

HISTORY OF SAMUEL GADD

By his granddaughter Mable Gadd Kirk

My **Grandfather Samuel Gadd** was born July 17, 1815, at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, England, the son of **William and Keziah Evans Gadd**. Nothing is known of his early life, but as he grew to manhood he worked on a farm and did contract work.

He married **Eliza Chapman** April 13, 1836, and they lived at Orwell, Cambridgeshire, England. They were the parents of nine children, six boys and three girls; Alfred, Jane, William, William 2nd, Samuel, **Mary Ann**, Sarah, Isaac and Daniel. The last two were twins.

He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in May 1841 and was ordained an elder the same year. He was Presiding Elder at Bessemus and at Cambridge. He often had to walk twelve to fourteen miles to church. Alfred, William 2nd, and Jane were baptized in Cambridgeshire.

In 1855 President Brigham Young sent a communication to President Franklin D. Richards of the British mission urging the Saints to emigrate to the United States and travel to Iowa City by train where hand carts would be provided to carry provisions and clothing. Also there would be experienced men to instruct them and help them. The Saints were to understand that they were to walk and push their handcarts. Wagons were to be furnished to haul the aged, the infirm and those who were unable to walk. A few good cows would be sent along to furnish milk and some beef cattle for the people to kill along the way. He urged them to gird up their loins and come while the way was open. This was published in the Millennial Star on February 23, 1856, and when **Grandfather** received this message, he felt the urge to join the Saints in the Valleys of the Mountains.

Grandmother had not joined the church, but she decided to come rather than have her family separated, and they sailed from Liverpool May 4, 1856 on the ship Thornton with 764 Saints on board. They were six weeks on the water and arrived at Iowa City, Iowa, June 26,

1856. While in Iowa City **Grandfather** worked with the others getting their carts and tents made and supplies bought. And it was late in the season before they were ready to start. He also served as a guard at Iowa City and helped in every way possible to get ready for the journey.

The first three companies who left arrived in Salt Lake safely and had fewer deaths and made better time than those who traveled with ox teams, but **Grandfather's** family did not leave Iowa City until July 15, 1856 under the direction of Captain James. G. Willey. In his company there were 500 souls, 120 handcarts, and 5 wagons, 24 oxen and 45 beef cattle.

The first two hundred miles of the trip all went well. The scenery was beautiful and game plentiful, but on September 4, their cattle were run of by Indians and this was a real calamity causing their food supply to run low. A herd of buffalo stampeded close to them frightening them all terribly. Captain Willey was forced to cut their food rations and their carts were falling to pieces because of bad roads, and they had to spend valuable time mending them. There was a great deal of sickness, and because of the food supply being low and the constant walking, many were unable to stand it.

On September 12 Brother Franklin Richards and others who were returning from their missions came to the company and held meetings with them. Seeing the sad conditions of the company and knowing it was getting late in the season, they decided to hurry on to Salt Lake and report to President Young.

Early in October Captain Willey was forced again to cut the rations to ten ounces for men I nine for women, six for children and three for infants. On October 4 when the company was near Cassa, Platte County, Wyoming, my father's twin brother Daniel, aged two years, died and my **Grandfather** was ill but continued to journey. A cold he had contracted at Iowa City never cleared up and he grew worse until the morning of October 9, 1856, he was placed in a wagon to ride. When the family saw him again at noon, he was dead. The company was at Glenrock, Converse County, Wyoming, at this time, and he was buried October 10 near there. He was 41 years old at his death and had truly given his life for the Church of Jesus Christ that he served so well.