

WILLIAM GOBLE

William Goble was born 25 Feb 1817 at Brighton, Sussex, England; a son of William Goble and Harriet Johnson. I haven't been able to gather anything of his boyhood days. He married Mary Penfold, who was born 26 Sep 1814 at Brighton Sussex, England; a daughter of John and Sarah Penfold. William and Mary were married 12 Jan 1841 at Brighton, Sussex, England where they made their home, owning and operating a green grocery store. They were the parents of eight children, their names were:

- William – born 19 Jan 1842, died 17 Aug 1849
- Mary – born 2 Jun 1843, died 12 Oct 1913
- Edwin – born 29 Sep 1845, died 27 Oct 1913
- Caroline – born 21 Jan 1848, died 14 Feb 1923
- Harriet – born 31 May 1850, died 20 Jun 1890
- James – born 25 Mar 1852, died fall of 1856
- Fanny – born 23 Jul 1854, died 19 Jul 1856
- Edith – born 23 Sep 1856, died 19 Jul 1856

Brother and Sister Goble joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and were baptized in March of 1855. On the 19th of May 1856 they left their native land for the Gospel, going to London the first day, the next day to Liverpool going on board the ship “Horizon” that evening. It was a sailing vessel; there were almost nine hundred on board. They all sang “Farewell Our Native Land, Farewell” as England faded away. They landed at Boston after six weeks on the ship and then took a train to Iowa City where they bought the outfits for the trip across the plains.

Little Fanny came down with the measles while on the ship. While in Iowa City, there was a very bad thunder storm and wind storm came up blowing down their shelter, made of handcars and some quilts. Little Fanny got wet and died on July 19, 1856. She would have been two-years-old on July 23. She was buried at Iowa City. It was hard to leave her there. They went to Council Bluffs where they started the trip of one thousand miles across the plains.

They could travel about 15-25 miles a day, stopping one day a week to wash and on Sundays they held meetings and rested. Each morning and evening the bugle was blown for prayer. John Hunter was captain. The Indians were so bad he had the company stop early and get the supper over; then travel a few miles so there would be no light from fire. Their camp was called ‘dark camp.’

One night, Brother Goble was on guard. The cattle went on a stampede; the bugles were blown and everyone was frightened to find an Indian with a buffalo hide stretched over him. Brother Goble hurried to the wagons and told them not to be afraid.

Their company caught up with the handcart company the next day at the Platt River; there were large chunks of ice floating down the river, but they got across without much trouble. It was so cold there; that was where their worst trouble started. The next morning there were fourteen dead in their beds. After looking everything over they went back to pray and sang "Come, Come ye Saints." This was Sept. 22, 1856. Sister Goble gave birth to a little girl the next day. They named her Edith. She lived six weeks and died for want of nourishment.

When they caught up with the handcart company, they had orders not to pass them, but stay with them and help all they could, which they did, breaking the way. The snow was frozen so hard and so deep that one of Brother Goble's oxen fell and hurt itself badly. They killed it, dressed it out and divided it amongst the saints, their food supplies were getting very low. When they reached Devil's Gate it was bitter cold. There were two or three houses there; they unloaded part of their belongings in one of them. Their cattle were so weak that Brother Goble and Brother James Berman left a wagon, joining their cattle. Brother Berman's sister, May, was frozen to death so they stayed here a few days.

While here another oxen fell on the ice; it was also dressed out and divided. Little James ate so heartily that night when so hungry; he was dead the next morning from over-eating. Brother Goble shoveled the snow and dug the grave, then cut oak brush and lined the grave with it. He wrapped James in a blanket and lowered him into the grave himself, then covered the grave with oak to protect his body from the wild animals.

The snow was so deep they had to clear the snow before pitching the tents; then bank the tents on the outside with snow to make them warmer. There were four companies on the plains. The food was so low they wondered what they would feed their families next. Brother Goble being a very good hunter would take his muzzle-load shotgun and get all the game he could for all. He was called the hunter of the camp. They were out of flour. One night a man came to their camp and told them there would be plenty of flour in the morning that Brigham Young was sending men with horse teams to help them. That night they rejoiced, danced and sang, some cried. Sister Goble cried. Everyone said it was a real Santa Claus. His name was Ephraim Hanks. They could travel faster now they had horse teams.

Sister Goble had never been well since her baby was born. She died 11 December 1856, between little and big mountains just before entering Salt Lake City. It was nine p.m. when they got

there. Sister Goble was dead in the wagon; three of the four children that were left had their feet frozen so badly their toes fell off. Mary had to have her feet taken off half-way back with a meat saw and butcher knife. Their mother was 43-years-old at the time of her death. The Goble family was taken to Bishop Hardy's home where Sister Goble was prepared for burial. She was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

The children were cared for that night. The next morning Brigham Young came to help them, bringing Dr. Williams. Brigham looked at the children and their mother; then turning to Brother Goble he clasped his hand and said, "My God, this is the worst I have ever seen."

A week later a knock came on the door. It was John Wood; Brother Goble's sister, Fanny's husband. John looked at them and said, "I know it all, Bill." Both men cried bitterly. John said, "Get your things together. I want you to go home with me. Your sister is waiting for us." Their home was in Centerville. Brother Goble met Susanna Patchit that night. They were married the next day. They moved to Nephi at the time of the big move in the spring of 1857. He bought a lot where Ralph Belliston's home now stands, built an adobe house where he lived until his death.

During the summer he became very discouraged and told the children he would take them back home to England as soon as he could earn enough money. He was working at the lime kiln. As time went on, he came home one day and said to the children, "I have seen your mother today and she wants us to stay here. Everything will be alright."

He bought a good piece of land down the county road which he farmed as long as he lived. After years, he gave the east half of this town lot to the church to build a meeting house on. That is where the first-second meeting house now stands. He was a man with great faith; he also had great healing power.

I do not know much of the second wife nor when she died. When Brother Goble was seventy-five years of age he married again to Sister Fowkes. They lived together a few years. She died about two weeks before he did. William Goble died March 9, 1898 at the age of 81 years. While Brother Goble was courting Sister Fowkes, one of her grandsons and one of Brother Goble's grandsons would eves drop on the old couple. Their names were Heber Fowkes and Alvin Goble. I have heard them talk and laugh about it.

Mary Goble married Richard Pay; Edwin Goble married Mary Langshaw; Caroline Goble married Jacob Bowers; and Harriet Goble married James Garrett. They all raised large families.

I have done much researching to write this. I am a granddaughter of William Goble, wife of Alvin Goble. My name is Lillian Marsden Goble.