



A Sketch of the Lives of Nathaniel Edmunds, Jr. and His Wife, Jane Jones Edmunds, written by their Daughter, Sarah Edmunds Sperry, wife of Miles Harrison Sperry, 150 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Nathaniel Edmunds, Jr., son of Nathaniel Edmunds, Sr. and Charlotte Jones Edmunds, was born the 6th of September 1827 at Dowlais, Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorgan Shire, South Wales, Great Britain at 6:00 P.M., so his Bible record has it. DOWLAIS

Jane Jones Edmunds, daughter of David Jones and Mary Rolands Jones, was born the 29th of March 1832 at Georgetown, Merthyr, Tydfil, Glamorgan Shire, South Wales, Great Britain. ROWLANDS]?

They grew to maturity in their native land. Their family belonged to what was called the Church of England, but the Father and some of their family were converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, commonly called the Mormon Church. Father was Baptized in 1848 by Elder John Roberts, confirmed by Elder John Phillips in Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales. Jane Jones was Baptized in 1849 by Elder Thomas Evens in Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales.

Her family was very much opposed to her joining the Mormon Church. They knew very little about it and tried to persuade her to give up the idea of joining them but Mother had already received such a wonderful testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel that she knew it was the only true Church of Christ there was on the earth at that time and she could not give it up no matter what came. She had thought she could convert the whole family but not so. Her mother felt so disgraced that she tried to force my mother by telling her she would have to leave home or give up her foolish ideas, and when mother still refused to give it up, her mother told her to go and would not even give her her clothing. Her father was a little more lenient. He said if she must go he would find her a good home to live in so he took her to some of his friends and found a good home for her. At that time she had been keeping company with a young man and she had promised to marry him. She thought, of course, she would be able to convert him to the Mormon faith, but she failed at that also so she gave him up. She said she could not think of marrying a man who was not a member of the L.D.S. Church.

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While she was living away from home she met my father. He had joined the Mormon Church the year before. After she became engaged to marry my father, her mother became very ill. Her father asked her to come home and care for her mother and the rest of the family, she being the eldest girl in the family. She willingly complied with my father's wish and cared for her mother until she died on the 20th of April 1851 at the age of 46 of what was called quick consumption.

After the death of her mother, they, my mother and father, postponed their marriage until the 6th of December 1851. While my mother's mother was on her death bed she was anxious to see the young man her daughter was going to marry so he was invited to the home, and my grandmother seemed very much pleased with my father, as the choice my mother had chosen for a husband.

My father and mother were married on the 6th of December 1851. Their first child was born in November 1852. They named him David for his grandfather, David Jones, and my mother's brother, David Jones; the baby died when he was six weeks old.

Their second child was born May 17, 1855 at Merthyr, Tydvil, Glamorgan Shire, South Wales. They named him John for two of his uncles, father's brother and mother's brother.

At that time all of the Mormon converts were advised to emigrate to America so Nathaniel Edmunds and his wife, Jane Jones Edmunds, decided to follow the advice of the Leaders of the L.D.S. Church. They left all their relatives in their native land and they sailed for America on April 19, 1856, crossing the Atlantic Ocean in a sailing vessel by the name of Samuel Curling. Captain Daniel Jones had charge of the Company of Saints. They arrived in Boston May 23rd. There were 707 people in the Company. They went by train or rail from Boston to Iowa City and remained there till June 23, 1856 while handcarts were being made to bring them to Salt Lake City.

Their son, John, had his first birthday while they were on the ocean.

They were the Third Company of Handcarts and started pulling their handcarts June 23, 1856 for the trip across the plains, with Brother Edward Bunker as Captain of their company. He was returning to America from England where he had been on a visit. They suffered great privations, hunger, and hardships. They were compelled to leave most of their belongings on the way as there was no room on the handcarts for them. They expected, however, that their clothing would eventually be brought to them but they never did receive any of their belongings so they were very destitute when they arrived in Salt Lake City. Their shoes and other clothing were worn out on the trip.

The last few weeks of their journey their food was greatly reduced. They were given a pint of flour for every member of the family each day and that was all the food they had. Mother told me she would

take their three pints of flour and mix it with water and a little salt and bake three cakes every evening on their camp fire. They had nothing to raise the dough such as baking powder, baking soda, or yeast. They would have the three cakes ready for the next day's food. They had no other food but the three cakes for several weeks. She said she would give father one and a half cake for each meal while she and the baby had the other cake and a half.

Father and mother told us that in crossing the plains one night they had a terrible scare. They awoke to find their baby was not in the tent. They thought the Indians had stolen him. Father went outside the tent and found him asleep. He had rolled out under the tent.

The trip was very hard. They had to climb hills and mountains and pull their hand carts with them. They also waded rivers and streams of all kinds. They always arranged to go through the rivers at night just before they were ready to camp for the night so they could remove their clothing and dry it over the camp fire in readiness for the next day. My father was ill some of the time and mother had to pull him and their baby on the handcart.

They said someone along the way here brought the emigrants some ripe tomatoes. My father and mother had never tasted or even seen a tomato in their native land so they thought at first they were red apples and when they tasted them they were very much disappointed and they did not like the tomatoes at all. Some people had to learn to like tomatoes.

They arrived in Salt Lake City October 2, 1856 and landed on what is now known as Pioneer Square, which is located between 2nd and 3rd West and 3rd and 4th South, Salt Lake City. The emigrants were met by friends and countrymen from different towns out of Salt Lake City.

A man by the name of William R. Jones of Spanish Fork, Utah invited my Father and Mother to go to his home with him, which they were glad to do. He took them with him in a wagon drawn by either horses or oxen, I am not sure which.

They remained with him and his family a short time. Then a man in Spanish Fork by the name of William McKee asked them to come and live at his home for the winter. His wife was very ill so my mother did the housework and cared for Mrs. McKee. They were glad to do it for their board and lodging.

My father worked in the canyons all winter getting out logs and fire wood and bringing them to town for Mr. McKee. Mothersaid they never tasted white bread all winter. They had some corn bread which was a new thing for them as they had never tasted it in their native land.

In the Spring of 1857 my father procured a plot of land, built a fence around the lot, then dug what they called "a dugout" and put a roof on it so he and his little family could live in it.

Father got work at Camp Floyd, while there learning to make adobes which proved to be wonderful knowledge for him all through his life.

On March 11, 1858 another son came to gladden their hearts. They named him Thomas. They added a J to his name. The Mormon people believed the children should carry the mother's maiden name as well as the father's name so he was always known as Thomas J. Edmunds. The dear little fellow was born with one club foot.

Before this child was born, Mother and a woman friend by the name of Sarah Williams walked from Spanish Fork to Salt Lake City to see if their trunks had arrived from Iowa City where they had been forced to leave them with the promise that they would be sent to them later, but they never did get them again which was a great disappointment as they needed their clothing badly. The hard journey across the plains did great damage to Mother's feet. The joints got very large and protruded so she had to wear shoes much too large for her feet to get any comfort at all.

Going back to the birth of Thomas J. Edmunds, at Spanish Fork. There was no doctor at Spanish Fork but there was a doctor at either Springville or Provo, I am not sure which as there seems to be some question about which town. However, my mother was persuaded to take her baby to that doctor for treatment. She said there was a man in Spanish Fork who had two club feet. I think his name was Lewis Jones. He kept at my mother to have an operation on Tommy's foot, said his feet had been a handicap to him all his life. He told mother of his asking a girl to go to a dance with him and said she glanced at his feet and excused herself from going to the dance with him. He told mother several other incidents which happened to him on account of his club feet. Finally mother carried her baby to Springville or Provo, as the case might be, to a doctor. She had no other way of transportation. I think the doctor's name was Driggs or Riggs, some think his name was Dr. Hurst. He cut the baby's foot, straightened it out and put it in splints. They had no way of putting a cast around it at that time. She had to walk and carry the baby to the doctor twice a week for sometime and when he grew to manhood he did not even walk lame but one foot was shorter than the other, a little more broad. We always spoke of it as Thomas' little foot.

In 1859 they moved from Spanish Fork to a small town in Sanpete County called Coal Bed. I am told some called it Coalville but later it was Wales on account of so many Welsh people living there. I am told the name of Wales was given it in 1870. My parents' home in Spanish Fork was at 701 North First East. They sold it to a man named David Davis.

In 1866 the people of Coal Bed were forced to move to Moroni, Sanpete County, on account of the Indians being on the warpath. The dwelling houses at Coal Bed were all made of logs which the men had cut and hauled from the canyons, and the people of Wales, or Coal Bed as it was then called, took all their houses down and moved them to Moroni. My father had already made enough adobes to build another room on to his home but when they moved to Moroni he left the adobes at Wales, just scattered them around on the ground.

While they lived at Coal Bed, or Wales, they had three little girls born to them. The first one was born on the 11th of May 1860. They called her Mary Jane. She was named for my mother and my mother's sister, Mary Jones Thomas and mother's mother Mary Rowlands Jones and also my mother, Jane J ones Edmunds.

On the 17th of August 1862 their second girl was born. They called her Charlotte Ann for father's mother and father's sister Ann, also a cousin of my father's.

On the 6th of January 1865 their third girl was born. They called her Sarah which happens to be the writer of this sheet.

When they ^{had} built the first town of Coal Bed, or Wales as it is now called, it was just one street, the houses on one side of the street and the corrals for their cattle on the other side of the street. My brother, T. J. Edmunds, made a diagram of the houses for me which I will place on this sheet. I was too young to remember anything about the first town but I do remember the old fort wall which was around the meeting house. It was also their school house. Part of the old wall still remained after the people moved back to Wales from Moroni after the Indian war was over.

I have heard them tell that whenever the Indians attempted to make a raid on the people, they would all rush into the fort which was ~~made of a mud wall~~ ^{made of mud}. They left port holes to put their guns through to shoot at the Indians and also to peep through.

The people of Wales remained at Moroni 'til the fall of 1868. While the Edmunds family lived at Moroni they were blessed with two more baby daughters, making eight children in all, three boys and five girls. The first girl born at Moroni was called Hannah for my father's youngest sister. The baby only lived one day. She was born on the 27th of October 1866. My dear Mother came very nearly losing her life at that time. She was afflicted with yellow jaundice, but thank Heaven she was permitted to live to rear her family, and see them all happily married which is a good mother's great desire.

On the 23rd of June 1868 another little girl was born to them. They called her Eliza. I never forgot what the mid-wife told me about my new baby sister. I asked her where she found her and she said she found her down in the cellar under the churn. I remember on different occasions going into the cellar and looking under the churn to see if I could find another baby. The mid-wife's name was Mary Jones. She had been married to my father's uncle John Jones who had died shortly after arriving in America.

When the people moved back to Wales from Moroni they had a townsite surveyed a little distance east of the old town called Coal Bed. I remember when I saw the first tree at Wales as there were no trees at Moroni. They had not been able to raise trees there at that time.

Father learned to dig coal at Wales. He had never done that kind of work in the old country. He had always worked in the iron works with his father. The name of the Iron Works was the Gavarttha Steel Works owned by a man named Mr. Crocha. Father also did farm work and raised cattle and sheep at Wales and was very successful.

Mother had no blood relatives in America. She had longed to see some of her people ever since she left them and in 1875 she and father sent money to the old country to pay the transportation of mother's sister and her husband and three children, namely, William F. Thomas, his wife, Mary Jones Thomas, their son, David J. Thomas, their son, Joseph J. Thomas, and their little daughter, Mary Jane Thomas. They arrived in Salt Lake City on June 4, 1875 and father and mother met them in Salt Lake City. Father's brother, Thomas Edmunds, and his wife, Catherin, also came in the same company; also a cousin of my father, Roser Thomas, and his family, his wife and four children. They all arrived at Wales, Utah on the 8th of June 1875.

After the people of Wales moved back to Wales from Moroni, the Indians would still give them trouble. The women and children and some of the men slept in the meeting house and the rest of the men stood guard. My mother's bed was in the southeast corner of the old meeting house and the children slept in a trundle bed which was pushed under mother's bed in the daytime.

Father and Mother did considerable Temple Labor for their dead relatives in the Manti Temple.

My father and mother remained at Wales the remainder of their lives. Mother died December 12, 1891 at the age of 59 of what was thought to be pneumonia and heart trouble. She died very suddenly before they could call a doctor. There was no doctor in Wales at that time. The nearest doctor lived at Mt. Pleasant some twenty odd miles from Wales, and there were no telephones at that time and no telegraph line at Wales.

My youngest sister, Eliza Anderson, and her husband lived in the house with father and mother at the time of mother's death so they continued living there to care for my father. He died the 22nd of January 1916 in the same home where mother died. The dear old soul had become deaf and blind for several years before he died.

My sister, Lottie Parry or Charlotte Ann Edmunds Parry, lived at Manti when mother and father died. My husband and I lived at Manti also at that time. The rest of father's children lived at Wales.

In three years after mother died father had a vault built in the Wales cemetery and had mother's body moved to it. He was also buried in that vault, the only vault in the Wales cemetery. My father had presented the ground for the Wales Cemetery to the people of Wales, it being part of my father's homestead.

Father and Mother were always devout Latter-Day Saints, for which I have always been very thankful. It means more to me than all the riches of the world, in fact, I am sure they were chosen spirits in the other world before they were born to the earth, or our Heavenly Father would not have blessed them with such a wonderful testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel of Christ, the only true church on the earth today.

Father was in the Presidency of the Elders' Quorum for many years, also Superintendent of the Sunday School for many years. Mother was President of the Relief Society for years.

My parents, Nathaniel Edmunds and Jane Jones Edmunds, had their Endowments on the 12th of November 1864 in the Old Endowment House in Salt Lake City and were sealed to each other for time and eternity that day.

Their son, John J. Edmunds, died the 31st of May 1931 in Salt Lake City and was buried in the Wales Cemetery, Sanpete County, near his father and mother.

Their son, Thomas J. Edmunds, died April 5, 1942 and was buried in the City Cemetery in Salt Lake City.

Their daughter, Mary Jane Edmunds Lamb, died at Wales, Sanpete County, Utah January 5, 1890 and was buried in the Wales Cemetery.

Their daughter, Eliza Edmunds Anderson, died at Wales June 10, 1941. She was buried in the Wales Cemetery near her parents.

Their other two daughters, Charlotte Ann Edmunds Parry and Sarah Edmunds Sperry, are still alive in September 1943. They both live in Salt Lake City, Utah.

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