Dear President Richards—With thankful hearts to the God whom we serve, we transmit to you the following report of our voyage from Liverpool.

While lying at anchor during the night of Friday March 21, sister Mary Ann, wife of Elder Thomas Lyon, was delivered of a daughter, which was named Christina Enoch.

After you left us on Saturday the 22nd, the Presidency called together and organized the ship's company into five wards. Elder John A. Hunt was appointed President of the first ward—forward steerage, which contained the young men; Nathan T. Porter, President of the second; and Andrew Galloway, of the third. Spicer W. Crandall, of the fourth; Truman Leonard, President of the fifth; John D. T. McAllister, Captain of the guard, and clerk of the company. The wards were then numbered, guard posted, and at half-past eight o'clock prayers were attended to by the Presidents of the several wards and all retired to rest.

SUNDAY 23: At 6 o'clock, a.m., the horn was blown for the Saints to rise, the decks were then cleaned, and at half-past seven prayers were attended to. About eight o'clock we weighed anchor; wind N.N.E., and the weather fair. The ship was towed down the river by the steam tug Independence. At half-past nine o'clock, all the company were mustered, to see if there were any stow-a-ways—found none. While the Saints were waiting for instructions, Elder C. H. Wheelock addressed them. Your letter, appointing Elders Ferguson, Ellsworth, and McArthur, as the Presidency of the company, was read by the clerk. The Saints responded to it with a hearty Amen.

At mid-day, water was served to all the company. About five, p.m., brothers Wheelock and Dunbar left in the tug that had been towing us during day. Towards evening a fresh breeze filled our sails, and we glided along nicely.
A few were sea-sick.

**MONDAY 24:** At two o'clock, a.m., sister Agnes, wife of Samuel Hargraves, was delivered of a son—named Enoch Train. Towards noon many of the Saints were sick, the wind was S.E. blowing middling fresh, and the ship making five knots and hour. The general routine of cleaning, serving water, &c., was attended to. At fifteen minutes past ten, p.m., sister Elizabeth, wife of William Johnstone, was delivered of a son—named Hamilton. At midnight the ship rolled heavily, and was going at the rate of eleven knots.

**TUESDAY 25:** As usual, the horn sounded—the rise. A great many were sick. The Elders from Zion, and those whom they selected, were around like ministering angels, comforting and blessing the Saints. Prayers were called but very few attended. Many of the Saints were greatly blessed through the administration of the ordinances. Towards evening we cleared the channel, and sailed on the broad Atlantic. The next day we spoke the barque *Emily Flyn* of Belfast. The boat was lowered and manned for the purpose of putting off our Channel pilot. When it came alongside the barque, it was found that she was bound for Hamburgh. The pilot, and the letter that was written for you, by President Ferguson, returned to us again.

**THURSDAY 27:** Nearly all the sick were on deck, chatting, singing, and running about. We had a splendid run for a few days, and expected to be in Boston in four weeks, but it was ordered otherwise by a kind Providence. The captain steered south to escape the ice.

**MONDAY 31:** At night, Sister Esther Devereux, age sixty-nine years, wife of John Devereux, died of consumption. She was a native of Dymock, Gloucestershire, England, late of the Herefordshire Conference. The next day it was so very rough that we could not attend to the burial. Wednesday, April 2, at six, a.m., sister Devereux was committed to the deep, in lat. 41° 32' N, long. 24° 42’ W. We generally held meetings on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Fridays. We served provisions on Fridays, when the weather would permit.

**THURSDAY, April 3:** The Saints were all well, with the exception of one child, who was troubled with consumption of the of the bowels. The company were all on deck. Towards evening had a little dancing, while the band played lively airs. The Saints by this time began to enjoy their food.

**SUNDAY, April 6:** The morning was nearly calm, and sea smooth. The horn was blown as usual. Prayer at quarter-past eight o’clock. At two p.m., according to appointment, the company assembled in a Conference capacity. Elder James Ferguson presided. The hymn commencing, *O Lord, thy people bless* was sung. Prayer by Elder McAllister. **Now let us rejoice in the day of**
salvation was sung. The blessing of children who were born on board, and several others, attended to. The usual Conference business then commenced, by motion being made to sustain the general authorities of the Church of Zion, and also to sustain President F. D. Richards and Counsellors, and the authorities of the company as it was then organized. The motions were adopted by a unanimous vote. Elder McArthur was then called upon to address the Conference.

He spoke upon the first principles of the Gospel, and practical “Mormonism,” . . . .

. . . A committee of cleanliness, and one to keep order around the galley, were then appointed.

The Conference closed by Elder McAllister singing the Merry Mormons. Benediction by Elder Spicer W. Crandall. The Captain then presented Enoch Train Hargraves with a souvenir. The day was lovely, and the sperm whales played about us for some time. The weather was warm, and everybody rejoiced exceedingly.

THURSDAY 17: Sister Mary, wife of James Sheen, junior, was delivered of a son. All the sisters in their confinement, were attended by sister Hardie of Edinburgh.

Our passage has been a pleasure trip.... Our steward and cooks have done well. God bless them. In fact we can say God bless all, for they have done nobly.

MONDAY 21: Spoke the Typhoon, (iron ship) bound for Liverpool. We wanted her captain to take our pilot, and some letters to England, but he would not. The pilot is now with us in Yankee land.

THURSDAY, April 24: Between two and three o’clock, a.m., Jane daughter of Hugh and Jane Clotworthy, aged two years, died of consumption of the bowels. She was buried at two o’clock, p.m. Last night, at half-past nine o’clock we cast anchor. The Saints assembled for meeting between decks. Elder Ferguson and Council addressed them. After instructions, Hosannah was shouted three times. A heavenly time we had, and one never to be forgotten. The five Presidents were instructed to look after their wards while journeying to the frontiers, and to select two Counsellors each. The Saints were instructed to remain on ship until all should leave it. If they needed anything from Boston they were counselled to inform their Presidents....

...We have just pasted the Doctor. The inspection—from the time he
jumped on deck until he got on his own craft again—occupied about fifteen minutes.

Captain Rich is a man in every sense of the word, and has been very kind to us. At a previous meeting a vote of thanks was tendered to him through President Ferguson. The following is a copy—

Ship *Enoch Train*
95 Miles East of Boston, U.S.A.
April 28, 1856.

Henry S. Rich,
Master *Enoch Train*

Sir—I have much pleasure in having been selected as the medium through whom to communicate the gratitude of the whole of our company, for the multiplied displays of your kind attention to them, and solicitude for their health and comfort, during their voyage from Liverpool. By the unanimous vote of the company, I am requested to tender you the thanks of their hearts, and their most sincere prayers that God may reward you by administering of the richness of His bounty, health, peace, and enduring happiness to you and yours,

Respectfully, Your sincere friend,
James Ferguson,
President of the Company of
Latter-day Saints, on board the
*Enoch Train*. . . .

Ship *Enoch Train*
Off Boston, 1856

We have no grumblers, and no murmurers, everybody is contented and happy. Yesterday our pilot was received by three cheers from the company, and *Yankee Doodle* by the band.

Many good things might be said, but I find the report is quite lengthy, therefore I will close now.

Please accept our kind love, together with that of the company, for yourself and Council, and all under your charge.
We remain, Your Brethren in the Gospel,

J. Ferguson
E. Ellsworth
D. D. McArthur

John D. T. McAllister, Clerk

P.S.—THURSDAY, May 1: eight o’clock, a.m., we arrived at Constitution wharf. We passed inspection without any difficulty. At four, p.m., the next day, we left the ship by omnibus. The American flag waved from the top of the leading 'buss. We left Boston by train at five for New York, where we arrived to day....

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**MAY 3:** The company was well with few exceptions. We expect to start tomorrow or the next day for the frontiers. Goodbye, God bless you, we all hope to meet you in health on the plains. This Company of Latter-day Saints traveled by rail from New York to Iowa City, where they camped while preparing handcarts and provisions for the journey across the plains. A report of their historic departure was sent to Britain by Elder Daniel Spencer, who had been dispatched from England early in the spring to look after the emigration in Iowa City. Copy follows—

“L.D.S. Camp near Iowa City, June 22, 1856. It will give you much joy to learn that the handcart experiment is now being fairly most successfully tested. Captain Edmund Ellsworth left here on the 9th with 274 souls, accompanied by Elders Oakley and Butler....

“Captain D. D. McArthur left on the 11th with 221 souls accompanied by Elders Crandall and Leonard as assistants. These numbered in all 497 souls, and embraced 104 of the S Curling’s company and their fit out was together, 100 handcarts, 5 wagons, 24 oxen, 4 mules, 25 tents and provisions to Florence....” (p. 58).

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From the diary of Archer Walters:

“June 11th 1856: Journeyed 7 miles. Very dusty. All tired and smothered with dust and camped in the dust....” (p. 60).

* * * *

“Of the arrival of the first caravans at Florence, J. H. Latey wrote on August 14, 1856: “The first and second companies of emigrants by hand carts, under the care of Captains Edmund Ellsworth and Daniel D. McArthur, assisted by Elders J. Oakley, William Butler, Truman Leonard and S. W. Crandall, piloted by Joseph France, who acted as agent and commissary, arrived in Camp the 17th of July, in fine health and spirits, singing as they came long, Elder J. D. T. McAllister’s noted hand cart song—Some Must Push and Some Must Pull, etc. One would not think that they had come from Iowa City, a long a rough journey of from 275 to 300 miles, except by their dust-stained garments and sunburned faces.... The first company had among its number the Birmingham Band, and though but young performers, they played really very well—far superior to anything to be found this far west....” (pp. 64-65).

* * * *

The Maxwell family and Ellen Russell were in the Daniel D. McArthur Company, and she and Elizabeth Maxwell pulled the handcart of Ralph after he became too ill to walk and they insisted he ride in the handcart. One night when everyone was asleep he crawled as far as he could from camp, prepared to die rather than be a burden to the girls. They searched until they found him and brought him on. The mother, Elizabeth was very ill and they were afraid they could not stand the trip across the plains, so she remained in the East (probably at Florence, some say Fort Bridger) until the next spring. The company remained two weeks at Florence, recuperating their strength, repairing carts and preparing for the trip ahead. A large number dropped out here to await easier transportation.

* * * *

“July 20, 1856: Preparing to start. Traveled about 7 miles....

“July 26, passed over the ferry — Luke Fort [Loup Fork]. Traveled about 6 miles. As soon as we crossed [the ferry at Elk Horn] it looked very dark and black. We had not gone far when it began to ... rain ... lightning
struck a brother and he fell to rise no more in that body; [His name was] Henry Walker from Carlisle Conference, aged 58 years.... One boy was burned... James Stoddard; we thought he would die but he recovered... and Brother Wm. Stoddard, [the boy's father,] was knocked to the ground... All got wet through” (p. 67).

“Captain McArthur's Second Handcart Company sets out for Florence—four days behind the First Company.” From there on they traveled an average of 18 to 20 miles a day, sometimes more or less and always stopped over Sunday to rest. They arrived at Fort Laramie August 28, after traveling twelve miles through sand. “Passed many camps of Indians, all peaceable...” (p. 74). Thomas Bullock...met the two first caravans on September 18th. He sent his report to the Millennial Star from Florence, October 28th (p. 75).

“We were agreeably surprised by suddenly coming upon the advance train of handcarts, composed of about 300 persons, travelling gently up 'the hills and valleys resound with shouts of gladness; the memory of this scene will never be forgotten by any person present.... They were cheerful and happy, and we blessed them in the name of the Lord, and they went on their way rejoicing.'” (pp. 75–76). These first two companies reached Salt Lake Valley together on September 26, 1856.

“...Despite the hard labor and difficulties experienced by these travelers, the completion of their journey was hailed in Utah as the successful culmination of a cherished project and experiment, and was celebrated with enthusiasm in Salt Lake City” (p. 76).

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“The Deseret News reported the reception of the honored companies by the welcoming party: ‘Ere long the anxiously expected train came in sight, led by Captain Ellsworth on foot, and with two aged veterans pulling the front cart, followed by a long line of carts attended by the old, middle aged and young of both sexes’ ” (p. 77).

Wilford Woodruff, Counsellor of President Brigham Young, described the reception:

“One of the most interesting scenes that was ever witnessed in our Territory, was the arrival of two of the handcart companies on the 26th inst. Having heard the night previous that they were camped between the two mountains, President Young and Kimball, and many citizens, with detachment of the Lancers, and the brass bands, went out to meet and
escort them into the city. They met at the foot of the Little Mountain. Elder E. Ellsworth led the first company, and Elder Daniel McArthur the second.

“After the meeting and salutations were over, amid feelings which no one can describe, the escort was formed, a party of Lancers leading..., followed by the bands, the Presidency, the Marshal, and citizens; then came the companies of handcarts, another party of Lancers bringing up the rear... I must say my feelings were inexpressible to behold a company of men, women, and children, many of them aged and infirm, enter the city of the Great Salt Lake, drawing 100 handcarts,... with which they had traveled some 1,400 miles in nine weeks, and to see them dance with joy as they travelled through the streets.... This sight filled our hearts with joy and thanksgiving to God.... As I gazed upon the scene, meditating upon the future result, it looked to me like the first hoisting of the floodgate of deliverance to the oppressed millions. We can now say to the poor and honest in heart, come home to Zion, for the way is prepared....” (pp. 76–77).

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The following story is found in the History of the Big Horn Basin; With Stories of Early Days, Sketches of Pioneers and Writings of the Author, by Charles A. Welch, 1940, Deseret News Press, pp. 197–98.

John Maxwell, who had come to Salt Lake two years prior, in 1854, was there to meet his family and his wife-to-be, Ellen Russell. A happy reunion it was, although saddened because mother Elizabeth Maxwell was not there—the many experiences they had to tell about their journey; Ellen and Elizabeth had waded the Platte River twice, and the Green River when it was up to their waist.

Ellen Russell and John Maxwell were married the following month, October 29, 1856, at West Jordan, by Bishop John Bennion. They were endowed and sealed in the Endowment House on Temple Square, February 10, 1858. They made their home in West Jordan, where their first two children were born. During the time of the Echo Canyon War, John was called to serve in the Church Military Unit. Ellen was moved to Spanish Fork, where she remained until the war was settled and the people were called back home.

During the years of 1860–62, several families were called to help settle the Weber River Valley in Summit County, Utah. The Maxwell brothers were included in this pioneer project. They moved into the Mormon settlement of Peoa, Utah. Here they were to make their home for many years to come. John
and Ellen had three children then, and in years later five more children were born, thus a family of five boys and three girls.

In the year of 1901, Ellen and John were again called to pioneer life. This time to the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming. They moved to Cowley, Wyoming where her sons John and Albert, and daughter Ellen, with their families had settled. They made their home there for the next eight years.

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