

A few facts and stories from the lives of JOHN HUNT and his wife SARAH BARDELL HUNT gathered from the following sources:

Denby Parish Registers; Superintendent Registrar of Belper District, Derbyshire, England; census of 1841 Denby, Bundle 188 Denby B12, p. 12S1 Smithshouse; census of 1851 film at Utah Gen. Society F. Eng. 18, Pt 72 (13675) p. 75 #64 Smithyhouses; from the Journal of their son Thomas Hunt; from stories told by Thomas A. Hunt II, a great grandson; and from histories written by other great granddaughters Geneva Ivory Oldroyd; Clara Allred Olsen and Ercel Allred Olsen; and Florence Shawcroft Orton; from the records of the Manti Temple and the Salt Lake Endowment House. This history is compiled and genealogical data added by Ina H. Tuft, Hunt family Genealogist, July 1962

JOHN HUNT was born in July 1802 in Denby, Derbyshire, England, the son of Thomas Hunt and Dorothy Hart, the 5<sup>th</sup> child in a family of seven known children. From the history of Sarah Bardell Hunt written by Clara A. Olsen, it states that "John Hunt and Sarah Bardell were married about 1825". From Geneva Oldroyd we learn, "Sarah Bardell Hunt was born in Denby, Derbyshire, England on March 29, 1804. I do not know the names of her parents or brothers and sisters, but we know that she was left motherless when only a little girl." In the Denby Parish Registers we find that she was the youngest child in a family of eleven children and that her parents names were Thomas Bardell and Sarah Jerrum. Her mother was buried on the 8<sup>th</sup> of July 1808, age 50, when Sarah was not quite four years old.

It seems few stories have been preserved of the early married life of John and Sarah, but from the dates of birth, death, etc. we can read into them much of the joy, sorrow and heartbreak that these, our ancestors, knew at that time.

An event of great importance occurred then to the people of England, the telling of which she related many times and preserved by Geneva: "Grandmother Hunt attended the celebration when Queen Victoria was crowned Queen of England. This was on June 20, 1837". We wonder if John or any of the children were able to go also.

We gain some insight into their family life with the following excerpt from the journal of their son, Thomas: "When 12 years old I commenced working in the pit." (This would have been 1838, and the 'pit' means the coal mines. It was customary for all children to begin working at the age of twelve.) "Before I had gone to a day school and to a Methodist Sunday School." When Thomas was to go to work in the coal mines, his mother would give him one piece of cheese to put in his lunch along with his bread. At noon Thomas had a choice of eating all of the cheese that day or saving some of it for the other days in the week. He chose to have a little cheese all week. So as he ate he would slide the cheese back on the bread as he took each bite until by the time he had finished the bread he would get just one bite of cheese but he could smell it each time he took a bite. On Tuesday he did the same and on Saturday he would finish up with the cheese.

The dark hand of death entered into the life of the little family in 1840 and their son William, not quite four years old was stricken and died. A little over nine months later a new daughter entered into the family. In the 1841 census we find this about the family: John Hunt, coal miner abt. age 35, his wife Sarah abt. age 35, son Thomas age 14, son John age 9, son Samuel age 7, son Naty age 3, and daughter Ruth, age 7 months. Ann would have been but 12 years of age but for some reason she was not listed as residing with the family. No doubt she was by then working and perhaps living with the family who employed her. Also listed was Thomas Hunt, age about 70, no doubt the father of John Hunt, living with his son and family since John's mother, Dorothy Hart Hunt, had died in 1838.

Death again struck this little family in 1842 and the child Ruth died, age 18 months. Three days later their son Samuel died at the age of 8. We can easily picture the family suffering at that time with some contagious disease which in those days often caused the death of several children of each family. John and Sarah Hunt lost two at that time.

Other children were born to John and Sarah and John's father died in 1847.

By now their two older children were grown and ready to start life on their own. Ann was married first in 1847 at Duffield, a town very near

Denby, to William Shawcroft, also a coal miner. The following Christmas Thomas was married at the Denby Church to Hannah Moon, a blackeyed dairymaid whose parents lived at Breach Cottage in what was then known as Denby Common. Thomas records in his journal, "When about 21, I removed from Denby to Claycross (abt. 15 miles away). After about 6 months I got married." We then can read of his meeting the missionaries and subsequent baptism.

From Geneva: "When Grandmother was about forty years of age (she was almost 45 when she was baptized) the missionaries came to her home, and were received very kindly. This continued throughout the years she remained in England. The Elders often had meals and beds at the Hunt home. Grandfather Hunt never did join the church as he belonged to a number of lodges and organizations which prevented him so doing unless he should give up everything and he felt that he could not do that. Grandmother became a member soon after hearing of the Gospel. Heber C. Kimball was the Elder most responsible for her conversion. She was faithful to her religion all the rest of her life. During the time she was investigating the gospel, and until she left her home to come to this country, she used to walk eight miles to the church where the LDS meetings were held."

In July, 1849, four months after Sarah's baptism, death again struck a double blow to this little family. Their three year old Frederick died and ten days later a grown son, John, then 18 years old, died apparently of the same disease.

We know that Thomas Hunt, the first to listen to the missionaries and join the church, with his wife and family had left England. They traveled as far as Alton, Ohio where they stayed for a while and he again worked in the coal mines to earn money to continue their journey to Utah. Later they went on to Utah. They settled first at Moroni. Then in 1864, Thomas, accompanied by 31 other families, began the settlement of South Bend, later known as Fort Alma, and finally Monroe.

The Shawcroft-Hunt family now begins to prepare to leave England and come to America. John Hunt, Sarah Bardell Hunt's husband passed away in 1862 . Sarah makes her plans to accompany Ann and William Shawcroft on this journey.

There are three preserved accounts of the trip to Utah by Sarah Bardell Hunt, her daughter Ann with her crippled husband and their five children and Hannah and her little daughter Mercie. At first they do not seem to agree but upon closer scrutiny and checking on other accounts of immigrants from England, it is obvious that they do agree.

In their histories, both Geneva and Clara state: "Leaving England May 10<sup>th</sup> in a sailing vessel, "the McClellan", under the direction of Joseph Bull, George Bywater and Thomas E. Jeremy, there were 800 on board. They arrived in New York June 23, 1864, and soon set out for the west, going by train to Omaha. There the company was divided into groups. Their group was under the direction of George Bywater. They were met at Omaha by men from Utah who came with ox teams. They crossed the plains as members of the William S. Warren company."

The account by Florence S. Orton is more detailed. It states that in spite of an injured back..."this handicap did not discourage or hinder their (William and Ann) courage as they resolved to sail for America and join the Saints in this far off western State of Utah. So the Shawcroft family made ready to sail for America on May 21, 1864, on the good ship "General McClellan". (Perhaps they left home on May 10th and the ship sailed May 21<sup>st</sup>.) Fred, though only eight years of age knew the love and respect his family had for England and the memories they all held for England, always yearning to see his homeland again, but this dream never materialized. He retained the highest respect and love for freedom-loving America. You see the family did not leave England because they disliked it, but only because they loved America more, and here they would have freedom of religion. On the voyage to America this good family was accompanied by 802 other Saints. Their voyage was long and wearisome, six long weeks they were on the water. Fred told many times of how he could remember throwing his cap

in the ocean. (This was probably a boyish prank for which he was severely scolded.) As they neared Newfoundland the ship hit an iceberg, causing a hole large enough for a man to crawl through and he remembered his two sisters, Sarah Ann and Harriet crying and said to his mother, "Will the ship sink?" His mother said, "Ay, ay, never, never." And so with cleverness and skillful manpower the ship was fixed and all arrived safely in New York in June, 1864. With that part of the journey completed they hurried toward their goal. Their route was up through Canada and down to Missouri where they joined other emigrants in the Company of William Warren and his wagon drawn by oxen. Only a part of the 802 who left England came to the West. They organized in Nebraska, July 19, 1864, for the last lap of the journey. There were 329 persons in the brave little company that lifted their faces toward the West and braced themselves for the 1200 miles of rivers, mountains and desert and rugged country that must be conquered before they reached their destination. They also faced cold, hunger and danger from the Indians. (Another group of Mormons who came from England the year before left New York by boat and traveled up the Hudson through the Great Lakes down to Chicago, Illinois, then by train to Hannibal and St. Joseph, Missouri. Then they went by boat up the Missouri to Omaha, Nebraska. Perhaps most of the emigrants followed about the same course.)

Geneva's history: "At Omaha the teamster bought a load of green corn to feed their oxen. When the emigrants were told it was good to eat, they were glad for a change of food and ate heartily not knowing it should be cooked first. It made them very ill and Sarah Bardell Hunt seemed to be the most seriously affected of all. She had to be lifted up into one of the wagons up on top of bags and boxes and there she lay most of the way across the plains, being tumbled from side to side in the terrible heat and dust. (She would have been about sixty years old at the time.) As the company came farther west, they found that the Indians were becoming very troublesome. The Pioneers were in constant dread of them from this time on and for a number of years after they reached Utah. They arrived in Salt Lake City on the 6<sup>th</sup> of October, 1864, almost 5 months after they left England.

Florence S. Orton: "A majority of the party walked a good part of the 1200 miles. Buffalo chips were gathered for fire; herbs and roots were

gathered for medicine, and they searched for greens and berries, and game for food. They would sing and joke and had good times, and faith and hope and love of a religion was the driving force which carried them on to Zion".

(One incident must have taken place somewhere on the journey to Utah. The records state that William Shawcroft was baptized in August, 1864 but no day of the month is given. However, his son John Shawcroft, was baptized on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of August, 1864, and by then Frederick Shawcroft would have just turned eight years old, so perhaps, we won't be far wrong to conjecture that on that day by some pleasant river or stream the three Shawcroft men made Ann Hunt Shawcroft very happy by being baptized into the Church she had loved for thirteen years. In those days baptisms were mostly done in the summer and perhaps the company stopped long enough to hold a baptism.)

Florence: "On September 2, 1864, Captain Warren telegraphed President Brigham Young from Horse Creek, 166 miles east of Salt Lake City, saying, 'All is well.' They arrived in Salt Lake City October 4, 1864, and from there they went to Fountain Green, Utah."

Geneva: "The Hunt family accepted the first opportunity to ride toward the southern part of the State, hoping to reach Sevier County before the weather became too cold for traveling. But the young man (William Cook) who offered the ride went only as far as Fountain Green, Sanpete County, so there the family stayed. The winter had already begun. For a time the family lived in one corner of a building which had been used for a meeting house, along with two other families, until the boys could dig a dugout. Although it was not so roomy, they were warm and quite comfortable there for the winter."

Clara: "The family got busy and made a dugout, with cut willow for the top and this was covered with dirt. There was a fireplace in one end. Cooking was done over this fire in a large kettle that was used by a number of families as it was about the only utensil of its kind in the town at that time. It was a hard winter. Food was scarce. There was barely enough for the families to subsist upon. The Indians were hostile, but they didn't seem to want to fight in the winter time. All the other families were willing to share what little they had. So the family was happy, and quite comfortable and

contented in the dugout. As soon as spring opened, the Indians made a raid. The dozen families which made up the town of Fountain Green had to move to Moroni—about seven miles south—and camp out as best they could until a fort could be built in Fountain Green. Hannah was married to James Collard about this time. Sarah made her home with them. When they moved back to the Fountain Green fort, the people were glad for the houses, such as they were, made of logs, with dirt roofs and bare ground for the floor. Some had tiny windows of glass and others had only a small piece of cloth over the opening in the wall. The Indians kept on being a menace, and the people were in constant fear of them. The Pioneers looked to their Bishop for help and advice always. He asked them to put their cows and horses in one herd. Three young men were called on to herd them. Sarah's son-in-law wanted to herd his near the Fort, but Hannah begged him to put them with the others rather than displease the Bishop. So he finally consented and sent them with the herd the next morning. That very day the Indians made an attack, killed one of the boys and wounded another and drove off every cow and horse the people had.

(The people in Monroe were having their trouble also. Hannah Moon Hunt, at least, must have been in Moroni on the 26<sup>th</sup> of April, 1865, for on that date their son Ammon was born in that place. One year later on April 29, 1866, the people of Monroe, moved to Richfield, and the men took turns going to Monroe to work in the fields. Apparently they returned during the winter as did the people of Fountain Green.)

On April 14, 1867, the people of Monroe, Richfield, and Glenwood all packed up and moved to Gunnison because of the danger from the Indians.

Florence: "Fred remembered how he would gather wool from the brush and fences where the wool clung as the sheep passed through and then his mother would dye it and spin it into clothing. He also remembers of gathering wheat straw at harvest time and soaking it so it could be braided into an Easter bonnet for his sisters. Fred grew to manhood sharing in the joys and sorrows of Fountain Green."

Clara: "As the years passed the struggle went on. Fighting Indians and grasshoppers, building canyon roads, grubbing sage brush; trying to get grain planted, making gardens and planting trees. But the time came when the

Indians were glad to make peace, for they, too, had suffered for food and clothing and many of them had been killed."

"A meeting of the white men and a band of Indian warriors was arranged. They were to meet in front of Bishop Johnson's home. All the men of the town were there, secretly armed and ready for battle if it should be necessary. The women stood with their arms around their frightened children and watched for the warriors to come over the brink of the hill and toward the Bishop's home. Soon they came in sight. They were big fine looking men, and were decked out in war paint and feathers and striped blankets. As they came nearer Sarah prayed fervently that the meeting would result in peace. The Indians made heavy demands on the people. They asked for more beef, flour and other things than the Pioneers could afford to give them. But the Bishop said that peace at any price was better than war, and the demands were met."

Florence: "The Bishop hesitated for he thought it would run his people short for the winter. When he hesitated the Indians thought there was going to be trouble. The Chief said something to the squaws and they all turned and my how the squaws rode away as fast as they could ride down the road and up over the ridge and gone. The Bishop told his people it was better to feed them than fight them, so he gave them what they asked.

Clara: "Times were better after that. Log houses and adobe houses were built on land allotted to them away from the fort, and homes were made more comfortable. There were no school houses at that time, but education was not neglected. School was held in the church or in private homes. The teachers were paid by the parents, according to the number of children in the family who attended."

Geneva: "Sarah did a good part in helping to build the community of Fountain Green. She was a tireless worker, helping wherever she was needed most. She was industrious and thrifty. 'Wilful waste makes woeful want' was one of her favorite sayings. She made dresses for many of the women in town, all by hand. There were no sewing machines then. She loved to sew and especially to make quilts. She owned the first, and for a long time, the only set of quilting frames in town. Neighbors and friends used them, and at one time they were completely lost. Sarah went from



house to house looking for them. Finally she spied them up on top of a dirt roof, where grass had grown tall enough to almost hide them."

Clara: "She was always reminding the children to stand straight and to sit up straight. She said it ruined a person's health to sit slumped in an easy chair. Even in her last days she sat straight on any chair.

"She was always faithful to all her beliefs in goodness and in the Gospel. She often talked longingly of England and her son Nathan and his family who was left in England and she never saw them again. She could not understand why she could not persuade her husband, John, and their son Nathan and his wife Harriet to accept the Church and love it as she had done.

Geneva: "Grandmother Hunt lived in our home for quite a number of years—especially, I think, to help my mother (Mercie C. Ivory) with her large family (11 children) and because my father as well as my mother was always very kind to her, and we children too loved her very dearly. We had a large open fireplace, and at one side of that she had her own corner, where she sat most of the time with her knitting and mending. She had her own comfortable little rocker which was a great help in taking care of the babies. I remember she used to take me on her lap and help me dress even after I was old enough to go to school...She attended the first Old Folks Party in the state of Utah. It was held at Lake Point out near Saltair, May 14, 1875. She died on August 1, 1896, in Fountain Green, Utah.

"Sometime in England Grandmother Hunt had seen peonies and had loved them as her favorite flower. (In England the peony is regarded highly as a medicinal herb) There were none of them in this country in those days but we all knew she loved *pinies* as she called them, and she always wore a small red *piny* at both sides of her bonnet. Sarah Bardell Hunt made many hooked rugs in her later years. She used rags cut about one inch wide and these were pulled into loops through a burlap sack with the use of a large wooden hook. Whenever she made a hooked rug there always had to be some bright red rags and in the center of each rug she always fashioned a big red flower which she called in her quaint English a *piny*. So, even though she died long ago, some of her descendants have always made sure that each Decoration Day there is at least one red *piny* placed on her grave."

Her tombstone in the Fountain Green cemetery reads:

SARAH BARDELL HUNT

died

August 1, 1894

age 91 years 4 months

Geneva's history states: "She lived to be 92 years of age. She died 1 August 1896. There is no record of her death with the cemetery records of Fountain Green, and the Fountain Green ward records fail to show it. Since she was born 29 March 1804, perhaps she actually died in 1895. Regardless of the exact year of her death she was a wonderful ancestor and all of her descendants can be proud and thankful that she had the courage to live as she did. And, may some of them always remember to place at her burial place the symbol of courage and right which she chose—a bright red peony.

On November 27, 1901, John Hunt was sealed to Sarah Bardell and all of their nine children were sealed to them. Both Ann and Hannah were alive at that time so it is supposed these two sisters went to the temple together to have this work performed