to Mormonism in about 1838, shortly after the faith was introduced in England. Duckworth was born in Tottington in 1842 and worked in textile mills in that area before leaving for America. He joined the Mormon church in 1860 and emigrated to Utah in 1862. His parents followed in 1863.

A summary of Duckworth's life, based on his own journals and notes of some of his close relatives, was published by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers in 1969⁹⁹. A portion of it is included in Excerpt D to this report. The description of his life before leaving for the U.S. provides additional interesting insight into the quality of life for people living in the Industrial Revolution in England during the mid-1800s. The autobiographical records also provide a clear window into the life of early settlers in Utah.

Another noteworthy feature of Duckworth's life was his polygamy. His records include a description of the year that he spent in the Utah penitentiary for violation of the Edmunds-Tucker Act. His second wife was Ellen Muir Smith Grimshaw.

The family tree for Duckworth and Mary Jane Moyes Grimshaw is summarized in Figure 38 from LDS Ancestral File records. Duckworth had 13 children with Mary Jane and one child with Ellen, Thomas Duckworth Grimshaw. Thomas remained unmarried, and there were no descendants from this second family. Figure 38 also presents the ancestors and other family members of this important Grimshaw family. The family apparently has not yet been "tied back" to the original Grimshaw family line.

⁹⁹ Carter, Kate B., 1969, *The Records of Duckworth Grimshaw: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Our Pioneer Heritage*, Lesson for January, 1969, p. 237-284.

				George Grimshaw (About 1739 -) & Betty (About 1741 -)
				Thomas Grimshaw (About 1765 -) & Susan Fielden (About 1769 -)
				Lawrence Grimshaw (6 Oct 1782 -) & Mary Duckworth (4 Apr 1786 -)
				John Grimshaw* (12 Jun 1811 -) & Alice Whittaker (28 Dec 1809 -)
				James Grimshaw (20 Feb 1837 -)
				Mary Grimshaw (9 Mar 1838 -) & William Atkinson (About 1834 -)
				Duckworth Grimshaw* (3 Mar 1842 -) & Mary Jane Moyes (6 Jun 1850 -)
1	2	3	4	5
				John Grimshaw (15 Mar 1868 -) & Mary Elizabeth Bradfield (28 Apr 1872 -)
				Elizabeth Alice Grimshaw (7 May 1870 -) &
				Archibald Wardrobe Fotheringham (6 Aug 1867 -)
				Mary Ann Grimshaw (19 Aug 1872 -) & Josiah Rogerson (21 Sep 1867 -)
				Martha Jane Grimshaw (6 Jan 1875 -) &
				William Thomas Rogerson (17 Mar 1866 -)
				Franklin Duckworth Grimshaw (18 Mar 1877 -)
				William Henry Grimshaw (12 May 1879 -) & Mary May Hunter (20 Jul 1877 -)
				Ray Grimshaw (12 Jun 1881 -) & Hannah Maria Farrow (18 Apr 1881 -)
				Ida Grimshaw (15 Jan 1884 -) & Carl Herman Ehninger (About 1880 -)
				Lawrence Grimshaw* (19 Jan 1886 -) & Mary Dell Parkinson (18 Oct 1889 -)
				Lawrence Grimshaw* (19 Jan 1886 -) & Irene Groves (About 1890 -)
				May Grimshaw (1 May 1888 -) & Willard Clausen Jensen (2 Jun 1868 -)
				Arnold Grimshaw (2 Sep 1890 -) & Myrtle Hodges (30 Aug 1892 -)
				Randolph Grimshaw (28 Dec 1893 -) & Estella Jones (29 Oct 1893 -)
				George Whittaker Grimshaw (22 Feb 1896 -) & Leona Armstrong
				Duckworth Grimshaw* (3 Mar 1842 -) & Ellen Muir (About 1846 -)
				Thomas Duckworth Grimshaw (7 Jul 1891 -)
				Susanna Grimshaw (18 Dec 1845 -)
				? Grimshaw (5 Jan 1849 -)
				Sarah Ann Grimshaw (5 Jan 1849 -) & Joseph Hyrum (5 Mar 1845 -)
				? Grimshaw (5 Jan 1849 -)
				Elizabeth Grimshaw* (27 Feb 1849 -) & Richard Greenhalgh (27 Jul 1838 -)
				Elizabeth Grimshaw* (27 Feb 1849 -) & David Davis Rees (19 Oct 1828 -)
				Elizabeth Grimshaw* (27 Feb 1849 -) & Richard Greenalch (About 1845 -)
				Alice Grimshaw (7 Jan 1852 -) & James William Atkin (10 Jul 1845 -)
				John Grimshaw* (12 Jun 1811 -) & Mary Ann Orill (About 1813 -)
				John Grimshaw* (12 Jun 1811 -) & Elizabeth Ranklin (About 1813 -)
				Elizabeth Grimshaw (11 Dec 1812 -)
				Faith Grimshaw (6 Oct 1813 -)
				Faith Grimshaw (20 Dec 1814 -)
				Faith Grimshaw (29 Mar 1817 -)
				Mary Grimshaw (24 Feb 1820 -) & John Whittaker (About 1816 -)
				Duckworth Whittaker (24 Feb 1822 -)
				Isabel Whittaker (6 Apr 1824 -)
				Duckworth Grimshaw (24 Feb 1822 -)
				Isabel Grimshaw (6 Apr 1824 -)
				Susannah Grimshaw (14 Feb 1826 -) & William Robinson (16 Sep 1831 -)
				Mary Ann Robinson (25 Aug 1856 -)
				Jesse Benjamin Robinson (12 Sep 1858 -) & Francis Skinner (29 Jun 1860 -)
				Joseph Robinson Robinson (1 Aug 1861 -)
				Emma Robinson (1 Aug 1861 -)
				? Robinson (About 1863 -)
				? Robinson (About 1863 -)
				William Grimshaw (6 Nov 1828 -)

Figure 38

Family Tree of Duckworth and Mary Jane Moyes Grimshaw

34. The William Robinson Grimshaw Family Line

William Robinson Grimshaw was born in 1826 in New York City and enjoyed an adventurous life which he chronicled in 1872; this record has subsequently been published¹⁰⁰ and is included in Excerpt E of this report. The main emphasis of his life history is on the California Gold Rush days, but it also includes his experiences on sailing ships and his journey to the gold fields. The following excerpt is taken from the Preface of Kantor's book:

Of William Robinson Grimshaw's *Narrative*, published here for the first time, Bancroft wrote, in his *Pioneer Register*: "This is not only an interesting sketch of his own life and adventures, but one of the best accounts extant of the events of '48-50 in the Sacramento region." Composed in 1872, the *Narrative* centers on the early Gold Rush period in the Sacramento area, although the earlier section details Grimshaw's adventures aboard the *Izaak Walton* and his landings on the coast of California, at Monterey and later at San Pedro. Coming to California thirteen years after Richard Henry Dana, Jr., had shipped on the *Pilgrim*, Grimshaw's relation dramatically limns the contrast between the still-arcadian existence of "before the gringo" and the feverish Yankee activity of the mining country. Although the reader of such Gold Rush history has been told often before of the multitude of crewless ships standing in the Bay at San Francisco, nowhere have we found such vivid description of the trip – it took ten days! – from the Golden Gate to the Embarcadero at Sacramento, through the mosquito-infested tules of the delta country. How lucky for Bancroft, and for us more than a century later, that Grimshaw arrived on the Embarcadero to clerk for Sam Brannan just a few months after the news of the gold discovery had spread to the East coast, in late October of 848. But of what he observed, we shall let Grimshaw speak in his own voice.

The *Narrative* takes us up to April of 1851, when William Robinson Grimshaw married the childless widow of his former partner, William Daylor, and settled down on the Sheldon-Daylor Ranch on the Cosumnes River. The ranch had been granted on January 4, 1844 by Micheltorena to Joaquin Sheldon, i.e., Jared Sheldon. Known as the Rancho Rio de los Cosumnes al Norte, the grant was also referred to as Rancho Omuchumnes, and consisted of five leagues nearby the Sutter grant of New Helvetia.....

What of the later years of Grimshaw? In 1857 he became a law clerk in Sacramento with the firm of Winans and Hyer. In the decade following, through private study and experience in legal matters which his job afforded him, he was found worthy of admittance to the bar in 1868. A few months later, in the spring of 1869, Grimshaw gave up the practice of law, though he retained his position as Justice of the Peace. Poor health led him, in 1876, to journey to the Orient, but the improvement sought by a sea voyage was not forthcoming, and on September 14, 1881, he died at his home. The notice in the *Sacramento Union* for the 16th of September advised that "friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral which will take place from his late residence Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock."

"Grimshaw's place," as the house came to be called, was finally razed in 1949. At present there is a smaller house, constructed from some of the original lumber, on the site of Daylor's ranch, some eighteen miles from Sacramento where State Highway 16 crosses the Cosumnes River. For the rest, the hills, rising to the Sierra, must look much as they did to Grimshaw more than a century ago.

William provides a brief summary of his own origins and experiences leading up to his departure for California in the introductory paragraphs of his *Narrative* (p. 1-2):

My name is William Robinson Grimshaw. I was born November 14th, 1826 in a two-story brick house, then a country seat, on the corner of 14th St., & 3rd Avenue in the City of New York. The house is still standing & is immediately opposite the N.Y. Academy of Music."

My father's name was John Grimshaw. He was a younger son of a man belonging to a class called in England "gentlemen farmers," and was born in 1800 near Leids (sic) in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He

¹⁰⁰ Kantor, J.R.K., 1964, *Grimshaw's Narrative, Being the Story of Life and Events in California during Flush Times, Particularly the Years 1848-50, Including a Biographical Sketch, Written for the Bancroft Library in 1872 by William Robinson Grimshaw*: Sacramento, CA, Sacramento Book Collectors Club, 59 p.

came to N.Y. at an early age and became clerk for Jeremiah Thompson of that city. Shortly after coming of age he went into business for himself & engaged in cotton speculations so successfully that he soon acquired what was for those days a fortune. He built the house above named and married in the year 1825. Of course having made a fortune so easily he could not discontinue his speculations & (equally of course) before the year 1830 he became bankrupt & had to surrender all his property to his creditors.

My mother's maiden name was Emma Robinson. She is the daughter of Wm. T. Robinson of the mercantile firm of Franklin, Robinson & Co. well known to New Yorkers of the latter part of the last century & was born Sept. 9th, 1803. One of her sisters married Jonas Minturn of N.Y.; another, John B. Toulmin of Mobile (Ala); another became the wife of Wm. Hunter, U.S. Senator from Rhode Island & minister to Brazil in President Jackson's administration. My mother is now living in N.Y. City.

In the year 1830 my father sailed for Liverpool in the ship *Mary & Harriet*. After remaining in that place a little more than a year he returned to N.Y. in the Ship *Sarah Sheaf*. I well remember living in the suburbs of Brooklyn, in the cholera season of 1832. About 1833 we again went to Liverpool in the ship *Great Britain*, Captain French; where my father went into business as a ship broker & where he remained until the latter part of 1837 when we sailed for Mobile (Ala) in the ship *Plymouth* of Boston, Captain Kenrick.

My father engaged as bookkeeper with John B. Toulmin his brother-in-law for one year. He then became a cotton broker & speculator and died of yellow fever in November 1839 leaving his affairs greatly involved. I lived in Mobile until the summer of 1841 when (my mother not wishing me to grow up in a slave state) my uncle Toulmin obtained for me a situation in the English house of J. L. Phipps & Co. at Rio [de] Janeiro one of the partners of which house (Mr. Eyre) was then in Mobile. I started for N.Y. (there to take passage for Rio,) travelled by land as far as Charleston (S. C.) thence by sea in the ship *Sutton*, Capt. Avery, and landed in N.Y. in due time. On my arrival my indentures with Messrs. Phipps & Co. were drawn up at the branch house in Pine St. and a passage engaged for me in a brig soon to sail for Rio.

At this juncture a friend of my mothers dissuaded me from going to S. America & induced me to remain in N.Y. He placed me in a wholesale dry goods house, Scudder & Wilcox, who failed in about a year & then my new "friend" left me to shift for myself at the age of 16. I became clerk for various firms in N.Y. & one in Burlington (Vt), near which place my mother was then living, until early in the year 1847 when I gratified a desire which had always been uppermost in my mind which I fear had unfitted me for anything else and shipped "before the mast" as "boy" in Grinnell Minturn & Co's Liverpool Packet Ship *Ashburton*, Captain Williams Howland (an accomplished seaman, with the manners of a gentleman); 1st Mate John McWilliams, a bluff kind hearted Welshman & thorough seaman, now a Captain sailing out of N.Y. I remained in this ship one year and was about to be promoted to 3rd mate. Before becoming an officer, I desired to learn a greater variety of seamanship than could be acquired in short voyages between N.Y. & Liverpool. In February 1848 I shipped as ordinary seaman on board the *Izaak Walton* of New Bedford, 800 tons burthen owned by Henry Grinnell and under charter to the government to convey stores & supplies to the U. S. Squadron on the coast of California...

William then relates his voyage on the *Izaak Walton* from New York to Monterey, California. After suffering abuse at the hands of the First Mate, he left the ship surreptitiously in Monterey and joined the *Anita*. He sailed on that ship to several ports on the California coast, eventually reaching San Francisco. From there he traveled on a ship's longboat, the *Susanita*, to Sutter's Embarcadero in Sacramento, arriving in November 1848. He then began his adventures in the goldfields.

One may be tempted to look again here for a Grimshaw mariner connection, but the evidence is very thin. The voyages to Liverpool by William's father John in 1830 and 1832 in the *Mary & Harriet*, *Sarah Sheaf*, and *Great Britain* may (or may not) have any connection to the *Caleb Grimshaw* which sailed from Liverpool and sank 17 years later, in 1849.

The family line of William Robinson Grimshaw is summarized below from the above record and the LDS Ancestral File records:

John Grimshaw (1800 -) & Emma Robinson

William Robinson Grimshaw (4 Nov 1826 - 14 Sep 1881) & Sarah Pierce Rhoads (28 Jan 1830 - 10 Jan 1898)

William R. Grimshaw (31 Mar 1852 -)

Emma Grimshaw (26 Nov 1853 -)

Thomas Minturn Grimshaw (15 Aug 1856 -)

George Grimshaw (8 Oct 1858 -)

John Henry Grimshaw (1860 - Before 1864)

John Francis Grimshaw (1 Jun 1862 -)

Selim Woodworth Grimshaw (1864 - Before 1868)

Frederick Morse Grimshaw (9 May 1866 - 24 Jun 1850)

Walter Scott Grimshaw (15 Jan 1868 -)

Sarah Pierce Grimshaw (1870 - Before 1874)

Charles Edward Grimshaw (1872 - Before 1876)

Catherine Foster Grimshaw (1874 - Before 0878)

35. John and Mary Jane Hutton Grimshaw – Progenitors of a Canadian Family Line

John Grimshaw, another descendant of Nicholas and Anne Grimshaw (of Oakenshaw) in the Pendle Forest Line, was Captain in the 5th Royal Lancashire Militia and J.P for Westmorland¹⁰¹. His coat of arms is included in Foster¹⁰² and is shown in Figure 39. John and his wife, Mary Jane Hutton, are shown in Figure 24 in the 9th generation of the Pendle Forest descendant chart. Their oldest daughter, Eleanor, was the ancestor of an important family line in Canada. This family line is shown below¹⁰³:

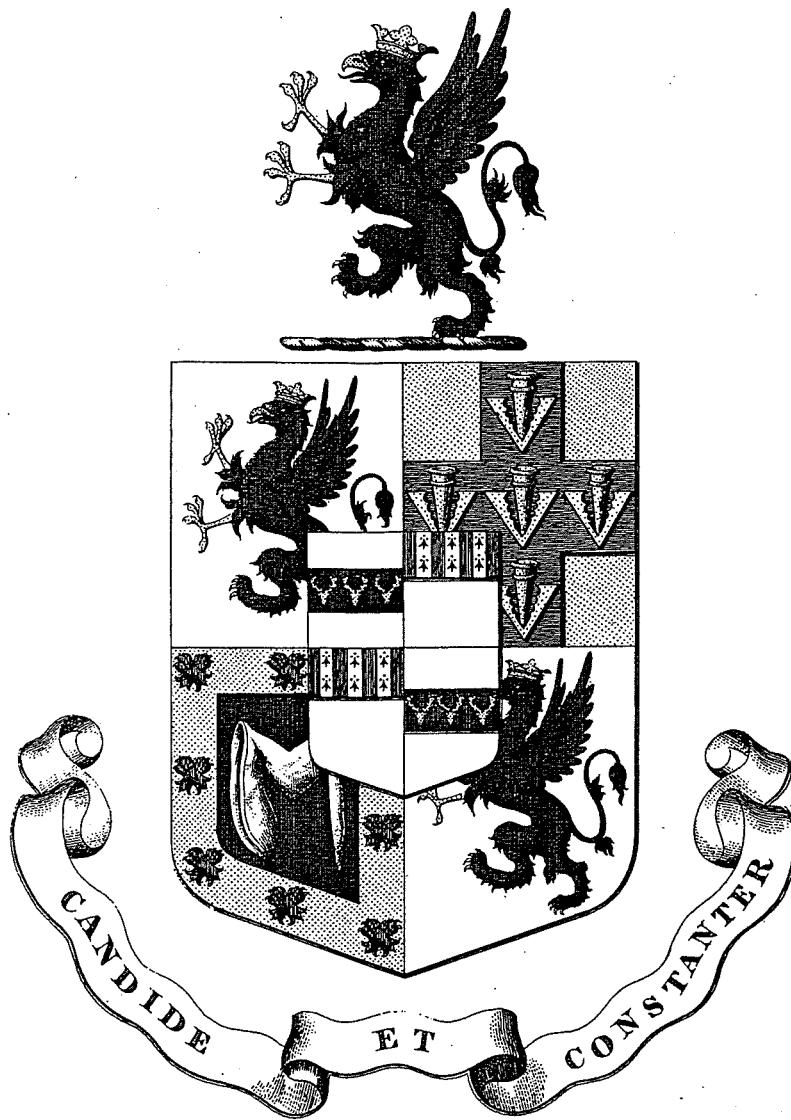
John Grimshaw (14 Jul 1784 - 17 Jun 1856) & Alice Dugdale (- 9/19/1881)
|
| John Grimshaw (14 Sep 1833 -) & Mary Jane Hutton
| | Eleanor Grimshaw* & George Charles Dixon
| | | Mary Grimshaw Dixon (18 Jul 1891 -) & John Hutton
| | | | Gordon Dixon Hutton (4 Jun 1914 -) & Margaret Wetherby Ker
| | | | | David Allan Hutton (21 Sep 1946 -) & Diane Davis (28 Dec 1942 -)
| | | | | Janet Mary Joyce Hutton (15 Oct 1947 -) & Gordon Bosomworth
| | | | Barbara Eleanor Hutton (5 Apr 1918 -) & Ernest Clarence Alteman
| | | | | Mary Kim Alteman (26 Aug 1946 -) & Leslie E. Tomlin
| | | | | Gordon Albert Alteman (6 Jun 1950 -) & Lucie Chartrand
| | | | | Kenneth Dixon Alteman (17 Jun 1955 -) & Rhonda Leigh Montgomery
| | | | Frederick Allan Hutton (21 Sep 1920 - 1922)
| | | Eleanor Grimshaw* & Harry Edward Shenfield
| | | | Eleanor Dorothy Shenfield (31 Oct 1895 -)
| | | | Annie Maud Shenfield (29 Apr 1897 - 20 Mar 1899)
| | | | Margaret Jeanne Shenfield (4 Nov 1898 -)
| | | | John Shenfield (4 Nov 1898 -)
| | | | Marjorie Eda Shenfield (14 Oct 1899 -)
| | | | Norah Lillian Shenfield (6 Feb 1902 -)
| | | | Stanley Henry Shenfield (25 Mar 1904 - 1904)
| | | | Constance Elaine Shenfield (29 Jul 1905 -)
| | | Nicholas Grimshaw (24 Jan 1866 -)
| | | Mary Grimshaw
| | | Ada Grimshaw
| | | Edie Grimshaw

The Dixon and Shenfield lines have settled mostly in western Canada. This family line is unusual for North American Grimshaw descendants in that it is clearly tied back to the Pendle Forest and thence to the original Grimshaw family line of Eccleshill and Clayton-le-Moors.

¹⁰¹ Burke, Sir Bernard, and Ashworth P. Burke, 1914, *Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain*: London, Harrison & Sons, p. 832

¹⁰² Foster, Joseph, 1873, *Pedigrees of the County Families of England*, vol. 1 – Lancashire: London, Head, Hole & Co., unk. p.

¹⁰³ Thanks go to Barbara Alteman and Jerry Brewin for providing information on this family line.



Captⁿ Grimshaw, J. P.

Figure 39

Coat of Arms and Crest of Captain John Grimshaw Included in
Foster's⁹⁶ Pedigrees of County Families of England

⁹⁶ Foster, Joseph, 1873, Pedigrees of the County Families of England, vol. 1 – Lancashire: London, Head, Hole & Co., unk. p.

36. The Edward and Dorytye Raner Grimshaw Line

Another important family line, in terms of descendants in North America, is the line shown below¹⁰⁵. The children of Joseph Grimshaw and his two wives, Margaret Wetherold and Eizabeth Jane Booth Mitchell-Hadden were born in New York and left many descendants in that area. The ancestors of Joseph were born in England. The family line has apparently not yet been connected to the original Grimshaw family line.

Edward Grimshaw (- 22 Jun 1635) & Dorytye Raner						
Abraham Grimshaw (5 Jun 1603 - 3 Mar 1670) & Sarah (- 21 Sep 1695)						
Abraham Grimshaw (1650 - 1707)						
Jeremiah/Jeremy Grimshaw (21 Jul 1653 - 12 Aug 1721)						
Marie Grimshaw (15 Oct 1654 - 16 Oct 1697)						
Sarah Grimshaw (11 May 1656 -)						
Josias/Josiah Grimshaw (25 Apr 1658 - 15 Dec 1722/1723) & Sarah Ibbitson (25 Dec 1667 - 15 Feb 1741/1742)						
Abraham Grimshaw (24 Feb 1691 - 15 Dec 1765) & Elizabeth Sandall (5 Dec 1701 - 13 Apr 1787)						
Aaron Grimshaw (14 Dec 1722 - 8 Oct 1777)						
Elizabeth Grimshaw (19 Jan 1724/1725 -)						
Mary Grimshaw (29 Mar 1727 -)						
Sarah Grimshaw (3 Feb 1730 - 1756)						
Abraham Grimshaw (7 Nov 1731/1732 - 7 May 1786) & Ellen/Eleanor Whalley (1744 - 1801)						
Joseph Grimshaw* (5 Apr 1765 - 27 May 1841) & Margaret Wetherold (30 Jan 1766 -)						
Elizabeth Grimshaw (17 Jul 1792 -) & Richard Hardwick						
1	2	3	4	5	6	Sarah Grimshaw (3 Oct 1793 - 21 Aug 1871) & Ambrose Watrous (25 Oct 1790 - 21 Mar 1868)
						Mary Grimshaw* (13 May 1795 - 1 Jun 1877) & Abraham Ennis Rev. (11 Dec 1792 - 21 Mar 1868)
						Mary Grimshaw* (13 May 1795 - 1 Jun 1877) & Ichabod Hodge (1786 - 18 Oct 1857)
						Ann Grimshaw (7 Jan 1797 - 2 Aug 1823) & John Brooks
						Martha Grimshaw (13 Nov 1800 - 9 Apr 1874)
						Ellen Grimshaw (13 Mar 1803 - 28 Aug 1855)
						Abraham Grimshaw (30 Jul 1806 - 5 Sep 1883) & Lucinda Gillis (1816 - 1 Apr 1897)
						Josiah Grimshaw (30 Jul 1806 -)
						Joseph Grimshaw* (5 Apr 1765 - 27 May 1841) & Elizabeth Jane Booth Mitchell-Hadden (1774 - 1851)
						Joseph Grimshaw (5 Jul 1810 - 22 Mar 1880) & Mary Ann Adsit (27 Apr 1809 - 17 Feb 1891)
						Eliza Grimshaw (13 Nov 1813 - 1 Apr 1844) & John Cogswell (22 Apr 1806 - 12 Mar 1892)
						Benjamin Grimshaw (1816 -)
						Ann Grimshaw (11 Jan 1767 -)
						Hannah Grimshaw (30 Sep 1768 -)
						Abraham Grimshaw (8 Feb 1771 - 1841)
						William Grimshaw (20 Oct 1775 - 20 Oct 1775)
						Aaron Grimshaw (23 Nov 1778 -)
						John Grimshaw (26 Jun 1781 -)
						Benjamin Grimshaw (13 Feb 1786 - 1811)
						Mehetabel Grimshaw (24 Jul 1773 - 18 Oct 1737)
						Rachel Grimshaw (29 May 1739 - 1797)
						Rebekah Grimshaw (3 Aug 1739 -)
						Josiah Grimshaw (13 Jun 1744 - 16 Feb 1791)
						Isaac Grimshaw (25 Sep 1692 -)
						Rebecca/Rebeccay Grimshaw (23 Jun 1661 - 11 Jun 1687)
						John Grimshaw (22 Nov 1664 - 20 Jun 1744)

¹⁰⁵ Thanks go to Redvers Grimshaw for making this family line information available to me.

Excerpt C. The Story of the Sinking of the Emigrant Ship, Caleb Grimshaw

Excerpt C
(following pages)

The Story of the Sinking of the Emigrant Ship, *Caleb Grimshaw*,
While Transporting Emigrants in 1849¹⁰⁶

Note: Two parts of Laxton's book are excerpted – the Foreward, which provides background for the Irish emigration, and Chapter 13, which includes the story of the sinking of the *Caleb Grimshaw*

¹⁰⁶ Laxton, Edward, 1996, *The Famine Ships – The Irish Exodus to America*: New York, Henry Holt, 250 p.

Foreword

The only encouragement we hold out to strangers are a good climate, fertile soil, wholesome air and water, Plenty of Provisions, good pay for labor, kind neighbors, good laws, a free government and a hearty welcome.

These words were spoken by Benjamin Franklin, who did so much to promote the American cause of independence, a hundred years before the Famine Emigration. But they held true for a million and more citizens of Ireland, the men, women and children who sailed to America between 1846 and 1851, so that they might escape the Famine and survive. For as little as US \$10, a passenger could sail 3,000 miles across the Atlantic Ocean, a voyage of fear, hunger, sickness, misery ... and hope. But a million more would die at home, from starvation and fever, after the failure of the potato crop in successive seasons.

Were those voyagers alive today, what stories they could tell, of the agonizing decision to leave their beloved Isle of Erin, of the lamentations on their last night at home and the American Wake, as it came to be known, of the arduous journey to the port and the search for a ship, of the misery they endured on the voyage! But what joy when they arrived, what relief they must have savoured as they stepped ashore! They were released from tyranny, no longer tormented tenants. Free at last, they could start to live again.

In fact emigration from Ireland to America had begun in the early 1700s. A trickle swelled to an average of 5,000 a year by 1830 and grew steadily until the Famine arrived and the exodus began, 150 years ago. The emigrants sailed to New York and Boston, to Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, and they spread across America's heartland. They sailed to Canada, a British colony to which the passage was cheaper, from where an estimated 200,000 immediately went south across the border.

Before the Famine the population of America had risen to around 23 million. The Statue of Liberty, with its famous welcome for immigrants, was not yet built - Ellis Island was many years away. But the Irish looked upon America as their natural choice and by 1850 the residents of New York were 29 per cent Irish.

Seven million are believed to have left Ireland for America over the last three centuries. For a million, over a period of six years, there was no option. Now more than 40 million American citizens can claim Irish blood.

While books on the Famine period have dealt with the journey, no publication has dealt specifically with the Irish-owned ships, the Irish crews who sailed them, the Irish ports they sailed from and the Irish passengers they carried in those years.

The ships featured in this book made these crossings on the dates shown, at the times stated; passenger lists are from US Immigration files, crew's papers for the specific voyages from marine archives, and a wealth of first-hand reports have contributed to the stories. Details have been taken from eyewitness accounts; original Certificates of Registration, paintings and contemporary lithograph drawings have been reproduced.

SOURCES: National Library, Dublin; Linen Hall Library, Belfast; American-Ulster Folk Park; Famine Museum, Strokestown, County Roscommon; Royal Maritime Museum, Greenwich; Liverpool Maritime Museum; Public Record Office and Guildhall Library, London; the libraries of Cork, Cobh, Galway, Limerick; the Bodleian and Rhodes House Libraries, Oxford; Irish Historical Society, New York; Balch Institute and Maritime Museum, Philadelphia.

Chapter 13

Flags for Convenience

During the 19th century, thousands of ships plied the seaways, rivers and canals, loaded with cargoes and passengers. Sea transport was a haphazard and ill-regulated trade until the latter half of the last century. At any one time, ten or 20 ships, often very similar in size and design, and sometimes bearing the same name or ensign, might cross the ocean. Certain much-loved names abounded, such as Eliza, a popular Christian name for a girl. Constitution was also common; at least three ships of that name sailed between Liverpool and New York during the Famine years; and two Hannah's, registered to ports in Ireland, carried Famine emigrants. Though a ship could be identified by its owner's pennant, this was normally only hoisted when entering or leaving port.

At the time of the Famine, however, Lloyd's Register introduced a series of identification flags which corresponded to ships' identification numbers in the Register. Captain Joseph Marryatt, an officer in the Royal Navy, suggested this system of identifying ships in the 1830s and by the following decade it was accepted throughout the world. Ten coloured flags represented numbers from zero to nine, and each ship flew the four flags corresponding to the number by

which she was known in the Register. One was signified by the colours white with a blue square; five by a red flag; eight by blue with a yellow square; and nine by blue and yellow quarters. But configurations involving double numbers, such as 2102, 3103 or 9109, were avoided. As a result, far fewer than 9,999 ships could be identified by the use of the four flags. To overcome the problem, ships introduced later in the century flew a First Distinguishing Pennant either from a different mast or above their own signal flags. This was a long, triangular flag in white with a red spot near the hoist. Later, Second and Third Distinguishing Pennants were added and, by the time Marryati's Code of Signals was published in 1856, some 30,000 separate identities were established

Possibly these identities were not of such great consequence once a ship was at sea, but if lost or wrecked, a ship's position and identity was of paramount importance to the owners and especially to the insurers and Lloyd's officials. To help keep track of ships' movements, all vessels were logged on entering and leaving port, and when sighted by another vessel at sea, such sightings being reported to Lloyd's local agents. As all sea-faring nations, especially America, began to increase their tonnage on the high seas, these new identification systems and enforced regulations became essential for the smooth running of an expanding shipping trade. There were other flags in the system which conveyed a particular message when flown alone, such as 'I have lost my anchor chain - request assistance'. Lighthouses and coastguards also flew special flags signifying various warnings for ships at sea.

There were also time-honoured distress signals: the Red Ensign, a red flag with the Union Jack in one corner, identifying the British merchant fleet, was flown upside down on a halyard at the stern to signal distress. Two ships in distress were forced to fly the signal in 1849. First, the 460-ton barque Atlantic left Liverpool in January bound for New Orleans with more than 300 Irish emigrants. On their second day at sea they were hit by severe gales which blew the ship miles off course and ripped the sails to shreds as the captain, William Rose, tried to maintain some sort of headway. Rose plotted a course to take his ship north around Ireland, into the ocean, heading much further north than was ideal, especially for such a southerly destination, but the fierce south westerly winds gave him no choice. With such little canvas left, the Atlantic drifted towards the Pladda Lighthouse, positioned to warn ships to keep clear. The west coast of Scotland is wild but luckily the Atlantic was in the vicinity of the mouth of the Clyde, leading up to the docks at Glasgow where the steam-tug Conqueror circled, waiting to tow ships

into port. The Conqueror's captain spotted the upside-down ensign flying from the Atlantic and on closer inspection saw the tangled mass of spars where the sails had been attached and the battered state of the ship. The master of the tug exchanged signals with his opposite number on the Atlantic and both agreed that the sea was too rough and the weather too unpredictable to attempt any transfer of passengers. With the Conqueror steaming close by, Captain Rose headed slowly towards the nearest harbour at Ardrossan. The few sails remaining allowed him little opportunity to manoeuvre and as they sailed over the bar, with the harbour in sight, the barque went aground and stuck fast in the sand. To add to their problems the ship started to leak; now there was no choice but to abandon ship. By using the long-boat, the passengers were ferried in small batches to the tug. The Atlantic was fortunate both in being so close to land when disaster struck, and in being sighted within three days by a steam vessel, powered independently of the prevailing winds.

(Caleb Grishaw Story)

By no means so fortunate was the Caleb Grimshaw (named after its owner) which left Liverpool later in the year, bound for New York with 425 passengers aboard. Misfortune fell early on in the voyage when the ship was becalmed despite the late season, but the Atlantic Ocean and its weather are fickle and often unfriendly. The ship drifted for 19 days at sea before a decent breeze blew up. Just as Captain James Hoxie set about making up for lost time, fire in the forward hold was reported. The passengers were naturally terrified, as there was not another ship nor land in sight. The ship was reasonably equipped, and its crew of 30 managed to pump water on to the seat of the blaze; but the flames were fanned by the fresh winds. While the crew battled with the fire, some passengers took matters into their own hands and lowered one of the ship's boats but it crashed into the Water, and swamped the passengers. Twelve of them were swept away and drowned while the rest clambered back on board. On deck, the scene became chaotic. Another boat was lowered but this time by the crew, equipped with a compass, a chart and supplies of food and water. They escaped the burning ship and raised a sail to remain safely in the lea of the Caleb Grimshaw.

The fire raged all night and during the early morning another boat was lowered with the captain's wife and daughter safely aboard, later to be joined by some of the cabin passengers. The unfortunate men, women and children in steerage had to fend for themselves. In the afternoon of the second day, when the captain

himself abandoned ship, the poor emigrants felt certain they were heading for a watery grave. From his long-boat, Captain Hoxie tried to reassure them, promising to sail alongside and direct the rescue efforts from his boat. There were no more boats left aboard the ship: one was wrecked and two were at sea, attached to the mother-ship by tow-lines. The remaining crew decided to build rafts. The first raft, launched with a tow line, was quickly overloaded with 30 passengers, some of whom cast themselves adrift - never to be seen again. A salutary lesson was learned and fewer crowded onto the second raft; both rafts were kept in tow, forming a flotilla with the two boats.

Though water-logged holds prevented the fire from spreading, it had taken a firm grip amidships and experienced seamen knew that the Caleb Grimshaw was doomed. But as big ships can be seen from distant horizons (unlike small boats riding low in the waves), the victims' best chance of rescue was to remain close to the burning barque. The ship's course was set to sail towards the busy shipping lanes leaving from England and Ireland. On the fourth day of the fire, the ship seemed to revive, at least momentarily, and the crew put her before a freshening wind while everyone prayed for help. Their prayers were answered at midday when the look-out spotted the barque Sarah, sailing from London to Halifax in Canada. Within two hours, the Sarah had drawn alongside the Caleb Grimshaw. Her captain, David Cooke, first rescued the passengers on the boats and rafts which, once cast adrift, sank immediately. By midnight, a storm arose, the sky darkened and the flames devoured the Caleb Grimshaw, while over 250 passengers still on board clung to the burning wreckage. With dawn on the fifth day, the weather turned, and half the survivors on the stricken ship were transferred to the Sarah until there was literally no more space aboard the rescue barque.

For three more days and nights the two ships moved slowly through the water, the Sarah's sails reefed in to slow her down. There was little canvas aloft on the Caleb Grimshaw and she was lying very low in the water. The coastline of Europe was closer than America or Canada but not close enough, about 750 miles according to the sea charts. Over 100 stricken passengers still clung to the burning ship. Weakened, without water and subject to freezing nights on deck, they began to sicken and die. Though eight days had passed since the fire broke out, their ordeal was far from over. Two more days passed before land was at last sighted, when the peak of a 3,000-foot volcano broke the horizon, and gradually the island of Flores in the Portuguese Azores came into view. But the

burning ship could not go on much further, nor could her stricken passengers. Forty had already died. As the Caleb Grimshaw keeled over and sank, the Sarah was forced to take on board the last of the survivors. With all the extra passengers and an unkind wind, it took the Sarah another four days to make port in Flores. There she remained, tied-up for five days in quarantine while fresh fruit and water were ferried daily to the survivors aboard.

Altogether, 90 passengers were lost. When the survivors eventually went ashore, they found that, though 40 days out of Liverpool, they were still 2,000 miles from their destination, and with their ship on the ocean floor. A few continued their journey aboard the trusty Sarah while others waited to take passage on the small ships which called by the Azores regularly, to re-provision. There was praise indeed for gallant Captain Cooke and his crew, praise for some of the Caleb Grimshaw's crew, but a great deal of scorn was heaped on Captain Hoxie.

When his ship reached New York and news of the two-week episode spread, Captain Cooke was granted the Freedom of the City and he and his crew shared a reward of US \$8,000 dollars for their bravery. What happened to Captain Hoxie? He was lambasted in the editorial columns back home but he escaped official censure for leaving his ship when she was still ablaze. Once again the Board of Trade seems to have been fairly inactive. Questions were raised in Parliament as to the cause of the fire, and letters exchanged in the Colonial Office denying responsibility for the outbreak of the fire: 'It is denied there was anything on board capable of spontaneous combustion . . . it is suggested ships be forced to carry means of making signals at night.'

Returning to Liverpool where one version of events was preferred to many others, Cooke showed great courtesy to Hoxie and wrote a letter to the editor of the Liverpool Mercury defending his fellow officer. He emphasised that the wild behaviour of the passengers, who clambered aboard a lifeboat immediately the fire was discovered, had led Captain Hoxie to believe that he could direct rescue operations better from a boat at sea, than combat the pandemonium on board. Thereafter he did all he could to save as many as possible and secure onward passage from the port of Fayal, reported Captain Cooke. Captain Hoxie kept quiet.

Excerpt D. The Duckworth Grimshaw Records

Excerpt D
(following pages)

The Duckworth Grimshaw Records¹⁰⁷

Note: In the interest of conserving space (and to stick to what is most relevant), this publication has been abstracted by omitting about half the paragraphs. The intent, however, is to retain enough to provide a broad outline of Duckworth's very eventful life.

¹⁰⁷Carter, Kate B., 1969, *The Records of Duckworth Grimshaw: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Our Pioneer Heritage*, Lesson for January, 1969, p. 237-284.

THE RECORDS OF DUCKWORTH GRIMSHAW

Daughters Of Utah Pioneers

Lesson For January, 1969

Compiled by Kate B. Carter

*Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge;
And to knowledge temperance; and to temperance
patience; and to patience godliness; And to godliness
brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.
-2 Pet. 1:5-7*

In choosing a diary or journal for publication, certain s have been set which will effectuate not interesting story, but one that will add to our knowledge of the Mormon pioneers and the settlement of the West. In the quest for such a record, whether it be by a native of America or one born in a foreign land, some of the facets found most desirable include the diarist's childhood; his or her conversion to Mormonism, or if non-Mormon, his or her theological experiences; the trip from the native home to Utah; the early years in Zion; the later years; a sketch of the spouse and any resulting children - in the case of a man, his occupation, and data concerning any plural wives and families.

A diary containing all these features would indeed be a model of perfection. Often we have chosen one that nearly meets the standards, and found through other sources the additional information. Duckworth Grimshaw left such a story. We also found in our files a biography of his first wife, Mary Jane Moyes. And although we did not have a record of his second wife, Ellen Muir Smith, with the help of relatives and friends we were able to piece together a short account of this worthy woman. Included, as well, are brief narratives of his father, mother and two aunts who were pioneers.

John, son of Lawrence and Mary Duckworth Grimshaw, was born June 12, 1811, at Accrington, Lancashire, England, where he grew to manhood. In 1836, he married Alice Whittaker, also of Accrington. She was born December 28, 1809, a daughter of Lawrence and Mary Whittaker. This young couple heard the gospel preached by elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints soon after it was first introduced in England, and accepted its teachings. They taught their children, five of whom grew to maturity, married and raised families, to go to Sunday School and sacrament meeting, and they became stalwarts in their branch. The parents and two daughters left England in 1863 and emigrated to Utah, arriving September 25th in the Peter Nebeker company. Duckworth wrote about his parent's emigration in his diary:

A year later, 1863, another emigration was preparing to leave and James Walsh, his wife, two sons and four or five daughters were preparing to come to America. They called on in parents often and told them how nice it would be if they could come too and be able to see their son in Utah. My folks said it would be impossible for them to go at that time. The Walshes told them to have courage and said, "Each of us will loan you seven. pounds and the sale of your goods and furniture will bring enough to pay your fares to New York, and you can start to sell right away." They did so and were ready to leave with the others. The Walshes had two sons in Brooklyn, N. Y., whom they called on, then were induced to remain there. Only one son and daughter came to Utah. In 1865 they wrote to us that they were in need of money and would appreciate it if we could pay back what they loaned us. We had about eighty dollars and sent it to them with our thanks. They wrote back acknowledging receipt for such, saying it came like a gift to them. We later paid the Church for bringing Father, Mother and my two sisters across the plains. Then we felt free once again. (End of quote.)

John and Mary made their home in Beaver, where she died November 30, 1876, and John passed away May 24, 1894.

As the story of their son Duckworth unfolds, it will be seen that these two people possessed qualities of character which greatly influenced their children toward the good and beautiful in life. And the love that existed among the grandchildren - one for the other - is a distinct tribute to their memory.

DUCKWORTH TELLS HIS STORY

I was born in Tottington, Lancashire, England, on March 3, 1842, about four years after the first Mormon Elders were sent from America to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ in England. Many hundreds received a conviction of the truth and accepted the gospel; among that number were my father, John Grimshaw, my mother, Alice Whittaker Grimshaw, and my two oldest sisters. They all retained the faith and died in full fellowship of the gospel. My parents were very zealous in the work and attended services and required the children to attend church and Sunday School. I was christened and given the name of Duckworth. My grandmother's maiden name was Duckworth, and she had a son named Duckworth, so I was called after my uncle and grandmother, but I have not cared much for the name.

My parents' family consisted of two boys and five girls, five of whom married and raised families, two died in infancy, myself being the only boy to survive childhood. My parents were poor and depended upon

weekly wages, and paid a weekly rent for thirty years previous to coming to America. When seven years old, I was put to work in printing work. Men used a block about eighteen inches long and about ten inches wide which was dipped in a sieve, covered with dye, and printed on the white cloth. My work was to use a brush and keep the color even on the sieve. This was at night when I could hardly keep awake; as I became older I was advanced a step higher to the bleach croft and dye house, where I, with other boys, had to carry heavy bundles of wet cloth on our shoulders, up three or four flights of stairs to the dyeing room. We were expected back in five to ten minutes so as to take another load. I was not very strong at this time but did the best I could, but it was beyond my strength and I received many a kick and cuff for not being back in time. About this time my father was disabled and I being the only boy found it quite a task to keep things going. I had the coal to wheel about ten rods up a narrow path to the house, most of the water we used had to be carried much further than that and for culinary purposes fully a quarter of a mile, and I had most of the family provisions to carry from the village. My mind reverts to a time when I fell and broke my collar bone. My sister Elizabeth, two years older than I, had gone for milk and fell on the pitcher and broke her wrist so we were both taken to Bolton to Doctor Sampson. One day while walking on a path along a reservoir, the snow being deep, I thought I was on the path when I was on the reservoir and the ice broke with me so I went to the bottom. It was about eight feet deep. It so happened that I did not struggle and came up at the place I broke through. I grabbed for something and was fortunate enough to get hold of a bunch of grass and pull myself out. It was a very close call for me.

While I was working at the factory I saw many terrible accidents which I shall never forget. When I was thirteen years old and had worked eighteen months as an apprentice, I was given looms to myself I soon got three looms, then four, and in the course of time six looms with two learners. Then I made twenty-one shillings a week. This was about as far as I could advance until I became a loom jobber. I was well up in the matter of weaving and fixed all my own looms and some of my neighbor's. My two sisters worked at the same factory and we had a mile to walk to our work in the morning and a mile back at night in all kinds of weather. It was my custom to rise at 5 o'clock, light the fire, make tea for three of us while the girls dressed. We were soon on our way and we were often two or three minutes early, never one minute late so there was no complaint on that score. Brooks Bottoms weaving shed had one thousand cotton looms under one roof. It would be a

wonderful sight for Utah boys and girls to hear clatter of all those looms which required buildings covering five acres of ground.

In the course of time, Hoyle and Sons Factory Masters built a weaving shed at Tottington, a little closer to home, so we went to work for them; they were men of families and experience. About this time my father's sister, Aunt Faith and Aunt Susana and her husband William Robinson, also John Robinson and wife, Joseph and Henry Tattersal - converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints - were about to leave for America, and if permitted, finally to arrive in Utah. My Uncle Duckworth Grimshaw, not a member of the Church, thought he would like to accompany his sisters to Liverpool and see them set sail, which he did; but to their surprise he sailed with them and two or three days later came out from the luggage where he had been hiding. The captain of the ship took the matter up and was going to put him to hard labor as a deck hand but his sisters and friends, with a charitable hand, made up a purse by donation and the captain accepted it as his fare to New York. A letter was sent to my father by his wife's brother-in-law, and they were shocked to think he would desert a good wife and six children and leave them to the mercy of the public. He sent letters from New York and some money a few times but finally dropped out of sight and no more was heard of him except that he had married. I have tried but could get no tidings of his family left in England.

SEEKS TO KNOW

Previous to going to Hoyle's to work, I had not felt impressed with a desire to join the Mormon Church as they were so much against and opposed by other denominations. I had companions of my age who were kind and pleasant company for me; during our boyhood days they would come to our home and we would recite and read pieces out of choice books. We would take turns and stand while performing our parts. There were three of us, and in all our associations together for several years, I cannot think of any unpleasantness. As the opposition to the Mormons grew more intense, I felt that the stories about them were not true and the people telling them were not very sincere in their religion or they would not be running others down with such false and flimsy accusations. I did not believe them and refuted them as best I could. I began investigating and plied elders from Utah with my questions. I made up my mind that I would do right, live a good life, and observe the laws of God if they were made known so I could understand them. I wanted to be kind and treat everybody right, and I was impressed that God alone could help me. One night I knelt down and

offered the first prayer I had ever offered in the spirit of prayer, and in humility and sincerity I asked God to make it known to me if the doctrines taught by the Latter-day Saints were true, and if true I was ready to receive them and to so impress me that nothing could come in my way of receiving them, but if not true I might so be impressed that nothing could induce me to accept them. I did believe in all sincerity that God would answer my honest request. I arose from my knees with a testimony of the gospel and a doubt has never entered my mind since then.

During the week, I met my very dear boyhood chum, John Scowcroft, and told him of my discovery of the truth of Mormonism and that I was going to join the Church. He said, "I too am convinced of its truth and we will go and be baptized together." So on the 26th of June, 1860, we were baptized and confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, by Elder Thomas Schofield in Tottington, Lancashire, England. I began at once to make preparations to go to America, determined to leave within six months. I was required to give a weeks notice before I could leave the factory and the news soon got out that I was going to Utah. The week finally passed but it was the longest week I ever saw. While making preparations for (the) voyage, an elder from Utah, William H. Dame, then on a mission, told me of a brother in the Church and his family of girls, all of marriageable age. He said the man told him he would give me any one of the three and pay my way and hers to Utah. We had been raised in the same neighborhood and they were a very respectable family and well-to-do people, but my mind was on other things and I did not accept the proposition.

Saturday, my last day at the factory, Mr. Hoyle and a loom jobber accosted me and said, "We understand you are going to Utah. They say that Brigham Young opens all the letters and reads them; if they are good and favorable to the Mormons, he will let them pass; it truthful but unfavorable to Utah and the Mormons, he will write one to suit himself and put it in a different envelope. Now we want you to do us a favor and write us a letter when you get there and tell the true conditions and we want you to put a big cross inside the envelope. That way we will know if it is your letter or not." (I did so and sent the letter back but received no answer.)

THE JOURNEY TO ZION

Well, it seemed that I had more things to think of than was possible for me to attend to, but I went and paid for a berth on the ship John J. Boyd. John Scowcroft went with me to Bury. He said, "Oh, I wish I had the money - I would secure a passport and go with you." At this time I had not let my father

know that I was leaving for Utah, but my mother knew all about it and told Father while I was away. On going into the house Father said, "I think you had better stay here another year, then we will go with you." I told him that it was too late, that I had given up my job at the factory and had secured my ticket. I also told him I couldn't think of remaining. I would go now and wait for them to come later.

The Walsh family had arranged to give a farewell social before I left. The members of the Church and some friends were invited, and the night before I began my journey they all gathered and we had a jolly time together singing, chatting, and dancing. All wished me a pleasant voyage and a safe arrival. They kept the party up until quite late but I was advised to retire about midnight, as I was to be ready to leave at five o'clock in the morning. A number of those present at the party went to Liverpool with me to see me set sail. Among those as I remember were my father, brother-in-law, William Atkinson, Mrs. James Walsh and her daughter Mary Ann. As Mrs. Walsh shook hands with me she left three pounds, equivalent to fifteen dollars, in my hand. I asked her what that was for and she said it would help me on my journey to Utah. I thanked her and asked when she expected it back and she said. "Don't mention - to Utah you might return the favor." it, but if I ever come

The John L. Boyd set sail from Liverpool on April 22, 1862, with seven hundred passengers on board. During the six-week voyage, we had some very rough weather and I was seriously ill and could scarcely eat anything for almost four weeks. I became very weak and pale. I met a young sister who suggested that I put my rations with hers and take them to the cook room and prepare them and eat together. This I did and soon began improving. A friendship sprang up which lasted through the years, and on my visits to Salt Lake, I always called on her and we had many pleasant visits together. We knew her as Mrs. Haslam.

ACROSS THE PLAINS

On arriving in New York I had lots of chances to work but I told them nothing short of Utah would satisfy me. The Civil War was on and we saw companies of soldiers at different points. At Niagara railroad bridge the train stopped and we had an hour or more to visit Niagara Falls, which was truly a treat. We passed through miles of timberland being cleared for farming purposes and this timber was being destroyed like so much rubbish. It was very pleasant sailing on the river and seeing the Great Lakes.

While in Chicago I bought a large ham for three cents a pound and all the eggs we wanted for five cents a dozen. We sailed up the river to Florence, Nebraska, to wait for the Church train. I waited here for two weeks and all my money and provisions were gone. I met a man who wanted someone to drive an ox team to Utah. In return he would provide me with food, such as they had, and his wife would do my washing. He had three cows and I said I was very pleased when he said I might have the milk to sell or do with as I wished. While we remained in Florence, he said that he was going into an independent company where all furnished their own outfits, teams, wagons, etc. I weighed the matter like this, if I go with him I will have my board but if not I will have to draw from the Church store and be in debt for provisions and expenses across the plains. I felt too, that I would get experience in driving cattle, which would prove profitable in the future, so I accepted his offer even though I had never even seen an ox team before. I told a girl friend, whom I had met on the ship, of my decision. She said, "You do not need to go." But I told her my money was gone and I would be obligated to go in debt to the Church. She put her hand in her pocket and brought out a gold sovereign and said, "I am not out of money and I will share with you as long as I have any left." I have often thought of that - what a free heart and liberal hand - but I could not accept her kindness. I commenced to distribute milk to the emigrants in Florence and the two weeks that I remained there I took two buckets with strainers in them and the people came with their cups and basins and got milk. I could not take a cent from any of them. It was a pleasure for me to do this and the people appreciated it greatly...

The trip across the plains was one of hardship. We encountered a great deal of storm, and the thundering and lightning was most terrific. At times the Indians were quite troublesome and we had to take turns guarding the cattle. This was not a pleasant task, especially when the nights were dark and stormy. We found wild grapes, currants, gooseberries, and other fruits in some parts of the country. While the cows were giving milk we would put the night and morning milk together in the churn and would have butter by night. But the cows soon dried up because of the hard work they had to do, so the boss traded them for another yoke of oxen. Soon after, one of these died. I had sold a new pair of boots that were too small for me for eleven dollars so my boss borrowed this money and bought another ox, with the promise he would pay it back when we got to Salt Lake, which he did.

FIRST YEARS IN UTAH

I had not shed a tear on leaving home and had not given any serious thought to it, being busy all the time, but on arriving in Salt Lake City on September 26, 1862, and after taking the cattle to the big field south of the city, I had no place to go and began thinking of home and Mother. It was a beautiful evening, the moon was shining clear and bright; there was a young man with me who pulled out his knife and cut some stubble of sugarcane and picked nubbins of corn which a been left. This was all new to me. He peeled the cane stubble and began to eat so I did the same. We sat there eating and I looked at the beautiful bright moon; then I began wondering where I was going and what I was going to do. I spent that night with this young man in a tent and next morning I went to a house nearby and asked if I could get breakfast. The lady said yes and told me to be seated. After breakfast I asked what I was owing her and offered her the only twenty-five cents I had left, but she said she wouldn't take anything for my breakfast. I thanked her, then visited around the city and made some inquiries for a place to work.

I found plenty of work but no money. They could pay only in produce such as flour, molasses, fruit, etc. I said: "What can I do with such things? I have no family; I am alone and have no home to take them to." However, I finally hired out month for flour and molasses to George Washington Mousley, schoolteacher in the Sixteenth Ward. I was getting along nicely until one evening when his boy asked me to get on the other horse and go with him to water the horses. I said I didn't know how to ride, but he insisted, so I got on and immediately he whipped up his horse and mine followed. It was all I could do to hold on by hanging to the mane - I was not able to hold him in check. His father heard the clatter of the horse's feet on the hard ground and waited for us to come around the block. He was angry and said: "So, that's the kind of fellow you are! I'll let you understand that you can't run my horses that way." Instead of involving the boy, I took the blame myself, but I was determined to leave him at the end of the month. When the time came he hated to see me leave but my mind was made up...

THE YEARS 1863-1864

In the spring of 1863 a call came for a team and wagon and provisions, with a driver, to go back to Florence, Nebraska, for emigrants. At the meeting Sunday, those present were asked to offer what they could. I had only recently come into the country but I wanted to help. I said, "I have two woolen shirts I will give." One of the sisters spoke and said, "He has only the two shirts but I have material and when

woven will let him have one back." This she did. The same spring we got the land plowed and planted, the fence repaired, the ditches made ready for irrigation. We made a new ditch nearly a half mile from the intake in a clump of cottonwoods. Something would stop the water every night by putting a dam in, so we got a trap and next morning found a large beaver in it. He proved to be the offender, for we had no more trouble. We also dug a well near the house for culinary purposes and my boss put me to work walling it in. I told him I had never done any walling and that it might cave in, but he just said I could do anything I undertook to do, so I took the large cobble rock and completed the task. We then went to the canyon to get tan bark for the Jennings' Tannery at Salt Lake. We pitched our tent near the Weber River about five miles from home. This was quite a way by ox team. We took our axes up the mountain nearly a half mile from the tent. There were five of us: the boss, three boys about my size, and myself. One day we had just finished dinner and as usual I went to the river for a bucket of water only a few rods away. On my return I saw the others standing by the tent. One of them asked me if I wanted to see a bear and pointed to an opening in the oak brush not more than three rods away, and there stood a big brown bear. As we only had a shot gun, the boss got on one of the big trees which was laying across the ravine and I on the other end, and the boys went to drive it up. I had my ax and the boss had the gun. As the bear approached, the boss gave him the first load and the bear fell. I was about to jump down and give him a lick with my ax when the boss hollered "Hold on" just then the bear got on his feet and walked up to where I was standing and confronted me, ready to strike. I did not feel timid but I had the ax ready for action. I looked at the bear for a minute and concluded that if he would not bother me, I would not bother him. Then suddenly he wheeled off to the left and started for a tree on the steep side of the ravine. I told the boss to let him have the other load, which he did, and the bear came rolling down - but this time I was willing to wait until satisfied that he was dead. While the boys went for the team we cut the bear's throat, skinned and quartered him, and carried him down to the tent. This was on a Saturday and they all went home and left me alone until Monday noon. I was expecting all the time to see a bear come bunting for its mate and I did not feel very comfortable or contented, for I felt that I was in great danger, and the only protection I had was my ax...

TO BEAVER COUNTY - 1865

The young men of our settlement and myself were called to go to Salt Lake City and get our endowments. So on the 16th of February, 1865, I was

ordained an elder by Chauncy west of Ogden, and received my endowments in the Endowment House. On my return I stopped at Kaysville over night. I was on foot, so next morning I decided to take a cutoff across the sand ridge instead of going the stage route around by Ogden, which was twice the distance. The snow was three feet deep. I started before the sun was up and the surface had a hard crust on it so that I could travel fine. The sun soon appeared, however, and melted the snow and every step I took I went down. While I was getting one foot out, the other went down and I would only make a short step. I became exhausted and was ready to give up, but I prayed that I might get home safely. About two miles from home it began to get colder and the sun had but little power so that snow took on a hard crust again. It held me up and I felt encouraged once again. Just to show how deep the snow was in going down the dugway, the oak brush was six to eight feet high and it was just peeping above the snow. Mother had been anxious about me and came to meet me. When they pulled my boots off, my socks were frozen to them.

In the spring of 1865 we received a letter from William and John Robinson of Beaver, stating they were taking up land at Adamsville and if we would move down there, we could take up some good land. We decided to make the move and started out with a double bed wagonful of loose wheat which I was advised to take with me so we would be sure of our season's bread. Upon arriving in Salt Lake City and thinking about our journey, I decided that we might get stuck in the mud and having no sacks to put the grain in, I thought we might be in a predicament; so I decided to sell the wheat. With the money, I bought brass kettles and milk pans and now the family could ride to Beaver in comfort, too. We had a pleasant trip and arrived in Beaver June 14, 1865. I soon disposed of my wares and found I had doubled my money. I thought of starting in the store business as there was only one store in Beaver at this time - a log cabin - but my mind was set on having a farm and I felt that if I went into the mercantile business, I might lose the object of which I was willing to leave all that I had once had. My faith in the gospel was worth all the world could offer me.

We got four city lots, logs and lumber to build a house. Then we decided to move the logs to Adamsville where we intended to live. We got the house on the square, then we were notified that scattered families living outside of the towns would have to move in as the Indians were very troublesome and it just wasn't safe. We decided then to move the material back to Beaver and build there.

On March 21, 1866, we bought some land in Beaver. At this time I was called on a mission to Sevier to help protect the settlers from the Indians. The next morning with horse saddled, gun and ammunition I left in company with Philo T. Farnsworth, William Ashworth and James Willey. We had one wagon. The others were to provide the food and I was to do the cooking. Thus we started on our march to Sevier. On March 24th we arrived at a place where Fort Sanford, a military post, stood. There were about twenty men from Beaver County and twenty men from Iron County who went to the fort. Here we found out that the Indians had killed the Berry family at Long Valley and shot one of the Butler boys so were taken prisoners at Panguitch, Parowan, Beaver, Circleville and Marysvale. The latter part of June we were released from our calling. The fort at this time was abandoned and the people had moved to other parts.

In the fall of 1866, one day just about the break of dawn the Indians made a raid on Lee's Ranch, better known as Hawthorne Dell. The dog had been restless and kept barking, so Joseph Lillywhite, the hired man, took his gun and went out to see what was disturbing the dog. He no sooner got to the corner of the house when he was shot in the shoulder. He left his gun and crawled into the house and fastened the doors and the shutters. The Indians got his gun but did not know how to use it as it was a star rifle. In rage they struck it over the rocks and bent it double. The Indians shot a number of times at different angles to try and get those inside. There were several inside - Mr. and Mrs. Lee, two daughters, a son, Joseph Lillywhite and Jane Hall, the hired girl. Mrs. Lee melted her pewter dishes and made bullets. She loaded the gun and pistol while Mr. Lee did the firing. One of the Indians while trying to pry the door open with a pitchfork was shot in the stomach by Mr. Lee. As a last resort, the Indians got poles from the fence and placed them against the roof. It so happened that the family had large quantity of milk in the house for making cheese. This they used to put out the fire but were nearly suffocated with heat and smoke. When things quieted down a little they opened the shutters and put Lee's boy and Jane Hall through the window. They were about ten and twelve years old. They were instructed to go for help, and to separate at the forks of the road. The girl was to follow the wagon road and the boy was to take the cattle trail and get to Beaver as soon as possible. This they did, and a posse was soon formed, I being among them. By the time we reached the ranch, the Indians had become discouraged and left. We scouted around and found one Indian's body half eaten by coyotes. He had a little fire behind a bushy cedar tree not far from the house and died there. We threshed

Lee's stacks of grain and moved the family with their belongings into town. In a few years the Indians settled down and we had no more trouble with them.

SHE WAS SIXTEEN

One evening at a dance, I was attracted by a very beautiful girl. She was outstanding for her dark brown wavy hair, her honest frank blue eyes, her lovely complexion with such rosy cheeks. I immediately felt that some day I would marry her. I inquired about her and learned that she was Mary Jane Moyes. I sought an introduction and danced with her. This followed a short courtship and we were married on April 4, 1867. She was sixteen years and ten months old and I was twenty-five.

On March 15, 1868, a son was born to us. We named him John after his grandfather Grimshaw. On my wife's 18th birthday, June 6, we started by oxteam for Salt Lake City with only eight dollars for expenses. Father and Mother went with us and had the same amount for their expenses. On June 20, 1868, we went through the Endowment House and were sealed for time and eternity. The following day we attended services for Heber C. Kimball in the new Tabernacle. On June 26, I went up into City Creek Canyon and found my oxen not a half mile from where I had turned them on my arrival in Salt Lake. We started home without delay and arrived there July 6th all well but tired. We had been gone just one month but most of our time had been spent in traveling...

1877 - March 13, A son was born and we named him Franklin Duckworth. In March I went to conference and dedication of the St. George Temple. On my return I commenced building our home which was 36 feet long and 20 feet wide, costing \$2,000. We moved in on Christmas Day. Also this season we dug a well thirty-five feet deep. In September I was called on the Grand jury in the Second District Court...

1884 - January 15th a daughter was born and named Ida. This was a good year for crops with an open fall and no frost until late...

1886 - January 9, A son was born and named Lawrence. I gave up the agency for the Deseret News after serving in that capacity eleven years. I went to Manti with Bishop James McKnight to incorporate the Manti Temple District. We prepared the ponds at North Creek as a beginning to raise fish for home use. We also put in one hundred and eighteen carp.

TWO FAMILIES

1887 - We had no fruit this season because of an early frost. This was a bad winter and there were lots of frozen feet.

Tuesday, April 12, I had Ellen Muir (Smith) sealed to me in the St. George Temple.

1888 - February 1, I bought a Kimball organ from George Manwaring at a cost of ninety-five dollars. March 13th I started to Manti with Mrs. Ipson, her daughter Dorothy, where they were going to make flowers for the Temple. May 1st a daughter was born named May. May 21st we attended the dedication of the Manti Temple. It was a very wonderful and impressive occasion...

1891 - September 2, A son was born and named Arnold.

THE PRICE OF PLURAL MARRIAGE

After being in polygamy four years I knew that trouble was ahead and having heard of the tough prison fare, I decided I would avoid it as long as possible, so I concluded to take the agency for a large dictionary, the price being \$7.50, \$8.50 and \$9.00 and go to Ogden to canvass. I left home Feb. 11, 1891, spent a few days in Salt Lake City and went on to Ogden. Here I stayed with the Scowcroft family until after April conference...

July 7 - My second wife, Ellen, gave birth to a son. He was blessed August 6th by his father and given the name of Thomas Duckworth.

October 7 - I was indicted by the grand jury for an infraction of the Edmunds-Tucker Act. On the eighth I pleaded guilty in court and was released on \$1,000.00 bond. Benjamin Benneu and Charles Wolfenden went my bail. Tuesday at noon on the thirteenth I was sentenced to a term of one year in the state penitentiary and was placed in the Beaver jail with Tom Hawley, (who was) sentenced to one year for attempted murder and Thomas Stokes one year for cattle stealing. A few hours later we started for Salt Lake City in care of two deputy marshals. After leaving Provo, we were all handcuffed together which made it difficult and unpleasant changing cars. We were taken through the gates into the prison yard about 1 o'clock Wed October 14 where there were over two hundred prisoners convicted for all kinds of crime. This was a great change for me. I soon exchanged my clothes for a prison garb and appeared in stripes, but it had little effect on me...

The first meeting I attended in the pen, I was handed a hymn book. No one near me seemed to be singing, but as the tune was familiar to me, I took part in the bass, which attracted attention. After the meeting, the marshal's wife came to the milk house and said: "I discovered during the meeting that you have a fine voice. I was glad to see that you take part with us and hope you will take part in the singing every Sunday; I

will bring you some books and some reading material." I thanked her and told her I always liked to join in the singing in public meetings. We had meetings every Sunday. The Latter-day Saints were given one Sunday each month and other denominations the balance of the time.

Meetings were held upstairs and one or two of the prisoners were shackled with bill and chains and when they came upstairs they made such a noise you would think that the devil was rattling his chains...

On August 12th, the brethren who were in for polygamy, twelve in number, planned a little farewell social for me as I was to be set at liberty the next day. It was arranged to meet in one of the cells, and lemonade, cake and candy and other good things were served. Each one there made a little farewell speech. I told them I would never forget their kindness.

THROUGH THE YEARS

Saturday August 13, at 7 a.m. I was released and took a streetcar for the city. It seemed good to be free and I could not help thinking of the different feeling in going and coming from the pen. I visited with friends that day and attended meetings in the Tabernacle Sunday. I took the train that night and was in Milford Monday morning. My wife and three children were there to meet me. We arrived home on the 16th and were encouraged to find all well, and glad to meet each other.

I was told by parties before I left the pen that if I went to see my plural wife I would have to come back again. I said: "That would not stop me from seeing her and the boy." A few minutes after my arrival home Ellen sent my boy down with her girl. I held my hands out to take him and he put his hands out to come to me. I told the girl she might return home and I would bring him later. He never made a whimper and seemed quiet and satisfied and claimed his daddy...

1896 - February 22, about 2 p. m. a son was born and named George Washington. This season we had the most wind and the least moisture known since Beaver was settled. I planted wheat but did not get water to bring it up. This fall I spent over three months herding sheep to pay taxes and other expenses...

1898 - November 29th our son Franklin D. died and was interred in the Mountain View Cemetery in Beaver...

March 13 - Wednesday noon our flag was taken down and once more we were free.

Wednesday ' June 18, 1 started to Salt Lake with Ray. He was called to serve a mission in the eastern states. Ray received his endowments June 21 and was set apart for a mission and ordained a Seventy on June 26, and that evening left for the field of his mission...

October 15 - William Henry returned home from his mission in England after having been gone more than 26 months...

November 13 - About 10 p.m. we had the most severe shock of earthquake that Beaver had ever experienced which did some damage to our buildings...

1902 - In September Ray arrived home from his mission having been released on account of poor health. John M. Murdock, our bishop, hearing of my loss of cattle in the past and knowing we had no cow to milk, gave us one with a calf which we greatly appreciated...

1913 - April 5, My son Thomas left home to fill a mission in New Zealand. He was gone two and one-half years...

1917 - April 4, about 75 of our relatives and friends came and surprised us as this was our golden wedding anniversary. We had a very pleasant time together. Our daughter Jane and her daughter Jennie, gave each of us a 2% dollar gold piece.

April 6 - War was declared with Germany. On the 11th, a call came for volunteers. A number of Beaver boys enlisted, among them was John's son Clarence. Our son, George W., enlisted April 30th, and started for the training camp on May 4th...

1920 - January 1 - Sold our farm to William Williams for \$1,800.00. \$600.00 was to be paid down and the other \$1,200.00 was to be paid in payments of \$200.00 annually with interest of 6%.

March 13 - We went to live with Randolph and George W. on their farm which they purchased from Mr. J. Franklin Stephens. It was situated about five miles northwest of Enoch. We rented our home to Arthur Gentry for one year at \$15.00 per month...

1924 - Sister Alice Atkin has been in poor health for over a year and for about ten months suffered a great deal. Her death on June 9 was considered a release and a blessing. Sarah, her daughter, was a comfort to her mother in the latter part of her life, being faithful in doing the work and caring for her, She also spent money for her comfort. It seemed to help Alice for me to call on her which I tried to do every day, although it was very hard for me to try and walk that far. Neil Neilsen was buried July 3, 1924.

July 4 - Mother went to the celebration but I remained at home. There was no attraction for me in this hot sun.

(And thus ends the account of the life of Duckworth Grimshaw written by himself.)

The following is written by his daughter, May Grimshaw Jensen.

In June of 1926, Father and Mother spent a week with each of their daughters in Salt Lake, and on the 22nd came and spent the day with me, but Father was not feeling well. Toward evening he was taken back to Jane's and that night took a convulsion of the stomach. He passed away very peacefully the next day. June 23, 1926, funeral services were held in the Wells Ward, after which the remains were taken to Beaver where additional services were held. He was buried in the Mountain View Cemetery in Beaver, Beaver County, Utah, on June 28, 1926. He was eighty-four years and four months old and was survived by a widow, a plural wife and 12 children. (There were seven sons and five daughters.) He also left 43 grandchildren.

Father's life was one of service and devotion to his Church and community. He taught his children to do right and set them a good example. He was the most grateful man I've ever seen. No matter what poverty or what hard luck came to him, he could always find something to be thankful for.

AS TOLD BY A DAUGHTER, MAY GRIMSHAW JENSEN

Mary Jane Moyes Grimshaw, daughter of William and Mary Eastcott Moyes, was born June 6, 1850, at Pratterson River, New South Wales, Australia. When she was six years old she left Australia with her parents to come to America. They were eleven weeks on the sea in a sailing vessel and during this time, she, with the other six children, had whooping cough. They arrived in San Bernardino, California, in August 1856, and stayed there one year where William raised a crop before crossing the great desert to Utah. I have heard Mother fell many times of the heartaches that came when she had to part with her playthings and the little treasures that were so dear to her childish heart. Day after day the oxen grew so weary they were forced to abandon everything but the bare necessities of life. They arrived in Beaver, Utah, February 15, 1858, just two years after the first settlers. That night the snow fell a foot deep and the only shelter for nine was a wagon box. They were poor people in those early days and had many hardships and struggles; even the children had to work hard. Mother used to go barefoot over the rough rocks and brush east of Beaver to herd sheep with her

little-brother, and often their feet were sore and breeding from the thorns along the way. Many times their lunch was dry bread which they dipped in water and sprinkled with salt; sometimes the bread was black and bitter from sunflower seeds which were ground up with the wheat, as there was no way of separating it. Only extreme hunger could induce them to eat it.

Grandfather Moyes kept a little herd of sheep and as Mother grew older she helped to pick and wash the wool; learned to card and spin; to dye the yarn with squaw bush and rabbit brush; then to weave and finally make clothes for the family. She also learned to braid straw and make hats. They made soap, in fact they made just about everything they had. But despite all these hardships, Mother became a beautiful woman. Many people who knew her in her younger womanhood have told me that she was one of the most beautiful women they had ever seen. When she was about sixteen years old, Fate took a hand. There is a little poem which says:

*Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought,
Each of the other's being; and have no heed,
And these, o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck; defying death,
And all unconsciously, shape every act to this one end,
That one day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.*

How very true this is in the experience of Mother and Father. She, as has been stated, was born in Australia, crossed the Pacific Ocean and went by oxteam to Beaver in 1858, while Father was born in England, crossed the Atlantic Ocean to America, traveled by oxteam over the eastern plains and settled in Beaver where he met Mother. He always said that the first time their eyes met he knew that she was to be his wife. They were married April 4, 1867, in Beaver. Mrs. Philo T. Farnsworth dressed the bride and arranged her hair for the occasion. About twenty-five guests were present. The wedding supper was cooked over the fireplace.

On her eighteenth birthday, when her first baby was not quite three months old, she and Father started for Salt Lake to be sealed for time and eternity in the Endowment House. I've heard her tell how her baby cried continuously on that trip, and a dear sister told her the baby cried so much because it was dressed too warm and had prickly heat. For about a year after her marriage, Mother lived in a cellar where snakes could get in and she was forced to kill them. Father then built a log house where they lived in winter, and in the summer they went to the farm two and a half miles northwest of town, where Father was

homesteading some land. Here there was a constant fear of Indians and land jumpers; perhaps the latter were the worst for they stopped at nothing to succeed in their plans. After five years, Father had proved upon his land and they moved back to town to stay. He built the house of dark blue rock adjoining the log house, which now served as a kitchen. Mother lived in the first part 65 years and in the new part 57 years. She raised thirteen children to man and womanhood here, and was the kindest, most sympathetic and patient of mothers...

There was never a time when she was too busy to help others. There was never a time when she was too poor to divide what she had with those less fortunate. With all her kindness, love and sympathy she had to be shock-proof as well. Thirteen children just don't grow up without some accidents. What would the ordinary woman do if informed that her son had been killed by a horse falling on him? When such a message came to Mother she said to the boy who brought it, "He can't be dead, y I go to priesthood meeting and get Brother Grimshaw." While the boys were gone she made a bed in the old white-top buggy, got her camphor bottle and other remedies she kept for such occasions, and when Father came she was ready to go with him to the scene of the accident. No one knew what was in her heart, but she had no time for hysteria. Her thoughts were spent in preparation for his comfort and well being if it so happened that he was still alive. She found he was not dead, but very seriously injured. It took weeks and months of careful nursing before her son, Will, recovered from this accident.

When she was the mother of nine children she was willing to share her husband with another woman because she felt that the law of plural marriage was a law of God. Four years later she bade goodbye to her husband when he left to spend one year in the State Penitentiary in Salt Lake City for what he felt to be a divine principle, while she remained at home and cared for the children.

Our dear old home was built in 1877, and Father and Mother, with their happy little family of five children, moved in on Christmas Day. The other eight of us were born there. What a happy merry crowd we were and what beautiful memories cling around this dear old place. From my earliest childhood I dreaded the day when I must leave it to make a home of my own, for no king's palace could take its place in my heart. For several years the table was set for twelve or thirteen. Father and Mother had a busy time feeding and clothing all of us. Sometimes our food was very plain, sometimes our clothes were old-fashioned and worn but Mother managed to keep

us clean, even if she had to wash and iron after we were put to bed at night...

-May Grimshaw Jensen

ELLEN MUER SMITH GRIMSHAW

Ellen Muir Smith Grimshaw was the third child and only daughter of John Walter and Grace Muir Muir, Mormon emigrants who came from Fordel, Delgety Parish, Fifeshire, Scotland, to Council Bluffs, Iowa, in the spring of 1847. Although John and Grace had known each other in Fordel, they were not married until Jan. 27, 1849, at Council Bluffs where John, their first child, was born December 5, 1849.

In June 1852 the Muirs joined with other Saints and emigrated to Utah. After living a short time in Salt Lake City and Payson, they were called by President Young to move to Cedar City where John was to work in the iron industry. During the year they spent in Payson, their son Walter was born December 14, 1852. Ellen was born in Cedar City February 12, 1855, and another son, Thomas, made the fourth addition to the family May 3, 1857. Because there was so much sulphur in the coal discovered near Cedar - the coal being imperative for processing the iron - the venture proved unsuccessful and the Muir family moved to Beaver. Here they planted crops at what was known as Lower Beaver, situated on the flat between Minersville and Milford. Here, too, they built the home in which, except for brief interludes, they would spend the remainder of their lives. Three more sons were born to them; George Edward, April 21, 1860; David, April 26, 1862; James, June 6, 1864. John and Grace were deeply religious people with strong testimonies of the gospel.

John W. had gone to Salt Lake City for merchandise when his home was struck by lightning. Grace was cooking at the fireplace when the bolt bit the home, traveled down the chimney, and struck the andirons. Part of the current passed through the back of the chimney and the other glanced out into the room, stunning Grace. Due to the accident, her son James was born June 6, 1864, but the mother did not recover, living only seven days, burial taking place in the Mountain View Cemetery at Beaver. It was a great shock to John when he returned home to find that a son had been born and his wife had passed away

The baby was taken to Cedar City to be cared for by an aunt, but Ellen learned fast and soon took over the many duties of a mother, and for the next eleven years managed the tasks of the household. June 28, 1875 she married William Thompson Smith, but still found time to advise and counsel her brothers who visited her nearly every day.

William was a tailor, an occupation which demanded long hours of sewing. Ellen, who learned the trade and that of dressmaking also, was able to help her husband in his work. To this union three sons and one daughter were born: William John, born March 29, 1876; David, November 4, 1877; Grace, September 30, 1879, and George, April 28, 1882. Money was scarce, but Ellen was very thrifty, and her garden, chickens and cows supplied many of the necessities. Frugal herself, Ellen taught her children to be industrious and knowing the value of education, she encouraged her children to attend school whenever possible.

John W. Muir married Mary Hibbard, an English girl who had settled at Kanosh. One son was born to them, whom they named Joseph, but he lived only a short time, and the mother, whose health had not been good since coming to America, passed away in 1886. Ellen's brother Thomas died in 1863, previous to the death of Mary. Her husband William, after a lingering illness, had died March 11, 1882, just one month before the birth of Ms last son, George Walter. Although a small woman, Ellen was blessed with excellent health. She not only cared for her family but assisted her father, and helped with illnesses and new babies in the homes of her brothers. In 1887, five years after the death of William, Ellen became the plural wife of Duckworth Grimshaw. To this union Thomas Duckworth was born July 7, 1891, and he was a great joy to Ellen and the family.

In October 1902 Ellen accompanied her father to conference in Salt Lake City, and while there Mr. Muir became ill with pneumonia and died. The obituary published in the Deseret News said of him: "Brother Muir labored for a time in the temple but was taken ill with pneumonia and died quite suddenly in Salt Lake City. Fortunately the old gentleman's daughter Ellen was with him and was able to superintend the arrangements for the return of his body to Beaver."

Ellen was ambitious, sincere in her religious beliefs and raised her children to be upright citizens. Her son George filled a mission to the Central States, and Thomas was sent to New Zealand where he worked in the mission home. Of Thomas it was said that although he never married, he was most honorable in his dealings. Pbylis S. Warr, a friend of the Smith and Grimshaw families, wrote that on one occasion, when a water board meeting was being held at her father's home, the problem of assessments came up, and in talking, the secretary said that Duckworth Grimshaw owed his assessment. Mr. Grimshaw had been dead for some time, but Thomas spoke up and said, "If my father owes a bill and you can prove it, I'll play it."

Alene Williams, Ellen's granddaughter, related that after Ellen's marriage to Mr. Grimshaw, he always spent Sunday with his second wife. He also took an interest in her children by Mr. Smith, and was a real father to their son Thomas.

After a long and fruitful life, Ellen died suddenly on the evening of July 6th, 1930, and was buried in the Mountain View Cemetery in Beaver.

OUR PIONEERS

In the midst of such trying times our sturdy Pioneers braved the perils of the Beaver Valley desert and laid the foundation of the beautiful City we here behold today. It has been created by the toil, energy and perseverance of the sons and daughters of those who, in their poverty and distress, were patriotic in the extreme and labored with persistence to surmount the obstacles which confronted them.

The above statement as well as the following address was written by Wilson Gates Nowers at the time of the 50th anniversary of the founding of Beaver City, the area to which Duckworth Grimshaw moved in 1865...

MONUMENTS TO COURAGE

Duckworth Grimshaw's life was indeed one of service and devotion to his Church and his community. He taught his children to do right, and set them a good example. May Grimshaw Jensen, his daughter, considered him to be the most grateful man she had ever known, for no matter what poverty or hard luck came to him, he could always find something to be thankful for.

Excerpt E. *Grimshaw's Narrative*, by William Robinson Grimshaw

Excerpt E
(following pages)

Grimshaw's Narrative, Being the Story of Life and Events in California during Flush Times,
Particularly the Years 1848-50, Including a Biographical Sketch¹⁰⁸

Note: This excerpt contains only the text without the extensive footnotes included by Kantor to more completely explain the events related in the book. The reader is referred to the original work for these extensive notes.

¹⁰⁸ Kantor, J.R.K., 1964, *Grimshaw's Narrative, Being the Story of Life and Events in California during Flush Times, Particularly the Years 1848-50, Including a Biographical Sketch*, Written for the Bancroft Library in 1872 by William Robinson Grimshaw: Sacramento, CA, Sacramento Book Collectors Club, 59 p.

Grimshaw's Narrative

Daylor's Ranch.

Sac. Co.

January 20th 1872

MESSRS. H. H. BANCROFT & CO.

Gentlemen:

Your circul[ar] 10th ult. is before me. What possible interest the incidents of a life so uneventful as mine has been can possess for anyone I am at a loss to imagine; but since you ask for them they are hereby placed at your disposal. I must premise by stating that I am not skilled in rhetoric and the facts I set before you must be in the form of a simple narrative, after the manner of Robinson Crusoe.

My name is William Robinson Grimshaw. I was born November 14th, 1826 in a two-story brick house, then a country seat, on the corner of 14th St., & 3rd Avenue in the City of New York. The house is still standing & is immediately opposite the N.Y. Academy of Music.

My father's name was John Grimshaw. He was a younger son of a man belonging to a class called in England "gentlemen farmers," and was born in 1800 near Leids (sic) in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He came to N.Y. at an early age and became clerk for Jeremiah Thompson of that city. Shortly after coming of age he went into business for himself & engaged in cotton speculations so successfully that he soon acquired what was for those days a fortune. He built the house above named and married in the year 1825. Of course having made a fortune so easily he could not discontinue his speculations & (equally of course) before the year 1830 he became bankrupt & had to surrender all his property to his creditors.

My mother's maiden name was Emma Robinson. She is the daughter of Wm. T. Robinson of the mercantile firm of Franklin, Robinson & Co. well known to New Yorkers of the latter part of the last century & was born Sept. 9th, 1803. One of her sisters married Jonas Minturn of N.Y.; another, John B. Toulmin of Mobile (Ala); another became the wife of Wm. Hunter, U.S. Senator from Rhode Island & minister to Brazil in President Jackson's administration. My mother is now living in N.Y. City.

In the year 1830 my father sailed for Liverpool in the ship *Mary & Harriet*. After remaining in that place a little more than a year he returned to N.Y. in the Ship *Sarah Sheaf*. I well remember living in the suburbs of Brooklyn, in the cholera season of 1832. About 1833 we again went to Liverpool in the ship *Great Britain*, Captain French; where my father went into business

as a ship broker & where he remained until the latter part of 1837 when we sailed for Mobile (Ala) in the ship *Plymouth* of Boston, Captain Kenrick.

My father engaged as bookkeeper with John B. Toulmin his brother-in-law for one year. He then became a cotton broker & speculator and died of yellow fever in November 1839 leaving his affairs greatly involved. I lived in Mobile until the summer of 1841 when (my mother not wishing me to grow up in a slave state) my uncle Toulmin obtained for me a situation in the English house of J. L. Phipps & Co. at Rio [de] Janeiro one of the partners of which house (Mr. Eyre) was then in Mobile. I started for N.Y. (there to take passage for Rio,) travelled by land as far as Charleston (S. C.) thence by sea in the ship *Sutton*, Capt. Avery, and landed in N.Y. in due time. On my arrival my indentures with Messrs. Phipps & Co. were drawn up at the branch house in Pine St. and a passage engaged for me in a brig soon to sail for Rio.

At this juncture a friend of my mothers dissuaded me from going to S. America & induced me to remain in N.Y. He placed me in a wholesale dry goods house, Scudder & Wilcox, who failed in about a year & then my new "friend" left me to shift for myself at the age of 16. I became clerk for various firms in N.Y. & one in Burlington (Vt), near which place my mother was then living, until early in the year 1847 when I gratified a desire which had always been uppermost in my mind which I fear had unfitted me for anything else and shipped "before the mast" as "boy" in Grinnell Minturn & Co's Liverpool Packet Ship *Ashburton*, Captain Williams Howland (an accomplished seaman, with the manners of a gentleman); 1st Mate John McWilliams, a bluff kind hearted Welshman & thorough seaman, now a Captain sailing out of N.Y. I remained in this ship one year and was about to be promoted to 3rd mate. Before becoming an officer, I desired to learn a greater variety of seamanship than could be acquired in short voyages between N.Y. & Liverpool. In February 1848 I shipped as ordinary seaman on board the *Izaak Walton* of New Bedford, 800 tons burthen owned by Henry Grinnell and under charter to the government to convey stores & supplies to the U. S. Squadron on the coast of California. The voyage for which we signed articles was from N.Y. to Monterey (Cal) thence, in ballast, to Canton thence with a cargo of tea to N.Y. via the Cape of Good Hope. The *Izaak Walton* was commanded by Captain Allen; ___ Hilts 1st Mate; a young man named Babcock 2nd mate, & a Russian carpenter with a name unpronounceable by any human being besides himself. There were six able seamen; two ordinary seamen, Charles Crandall of Connecticut & myself &

I "boy" ___ Lawrence of N.Y. Seamen are rarely known to each other by their surnames which are nearly always "shipping names". i.e. aliases, except Danes & Swedes who are almost invariably Johnsons, Thompsons, Andersons & Harrisons. Other nationalities are simply - Jack, Bill, Tom, Dick & Harry. One of our able seamen called himself Wm. Howland. The shipping name of the inevitable Swede was Tom Newton; his real name he told me was Sjoberg and he was a native of Stockholm. We had a colored steward named Frisbie Hood and a cook also colored.

Howland, Lawrence & Crandall returned to N.Y. in the *Izaak Walton*. The last I heard from Hood he was at Moquelumne Hill; Newton died not far from where I am now writing in 1852.

Mr. Hilts' tyrannical treatment caused so much dissatisfaction among the crew that at the first port at which we touched (Callao) four of the best men deserted the ship carrying off two boats only one of which was recovered for a reward of \$50.00 offered & paid. In place of these men Capt. Allen engaged 4 British "hearts of oak" then in confinement in the Calaboose & who were given their liberty on condition of leaving the place. The life these men caused our mate to lead, by their 'subordination, was some compensation to us for past ill treatment. Soon after leaving Callao, Mr. Hilts for some very slight cause ordered me into the long boat, where I could not defend Thyself, to get a piece of rope for him. As soon as I was in the boat he got upon a water cask and struck me three heavy blows with a piece of tarred "lanyard stuff", a rope thicker than a man's thumb. I immediately went below & refused duty (aided & abetted by the aforesaid "hearts of oak") & vowed to myself to leave the ship at the very first opportunity. I did not return to duty until the vessel was entering Monterey, where we arrived in August 1848. In Monterey were lying at anchor the barque Anita of Boston, and a schooner from Honolulu chartered by a smart Yankee trader who had come to California with an assorted cargo on the first rumor of the gold discovery.

The next morning after our arrival our "hearts of oak" came aft & demanded to be pulled ashore in the boat. As the machinery for the enforcement of the law was very much out of order, owing to the absence of the ships agent Thos. O. Larkin and the unwillingness of Col. Mason to send a soldier outside of the Fort for fear of desertion; and as the captain & mate were rather cowed by the "hearts", their request was, after some bluster, complied with. I have never seen either of them since.

That night, Tom Newton, Hood, the cook & myself borrowed the boat & bid a final farewell to the good ship *Izaak Walton*. Hood and myself in accordance with a previous understanding with some of the Anita's men, went on board of that barque, where we were hospitably entertained by the crew & stowed away until the barque left the harbor. I chose this method of concealment because I supposed the last place for our former Captain to look for us would be in a U. S. vessel.

This left the *Izaak Walton* with the carpenter, 1 able seaman, 1 ordinary do, & 1 boy. Capt. Allen had to wait until November, when Commodore Jones finished him a crew of man of wars men whose terms of service had nearly expired, and the *Izaak Walton* returned to N.Y.; I have heard by "the Chinha Islands where she took a cargo of guano."

The Anita was chartered by the government as a sort of tender to the squadron. She was commanded by passed Midshipman Selim E. Woodworth, as noble hearted a man and as thorough a seaman as ever trod a deck A seaman can always tell the capacity of the officer placed over him by the manner in which the latter handles his ship. Capt. Woodworth had been detailed from the Ohio, 74, to take command of the Anita. The chief mate was a quarter-master of the Ohio named Williams. The crew were composed mostly of young men from the same ship. There was one elderly man named McDonald (I think) & two others - Abbott and Jim Brady.

Peace having been declared between the U. S. and Mexico, the Anita was under sailing orders for Santa Barbara, San Pedro & San Diego having on board passengers Major Rich, pay master, his son acting as his clerk; Captain Matt, son of Colonel Jonathan D. Stevenson; an army surgeon whose name I do not remember & Major Rich's colored servant.

The Anita could not safely proceed to sea with only three men. That number was not sufficient to handle the vessel; besides it was impossible for three men to steer the barque unless the chief mate "Stood a trick" at the wheel during his watch on deck which would not be compatible with his dignity. Somehow Capt. Woodworth must have found out that a seaman was lying *perdu* in his ship. At any rate he took fresh provisions on board; obtained two fort to assist, as amateurs, in working the a. As soon as the "Amateurs" found themselves in blue water the[y] went off duty from sea-sickness and were absolutely useless for the rest of the voyage except when the barque was at anchor.

Arrived at Santa Barbara and there found the barque *Joven Guipuzcoana* (Young Maid of Guipuzcoa),

now a dismantled hulk in Sacramento, manned by a crew of native Californians.

I forgot to mention that as soon as the Anita had rounded Point a Pinos, Hood and I emerged from our place of concealment & went aft into the cabin where we signed shipping articles; Hood as steward, I as able seaman.

At Santa Barbara we received on board a few men from the now disbanded Company F, Stevenson's regiment, who offered to assist in working & loading the barque for their passage to San Francisco.

In a few days set sail for San Pedro. Here the bluff above the landing & close to the Custom House (adobe) was strewn with a considerable quantity and an endless variety of implements, munitions & spoils of war. Among the last mentioned were a number of brass cannon, 12 or 14 feet long and a century or two old as shown by figures cast in them; taken from the Mexicans at Los Angeles. To get these on board we had to tow the Anita's long boat & moor her just outside the surf, there being no wharf. A gun was then rolled down the cliff. As many men as could stand alongside then placed handspikes under and at right angles to the gun; a man at each end of the handspike. The gun was then lifted, carried through the surf, breast deep, and placed very carefully (lest it go through the bottom) into the boat. At a distance, a party of men thus engaged looked like a magnified centipede. The guns were brought off one at a time; and the rest of the paraphernalia of war were embarked in the same manner. This, while it lasted, was quite as arduous as the boating of hides described in 2 Years before the mast. We here obtained some more men from Stevenson's regiment.

During our stay in San Pedro, we had to procure a supply of fresh water this being the only place on the coast except Saucelito where it could be obtained. At the head of the creek where Wilmington is now located, is, or was, a spring of fresh water covered with salt water at high tide. We had to place a water cask in the long boat; tow the latter to the head of the creek, - which could only be done when the tide served (sometimes at midnight), wait until the tide ebbed, fill the cask, wait until the tide floated' the boat and pull back to the ship. We would sometimes leave the barque at noon or a little after and not get back until late the next forenoon. This had to be repeated until every cask in the ship was filled. Take it altogether the port of San Pedro is not endeared to the sailors of those days by recollections of a pleasant nature.

One Sunday the crew had a day's liberty ashore. We walked about six miles on the road to Los Angeles,

and stopped at a large grazing farm called the "Rancho de los Palos Verdes" probably because there was not a tree nor a solitary green place except cactus of which there was great abundance. The lady of the house (I think one of the Martinez family) had a pure Caucasian complexion & cast of features. We asked her for dinner which was soon got ready by the Indian servants & consisted of the inevitable & invariable tortillas (very similar to Scotch bannocks or oat-cakes), frijoles (beans), and chili colorado (jerked beef stewed with red peppers), a full meal of which I judge would remove the skin from the inside of the mouth and produce inflammation in the stomach of a man not seasoned to the dish by degrees. No tea, no coffee and although hundreds of cattle were in immediate view & thousands on the rancho, no milk. The only drink to be obtained was that most wretched tipple *aguacaliente*. Of course, the party being composed of soldiers & sailors, most of them had to get drunk, quarrel with some of the men about the ranch (fortunately limited to words), and return to the ship in a dilapidated condition.

Having taken our cargoe on board, filled the water casks & obtained a supply of fresh beef for our now large ship's company, we hoisted anchor & set sail for San Diego. Captain W. D. Phelps of the hide drogher *Tasso*, of Boston, was on board and "worked his passage" by piloting us down the coast and into the harbor of San Diego. I wonder if the old gentleman remembers that pleasant September morning when he was so much embarrassed in directing the man at the wheel, by the *Anita's* tiller working abaft the rudder head. Arrived at San Diego the next day after leaving San Pedro.

We remained in San Diego a week or ten days and left the harbor bound for San Francisco. After passing Point Conception we encountered a severe N. W. gale with so high a sea running that nothing could be cooked in the ships galley and for 3 days we in the forecaskle had to live upon hard bread & raw salt pork. In this gale we reefed topsails for the first time since leaving Monterey nearly three months before. Think of that ye mariners of the North Atlantic.

Arrived in Monterey we found a portion of the U. S. Squadron at anchor. There were the *Ohio*, 74, Commodore Jones' flag ship; the frigate *Warren*, the sloop of war *Dale*; the store-ship *Southampton*, & I think the *Cyane*. Here also was the *Izaak Walton*. Every possible precaution was taken to prevent the desertion of men from the squadron. At sunset the boats of the various ships were hoisted in on deck or up to the davits, and after that no boat was permitted to leave a ship on any pretext whatever. In spite of all this as man men as the *Ohio's* launch could carry

managed to desert from that ship. The boat had been detained at the landing until after dark. When she reached the ship, officers & boats crew went up on deck leaving two boat keepers ("boys") to bring the launch around to the tackles. Scarcely was the boat headed for these latter than as many men as she could well carry rushed through the lower ports, jumped into the boat, seized the oars, pulled to the nearest part of the shore beached the boat and made their escape. As they passed the vessels that were near their course, they answered the usual hail (it being after dark) by answering "*Ohio's* launch" and, of course, were suffered to proceed. Before the officers had time to recover from the surprise caused by this daring act the men were far out of sight & hearing. The two boat keepers brought the launch back to the ship and for their fidelity were given their discharge from the navy the next day. Two of the Warren's men were caught attempting to desert and the barbarous punishment of flogging through the fleet was inflicted upon them. I have seen frightful whippings inflicted on wrong-doers by the people (sometimes called "mobs") and have heard much sympathy expressed for them; but never have I witnessed anything to compare with the wretched condition of these two men whom I saw on board of the *Warren* that night.

In a few days [we] sailed for San Francisco where we arrived in the latter part of October. Here were the ships *Huntress* of N.Y., Capt. Spring; *Rhone* of Baltimore; & *Laura Ann* of Liverpool; the teak built barque *Janet* of Calcutta, Captain Dring, abandoned by all hands from the captain to the cook. In addition to these were some up-river craft; among them Capt. Sutter's launch *Sacramento*, manned by Indians, and a sort of scow, schooner-rigged, called the *Londresa*, which I supposed to [be] Spanish for laundress.

The mines were now in full blast. The mad rush for gold had set in and the *auri sacra fames* had taken complete possession of men's minds. Every soul who could get away, with the exception of a few "beach combers", "long shore men", and vagabonds always hanging around a seaport, had left. I remember that the frame of the Parker House had been raised but the work had been abandoned and did not seem likely to be resumed. A wharf at Clark's Point partially constructed was left unfinished. The boat landing, at high tide, was at a sort of mole at the N. E. corner of Clay & Montgomery Streets in the rear of Sherman & Ruckle's Store. At low tide the landing was at a pile of rocks about the corner of Broadway & Sansome Sts.

I have never seen any account of the fearful amount of sickness that afflicted the first white comers to the

mines, nor of the great mortality which took place among them in the autumn & winter of 1848. Many a poor fellow sick & emaciated found his way from the mines to San Francisco to fill a nameless & unrecorded grave and to be instantly forgotten in the prevailing excitement. Never was the maxim "every one for himself" so literally carried out. I think that the mortality that season taking into account the number of the population was greater than it has ever been since; even in times of cholera & small-pox.

While we lay at anchor - the mate & I being the only ones on board - a small schooner having an ensign with the design of a pick & shovel at her peak, rounded too close to us and dropped anchor. A boat's crew, all apparently intoxicated, put off from her & pulled ashore. Soon after a man appeared on deck & hailed the *Anita*. We could make nothing of what he said, and Mr. Williams ordered me to scull the jolly boat off and see what he wanted. On boarding the schooner I found the man maudlin drunk, crying & saying there was a dead man somewhere on board - where, he did not seem to know exactly. I went into the little cabin but could find no one. I thought the man was under some delusion, but finally descended the hatchway into the hold and crept along aft on the ballast, it being quite dark. Presently I came across a man lying on some blankets & said "halloo, shipmate." No answer. I then felt of him and found that he had been dead some hours. Part of the men came back to the schooner, took the body ashore & buried it. No one knew his name, nor where he came from. He had engaged his passage at Sutter's Embarcadero, his name not being asked, had taken blankets, lain down on the ballast in the hold & died. This was the case of one out of hundreds who lie in unknown graves in the mines & in other parts of Upper California.

In the year 1847 Mrs. Thomas Rhoads, living on the Cosumnes River, 20 miles from Sutter's Fort, was taken sick from disease of the liver. There was no physician worthy of the name & very little medicine outside of San Francisco. After lingering some months Mrs. Rhoads, growing rapidly worse, her husband thought it best that she should be removed to San Francisco for change of climate and to obtain proper medical attendance. A bed was made in a[n] ox-wagon (Mrs. R. being unable to sit up) and on this she made the trip to the Embarcadero by night, the heat being too great for a sick person to travel in the day time. At the Embarcadero Capt. Sutter's launch, loaded with wheat in bulk to the combings of the hatchway, was about to sail for San Francisco. On this wheat Mrs. Rhoads' bed was made and the launch started down the river. When they got as far as Benicia, and the patient inhaled the sea air, she died

& was buried at that place. Her husband paid a man to place a headboard at her grave, and to build an enclosure around the place where she was buried. The man failed to execute the trust and to this day the children of Mrs. Rhoads have been unable to find the spot where lie the remains of their mother.

One day there came to anchor the whale-ship *Flora* of New Bedford, she having touched at San Francisco for water & fresh provisions. The captain went ashore in a boat manned by two youngsters & proceeded to the office of the ships agent. There he was told of the state of affairs & advised to go back on board of his vessel & to leave the place at once or he would lose every man of his crew. Accordingly the captain hastened to return to his ship. While the boat was awaiting his return from the agent's, one or two loungers got into conversation with the young men in charge of her and gave the latter their views of the situation. These views were soon communicated to the crew of the *Flora*. In a short time the anchor was hoisted, the to sails sheeted home and the ship's head pointed for the Golden Gate. Then commenced a grand disturbance with the usual loud talk, threats, & gesticulations. Next, the ship was put about & again came to anchor. The ensuing day most of the crew left, with the understanding as we were told, that they should proceed to the mine[s], that one third of the gross proceeds of their labor should be paid to the owners of the *Flora*, and that the men should not forfeit their "-lay-". No doubt these owners or their descendants are now revelling in the wealth acquired by that crew in the mines of California. In a few days the *Flora* obtained a miserable apology for a crew giving them \$100.00 each for the "run" home and again put to sea; the whaling voyage of course coming to an abrupt end.

Posted around San Francisco was a placard stating that a reward of \$5000.00 would be paid for the apprehension of Peter Raymond, who murdered John R. Von Pfister at Sutter's Mill, or for his head in case he could not be taken alive.

Edward H. Von Pfister, the murdered man's brother, is now living in Benicia.

On the arrival of the *Anita* at San Francisco the crew were paid off & Capt. Woodworth obtained his awaited furlough. The barque's next voyage (the charter to government having nearly expired) was to be to Oregon for a cargo of provisions. Mr. Williams was to take command; and he offered me the berth of 2nd mate which I accepted, not wishing to give up a sea life and being, I suppose, too young to become infected with the prevailing madness for gold. I accordingly remained in the barque as a sort of deputy ship keeper (the *Anita* still drawing, rations

from the quartermaster) In the meantime Capt. Woodworth, the natural goodness of whose heart prompted him to take an interest in the welfare of an almost entire stranger - questioned me as to my ability to do other duty beside that of a seaman, earnestly advised me to give up a sea life and induced me to agree to accept a situation as. clerk, which he promised to procure for me ashore. The first situation offered was that of bookkeeper at Weber's - pronounced Weaver's - Embarcadero (now Stockton), wages \$16 per day. The present incumbent had come to San Francisco sick & not expected to live and his predecessor had died at his post. This offer I declined. In about a week I met Mr. Brannan at Mellus & Howard counting room and entered into an engagement with him as bookkeeper for one year at his store at Sutter's Fort. A few days afterward I took my hammock & sea chest (which I had saved on leaving the *Izaak Walton*) on board of the launch *Susanita*, a ship's longboat decked over schooner rigged. This launch had been purchased from John J. Vioget at a cost of \$10,000.00 She rated a "white Captain" & 4 Kanakas. Just upon the point of sailing the captain demanded to be paid off and went upon a frolic. Mr. Brannan placed me in charge of the launch, giving me as mate and, what was of paramount importance, pilot, a very intelligent Kanaka, one of the crew. We had four new comers from Oregon as passengers. These latter were kindhearted, simple-minded men, but I thought them the roughest set of human beings I had ever encountered in my life; even in a ship's forecandle. Since then I have met a great many rougher & more uncouth even than they.

On our voyage to Sutter's Embarcadero we passed one house at Benicia - Capt. Cooper's, - one at Martinez, one near the mouth of the Sacramento, built by L. W. Hastings, somewhat pretentiously styled "Montezuma", and Swarts tule house two miles below the Embarcadero. There was a house occupied by Tobias Kadell 8 miles by land below Sutter's Fort on the E. bank of the river at a place called the "Russian Embarcadero"; so named because here in former years the Russian launches came to receive cargoes of bides, tallow & wheat, in which commodities Capt. Sutter paid for a large tract of land at or near Bodega purchased from a Russian company. The place is now the town site of Freeport. In passing through the narrow Steamboat Slough (then called Merritt's) the branches of the large Sycamore trees growing at the rivers edge met and formed an almost continuous arch overhead. From the Slough up, the trunks and branches of the trees protruded from the ba out over the river on each side. it will be readily imagined how difficult was the

navigation for small craft drifting with the rapid current at the time of the Spring freshets having no steerage way. Before the grand rush in 1849 these obstructions were mostly removed and the intricate channel through Suisun Bay, buoyed out.

At the head of the slough we tied up to the east bank of the river where was a large rancheria of Indians. This place is now a part of Runyon's Ranch. One of our Oregon passengers took his rifle, went about 100 yards from the river's edge and returned in a short time with a deer which he had shot. At night the tule west of the Sacramento would sometimes be burning and the elk & deer running affrighted before the fire would make a rumbling like distant thunder.

In about ten days - an average passage - we arrived at Sutter's Embarcadero and made fast to some Sycamore trees, at the outlet of Sutter Slough and just above what is now the foot of I Street. Here was a spit of sand something like a small strip of sea beach.

The only vessel here was the barque *Providence*, dismantled and fitted up as a store by George McDougal and William (afterwards Judge) Blackburn. This vessel was moored to the river side and on the bank above was a board shanty in which lived the firm above named, Wm. Nuttall, their clerk, and my old shipmate, Tom Newton, porter. Mrs. D. was living under the protection of McDougal as his mistress.

This shanty was at that time (November 1848) the only building where now stands the City of Sacramento. There was a rancheria of miserable Indians, who appeared to live by fishing, and a lot more were encamped across the outlet of the Slough. A the rest of the place was a complete wilderness. For one third of a mile back from the river were great numbers of oaks & sycamores, some of them of very large size. Under these trees was a heavy growth of grass and, in the low places, a dense jungle of willows & vines which extended down to the water's edge. A narrow road had been cut, extending from the landing to what is now the corner of J & 2nd Streets; thence to K and 5th; thence about L & 8th and along L past the South side of the Fort. This road was utterly impassable during a wet winter. The way in which Sacramento was built in this swamp instead of upon the more eligible location of Sutterville (surveyed years before) is a part of history. I will venture the assertion that never before were business men so completely taken in and done for by unscrupulous land speculators.

The firm of S. Brannan & Co. was composed of Henry Mellus, W. D. M. Howard, Talbot H. Green, Samuel Brannan and William Stout. Their store was

an adobe building of one story about 100 feet long by 30 wide situated about 50 yards East of the fort. There was a loft filled with hides and other relics of trade before the mines were discovered. The building had been erected by Capt. Sutter for the use of emigrants who were without shelter, and somehow acquired the name of the "old penitentiary." After Brannan & Co. vacated this building it was occupied as a hospital by Alex. G. Abell & Charles Cragin of Washington, D. C. It was then used as a brewery by M. Yager and the last vestige of it disappeared in the flood of 1862.

The only other building outside the Fort was a small adobe house not far from the South gate. It bore the legend "Retail Store S. Norris and had formerly been used as a shelter for Sutter's vaqueros.

When I entered upon my duties as bookkeeper, Jeremiah Sherwood, late captain in Stevenson's regiment, was head clerk & manager. Another salesman was Tallman H. Rolfe, now of Nevada City. James Rowan was teamster afterwards succeeded by an old pioneer named Atkinson, generally known as "Old Wheat." There was a branch store at Mormon Island, in charge of James Queen, late of Stevenson's regiment, which was discontinued in the Spring of 1849, and Queen became salesman after the store was removed to the Embarcadero. A branch store at Sutter's Mill had been discontinued a few weeks before I came, and the books were handed to me to write up. Some of the names in the ledger were quite original. Running accounts had been opened with "Pete", "Taff", "Welsh Sam", "Dancing Jim" and others of the same sort. I made out the bills in these names, but the collection of them was no part of my business. My predecessor as bookkeeper was Edward L. Stetson (since deceased) who had to give up his place on account of protracted sickness.

If the books which I then kept were now in existence I think they would possess great value. In them were entered the names of all of the original settlers in the Sacramento Valley; and the large amount of business transacted as well as the enormous profits obtained, as shown by them, would excite great curiosity at the present day. I have in my possession a page from an old blotter, one charge on which is 20 lbs. Saleratus \$400.00; Glass beads for the Indian traders \$20.00 per lb (original cost about 5 cents per lb); Boston Crackers \$16.00 per tin; Common hard bread 75c per lb.; Sardines \$5.00 per box; champagne \$10.00 per bottle (\$15 to \$20 in the mines); and abundantly consumed Ale & Porter \$5.00 per bottle; Seidlitz powders \$5 per box. Quinine sold for its weight in gold \$16 to \$20 per ounce & the supply never met the demand.

John S. Fowler gave an oyster supper to some of his friends. We had in the store I dozen 2 lb. tins Baltimore Oysters for the lot \$144.00 was asked and paid without a murmur.

One of Brannan & Co's team mules had his shoulder galled by the collar & some spirits of turpentine was required. Having none in the store, we sent to a small drug establishment in the fort and procured two thirds of a tea cup full, price \$5.00. At this charge Mr. Brannan murmured audibly.

The blacksmith & gunsmith of the fort (I may as well here state that the place was not known as Sutter's Fort but as "New Helvetia" in which name letters were dated & account books and bills headed) was Ephraim Fairchild. For the smallest job on gun or pistol the charge was \$16. For shoeing [a] horse or mule 1 shoe \$16.00. Shod all around, 4 ounces (\$64.00). He had an assistant to blow the bellows & strike on the anvil - whom he paid \$16.00 per day.

During the winter a man named Joseph Wadleigh (if I remember rightly) made his appearance with a set of tinnern tools and a supply of tin plate. He put up a cabin between Brannan & Co's store and the fort and engaged in the manufacture of pans of the size and pattern of milk pans. These were as indispensable to the miner as pick or shovel & sold readily at \$16.00 each, with a small discount by wholesale to merchants & traders. Sitting at my desk, Wadleigh's song with tap, tap, tap accompaniment went on all day long. No matter how late one retired to bed, nor how early one rose in the morning, the inevitable tap, tap, tap was going on and all hours. Before summer Wadleigh who accumulated a fortune which he was wise enough to take to his home in the East & which I hope he still lives to enjoy; for a more light-hearted, jovial fellow I never met.

In those days when a man purchased anything he never asked the price until he took out his purse to pay for it. A trader from the mines would leave a memorandum of the goods he wanted and betake himself to some place of amusement. When the goods were delivered he merely glanced at the sum total of the bill and handed out his sack of gold. Credit for an outfit to the mines was readily given to runaway sailors, deserting soldiers and other entire strangers; if the debtor lived to return, the debt was sure to be paid. As goods were hauled from the Embarcadero, they were unloaded outside the store and put away at leisure. If they accumulated so that there was a quantity outside at bedtime the doors were locked and the goods left all night. Although there were packages of all sizes from a barrel of beef or pork to a packet of needles not an article was ever missed.

Early in the Spring of 1849 we balanced the books and made a remittance to S. Francisco of \$50,000.00. The gold was put in buckskin sacks; these were nailed up in a strong wooden box which was sent on board of the launch *Dice mi Nana* and delivered to the Captain (I think Charles H. Ross). I doubt if we went through the formality of taking a receipt.

Our 1st Alcalde, we being nominally under the Mexican law, was Frank Bates (brother of state treasurer Bates). Our 2nd Alcalde, John S. Fowler. These offices were non-stipendiary and as far as any criminal business was concerned absolute sinecures. The first call on the alcaldes to exercise their criminal jurisdiction arose from the killing of [Isaac] Alderman, an Oregon desperado, by Charles E. Pickett, when the two promptly resigned their offices.

Here the matter would have ended, the homicide having been committed purely in self defense, but for the action taken by Mr. Brannan who called a meeting of the citizens, earnestly advocated action by the people and succeeded in organizing a court before which Pickett stood his trial, & was acquitted, Mr. Brannan acting both as *judge and as prosecuting attorney*. You will find a rough sketch of this trial (written by me) in the Sac. "Daily Union" in the spring of 1854. I recommend you to look it up; the names of many persons engaged in it having escaped my memory.

Not the slightest attention was paid to Sunday. Buying, selling, trading, hauling goods, drinking, gambling and sometimes fighting went on exactly the same one day as another.

Although we had no government, no courts, no judges, no sheriffs, no churches, no preachers, no taxes, never before or since existed a community where every man's rights were so sacredly respected by his fellow men.

In the winter of 1848-49 the roads to the mines were in so bad a condition as to be nearly impassable for loaded wagons, and freights enormously high. John S. Fowler owned several ox teams which were driven month each. Gold was being taken out in large quantities, & goods of all descriptions rapidly consumed. The supply of these goods had to be kept up at any cost. All that Winter, Fowler asked & obtained \$2000.00 per ton freight to Sutter's mill or Dry Diggins, 50 miles distant from New Helvetia. No complaints of monopoly or "grasping corporations".

In early days great numbers of *coyotes* (prairie wolves) roamed over the Sacramento Valley. On a cold night they would come right up to the store and prevent all sleep by their short quick bark, until someone got up & drove them away.

One day Charles Mackay of Oregon, mounted on a Cayuse (pronounced Kiuse) pony, was talking with Mr. Brannan in front of the store. One of these coyotes was seen sneaking off in the distance. Mackay gave chase to the coyote, lassoed him, took a buckskin thong from his saddle and muzzled him, took another and tied his forelegs, then came back on a full gallop and threw him down on the ground. This was done without getting out of the saddle and, most of the time, under full gallop.

In the centre of the inside of the fort was a two story adobe building, still standing, the lower portion of which was used as a bar room with a monf6 table or two in it. This bar was crowded with customers night & day and never closed from one month's end to the other. The upper story was rented by Rufus Hitchcock & wife for a boarding house. Board was \$40 per week; meals \$2 each. The fare was plain and simple. We had plenty of fresh beef, beans, bread (mostly in the form of "biscuit"), tea & coffee, no milk. Sometimes butter made its appearance; sometimes not. The few potatoes & onions that came into market were sent to the mines as a cure & preventive of scurvy and brought such enormous prices (\$1.00 each) as placed them entirely out of reach as an article of food.

Early in the Spring Mr. Brannan came to our rescue in a dietetic sense. He erected a shanty alongside the store and, for our benefit, hired a cook (Ch's Lewis, colored, afterward succeeded by Louis Keeseburg & wife).

The Hitchcock family consisted of Rufus Hitchcock, his wife one son & two daughters. They are all long since deceased except one daughter, Mrs. Tappens, who now lives in Oregon.

About the month of January, 1849, a man arrived at the fort from the Dry Diggings, as the ground now covered by Placerville & environs was called, who could not stand upright on account of the condition of his back, caused by a severe whipping inflicted by the miners. Much sympathy was excited in behalf of this man. As I have never seen any account of this affair in book or newspaper I hereby give a few of the particulars, with the causes which led to what the reporters call a "tragedy".

When Pete Raymond murdered Von Pfister the previous summer he was arrested and taken to Sutter's Fort where he was handed over to the officers of the law. He was confined in a cell from which escape was deemed impossible & M. J. House appointed as his guard for the night. In the morning Pete was discovered to have made his escape - many thought by the connivance of his guard. In a few days

an Indian gave information that Raymond was at Swartz's - a tule house on the West bank of the Sacramento opposite Sutterville. Mr. Brannan at once organized a party who went after the escaped prisoner. The party rode on horseback to Sutterville where they obtained a canoe and started for the opposite bank of the river. When nearly across, the boat was capsized and the noise made by a lot of men in the water gave warning to Raymond who betook himself to the tule and was never after heard of.

The miners then resolved that the next crime committed in their midst should be punished by themselves.

Some time afterwards a party of three men, one of them our friend of the lacerated back, were playing poker in a bar room tent at the Dry Diggings at a late hour of the night. One of them lost all his money. The three then present the proprietor, compelled him to give up him with death in case he disclosed the rob next day the affair leaked out; the 3 men were arrested, tried & convicted & a merciless whipping inflicted upon them. They then made threats to the effect that those who took part in the proceedings were marked men; that they would not live to whip anyone else, etc. The miners then took two of the criminals and hung them, the third having been got out of the way by his friends and sent down to the fort by night This gave the Diggings the name of Hangtown by which it was known for many years afterward.

What few crimes were committed in the then limited area of the mines met with equally prompt punishment and this may have had a tendency to keep the "lower strata" in the paths of rectitude as I have before stated.

About April or May, 1849, E. C. Kemble & [George] Hubbard brought to New Helvetia a hand-press and type to start a newspaper, - the *Placer Times*. Of course the event had to be celebrated by a festival. I went 8 miles down the river to the house of Tobias Kadell, now Freeport, and purchased 2 or 3 dozen of eggs. The family of M. T. McLellan, who then kept the boarding house in the fort, contributed a sufficient quantity of milk. Some choice spirits assembled in Brannan & Co's counting room. Two pails of egg-nog (the first ever made in the place) were drunk. Champagne ad libitum was then brought in and the festivities kept up until a late hour. Many of the party awoke the next morning with severe headaches. Mr. Hubbard returned to San Francisco. Mr. Kemble was soon taken sick & went off duty as editor. Mr. Brannan then wrote the editorials, Tallman H. Rolfe set the type & at the end of the week struck off an edition of the paper. A cloth shanty had been erected

a short distance North of Brannan & Co's store and this continued to be the office of the *Placer Times* until all business was removed to the Embarcadero.

In the month of December the new town was surveyed and plotted by Lieut. Wm. H. Warner, U. S. Army, and named "Sacramento." Mr. Brannan paid a newcomer named Barlow \$100.00 to delay his journey to the mines & make Brannan a map of the town. On this map Brannan & Co, Hensley, Reading & Co, Priest Lee & Co., P.H. Burnette & S. Norris divided - not without some contention among themselves - the lots which Capt. Sutter had agreed to convey to- them and then commenced the fierce rivalry between Sutterville, surveyed and plotted in 1844,¹ and the new town, which should be the centre of trade. This contest lasted all Winter & Spring; every inducement was held out to new-comers to locate in one or the other of the two towns. Geo. McDougal & Co., L. W. Hastings, Henry Cheever, Josiah Gordon and George McKinstry... were the champions of Sutterville. The Gentlemen I have named in connection with the new town were the advocates of Sacramento. The Sutterville men pointed the natural superiority of their location on high ground; averring that the site of Sacramento was a mere swamp and subject to overflow. This latter statement was flatly denied by those interested in Sacramento; who insisted that the highest point on a navigable stream where loaded vessels could meet teams from the interior was the place for a town. The winter of 1848-49 was not a wet one; the Sacramento river did not rise above its banks and this fact gave plausibility to the assertions of the Sacramento men. The struggle lasted until the grand rush of the world to California when Sacramento finally triumphed. How terribly the men who invested in Sacramento were undeceived on the night of January 8th 1850 is a part of the history of the country.

During all this contest, Capt. Sutter had quarrelled with his son, John A. Jr. Both had quarrelled with their agent, Peter H. Bumett, and had revoked his powers. It would be impossible to imagine two men more thoroughly unfit for business of any kind than the elder & younger Sutters; so the old gentleman, overwhelmed by the fierceness of the struggle going on around him, stood aloof and signed any and all papers presented by his "friends".

On the 1st of May 1849 the partnership of S. Brannan & Co. was to expire by limitation. About the middle of April Mr. Stout was engaged with a surveying party, at the head of which was a Mr. Hall, a large, portly, jolly Englishman, in laying out a town (of great promise) at a point on the Stanislaus river about 8 miles above its junction with the San Joaquin and

distant about 80 miles from the fort.' It was necessary for Mr. Stout to be present at the settlement of the partnership. There was no method of communicating with him except by special messenger and that message I volunteered to convey. With some reluctance, - for the streams I had to pass were all "bank full" - Mr. Brannan consented to let me go. I was furnished with two saddle horses, that being the only means of travelling, and a pair of blankets, without which a man would no more have thought of making a journey than without his boots or hat and started riding one horse & leading the other. My road as far as French Camp... (beyond Stockton) was the old train from Monterey to Sutter's Fort - now called the upper Stockton road. The first thing to excite the wonder of the traveller was the vast number of wild fowl. It is impossible to give an idea of the quantity of these. One flock of ducks would cover acres of appear to be numbered by millions. As the horses passed along the road the geese would move out of the way from 10 to 20 feet on each side and it seemed to be impossible to realize that they were not tame. Herds of antelope were always in sight; so were numbers of the prowling coyote.

I passed the adobe cabin of Martin Murphy, on the upland North of the Cosumnes river, just before sunset. My horse floundered and struggled about 1/2 mile through a piece of miry bottom land, nearly throwing me off which brought me to the bank of the river opposite the house of Thomas J. Shaddin where I was to stop for the night. The method of crossing the stream was very primitive. The river was about 60 feet wide but "bank full" and very rapid. A quantity of tule had been bound together so as to form a solid boat or raft. In the centre of this the passenger placed his saddle bridle and blankets and knelt down immediately abaft of them. A piece of rawhide was stretched across the ferry and by this the ferryman standing on the forward part of the "boat" pulled her across. The horses were then made to swim over. It, as not without misgiving that I trusted myself to this frail structure but there was no choice; and in crossing other streams on my journey I would have been thankful for even this means of ferryage.

I found "Shaddin's Ranch" to be a cabin composed, both sides & roof, of the never failing tule, with some bunks placed against the walls inside. A hole was left about the centre of the roof under which on the ground there being no floor a fire was built, round which the family & other inmates gathered. Since the opening of the mines an adobe building with fireplace & chimney had been added. At "bedtime" I laid the mochillos (pronounced macheers & so spelled by Joaquin Miller) of my Mexican saddle on the ground under the eaves of the "house", outside.

On these I placed my blankets and the saddle made an excellent pillow.

The next morning I was called at an early hour. My horses were driven up in the *caballada* belonging to the ranch (no stubble, hay or grain) and after breakfasting & paying my bill I again started. At intervals on the road my horse would struggle and flounder in the mud so that it was with great difficulty I retained seat in the saddle. Ten miles from Shaddin's the road was intersected by Dry Creek which was "bank full". About 100 yards above the road the creek was spanned by a fallen tree. Across this I crept carrying my saddle & blankets in two trips & drove in the horses to swim. I caught them after some trouble and resumed my journey. At noon came to the Moquelumne opposite the house of Laird, lately owned by McKinzie." Here was a canoe for a ferry boat.

About the middle of the afternoon had to cross the Calaveras. Here was no tule boat, no canoe, no log. According to previous instructions I loosed the cinch or girth of my saddle, placed my watch in my hat and plunged into the stream riding one horse and leading the other, taking great care not to let my horse be carried below the "coming out place." The water came half way between waist & shoulder. Emerging from the creek I had to ride in my wet clothes on a chilly afternoon six miles to Stockton.

In crossing these streams & others with loaded teams, it was customary to unload the wagon; to take the goods across a few at a time; then draw the wagon across with ropes & swim the horses. Before starting on the journey a barrel of pork was emptied and the pork placed in sacks for convenience in unloading.

I have been somewhat minute in describing this method of crossing streams on a journey because I have never seen any mention made of it before, and because I think that although in those days we were not oppressed by "soulless corporations" or "grasping monopolies" the comfort of the travelling public was not so well looked after as at the present time.

Rode into Stockton (then known all through the country as Weber's - pronounced Weaver's - Embarcadero) where I was indebted to the courtesy of James Wadsworth for the privilege of laying down my blankets in the store-tent of Grayson & Guild,

for nothing like a hotel and lodging house was known in the country outside of San Francisco.

The next afternoon arrived at Stanislaus City and became the guest of the surveyors & town projectors. I was so sore & stiff from my 3 days ride that I could hardly get out of the saddle. My horses were staked

out and after supper we retired to our tent to sleep. Shortly after dark a heavy storm of rain and wind set in. About midnight I was awake by the water coming under my blankets. The tent had been pitched in a depression of the ground which before morning was a pond. We at once got up to remove our blankets when a gust of wind blew the tent over and we were shelterless. We had to wrap our partially wet blankets around and sit on the ground the remainder of the night with our backs against a tree in the pouring rain. The incidents -of this night made me very much disgusted with camping out in the wet season. The next morning I was so lame and stiff from my ride and from the almost sleepless night I had passed that I could hardly stand on my feet. During the storm of the previous night one of my horses had broken his stake rope and taken himself-off. The other was not in a fit condition to be ridden back to the fort and I was not sorry when Mr. Stout ordered me to take passage with him to Sacramento via San Francisco.

There was a log cabin not far from Stanislaus City occupied by Mrs. Piles and her family. Mrs. Piles was a widow whose husband, Edward Piles, had been murdered the previous summer by some Mexicans, near San Jose. Here my horse was left to be sent to Stockton, and the whole party embarked in a sailboat for San Francisco where we arrived in about a week.

The shores of the San Joaquin from the Stanislaus to Marsh's Landing. at its mouth (now Antioch) were a wilderness. Not a house did we pass the whole distance nor even see an Indian to break the monotony of the voyage.

We remained in San Francisco a few days where Mr. Stout and I took passage in the launch *Dice mi Nana*, Capt. Chas. H. Ross, and arrived at Sacramento about the middle of May.

On our passage up, we had to "tie up" one night & camp on the bank of Merritt's (now Steamboat) Slough. No description can do justice to the misery of a night thus passed in the warm months. Clouds of mosquitoes rendered sleep utterly out of the question, no matter how hard a man had worked all day at the oar or otherwise. The only way of getting through the night was to build a fire which could make as much smoke s possible and walk about until morning, flapping a handkerchief before the face.

The grand rush to California had now set in. Every imaginable kind of aft from a whale-boat up to the barque Whiten of 500 tons came up the river carrying passengers with their baggage. Boats were rowed up all the way from San Francisco. Many of these having on board incompetent pilots or no pilot at all

would enter some one of the network of Sloughs, between the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and row about for days before they were extricated from the labyrinth.

During my absence from Sacramento great changes had taken place. The entire business portion of the community had removed from the fort to the river bank.

Hensley, Reading & Co. were the first in occupying a substantial two story frame building on the North corner of I and Front Streets. This building escaped the fires which devastated Sacramento & used as a fish market in later days was taken down within the past year. S. Norris had a store in Front bet. I & J with a grove of large oak trees in front; S. Brannan & Co. a one story frame building 30 ft by 85 South corner of J & Front; Priest, Lee & Co. a store partly frame and partly canvas, cor. J & 2nd. These were the leading business firms. Along the edge of the river from which the underbrush had been cleared was a continuous line of large vessels whose assorted cargoes were being rapidly disposed of at very large profits.

Structures composed of cotton cloth and strips of boards of all sizes were going up under the oak & sycamore trees in every direction. The price of lumber being \$700.00 per thousand in large or small quantities that article had to be economized. Strips of board about 3 inches wide were sawn out and of these, placed edgewise, a skeleton or frame was constructed. Over this the white or blue cotton cloth was stretched, the door when there was one, being a curtain of the same material. The floor was the bare ground even in the more pretentious structures of Brannan & Co. and the pioneer stores. These shanties were built on lots no matter how low the ground. The warnings of some of the old pioneers not interested in Sacramento property that these lots would be from 8 to 10 feet under water in winter time were utterly unheeded. Had the flood of 1849-50 been as overwhelming as that of 1862, I do not hesitate to say that few would have been left to tell the tale.

William Daylor had been in the employ of Capt. Sutter in 1840. Since then he had been a neighbor & barring one or two interruptions, a close friend. Shortly after the new town was laid out, Daylor had loaned Sutter several thousand dollars without asking any security; for even then the latter had his periods of embarrassment. On the money being repaid the old gentleman to show his appreciation of what he considered a favor told Daylor to select some town lots & promised to execute a conveyance as soon as the choice was made.

Daylor not being skilled in the mysteries of town lot speculations declined this proposition being satisfied in his own mind that the first overflow of the river would sweep the whole town out of existence.

One firm and one alone, Smith, Bensley & Co., paid some attention to the warnings of "outsiders" and built their store, J Street between 2nd & 3rd, five feet above the ground with a board floor. The[y] found their profit January 8th 1850.

The Embarcadero Store (so called) of S. Brannan & Co. had two salesmen: J. Harris Trowbridge, who for some reason called himself John Harris, now living at Sing Sing Village N.Y., and W. L. Robertson, afterwards Supreme Judge of Oahu. The store at the fort was closed and Captain Sherwood went home to the East on a visit. Mr. Brannan having left for San Francisco, there to remain, and Mr. Stout being engaged mostly in outside speculations, I was appointed Cashier as well as bookkeeper.

The fourth of July, 1849, was celebrated in a grove of oaks on the very spot where now stands the State Capitol. The orators of the day were Wm. M. Gwin and, I think, Thos. Butler King. These men had left friends & home and had kindly come to this far away region to represent us in Congress.

I remained with Brannan & Co. until November, when I left their employ and went into partnership with Mr. Daylor in keeping a store, mostly for the Indian trade - and a ferry where the road from Sacramento to the Southern mines was intersected by the Cosumnes river. Daylor and his brother-in-law, Jared Sheldon, called by the Californians Joaquin Sheldon, were joint owners of a 5 league Mexican grant called the Sheldon Grant and better known as the Daylor Ranch, 18 miles East from Sutter's Fort.

I here make a digression to say a few words concerning this Indian trade.

Before the discovery of the mines the foothills of the Sierra Nevada were thickly populated with various tribes of Digger Indians - the most harmless, inoffensive human beings that ever existed on the face of the earth. In the Summer months these Indians would come to the different Ranchos (by this word I mean farms of from 3 to 11 leagues of land in extent, and not its present signification, a board shanty on a 10 acre lot) and work for the proprietors in harvesting their crops of wheat. By this means the Rancheros near the foothills became well acquainted with all the chiefs and most of the members of these tribes. An Indian was glad to work in the harvest field with a sickle, for as much bull beef as he could eat, and a yard of cotton cloth for a week's wages.

When the great discovery took place, P. B. Reading, John Bidwell, Nye, Foster, Covillaud, Sinclair, Daylor, Sheldon, McCoon, the Murphys & some others hastened to the foot hills with droves of cattle and, in course of time, supplies of flour, hard bread, sugar, raisins, beads, dry goods & clothing; spirituous liquors being by common consent rigidly *taboo*. The Indians, who, up to this time, had subsisted on acorns, grasshoppers, grass-seeds & sometimes fish & a few wild fowl, the males & children going entirely naked the year round, worked with great energy to acquire the heretofore unheard of luxuries supplied by the traders. At first there was no weighing or measuring either of goods or gold; so much beef or flour for as much gold as could be grasped in the hand. As scales were introduced, sugar, raisins, beads or silver dollars were put in one scale & balanced by gold in the other. Few persons now living have any idea of the enormous quantity of gold taken out in the summer of 1848 before the advent of white strangers. In the "dry diggings" where no water was required, the gold being found on and near the surface, the ground was worked over with knives, spoons, pieces of iron & pointed sticks. On the "bars" and other places where dirt had to be washed, the Indians used baskets made by the squaws which were perfectly water tight. Most of the ground, thus worked in 1848, was mined over & over again as new methods of extracting gold were discovered, from 5 to 7 times and finally abandoned to Chinamen. As new comers made their appearance and competition in trade commenced, the Indians were freely supplied with liquor by the newly-established white traders and of course became greatly demoralized. Their early protectors, the rancheros, left the mines in disgust; the poor aborigines were abandoned to the mercy of a number of semi-barbarous white men, and died and were killed off with frightful rapidity. The first to commit outrages upon them were emigrants from Oregon, who with the massacre of the Whitman family by the Indians of that territory fresh in their minds, fully carried out the proposition that Indians had no rights whatever as human beings. For accounts of some of the outrages committed upon them I refer to early numbers of the *Placer Times* and to an article written by Ross Browne in *Harpers Magazine* for August, 1861. Instances were by no means rare where an Indian, working a piece of land and hesitating about giving it up at the command of some white ruffian, [was] ruthlessly shot down and his body tossed aside to be burned or buried by the members of his tribe.

The trade of my partner & myself was mostly confined to those Indians who lived in rancherias or villages on the Daylor & Sheldon ranch. These

Indians would make excursions to the mines in bands. In a few weeks they would return, having been more or less successful in mining but always bringing back more or less gold. On their return the first call was invariably for beef. A bull or *torune* (Stag) was driven up to the villages killed, and handed over to the purchasers who consumed every particle of the animal except hide, horns & bones. They would eat to repletion, lie down to sleep and, on wakin⁴ up again surfeit themselves. This would be continued until the meat and all the insides were eaten & the bones picked clean. They would then visit the store, accompanied by the squaws & purchase Zarapes (Mexican blankets), dry goods, beads, sugar, raisins & sweetmeats. If, during their stay in the rancheria, some distinguished member of the tribe died, which frequently happened, the corpse was placed upon a funeral pyre and into the fire went all the previous purchases of the tribe as well as all property owned by the deceased down to his dogs, the yelps of these latter joined to the howling of the Indians making a fearful noise. The dog part of the sacrifice was looked upon by the whites on the ranch with indifference but in one case my partner stopped them when about to hoist into the fire an Indian pony.

In trading with Indians it was considered legitimate (even in the stores at the fort) to have two sets of weights. The Indian ounce weight was equal to two ounces standard and so on up.

The roads in the Winter of 1849 & 50 were nearly as bad as in that of 1848 & 49. We paid \$800 for one 8 mule load from Sacramento 18 miles and then found that the goods sufficient to meet the demand could not be hauled at any price.

On the 31st of October 1850 Mr. Daylor died of Cholera. The few remaining Indians left their villages & never returned. Daylor's brother-in-law, Sheldon, was appointed administrator and Mrs. Daylor went to Sacramento to reside. As Sheldon lived some distance off, he placed me in charge of the ranch & personal property consisting of several thousand head of wild cattle between one & two hundred mustang brood mares, riding horses, hogs etc. Daylor left no children.

I married Mrs. Daylor April 22nd 1851. She was born in Edgar County, Illinois, January 28th 1830. Her maiden name was Sarah Rhoads. She is the daughter of Thomas Rhoads, a native of Kentucky, who came to California with his wife, 7 sons & 5 daughters, 4 of the latter unmarried, October 5th 1846. The eldest single daughter in 1846 married Sebastian Keyser, who had some interest in & lived upon Johnson's Ranch, Bear River. The second daughter married Wm. Daylor in March 1847. The third married Jared

Sheldon in April 1847. The youngest daughter became the wife of John Clawson of Salt Lake City, UT. S. Keyser was employed as ferryman by Daylor and myself and was drowned by the by the swamping of his boat January 1850. His widow is living at Kingston, Fresno County. Jared Sheldon, - known to the native Californians as Joaquin Sheldon - was killed in a fracas with some miners in July, 1851, leaving a widow who is living near the Daylor Ranch, and two children, William, born February, 1948, & Catharine, born June 28th 1851, now living with their mother.

Of Mr. Rhoads' sons, John, the eldest, died in December, 1866; Daniel, William B. & Henry C., [live] in Fresno County; Thomas was drowned crossing the "plains", 1852; Caleb is in Utah Territory. Mr. Rhoads died in- Utah Territory in 1869, 77 years of age, never having suffered a day's sickness, except I attack of ague, with every tooth in his head and every tooth sound.

Since my marriage I have lived on the ranch and at intervals in Sacramento. I have 7 children living and have buried 5, all of whom died under 4 years of age. My children are Wm. R., born in Sacramento City, March 31, 1852; Emma born in Sacramento City, November 26th, 1853; Thomas Minturn, born Daylor's Ranch, August 15th, 1856; George, Daylor Ranch, October 8th, 1858; John Francis, June 1st, 1862; Frederick, May 9th, 1866, and Walter, January 15th, 1868 all born at Daylor Ranch.

There, gentlemen, is what I suppose your circular calls for. if the papper I have written out or any part of it is suitable as a contribution to your forthcoming work it is at your service and I will furnish you at another time with a few further reminiscences of the early pioneers with whom it was my fortune to be brought in contact; if not so suited, please return the manuscript.

Of one thing you may rest assured, and that is the literal truth of everything I five stated of my own knowledge without the slightest embellishment. In my own mind I am perfectly satisfied of the correctness of everything I have stated on information. There is a hastily written sketch of the early history of Sutter's fort & Sacramento and the first rush to California, in the Sacramento City Directory for 1854, by Dr. John F. Morse... of San Francisco, which contains much valuable information.

If you can persuade philosopher C. E. Pickett of your city to forego for a time his schemes of reform and the amelioration of the human race there is no man in

the state better qualified as a contributor to your work.

There is a man named Edward Robinson (mentioned in my former communication) who came to California before 1830. He lives in the Canada do los Oso near Gilroy. If you could have an interview with him he could tell a great deal concerning the early history of the state, he being a very intelligent man.

Shortly after Marshall's discovery two Mormons - Wilford & another - on their way from "the mill" to Sutter's Fort were overtaken by sunset about 25 miles short of their destination. They shot a deer and sought the nearest point on the South Fork of the American river, to camp for the night. After descending the steep bank or bluff which rose from the stream, they came upon a flat or interval some 4 or 5 acres in extent mostly overgrown with small shrubbery where they encamped. After supper and while some light still remained one of the men proposed to prospect the ground. Removing the top layer of earth from a spot near the waters edge they came upon a stratum of gravel rich in gold. The next day they made their way to the fort and informed Samuel Brannan of their discovery - Brannan being a sort of deputy Pontifex Maximus of the Morrnon church. Mr. Brannan repaired to the spot, set up a claim of 160 acres of land under the preemption laws of the United States (a claim for 11 leagues under the colonization laws of Mexico would have been equally valid) and demanded a royalty of one third of all the gold mined within the boundaries of his' claim. This was unhesitatingly paid by the Mormons, who were the first miners, but, as "outsiders" began to arrive, Brannan's right to his rovalty was questioned & was soon abandoned; not however until he had collected some thousands of dollars. This "raise" enabled Brannan to form a partnership with Mellus & Howard and laid the foundation of his large fortune.

The bar was called Mormon Island, well known & widely celebrated for the large quantity of gold it yielded in 1848 & 49. The town of that name in Sacramento County is built upon the bluff above the flat. The bar has been repeatedly worked over; the last vestige of it was long since washed away by the river, and nothing but a bank of white sand remains in its place.

I do not vouch for the truth of that part of the story pertaining to Samuel Brannan, but when I first came to New Helvetia it was the subject of frequent conversation and I never heard it denied then or since.

Appendix

PIONEER CRIMINAL TRIAL IN SACRAMENTO

Following is the text of Grimshaw's letter to the Sacramento Union, published in its issue for May 14, 1855. The sketch to which Grimshaw refers, Sacramento in 1849, was written by Baron Vieux, and is primarily a list of names of citizens and business establishments of the early days.

Messrs. Editors. —

The sketch in your paper of "Sacramento in 1849," by "the Baron" brings to mind the following reminiscence of the first criminal trial held within the walls of Sutter's Fort, by an eye witness.

In the fall of 1848, C. E. Pickett, then a merchant, having his store in the Northeast angle of Sutter's Fort, had rented a portion of the fort including the Northwest bastion, where there was formerly a distillery. The use of this bastion or the ground adjoining was also claimed by a man named Alderman. Pickett and Alderman had an altercation which resulted in the former shooting the latter dead.

The first or head Alcalde under the Mexican law, Franklin Bates, was requested to place Pickett under arrest. He at once resigned his office. The second Alcalde, John S. Fowler, was then waited upon. He also resigned. Samuel Brannan, Esq., then doing business in the adobe building east of the fort, took the affair in hand, and called upon the residents of the fort to hold a meeting at his store, to enquire into the matter. The meeting assembled and proceeded to elect an Alcalde; Mr. Brannan was chosen and accepted the office. Then came the office of Prosecuting Attorney. One man would be nominated, decline and propose someone else. The one proposed would in his turn decline and name another. When the appointment had gone the round of the meeting without success, Mr. Brannan accepted of this office also. A. M. Tanner was elected Sheriff for the occasion, and notified Pickett to appear and take his trial the ensuing evening. The trial took place in a room in the western side of the fort, where Pickett accordingly presented himself at the appointed time. A jury was empaneled, among whom were John Sinclair, (then residing on what is called Norris Ranch), foreman; Capt. Sutter, Capt. Wm. H. Warner, who afterwards surveyed the site for Sacramento City, Wm. Petit, a merchant, and others whom the writer does not recollect. H. A. Schoolcraft defended Mr. Pickett. Before proceeding to trial some one proposed that the defendant should surrender any arms he might have about him. Pickett accordingly "laid down his arms," consisting of a revolver and bowie knife, upon the table before him. During the

trial, the judge, jury, defendant and spectators had their brandy and water at pleasure. When the question arose whether cigars could be introduced into court the judge settled the matter by saying that as the ladies of California used tobacco, it could not be out of place anywhere. Cigars were accordingly brought in for such as wanted them.

The trial was conducted upon the broadest principles of equity, the spectators making motions and occasionally questioning a witness. - The foreman, enveloped in the folds of his serape, lay back in an angle of the walls of the room during a portion of the trial - fast asleep!

The evidence went to show that Pickett had erected a gate across a sort of lane leading to the bastion. This gate Alderman chopped down with an ax. Pickett sent a man to build another, and mounted guard near him with a double-barreled shot gun. Alderman made his appearance, brandished an ax, and told Pickett to leave. Pickett commenced retreating backward, his opponent advancing, and warned Alderman to stop. Alderman advanced and Pickett retreated until his back was against the wall of the bastion. He then leveled his gun, fired, and Alderman dropped dead. The evidence of some men who had known the deceased in Oregon proved him to be a lawless, turbulent man. As this was being given Capt. Sutter arose, saying, in language with more of an accent than he now uses, "Gentlemen, the man is dead; I cannot hear evil spoken of him," and started to leave the room, and it was only at the peremptory command of the judge that he took his seat.

When the evidence was finished the judge began a plea for the prosecution.

'Hold on, Brannan," said Pickett, "you are the judge."

"I know it," said Brannan, "but I am prosecuting attorney, too."

"All right," said Pickett, and the speech was concluded.

Pickett then arose, finished his glass of brandy and water, and told the jury he was going to "open on them." He made a most excellent defence.

The judge then charged the jury, who retired under the escort of the Sheriff, a deputy having been appointed to take care of the prisoner. It was not long before the Sheriff sauntered very leisurely into the room. "Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, in a loud voice, "where are the jury, and why are you not attending them?" "Oh, I don't know," said the Sheriff, "some have strayed one way and some another; I can't keep the run on 'em." The Sheriff was duly reprimanded, and went after the jury. In the meantime, Pickett

wished to go over to his store after something, and asked the Deputy Sheriff to accompany him. "Oh, you can go," replied the functionary, "you don't want me, I reckon." The judge, however, directed the Sheriff to accompany the prisoner. The jury were found, and the court assembled by ringing the bell of the building in the center of the Fort. The jury came in and said they could not agree, upon which they were discharged, and a day appointed for a new trial. The next question was what to do with the prisoner in the meantime. "Place him in confinement," said the judge. "There is no prison," argued the Sheriff. "Then put him in irons." "Got none," said the officer of the law. It was finally decided to call for the ayes and noes *of all present*, whether to admit the defendant to bail. The ayes prevailed by a large majority, and bail accordingly given. Pickett then picked up his revolver and bowie knife, and requested any one who had anything against him to step out and settle it with a fight.

The next trial was held in the building in the Fort then occupied as a hotel. The jury were S. E. Woodworth, J. Sherwood, Wm. Gribble, ___ Luther, Francis Murray, the writer of this article and others. After hearing the evidence, defence and the speech for the prosecution being made by the judge as before, charge, &c., the jury retired for a few minutes, and brought in a verdict of acquittal on the ground of justification.

This incident was the primary cause of that movement which led the people of California to form a government for themselves.

W.R.C.