

## LOUISA ROWLEY GUNTON

Louisa (Rowley) Guyman was born at Mars Hill, in the parish of Suckly, Worcestershire, England, on the 8th day of May 1837. Her parents were William and Ann (Jewel) Rowley. They belonged to a sect called The United Brethern. They were 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 and minister to their wants. When he delivered his message to them, they welcomed him joyfully, and in a short time he converted and baptised nearly their whole number.

Louisa's parents were baptised when she was about three years old. When eight years old she was baptised by Elder William Lewis.

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 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 surroundings were sold at auction, and they left to earn their living by day's work.

This was a severe trial to them, and brother Rowley could not rise above it; and he was called to a better world on the 14th day of February 1848, leaving his wife to care for seven little children, all under twelve years of age. This was a sad blow and heavy burden to sister Rowley.

The parish gave her seven shillings per week, which barely furnished her with flour. She was handy with her needle and worked early and late making men's clothing. Louisa, with the assistance of her uncle Thomas Jewel, found a situation as nurse. Thus they managed to earn a meagre living.

This uncle before mentioned, although very kind to Louisa, tried to persuade her to quit Mormonism. He talked to her of their nice churchyard, and told her that if she should die without being blessed in church she would have to be buried at the back. But regardless of what any body said, she never doubted the truth of Mormonism.

She had attended school awhile when very young, but now her schooling was at an end, except Sunday School, which she and her brothers and sisters attended whenever it was possible to do so.

Since the Rowleys quit their residence at Mars Hill, the saints usually met at Old Storidge. Sister Rowley was faithful in attending her meetings, also to her prayers and teaching her children.

As soon as the children were old enough they found employment, and were able to assist their mother. The older boys worked at carrying brick. The little fellows walked three miles to their work in the morning and back at night.

Louisa was now a young woman. A young man lived near where she was working, whom she met, and they soon became attached to each other. When sister Rowley became aware of this, she had Louisa leave this place and go farther away, for it was the fondest wish of her heart that she might take all her children with her to Zion; and although this young man had been baptised, he was not sufficient faith to want to emmigrate to Utah. This separation caused Louisa some heartache, but she was then, as she has been since, true to that obedience that characterizes every true Latter-day Saint.

In 1856, through the assistance of the P. E. Co., the family emmigrated to Utah. They left their home in May and took train for Liverpool, where they embarked in the good ship Thornton.

Aside from her own children, she had a step-daughter, whose name was Eliza, with her.

While crossing the sea, several deaths occurred. 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 once in a terrible storm when the ship took fire and they called on him for preservation.

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

Leaving New York, they went by train and boat to Iowa City and after a short delay to Council Bluffs. Here preparations were made for one of the worst 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 exercises.

On one of these occasions brother Levi Savage, who was returning from a mission, spoke, and portrayed the intense sufferings the saints would have to endure if they started so late in the season to cross the plains, the thoughts of which made him cry like a child.

Captain W. Sternly rebuked him for this 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 be turned 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 bouyant spirits started to draw their hand-carts from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake City, happy in the thought that they were going to

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Zion. Louisa says she remembers well how the long train of hand-carts looked when they first started out.

At first there was an up-hill grade. The unusual work of drawing a hand-cart made sister Rowley sick the first day out, and though she did not enjoy good health any of the way, she kept her place in the hand-cart.

When they started out the weather was intensely hot, and their feet soon blistered. Their stock had to be herded nights. 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 to the states who were killed. The hand-cart company saw the Indians with Mr. Babbit's mules. They also saw a squaw with a murdered woman's shawl. 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 buffalo appeared suddenly and stampeded 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 stampeded cattle. This would necessarily shorten their rations, and one hundred pounds of flour was added to the already heavy burden of each cart.

Now the weather was getting cold, rations short and work hard. Sister Rowley's step-daughter could not longer endure these hardships. She went to rest and was buried on the plains.

Sister Rowley 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 and yet was unable to assist them any, save with a few encouraging words.

Louisa shared, as much as it is possible for a girl of nineteen to share, in all the cares and heartaches of the journey.

As winter approached the sufferings of the company were simply dreadful. As they waded through 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.

Sister Rowley used to say that she would be the happiest woman alive if she could reach Zion with all of her children.

One night after drawing the cart all day, Louisa was taken sick with a cramp. Her mother and sister next younger than she worked over her all night, and the next morning she had partially recovered, but not sufficiently to take her place at the cart. That provoked captain W. He was very unkind to the Saints, and because Louisa had to ride in the "sick wagon" he abused her shamefully. Some of the brethren asked the captain to kill some of the church cattle he was bringing, for food. The captain's reply was "I would rather take the cattle than the people."

that she must have a permanent home, and sent word to brother Guymon that she would accept of his proposal. He had been very kind to her and could easily provide her with a home. He came for her at once, and after a few days preparation in Springville, they went to Salt Lake City, and on the 2nd day of March 1857 were married by President Brigham Young in his office.

To the best of our knowledge Grandmother Guymons first home was in Springville, Utah. Here her first three children were born. James W., John W. and David Rowley. James W. only lived two months. He was burried in Springville.

From Springville they moved to Fairview, here Willard Richard, and Owen Winnie were born and here their little son David passed away at the age of four so was probably burried in Fairview.

From Fairview they moved to Fountain Green, here six more children were born. Thomas Henery, Ann Louise, Sarah Jane, Joseph Hyrum, Meliasa Louella and Laura Eliza. From Fountain Green they moved to Huntington in the fall of 1881. They lived up the canyon in a dugout on a farm which is now owned by Frank Robbins. They called it Mountain Dell. While living at Mountain Dell we owned a litle bunch of sheep from which the boys sheared the wool and Grandmother and Daughters Laura washed it and carded it into rolls which she spun into yarn which she wove into cloth for clothing and to knit into stockings and the batts she made into quilts.

Grandmother made strawhats for her girls which they were very proud to wear she also sold hats. She gathered the straw and braided flat braids when she got the hat made she put it in a tight container and burned sulpher to bleach them pretty and white, then she trimmed them with pink and blue mosquito bar.

In Huntington her last child was born. He was number 12 and carried his fathers name Franklin Noah. He was born in the house where the credit union now is 1970 on the lott now owned by Alvin Young.

There is a little interesting story goes with this. The home was built on the Lott Alvin Young now owns when his home was finished some friend told Grandmother she better hurry and move in to it before one of the other wives beat her to it. So her boys moved her in. At this time Grandfather was speaking in church, he could see through the window the smoke comming out of the chimney and he was almost rendered speechless. Anyway our grandmother moved into a house and here Uncle Frank was born. Her brother Thomas's home was where the Heber Leonard home was and where the New Church now stands. Our Great Grandmother Ann Jewell lived with Thomas.

After several years her children built her a home up near the top of town so she could be near her son Willard. Three of her children were still unmarried at this time.

Joe and Frank went to the B Y U to school Laura went up to Provo to go to school but she ended up cooking for a group of young students.

In Fairview the house they had, had a cellar where Grandmother kept the milk and butter she had a tall churn with a dasher that went up and down. The children would churn and sing come butter come butter I am tired of churning.

When Grandmother lived in Fairview Grandmother told the children about the trouble they had with the Indians when they were on the war path and Daddy had to stand guard, Grandmother said the cellar under the house had a trap door in the floor and she would put the children down in the cell so the Indians couldn't find them and how she warned them for fear they might cry out, and the Indians would hear them, she knew of some white children they had stolen.

It was very hard on Grandmother when Laura was married and she and her husband left for New Mexico with their two month old son. There only means of travel was by team and wagon.

Louisa Guymon funeral was 5 August 1901. J.W. Nixon was the speaker. He said as one of the Hand Cart Company she bore her burden without complaint.

This history was written by her grandchildren; Children of Laura Guymon Brown; Edith Brown Collard, Della Brown Brasher and Mary and Guy Brown