

A HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF ANDREW VICKERS MILLWARD
November 23, 1916

I will write a brief account of my life.

I was born November 28, 1839 in the village of Greasbrough, 2 miles from the town of Rotherham, Yorkshire, England of goodly parents. My father's name was George Millward and his wife's name was Grace Vickers. My grandfather's name was Edward Millward and his wife's name was Mary, (I don't know her maiden name). Thomas Vickers and Elizabeth Hague were my grandparents on my mother's side.

I was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints by Elder Robert Edwards, November 11, 1856, (60 years this month) in the Rotherham Branch, at the Sheffield Conference, Yorkshire, England. I was ordained a teacher by Elder Peter Betts about the year 1857, and a priest by Elder Joseph F. Smith, (now President) 1861.

I was married April 15, 1862 in Leeds, to Louisa Eastham, by Samuel H. B. Smith, Yorkshire, England. We left Liverpool, England, Sunday, April 20, about 10:00 AM on the ship "John J. Boyd," of Captain Willians.

Under the presidency of James S. Brown, we arrived in New York, Sunday, June 1, 1862, (about 6 weeks on the Atlantic Ocean). Left New York Tuesday evening, June 3rd. Arrived the next morning at the Niagra Falls, crossed the suspension bridge over the St. Lawrence River. After visiting the falls, we left on the Canadian side of the river, traveled through some part of Canada to keep away from trouble.

As the Civil War was then going on between the North and South, we had to ride in base cars or anything else we could get as almost all the trains were in charge of the Army. But we went through to St. Joseph, (that was as far as the railroad came West), without accident. We only traveled in the daytime most of the way to St. Joseph for fear of bridges being burned down.

On our arrival at St. Joseph, we learned that there had been a battle there 2 days before. We could see where the battle had been fought, as there were many new rifles and knapsacks on the battlefield where men had been killed.

We stayed at St. Joseph, Missouri, till evening, then went on the steam boat "The Eagle", (whose smoke stack was riddled with bullets during the battle). The captain of the boat and Elder James S. Brown (our President), with other leading elders, held a council and came to the conclusion that it was not safe for us to stay in St. Joseph that night (there were 700 immigrants in the company), as the soldiers and men folks were coming home that night and were ready to fight with anybody (and Mormons were looked upon as bad as secessionists). We left about 7:00 PM, up the Missouri River. Went about 15 miles and stayed there all night. The country was infested with what was known as Guerrillas and Bush Whackers (Robbers) same thing, after the type of the Valler Band in Mexico.

The state of Missouri was part slave and part free in 1862, and there were battles fought in that state during the rebellion. But we got through all right and arrived at Florence (Winter Quarters) June 11, 1862 all in good health and spirits. We stayed around Florence and Council Bluffs 6 weeks getting ready to cross the plains.

During our stay, me and uncle Jim Ratclife worked around the saw mills, repairing boilers or anything we found to work at. Lucy and Emma stayed most of the time at Council Bluffs with uncle Jim Huntington's family, (mother Eastham's brother).

With what money we earned, and selling some of our clothes, we bought a wagon, a yoke of cattle, and two cows. We got our outfit of provisions to cross the plains from the church store in Florence from an order from Bishop William G. Young of Grantsville. Mother Eastham let him have some money when he was on a mission to England, so we came in the independent train of James S. Brown. We left Florence Monday, July 28 and arrived in Salt Lake City, October 2, 1862, 2 months and 4 days crossing the plains.

We had only one death on the plains and 3 on the ocean so that I think we were blessed and favored of the Lord on our way to the Land of Zion, and for all mercies past and present I feel to say, blessed be the name of the Lord forever and let all present and those absent, when you read or see this sketch of my life say AMEN.

We stayed 2 days in the Salt Lake City, then came out to Grantsville, where I Have lived ever since and where I expect to end my mortal life so far as I know.

I will send this brief sketch tomorrow so you will have it on my birthday. There are so many things that would be interesting to you where the hand of the Lord has been visible in my journey through life that it would take a long letter to tell them all, but I will either write it myself or get someone else to help me write it.

I will just say me and your mother and I left our Native Land for the gospel's sake in our youth, and we never had any cause to regret the step we took, for it has not only been a blessing to us, but to all of our children, and will be to all future generations if they will try and do about right, for you have been born in a Land of Promise, where you will be preserved in peace while other parts of world will be in war and distress.

So don't be afraid to help sustain the work of the Lord with your tithes and offerings for remember that the Earth is the Lord's and man and all that dwell therein.

Goodnight with love and a father's blessing.

Andrew Vickers Millward. Grantsville, Utah. November 24, 1916

I will send you other letters before long, as this is only just a brief story of my life. Hope you will have an enjoyable time together on November 28, 1916. It is 1:30 AM