

A brief account of the  
life and labors  
of  
George H Knowlden  
up to the year  
1861

## FOREWARD

This autobiography was taken from the original journal written in longhand by my grandfather, George Henry Knowlden. Some editing has been done for easier reading; however, the alterations are ever so slight, consisting mostly of punctuation and a few sentences that were repetitious.

The thoughts, sentence structures and phrasings are essentially the same as written.

George Henry Knowlden was a very fine penman and the title page was reproduced from the cover of the journal which was in his own handwriting.

The original journal was bequeathed to my brother, George S. Knowlden, for safekeeping. George S. (Jud) Knowlden is the son of Leonard Wilford and Mable Palmer Lee Knowlden and a grandson of G. H. Knowlden. It is temporarily in my possession at the time of this writing, Thursday, April 8, 1971, and will be returned to G. S. Knowlden in the near future.

James Dale Knowlden



GEORGE HENRY KNOWLDEN  
40 YEARS OF AGE -- OCTOBER 24. 1874





SARAH COX KNOWLDEN  
(THIRD WIFE) PICTURE TAKEN OCTOBER 24, 1874 -- 23 YEARS OF AGE

George Henry Knowlden was married four times. His marriage to Mary Ann Emma Burdette, mentioned in his autobiography, ended in divorce in 1906. He married and divorced his second wife Eliza Amelia Burdette and married wife number three, Sarah Cox.

Polygamous marriages were permissible in the Church at this time and he married wife number four, Louisa Burgon in 1872 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Both Sarah Cox and Louisa Burgon remained his legal wives until their deaths -- Louisa in 1904 and Sarah in 1937.

The genealogy sheets show certain vital statistics concerning the progeny of George Henry and Mary Ann Emma Burdette Knowlden; and George Henry and Sarah Cox Knowlden; and George Henry and Louisa Burgon.

When divorced in 1906, Mary Ann Emma then married Louis G. Frenette in 1907. Eliza Amelia (wife number two) married John Bill Brown of Tennessee in 1908 in Salt Lake City, Utah after her divorce from George Henry.



The group picture is the family of George Henry and Sarah Cox Knowlden, and was taken at a family reunion in Lorin Farr Park, Ogden, Utah -- August, 1929.

Standing in the rear and reading from left to right:

Leslie (Les), Leonard (Len), Albert (Bert), William (Bill), and Archibald (Arch).

Front Row, left to right:

Francis (Frank), Mae, Sarah, Lilly (Lil), and Richard (Rich).

Two sons died in infancy. They were:

Ernest Henry -- 7 Months

Thomas Bright Cox -- 7 Years.

## A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF G.H.K.

I, George H. Knowlden, was born in Depsford Kent, (near Greenwich), England, on the 24th day of October, 1834, in what was then called Garden Row on High Street at 5 minutes before 8 on Friday of that month. I had fair health while a lad, and attended the common schools of the country till the age of 13 years. I worked for a while in a Printing Establishment and learned to use the roller - in printing, etc., and at the age of 14 was apprenticed to Robert Newman near Greenwich on Blackheath Hill, whose business was carving and gilding. I walked to my work, a distance of nearly two miles, night and morning and learned the trade of Gilder & Picture Frame Making during the next two years. And after attending evening school, etc., got a situation at a very large establishment in Lichfields, London, in a first class shop.

In my early youth, I attended Sunday School and other Methodist services and sang alto at their meetings and was my mother's companion and chauffeur. My mother was a Methodist and we were both religiously inclined. When about 15 years of age, I heard of the people called Latter Day Saints or "Mormons" through a friend of mother's named "Beaves" who was her classmate in the Methodist Church. Mother was invited by her friend to attend the meetings of the Latter Day Saints. I accompanied my mother and Mrs. B. to the meetings which were held in an old log house. When the services had commenced, the Elder gave out a Wesleyan hymn, which I knew well. I naturally joined in the singing and attracted attention from the choir leader who, after the services concluded, came down and shook hands with us and invited us to go to their home for tea. We accepted and during our visit assisted them in singing several other hymns. We were then cordially invited to attend the evening meeting and to join the choir and sing with them. We accepted and they made us very welcome. We heard the Gospel at this time and believed it, and after giving it a great deal of study, embraced it with all our hearts.

Mother and I were both baptized on the 19th day of Nov., 1849, at night in the canal near Black Horse Bridge, Depsford Kent, England; mother, by Thos. Bradshaw and I by John Griffiths. Then we were confirmed Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. We attached ourselves to the Depsford Branch and attended meetings, and enjoyed ourselves in the



glorious truths of the Gospel. On April 13th, 1851, I was ordained to the office of a Deacon in the Church and attended to the duties thereof - went out with the Teachers visiting the Saints, sang with the choir and made myself useful. On Aug. 18th, 1851, was ordained to the office of a Priest. To each of these ordinations, John Griffitts officiated as the mouth. I continued in the Depsford Branch of the London Conference from the 19th day of Nov., 1849, until the 20th of Sept., 1851, during which time I did considerable Missionary work as a Home Missionary, and in other ways helped sustain and defend the principles of the Gospels, etc.

My father was a carpenter and worked at the Shipyard at Blackwall, across the Thames River. He crossed over from Depsford early every morning and returned home at night. This was very hard on him. The yard finally closed down - throwing hundreds of men out of work and caused them to seek employment elsewhere. My father very fortunately lit on to a place in an Undertaker's Shop, through an advertisement in the papers, and understanding that business thoroughly, took a situation in Paddington, London at a Mr. Nodes' Establishment. We moved from Depsford on Sept. 20th, 1851, to Paddington living at No. 32 Church St., near Edgeward Road and between Hyde & Regents Parks. We became members of the Paddington Branch of Church and made many friends. We got along first rate!

My brother, Josiah (who was about 15 yrs. old) found employment in the Counting House and I continued at my gilding trade very successfully. On Jan. 1, 1854, I had conferred upon me the office of an Elder, by President John C. Baylis. I was soon called to be Teacher on the Blocks - Book Agent - President of Tract Society, President and Treasurer of Temple Fund, Perpetual Emigration Fund Clerk, member of the choir, Clerk of the Branch and General Overseer of the Branch Business Meetings. I kept quite busy until my departure for Liverpool on March 30th, 1854.

In the fall of 1853, however, I was called to go forth without purse and scrip to preach the Gospel of Our Lord Jesus Christ and see if I could not establish a branch of the Church before leaving England for America, which I had intended to do, as soon as I could raise the necessary means to emigrate, -- my desire being to get to the body of the Saints in Utah as quickly as possible. I accepted the appointment and travelled from London to Edmonton to see what I could



do - leaving what means (or money) I had at home to apply towards my emigration. I trusted in the Lord for His help and support and relied entirely upon His guidance and direction, and the advice of those above me in the Priesthood.

I entered the field willingly, taking some Tracts and Church works, and proceeded to the place designated. I arrived there on a Sunday in the company of two Elders, who showed me the area. I got them to help me distribute the Tracts, etc., and held an open air meeting in the afternoon, taking up most of the time explaining the principles of the Gospel and inviting the people to investigate for themselves. The people, though but few, were fairly attentive and after the meeting, some asked questions about the doctrines presented which we answered to their satisfaction.

The Elders who came with me had to return to London by the train - and I was left alone in a strange place nearly twenty miles from my home without money or means to buy any food or to get me a lodging for the night. I did not know what to do, but as I walked along the street, I looked up and saw a big high tree, and getting under its branches and in deep thought, I offered a prayer unto the Lord, to guide me to some friends or some place where I could stop for the night. I prayed to the Lord in earnest, telling Him of my mission and asked Him to direct me in what I was to do. My answer came, and I was directed to go back to those with whom we had left some of the Tracts earlier in the evening, and although it was now nearly dark, I hastened to do as directed. The first several parties I contacted treated me very abruptly and slammed the door, throwing me the Tract and saying they did not wish to read such trash nor have any more left with them. I politely thanked them and followed along on my course until finally an old lady, with whom I had left a Tract, kindly asked me to walk in, which I very gladly did. After being seated, she questioned me closely and asked if I wasn't the young man who left her a Tract earlier in the afternoon. She had read most of it and was very pleased with it. This, of course, led up to quite an interesting conversation, and was quite encouraging to me.

We sat talking about the Gospel till near 11 P.M. when she asked my name, and whether I had eaten my supper. I had to confess I had not eaten anything at all since leaving my home in Paddington that morning, but said that I did not feel

hungry, (which was the truth), for I was so absorbed in explaining the principles of the Gospel that I hadn't time to think of anything else. She was shocked and wondered at my statement and immediately prepared me something to eat, blaming herself for, as she said, "being so thoughtless as not to ask one before." Suffice it to say that I ate my supper at almost midnight with a grateful heart-giving thanks to my Father in Heaven for thus providing for me. This kind lady not only fed me, but asked where I was going to find shelter for the night. I told her truthfully that I did not know. She offered me a lodging and said if I would accept, I could have her bed and she would make hers on the floor in the other room nearby, of course. I strenuously objected to this and told her I could not accept of such hospitality, but would, as the Apostles of old, sleep anywhere, and if she could but give me a blanket, I would be pleased and grateful to sleep in an arm chair, or even in a manger which she had nearby. She tried to induce me to accept of something better but I would not hear of it. So she gave me a quilt and a pillow and I made a bed in the manger, sleeping soundly all night, and as happy as a Lord. I convinced her of the truth of the Gospel, however, before retiring to rest that night!

I continued in my labors, baptizing several more people, until March of 1854, when I was scheduled to emigrate to the U.S.A. By then, a Branch of the Church was organized in Edmonton with 16 members. Thus was I rewarded for all my labor in that part of the world. Several other very nice incidents occurred during this early mission and I hope much good was accomplished through mine and other labors. One incident connected with this first mission was created by the fact that I appeared in fair attire, the kind I used to wear in London. This was considered peculiar by some people -- that I should come among them as did the Apostles of old, not knowing where to eat nor where to lodge next, trusting in the Lord completely for my sustenance and support, and still I managed to dress well. But the fact that I was working and laboring purely and honestly for the redemption of my fellow mortals no doubt gave me an offsetting degree of prestige among the more thinking people, and made me very many friends. These friends rallied around me and bid me welcome and when I experienced some opposition from others, many of my friends took my part and defended me and our religion.

One day the Ministers of two congregations challenged me to an open air and public discussion of the principles and Doctrines

of our faith, and I accepted willingly. We debated for three hours in the open air and under proper arrangements for each side and I was (thank the Lord) declared the victor. Through this debate, I made many more friends and some converts, so I felt well paid for the time and means I had spent at Edmon- ton and vicinity. I was still in my youth, not yet of 20 years old, and I was able to declare the truth boldly. I knew the Gospel was true and was not afraid to proclaim it, for the Lord was my helper. I pray I never may shrink from this duty when necessary and when the opportunity offers.

In the latter part of March, 1854, with consent of my parents and the authorities of the Church, I made a firm decision to emigrate to Utah, where the main body of the Church had gathered, and to make there my home and prepare a place for my father's family as soon as possible. I had saved some money earned from working at my trade as Carver and Gilder in previous periods to pay my way. My family described they would sell their home in England to get means enough to pay for their passage to the U.S. and an outfit for their emigration to Utah. We planned they would meet me the season following my depar- ture from England.

So, preparing myself for the journey across the sea to America and on to Utah, I left London for Liverpool by train from Euston Square, London, on the 31st day of March, 1854, at 6:45 A.M. and arrived at Liverpool the same day at 3:15 P.M. in good health and spirits. I met with the Saints and leading authorities at the Church Office in Liverpool, got my luggage down to the Victoria Dock, and by midnight was aboard the ship "Germanicus." I slept on board ship all ready to go with the ship's company. Everybody was busy with their luggage, so we laid in Dock Victoria all the next day and organized our com- pany. The company consisted of 360 passengers -- 200 L.D.S. and 140 others of Irish, Dutch and German nationalities. Cap- tain Fales was the Commander of the ship, Elder Richard Cooke - President of L.D.S. Company, T. C. Armstrong and James Hart - Councillors, Geo. H. Knowlden, Clerk. The company was divided into fifties with a President over each fifty. James Works had charge of the single brethren. We were given our berths and rations, the rations consisting of 2½ lbs. of oatmeal and 2½ lbs. of sugar -- (other rations were to follow). On Sunday, April 2nd, at 2 P.M., a Steamer towed us away from the dock. On the Monday, the 3rd day of April, we had a collision with a steamboat which made a hole about 1 ft. long in our ship but did not injure anyone. The damage to the ship was confined to

the rudder and was soon repaired. Fortunately, the sea was quite calm. Incidentally, I did my own cooking during the voyage. \*(For further account of the voyage, see journal in writing book; also for journey across the Plains.)

After we had been at sea a few days, Elder Bro. Jas. Hearsh established a class to teach us the French language, which I attended and studied with others during our trip. On the 18th of April, a squall struck the ship. All passengers were ordered below. I was favored by being allowed to remain on deck. I had made a friend of the Captain's nephew who was just going before the mast (or on his first sea trip), and he told me to take hold of a rope and follow him, which I did, and helped the sailors reef the top sails. The sea was rolling as high as mountains and was very rough. I had my sou'wester on and also my waterproof coat and leggings and we continued to sail into the squall till we had reefed all the sails, at which point the wind shifted, placing us in great danger. We tacked the ship with the wind as the squall continued for a long time into the night. We all got wet-through from sea spray coming over the deck, etc. The gale continued until April the 20th, more or less, and during this time, it was most impossible to stand on deck. I dined with the sailors in the forecabin. There were many big fish in sight.

When the sea calmed, we were in sight of the "Peak of Telerief" and the town of Santecour, which although twenty miles off, did not look more than two miles away and was a very grand sight to behold. The Peak is covered with snow and about 4 miles high. The town contains 7,000 Spanish inhabitants.

We passed Cuba on the 16th of May and caught a sucker 3 ft. long. May 23rd we called at the Island of Great Carman for water, etc., and went ashore visiting the inhabitants - said to be about 2,000 and chiefly black people. One old gentleman 91 year of age, had been on the Island 35 years. The religion was mostly Presbyterian. The Minister invited me into his house and I explained the principles of the Gospel to him. I also had many pleasant interviews as the people were very sociable and very glad to see us. We purchased groceries, etc., and on the 24th of May, after getting water and what necessities we wanted, took up anchor and started again on our journey.

\*NOTE: This writing book is not accounted for as of 2-24-71.  
J. D. Knowlden



On May the 30th, we came in sight of the Island of Tartuga and before we knew it, struck a Reef of Rocks and went aground nearly the full length of the vessel. We tried every way to get off but could not. We passed the day in great danger and on the following day at midtide, 1 P.M., we cleared again by manning all hands at the windlass. The anchor was weighed in the distance, crews were in small boats with ropes, etc., and there were several near accidents. The foreigners were terribly scared. Very fortunately for us, the sea was calm or we may have been wrecked. We did, however, have the pilot boats and the wreckers alongside of us in case of need.

On June 2, we stopped at the Island of Tartuga, bought provisions and took on more water. The Island is small, about 1 mile square with Government forts built around it. The inhabitants were chiefly blacks and treated us kindly. We left several of our pamphlets with them and explained some of the Doctrine of the Church, etc. There is a large Government House, also a Lighthouse. The people are mostly engaged in building forts, etc. We stayed there all day, June 3rd, and set sail again on Sunday, June 4th. We continued our journey without mishap and finally a steam pilot tug took hold of us on the 10th of June and took us across the bar and up the Mississippi. There the steamer "Louisville" took hold of us and landed us at New Orleans on the 12th day of June, all sound and well.

We visited in the city, replenishing our stock of provisions, and after enjoying ourselves with the city attractions, had our luggage, etc., inspected and passed-on by C.H.O. Meanwhile, the steamship "Uncle Sam" was being readied to take us up the Mississippi, some 1200 miles to St. Louis. We went aboard with our luggage the next day, the 13th of June and set sail for St. Louis, Missouri.

When we arrived in St. Louis a few days later, we found we had arrived too late for the 1854 season's emigration to Utah and we were counselled to lay over till the next season in 1855, which the bulk of the company did. Only a few who had the means went on.

While in St. Louis, I met Apostle Erastus Snow who was then presiding in St. Louis and publishing a newspaper called "The Lumenary" (a church publication). Brother Milo Andrews had charge of the branch. They all treated me very kindly. Myself and Brother Jas. Hart joined this branch and also sang in the choir. Brother Hart singing bass and I alto. This was a fine

and active branch of the Church, well organized and equipped and it attracted considerable attention among the people of St. Louis. Many Saints and non-members attended the services. Brother Erastus Snow did me the honor of choosing me as his companion and attendant, requesting my company with him at all meetings, sociables, and other places he visited, as well as at his office. This was very much appreciated and helped me pass my time in St. Louis in a very pleasant manner.

While in St. Louis, I boarded with one Sister Tucket who lived on Market Street. I attended evening classes and family gatherings (of which there were many) among the Saints, as well as other amusements. I was a member of Teachers Quorum of the Branch Home Missionaries, and made myself generally useful, particularly on Sundays, travelling and visiting the branches across the river in Illinois and adjacent country. Sometimes it required walking a long distance on foot, and getting back quite late at night. If we missed the ferryboat, we had to pay extra for a small boat to get across the Mississippi and home to St. Louis. Two of us always went together.

This is where I first saw and tasted pumpkin pie, which we mistook for custard pie. It is really very good and tasty! I have since relished pumpkin pie, if made properly, and these folks really knew how to make it! I was fortunate in finding work at my trade as a Carver and Gilder at the establishment of Wm. Newman Bro. on 4th St. I stayed in St. Louis, Mo. and worked from June, 1854 till July, 1855 when my father, mother and brother Josiah arrived from England.

We all took a steamboat from St. Louis, Missouri, to Atchison, Kansas where the Camping Ground at Mormon Grove was situated. This is where the outfits were procured for crossing the plains to Utah. Teams of oxen or mules, wagons, tents, camp utensils and all provisions were available and arrangements could be made for all of the necessary equipment needed for the one thousand or more miles to Salt Lake City, Utah. We stayed in camp quite a while before our cattle and wagons arrived in our camp. We lived in tents, out on the prairie encountering many very heavy rainstorms and much bad weather, (including heavy winds, hail, etc.). The wind was so furious at times that the brethren had to get out and stay out in the storms at night, holding the tents down over the women and children to keep them from being blown away or drowned.

After a few days, our wagons and cattle began to arrive. We got

along a little better but it was not until we actually got started that there was much change. The oxen had to be broken in to pull, wagons put together, tents and wagon covers arranged, cooking utensils and provisions provided, and meals cooked in order to make a start. The men were generally as green at this business as the oxen. Many of the men and women had never seen an ox in a yoke nor hitched to a wagon, much less know how to hitch them up and drive them. Arrangements were made to plow up the prairie, putting eight or ten yoke of oxen together and then actually plow ground to break them in. It was quite a joke, for most of the men knew no more than the oxen did about "Whoa" or "Gee", much less how to command the oxen so they knew who or what the drivers meant. All had to be taught the language of the brutes before they could act together. Some of the brethren, having never seen a yoke of cattle hitched up before, would place the yoke under instead of over the neck of the oxen and in many instances the ox would run off with the yoke and bows upside down and these would be gay old times. Then there was the chaining of the cattle together in order that two or three yokes might be put on one wagon so as to make a team, etc. This arrangement had to be done properly and had to be engineered by the few brethren from Utah, who had experience. The cattle were mostly wild as they were rounded up and driven from the ranges. They knew nothing about being confined in a yoke or driven in any kind of order, so we had to teach ourselves the proper way and then teach the oxen in the best way we could, all of which took considerable time and trouble. However, after several days of training by perseverance and taking the counsel of those who were working with us, we were prepared to start out on our journey westward. We broke camp at Atchison July 3rd, 1855 and started west for Utah.

I arranged for passage with Thomas Margetts. An independent company was formed consisting of some thirty wagons and from two to four yokes of oxen to a wagon. I drove team and oxen and had the privilege of riding with the man in charge of the Company, Moses Thirston, who also served as President. Other officers in the Company were Captain Robert Wright - Serg. of Guard, Philip Germ - Capt. 1st ten., A. Fergurson 2nd ten., Thos. Margetts 3rd ten., Geo. Knowlden, Clerk of Co., John B. Maiben - Chap. \*(A full account of our travels and journey, etc. can be found in my journal in the copybook I used as my journal for this trip. It is now in my possession and handwriting, and is generally correct.)

\*The whereabouts of the journals and copybook referred to are not known at this time.

JDK

We had to cross many rivers on the route, the Platte, among others. We had to wade through very deep waters. There were many incidents along the road, such as stampedes of cattle, where they took off the road and ran helter skelter in all directions and could not be controlled till they were headed by men on horseback and brought to a halt. Many of the women and children in the wagons were nearly scared to death, as well they might be; however, no serious accidents occurred. We also encountered large herds of buffalo, and in some instances, had to hold on to the horns of the oxen while the buffalo passed by us. This was necessary as we couldn't get past the herd. Neither could we, at times, see the sun for grasshoppers which were so thick and numerous that they hid the sun completely from us. The Indians too were at war and we had to guard our animals night and day. We managed to kill several buffalo enroute and considerable other game, such as deer, elk, antelope, ducks, chicken, rabbits and fish. We arrived at our destination, Salt Lake City, Utah on Sept. 28, 1855 making the Public Square in the 19th Ward at noon of that day. The trip took 87 days from the starting point in Mormon Grove, Atchison, Kansas to Salt Lake City, Utah. All was well!

On the same day, Sept. 28th, 1855, following our company, came the P. E. Fund Co. under Captain Richard Balantyne. This was the company in which my Father, Mother and Brother travelled. They also engaged passage in Atchison, Kansas at Mormon Grove. This company left Atchison on the 3rd day of July, 1853, travelling the same route as we and also using ox teams the same as others. Their passage was paid in England for the entire trip from England to Salt Lake City, Utah. Their team, provisions and all necessities were arranged for by the P. E. Fund Company in Liverpool, previous to their starting across the sea. Our company, and the company they came in, travelled across the plains together nearly all the way so that we could continually see and hear of each other and this made it very pleasant. All companies were advised by the Church Authorities to travel as close together as possible for protection from the Indians and other dangers. On the plains, we saw one another nearly every day. We arrived in Salt Lake on the same day and we were able to be together and to help each other.

We were very pleased and happy to see President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Geo. A. Smith and quite a company of prominent people who came out from Salt Lake City and met the train as we emerged from the Canyon named Emigration on the bench East of



Salt Lake City. They welcomed us, shaking our hands and making other outward demonstrations of good will for us who had endured the privations of a very long and tedious travel in the hot sun and bleak winds of the plains. We were thankful that an All Wise Providence had cared for and protected us on our long journey across sea and land to our destination in the Salt Lake Valley, the City of Zion, where the Lord had established the place for the gathering of the Saints in the Latter Days from the four corners of the earth; where all nations under the heavens could worship God according to the Will of the Lord and where none should come and dare make us afraid; and where Temples should be reared to His Holy Name and ordinances could be performed for both the living and the dead.

When we got our luggage, etc., straightened out on the 19th Ward Square, we, mother, father, my brother and myself all camped together. We soon procured a log cabin that had been used as a vegetable house for which we were thankful after being out on the plains for nearly three months. It was nice to get under a roof again even though there was no fireplace, window, door or floor in the cabin. We were indeed grateful to get in somewhere out of the street, and we were in good spirits. My brother, however, was sick and my father and mother nearly worn out by the exposure on the sea and on the plains. We had no provisions nor money to buy any, so I decided to strike out, just as I was, to see if I could find a job of some kind and get something to eat for myself and the family who had to be taken care of. The grasshoppers had been very bad and had eaten up almost everything in the shape of vegetation or grain. Provisions were very scarce indeed and we had to get out and dig to get something to eat.

After I had gotten the folks located, I struck out, not caring what I did so long as I could get us something to live on till we learned how to get along in this new country. As I walked a few blocks from the house, I saw an old man digging in his lot. I stopped and asked him what he was digging and he said, "Potatoes, but they are few and far between." There were very few in a row and they were less in size than a hen's egg. The grasshoppers had nearly cleaned them out. He took up a hand-full and showed me. I was astonished as they ranged in size from as big as marbles to the size of walnuts. Not many of them were any larger. I asked him if he didn't want help to dig them, for I saw he had a large patch of nearly one acre. He answered yes, he needed help, but he had no money to

pay help with, only such as he was digging -- potatoes! I said, "I have just arrived and must get work for something to buy food with." He said, "Well young man, if you will help me dig them, I will give you every seventh bushel for your work." I said in a minute, "All right Sir. I will help you if you say so." He nodded his assent to me and I took off my coat and jumped over the fence. I was at it in a jiffie, and I worked nearly three days digging the spuds and putting every 7th bushel in my pile until I had the whole thing cleaned up. Although they were small and, as he said, a long way apart and with few in the hill, I had several bushels for my labor and was thankful, knowing that we could live on potatoes if we had to. This man, however, was very kind and after I helped him haul the potatoes to his home, he offered to haul mine free of charge. When he saw how few I had earned for my labor, he was ashamed and he took me over to his pile and gave me quite a nice lot besides. I was well satisfied that I had done the work and gotten some potatoes. Besides, this was my first job in Salt Lake City, Utah!

The next day, walking south from the 19th Ward to the city, I came across an old gentleman with his hat off, working like a beaver and driving the birds and grasshoppers away, as both were very plentiful in his garden or lot. They were after the corn that he was raising. I stopped to talk with him and asked him if he did not want some help. He said he really did, but had nothing to pay for hired help unless it was some corn and he was ashamed to offer that because the birds had nearly eaten it off the cobs. And on top of that, the grasshoppers were eating the cobs. It seemed quite funny and laughable but was nevertheless true. I asked him if I could help him if I took my pay in corn. He replied, "Certainly, if you will help me clean this thing up, I will give you two bushels in the cob and a good dinner each day." I said immediately, "I am your man, Sir!" and thanked him heartily. This old gentleman who was so kind was none other than John M. Bernhisel, our Representative or Delegate in Congress. His home was located at West Temple St. and North Temple St. (Bishop Preston is now living here at this writing in 1912.) I continued to work in the old gentleman's garden till the patch of corn was garnered and the lot cleaned up of deseret weeds and thus I had several bushels of corn on the cob, such as it was. We did not waste much, I can assure you, as every kernel had to count for Johnny Cakes or coffee.

After I arrived home from this work one day, Apostle Lorenzo Snow met me and told me of a job that was open. Apostle Snow knew our family since he had stayed with us in London when on his way to open up the Italian Mission in the 1850's. He had been asked by his friend, Lucuis M. Seville of Provo, who was then County and Probate Clerk of Utah Co. to help him find in the Emigration Co. a young man who he could recommend as a clerk for his office for the position of Assistant Clerk. He told him he thought he could find a man. He immediately hunted me up near the 19th Ward Square and brought me out to see Mr. Scoville and introduced me to him. Mr. Scoville at once engaged me and wanted me to go with him to Provo, Utah Co. right away. I consulted with my parents and brother, who consented. On the following morning, I left with Mr. Scoville for Provo. We travelled by ox team. It was about forty five miles south of Salt Lake City. On arriving at Provo, I was soon put to work in the County Recorder's Office examining titles, etc., recording deeds and papers of different kinds. I boarded with Mr. Scoville's family for several months during the winter of 1855 and spring of 1856. I was engaged in making out and recording a large number of Consecration Deeds made necessary when the Latter Day Saints consecrated their property to the Church. I was paid \$40 forty dollars per month and board and lodging for this labor but had to take most of the forty dollars pay in the form of a piece of land (on the East bench of Provo City near where the Insane Assylum now stands) as there was very little money in the country. I, however, was glad to work for anything so long as I received board and lodging.

My brother Josiah, father and my mother moved down to Provo where my brother took a job at the Provo Woolen Factory. It was just being built. He stayed with this company for some time, making rolls and getting used to making yarn and other materials into cloths, linseys, flannels, etc. Father did a little carpentering and I bought two city lots on the Main Street (which ran north and south of the Bank Building) and nearly opposite the old Post Office Building and the meeting house (or Tabernacle) but facing west. This place is located on what is now called Academy Ave. Here I put in my first orchard and dwelling. I made my orchard principally by getting small roots of Hawthorne bushes and twigs from the Canyons. I dug the holes, taking the rocks out along with two or three feet of dirt. I planted these little Hawthornes deep in the earth leaving only enough in sight to make a small showing of the top stem. I filled up the holes with good soil and watered the roots by hand till they took hold in the ground. I then

got some twigs with roots of wild roses out of the Canyon and set them out in the same way and in proportion to the size of the rose bush. Next, I cut off the tops of all but one small twig and filled in the hole. I sent east by mail for a few apple, pear and other fruit tree graftings. They arrived in good condition in the fall. I kept them over the winter, carefully watching that they did not freeze. In the early spring, I grafted these branches into the roots of the bushes, covering the grafted portions with clay and earth till they sprouted. By care and attention, I raised my first peach trees, into which I budded some apricots, plums, etc., and made quite a nice orchard. I then went down to the river bottoms and got some small cottonwoods and set them out on the side-walk around my lot, and I had some nice shade trees.

The Hand Cart Emigration of 1856 began to arrive, and after the first company came in, other companies followed without incident until the very last company of this season. Word reached us in Provo that many in this last company suffered with frozen limbs, were naked and hungry and some had died. They were blockaded in the Sweetwater Country nearly 250 miles out on the plains, without food, shelter, and in the snow. A scene followed which is almost indescribable as we anticipated their fate. An appeal was made for subscriptions and volunteers with teams to go out and meet them. Everyone responded immediately. We were asked to assemble at the Seminary forthwith where the facts were made known to us of the condition of these Emigrants. There was not a dry face in the crowd, and instantly we all become apparently frantic and commenced taking off part of our clothes, boots, shawls, overshirts, hats, caps, and anything we had. Those were piled up in the middle of the floor with everything we could lay our hands on in the shape of provisions, clothes, blankets, tents, etc. The streets were lined with people, bent on taking whatever they could, to reach the Emigrants with help as soon as possible. Before morning, a large number of men with teams, wagons, and provisions were bound for the Sweetwater crossing over mountain, vale, rivers and snow to meet and assist our brethren and sisters into the city. How well they succeeded, history will never fully reveal. We did, however, succeed as well we could, and in a few days, several families were landed at Provo. A large company greeted them, and among same that I met on arrival at the Seminary was my dear friend S. S. Jones and family and his brother-in-law Robert Lill plus a number of others. Mr. Jones had his toes



frozen and he cried like a baby. The people were nearly unconscious because they had been in trouble for so long. We took them in our arms and comforted them as best we could and for the time being, made a hospital of the Seminary providing all with bandages, nourishment, clothing and shelter. The whole town operated as one, extending its hospitality and help to all those in need, regardless of acquaintance or relationship, till we got them located and attended to. After this first group arrived, others of the company came in. All were quickly cared for or treated and it took till nearly Xmas to get them all properly settled.

The grasshoppers and crickets had eaten up nearly all the crops this year and also the previous one, making provisions, meat, etc., quite scarce. The people, one and all, divided nobly and gave a large portion of what they had, thanking the Lord that they had been blessed and privileged to succor the distressed, the poor and helpless of their brethren and sisters who had endured such hardships for their religion. May the Lord's mercies ever be over them, and their posterity. This is the desire of my heart. I have heard President Brigham Young and others say, "Their salvation and redemption is assured!" So may it be!

I worked in the Canyon during the winter, getting out logs which I took to the saw mill. I gave the mill operators 1/3 for cutting the logs into lumber and I got the balance (or 2/3rds) plus part of the slabs. I also hauled a great deal of wood on shares along with Quaking Asp Poles, etc. This work helped me to get money to buy a small team of oxen and an old wagon, which I continued to use in the Canyons. Before the next fall, I had nearly earned back the price, hauling loads that were much too heavy for the wagon.

I also did a little farming during the year of 1856 and in the fall of 1857, made some adobies and started to build a small house for my father and mother. I had it partly built when I took a notion to rest and come in to Fall Conference. This was in Oct. 1857. I also had an opportunity to bring in a load of merchandise for another party, and get paid for it, so I loaded the wagon and drove an ox team into the city expecting to go right back to Provo after Conference concluded. On arriving in the city, I stayed by invitation with some friends of Henry Randalls, a Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns of Salt Lake City. I was made very welcome at their home, as was my father and mother who accompanied me to the city. We attended several meetings

of the Conference with Mrs. Burns and family, and more particularly with Mrs. Burns' niece, who was living with her Aunt. Mr. Randall, who was an uncle, was also stopping there. We all had a very pleasant visit together after the last session of the Conference and were preparing to leave for our home in Provo the next morning when lo and behold there was quite a surprise sprung on me by Mr. Randall. He told me that his niece, Mary Ann Emma, had fallen deeply in love with me and told him she would very much like to have me for her husband. Of course this was news to me and something that completely shocked my sensibilities for I had never once thought of getting married. I had all I could do to take care of my father, mother and myself and besides this, I had no house nor means to furnish a home or in any way make a respectable young lady comfortable. But there I was, and in quite a quandary. The Aunt and Uncle didn't help me out a bit nor did my mother or father. In my absence at Conference in the afternoon, they had agreed to fix the matter up so that I was easily entrapped and apparently would succumb to the inevitable. I had a long and private talk with the young lady, finding out the true state of her mind and desires. I also made a visit to some of my friends who had known the young lady and whose employ and company she had mingled for a long time. They gave a very excellent account of her character (which was unsolicited by me). I then had another private interview with the young lady, giving her a brief account of my circumstances and financial conditions, point out that I had no means, no home, or other advantages, etc., and that I was going back to Provo with my parents in the morning. I told her there were no empty apartments or rooms to rent in Provo and I had not been thinking of doing any marrying until I had provided for my father and mother and had got me a home and means sufficient to make a wife comfortable. I asked her to talk the matter over more fully with her aunt and other relatives relating all of my conditions and to then see what she and they thought would be the best thing to do and let me know the results. This was all done and her word to me was that, as she judged me, she was willing to take a chance and she felt sure that I would make her a good and kind husband and we would both be happy and contented. I told her plainly that if I did anything, it must be right away for my folks and I were going to leave Salt Lake City for Provo in the morning. She had but little time to get ready, however, she answered that she was ready and willing. And so all hands, aunts, uncles, father and mother consenting, I said, "Send for the Bishop and let's have it over!"

This was done and Emma Mary Burdete became my wife by marriage Oct. 8th, 1857 at Salt Lake City. The marriage was performed by Bishop John Hoagland, Bishop of the 14th Ward, Salt Lake City. I guess even the chickens and roosters knew of the marriage, for a devil of a noise was soon created among them. Many fell dead or were wounded in the yard but were found quickly afterward and graced the dinner table. Many other similar freaks were going on around and in the houses, including the grand supper and a tin band making the music ring out till the wee hours of night. And married couples are supposed to find rest!

We started for Provo in the morning by ox team and wagon --- mother, father, wife and myself. All went well until we arrived at the Point of the Mountain south of Salt Lake City and we unhitched the cattle at the springs, when lo and behold another surprise was sprung on us. We learned from some of the campers that Uncle Sam's army of soldiers was coming into Utah to arrest some of the leaders of the Church and confiscate the property of the Mormon people. Also, that my company, or the Military Company of the Nauvoo Legion that I belonged to, was called out and was at that moment camped below us at the springs. My brother Josiah was there also and was going with them. I was expected to go right away as Josiah had my rifle, blankets, etc., expecting to meet me on the road home from the city and that I would join them and return to Salt Lake City with my Company. I agreed to their plans without equivocation and went instantly to the wagon telling my wife, mother and father of the circumstances and asked their consent to let me go. They gave but one answer which was, "Yes, certainly, if you are called to go, go out to defend your home and the people. We will get along all right." Father and mother agreed to take my wife to Provo with them and make her as comfortable as they could and try to get along happily together till I would return home in probably a few months time. I accordingly bid them all good bye and went down to the camp below us to present myself to the Captain James Nuttall, my Commanding Officer and Captain. I was fully expecting to get my gun and knapsack and proceed back to the plains where the enemy was in the neighborhood of Echo Canyon. Judge my surprise when, as I neared the camp, the Captain ordered me to stop, which I instantly did. The Captain then addressed me with a large military force of men behind him and said, "Companion Knowlden, I have learned from a reliable source that you have lately taken unto you a wife and that she is already here near this ground and enroute to Provo. Also, that you have been apprised of our presence here and our purpose, that you as a faithful

soldier desire with us to go forward and defend the people against the encroachments of the enemy, that you have arranged to take your gun and go forward with us. This is to command you to stay yourself and obey the officers in charge by taking yourself back to your wagon and continue your journey to Provo with your wife and friends and make them comfortable and happy. Hold yourself in readiness. After a time, another call will be made upon you by your Commanding Officer for your country. You are now honorably released from any further duties and obligations to your company, and if you desist this order, I will command a squad of men to take you and deliberately place you in your wagon beside your wife and friends and see to it that you are properly on your way home." I objected to this order to go back to Provo whereupon the squad advanced and took hold of me. My brother followed with my gun and blankets while they hitched up my team and, lifting me off my feet, threw me into the wagon, started my team toward Provo with cheers and shouts of good luck to me, my wife and family. My brother threw my gun and blankets into the wagon and the Captain again said that if necessity required, there would be other companies called out later and after I had gotten my affairs arranged, I could then join my military comrades. I had no other alternative than to go back to Provo with my kindred and friends and under the circumstances, this was a great privilege and blessing to us all. It was particularly appreciated on arriving at Provo, for we tried to get a room to put up in but there was none to spare for love nor money. I had mother's room at Provo partly built and a pantry not yet finished, so mother and father camped in the wagon and self and wife made our bed on the pantry floor. We lived this way for several weeks till I got a room built in which to dwell. The weather was good so we did not suffer, but slept as sound as two bugs in a rug and had no complaints to make as it was the best we could do. When the people got wind that I really was married, they came forward and offered to help me in any way they could, for I had made many friends and acquaintances through my clerkship in Provo and other contacts during my residence there. With a lot of my own to build on, one party offered to dig a foundation, another agreed to haul sand and clay, another to haul rock, another to haul adobies I had borrowed, and another to haul lime and sleepers, etc., etc., etc. My wife's uncle, Mr. Randall, came down from Spanish Fork to help and my wife, a new bride, rolled up her skirts and helped mix the mortar, while I tended the masons and was a jack of all trades and general overseer. I went down to the river in the cane patch and cut some cane six

to eight feet high. It made a fine roof when put onto some good stout ribs and dirt thrown on top for covering. Father made door and window frames and attended to the carpentering. He built some shelves by boring into the adobe wall before plastering and put in wooden pegs to hold them up. He made us a bedstead out of Quaking Asp Poles bound together with rawhide placed criss-cross which was A-1 and very strong. The bed was made out of cattails dried in the sun and the mattresses were of shavings of straw. He also made us some stools, benches plus some chairs and a table. We all pitched in and the place was made ready for a single coat of plastering which I gave it myself. It had a nice fireplace and chimney. Curtains were made of fancy colored calico, a blanket served as a door and a piece of domestic as a window, for we had no window sash or glass. Nails were selling at 40 cents per pound and had to be made by a blacksmith. We got along first rate, happy and contented, and in two weeks from the time we started, we were in our home. We had a party in the house and served squash pie, baked and boiled squash, sweet turnips, butter, melon preserves, pickled cucumbers and onions, ham and bacon and all of the fine delicacies of the time. We ate off tin plates and had tin cups to drink out of. We also had water and musk melons, etc., cheese, buttermilk, vinegar, cabbage, good barley, coffee, cider, succatash, roasting ears and boiled corn. I tell you that with tallow dip for candles and a glorious good appetite, we went all out when our neighbors came in to celebrate our wedding day. Of course, we did not have time to grow all these good things to eat, but our neighbors and brothers and sisters helped us out as we were just starting in life you know, and we though had made a good start. During the winter of 1857, I got logs from the Canyons and hauled them to the mill and soon had lumber to make doors and a floor for the house, as well as some small articles of furniture. I went into the adobe yard, which was near by, and made adobies enough to pay back what I had borrowed in the past summer and I also finished up my mother's house on the corner of same lot.

On May 14th, 1858, the Military Co. D of the 2nd Battalion of Infantry of the Nauvo Legion Provo Military District, was called upon to furnish 150 men to go out to meet the enemy who was threatening our home. Some of the men called to duty were Col. W. B. Pace, Regimental Commander; L. J. Buttall, Adj.; Capt. W. C. Nuttall, J. McEwan Adj.; 2nd Battalion, Acting Adj. of Co. D. Jos. Cluff, 2nd Lieut., Sergeant Richard Jones, 2nd Battalion Co. D; David Holdaway 2nd Lieut., Martin A. V. Mills,

Sergeant 1st Ten., Joseph Cluff 2nd Lieut., Richard Jones also Sergeant 1st Ten. William W. Haws, George Haws, Elliot A. Newel, George H. Bunnell, Harvey H. Cluff, Issac Cummings, Hiram Bigelow, David Holdaway, 2nd Lieut., Martin W. Mills, Sergeant, John Strong, Thomas Farrer, Hugh Lyme, William J. Ruff, George H. Knowlden, William H. Gray, Robert W. Beck and Roger Farrer, 2nd Ten. I took my gun and blankets and left Provo and passed through Salt Lake City across the mountains to East Canyon, headed for Echo, which was located on the Weber River. We were building up fortifications along the way. We stayed out guarding these fortifications and harassing the enemy till we were called home in the fall. This was after the army had been allowed to pass on into Utah, as terms had been arranged between combatants by the Peace Commissionery of the Government. This was consumated in the fall of 1858. Meanwhile, most of the people from Salt Lake City had left their comfortable homes during 1857 and gone south as far as Provo, camping out and taking with them such provisions and outfits as they could muster. They had locked up and left their houses, barns, behind them --- abandoned for the time being. But they were determined that if the worst came, they would set fire to them, along with their furniture and possessions, rather than have them fall into the hands of their enemies. Finally, however, the issues were settled satisfactorily and peace was restored. I had the opportunity during this time to get personally acquainted with President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Geo. A. Smith and most of the leading authorities, as they were in Provo and vicinity for several months. I came daily into their company for I was living on the East Bench of Provo near to where their families stayed. We became well acquainted, often accompanying them on their walks through the city until the people generally moved back to Salt Lake City. Finally, the leading authorities and their families left also.

During the fall of 1858 and part of the summer of 1859, I made adobies at Camp Floyd and also made fences, and followed chopping and hauling wood from the Canyons. I continued to live in Provo till the winter of 1861. I must mention that on May 17th, 1857, I was ordained a Seventy by Andrew Moore. I joined the 45th Quorum of Seventies and worked with them for a while. Thomas was the President of the Quorum, and we had many good times.

On the 20th of July 1858, our first baby boy was born to us, but he unfortunately took sick and died, although he seemed to be



a very fine, healthy child. We named him after his father, George Henry. Then the following year, on the July 3rd, 1859, there came to us a bright pair of twin girls, who are now living at this date, August 1, 1912. One of them, Rachele Jane, has been the mother of 11 children. The twin girls were born in Provo. During the winter of 1859 and summer and fall of 1860, I clerked for H. L. Southworth in Provo.

In 1861, I moved to Salt Lake City and clerked for Callishen & Co., General Merchants. Death struck our family again. During this period, my brother, Josiah, died on October 21, 1859 in Salt Lake City and was buried in the City Cemetery of Salt Lake City. Josiah was born in Depsford Kent, England, on Jan. 10th - 1837. At the time of his death, he was living in Provo, Utah. He had clerked for A. J. Stewart of Provo, and was in the employ of H. L. Southworth when he passed away. He had been engaged in the Echo War serving as commissary under Col. L. T. Little. He was in Company "D", 2nd Battalion of Infantry, Nauvo Legion, Provo Military District; Wm. E. Nuttall, Captain John McEwan Adj., Wm. B. Pace Col. of Regiment, L. J. Nuttall Asst. Adj. This was during the season of 1857 and 1858. His Co. was mustered out in the fall of 1858.

A remarkable circumstance occurred concerning Josiah which I will relate. During an illness of "chronic bronchities" which plagued him for over a year, he found it necessary to go to Salt Lake City and consult a physician. He was a Dr. Franse, an eminent physician and surgeon. He pronounced Josiah's case a very severe one, after giving him a critical examination but thought that with care and attention, he could effect a cure. So, he took his case in hand - and after several months attention, pronounced him well enough to return to Provo with his wife, who had been in the City attending him. As he had made many friends and acquaintances, Josiah thought he should invite some of them to an evening party and supper before leaving the city to return home. He enjoyed himself with his friends till near midnight. This was on the night of Oct. 21, 1859 and he was about to retire, feeling all right except for being a little tired. He noticed that they had burnt up all the kindling and other wood, and had nothing to light the fire with in the morning and feeling as ambitious as usual, he seized an axe, went out of the house and commenced chopping a little wood. He had left the house but a few moments when his wife found him in agony and bleeding from the lungs. She helped him into the house and immediately undressed him, placing him on the bed. In a few moments, however, he expired and was no more. He had broken a blood vessel.

The circumstances of his death and his appearance to our mother, in Provo, some forty miles south of Salt Lake City, was apparently instantaneous. I was staying at my mother's home in Provo that night as my father had gone to Salt Lake City a few days before to visit Josiah. Mother was alone and I had made my bed in the front room as she slept in a back room adjoining on the west. At about midnight and shortly after I had retired, my mother called me to her, not once but two or three times. As I opened the door, said she sitting straight up in bed, "Look, look, can't you see him? See, there is Josiah. Oh, my dear boy." Everything was dark in the room and I could not see anything but my mother sitting up in her bed gazing intently at something. I told her to compose herself, for I thought she had been dreaming. She said, "No, but be quiet and perhaps he will come again." I got a blanket and laid down on a lounge in her room and wondered what it all meant. Mother still was sitting up and gazing at the door. She said, "My dear George, something has happened to poor Josiah. I know it!" I tried to calm her and convince her that the day before we had gotten a beautiful letter from him, saying that he was cured and that the next day he would be on his way to Provo. I made inquiries as to what she saw and she said, "Josiah has visited me and he was undressed with his garments covered in blood. He looked awful strange but natural, and came in at the side door and stood at the foot of my bed." Mother (being collected) said, "Be quiet; he may come again." I blew out the light and laid me down again on the couch and waited. She fully expected him to come again for she said he had been to see her twice before she called me. She wondered why I had not seen him, for when he first came into the room, she was astonished and sat right up. He went out of the room again but immediately returned. When she called me, he was standing in front of her. She said she was about to speak to him and had called him by name but he waved his hand toward the door and left through the same door by which he entered, leaving mother alone and crying out, "George, George, Come, Come here, quiet." She told me how he appeared undressed and in his night clothes --- that he looked awful --- ghastly and white but she knew him in a moment and was about to speak to him when he passed around her bed and retired waving his right hand toward the door and then disappeared as if he were going out. I looked at the clock -- it was just past midnight the same night he died, and as near as we can learn, about the same time of night. I laid talking to my mother, trying to comfort her till morning, hoping that I also might receive a visit from my dear brother if he had really passed away. But in this, I was disappointed. Josiah died on the 21st of Oct., 1859 at about midnight. The next day,

we found out to our deepest sorrow that what mother saw was true and real, for a letter came by mail giving an account of the sad circumstances surrounding his death, confirming the events exactly the way in which my dear mother had described them to me. Of course, what she saw we believed and partially prepared us for what may have happened. But when the news of his sudden death reached us, we found that we were ill-prepared for the worst and found ourselves prostrated beyond measure, even though we all knew that our brother and son was safe and out of this world of suffering and care and that his reward was sure. He lived as he died, a faithful Son of God, true to his brother and sister, true to his wife, and above all, true to his God and his Religion. (Peace be to his ashes till we shall all meet again on the better shore - G.H.K.)

NAMES: WATSON, John Henry  
 PLACES: Sharon, Windsor, Vinn  
 ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER.  
 DATES: 14 Apr 1994  
 To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the family representative, place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.

FAMILY  
 GROUP  
 RECORD

**HUSBAND** KNOWLDEN, George Henry

Born 24 Oct 1834 Place Garden Row, Deptford, Kent, England  
 Chr. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Marr. 18 Oct 1863 Place Endowment House, S.L.C., Utah by H.C. Kimball  
 Died 30 June 1916 Place Salt Lake City, Utah  
 Bur. S.L.C. Cemetery Place Salt Lake City, Utah  
 HUSBAND'S FATHER KNOWLDEN, Thomas Bright  
 HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES (2) BURDETTE, Eliza (3) COX, Sarah (4) BURGON, Louisa

Husband KNOWLDEN, George Henry

Wife BURDETTE, Emma Mary  
 Ward \_\_\_\_\_  
 Examiners: 1. \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stake or \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mission \_\_\_\_\_  
 NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING RECORD  
 KNOWLDEN, James Dale  
 3721 Thornbrier Way  
 Bloomfield Hills, Michigan  
 48013

**WIFE** BURDETTE, Emma May

Born 18 Oct 1836 Place Dunchurch, Warwickshire, England  
 Chr. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Died \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Bur. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 WIFE'S FATHER \_\_\_\_\_  
 WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS \_\_\_\_\_  
 WIFE'S MOTHER \_\_\_\_\_

FAMILY REPRESENTATIVE  
 KNOWLDEN, Mabel Lee  
 RELATION OF F.R. TO HUSBAND \_\_\_\_\_  
 RELATION OF F.R. TO WIFE Mother

**TEMPLE ORDINANCE DATA**

	BAPTIZED (DATE)	ENDOWED (DATE)	SEALED (DATE & TEMPLE) WIFE TO HUSBAND
HUSBAND			18 Oct 1863
WIFE	19 Nov. 1849	18 Oct. 1863	SEALED (DATE & TEMPLE) CHILDREN TO PARENTS
	May 1847	18 Oct 1863	

SEX	CHILDREN	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN DIED					
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY		DAY	MONTH	YEAR			
M	1	20	July	1858	4th Ward		Utah	Utah	24	July	1858			
		List Each Child (Whether Living or Dead) in Order of Birth												
		SURNAME (CAPITALIZED) GIVEN NAMES												
M	2	18	Oct	1858	4th Ward		Utah	Utah	24	July	1858			
F	3	3	July	1858	Provo, Utah		Utah	Utah	Feb	1892				
F	4	3	July	1858	Provo Utah		Utah	Utah	DANIELS, Frank					
F	5	3	July	1858	Provo Utah		Utah	Utah	25	July	1877			
F	6	24	Oct	1861	7th Ward		S.L.	Utah	SHUPP, Charles F.			1876		
M	7	16	Nov	1863	Salt Lake City		S.L.	Utah	11	Oct	1883			
M	8	23	Dec	1864	12th Ward		S.L.	Utah	SCOTT, J.W.			16	Nov	1863
F	9	22	Nov	1865	Salt Lake City		S.L.	Utah				25	Jan	1865
M	10	22	Nov	1865	Bright							5	May	1869
M	11	30	May	1868					8	Nov	1890			
M	12	25	July	1873	Coalville Summit		Utah	Utah	Provo, Utah					
M	13	4	Mar	1895	Main Street Store		S.L.	Utah	TWELVES, Mabel			10	Yr.	Old.
F	14	31	Dec	1875	Salt Lake City		S.L.	Utah	4	Mar	1895			
F	15	6	April	1877	12th Ward		S.L.	Utah	RICKS, Tera			26	May	1876
F	16	28	June	1894	Salt Lake City		S.L.	Utah	26	May	1876			
									28	June	1894			
									ANDERSON, Andrew			5	Mar	1910

SOURCES OF INFORMATION OTHER MARRIAGES NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

Family Records of George Henry Knowlden

NAMES: WATSON, John Henry  
 PLACES: Sharon, Wrdy, Vimo  
 ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER:  
 DATES: 14 Apr 1794  
 To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the family representative, place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.

**HUSBAND** KNOWLDEN, George Henry  
 Born 24 Oct 1834 Place Garden Row, Deptford, England  
 Chr. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Marr. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Died 30 June 1916 Place Salt Lake City, Utah  
 Bur. S.L.C. Cemetery Place Salt Lake City, Utah  
 HUSBAND'S FATHER KNOWLDEN, Thomas Bright  
 HUSBAND'S MOTHER ASHBY, Rachel  
 HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES (2) BURDETTE, Eliza (3) COX, Sarah (Married by proxy)

Husband KNOWLDEN, George Henry  
 Wife COX, Sarah  
 Word 1.  
 Examiners: 2.  
 Stake or Mission \_\_\_\_\_  
 NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING RECORD  
 KNOWLDEN, James Dale  
 3721 Thornbrier Way  
 Bloomfield Hills, Michigan  
 48013

**WIFE** COX, Sarah  
 Born 26 Aug 1851 Place Wield, Hampshire, England  
 Chr. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Died 28 Jan 1937 Place Salt Lake City, Utah  
 Bur. S.L.C. Cemetery Place Salt Lake City, Utah  
 WIFE'S FATHER \_\_\_\_\_  
 WIFE'S MOTHER \_\_\_\_\_  
 WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS \_\_\_\_\_

FAMILY REPRESENTATIVE  
 KNOWLDEN, Mabel Lee  
 RELATION OF F.R. TO HUSBAND \_\_\_\_\_  
 RELATION OF F.R. TO WIFE  
 Mother

**TEMPLE ORDINANCE DATA**

BAPTIZED (DATE) \_\_\_\_\_  
 ENDOWED (DATE) \_\_\_\_\_  
 SEALING (DATE & TEMPLE)  
 WIFE TO HUSBAND \_\_\_\_\_  
 HUSBAND \_\_\_\_\_

SEX	CHILDREN	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN DIED			WIFE	NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS
		SURNAME (CAPITALIZED)	GIVEN NAMES	DAY MONTH YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY		TO WHOM	DAY MONTH YEAR			
M	1	KNOWLDEN, Thomas Bright	Cox	29 May 1872	12th Ward Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	13 Jan 1879				28 Aug 1871	
M	2	KNOWLDEN Ernest Henry	Cox	8 Mar 1874	12th Ward Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	30 Oct 1874				1859 at (Married by Portsea H.D. Wills)	
M	3	KNOWLDEN, Walter Francis	Cox	29 Dec 1875	Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	12 Sept 1899	1 Oct 1955				
F	4	KNOWLDEN, Lilly Emma	Cox	29 Dec 1877	Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	19 June 1901				4 Aug 1885	
M	5	KNOWLDEN, Charles Archibald	Cox	24 Jan 1881	Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	28 Sept 1898	9 Dec 1941			24 June 1886	
M	6	KNOWLDEN, Richard Wayman	Cox	13 April 1883	Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	5 Oct 1904				24 Jan 1889	
M	7	KNOWLDEN, William John	Cox	26 Sept 1885	Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	26 Sept 1908	15 June 1963			30 Aug 1892	
M	8	KNOWLDEN, Albert Edward	Cox	28 Mar 1888	Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah					1 Oct 1894	
M	9	KNOWLDEN, Leonard Wilford	Cox	3 Nov 1890	Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	17 June 1914	5 Feb 1947			6 Mar 1897	
F	10	KNOWLDEN, Georgie May	Cox	2 June 1893	Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	26 June 1912				5 Nov 1898	
M	11	KNOWLDEN, Leslie Roberts	Cox	10 Oct 1895	Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	BROOME, Elmer E.				6 July 1901	
								SERVICE, Jennie				31 Oct 1903	

SOURCES OF INFORMATION: Family Records of George Henry Knowlden

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

GS 100 (1964)  
FORM 1179-4-59  
STOCK, CA 037

NAMES: WATSON, John Henry  
PLACES: Skoron, Windsor, Virm

ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER  
DATES: 14 Apr. 1794

FAMILY  
GROUP  
RECORD

**HUSBAND** KNOWLDEN, George Henry

Born 24 Oct 1834 Place Garden Row, Deptford, Kent, England  
Chr. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
Marr. 1 Jan 1872 Place Salt Lake City, Utah  
Died 30 June 1916 Place Salt Lake City, Utah  
Bur. S.L.C. Cemetery Place Salt Lake City, Utah

HUSBAND'S FATHER KNOWLDEN, Thomas Bright  
HUSBAND'S MOTHER ASHBY, Rachel  
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES (1) BURDETTE, Mary Ann Emma, (2) BURDETTE, Eliza Amelia, (3) COX, Sarah

Husband KNOWLDEN, George Henry

Wife BURGON, Louisa  
Ward 1.  
Examiners: 2.  
Stake or  
Mission

NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING RECORD  
KNOWLDEN, James Dale  
3721 Thornbrier Way  
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan  
48013

**WIFE** BURGON, Louisa

Born 10 Sept 1851 Place Gosport, England  
Chr. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
Died 15 Nov 1904 Place Salt Lake City, Utah  
Bur. S.L.C. Cemetery Place Salt Lake City, Utah (Assumed)

WIFE'S FATHER \_\_\_\_\_  
WIFE'S MOTHER \_\_\_\_\_  
WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS \_\_\_\_\_

FAMILY REPRESENTATIVE  
KNOWLDEN, Mabel Lee  
RELATION OF F.R. TO HUSBAND  
RELATION OF F.R. TO WIFE  
Mother

TEMPLE ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED (DATE)	ENDOWED (DATE)	SEALED (DATE & TEMPLE) WIFE TO HUSBAND
HUSBAND 19 Nov 1849	18 Oct 1863	1 Jan 1872
WIFE 1860		SEALED (DATE & TEMPLE) CHILDREN TO PARENTS

SEX M F	CHILDREN List Each Child (Whether Living or Dead) in Order of Birth SURNAME (CAPITALIZED) GIVEN NAMES	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE TO WHOM	WHEN DIED DAY MONTH YEAR
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY		
M	KNOWLDEN, James Joseph	19	Dec	1872	12th Ward Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	(San Francisco, California)	5 Dec 1886
M	KNOWLDEN, Fredrick Willard	24	July	1874	Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	(Inglewood, California)	1 Feb 1942
M	KNOWLDEN, Louis Edward	6	Sept	1876	Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	(Salt Lake City, Utah)	17 Sept 1877
M	KNOWLDEN, Arthur Eugene	1	Aug	1878	Salt Lake City,	S.L.	Utah	(San Francisco, California)	9 Dec 1886

SOURCES OF INFORMATION OTHER MARRIAGES NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

Family Records of George Henry Knowlden