

DUP AF Book 2  
Biographical Sketch  
of  
Martha Carless Webb  
and William Rawlings Webb

by Laura Clara Logie Timpson, granddaughter

Pioneer Year 1867  
Sailed on the Manhattan

She was born 17 Oct 1831, Cambridge, England  
He was born 5 Jun 1829, Little Thurlow, Suffolk, England

Married 23 Feb 1854, England

Died date \_\_\_\_ place \_\_\_\_

Buried date \_\_\_\_ place \_\_\_\_

Martha Carless, daughter of John Carless and Phoebe Pratt, was born in Cambridge, England, October 17, 1831. Her parents belonged to the Church of England. When she was a very young girl she went to work in homes of rich people. They were careful what kind of girls came into their homes. From these people she learned to be a wonderful cook, specializing in the making of the English plum puddings and dumplings. She was proud and prim and always modest. She had a sweet voice for singing.

William Rawlings Webb, born 5 June 1829, son of Henry Webb and Sophia Rawlings, was born in Little Thurlow, County of Suffolk, England. While a very young boy (as was the custom in England) William was put to work to learn the shoemaking trade. This training often included household work, even taking care of his master's small baby.

These two young people met and fell in love with each other while going to church and singing practice together. They roamed the beautiful, grassy lanes and meadows where the pretty English primroses grew. They were married February 23, 1854, and were very devoted to each other. They planned for a neat little home for their family to come to, but God planned otherwise.

In 1855, Fredrick was born, in Cambridge. They moved to London, England, where my mother, Laura Elizabeth, was born December 19, 1857. It is here they heard the Mormon Elders preach the gospel of the Latter Day Satins, and they were baptized in 1860. Latter Heber, George and Luella were born at Bishop Stroford, England.

3-Heber Charles Webb born 11 Nov. 1862 Cambridge, Staffordshire, England

4 - George Henry Web 12 April 1865 London England

5 - Annie Louella Webb 3 July 1866 - Bishop Stafford Herts Eng.

6 - Earnest Edwin Webb 1870 American Fork, Utah

7 - John Trayling Webb 1 Sept. 1882 American Fork, Utah

Grandfather went out preaching the gospel with the elders and was often chased into the woods by mobs throwing mud and rocks

and was driven out of villages by sneering men and women. Their own parents and friends disowned and ridiculed them. None of these stopped them or turned them from the religion they knew was true. They prepared to come to Zion and live with the saints. Grandfather had a serious sick spell and was told he could not get well, but the elders prayed for him, and he was promised that through his faith he would recover and live in Utah among the saints and do a wonderful work.

Grandmother started saving money until at last they have enough, so in June, 1867, they leave Liverpool, England on a sailing vessel, with elders and other emigrants to make home in Utah. (Ship Manhattan)

Grandmother dreaded to leave her family, feeling she would never see them again, but was ever willing to follow her husband no matter where he went. They were very sad because not one of their families except one sister of Grandfather came to bid them goodbye. She begged them to stay in England and give up this awful religion.

Grandmother tells of the terrible storm on the sea, when the waves nearly covered the vessel. The children were strapped to the bunks. Sailors were shouting and swearing. The Captain asked all the Mormons to get together and pray. They held a meeting, singing and praying in different languages. Grandfather never feared because he had been promised he would live in Zion. In the morning all was calm and no lives were lost.

While on the ocean the children were sick with measles. George, about three years old, was given up as dead. Grandmother pled with the captain to leave her alone with him for a few minutes before they bury him in the ocean. She prayed earnestly to her Heavenly Father to spare him, feeling she had given up so much for her religion. George raised up and asked her why she is crying. When she screamed the others rushed in to find her holding her living child. This was an example of the faith she always had.

They arrived in safety where the covered wagons and ox teams waited to take them across the plains. Grandfather was very careful and anxious about his prim little wife, Martha, and the children.

It was summer and a real pleasure trip to these children from foggy England. Fred and Laura helped gather buffalo chips to make the fires and were allowed to sit in the circle of wagons each night to hear the singing and preaching. They knew little of the anxiety of their parents.

They arrived in Salt Lake City in the late summer of Oct 5<sup>th</sup> 1867 and were sent to American Fork by Brigham Young. They moved into a small house where Earnest Chadwick's home now stands. Some of the neighbors' chickens dug up their garden the following spring so Grandfather asked George to bring his old musket. He shot to scare them but killed three hens. He said, "Beggar the luck, I didn't mean to hurt them." He took them to his neighbor and paid for them. He did not take one home to eat as he felt they had lost enough.

They moved to an adobe house east of the present library, next to a house where Isaac Binns' home now stands, Greenwoods and John Wooton lived on each side. Later they bought a one-room log house on west of town. Grandfather had a small shoe repair shop. His daughter, Laura, sewed the seams of the shoes and helped with the marketing. Grandmother never had to worry about these things.

Grandmother's mother died. She dreamt of her not liking the dress she was wearing, so had her temple work done and was much happier.

Grandfather went to the canyon to work for a few weeks. Lee Shelley told, "Every night and morning you could see him leave the group and go into some bushes where he knelt down and prayed aloud to thank God for his blessings. Everyone loved and respected him for his faith.

They were very poor and had many hard times. The boys bought an ox team from Hindleys. They hauled rock from the creek bed, hauled wood to pay for bricks and to pay John Herbert to build a new house. After much scrimping the house (George Varney now owns) was finished, the boys earned most of it. George said he had a hickory shirt, one pair of pants so patched you couldn't tell the original cloth, and rag bracers to wear on all occasions.

They always had a wonderful garden, always free from weeds. Many mornings Mary Barrett said bunches of fresh vegetables were left on their doorstep by Brother Webb. This garden was the envy of the neighborhood.

Barretts, Featherstones, and Webbs were inseparable friends and they had many Sunday and holiday dinners together.

Grandmother had a bone felon on her finger, caused by a raspberry briar and after much suffering lost her finger.

She was a very neat housekeeper as every one knew who went to see her. She had a window box of flowers summer and winter in her west kitchen window, which no grandchild ever got near enough to smell. My mother always said, "Now don't you put your hands on anything in grandmothers home, she won't like it." From that warning I developed the habit of standing with my hands back of me whenever I went to see her. Each week I took two pounds of butter to her; she would say, "Sit down if you can stay, if you have to go 'home, make 'aste". I said to Mother I wished Grandmother wouldn't tell me to make yeast every time I went there.

She made plum puddings like no else could and kept them hanging from the top of the cellar in bags. When they were served at New Year's dinners (as was the custom in England), toward the end of the meal brandy was poured over the pudding and set on fire. After the blue blaze died down the pudding was cut and served with a brandy dip.

My mother often told us of the Christmas and New Year's bells or chimes that they heard ring in England. As they rang the children in their homes sang the words to each tune. Grandmother did all the Sunday cooking Saturday. No work was ever done in the Webb home Sunday. Grandmother laid out clean clothes on chairs, shoes were polished and put under chairs. Family prayers were never forgotten night nor morning.

The boys were a trial to grandmother and worried her a lot as they were very noisy and always teasing some one. Heber had a cat he never slept without. Each night grandmother said, "Heber, no more of that cat in bed." Heber caught the cat and put it inside his

shirt and came into family payer. Fred reached over, pinched the cat and made it howl. It was put outside. Heber called Fred a name. Grandmother made them stop. Heber said, "Well if I can't say it, I can think it down here." So, when he was made he pointed to his chest; it had almost the same effect.

Laura and Fred sang duets at conferences. Hebe and George were to recite. George could just chin the pulpit. They were all watching each other. Uncle Hebe said this on the way up and back, "My bird is dead, said Nellie Grey, My bird is dead, I cannot play. Go take his cage far, far away. I cannot see his cage today." Uncle Hebe started to cry and said, "Father, I can't do it, I've forgot." More teasing was the result.

In 1886 grandfather was called on a mission to England for two years. He went to see his sister, she would not let him in as she thinks he has come to entice young girls to go to America and live in polygamy. She wrote to grandmother and asked her to tell the truth about it. After hearing from grandmother she allowed grandfather to come, but would not join the church. Not one of either family every joined.

Things were very hard for grandmother at home, but she was willing to sacrifice much for the gospel's sake. Grandfather married in polygamy Julia Goode, a very good woman. It nearly broke grandmother's heart trying to live it and share with another woman the man she left everything for.

Grandfather was very sincere in his belief, both of polygamy and the united order, which he pledged himself to live. He owned a buckskin horse and buggy; each Sunday morning about nine o'clock he drove up to see our family and I rode back to Sunday School with him. On special occasions he composed verses for me to recite. He would take me up on the stand and I'd stand on a chair so I could see over the pulpit. Mother told me I was just four years old the first verses I recited.

For many years, or as long as they had Sunday School anniversaries, grandfather composed and I recited. He wrote many

beautiful poems for his friends, both for glad and sad occasions. We have a number here today.

I'll never forget grandmother's pantry. The shelves ran from the floor to the ceiling along the west side, no doors. It always smelled so fresh and clean with its white washed walls and dishes glistening. No dust was ever found there. A crock jar stood on the south side always filled with anise seed cookies.

Her home was open to missionaries in England as it was open to everyone in Utah. William Paxman brought his family to grandmother's home and they stayed until they could get a place of their own. Grandmother was president of the west Primary with Elthera Robinson, 1<sup>st</sup> counselor, Elizabeth McCarty, 2<sup>nd</sup> counselor, Louis G. Austin, organist. She was a Relief Society block teacher for many years with Ellen Barratt. In those days they walked for miles and carried a large basket with a handle. Their beat was from their homes to Rachel Hunter's. They left home early in the morning and didn't get back until evening. They took anything offered them such as home made soap, candles, thread, butter, eggs, chunks of bacon. They came home very tired and loaded down. These things were kept in grandmother's cellar until they could be taken to Charlotte Elsmore's who kept all these supplies at their home.

My grandparents lived faithful Latter Day Saint lives, never regretting joining the church and leaving their father-land. They were loved and respected by all who knew them and their testimonies found an echo in the hearts of many.

Grandmother will be remembered for her neat appearance in dress and the dear little silk and lace bonnets she wore, some with violets for trim and some with purple pansies.

It was a wonderful time for us when she spent the week at our home, while grandfather spent it with Julia. We loved to hear her talk in her precise English way.

It was indeed a sad day when she passed away, August 14, 1905. All of her children were at her bed side. Her boys carried her casket one block to the third ward church.

The old folk's choir gave music for the services, William Grant directing.

They made this way of life their choice  
And left their Fatherland  
And braved the dangers of the deep  
To join God's chosen band.

The following lines were written by grandfather one day while visiting grandmother's grave:

"To My Dear Departed wife, Martha Carless Webb"

Dear Martha, I am here to-day  
Standing by your side  
Looking back upon the time  
When you first became my bride.

Over fifty years we traveled down  
The rugged path of life  
And battled with the up and downs  
Which meet every man and wife.

There is no certainty of life  
Death came here through the fall  
The old and young the rich and poor  
The monster claims us all.

Soon after you had passed away  
More sorrow did I see  
Death came in again and took  
Two sons away from me.

Is there no voice nor sound  
From loved ones passed away  
If in thy power to give a word



Dear Martha do I pray.

The flowers I spread upon your tomb  
Do not being to tell  
The hope, the joy and love for you  
Which in my bosom dwell.

"God bless her memory may it always be,  
A guiding light unto me."

*Written and given by her granddaughter Laura Clara Logie Timpson. May 13, 1937.*

#### *My Grand Parents*

*Did you people know my grandparents well?  
Oh there's many a story I could tell  
Of love and service to family and God.  
Tho' many years they've slept 'neath the sod.  
Grand mother was a gentle woman so sweet  
I'm told by many she was always neat.  
Her family loved her I am sure  
She gave them her love tender, and pure.  
They left the old country and came to the new,  
For the sake of the gospel, as others do.  
Did they regret it? You have all heard  
Their fervent testimonies, word by word.  
They helped to settle this little town  
With many a struggle up and down.  
I see Grandfather as he worked in his shop  
Rosy cheeked, smiling and in the hop*

*I don't know if this will be any news  
But I wore a lot of his home made shoes.  
Last night John Berg said, "Without a doubt –  
The only shoes in town, you couldn't wear out."*

*I cant remember them pinching my toes.  
But Grandfather often pinched my nose.  
Do you remember him on "Timber Day"  
Singing "The Jolly Miller" in his English way?  
I remember the dumplings Grandma used to make  
They'd make cooks of to-day with envy shake.  
And plum puddings she made, boiled in a rag.  
Delicious! Um, um! Of them I like to brag.  
We are thankful they came to Utah to live  
For many blessings they did give.  
I prize them all but more than any other  
The give they gave me; my wonderful mother.  
She like her Father had the gift of the poet  
Tho' the quiet life she lived, did never show it.  
We miss them and need them here to love  
We hop to be worthy to live with them above.*

*Written by their grand daughter*

*Laura Logie Timpson*

*Dec. 5, 1929*