

Ann Jewell Rowley

Ann Jewell Rowley was born Dec. 5, 1807 in Worcester, England. Her mother's maiden name was Sarah Hyde, her father's name was William Jewell.

She was a seamstress and sewed for her wealthy sister, making her gowns and draperies. Her schooling was very limited, as she learned to read and write after she came to Utah. She married William Rowley August 22, 1836, a widower with seven children. He was a foreman of a well equipped farm.

They lived at a place called Mars Hill, in the parish of Suckley, Worcester-shire, England. They belonged to a sect called the United Brethern. They, a band few more than six hundred, who had broken off from the Wesleyan faith and were continually praying for light and truth.

Elder Wilford Woodruff, who was then preaching the Gospel in England, was impressed to go minister to their wants. When he delivered his message to them, they welcomed him joyfully and in a short while he converted and baptized nearly their whole number.

When they had a family of three, they were converted to yhe Latter-Day-Saints Church by Wilford Woodruff. They were baptized at the time Elder Woodruff baptized six hundred souls at a place called Fromes Hill. William was also ordained a Deacon in March 1842.

The Saints often held their meetings at the Mars Hill house, which was a very comfortable one, surrounded by a lawn and a fine orchard.

The Rowley family made a living by raising and selling hops and fruit. They loved their religion and were very happy until a time came when the fruit crop failed two years successively, then they were forced to sell their comfortable home and take up lodgings. Finally the house, furniture, feather-beds, and all the belongings were sold at an auction and they were left to earn their living by days work.

This was a severe trial to them and father William could not rise above it. He had a terrible accident with his wagon load of farm produce, his horses were frightened on a bridge and tipped the wagon over, the wheel of the wagon crushed his leg and hip so badly that nothing could be done for him. The officers took him to the hospital and sold his team and wagon to pay expences. He was in the hospital seven months and passed away on Feb. 14, 1848, leaving seven little children all under twelve years of age.

Ann, was left with a heavy burden of supporting the family. The Parrish gave her seven shillings per week, which barely furnished her with flour. She found work for her boys to do when they were so small, that she had to lead them safely across a large bridge in the early morn where they tromped mud at a brick kiln. She sewed till the late hours making men's clothing and buckskin gloves. At the end of the week she took her weeks sewing to the market to get her weeks supplies and more sewing to do.

After the family moved from the Mars Hill house, the Saints met at Old Storidge for meetings. Ann was very faithful in attending her meetings, prayers and teaching her children. Her desire to immigrate became more urgent as war broke out between England and Russia. Her oldest son John was of military age, so they would have to leave at once if he were to go with them. In the Spring of 1856, arrangements were made to immigrate by the Perpetual Immigration Fund. On the 4th of May 1856, they sailed from Liverpool on the ship "Charles Thornton."

Aside from her own children, she had a step daughter, Eliza. She frail in health and the only one of her seven step-children to sail with her. Louisa was 19 years of age, Elizabeth 17, John 16, Samuel 14, Richard 12, Thomas 10, and Jane 8.

The sea voyage took six weeks and during this time there were several deaths. Once the ship was in a calm and the Saints fasted and prayed and the Lord showed forth his power in their behalf. He also came to their deliverance in the terrible storm when the ship took fire and they called on Him for preservation.

They had a long, tedious voyage. Their captain did not ill treat them, but he was a very cruel man and they were many times pained by witnessing his abuse to his attendants. Before the ship was anchored at New York, he was taken off in a boat and imprisoned. At his trial he was sentenced to not ever go to sea again.

After a tiresome journey of six weeks on the ship, they landed at New York. They went by train and boat to Iowa, and after a short delay, on to Council Bluff. Here, preparations were made for one of the worsted journeys that ever was recorded. The Saints were light hearted and worked with zeal preparing their handcarts, etc. They met morning and evening for devotional service. Because of the great demand for carts for the previous companies, the wheels were made of green material.

At one devotional service, Elder Levi Savage, who was returning from a mission, spoke and portrayed the intense sufferings the Saints would have to endure if they started the journey crossing the plains so late in the season, the thoughts of which made him cry like a child. Captain James G. Willie sternly rebuked him for his speech. He was afraid it would dishearten the people; and he told them that if they would be faithful and do as he told them, winter would turn to summer. But subsequent events proved that Elder Savage was correct.

A few of the Saints stayed behind to come on in the spring. The others with boyant spirits started to draw their handcarts from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake City, happy in the thought that they were going to Zion.

The first day out was an up-hill grade. The unusual work of drawing a handcart made the mother sick and her health was poor all the way but she kept her place with the handcart.

When they started out, the weather was intensely hot and their feet were soon blistered. Their stock had to be herded at night. This was a laborous task for men who had drawn a cart all day.

This was about the time Mr. Babbit and his company were killed by the Indians. There was also a company of apostates going back from the states who were killed. The Saints saw the Indians with Mr. Babbit's mules. They also saw a Squaw with the murdered woman's shaw. When they came to where the murder was committed they saw blood, human hair and clothing scattered around. These sickening sights tended to enhance their fears and they suffered greatly in this way.

One day while they were attending to their duties about camp, a great herd of buffalos appeared suddenly and standged their cattle, many of them were lost entirely. This was indeed, a great hardship to them. Some of their beef cattle had to supply the place of some of the standged cattle. This would shorten their rations and one-hundred pounds of flour was added to the already heavy burden of each cart as they were not made for s heavy a load, having been made of green timber. Due to the rush of times the tires had been wrapped with strips of rawhide to keep them together. Her children often pulled off pieces of rawhide, roasting the hair off and chewing it for nourishment.

Now the weather was getting cold, rations short and work hard and sister Eliza became weaker with the cold and hunger each day. One of those cold bleak days her life of hardships ended and she passed away and was buried along the trail. With hope and courage, they joined the company and the little ones trudged along day after day, until their feet would bleed and yet the mother was unable to assist them, only with encouraging words. Many times she wrapped a blanket around them while she dried their frozen clothing by the fire.

As winter came unusually early, the sufferings were dreadful, as they waded streams of water their clothing would freeze about their limbs, making progress very painful. Many people died by the way from the intense cold and lack of food. Their provisions were very scarce and the last dust of flour was dealt out after crossing the Sweetwater for the third time. When Captain Willie and Brother Elder went in search of help, this was the time to use the two sea biscuits left from crossing the ocean. They were so hard and not near enough, the mother Ann, put them in the pan with water and then asking the blessing on them, they swelled, till the pan was full, enough for a good meal for her family.

One night they had to make camp without water, fifteen froze to death and had to be left by the way. Louisa was so ill, she layed down on the ground and begged her mother to go leave her. John was badly frozen he layed down and the captain gave him such a painful kick that he ground; this showed he was alive so they put him in the sick wagon. Snow was melted to thaw the hair from the ground where they slept. Thomas had one hand frozen while he pushed on the cart. This faithful mother was heard to say she would be the happiest woman alive if she could reach Zion with all her children.

When Cyrus H. Wheelock, of Dan Jones party, met them with provisions, he could not restrain the tears when he saw the condition the saints were in. When they got the food many were unwise in eating and died from the effects of it. When the rescue party found them, they had been in camp two days and had been without food for forty eight hours. There was eighteen inches of snow on the ground. It was the 9th of November 1856 when they arrived in the valley. Ann's faith and prayers were rewarded by having all her children with her in Zion.

As soon as possible she had a piece of sagebrush removed from her eye, which had been causing her a great deal of pain. She had no family or friends to greet her, but providence provided kind friends to supply their needs. Soon she and the three younger children, Richard, Thomas and Jane was taken to Nephi where she became acquainted with a man by the name of Andrew Baston of Parowan, Utah. He had inquired of the Bishop if he knew of a woman that would make him a good wife and the next spring they were married and he paid the emmigration fund for her and her children. He died a year later, leaving her well provided for.

After a few years she married a man by the name of Luke Ford who made her comfortable until his death. Her family by this time were married. Her youngest son Thomas and his wife lived with her to run the farm and cared for the property. She lived for awhile with her youngest daughter Jane and helped settle Leeds in Southern Utah. Some of her older children lived in the northern part of Utah. She had a desire to visit them. She went first to Nephi to visit her second daughter, Elizabeth. Then her son Thomas moved to Huntington, also Samuel, so she went to what is known as Castle Valley to visit and lived again with Thomas. She spent many days at the homes of her married grand-daughters, where she was always busy with darning and mending. She wanted to be helpful at all times. She taught them the art of spinning, knitting, sewing quilt blocks and patching. Her children valued her council and advise. She was true to the faith and the principles of the Gospel to the last hour. At the ripe age of eighty one she passed away the 17th of March 1888 in Huntington, Emery County Utah and was laid to rest in the Huntington Cemetary.

Ann Jewell Rowley had one sister Sarah who married Jonathan Smith

One brother Thomas Jewell who was drowned in the river Scine.

<http://www.lds.org/churchhistory/library/source/0,18016,4976-7457,00.html>

### **Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel, 1847–1868**

#### **Source of Trail Excerpt:**

Rowley, Ann Jewell, [Autobiography], in James Albert Jones, comp., *Some Early Pioneers of Huntington, Utah and Surrounding Area* (1980), 244-46.

#### **Read Trail Excerpt:**

We left Iowa City under the direction of Captain James G. Willie and Millen Atwood. Captain Willie had been a leader on the ship while we were crossing the sea. I remember Brother [Levi] Savage commenting on the lateness of the start and predicting the cold hardship and suffering the company would have to endure before they reached the valley. He cried like a child, but the captain rebuked his speech. We started out in great spirits, grateful at last that we were on the last lap of our journey. When we started our weather was intensely hot and our feet were badly blistered. The stock had to be herded at night and this was a laborious task for men who had drawn carts all day.

When we were well out into the wilderness, we noticed a storm approaching from the southwest. The terrifying thing was not the storm, but a large herd of buffalo stampeding right past our camp. Afterward, I thanked the Lord, that our lives had been spared, for we all could have been killed. As it was, we lost 30 head of our best oxen. They were swept away by the buffalo. The men hunted for them but had to give it up.

This was the beginning of our great hardships and probably was the cause of most of them, for we had spent valuable time looking for the oxen. This loss in turn, reduced our meat supply and because there wasn't enough cattle to pull the supply wagons, a hundred pounds of flour was placed in each handcart.

Our handcarts were not designed for such heavy loads and we were constantly breaking down. They had been made of green lumber and were affected by the weather. Rawhide strips was used to wrap the iron rims to the wheels and the wood would shrink and the rawhide would come loose. It hurt me to see my children go hungry. I watched as they cut loose rawhide from the cart wheels, roast off the hair and chew the hide.

There came a time, when there seemed to be no food at all. Some of the men left to hunt buffalo. Night was coming and there was no food for the evening meal. I asked God's help as I always did. I got on my knees, remembering two hard sea biscuits that were still in my trunk. They had been left over from the sea voyage, they were not large, and were so hard, they couldn't be broken. Surely, that was not enough to feed 8 people, but 5 loaves and 2 fishes were not enough to feed 5000 people either, but through a miracle, Jesus had done it. So, with God's help, nothing is impossible. I found the biscuits and put them in a dutch oven and covered them with water and asked for God's blessing, then I put the lid on the pan and set it on the coals. When I took off the lid a little later, I found the pan filled with food. I knelt with my family and thanked God for his goodness. That night my family had sufficient food. The men returned with buffalo meat, and what wasn't eaten right away by the Saints, was dried into jerky.

My two youngest children, Thomas who was 10 and Jane who was 8, often played as they walked along with other members of the company. When the company stopped at night the children would hurry to our own camp for roll call. One day when they had been especially busy with their own games, the company got far ahead of them and I didn't even know it. They hurried to catch up, but they were confronted with a large stream, too deep for them to cross and the wagons had gone on. Roll time came and the children were missed. All the wagons were searched and questions asked of the members of the group. I was frantic with grief and worry for the night was coming on and I knew the dangers of wild animals and prowling Indians. A searching party was dispatched and the children were found on the other side of the

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[http://www.yourtruehero.org/content/hero/view\\_hero.asp?2893](http://www.yourtruehero.org/content/hero/view_hero.asp?2893)

Ann Jewell Rowley was a 46-year-old widow when she began her journey to Utah with her seven children. She and her husband William lived in England and were relatively well-to-do. They had a fairly normal life until 1840, when a Mormon missionary named Wilford Woodruff began to preach in the area. The Rowleys were very interested in this new religion, and they quickly embraced it, being baptized by Elder Woodruff that spring. This began a long hard journey for Ann. They were sorely persecuted by their neighbors. Then William died in 1849, leaving Ann with the care of the children and the responsibilities of the household. The Prophet and President of the Church, Brigham Young, began to call for the emigration of the Saints to build up the land of Zion in Utah. Ann immediately heeded the call, and with little but her children and her unshakable faith, she began her journey to Zion.

After the difficult overseas voyage, Ann and her family made their way to Missouri, the starting place for the Mormon pioneers. They did not have money for a wagon or animals to pull it, so they built a handcart that Ann and the older children would pull across the plains. They had few possessions and almost no money, but they had faith that the Lord would guide them to the land where they could worship free of persecution. The company, called the Willie handcart company, began their journey in July of 1856. They started later than they were advised, so eager were they to reach Zion. As a result the journey was extremely hard. As they drew closer to the Rocky Mountains, the snow began to fall and the food began to run out. Almost every pioneer lost at least one family member to hunger, illness, or the cold. Ann's stepdaughter, Eliza died of illness on the plains and was buried in an unmarked grave while the company rolled on. On November 9, 1856, after receiving some assistance from the Church members already in the Salt Lake Valley, the Willie handcart company arrived in Salt Lake. It was a joyous occasion for Ann and her family, who marched through snow and hunger and illness and all manner of afflictions to come to this sanctuary of peace.

Ann is my great-great grandmother. I love to hear the story of her great faith and patience. She is an inspiration to me. Whenever I feel like I cannot bear my problems, I think of Ann and how she bore her trials without complaint, grateful to endure them and prove her faith. Her endurance and strength allowed me to be born into a family that was strong in the Church and gave me a rich heritage I can be proud of. I am eternally grateful to Ann. She is my true hero.

Submitted by:

Marie Rowley

## **ANN JEWELL ROWLEY** **by Darren Hawkins**

Ann Jewell Rowley, my great-great grandmother, lived in England in the early and mid-1800s with her husband and nine children. While in England, they were converted to the Mormon church by missionaries. Shortly after becoming Mormons, their financial affairs did not go well due to the opposition of Mormons in England. Then, the day came

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After this, their only dream was to save enough money to travel to Salt Lake to be with the main body of the Church. Soon after the auction, however, her husband died, leaving her to support nine children, seven of them under the age of twelve. The children went to work to earn money. She wrote, "Many men in England could not find work, but there was work for children, for the big industries could hire them for next to nothing. Samuel was only seven and John nine, but they worked in a brickkion, tramping mud to be used for bricks. I would help the little fellows across a narrow, dangerous bridge to go to work at daybreak, and at night I would meet them and ehlp them home. The girls, eve eleven-year old Elizabeth, worked late into the night making Kid gloves."

Soon the Crimean War broke out with Russia, and John was of military age. They wanted desperately to leave before John was drafted but didn't have the money. Then the Perpetual Immigration Fund was created where people could borrow money to come to Utah, and they would pay it back after they arrived and got work--so it was perpetual, or ever replenished. They took passage on the Charles Thornton ship. Ann wrote, "The sea voyage took six weeks and several deaths occurred. Food was at a premium, but there were times when keeping it down was the greatest problem. One week the weather was so stormy that the ship was blown back 500 miles. Our captain did not ill treat us, but he was a very cruel man, and we were many times pained by witnessing his abuse to his attendants."

The ship entered New York on June 14, 1856. They sailed up the Hudson River to the terminal of the Rock Island Railroad where they took the train to Iowa City.

When they arrived, the handcart method for getting Saints to the valley had just been established. They joined up with the ill-fated Willie Company. Ann Jewel Rowley wrote, "I was appalled by the small capacity of the cart, and at the little room in the supply wagons. Everything that even hinted at luxury had to be eliminated." Even though she considered her featherbed a necessity, it just wouldn't fit tin the cart. She finally ripped it up and dumped the feathers out.

Life on the trail was hard. One day a storm scared a heard of buffalo, causing them to stampede through the camp. Thirty of their best oxen were lost, and there was a shortage of food because the beef cattle then had to pull the supply wagons. They now had to get most of their meat from buffalo hunts. Also, the handcarts were not designed for such heavy loads, and were constantly breaking down. And everyone was always hungry. She wrote, "It hurt me to see my children go so hungry. I watched as they cut the loose pieces of rawhide from the cart wheels, roast off the hair, and chew the hide."

From Chimney Rock on, where Samuel celebrated his 14th birthday by "... pulling the handcart with John all day," the terrain became rougher and steeper.

Everything that had no immediate use was discarded along the way. Her daughter, Eliza, died on the trail and was buried off to the side. Soon after, her son Thomas's hand froze while he was pushing the cart. When it was warmed it swelled up.

Due to their late start, by the time they reached the Rockies, there was a lot of snow. She wrote, "John, being the eldest boy, had borne the brunt of the hard work. I watched John, so cold, drowsy, and sick, want to lie down in his tracks and not move again. I had to stand helplessly by as the captain whipped him to make him go on. John finally could go no longer, and I felt my heart would break as I was him lying by the side of the trail waiting for the sick wagon. By the time he was picked up, his body was frozen in two places." That night fifteen people died.

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Traumatic experiences occurred while crossing the sea. There were several deaths during this time. Once the ship was in a calm and the Saints fasted and prayed, and the Lord showed forth His power in their behalf. He also came to their deliverance in a terrible storm when the ship took fire. The Lord was merciful. They had a long, tedious voyage. Their captain did not ill treat them, but he was a very cruel man, and they were many times pained by witnessing his abuse to his crew members.

After a tiresome journey of six weeks, they landed at New York where they went by train and boat to Iowa, and after a short delay, to Council Bluffs. Here they were united with the Saints. They were light-hearted, and with zeal they went about preparing handcarts and making other preparations for the journey West.

Each morning and evening devotional services were held, and on one of these occasions, a brother Levi Savage, who was returning from a mission, spoke portraying the intense suffering the Saints would have to endure if they made the handcart trip West at this time of year. He was so overcome with emotion that he cried like a child. Captain Willie sternly rebuked him for this speech. He was afraid it would dishearten the people. He told the people that if they would be faithful and do as he told them, winter would be turned to summer. (The subsequent events proved that Elder Savage was correct.)

A few of the Saints preferred to wait until spring. The others with buoyant spirits started to draw their hand carts from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake City, happy in the thought that they were going to Zion.

At first there was an uphill grade. The unusual work of drawing a hand cart made Ann ill the first day out, and though she did not enjoy good health any of the way, she kept her place in the handcart company. When they started out the weather was intensely hot, and their feet were badly blistered. Their stock had to be herded nights. This was a laborious task for men who had drawn carts all day.

One day while they were attending to their camp duties, a great herd of buffalo appeared suddenly and stampeded their cattle. Many of them were lost entirely. Some of their beef cattle had to replace the oxen cattle who were lost in the stampede and pull the supply wagons. This would necessarily shorten their rations. The supply wagons had to be lightened and one hundred pounds of flour was added to the already heavy burden of each cart. They were not made for so heavy a load, having been made of green timber.

Now the weather was getting cold, rations were short and the work very hard. Ann's step-daughter Eliza could no longer endure these hardships. She went to her rest and was buried on the plains. Ann felt that she had all she could bear as she watched her little ones trudge along day after day until their little feet would bleed. She felt powerless to help them, except with encouraging words. She wrapped a blanket around her children at different times to dry their frozen clothing by the fire.

the little boys tramped mud for bricks. Ann sewed and made buckskin gloves, and at the end of the week, she took her sewing to the market and got a week's supplies and also more sewing to do.

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## SAMUEL JAMES ROWLEY

Samuel James Rowley, son of Samuel and Ann Taylor Rowley was born January 12, 1868 in Parowan, Iron County, Utah. He was born of pioneer stock. His father (Samuel) at age 14 having traveled by ship from England, and train to Iowa, crossed the plains into Utah territory with the Willie Handcart Company, walking all of the way and enduring sever hardships. His son Samuel James was also called to be a pioneer when he was just a lad.

When Samuel James was 11 years old, his father received a mission call to join in a colonizing effort to extend the borders of Zion by establishing outposts in the vast, unsettled, Four Corners Area, east of the Colorado River where the boundaries of Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico join. This area was fast becoming a hangout for outlaws, unfriendly Indians, miner and non-Mormon stockmen. It was a sanctuary for renegades fleeing justice. One writer reports that at one time twelve hundred head of stolen cattle were driven across the Colorado at the crossing of the Fathers. Losses from these raids in sheep, cattle and horses were estimated at more than one million dollars a year. For the safety of t other settlements it was important to have law and order established in that area.

Included in Samuel's call was his entire family. There were seven children including a one-month old baby: Mary Ann, Samuel James, Hannah Eliza, Sarah Jane, Alice Louisa, George Walter and John Taylor. Hannah's history describes the thoroughness and neatness of the wagons:

We had two wagons. The first one mother drove with a fine pair of horses we called Prince and Polly. Mother's wagon had our rag carpet over the wagon bows and under the wagon cover. It had pockets sewed all around to hold the most used articles, such as the comb and brush, soap, washcloths and towels, thread and needles and scissors. It was fixed as convenient as possible. There was a small camp stove in one end and a large box with a till that had sections for knives, forks and other utensils, pots, pan and dishes. Mother, Annie and the small children slept in this wagon.

Father drove the supply wagon with the oxen. There were three yoke of oxen. The head ones, Lepp and Pinto; second in the middle, Roan and Red; last next to the wagon, Broad and Stinker. Father walked by the side of the wagon all the way. This wagon had the provisions, such as flour, beans, shoes, grain, potatoes, etc.

Sam and Hannah rode horses and drove the cattle. At night Sam unhooked the teams and turned them out to feed for the night, then he would gather wood and carry water to the camp. Sam would also tie up the calf to the wagon wheel for the night so he could milk the cow in the morning.

In the supply wagon, the coal oil (kerosene) can sprung a leak and soak through the floor tainting the flour. Ann continued to make bread from it for although it was bad tasting, it was all they had. Sam had a bad time with that. His mother knew the need of a growing boy and worried about him. Some of the sisters in the camp understood the situation and insisted upon trading some of their good flour of some of Ann's tainted flour, and other things they knew Sam could eat. (Flour was not the only food that was damaged). He was grateful and so was his mother. It is a beautiful example of Christlike love.

The book *The Incredible Passage* by Lee Reay has the story of this trek with a remarkable description of the Hole in the Rock experience. Father left no first hand account of it, however his father records it in his history.

They reached the San Juan on the evening of April 6, 1880. "Before the oxen could be unhitched," records Hannah, "my father and the other men had to give the Indians some money to keep peace with them. They named the town 'Bluff.'"

Sam's chief duty in the day time was to guard the cows as they grazed the hills. One day he became very thirsty. He had no water with him and it was too early to take the cows home. Sam remembered an Indian saying that if a thirsty person put a pebble in

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his mouth, the thirst would go away. Sam looked around for a smooth pebble. It was then he noticed a number of beautiful dark red stones. He put one in his mouth, and sure enough, his thirst began to subside. He became captivated by the lovely stones and picked up a pocket full of them. When he got home, he showed his mother who also thought they were very beautiful. She made a sturdy sack for him to keep them in. Sam had those stones the rest of his life, and it was not until after he died that his wife, Maggie, had them evaluated. They were garnets and were the birth stone for him and his wife—for they were both born in January. Much later, Maggie had some lovely garnet rings made from Sam's collection. Those remaining stones are still in the family. (Sammy had them until late in her life when she gave them to Wanda, Orson's daughter.) (Note: The area where Sam found the garnets is now off limits to anyone. It is part of the Navajo reservation.)

The winter of 1880-81, Sam attended school in a log cabin with a fireplace in one end and a rough lumber table with rough planks to sit on. Irene Hasket was the teacher. She taught reading, spelling, and geography, and was paid six dollars a term. Annie attended this school with Sam.

Church services were held under the shad of the Cottonwood tree that stood on the piece of land allotted to Samuel and Ann. It was under this same tree that the Bluff Ward was organized with Jens Nielsen as Bishop.

In the Spring of 1883, the Indians brought measles to the town of Bluff. Sam's little brother Johnny Taylor, got sick and died of complications. Sam's mother could not consent to having him buried in the first cemetery. It was too close to the treacherous San Juan River. The soil was so sandy the settlers never knew which course the river would take. Little Three and one half year old Johnny was the first one buried up on a side hill. This became the permanent town cemetery.

In 1884 Samuel and Ann were too discouraged to stay. Samuel says in his history, "I talked the matter over with President Pratt D. Lyman and he said, "Brother Rowley, go and God bless you." Samuel and Ann moved their family to Huntington, Emery County, Utah, where Samuel's oldest sister, Eliza, lived.

When they arrived in Huntington, Louisa made them welcome. Young Sam helped his father haul logs from the canyon to build a home. This was a one room log house, but they were grateful for it and it was not long until forty acres were purchased and a larger more comfortable home was built.

It was here in Huntington that Samuel James met Margaret Ellen Black. The old Bowerly in Huntington played a major part in the lives of all the young people. It was the center for all social activity in the summer, and played an important part in their courtship. When Sam asked her to marry him, she knew he was the man she wanted for her eternal companion, but her mother had just passed away and she felt the loss very keenly. Her mother had been an invalid and Maggie (as she was called by everyone) had taken all of the responsibility of her care. She accepted Sam, but she could not feel the peace and happiness she should have known. She was too raw from her recent lass. However, they went ahead with their plans. They got their recommends and had their trip to Manti Temple planned for that fall. But at the last minute, Maggie told Sam she just couldn't do it. This was the night before they were to leave! She loved him, she said, but couldn't they wait just a little longer? Sam said, "No, if you don't want me now you never will. I'm not coming back to see you any more, Maggie, but if you change your mind just let me know." The next thing Maggie knew, Sam was going out with her half-sister, Hattie! Maggie's uneasiness increased as he continued to see Hattie all winter. Maggie could not bear the thought that he might marry someone else, so one day when she saw him riding down the road, she sent her brother, Orson, to meet him and tell him Maggie wanted to see him. In just a few minutes Sam was there. They talked. Sam let her know he still loved her, and she promised she would not back out this time. They made the trip to Manti the next month, March 13, 1889 and were married by Daniel H. Wells, and on her father and mother's wedding day 38 years before, the same Daniel H. Wells had performed the ceremony.

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They lived for a while in the little one room log cabin that Maggie’s father had built for Maggie and her mother. Their first baby was born in this house. . . a little girl whom they named Ellen Jane –after Maggie and her mother Amy Jane. Ellen Jane lived just 10 days and died of pneumonia.

Their next home was located just across a canal west of the town of Huntington. Their next and last house was purchased in the town of Huntington and was three blocks from the schools and near the stores. The nearest neighbor was Sam’s sister Alice and her family. One block west was his sister Hannah and her family. This was a frame house with a large front room facing the street, a middle room which served for a bed room, and a lean-to kitchen. (It was in this lean-to kitchen that Sam was operated on and it was in this house where Samuella was born seven months after his death.)

Sam and Maggie had a happy life together. Sam did a lot of freighting and Maggie went with him whenever it was possible. Vernal was the closest railroad to Castle Valley in those days, and so many people in Emery and Carbon Counties took freight to and from Vernal. Freighting and working for the railroad were about the only sources of cash in the area during Sam’s lifetime. He also bought a farm and they worked side by side whenever whenever Maggie’s condition allowed it. (They had 11 children.) Sam and Maggie’s first son, James Alphonso, records the following in a letter to his brother, Orson. It is dated Feb. 5, 1964:

You asked me about father and if I remembered much about him. Well, I do because I was 19 years old a little over a month after he died. I worked a lot with him, and we worked good together because he was always talking to me and telling, as well as showing, me how to do different jobs. He was a real hard worker at all times. He did lots of freighting and at times I would go with him. He would have four horses, and 2 wagons coupled together, and I would have 2 horses and 1 wagon. But father taught me how to handle four horses. Sometimes he would send me to Price to take freight over there and haul a load back. Father was a good horseman and he tried to teach me to be the same.

Father and mother were together as much as possible. Often I would stay in the house and wash the dishes while mother went out in the hayfield and helped father pitch hay. She would go with him and take us kids along when he went sheep shearing which would last three or four weeks.

They spent a lot of time together, even in the canyon getting poles and slabs, and after wood and coal. They loved each other dearly. I remember well that whenever father came home from a 10 day trip on the freight road out in Vernal country, Father would always bring Mother a present, such as dishes, glasses, sauce pans, or something personal for herself. Also he would bring us kids candy and the most prized by us all was an occasional sack of oranges. They were scarce and a prize.

Sam had a bass voice; Maggie sang soprano, and they sang in the Huntington Ward choir led by Brother Hardy. During this time, Sam and Maggie left their two children–Orson and Fonso– with Maggie’s sister, Sarah, and took their nine month old baby, Leona, with them. The choir chartered a coach on the train in Price. Each family took their own bedding and food. The trip to Price (28 miles) was made with teams and wagons and that night the choir gave a concert to raise money for their trip. They played to a packed house and raised the necessary money. After the house had cleared, they pushed benches against the wall and made their beds on the floor. The next morning they boarded the train, loading their bedding and food in the baggage car, and they took off. They stopped to a place known then as the T.V. junction and gave another concert and raised more money. Then they went on to Salt Lake City. They record that it was a thrill to sing in the tabernacle and although they didn’t win first place, they were asked to stay and furnish the music for Sunday’s service. This trip was a source of lots of happy memories.

In her history, Maggie told of Sam’s spirituality and records a couple of incidents:

When Clara was a baby of seven months, Sam and Maggie took a trip with Maggie’s brother Miller, and his wife Julia. They went to Fruitland, New Mexico to see Maggie and Miller’s father and their sister, Eva. The trip took three weeks, eight days going, five



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days there and eight days driving back. Sam took three horses because Miller had a young mare that couldn't stand much hard work, so before going up clay hill, just before reaching Moab, Miller traded horses and turned the little mare loose with just a halter and rope which was dragging. They were caught in a very bad sand storm. The wind was blowing so hard that it was difficult to see for the red sand blew into their faces and seemed to scratch their eyes. Three year old Orson, who never could stay still for any length of time, ran up to the mare and took hold of the rope. The mare kicked him, striking his head just above his right ear. Blood spurted out of his ear, nose, mouth and eyes. There was no oil for anointing, but there was prayer and Sam prayed. Maggie held Orson and comforted him and she prayed with him.

The men and horses struggled against the wind up that steep hill until the top was finally reached; there they could see Cain Springs and the little ranch house that was located there. They drove to it and Sam asked for shelter, explaining their plight. The owners said they had no room. Sam said, "We are coming in anyway. You can't deny us shelter. We are desperate." They moved in, unrolled the bedding in a corner and Julia, Maggie and the children curled up there. Sam and Miller stayed out with the horses in a clump of willows. The wind was so bad it was nearly impossible to keep hay before the horses and the men knew that without care, the hoses would be unable to make the trip the next day. Sam's outpouring of silent prayer continued.

Maggie bathed Orson's swollen head and listened to his fretful cry and prayed all night long. The prayers were heard and answered. Dawn found Orson sleeping naturally. The wind had quieted, the sun came up and when the travelers made ready to continue on their way, Orson was well and ready to play with the other children.

A few years later when Lila was small and they were moving out to the farm, Sam told Orson to drive the team up a few feet, which he did. They heard screams and looked. There lay Lila under the wagon, the wheel on her head. They got the wagon off and as they picked her up, Andrew Anderson came along to get Sam to go ward teaching with him. He and Sam administered to Lila pleading with the Lord for her life. The prayers were answered. Lila suffered no ill effects at all.

The death of Sam and Maggie's first child has been recorded. Their second child, James Alphonso (called Fonso or J.A.) they raised. Their third child, Amelia Ann, died at the age of two from scarlet fever when their fourth baby was just 10 days old. Their fourth child, Orson Zera, and their fifth child, Alice Leona, they raised. Their sixth child, William Merrill died of pneumonia at the age of five weeks. Their seventh child, Clara May and their eighth child, Lila, they raised. Their ninth child, Cyril Lloyd was drowned when two and a half years old. Their tenth child, Edna died of pneumonia at the age of nine and a half months. Their eleventh child and their last, Samuella was born seven months after Sam's death.

Maggie often said that she and Sam had a good life together. When she commented on the death of her babies she cried as she remembered, but she always said, "I could accept death when I had Sam to comfort me. He was such a solid comfort and as long as I had him life was wonderful."

When Maggie's eight child— Lila was little, a course in obstetrics was offered to the women of Emery County by the Relief Society. The course was to be taught by Dr. Ellis Shipp. Maggie and Sam talked it over. It looked like a good opportunity and Maggie wanted very much to take it. There were problems to be worked out—cost of books, care of children, etc. Sam said he could sell some wheat to buy the books and Maggie's sister said she would keep the children for the three months the course lasted. Maggie enrolled and with Sam's encouragement, completed the course and successfully delivered a number of babies. Sam told Maggie he was proud of her; she was a good nurse.

Sam had a bad hernia which had troubled him for a long time. Maggie urged him to visit a surgeon in Price. He did and surgery was encouraged, advising Sam that he was threatened with hernia strangulation unless it was repaired. The surgery, the doctor said, was simple and could be done in his home on the kitchen table. Another doctor would assist. Sam was healthy, the doctor said, and would heal quickly. Sam and Maggie had full confidence in the doctor and the date was set for February 3.

The night before the surgery, Maggie dreamed that she saw Sam on the operating table and that something went wrong. She saw him die. All the next day she begged

days there and eight days driving back. Sam took three horses because Miller had a young mare that couldn't stand much hard work, so before going up clay hill, just before reaching Moab, Miller traded horses and turned the little mare loose with just a halter and rope which was dragging. They were caught in a very bad sand storm. The wind was blowing so hard that it was difficult to see for the red sand blew into their faces and seemed to scratch their eyes. Three year old Orson, who never could stay still for any length of time, ran up to the mare and took hold of the rope. The mare kicked him, striking his head just above his right ear. Blood spurted out of his ear, nose, mouth and eyes. There was no oil for anointing, but there was prayer and Sam prayed. Maggie held Orson and comforted him and she prayed with him.

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Sam not to have the operation. Sam said, "Maggie, that was just a dream. I will be alright." And he went about his work until the doctor arrived.

But Sam was not alright. Maggie called the doctors and begged them to come back, but they told her it was just her concern and that all had gone very well during the surgery and that Sam just needed a little more time to heal. This was not true. While operating the doctor had taken a stitch in Sam's bowel, causing strangulation of the bowel. Sam lived just nine days.

The night he died Brother Don Woodward was sitting with him while Maggie got a little rest. (Orson said he was there and he too, clearly remembered the following which occurred Feb. 12, 1910.)

Sam called, "Maggie!" She was immediately by his side. He said, "Maggie, I am going to die." Maggie screamed. Brother Woodward said, "Maggie, I don't think he knows what he is saying." But Sam answered, "I do know what I am saying. I am going to die. I am sorry you are pregnant; I wish you were not, but it is alright. The Lord has told me he would take care of you and the children." He passed quietly away soon after that. He was forty two years old. His funeral was held Feb. 14, 1910 and he was buried in the Huntington Cemetery.

(Note: Sam's granddaughter, Virginia Hawkins Bryant, underwent surgery Feb. 1979--sixty nine years later to the month--and during surgery, the doctor inadvertently took a stitch in her bowel. She was released from the hospital, then trouble became apparent. The doctor was called and she was taken to the hospital where she was x-rayed. The doctor said there was nothing wrong, that it was just gas. She grew worse and the doctor was again called and informed of the increased pain and vomiting. Again he tried to reassure the family. The next day the doctor was called again, but this time another doctor was on call. As soon as he heard her symptoms the told the family to get her to the hospital immediately. She went, the x-ray was read and the trouble spotted. Surgery was performed correcting the other doctor's error and she healed. Sixty nine years later with much more medical technology available, the same mistake still happens and is still fatal.)

Sam's sisters and his father were very critical of Maggie and blamed Sam's death on her. They felt she was over zealous and over confident in medicine. They often said that Sam came in from working, as healthy as one could be, prepared for surgery in the best of spirits, then because of Maggie's zeal, lost his life. This type of treatment continued for several years. Maggie was dreadfully hurt by this. No one regretted Sam's death more than she did. Their remarks were brought back to her by well-meaning friends and relatives.

Then one day her father-in-law Samuel Rowley, visited Maggie and told her that he had a dream where Sam had appeared to him. He told his father that he was pleased with Maggie and the things she was doing to earn a living; he was pleased with the way she was caring for her family. He was not, however, pleased with the way his father and sisters were treating her. He wanted them to stop criticizing Maggie. When he awoke, father Samuel got into his buggy and visited each of his children and related the dream to them, urging each of them to do as he was going to do--treat her with kindness. He then visited with Maggie and asked for her forgiveness. Maggie was grateful for this. The greatest comfort to her, however, was in knowing that Sam was still taking care of her.

In February of 1910, the Emery County Progress ran an article that read,

#### HUNTINGTON

On Saturday last, Mr. S.J. Rowley, who was operated upon for rupture by Drs. Merrill, Ferguson, and Hill, died from the effects of the ailment. Everything was done to relieve his suffering but to no purpose, he passed away at 3:30 o'clock p.m. The funeral was held in the meeting house which was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

The program follows:

Song, "Nearer My God to Thee,"      Choir

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Song, "Rest" Choir

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Solo, "Face to Face" Carlos Woodward

Words of comfort and the assurance that no one was to blame as some unthoughtful person had said, D.C. Woodward

Quartette, "By Siloam's Shady Rill" A.P. Johnson and Company

A talk by J. F. Wakefield of his long acquaintance and his intimacy during his last hours. The Bishop gave a few closing remarks and all had kind and comforting words for the bereaved.

"I Need Thee Every Hour" was nicely sung by the choir

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Thirty well loaded vehicles followed the remains to the cemetery.

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