

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF JOHN CHATTERLEY
as given by his daughter NANCY C. WALKER

John Chatterley, son of Joseph and Nancy Morton Chatterley was born in Salford, a suburb of Manchester, England, July 4, 1835. His father was a well-to-do merchant of the middle class and was also a master mechanic and wheelwright. They had a very beautiful home and were comfortably located when they first heard the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints with which they became affiliated in their native land.

Soon after joining the church the family consisting of father, mother, two sons John and Morton, two daughters Ann and Charlotte decided they would make their way to Utah and cast their lot with the good people in Zion as it was then called by the missionaries. Accordingly on the 3rd of September 1850 they left their home in Manchester and went to Liverpool where they were to board the ship to cross the Atlantic ocean.

They set sail on the 6th of September 1850 on the ship North Atlantic, commanded by Captain Brown. The company of Saints on this ship numbering 356 was under the leadership of a man by the name of Sudworth. There were also other passengers on board making a total of over 500. The captain and crew ~~were~~ were very kind to the passengers and did everything in their power to make the voyage as pleasant as possible.

All went well the first day while they were sailing down the river Mersey, and the captain let them dance on the quarter deck and parade all they cared to but as they came into the Irish Channel which is most always rough and unusually so that day on account of a storm most of the passengers became desperately seasick, there being only five out of the 356 steerage passengers who were able to be on their feet. Father being one of these

said they were kept busy all day and far into the night waiting on the sick, bringing hot water, tea and coffee from the cook's galley to try and relieve their misery a little. He said he was never more tired in all his life than he was that night when they finally had time to get a little rest. It was a sight never to be forgotten, some were crying, some praying, some berating themselves for having left their native shores, etc. And to make matters worse there were hundreds of loose articles such as kettles, cans, boxes, etc. rolling around on the floor of the ship as it tossed from side to side making it almost impossible to get about. The sailors took quite a liking to this lad of 15 who was such a good sport and so willing to help others and they gave him many privileges and pleasures that the others did not enjoy. They let him climb the main mast, slide down the ropes, etc. which of course was against the rules. One evening as he was sliding down a rope, President Sudworth came along just in time to have his hat knocked off by the foot of this miscreant which of course caused quite an uproar and he no doubt would have been severely punished had not the sailors taken him away to their quarters up in the nose of the vessel which was better sport than ever where they kept him three days and nights until the trouble had blown over. Of course they told his parents where he was. His father had two valuable shepherd dogs on board and he was put in charge of them to feed and water them and lead them around on deck.

After they had been sailing about four weeks they ran short of fresh water. That is they had plenty in barrels but it had gone bad and wasn't fit to use until it had purified itself again. So the fresh water was rationed out to the passengers, only about half as much as they needed and father said he was often glad to take a drink out of the dogs' dish, they being allowed double portion.

When they got down near the Equator, of course the weather was awfully warm and made the people feel drowsy. One day there were quite a number up on deck who had fallen asleep and the sailors put the boys up to the trick of painting their faces so they got some soot and painted a beard and mustache on some of them, also daubing their own faces so they wouldn't be suspected and they got a lot of sport out of it without being found out.

After almost 8 weeks of rough sailing they landed at New Orleans on the 31st of October. After resting here three days they embarked on a river steamer called the Sultana which was to take them to St. Louis Missouri where they arrived on the 8th of November 1850. The family remained here several months in order for grandfather and his men to make wagons in which to cross the plains to Utah. Fourteen wagons were made, four of which he disposed of, the other ten being used for his family and six other families he provided a way for.

They left St. Louis early in April 1851 in the John Brown Company. There were 60 wagons in all which were divided up into companies of ten. It being spring and summertime they did not suffer the hardships that some of the emigrants did although it was a long tedious journey and they had many discouraging experiences.

The train was always stopped to rest over Sunday and hold meeting and occasionally a stop would be made to hunt game with which to replenish their depleted larders. On one occasion father in company with a Mr. Breen was hunting out some distance from camp when they came upon a group of boys from the camp, his brother Mart, James and Tom Corlett and others who had a group of 5 or 6 Sioux Indian boys about their average in the creek trying to make them wade down the stream to where it was quite deep. They started the boys back to camp, let the Indian boys get out of the water and started on their way again but hadn't gone very

far until they were overtaken by a small group of Indians on horseback who immediately commenced firing upon them, the bullets whizzing by altogether too close to be comfortable. The two thought they were surely doomed but ran as fast as they could and they happened to be where there were numerous mounds of loose gravel and sand that were difficult for the Indian ponies to surmount and the Indians soon became discouraged and turned back--possibly they were shooting more to frighten them than anything else. But at this time they were still hostile and troublesome to the emigrants making it necessary to guard the wagons and cattle at night. Grandfather was captain of one group of ten wagons and each able-bodied man was required to take his turn at guarding. Grandfather being a wheelwright, his time was pretty well taken up each evening helping the men fix up their wagons and keep them in good condition. So instead of asking his men to put in a few extra hours on duty he had father do his share of guard duty as well as his own which made it rather strenuous for a boy just turning 16 who had never been used to that kind of work.

They arrived in the Salt Lake Valley the latter part of September 1851, just a year from the time they left their home in England.

Father relates a little incident here that happened just as they came into the city, Salt Lake being now four years old. He was sent back for a cow that had been left behind and on the way back had run across two other animals belonging to the company which he also drove into camp. The horse he was riding was so tired it could hardly walk so he tied it to a fence and proceeded to drive the animals on foot, this is the way he describes the scene.

"Just imagine a fellow going through the streets of a city having to tie his horse to a fence while he ran after three animals each one going in a different direction, into somebody's corral or cabbage patch or wherever they wanted to go. Finally getting them together and on their way, then have to run back and bring the horse up to another hitching post. It had been raining and I was wet through and certainly was a comical looking specimen of humanity. My clothes torn to ribbons flying in the breeze where they weren't clinging to my

body like the bark to a tree. When I sidled up to a crowd to ask if anyone knew where Mr. Cook lived, the place ~~where~~ my father was going to stay, nobody seemed to know and when I left there was a general ha! ha! which made me so mad I felt like I could fight a whole regiment of such grinning galoots as they seemed to be."

The family had not been in Salt Lake very long when they with several other families were called to go to Iron County and settle on Coal Creek and assist in the manufacture of iron. So in the fall of 1851 they wended their way to Southern Utah, staying in Parowan a few days to rest before proceeding on down to Cedar City. The company was in charge of brother Henry Lunt and they came into camp on the site of the first old fort about a mile north west of our present town in the evening of November 11, 1851. My father and several men were ahead of the wagons, driving the loose animals so he was the first white child known to cross Coal Creek.

They set to work immediately building a fort to protect themselves from the Indians. The houses were built of logs a short distance apart and the spaces in between were built of logs and mud to a height of about 8 feet which made a pretty fair fortress but guarding day and night was still necessary and the men of the company all did their share of this work.

That winter was an open one and a field of about 400 acres of land was surveyed and plotted for farming. Fences were built, ditches dug and everything done that could be preparatory to planting crops the following spring.

During the first year or two the people went pretty short of the necessities of life but were happy and uncomplaining. A survey was made of the provisions on hand that first winter and it was found there was not enough flour to last until spring so three men, Alexander Ross, Wm. C. Mitchell and John Chatterley were sent to Lanti to purchase wheat enough to last until the next summer. They

In the evening a dance was given at the C. S. A. Hall. Saturday morning at 9 a.m., the Bullock family reassembled in the Relief Society Hall where a sumptuous breakfast was given and in the afternoon a program and dance was given for all Bullock children. Saturday evening at five a family dinner was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bullock.

This reunion was the last time Dave saw many of his friends, for on January 8, 1927, he took sick and was only sick ten days before he died. The doctors didn't really know what was the cause but thought it to be a kidney infection.

Dave had eleven children by his first wife, of which five are now living and two by his second wife, of which one is still living.

The friends that Dave had, will always remember him as a courageous, strong and sturdy pioneer, and some of the men in Cedar City today will always remember him as giving them their first start in life.