

JOHN ORMOND AND ELIZABETH CODD

A Report on Research

By Diantha O. K. Schaub

Historical Highlights

I arrived at Mullock Bridge by taxi about 11 A.M. on the 9th of July, 1959. Here the ancestors of our Utah Ormond Pioneers once lived and many of their descendents still live. This place is located near the Village and in the Parish of Marloes, Pembrokeshire, Wales. With a cry of joy I said: "This is the place, I know it from the picture." I had in mind the picture which had been known among us (incorrectly) as the Old Ormond Home, but this is the house Richard Ormond built long after our people came to Utah. There it was, and I knew it! Letters had been exchanged with occupants of the home so my arrival was expected. Gwendoline Lloyd, daughter of Eliza Howells and granddaughter of Richard Ormond, dashed out to meet me as I got out of the taxi. And did I get a thrill? Yes! Like unto a member of the family who had wandered for many a year in a strange far off land, then returned again home, for that seemed to be what I meant to them—a member of their family from the wonderful land of America. Every where I went among relatives I was announced ahead of time and was greeted enthusiastically, sometimes with shouts of joy, or hearty hugs accompanied with sweet smiles and gentle spoken words of welcome. But always there was such a heart-warming welcome!

Much of the information presented in this article was gathered from tradition among relatives still living in Pembrokeshire when I visited them in 1959, and includes visits to places known to our ancestors, old Bible records, Parish Registers, pictures copied from old photographs or taken on the spot by myself, and certificates acquired from Register Offices.

Now go with me infancy as I learn more of the home and lives of our ancestors. In midafternoon, Gwendoline's husband, Jack (James) Lloyd came from work and I met him. He "cleaned up" and began taking me to meet a host of other relatives, trips to Parishes, "Teas at the Beach", and other places of interest. He took me on an average of three calls a day, and one could not want for more courtesy, kindness and consideration than these good cousins (2nd Cousins once removed) showed me while I was their guest for four days.

That night I slept in an upstairs room of the two story rock home that Uncle Richard Ormond built. The bed was very comfortable with nice white sheets, soft pillows and all-wool white Welsh blankets. In the room, as in most rooms I saw, was a fire place to furnish heat if needed. Against the wall was a washstand with a pretty bowl and a pitcher of water and clean towel and washcloth beside it, just as in olden days. (Few rural Welsh homes have modern bath rooms to say nothing of running water in a room. Often there is a tap outside the door of the house where cold water for the house is obtained. Hot water comes from a tea kettle, or at best from a quaint little boiler that holds about five gallons of water and is connected with a fireplace stove in the kitchen or dining room.) Beside the stand was a dresser (to us but to them a chest of drawers).

The next morning I went to the window and looked out for the ducks I thot I could hear, only to discover that they were sea gulls. I looked out across the road which runs up the bottom of the hollow towards Marloes, and up the hillside yonder to the horizon. There were stone hedges separating fields and some brush with cattle browsing on the slope, while beyond lay the beach and Parish of Dale. I then went down and joined cousin Gwendoline as she was going

across the street to feed the chickens. The coup where the chickens roost is the remains of another old rock house, once occupied by some of our relatives. She pointed out the remains of the pig sty located against the side of the house so the mother could conveniently feed and fatten the one or two pigs necessary to furnish the family meet.

After breakfast I took my Kodak and went to see the Old Home and some relics of bygone days. I took a snap shot of the building, then opened the neatly painted red gates and took another picture to include the now white painted stone gate posts (about 30 inches in diameter) along with a glimpse of the hedge that serves as a fence and boundry marker everywhere in that land.



The Ormond Home in Wales

The cottage, where all but two of the children of John Ormond and Elizabeth Codd were born, is half of a red stone building now painted white and covered by a tin roof (a thatched roof covered the building when John Ormond lived in it). The windows each consist of four tiny panes of glass about 9 x 10 inches, the one on the right is in the main room and the one on the left is in the master bedroom. The window sills are of two inch thick slabs of blue slate. A lower grade red slate slab forms the doorstep and flagstones of the same are laid close together, without cement, to form the floor of the rooms. These were kept scrubbed and clean by grandmother. The door is still the same, in two parts so that the top can be opened for light and air and the lower section can be kept closed to keep the baby in and the chickens out.

A huge old fireplace covering most of the wall on the right as we entered the main room, served as central heating plant and cook stove, water heater, etc. Near the outer corner on the left was the door to the master bedroom. This bedroom measured about 8 x 10 feet and had one window. The boys slept in the attic reached by a ladder thru a little square opening in the ceiling of the main room, and where no light but a candle ever entered. I laughed in sheer amusement as I looked at the bedroom door. Boys were boys in great grandfather's day as in ours, for the door

was covered with jackknife carvings of sail boats of all kinds. Cousin Gwendolin picked up a heavy round stone resembling a huge doughnut with just a deep smooth depression where we find the hole in the doughnut. This is what our grandmother used to grind the corn into flour before making it into bread for her family. (Corn there is what we know as wheat.) I lifted the stone and wondered how I would ever grind enough flour to make a cake, let alone the bread for a family. Next she picked up a pair of Welsh Cloggs, the heavy boot-like shoes with wooden soles and horseshoe shaped metal plated to protect the heels and toes, which the women still wear on the farms in Wales. That pair had belonged to Gwendoline's mother. Later on my trip I saw new ones for sale in town bootshops.

Then we went out on the right side of the cottage and saw the spare bedroom our grandfather had built when his married children began coming home with their children for visits. It was set back from the front of the house and measured 4 x 8 feet. The room had no windows, and was entered thru a one-piece door. The old latches with the leather latch strings hanging out where still on the doors.

The former Ormond home has been only a part of the farm buildings for many years. The other cottage had been turned into a dairy barn by Richard Ormond, the floors cemented and the walls whitewashed and kept spotlessly clean. At present it is a bit dusty and unused. The dairy room which had been added on the left still shows the Welsh simplicity and cleanliness.

The house and buildings set on an easterly slope. Above them near the top of a little ravine is an old stone quarry where the Ormond boys worked and from which Richard got the stone himself with which to build his new home. Back of the farm buildings on the more gently sloping sidehill is a nice garden spot where the cousins still produce their own fresh vegetables and potatoes.



The new Ormond Home, built by Richard Ormond and now owned by his grandchildren—the Lloyds. Upper window at left marks the room where I slept.

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John Ormond was born the 10th of January 1797, and according to the old Temple Records left by his daughter Mary and his son John, he was born in Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, Wales, the son of Richard Ormond and Dorothy Morgan. Parish Registers of that early period in Wales are rather incomplete and up to 1959, no original record of either his birth or anything of his father was been found. The records referred to above stated that his mother died in 1848. Also there was the record that she married a David Lewis and this couple had a daughter Caroline born in 1816, which proves that John's father died when he was quite young. This probably accounts for little information being left us concerning our ancestor Richard Ormond, as John remembered little about his father.

The Christening record of Caroline Lewis was found in the old Parish Register of Bolston Parish, now in the Parish Church of Uzmaston about two miles out of Haverfordwest. The records at the Register's office show that two women by the name of Dorothy Lewis, one the wife of and the other the widow of a David Lewis were buried in 1848. It was the record of the burial of one plus the baptism of Caroline Lewis in Bolston Parish Registers that proved which burial record was that of our ancestor. Dorothy Lewis, widow of David Lewis, died the 20th of March 1848, at Cartlet, Parish of Uzmaston and was buried in the church yard on the 23rd of March. The family lived in the Red House, long since torn down, in Cartlet, a street on the edge of the city of Haverfordwest. There are other indications in the records of the Parish of St. Mary's, Haverfordwest, that suggest that this may well have been the birthplace of our John Ormond, also the last residence of David and Sarah Morgan.

The death of Sarah Lewis of Shut Street September 4, 1813 is cause to wonder if this was the wife of David Lewis who seemingly married Dorothy Ormond, widow about 1814 or 1815. This is the street where John Ormond lived for about three years and where his daughter Letitia was born in 1834. A David Morgan died in this Parish 10 May 1805, no age given, and Sarah Morgan, aged 69, of High Street, Haverfordwest and in the Parish of St. Mary's, died January 23, 1818. As Dorothy Morgan was born much later than those listed in the Temple Records as her brothers and sisters, it would seem that the first wife of David Morgan had died and he had married again to Sarah. According to Dorothy's age at death (age 76) she would have been born in 1772, and we know her mother Sarah Edwards. Since the age of the above reasoning is consistent, that this Sarah was a widow and if she was Dorothy's mother and Dorothy was also a widow with a young son what could be more natural than that she should go home to her widowed mother. Times were different in Wales to 1960 in Utah, and people had to make the most of their resources and work hard.

The first record found of John Ormond was his marriage to Elizabeth Codd, and it reads thus: John Ormond of Dale, married Elizabeth Codd of St. Ishmaels, November 19, 1819, by Banns (official announcement made in the church on three successive Sundays). John Ormond was subsequently listed as tailor in the parish records. Mary O. Morris George states in her diary that she was born in the Parish of Dale and we find the record of her baptism or christening in that Parish, February 25, 1821. Also it was quite a surprise to find a first son who died as an infant and therefore never mentioned in family records that have come down to us. George Ormond, therefore never mentioned in family records that have come down to us. George Ormond, infant, son of John Ormond, tailor, was buried in Dale in 1820. You will find him listed now on the family group sheet with his brothers and sisters. Then the son Richard Ormond was

recorded as baptized in the Parish of Marloes and the 1851 census states that he was born there. Here one after the other of the children of John Ormond, tailor and his wife Elizabeth were born and another tiny clue of identification creeps in—almost every recorded item states that he was of Old Wintern or of Wintern, and the same place name was designated as the home of Richard when his own children were baptized. Thus, we find that according to Welsh custom, still in vogue, our grandfather named his home. That was the detail that proved that a second son, George, died in infancy and was buried March 20, 1831, aged 7 months, so he was born about September, 1830, which filled what seemed a long period of time between the previous son William in 1828 and the son John in 1832.

Elizabeth Codd was born November 25, 1801, in Marloes's Parish, where she lived until her marriage. Her father, Tobias Codd, who became a miller, was born in Nolton where he was christened December 26, 1773, the son of William Codd and Eleanor Saise.

Elizabeth Codd's mother was Elizabeth Moore, daughter of Patric Moore and Lettice Morgan. Marriage record of the last couple was found in the Parish of Marloes, and after years had gone, the record of their burial.

To the right is the picture of the old stone church in Nolton where the earliest known records to date (1960) of our Codd ancestors are found. I read with joy and copied such record as are still kept there, then took the picture of the historical landmark.

The church yard, being very old, became so filled with graves long ago that the stones were all lined up around the edge, or new small ones made with only the name and initial so one does not know whether J. Codd is James or Jane or John

Codd. Then the yard was built up four feet and a new layer of graves is now spreading over the yard. That is why the sunken path and the half hidden door and windows, instead of the church just being built in a swale.

The record of the Baptism of Richard and Dorothy was at the same time in the Parish of Marloes and as the Census for 1851 states that Richard was born in Marloes and his birthdate was January 18, 1823, John Ormond and his young wife with three children must have moved to the little stone cottage (pictured above) about 1823. The land must have been held by a long term lease as it passed to the son Richard later, but, at that time, it was part of the Lord Kensington Estate. The grand old mansion of Lord Kensington has for many years been a hospital and is surrounded by quite a small village and quite a few farm houses and cottages. Perhaps being a tailor was too difficult for our ancestor John Ormond, with only one hand to use, so he decided to try farming. He also ran a mail route from Haverfordwest, a distance of eight miles, which his son John ran for some time as he grew older (according to his own diary). The son Richard



became a builder and worked some in the old stone quarry on the hillside between the home and Marloes Village.

Now here is an item that is quite bewildering in the records, and which accounts for some seeming discrepancies. Home and farm names confuse one as they cannot be found on the map. This was the case with the Ormond home which was in the Parish and community of Marloes, the address of which is Mullock Bridge, Marloes, Haverfordwest, Pems., So. Wales. Mullock Bridge is an age old stone bridge built originally for military purposes and originally known as Snake Bridge. It is built in two opposite semicircles spanning a small creek and marsh where the sea from Dale Bay comes up at high tide. Age old landmarks are always used in addresses over there to give specific location. It was this arm of the sea reaching up thru Mullock Bridge along the creek bed that Charles Ormond referred to when he told his daughter Gwendolyn (now Gwendolyn Dudey) that his old home was three stones throw from the sea. Early research records received from Wales listed places like Marloes as Marloes Parish, Haverfordwest, Pems., Wales. (Then sometimes we found it Old Wintern, Marloes, etc.) Haverfordwest is the head of that Registration District and is also the mail headquarters. Marloes is a little village and a Parish near the coast and about eight miles from the larger town. So oftimes that is the sole meaning of "Haverfordwest" as written in records.

In Pembrokeshire most of the names of the Parishes from 1799 to about 1850 were the same as the small villages, except around Pembroke on the south coast where a Parish was listed in connection with Pembroke but included several small hamlets around. Then the city of Haverfordwest included four Parishes, which also includes street names and place names of which an example is Bank House (house built on a bank). Slade Lane was the home of the third George Ormond in the family of John and Elizabeth Ormond. So if you get bewildered by the names of places appearing in the records and history of the Ormond family, turn to a good Gazetteer of Pembrokeshire under the general heading of England and Wales. All of this leads one to wonder if our grandfather, John Ormond was born in the city of Haverfordwest; or if he just lived there when he first remembered his home; or where, in the incomplete records now is to be found of that era, we may find the record of his birth or definite information of his father.

It is a tradition among descendents in Wales, as in Utah, that Elizabeth Ormond was a very good seamstress and was employed by the Rothchild family. One story tells of how pride in accomplishment was severely dampened in the disappointment of those for whom she sewed. The father of the family asked his two young daughters if they would like to attend a certain ball, to which both answered "Yes Pa-pa", with enthusiasm. He instructed them to send to London for all material for gowns and bonnets, the happy maidens did. Grandmother sewed and sewed, giving the best of her talent to a perfect job and to finishing it at the appointed time. As the date of the ball drew near the father inquired if the daughters would be ready for the event and was assured that they would. With great enthusiasm and anticipation, "Betsey" Ormond, as she became generally known around her home community, helped the girls to don their new "finery" for the great occasion. Inquiring if the daughters were ready and learning that they were, the father announced that he would call the carriage, and soon the young ladies joined their father in their place in said carriage. Thereupon he asked? "Are you now already for the ball, are sure you have everything?" Being again assured that they were, he said, "Then you may go back to the house and take off your bonnets and gowns and you will know what it means to be disappointed." Grandmother said that she did not know if the girls were more disappointed than she was or not.

Early in the missionary work of the Mormon Church in that land, missionaries found the Ormond family in Pembrokeshire. To this day relatives point out the "Mormon Rock" on the top

of one of the hills near Haverfordwest where the people used to go to hear the missionaries speak and teach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Mary was the first of the family to embrace the new religion and was baptized the 31st of May, 1843, followed by Dorothy on the 6th of May, 1845. John Junior joined in July and our grandfather, John Ormond, was baptized 1st September, 1845. Shortly thereafter the oldest son, Richard, was married the first time to Mary Ann Grey and on March 31, 1847 the oldest daughter Mary was married to John Morris, a widow and a Mormon missionary with only small daughter. The son William had already gone to work for a man who was impressed with his aptitude for caring for horses and whose interest in the young man was responsible for launching him into his career as a Veterinary Surgeon. The persecution heaped against the early converts of the Church and the urge to mingle with the body of the Church and worship in peace soon gave the Ormonds a desire to emigrate to Zion. Whether it was because of her fear of crossing the ocean, which was given as the reason by relatives in Wales in 1959, or whether it was prejudice against the Mormons, or both, Elizabeth Ormond refused to come with her husband to Utah. In the desperate hope of persuading her thru the appeal to her mother love to follow her children, John Ormond arranged to virtually kidnap the younger children, including the three year old baby girl, and take them with him. The relatives in Wales claim that on the morning the father had decided to leave his wife had gone to the market and taken her six year old son Charles with her. Dorothy, who was a member of the Church, was at home with her three younger sisters. It has been reported that Dorothy said the hardest thing she ever did was to take the children and desert her mother like that. When the mother returned home her little ones were gone. It seems that John Ormond had apparently gone to work as usual that morning. His son, John, was working away from home at the time and joined according to plan.

A slight feeling of disrespect for John Ormond, who deserted his wife and took the children with him to join the Mormons in Utah, still lingered in the old home territory in 1959. I explained to them that thru all the ages the greatest persecutions and the greatest sacrifices were made in the name of religion, and that John Ormond in the fervor and sincerity of his new faith risked all in the hope of winning all. Fate went against him and three of his children died before reaching the land of his heart's desire and then his wife did not come as he had hoped. He, too, must have suffered great anguish at losing ever her baby. My heart aches for her but my admiration for her loyalty grew a bit when I learned that she did intend to follow her loved ones and set about to arrange her affairs and secure transportation. But, before she could arrange ship reservations, word came back thru friends that her baby, Elliner, and Letitia, then fifteen years old, had died of cholera, she gave up the idea. The whole viewpoint now presented a different picture to our relatives.

The farm was turned over to Richard, the eldest living son, and our dear grandmother, ever after known in Marloes as Betsy Ormond, moved to town and operated a sweet shop to support herself and her little son Charles. This she continued to operate for many years, even after Charles went out to work and she married again. In the meantime, more heartache overtook our forsaken and lonely grandmother, for her own mother died just a few months after her desertion. Yes, Elizabeth Codd, Betsy Ormond's mother, and wife of Tobias Codd died the 9th of May, 1849. The death certificate bears silent witness that our grandmother Betsy Ormond was with her mother when she passed away. Then on February 19, 1853, Elizabeth Ormond, listed as a widow on her marriage certificate, married Thomas Phillips, a bachelor, aged 37 and she was 49.

A few years later William Ormond, having won his degree to practice as a Veterinary Surgeon, went to Wisconsin. He remained so bitter against his father and the Mormons that he

refused in his own biography to acknowledge that his father was one, stating that his father and mother lived and died in their native land of Wales. This he knew to be false for I read a letter in the possession of Alice Price, granddaughter of John and Elizabeth Ormond, which William had written to his father in Utah—Just a friendly letter showing forth a boastful pride in his own three children. William had deserted the English Army when he came to America and tho he made one visit to his native land in the hope of seeing his mother again, he departed in haste when he learned that she had recently passed away. He was fearful of being recognized and called to account for his desertion. But he did go to the cemetery, and it was reported that he stood by his mother's grave and wept bitterly in disappointment. A few years after William came to the states, Charles also came to Wisconsin. There are quite a number of the decendents of these two Ormond brothers still living in Wisconsin at the date of writing (1960). Two sons remained near the mother, Richard living at the old home as long as he lived, and her son George lived till his death in Slade Lane, Haverfordwest. Our Grandmother Elizabeth Codd Ormond died 11 June 1885, a little over two years after her former husband had passed away in Utah.

John Ormond, Sr. arrived in Salt Lake City in 1852 after a long hard struggle. Cholera broke out on the ship on which he sailed with his children, and as they started up the Mississippi River which took a very heavy toll of lives of the little company of immigrants. Little Elinor and her sister Letitia died the same night, near St. Louis, Missouri. Also among the dead next morning was John Morris, the husband of Mary Ormond. John Ormond Junior wrote in his diary that his father and Dorothy were also seriously ill with the dread cholera and only he was able to go to see the sisters buried. Thru the blessing given Dorothy by the Elders of modern Israel she recovered from that attack. The son and brother, thinking to treat his loved ones later on the journey up the river, bought, among other things, a gallon of buttermilk and returning to the cabin on the ship, put it under the bunk and returned to shore for a short time. Upon his return the buttermilk was gone, jug and all. The father soon began to mend but not until later did he confess that he had discovered the precious food and rank the whole gallon of buttermilk without even stopping to take a breath. Buttermilk was—and still is—considered important in the treatment of typhoid fever and some other stomach and intestinal disorders, and it seemed to be just what our ancestor needed to start him on the way to recovery. Dorothy contracted cholera again after her brother John had left with a company for Utah and died and lies buried somewhere along the trail our people traveled.

By the time the little party of Ormonds had reached a camp ground their funds were exhausted. They had to work and devise many ingenious ways and means of raising enough to buy the needed outfits and supplies for the trek across the plains. In the diary of John Junior, and also the diary of Mary, we get a glimpse of what an enterprising and thrifty group our people were. Our ancestor, John Ormond, Senior, had a crippled hand so there were jobs he could not do well, but he put his son, John, to doing such jobs as building a small cabin and many other strenuous activities until he assured us in his diary that he became a "Jack-of-all-trades" which was everafter a great benefit to him in his pioneer home. Mary was a good cook and could make many delicies and deftly applied her skill and great grandfather helped sell the goods. Emigrants passing the Mormon Camp enroute to Oregon or to California in the Gold Rush provided a ready sail for the products. The income from the ventures of these two young folks soon improved the finances of our Ormond Pioneers. In 1851 our young John had an opportunity to join a company of emigrants to the Valley and to drive an ox team and wagon for a man who had several wagons and a bunch of cattle, thus getting his own transportation and a small wage besides. He arrived in Salt Lake on the 19th of November 1851 and was married to Jane Lloyd Jones, a young woman

in the company with which he traveled. He stated in his diary that when she died in 1853 he had his father and sisters to comfort him, for they had crossed the plains the year before. It was about two and a half years before John Ormond with his young daughter Elizabeth and his widowed daughter Mary with her little son and step-daughter reached their destination in Utah after they left their home in Marloes.

John Ormond went southward into Kanosh where he married a lady who had joined the Church and come here from Kent Co., England—Elizabeth Drayson. No children were born to this union, but this good woman became a faithful companion to him and seems to have won the respect and good will of his family. In 1939 the author heard “Nell” Bird, his granddaughter, speak of her as “Aunt Betsy, a lovely and good woman.”

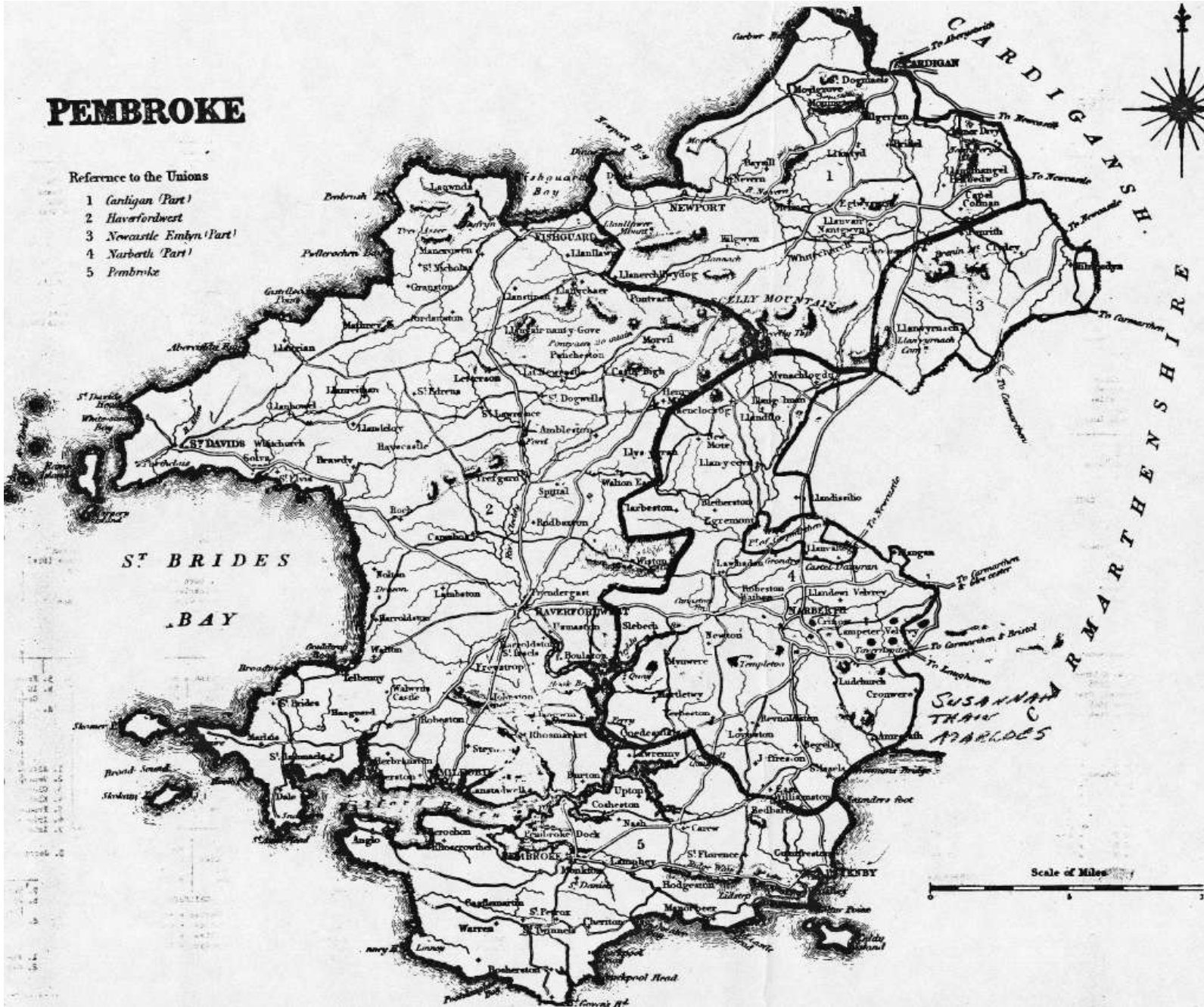
Our great grandfather also married a widow, Mary Hughes (Clark) and besides this was sealed to Mary Ann Watson after her death, which was not an unusual procedure at that time. Our grandmother, Elizabeth Codd, was sealed to him after her death. We hope that after full understanding and acceptance follows the heartaches and misunderstandings of life, these, our great grandparents, (degrees varies with speaker) will be united with their family and kinfolk in the realms of eternal progression.

The cattle industry appealed to John Ormond and he went into it and around Kanosh and Koosheram and made good. He was a stalwart pioneer who, at the age of eighty years, started out to walk back home to Kanosh after attending General Conference in Salt Lake City because the people he had ridden there with decided to stay over for a week. His granddaughter, Alice Price, related the incident and said that he made it in three days and walked most of the way. His earthly career said that he made it in three days and walked most of the way. His earthly career closed April 10, 1883, and he was laid to rest in the pioneer cemetery in Kanosh, Millard County, Utah. His own granddaughter, Helen Rogers, as leader of the local Garden Club in the 1950's, sponsored a cemetery improvement project and in June 1960, his resting place is in the midst of suitable flowers and well kept lawns which would gladden the heart of any of his numerous posterity should they journey to the graveside of our noble pioneer ancestor, John Ormond.

PEMBROKE

Reference to the Unions

- 1 Cardigan (Part)
- 2 Haverfordwest
- 3 Newcastle Emlyn (Part)
- 4 Narberth (Part)
- 5 Pembroke



ST DAVIDS
BAY

Scale of Miles

SUSANNAH
TRAIL &
PARADES