

Richard Rowley

Written by Himself
Feb. 22, 1897 in
Parowan, Utah

I was born Feb. 1844 at Mars Hill, Worstershire England. My Father William Rowley died when I was but five years of age, leaving my Mother Ann Jewell Rowley with seven children and with practically no means of support except what she could provide through the hard labor of herself and older children. But with hard struggling we managed to live there until the early spring of 1856 when my mother received an invitation from the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to come to Utah, by the help of the Perpetual Immigration Fund, She gladly accepted. My Mother was able to see her way clear to get to Utah and the body of the church. On the 4th day of May 1856 we bid farewell to our native land and set sail for the United States on board the sailing vessel "Charles Thornton", which carried five hundred passengers. We were on the water for six weeks during which time the ship took fire and came near to being destroyed in mid ocean, but by the protecting care of the Lord were preserved to gather with the saints in the valleys of the mountains.

We had an uneventful trip from New York City where our ship landed. From New York we traveled by train to Iowa City which was then the terminus of the rail road. We had to wait until very late in the summer for our Handcarts to be made. Some were made of green material because of the great demand. Some of the brethren became quite alarmed at having to wait so long, fearing for the safety of the women and children if they were detained until winter came on. Brother Levi Savage expressed himself as being very much concerned. However, late it was, we got along alright from Iowa to Wood River. In Wood River we had some bad luck losing fourteen head of our oxen and were forced to put in our cows and beef steers to take their place. Soon after we lost our oxen we had another misfortune which was more severe.

We became short of provisions. This fact came forcibly to our minds by the time we reached the last crossing of the Sweet Water. Here we were entirely out of food and the fact that the snow was two feet deep did not lighten the burden on our minds. We were there three days before relief came and many died with hunger and cold. Fourteen being buried in one grave at Pacific Springs. My brother John and Thomas were both badly frozen. Sister Eliza died early in the journey. Other than the things mentioned we had an uneventful trip from here on to Salt Lake City where we arrived the 9th November 1856.

Sister Lois and myself went from Salt Lake City to a town in Tooele County called E.T. City. Here my sister left me with a man by the name of John Tate, where I remained until the fall of 1857. I became quite home sick at that time and became very desirous of seeing my mother who had been married since I left her and was living in Parowan. I was then thirteen years of age. Some time in the early part of September, John Tate came to me and told me I could go if I wished. I took him at his word and started at once. I did not even ask for anything to eat. All I had in this world was a straw hat, denim pants, factory shirt and a pair of shoes. I traveled alone to the point of the mountain west of Salt Lake City. I stayed at a ranch over night and then after some distance I became very tired and sat down by the roadside to rest. After awhile two men came along in a covered wagon and picked me up. This is the last I remember until twenty two miles south of Salt Lake City, when my attention was attracted by two women standing by my bedside.

I was lying in bed in a covered wagon. I do not remember of any conversation with them. The next I remember was being led across the public square at Springville, Utah. They took me to Noah Guymon's home the husband of my sister who had left me at E.T. City. I was unconscious for two weeks with Mountain Fever before I could be moved to Nephi where my sister Elizabeth was living. My sister Louisa was not at home in Springville at the time I was there sick with the fever. She had gone to Parowan where my mother lived. As soon as I was able I left for Parowan with Brother Henry Lunt, arriving in Parowan sometime in Oct. Since Oct. 1857 the greater part of my life has been spent in Parowan, with nothing of particular interesting happening.

As a boy I had great faith in the Gospel and great respect for the authorities of the Church and always had the courage to defend the Gospel and its authorities in my weak way.

On January 29, 1864 I was ordained an Elder in the church. In the winter of 1865 I was called to drive an ox team to the Missouri River to bring immigrants to Utah. I honored the call and left Parowan the first of April 1864 and performed the duties of this mission to the best of my ability. On arriving at the Missouri River, I met a young lady by the name of Mary Ann Ray and when we returned to Salt Lake City we were married October 1, 1865.

We have lived happily together raising a large family of children including four boys and five girls, eight of who grew to be men and women, the other a girl died in it's infancy.

When I first came to Parowan, it was but a very new and meager, but I have seen its development and helped out in many ways to make it what it is today. During my period of residence here I have served as City Councilman, Justice of the peace, Pound Keeper and other offices of honor and trust in the community.

One time at October Conference it was planned that I join my Brother Samuel and attend the meetings together in the Tabernacle. We resembled each other so much that while standing by a large glass door I was sure it was Samuel and I put my hand out to shake his and found it was myself.

We had a good visit for several days at the home of his Granddaughter Annie A. Mayne. She made our visit very pleasant, and I enjoyed it so much. She took our pictures together, the only one in our life time.

Richard Rowley passed away December 2, 1929 in Parowan Iron County Utah was buried in the Parowan City Cemetary.

She remembered how the children watched for pieces of raw hide that was holding the wheels together, to wear off so they could roast the hair off and eat it and it tasted wonderful to them.

The weather became bitter cold and caused much suffering, some of the company had frozen feet and hands. Brother Thomas in pushing on the cart suffered with frost bitten hands. John, the oldest brother tired and frozen almost to death was whipped by the captain and made to go on and not give up to the coldness of early winter. Our half Sister Eliza was frail and never very strong, died and was buried on the plains,

After the last hard climb up the canyon pushing the carts to the top where they could see the valley and the relief wagons had relieved the rickety broken carts of their loads, the cart was pushed off the road where it fell completely apart. We were privileged to ride when it was going down hill, in the wagon.

We arrived in Salt Lake in the first week in November 1856, where we cared for until we were sent further south to Nephi. Mother met and married a man by name of Andrew Basten, who gave her and the younger children a good home and paid her emmigration fees. All too soon, he passed away leaving mother alone again but with a home and plenty to live on, in Parowan Iron county Utah.

By this time the older children were grown and little Jane was sixteen years old, a young lady in those days. She married Charles Connelly Foot, December 11th, 1864 in Parowan Iron County Utah.

Now, Mother was left alone except her youngest son Thomas, so when he married, he brought his wife Margaret Tattersall, home to live with his mother.

Jane and her husband moved to Paragona where he taught school. While they were in Paragona a little daughter was born, Emaline Susan. As Jane was a very industrious girl, she was always busy spinning thread and weaving cloth. She went in the field to pick cotton then pick the seed out of it and card it into rolls and spin it for thread to weave into cloth. She would also pick wool from the brush and fence, then wash and card it into rolls and spin it to yarn to make cloth and knitted socks. There was no ready made clothing at that time. She cared for her baby, cooked the food, washed, ironed and kept her little home. Her light was candles which she made from sheep tallow.

The Indians were bad in those days and kept the women frightened all the time. The weather was very hot in the summer but they had to keep the doors shut all the time when the men were away. At one time they run the team of horses and the cow away, and that worked a hardship on the little family, but all the men went together and got the stock back.

Like other early settlers they endured the hardships of common pioneer life. Hard work and privation they accepted with courage and good grace. During the trying periods of early settlements the fear of Indians was ever present. When the days work was done Jane would knit or spin while her husband Charles mended shoes for the neighbors far and near as he had learned the trade some time before.

In the winter he would go to some neighboring town to teach school. It was the town of Parowan that he taught when their second child, a beautiful brown eyed boy was born. They named him William Albert. Before he was one year old he got hooping cough and died. That was a great blow to the family. In the spring they went back to their Dixie home where they spent another summer farming and struggling in the heat and wind but there were better days to come. While they lived at Harrisburgh another son was born, they named him Charles Orson. He was a fine husky little lad, his mothers pride and joy.

They moved about three miles north to a little town called Leeds. Times seemed to get better. They soon had a nice little rock house with a nice basement. They planted choice fruit trees and made a nice little home. Then Charles had another call to go teach school at what was called Harmony. While living at that place another daughter was born, who was named Mary Jane. They spent a cozy winter and when spring time came they went back home to try farming again.

Cotton was the main crop and Jane was a good cotton picker and she picked cotton as well as caring for her little family of three. She would take the baby bed to the field and the baby slept and the other children played while mother picked cotton.

Now the time came when mother did not have to spin and weave so much as cloth could be bought and other things came easier. Charles got the people to get a petition so they could have a post office and he was postmaster. He could now be home most of the time.

The year of 1871 another daughter was born and given the name of Ann Elizabeth. Now that mother had four babies she never found much leisure time.

There was a silver mining rush about a mile above Leeds on the north east. This brought a great many people of all kinds, to dig silver from the earth to make silver knives and forks as Brigham Young had prophesied, but I cannot say that it brought refinement or much good to Leeds. The quiet days were gone, but the people had much more to live on. The men could work in the mine and get money for their work instead of produce, as they could now send east for the real necessities of life.

The flowers bloomed, the crops ripened and times were getting good. Now mother was to have an addition to the house. The windows were to be large so mother crocheted lace enough to put around three pair of curtains three yards long. It was beautiful lace. She was my dear noble little mother and life was not too easy for her.

As time passed on another child came to our home. A son who was named John Larkin. We had a very happy home. At this time we were more prosperous so father bought a herd of sheep and he surprized mother with the first sewing machine in that part of the country and it was very much appreciated. We were all very proud of it and it saved mother many days of hard work. Our new house was large and roomy for those days so we had two boarders and mother rented our back room as housing was scarce.

As time passed on mother grew weary and ill and had to go to bed with typhoid fever. After the crisis was over father arranged his business and took the family north to Parowan. I was but a small child but I can remember how they watched mother to see how things were going. They put her in a wagon and how quiet we children all had to be. There were seven of us at that time.

We got a house close to my grandma Rowley's and she helped us so much. As mother grew stronger every day, it was a long time before she could resume her duties that she did before her sickness. We spent the winter in Parowan.

In the spring we went back to our home in Leeds, and took up farming again, planting everything. Mother took her family to the field to pick cotton. I was eight years old and mother could do quite good. Father raised lovely gardens. He raised sweet potatoes and peanuts. Neighbors and town folks came from far and near to get fresh green vegetables of all kinds. Father and mother loved to share with those less fortunate.

There were twelve in our family and mother sewed for all of us. She could make the best bread in the world. She would make a biscuit and put an apple in it. I have always remembered how they tasted. I think if I had been called on to do what mother did I would have been a real failure.

She lost two children in infancy and the rest all grew to adults and had families of their own.

Father died twenty years before mother did so she lived with her children. She was a great comfort to them. She was always happiest when she could make some nice little clothes for her grandchildren. She was a dear quiet little soul and loved by many. She was a good wife and a dear gentle mother. Her memory is very sacred. She lived a wonderful and useful life and died at the age of eighty-two years, at the home of her daughter Dora Kridler, October 8th, 1930 and buried October 10th, 1930 in the Inglewood Cemetery in southern California where every thing is always green and lovely.

Their Children

<u>B</u> mmarene Susanna Connelley	Maggie Louisa Connelley
William Albert Connelley	Dora Sarah Connelley
Charles Orson Connelley	George Henry Connelley
Mary Jane Connelley	Kate May Connelley
Anne Elizabeth Connelley	Frank James Connelley
John Larkin Connelley	Thomas Richard Connelley