

# Polly Lucina Sheffield

4 May 1837 - 28 December 1908  
by Elaine Johnson

Lucina was the fourth child of Anson and Maria Mott Sheffield. There were nine children born to her parents. She was born in Bethany, Genesee county, New York. Her parents joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when she was four years old. They didn't leave their home in New York immediately, but remained for nearly ten years longer. Some of Lucina's granddaughters left us their memories of her. The following are quotes of their accounts.

Anson and his family migrated from New York via the Great Lakes. Embarking at Buffalo and disembarking at Milwaukee, then overland by ox team to the Saints in Pottawattamie Co. He had been Mayor of his home town in New York and had conducted two L.D.S. Conferences and later was made Captain of a company of Saints en route to Utah. They arrived in Utah and settled in Payson, Utah in October 1852.<sup>1</sup>

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Lucina's life had taken a turn for the unusual even before that. Because her parents had seven daughters and two sons, the mother of whom was ailing and temporarily unable to care for so many children, Lucina had been 'loaned' to some friends who loved the child very much. She stayed with these friends for three years. No doubt the foster parents had begun to think of her as their own, when Lucina's parents joined the Mormon Church and decided to cross the Plains with a body of that church.

Lucina's foster mother was unwilling to give her up to her parents. The woman felt so strongly about it, and perhaps with reason, that she would not give the child her pretty clothes. It was a sore trial to Lucina, and she told in after years how she had cried for her pretty dresses and how hard it was for her to become adjusted to a large family after being an only, pampered child.

The Sheffield family moved about for several years, seeking ways and means to cross the Plains, Lucina was fourteen when they started the trek. The family for whom she worked on this train, the Tanners, hauled her belongings in their wagon in return for her services. The woman was an invalid, so Lucina did the cooking over the camp fires. While walking along she would gather buffalo chips for the evening fire. Her last chore before breaking camp was to look on the hounds or running gear of the wagon to see that no dishes had been left unpacked.

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<sup>1</sup> "Life Sketch of Polly Lucina Sheffield Tindral Moore Morrey", by Eliza Lucina Moore Rawlinson

Lucina, now fifteen, had walked all the way. She was quite tall, fine-boned, with green eyes and dark hair, a handsome girl, whip-thin and taut as wet rawhide. It is no wonder that the callow youths of her age would have no appeal to her. Or that she would be drawn to the tall, dark, somber young man who was in the employ of the Tanners.<sup>2</sup>

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Polly's friends called her "Sine" which was short for Lucina. She had been in [Utah] but a short time [The Payson Ward records say she was baptized 1 December 1852 by William Shelson.] when she met Furney Fold Tindral who had migrated to Spanish Fork from Tennessee in 1850. While pioneering there he had made friends with a number of local Indians and felt little fear of them. His wife Sarah Ann Holt had died there leaving him with a daughter, Mary Elizabeth. She was about six years old when Polly met them. Mary later married Henry Young and had two boys who died in infancy. Furney and Polly were married in March 1853, and their first home was in a wagon at Goshen, Utah. He spent the next summer growing crops at Santaquin, Utah, and with a house on wheels it is very probable that she spent time there also. But before the crops could be completely harvested, they were called into the Payson Fort because of Indian raids.<sup>3</sup>

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Ferney Tindrall, of North Carolina, whose birth date was November 12, 1821, was thirty- one when he met Lucina. His wife Sarah Ann (Holt) Tindrall, had died the previous May, and was the first to be buried in the new cemetery. Their small daughter, Mary Elizabeth, had been taken in by Sarah Ann's parents, who subsequently reared her. Ferney and Sarah Ann had lost two infant sons. No doubt his tragic experiences touched Lucina's heart. Ferney's clothes were included in the family washing. "I fell in love with his shirt," she laughingly recounted in later years. "I was silly, young. I hugged it, I wrapped its arms around me, and when I hung it up to dry I fancied it was he, with arms outstretched to me."

In practically no time at all Ferney's arms were in that shirt, and wrapped around Lucina, who brought him back to the living with her love. They were married in March 1853, when Lucina was just sixteen. Then followed a happy summer for Lucina and her new husband. They set about making a home the fencing, the gardening, the crops for him; quilts and pillow slips for her like two

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<sup>2</sup> "Lucina's Love Was Arrow-Pinned, the frontier was fertile ground for heartbreak" in *True West*, Western Publications, June 1979, pages 7,48, by Alice Morrey Bailey

<sup>3</sup> Rawlinson

birds building a nest. The log cabin was up, ready for the roof, and Lucina had just told Ferney they were to become parents well, in seven months.

They were somewhat oblivious to the threat of Indians, although the scare had reached such proportions in the sporadic Walker War that there was need to be watchful and to band together as they harvested their potatoes. The settlers in Santaquin, a short distance away, had been driven from their homes by the Indians and were making their temporary residence in Payson, which was more populous. They were in the habit of going out in the morning and returning the same day.

On the morning of October 18, 1853, Ferney, in company with several other men, went to Santaquin, on the slopes of the Wasatch mountains, to work in the fields. Among the number were Jonathon Page, Sylbrannus Calkins, a veteran of the Mormon Battalion, and Lucina's little brother, John Sheffield. The country was wild and beautiful. Gullies and ravines slanted down from the towering mountains to the east to the valley floor. Oak brush and sage bordered their fields of corn and potatoes.

A coyote sat on his haunches and grinned at them, loping off as they neared. One of the boys couldn't resist shooting at him, although it was contrary to orders. The older men were immediately alarmed, but on finding out the cause of the shooting only reprimanded the boy and did not take his gun.

"Don't you know that a shot has been agreed upon as a warning that Indians are coming?" they asked the culprit.

"I'm sorry," he stammered. "I won't do it again."

The harvesters worked through the morning without event. When the sun pointed their shadows due north, the signal for lunch, the hungry boys had been watching their shadows for two hours. Grub boxes came out, they ate, then flopped face-down for a short rest, but all were back at work by one o'clock.

At two o'clock firing was heard again. The men, who had separated in their carelessness, thought it was another boyish prank. Jonathon Page and Calkins, who were working together, looked up and saw several Indians in the distance firing at Ferney Tindrall and his young brother-in-law, John. They saw Ferney run a distance and fall, but lost sight of the boy.

"The Indians came straight toward us, firing as they came," recounted Page later. "We tried to use the wagon box as a breastwork to fight them off, but so many came in sight through the oak brush and corn that we decided to leave, and ran to the main body of the harvesters. We had two yoke of oxen, one of which was chained to the wagon. This one was so frightened they sagged back on the chain until we couldn't unhook it.

"We started driving a yoke of Calkins' cattle before us, but they moved too slowly, so we ran, leaving them.

“With that war whoop ringing in my ears and the bullets and arrows flying around us, I cleared the three-foot sage brush like a deer. Calkins called to me not to leave him. I slowed my speed until he came up. The bullets and arrows were whistling and screaming around us. We soon renewed our pace, the Indians pressing behind us until we came to a thicket of oak brush, into which we rushed for shelter.

“The Indians soon approached above us on the ridge, not a rag on them. Their bodies shone and glistened in the sun. They danced about, waving the scalp of poor Tindrall and shouting their terrible war cry.

“As we dashed into the thickest oak brush we saw Able Butterfield, a large man, on another ridge. We called to him that the Indians were upon us, and to run to safety. But as we watched, we could see him walking up and down on the slope opposite the Indians, waving his arms and calling in his strong voice for the boys of Payson and Spring Creek to come on. This ruse no doubt had its effect, for the Indians did not come out and attack them.

“Levi Colvin let Jonathon Davis ride one of his horses to Payson to give the alarm. Soon about forty men came to our relief with wagons in charge of Colonel W.C. McClellan.

“Robert Collet (later of Pleasant Grove) and John Sheffield ran to Payson, reaching there soon after Mr. Davis did.

“Before relief came, however, Mr. Colvin and Mr. Page went up through the brush and found the body of Ferney. He was scalped and all his clothes were gone except his shirt, which the Indians could not remove. One of his arms was pinned to his body with an arrow. One arrow had gone through the body, entered the back and protruding at the breast bone. He was shot seven times. Two bullet holes and five arrows were found in his body. One bullet passed through him close to the heart, and he must have run seventy-five yards at least, after receiving this shot, before he fell to the ground dead.”

The company from Payson soon arrived and took the body and laid it in a wagon of straw, covered it with a quilt, and sorrowfully returned to Payson.

“Straw was sticking to his head,” Lucina remembered. And there was his shirt, the one she fell in love with, pinned to him as tightly as her love was forever pinned.

It was a benumbed Lucina who passed through the next days, “floating” on the concern of her family and neighbors. Inasmuch as Ferney died defending his community, his home and family, he was buried with military honors. Jonathon Page was one of the party to fire the salute above his grave.

Making a home was a very difficult undertaking in pioneer times, but when it came to being dependent on her parents, Lucina lifted her head and decided to go it alone. It is presumed that sympathetic neighbors put the roof on her house,

the men of the community chopped wood for her, seeing her condition, and that her love for Ferney warmed her through the long winter. On February 27, 1854, she gave birth to a baby girl.

“What will you name her?” the women asked.

“Ferne,” said Lucina, “I will name her Fernie Frances Tindrall.”

It must not be supposed that Lucina, because of this change in the name’s spelling, was ignorant. She was literate, could write in the days when many could not. She came of an outstanding lineage. At least fifty of her ancestors several generations back, were on the New England seaboard before 1700. One of them led the settlement of Springfield, Massachusetts; one of them built the oldest house still standing in Connecticut, a state monument; and one is just now being hailed as the first great colonial poet. Lucina was well-read and was the first teacher in Kanosh, where she later lived.

An ironic twist to Ferney’s death was yet in store for the young widow. “It is better to feed the Indians than to fight them,” Brigham Young always advised, so when a ragged Indian came begging at her door, Lucina fed him. Imagine her shock when she noticed that he was wearing her husband’s boots. Ferney had worn them the day he was killed.<sup>4</sup>

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On 9 May 1856 she was married to John Harvey Moore of Payson, Utah. He had migrated to Payson and settled in that place in 1852, with his wife Clarissa Jane Drollinger and their children. Two children were born to this Union, Joseph Andrew and James Harmon Moore.

Judging from the family stories I have heard, life after this marriage went on smoothly until the question of Sealing for Eternity came along, then the marriage was wrecked on the rocks of disagreement. The question was whether Polly should be sealed to Furney Tindrall or John Moore for eternity. They decided to separate. She nearly lost custody of the boys and I have heard her say that through the help of her Uncle John Mott she was able to keep Joseph and James. I know very little about their life as a family, but I know that Father, and possibly James too, was born in his Father’s old home in Payson, in the southeast corner room.

One day Polly had visitors. They were an English couple with no children. John Morrey and his wife were alone except for her stepson, Tom Lamb. They were her neighbors and came to see if she would marry him, making her a second wife for the second time. She was not anxious to marry again, but while thinking it over, she remembered that she had always admired the big wood pile he always kept on hand. She said yes and they were married in October 1864, and as long as

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<sup>4</sup> Bailey

he lived she had a good husband and plenty of wood. Their oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was born in Payson Oct. 1866 and died in 1867. John then had 4 step-children and decided to go to Lincoln Co., Nevada where there might be work with better pay. He sold out and rigged up a good outfit for traveling and started West.

When they camped on Corn Creek (Hatton) there was to be a drawing next day for city lots for the beginning of Kanosh. It was getting late in the year to travel. They went to the drawing and got a lot one block west of Main street and one block south of the Public Square, which is now the home of Will Hatton. Their first winter there was spent in a dug-out. I hope it was a spacious one, but I have my doubts about that. Father said that he never could understand how they all made it through till spring.

As soon as possible they built an adobe house and planted an orchard. Among my early memories is one of eating pears and sweet-pit apricots from the old trees there. John's and Polly's eldest son, Wesley, was born at Kanosh February 22, 1867 and died the same day. On February 27, 1869 John Ferney was born. About this time she taught the first school in Kanosh so she must have kept busy. Before the first term was finished, there was trouble and she was dismissed by Committeemen Thomas Greener, Sr., Dennis Dorrity, and George Roberts because of a spelling match. Sarah Barney spelled Samuel Dorrity, Sr. down and he refused to go down. He seemed to have a pull with his Father, Dennis Dorrity. Father had a deep desire to establish that school credit for his Mother. He felt that she should be mentioned in Kanosh history as the first teacher. She was a good reader and an exceptional speller and delighted in a good spelling match. The spelling match was one of the amusements of her day. I will try to spell Constantinople as she spelled it for fun at parties. "C-o-n- that's a con, s-t-a-n- that's a Constan, t-i- that's a ti with a Constanti, n-o- that's a no with a Constantino, p-l-e that's a ple with a Constantinople." As children we wanted her to spell it often but she generally said it was too much nonsense.<sup>5</sup>

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I remember that she was a great reader, she used to read continuously whenever she came to our place to visit. She always read. And then I remember too that she had beautiful long black hair, and she used to send us, we lived up close to where the sage brush grew, and she'd send us to get her sage brush when she washed her hair. . . To make tea and rinse her hair, she said it would keep her from going gray. And I never can remember her ever having a gray hair. . . Just the regular old wild sage, just the leaves. So people now days didn't start the fad of dying hair because my grandmother did it. And she would bring her hair 'round over her shoulder like this and put it down on her lap and comb and then braid it

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<sup>5</sup> Rawlinson

and make a big bob on the back of her head. And she had very bad legs, she couldn't walk around very much, she'd have to wear bandages on her legs all the time.

(What kind of things did she read?) My mother used to call them dime novels, she thought she read rather cheap stuff. . . She was a great politician too. A staunch Republican, and my father was a staunch Democrat, so you can imagine what we had sometimes at home.<sup>6</sup>

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Her son William Anson was born 22 January 1871 and Charles Henry was born 14 November 1872. By this time John had acquired a small farm to keep the family busy, but still strife and contention between Father and Tom Lamb caused Father to leave home and go out West with a four mule team and wagon, working for Tom Ross, when he was sixteen years old. That surely was a worry to his Mother.

A baby was born to John and Polly on the 22 July 1874. They had lost their first daughter and now they were happy to have their second daughter Mary Maria. Fernie spent most of her time with her sister Mary Tindrall Young, and Joseph Moore was in Nevada. He found work for James and sent for him to go out there on the stage in February 1875. The work had been shut down when he got there tired and hungry. There was no time to eat or sleep before catching the stage home. Through exposure he contracted pneumonia and died. This came as a shock and disappointment to the family. He was so lovable and kind to everyone. He was about sixteen years.

On 14 May 1876 Aca Romanzo was born, and George Albert, Polly's youngest son was born 3 December 1878.

John Morrey died 16 February 1885, leaving Polly with a family of sixteen children, ranging in age from six to sixteen. John Ferney was sixteen at the time and must take the responsibility of the work. He took up stock raising.

John Ferney Morrey married Laura Rawlinson from Aurora, Utah and they moved to Joseph Utah in the winter of 1900. By this time most of Polly's boys were grown. Charles Henry married Effa Hyatt and also came to live in Joseph. As long as Polly lived she always had some of her boys with her. William and Aca never married. She was very much of a home-body and loved to do things in her own way. She wanted to and did stay with the old home until she died. Since so many of her family lived on the Sevier, she made many trips to visit around with us, and that is when I became better acquainted with her. I recall how she always looked to be carefully dressed, with every hair of her head in its proper place. Her hair was thick, long, and dark. It was parted in the middle and braided

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<sup>6</sup> Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

and pinned firmly in a pile on the back of her head. The first job for her after breakfast was to take care of her hair. I wonder who made her dresses. I don't know and don't know whom I could ask, but I feel quite sure that she did very little sewing. Her dresses were a perfect fit and she wore them with grace. She was always well posted on current events and was surely lost without a daily paper. The work seemed to be more easily done if she knew what the rest of the world was doing. The Boys always helped her get the fruit dried and put into sacks for the winter use. The special pride of her household was one of the first model steel Majestic Ranges. It surely was a grand thing in those days when most people had only smaller and cheaper ones. After a long illness, she passed away on 28 December 1908.<sup>7</sup>

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Mrs. Lucina Morrey died Dec 28<sup>th</sup> of Pneumonia. She was 71 years of age and a resident of Kanosh 41 years. A widow over 20 years, mother to Mrs. F. Robison of Provo, and Mrs. Jos. Moore, of Joseph, Sevier Co. leaves 5 sons and one daughter by her last husband, John Morrey. She was a faithful member of the Mormon Church from girlhood until the end came.<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> Rawlinson

<sup>8</sup> *Millard County Progress* 1 Jan 1909, Correspondence Section

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