

Family History

James Carruth, father of David Carruth, father of Dora Dean Carruth Welch

James Carruth Great Grandfather of David, born 1743 Shield Groven, or Goven Lanark, Renfrew, Scotland

Marion Stewart wife of James Carruth was born September 22, 1745 Killellan, Renfrew, Scotland

William Carruth, 3rd of 9 children of James and Marion,
born September 1, 1781

Mary Barr, wife of William, born March 14, 1790 Gryfe Wreas, Houston,
Renfrewshire, Scotland

James Carruth ----- July 30, 1816 -- 1st of 5 children

Jemima Jones, wife of James born February 13, 1855

David Carruth second son of James & Jemima,
father of Dora Dean Carruth Welch

James CARRUTH Born July 30, 1816 Renfrew, Renfrew, Scotland.

James and members of his family joined the Church while in Scotland.

They were taught the Gospel by an Elder Cahoon. Crossed the plains to Utah with the Willard Richards Company 1848 at the age of 31.

Account taken from Brigham Young and His Mormon Empire

By Frank J. Cannon and George L. Knapp

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All that winter, Brigham Young and his aids laboured to make ready for the grand emigration in the spring. In May, 1848, camp was formed on the Elkhorn as in previous movements. The leading

company, under direct command of Brigham, moved west from this rendezvous June 5 ; the last of the rearguard started July 5. All told, there were two thousand four hundred and seventeen persons and seven hundred and ninety-two wagons on the trail. Rather more than half the total -- one thousand two hundred and twenty-nine persons and three hundred and ninety-seven wagons -- were in the leading division under Brigham; six hundred and sixty-two persons and two hundred and twenty-six wagons came in the middle division under Heber Kimball; and **five hundred and twenty-six persons with one hundred and sixty-nine wagons formed the rearguard under Willard Richards**. The animal census of the companies under Brigham and Heber Kimball was taken by some of their clerks, and reads as follows:

"Oxen, two thousand and twelve; cows, nine hundred and eighty-three; loose cattle, three hundred and thirty-four; horses, one hundred and thirty-two; mules, one hundred and sixteen; sheep, six hundred and fifty-four; pigs, two hundred and thirty-seven; chickens, nine hundred and four; dogs, one hundred and thirty-four; cats, fifty-four; goats, three; geese, ten; ducks, eleven; hives of bees, five; one crow and one squirrel."

The cats were not the least important members of the migration, as the settlers had been troubled with mice. The number of sheep driven across the plains shows that Brigham meant to have business for the carding-machine stowed so carefully in one of his wagons.

The emigrating Mormons were on the road three and one-half months, yet only four of their number died. This is truly a remarkable record, but their trip was not so smooth as to be monotonous. Richards, in particular, fared badly. It was inevitable that the president of the church and his first counselor should attract around themselves more than a due proportion of the stronger and more successful men of the community; and not even military communism could keep equipment equal where abilities were diverse.

Richards had to yoke every milk cow and nearly every yearling heifer to his carts before the end of the journey. Some of his families, men, women, and children, walked all the way from the Missouri river to the Salt Lake valley. On the Sweetwater -- that misnamed stream of ill omen for the Mormons -- a number of Richards' scanty supply of cattle were poisoned and messengers had to be sent to bring back help from the companies ahead. Yet he did not lose a human being on the trip, and finished with all his command in good health. It is an eloquent testimony to the enduring qualities of the human frame when put to a test.

Brigham reached Salt Lake City with part of his company on September 20, 1848, the other companies following in the order and at about the rate of their departure. There were now nearly five thousand persons in the valley, and the first thought of their practical leader was how this considerable colony would manage to live through the winter. The crop, though saved from utter destruction by the gulls, was still a partial failure, and the incoming immigrants had brought but a fraction of the supplies needed to sustain them until another

harvest. The outlook was not encouraging; but Brigham faced it cheerfully, and made careful preparation for the next season. Grounds in the city were distributed to the newcomers by lot. A field of eight thousand acres was fenced, divided into small parcels of five, ten, and forty-acre tracts, and apportioned in the same manner. Work was begun on roads, and a one per cent property tax was levied for bridge building. Schools were opened, and a council house was started. But the chief care of every one was first to get in a crop, and next to provide some sort of shelter for the coming winter.

That winter proved a time of trial worse than any had anticipated. Expecting a repetition of the milk season a year before, the newcomers had failed to provide themselves with fuel from the canyons. Many of them had not built houses, expecting to camp the winter through in their prairie schooners or covered wagons. Instead of the gentle weather they expected, there came a series of storms which piled the canyons full of snow; and then followed a season of bitter cold that pinched the half-fed settlers like a breath from Siberia. Stock died by hundreds. Food supplies threatened to give out. On February 8, 1849, an inventory was taken, which showed that there was in the valley only three-quarters of a pound of breadstuffs per capita per day if the supply were to last till July 5. It was believed that some persons had concealed stores; but even so, the condition was little short of desperate. A hunting party was organized, but it brought in little game. Several efforts to reach Fort Bridger were baffled by the snow-filled canyons. Some of the poorer families were stewing hides for food before the snow melted and all were digging roots as

soon as the spring permitted. The iron rule of their leader was all that saved the colony from shipwreck.

In spite of the gnawing pinch of hunger, Brigham's preparations for empire went steadily forward. Printing-press and outfit of type had been carried across the plains in this latest emigration. In most American communities, the first use of this resource of civilization would have been the printing of a newspaper, or perhaps a prospectus of lands or mines. But Brigham's practical mind had already set its impress on the exiled Saints; and the printing-press in Utah was baptized in another manner. It was used for the printing of fifty-cent and dollar bills, to provide a circulating medium in the almost complete absence of "United States money." At the time, this was a just and proper proceeding, though perhaps a bit unconventional. But the historian, taking his place with the exiled Mormons, and looking down the years to the present, when the head of the church is likewise president of nearly a dozen commercial corporations, will find something prophetic in this initial use of a printing-press.

(According to Granny Welch, her grandfather worked as a stone cutter when he got to the Salt Lake Valley)

Jemima JONES Born February 13, 1855 at Cardiff, Glamorgan, , Wales
crossed to Utah with the Samuel D. White Company of 1866 at the age of
11. (*See church history Samuel D. White Company 1866)

Listed Below are the Jones family members who crossed in 1866

Jones, David 54	Jones, Sophia 6
Jones Elizabeth 18	Jones Sophia 44
Jones Jemima Rees 47	Jones Thomas Edward 3
Jones Jeremiah 12	Jones William 9
Jones Margaret 19	Jones William 49
Jones Phillip 17	

(History of Brough family taken from their web site; given as an example of the experiences of those who crossed with the Samuel D. White Company)

Samuel and Elizabeth Brough and their four children left Liverpool on 30 May 1863 on the ship "Cynosure" and came with a company of 754 Saints under the direction of David M. Stewart. They arrived in New York Harbor on July 19. While on board ship there was an epidemic of measles. Their little son, Samuel, became very sick with the measles. Several times they were afraid he would die and be buried at sea. He finally improved, but never was very healthy after this.

Soon after arriving in New York, Samuel and Elizabeth and their four children started westward, traveling part of the way to Florence, Nebraska in cattle cars. They crossed the Missouri River near Florence on the ferry. Shortly after arriving in Nebraska, Samuel died on 7 August 1863 with complications from the measles. He was buried in the Mormon cemetery in a dry-goods box at Florence,

Nebraska. He was dressed in a little colored nightgown. Elizabeth took the crepe from her bonnet (that she had worn to her father's funeral the year before) to stuff the cracks in the box.

They remained in Florence until 15 August 1863, waiting for the pipes for the Salt Lake Tabernacle organ to arrive. They then started across the plains in the Samuel D. White Company. Several families were allotted to each wagon. A bedridden woman rode in their wagon. Elizabeth walked much of the way and carried her baby, 5 month old Liza. Mary walked part way but Jane rode because she was a cripple.

Samuel walked and drove a team all the way to Utah. Every morning and evening they had company prayers and everyone was supposed to attend. The company stopped one-half day each week for the women to wash. They washed their clothes in the creek (without soap) and hung them on bushes to dry.

Snow had fallen before they reached Salt Lake City on 15 October 1863, making it cold and miserable.

James and Jemima were married April 11, 1870 at Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. (I am 99% sure that it was not a match of romance but one of assignment by Church leaders.)

She was 15, he was 53

Her first son James William Carruth was born on July 4 1871, she was 16 at the time. James died June 07, 1963 at the age of 91 Years 11 months and 3 days

Her second son David Carruth was born on May 12, 1874 Sandy, Salt Lake, Ut

He died May 14, 1949 at the age of 75 years and 2 days.

Jemima's husband James died November 25, 1877 at the age of 61 at Murray, Salt Lake, Utah.

At the death of her husband, Jemima was 22 years of age, her sons were 6 and 3. She lived another 52 years as a widow. She was committed to the Provo Asylum for what cause I do not know nor the year of the commitment. (Granny Welch said while taking her husband's body to the funeral, the team ran away and she was thrown off of the wagon when it tipped over resulting in an injury to her head.) She died at the age of 74 years 9 months and 10 days at Provo, Provo, Utah and is buried at the Provo Cemetery.