

# Elizabeth Brockbank - by Inez B. Allred

Elizabeth Brockbank Bushnell by Inez B. Allred Excerpt from a book entitled, "An Historical and Genealogical Record of Isaac Brockbank, Sr.", P. 92-94.

Elizabeth Brockbank was born 8 November, 1838 in Liverpool, England. [In a book entitled, "An Historical and Genealogical Record of Isaac Brockbank, Sr.", which was printed in book form soon after January 1, 1959 and sponsored by a family trust for family members, it lists the birth date as 8 November 1839. The reason to list the birth date as 8 November 1838 is a Primary source record of her Christening date shows a date of 27 January 1839 in Liverpool, Lancashire, England from FHL microfilm 1595423 and it lists her father as Isaac Brockbank and Mother as Elizabeth Mainwaring], in Liverpool, England. It also lists the birth date as 9 November 1838]. She remembered going to church every Sunday with her father, who taught a class. This was the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and then there was talk of her father joining another church and planning to go to America. Their mother was not too happy about this, but Elizabeth and her elder brother, Isaac, wanted to go. Their mother came, of course, and the children were delighted with the prospect of crossing the ocean and seeing a big, new country. Salt Lake City was only a name to them, but they knew the Saints were gathering there.

They sailed from the Victoria Dock at Liverpool on February 11, 1852, on a merchant ship that had been fitted up for emigrants, the Ellen Marie, with Captain Whitmore. In eight weeks and two days they reached New Orleans. It had been a rough voyage. They took a steamer up the Mississippi River to St. Louis. After two days they took the St. Ange to Kansas City. While going up the Mississippi they saw the survivors of the Saluda; a boiler on that ship had exploded, and many passengers were burned. Elizabeth never forgot the suffering she saw there.

While they waited in Kansas City for wagons, cholera broke out in the camp of the Saints. This condition and other discouragements caused many of the people the Brockbank had become acquainted with to re-consider the journey. However, the Brockbank move on.

Elizabeth knew her mother was very upset at leaving these friends and continuing the journey to a place she had little desire to see. She did everything she could for the children, but to everything else she seemed quite indifferent. The Company was in charge of A.O. Smoot and had been making about one hundred miles a week. The latter part of July they passed Fort Laramie, and one day just before noon they came to a very steep hill. Her mother got out of the wagon to walk with some other women. Wild currant bushes were full of fruit, especially at the foot of the hill where there was a good patch of them near the water. This was the last place Mother Brockbank was seen by any of the company. She was not missed until they camped for noon. Her son, Isaac, hurriedly rode back to the bushes and called and called, but she was not there.

Camp was made on Horse Shoe Creek and Elizabeth's father and Chris Layton, Captain Smoot's first assistant, went back to look for her. They found pony tracks near the water, and they hurried on to Fort Laramie, but there was no trace of her. The authorities there were sympathetic and promised to send word to Salt Lake if any trace of her was found, but it was thought the Indians

had stolen her. It was impossible for her husband to forget that she did not want to come and had said, "If I don't like it there I will return."

With this worry on his mind, Elizabeth's father became very ill, which added to the anxiety of her mind. He was confined to his bed in the wagon and many thought he would die. But with the faith and prayers of the people and the elders who administered to him and sat over him, he began to get well.

Agnes, the youngest child, was not weaned and she cried day and night. Everyone was kind and tried to help Elizabeth but she was the only one who could do anything for the baby. Her own grief was put aside for her to mother the children and help her father. They arrived in Salt Lake City on the 4th of September, and were met on Union Square by many of the Saints. President Young was there to welcome them and give them advice about their diet until they got used to the mountain climate. The Brockbank family was to stay with the Thomas Hall family in the 19th Ward until they decided where to go. They stayed there about a month.

On the 2nd of October, Elizabeth's father married a lady who had come from England in the same company, Sarah Brown. On the 6th they left for Utah County, where they were to settle. On the 10th they reached Palmyra, and here they made a dugout of good size to live in, and began to prepare for the winter. They got flour for threshing wheat on shares, doing the work with a "flail". Their cows managed to live among the willows along the lake and wintered fairly well. Winter came early, and before it ended they had to trade some of their clothes for food. In this way they got some potatoes, and they shot jack rabbits.

One day Elizabeth's father sent her to fetch the cow from the willow patch. Just as she was on her way home she saw a big Indian coming after her. When she ran he ran too, so she ran into a patch of brush, and falling on her knees she asked God to save her. The Indian followed her into the brush, but God answered her prayers by blinding his eyes. He began poking the brush and hitting around with a big stick, almost striking her. He finally gave up and went away. When her fear subsided she crawled out of the brush and began running towards home. She met her father who had become alarmed at her long absence and was on his way to find her.

The Indians became very troublesome, and the soil was full of alkali and very poor, so Brigham Young advised them to move to Spanish Fork. The water was better there too. They built an adobe house and moved there in 1854.

When she was fifteen, and the family was still living in Palmyra, she went to live with a family named Pollock. They were quite well fixed because they had been in the valley for some time. Mr. Pollock used this to persuade her to marry him and go with his older wife to southern Utah, where he had been called. She started south with them, but before they reached Fillmore she repented of her rash act in marrying an older man and leaving home while so young. There she found a friend whom she had known in Salt Lake. She refused to go on, and this friend hid her and stood by her. Sometime later, President Young came through Fillmore on his way to Dixie. She went to him and told him of her story, asking that he help her. Her marriage was annulled by his order.

She married John Bushnell who had been sent to Fillmore by Pres. Young. They had the first post office, and a little store. Elizabeth kept the books and cooked for the mail carriers. Her brother, Isaac, was one of the first mail carriers for Fillmore. Their first four children were born there, and then they heard President Young preach a sermon about providing for your own by having something for them to do. They wanted to get on a farm where the boys would be employed at home. They traded their property in Fillmore for farm land in Meadow, and were one of the first families to live there.

When the Primary was organized there by Zina D. Young and Eliza R. Snow, she was chosen as a counselor to Sarah Stott. When Sister Stott died she became the second Primary President in Meadow. Later she served as counselor in the Relief Society to Martha Bennett. She sang in the choir and was always busy in the church and community. She prepared the dead for burial, and spent much of her time with the sick. She had a special gift for nursing and over a period of years "Grandmother Bushnell" was sent for whenever anyone in the little town had sickness or an accident. She had great faith and often went where others were afraid to go. Once she went into the home of Robert Edwards where they were all down with diphtheria. Her daughter, Elizabeth, told how she cried and begged her mother to come home when she came to the fence to see how her own family was getting along, but she could not leave for even the mother was down. As the children got well they were sent to relatives and neighbors, while she continued to care for the very sick mother. When the mother died she prepared her body for burial. Men came with the coffin to the door, but did not want to come in. She told them to tie handkerchiefs over their mouths and come and lift the body into the coffin, saying, "This is one thing I cannot do alone." She fumigated her clothing by burning sulphur in a room. She never refused to help people until her children, because of her age, refused to let her keep going. She will always be remembered for her pleasant countenance, her kind, gentle and loving ways. She always thought of others.

She washed, pulled and carded the wool that made their clothing and bedding. When the woolen mills opened in Provo they had blankets, as well as wool filled quilts, made from their own wool, for grandfather and his sons had gone into the sheep business. They took all the sheep owned in Meadow to care for. Unfortunately her husband died in 1882, leaving the boys to carry on with their mother's help. She was always interested in what they did, and lived for 40 more years to guide them. She held them together in love and confidence that was inspirational. They were known as the Bushnell Brothers, and were united by that great love and devotion which she instilled in every one of her children. She taught them honesty, integrity, and devotion, and they were known for these qualities. Her troubles were many, but she often said the loss of her mother was the greatest sorrow in her life, and it steeled her for those that followed.