JOE AND ABBY

JOE AND ABBY

A
Biographical History
of the
William Joseph Taylor, Junior
Family

"For inquire, I pray thee, of the former age, and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers: for we are but of yesterday."

Job 8:8-9

Respectfully and lovingly compiled by
Maxine Taylor Bleak Hill
and
Eleanor Olson Pratt

The William Joseph Taylor, Junior
Family Portrait - 1904



FRONT ROW
Mary, Della,
Grandpa, Karl,
Ruby, Grandma

BACK ROW
Scott, Glen,
Ruth, Will, Joe,
Golden, Frank

Published in the United States of America in 1984 by the
William Joseph Taylor, Junior Family Organization.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced
in any form or by any means without permission of the
publishers excepting brief quotes.

First published in Salt Lake City, Utah.

DEDICATION

This book is lovingly and gratefully dedicated to our Aunt Della Taylor Jensen, the only surviving symbol of the family we have tried to portray in this biography. Her example, knowledge and love have made it possible to make this a realistic story of a family that has survived time.



Della Taylor Williams Jensen

FOREWORD

In all expository writing there has to be a background knowledge that is both true and interesting; a source that is reliable which can be verified by the skeptic. Because we are using as principal characters in our book grandparents who have been dead for 40 years and aunts and uncles who have been gone so long that even their children have difficulty remembering details, our information has had to be gleaned from listening, reading letters, examining pictures, reading and re-reading biographical and autobiographical sketches, searching through obituaries and funeral speeches, and sometimes, we hesitate to say, just plain hearsay.

However, we feel that we, as compilers of this book were really being tested: did we <u>really</u> think we could write this book about our ancestors, or was the project just another of those "things" that would gradually disappear over years of transient efforts and authors? There were those who were determined that we <u>would</u> publish the book, and there were those who looked at us with skepticism and just waited . . . to give up, forget.

Then on May 5 of 1979 Eleanor Olson Pratt began going through the file cabinets of her mother, our Aunt Ruby Taylor Olson. Aunt Ruby had died on December 27, 1969, and these file cabinets, containing all of her adult life's work were put away; not forgotten, but ignored for a while. All of her family had lived with her genealogical interest - you could almost call it an obsession - and with her death they had no heart to go tediously through the hundreds of sheets of information contained in them.

For almost ten years these files were pushed aside, but in the spring of 1979 Eleanor felt impelled to begin looking through her mother's work. And suddenly, our book-writing task became easier: great-grandparents with full names and dates of births and christenings were there; the story of our great-grandfather Taylor's conversion to the Mormon Church was there; the copy of the <u>Millenial Star</u> telling in

detail of the sea voyage of our ancestors on the ship "Jersey" was there and names of great-great-grandparents were verified. Now we had the beginning of our story of our own grandparents, and Aunt Ruby had given it to us as a legacy, ten years after her death.

We cherish her dream of this book sometime coming to print. She had wanted to do it but was not given enough time. We commend to her children, our cousins, her dedication to a work that she knew to be important, important to mold her entire married life around it, sometimes to the exclusion of things that, at the time, seemed more important. We thank you for your mother's love of her entire family - the William Joseph Taylor, Junior Family.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book could not have been written without the efforts of many people. In attempting to enumerate each source individually, it becomes a task that is not only long and tedious, but sometimes inaccurate. However, as chairpersons for this publication, we acknowledge that we would have lost much in the telling of it if it hadn't been for the work of our Aunt Mary Taylor Dahlquist. It was her writing of histories of our great-grandparents that led to Aunt Ruby's efforts to write this history. Aunt Mary's daughter, Mary Dahlquist Gunn carried on in spite of physical problems, and her contributions are also part of this book.

We have not been able to acknowledge each bit of information given us individually, but please know that we have acknowledged them with much thankfulness in our prayers. To each cousin who has said, "I remember . . ." we are so grateful. To those beautiful aunts who have come forth with pictures, letters, memories and music . . . and time to look for something they knew they had somewhere, we can never really tell you how much you helped.

We hope this small page will suffice for each and everyone of you who gave us some "special" part in the construction of this history.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER HEADING	PAGE
Title Page	
Taylor Family Picture	
Dedication	
Foreword	
Acknowledgements	
England in the 1800's	1
The Taylors and the Bowrings in England	3
The Journey to Utah	11
William Joseph Taylor, Sr., and Mary Bowring Taylor	15
Scott Family Picture Pedigree	20
Andrew Hunter Scott	21
Sarah Ann Roe Scott	24
Abby Jane Weldon Roe	27
William Joseph Taylor, Jr.	30
The Tennessee Massacre	33
Letters to Abby	35
Abby Jane Scott Taylor	47
Letters to Frank and Zetella	53
Remembrances of Days Long Past	55
We Remember . . .	64
Aunt Della's Tape	67
"The Song of the Righteous . . ."	79
Family Reunions - Taylor Style	83
Joe and Abby: Their Children's Histories:	
William Weldon Taylor	91
Mary Taylor Dahlquist	96
Scott Andrew Taylor	100
Joseph Hiram Taylor	102
Ruth Elva Taylor Johnson	104
Golden Taylor	107
Frank Rozelle Taylor	110
Glen Lee Taylor	113
Della Taylor William Jensen	116
Ruby Taylor Olson	120
Karl Roe Taylor	127
W. J. Taylor, Jr., Family Picture Pedigree	130
All the Descendents of Joe and Abby	131
The Last Leaf	150
Afterword	151
Pedigree Charts	152
Potpourri	166

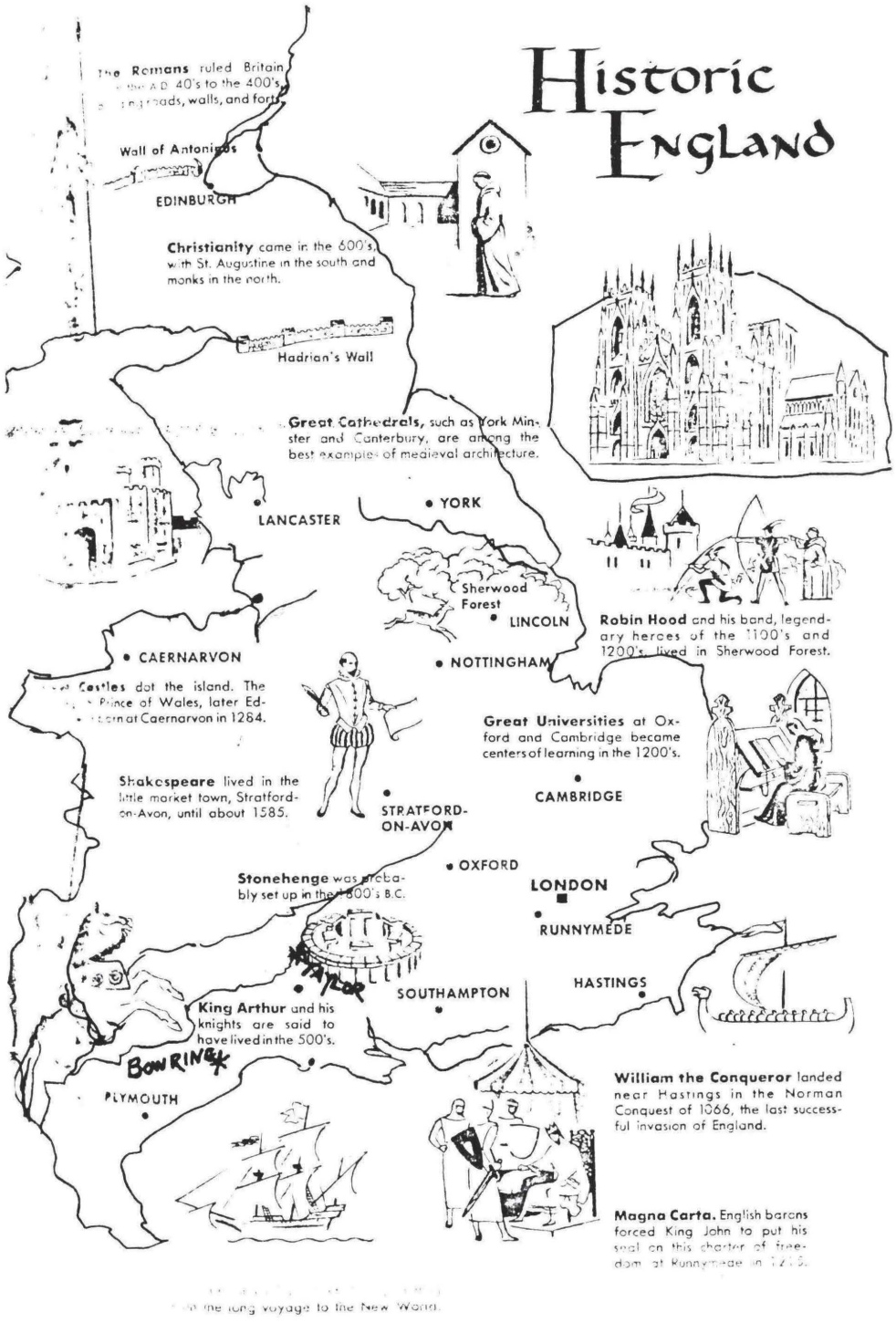
ENGLAND IN THE 1800'S

In the archives of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints there is a manuscript which was originally published in the February 5, 1853 Millenial Star which describes the journey of a group of "saints" from Liverpool, England to New Orleans in the United States. In that group, which was written up and illustrated by Frederick Purcy, an artist, is given a list of the people aboard, their occupations, and interesting and amusing descriptions of things seen and heard on the voyage. Among those listed as passengers on the vessel "Jersey" was a young couple who had just been married one month: William Joseph Taylor and his bride, Mary Bowring. Others mentioned were George Halliday, his wife, Sarah Taylor and their two children, Joseph, age two and Vernee L., age nine months. The account gives a vivid picture of the voyage and of the feelings of the people leaving their homeland. To those of us today who cherish our security of home and country, it is sometimes hard to understand how someone as young as William and Mary Taylor could leave their families and homeland and look forward to the unknown. An account of that voyage and the insuing trek to the West are further related in Chapter III.

In his book A History of the English Speaking People, Winston Churchill devotes Chapter 10 to "The Migration of the People." He mentions that Napolean had been defeated at Waterloo and the oceans were now free for anyone to sail. You no longer needed to sail in convoys for safety. The main outlines of the far continents had been charted and "once more, the New World offered an escape from the hardships and the frustrations of the Old . . . Fares were cheap and transport plentiful. The result was the most spectacular migration of human beings which history has yet to record." Churchill does not picture a mass migration of people waiting on the shore for their turn on the boats returning from the New World. Instead, he described it as something that happened gradually. News spread in letters from the New Land of the fertile, unoccupied and habitable land where men could dwell in peace and liberty and even better themselves. He also mentions that motives, methods and characters of the movement all during the 19th century were different.

Famine and failure of their potato crops caused one million Irish men to leave their home and seek for a better life someplace else. There was always the greedy, and when news of the gold strikes in Western America became public, these people went greedily after more wealth. Says Mr. Churchill: "Hunger for land and for the profits of the wool trade beckoned the more sober and well-to-do people." As descendents of one of those woolworkers, we are interested in what would make William Joseph Taylor leave his home, business and most of his family and sail toward the unknown.

In order to understand the people of a country it is necessary to understand the conditions, problems and geographical character of that country. We are aware that the Taylors and Bowrings were from the southwest part of England, and that the Taylors were woolspinners and the Bowrings were carpenters. The area in which they lived is one that is known to many of us, not for the industries and the people, but from the romance of stories of its past. Not many miles away from where our Great-grandfather Taylor lived and worked and slept was the now famous Stonehenge, a structure built sometime around 1800 B.C. Today that structure is one of the seven wonders of the world, and men are still trying to fathom its purpose and how it was built. The latest theory advanced from a well known professor at Oxford is that it is a huge, primitive computer which can predict the eclipses of the sun and moon and indicate the changing of seasons by the way the sun shines through its stones. One can't help but wonder if great-grandfather, as a boy, might have watched from the darkness some moonlit night to see if the Druids did use it as their place for human sacrifice. This is another theory as to the huge edifice on the Salisbury Plains. Or did the people ignore it



The Taylor and Bowring families lived in the center of an historic England that is familiar to all of us for its romantic legends of King Arthur and his "Camelot". Or, the scientist in us wonder if Great-grandfather William Joseph Taylor ever wandered over to the Stonehenge to watch the sunlight pierce the significantly placed to send a beam of light to a certain emblem engraved on the floor, telling the watcher that spring, or summer, or autumn was here. We don't know if he did, but we don't know that he didn't!

then, as they did many things, as just another old Roman ruin that dotted the English countryside?

Close to the home of the Bowrings is the area where King Arthur and his knights were said to have lived and fought for equality for man in the 1500's. Nothing is left of the famous "Camelot" that we all dream about; there is nothing left of the tomb that was supposedly built to this great king who dreamed of a United England, but there is a river in the area where the beautiful Elaine might have floated on her death-barge to rebuke the recalcitrant Lancelot. And there is a lake where Arthur could have thrown his famous sword, Excalibur, and there might have been a hand to come up and catch it as the magnificent gem touched the water. Who knows where Avalon is? All we know is that our great-grandparents lived very near to such historical places and it is only natural that they must have felt a warmth and fondness for the land of their birth and its legends. Why, then, leave it and sail forward to the unknown?

As mentioned earlier, our great-grandparents were not alone in their determination to seek a new life on a new continent. Churchill mentioned that it was the "most spectacular migration of human beings which history has yet to record." Why this migration? What were the conditions of the country to make people leave their homes, families and friends for the unknown? Who was responsible for so many people to make the decision to just "chuck it" and leave?

The World Book Encyclopedia states that the Industrial Revolution which has occupied such an important place in history since the middle 1700's was not exactly a revolution. Revolution connotates an upheaval of current conditions. The change in industry was not abrupt or disrupting. One of the main changes that occured over a period of almost one hundred years was the invention of the machine to make cloth. At first the people wove the material in their homes, but the humidity of certain areas was necessary to make good material. Men worked long to invent a machine that would work under any conditions. They were finally successful when the spinning Jenny was adapted for and used in the workers' cottage. Later a water frame was patented, but it was so large and expensive that it had to be installed in mills. Driven by water power the cloth making industries employed about 600 people, mostly children. Long after the machines were installed into factories, workmen in their own cottages carried on the process of weaving yarn into cloth. The actual turnover to factory work did not materialize until the 1840's and 1850's, and you will notice how this coincides with the departure of the Taylors from England.

There are several interesting incidents concerning the time in Edwards and Richardson's They Saw It Happen. They report of an article printed in the Edinburgh Review, whig journal devoted to the cause of moderate reform and conservative in its literary policy. In its criticism of the presiding government of England it was harsh and truthful, although there were those who felt it did not present a true picture of the state of England at the time. This is an excerpt from one of their editions:

> The Catholics were not emancipated. The Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed. The Tame-Laws were horribly oppressive; steel-traps and spring-guns were set all over the country. Prisoners tried for their lives could not have counsel. Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily on mankind. Libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments. The principles of political economy were little understood. The laws of debt and conspiracy were upon the worst footing. The enormous wickedness of the slave trade was tolerated. The thousand evils were existence, which the talents of good and able men have since lessened or removed.

One man, one Sydney Smith, a convinced supporter of Reform, and probably the wittiest writer in defense of Reform and of religious toleration had this to say:

"It is of some importance at what period a man is born. A young man alive at this period, hardly knows to what improvements of human life he has been introduced; and I would bring before his notice the following 18 changes which have taken place in England since I first began to breathe it in the breath of life - a period amounting now to almost 73 years. Gas was unknown; I groped about the streets of London in all but the utter daredness of a twinkly oil lamp, under the protection of their grand climacteric, and exposed to every species of depredation and insult.

"I have been nine hours in sailing from Dover to Calais before the invention of steam. It took me nine hours to go from Taunton to Bath before the invention of railroad, and I now go in six hours from Taunton to London! In going from Taunton to Bath I suffered between 10,000 and 12,000 severe contusions before stone-breaking Madadam was born. I paid 15 pounds in a single year for repairs of carriage springs on the pavement of London; and I now glide without noise or fracture, on wooden pavements . . . If I had the gout, there was not colchicum . . . If I was bilious, there was no calomel . . . The corruptions of Parliament, before Reform, were infamous. There were no banks to receive the savings of the poor. The Poor Laws were gradually sapping the vitals of the country . . . and yet in spite of all these privations, I lived on quietly, and am now ashamed that I was not more discontented and utterly surprised that all these changes and inventions did not occur two centuries ago!" This was taken from They Saw It Happen.

We growl today about the limitations imposed upon us: probable gas rationing, building codes, use of land and many other things that we feel is our rightful decisions. Yet listen to these few words from The British Common People by Cole in Chapter Six:

Unemployment reached its worst in 1816 when distress was everywhere. Sidmouth was Home Secretary and he perpetuated the Gagging Acts of 1817; all public meetings were forbidden except under license from the magistrates. Libraries and similar places of meeting were put under the licensing system, so that the public houses and coffee-houses could be arbitrarily closed if they were suspected of harbouring Radical groups. More drastic penalties were laid down for uttering treasonable or desitious words in speech or in writing. Spies were sent out into the country to mix with the local Radicals and report all proceedings. In Derby, where the frame-work knitters were even nearer starvation than the rest of the textile workers, an unemployed knitter named Jeremiah Brandreth set out to march upon Nottingham. Thirty-five of them were tried for high treason; twenty-three were found guilty. Of these, eleven were transported for life, and three more for fourteen years. Four were hanged.



Trowbridge, England

Looking at the situation from an objective point of view, it would be easy to say that William and Mary Taylor left England to seek their fortunes in a country where accomplishments were tallied by your ability to work. Evidently, from the evidence produced in the chapter preceeding this, they were not given that privilege in England. But, using hindsight as a means of determining some of their reasons, we are forced to conceed that they were being gently guided, quietly prodded by a higher being who had work for them to accomplish on this new continent. The terrible conditions in England were part of His plan to get them to America.

At the same time that an industrial change was taking place in England, there was also change going on in America. While industry and methods may have been changing, the important thing at the beginning of the new century in America was its prolification of religious sects, all vying for the support, both physical and financial, of anyone they could convince of their sincerity. In the Eastern United States a young 14 year old boy by the name of Joseph Smith claimed to have received a visitation from God himself who told Joseph that none of the so claimed religions were true, and that he was to live his life in such a way that he would be worthy of being able to carry forth the news of the true church of God. After several years of doubts and fears, it was revealed to him by an angel, by the name of Moroni, where gold plates were buried in a hillside. These plates, covered with an ancient, unknown language would reveal the history of the people of this continent and satisfy any doubts as to what was the true church of Christ. Joseph Smith obtained these plates, translated them with the help of one Oliver Cowdery and Martin Harris, and then the proselyting work was begun. Men who knew very little themselves of the church were sent in to the countryside to tell others of the great discovery that had been made, and their stories must have been inspired of God, for conversions were many and the membership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints multiplied rapidly despite mob rallies, personal persecutions and even denials of those who had participated personally in the spiritual happenings.

The force of this religious movement was such that Joseph Smith felt called upon to send missionaries to all foreign countries. These missionaries met with great success in England. Among those who heard the message and felt a burning within them to convince them that it was true was young William Taylor of Trowbridge, England. He had been born in Trowbridge, just two years after the organization of this church. According to research reported by Aunt Mary Taylor Dahlquist, he "heard the gospel at Trowbridge, Wiltshire England, the principles which readily appealed to him and he immediately applied for baptism." He was baptized on March 17, 1849, by Samuel Francis and confirmed a member of the church on March 18, 1849, by William Dull. He was at this time, 17 years old. Shortly after this he was sent to preach the gospel word in Ireland where he baptized many people according to local records.

He was just one of a large branch of the Taylors in Wiltshire County to join the church in the early days, "thereby being the one chosen to father this large family in the new land; to be the one to bring salvation to thousands of his ancestors who passed away without hearing the message he so gladly accepted." (From the papers of Ruby T. Olson.) He literally fulfilled the prophecy of Jeremiah 3:14-15: "I will take you, one of a city, two of a family and I will bring you to Zion and I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which will feed you with knowledge and understanding."

On January 30, 1853, he married Mary Bowring, daughter of Joseph Bowring and Jane Cook Bowring of Mancus, near Weymouth, Dorsetshire. As we look at the map we can see that there are not too many miles between

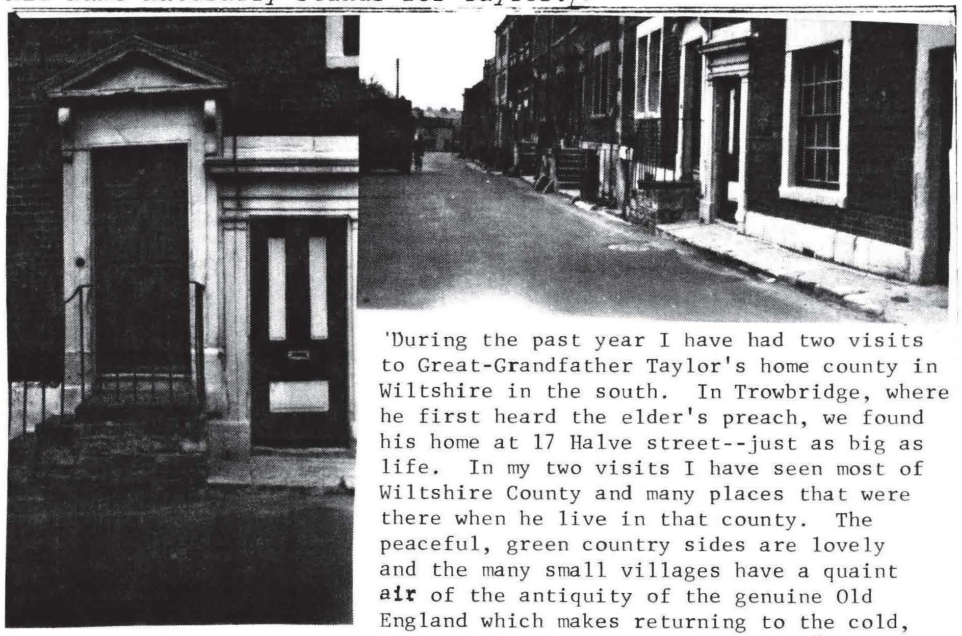

Longitude West of Greenwich
Longitude East of Greenwich
Atlantic Ocean
North Sea
Irish Sea
English Channel
Bristol Channel
St. George's Channel
Sea of the Hebrides
Firth of Forth
Firth of Tay
Firth of Lorne
Solway Firth
Strangford Lough
Lough Foyle
Carlingford Lough
Dublin
(Baile Atha Cliath)
Dun Laoghaire
Belfast
Londonderry
Cork
Limerick
Waterford
Galway
Sligo
Wexford
Kilkenny
Carlow
Drogheda
Dundalk
Navan
Cavan
Monaghan
Enniskillen
Omagh
Letterkenny
Ballymena
Larne
Coleraine
Portrush
Ballycastle
Newtownards
Bangor
Lisburn
Carrickfergus
Antrim
Armagh
Portadown
Craigavon
Dungannon
Strabane
Derry
Donegal
Ballyshannon
Sligo
Castlebar
Westport
Ballina
Tuam
Galway
Athlone
Mullingar
Longford
Tullamore
Portarlington
Naas
Kildare
Bray
Wicklow
Arklow
Gorey
Enniscorthy
New Ross
Wexford
Carrick
Waterford
Dungarvan
Youghal
Cobh
Midleton
Fermoy
Mallow
Killarney
Tralee
Dingle
Listowel
Ennis
Shannon
Limerick
Nenagh
Roscrea
Thurles
Cashel
Clonmel
Carrick-on-Suir
Tipperary
Kilkenny
Portlaoise
Athy
Naas
Edenderry
Tullamore
Birr
Athlone
Roscommon
Boyle
Sligo
Ballina
Castlebar
Westport
Clifden
Galway
Tuam
Ballinrobe
Claremorris
Swinford
Ballaghaderreen
Roscommon
Longford
Cavan
Monaghan
Clones
Enniskillen
Omagh
Strabane
Derry
Letterkenny
Donegal
Ballyshannon
Bundoran
Sligo
Mullingar
Drogheda
Dundalk
Newry
Downpatrick
Ardee
Kells
Navan
Trim
Dunshaughlin
Ashbourne
Swords
Malahide
Howth
Dublin
Bray
Greystones
Wicklow
Arklow
Gorey
Wexford
New Ross

Trowbridge and Weymouth, yet we wonder how these two young people came to meet. If you are familiar with the novels of William Hardy who writes of these areas, mention is made many times of fairs and county exhibits where people came to show off their wares, show off their animals, and in some cases, show off their marriageable daughters. It would have been at such a place that William and Mary met, but whatever the circumstances of their meeting they were married in Liverpool, England on January 30, 1953.

Great-grandfather Joseph Bowring was a coach builder, a carpenter and also a tailer. The family evidently lived in several different places where he could obtain work, and it was in Warminster, Wiltshire where Mary was baptized into the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. She had a brother, Henry Ebenezer, who also emigrated to the United States in the spring of 1856 on the ship "Enoch Train." He arrived in Boston on May 1, 1856. He was engaged in the saddle and harness business, and a singular note is added "engaged in theatricals." Actors seemed to suffer from the noteriety that they do today!

Great-grandfather's first son, Thomas, emigrated to Australia at an early age and his descendents are still living there. Thomas was evidently an indentured servant who chose to emigrate to Australia rather than serve a jail term in England. This was a common practice in those days. All word of this brother was lost until communication was received by Aunt Ruby before her death from a descendent of Thomas in Australia. This woman was trying to trace the relationship of the Bowring family in Australia and the William Joseph Taylor family in Utah. She and Aunt Ruby carried on some correspondence and established that this, indeed, was word from the "missing" Thomas. It is interesting to speculate that Uncle Will and Uncle Scott both spent missions in Australia, and it is indeed possible that the lives of these distant relatives might have crossed. However, it was not until the 1950's when the Australian Bowring communicated with Aunt Ruby that anyone knew of the whereabouts of this brother.

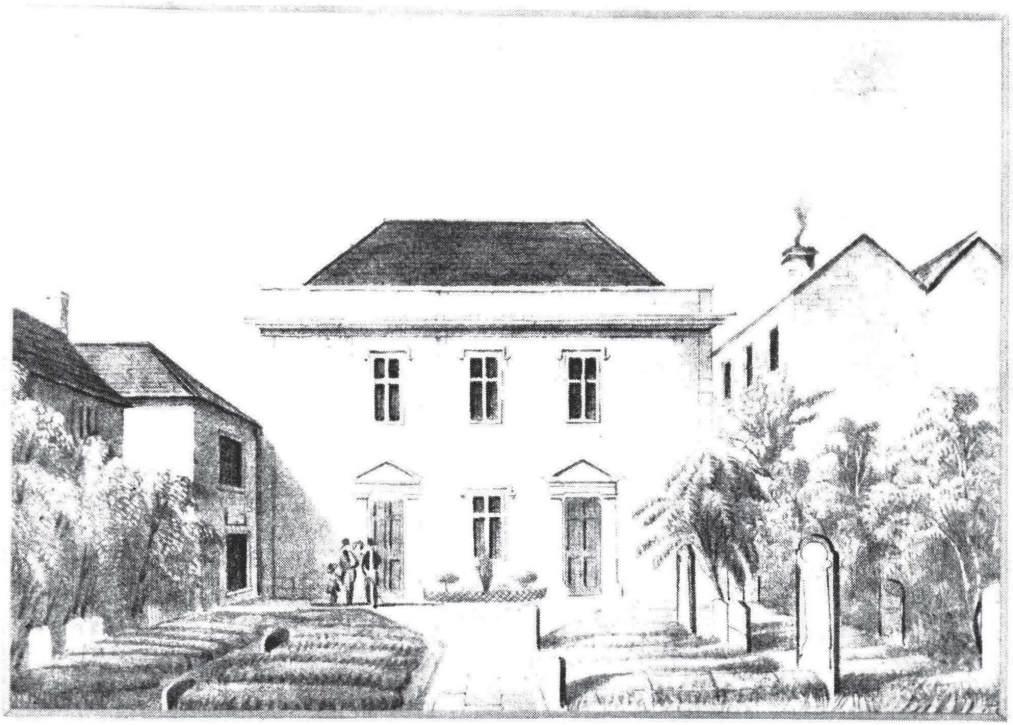
To those "middle-aged" readers of this manuscript, be it also known that locally famous "By" Woodbury and his dance band starring "Bubbles" is also a relative whose life went directly back to Mary Bowring. In fact, the once jivey "By" Woodbury later became known as T. Bowring Woodbury and served as mission president in England. The "T" in his name naturally stands for Taylor.



17
Halve
Street
Trowbridge
England

'During the past year I have had two visits to Great-Grandfather Taylor's home county in Wiltshire in the south. In Trowbridge, where he first heard the elder's preach, we found his home at 17 Halve street--just as big as life. In my two visits I have seen most of Wiltshire County and many places that were there when he live in that county. The peaceful, green country sides are lovely and the many small villages have a quaint air of the antiquity of the genuine Old England which makes returning to the cold, industrialized south pretty hard. "

"My visits down there are made possible through the kindness of of Mother's good friend, Miss Alice Miles. She leaves nothing undone to make life pleasant. Last April she and I spent a day in the home of the Rector of the town of Bechington. There we poured over old parish registers which were written on pages of animal skins and dated back to 1500. The ink was dim and the penmanship very odd. A urim and thuminim would have helped, but as it was we were quite pleased to find one name that did belong to our family tree. Casting aside its worldly troubles, England is a glorious land. The gospel must have moved Grandfather Taylor a great deal to cause him to leave such a lovely place as Wiltshire."

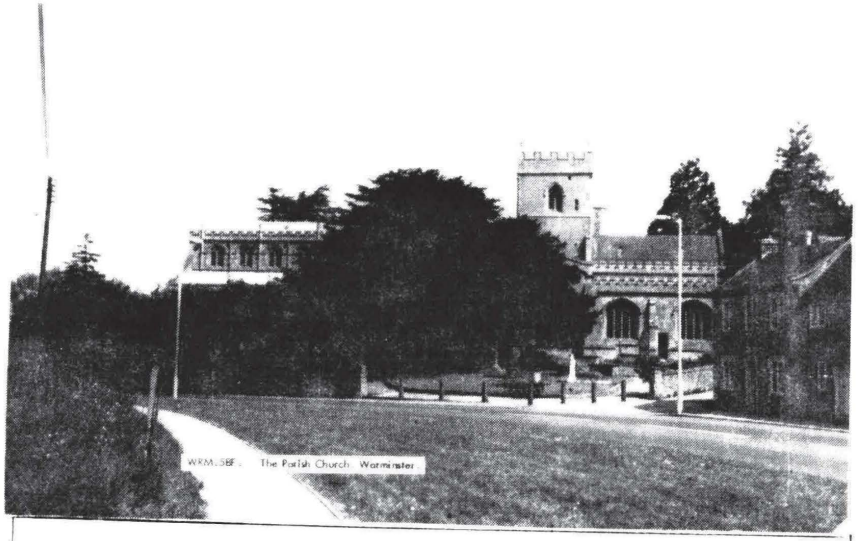


THE OLD CONIGRE CHAPEL.

This is the old Baptist church in the Conigre district of Trowbridge where William Taylor, Sr. and Winnifred Hewitt, parents of the emigrant William Joseph Taylor, attended services. Their daughter, Mary Eliza, was married in this church.

Behind this building there was a congregation of Latter-Day Saints in the middle rank in 1851" according to the history of Wiltshire County. The Latter Day Saints branch met behind this Conigre Chapel for several years.

William Joseph Taylor, who incidentally was christened with the single name of "William" in the Trowbridge 1851 census, evidently took the name of "Joseph" after his arrival in Provo. It is from this couple that we begin the history of the William Joseph Taylor Family. This young man of 21 and his bride of one month left Liverpool, England, on the ship "Jersey." They left Liverpool on February 3, 1853 and started their long journey to Utah and Salt Lake City, where they would arrive on September 27, 1953, eight months after their departure from England.



WARMINSTER CHURCH.

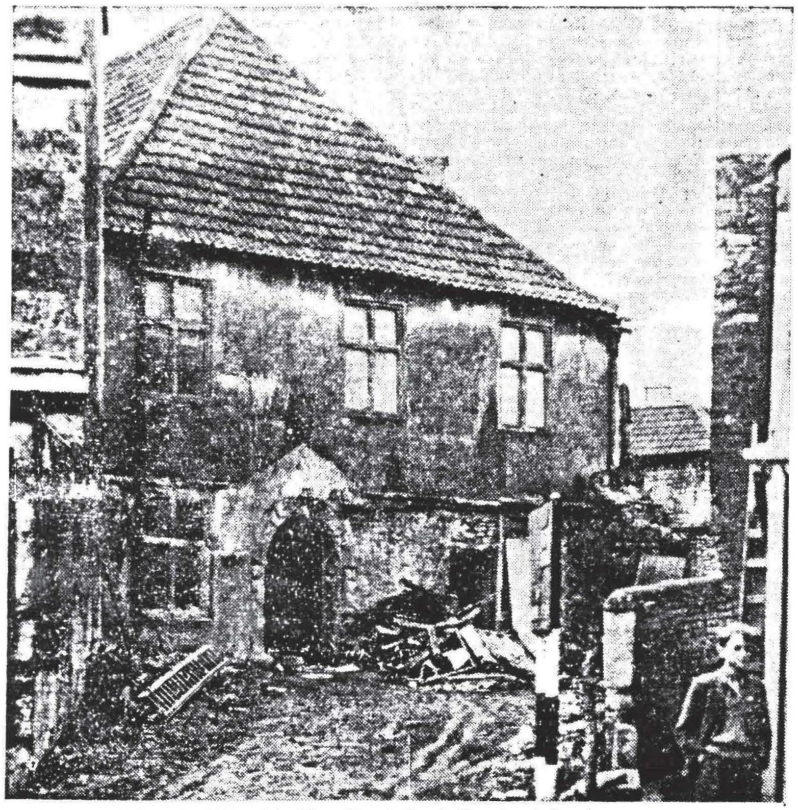
Bowrings, Taylors, Lawrences, Cayfords, Spicers came from this area and could have attended this church. The Pontons and Pantings listed on our pedigree charts are also from here.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

One of the most famous and beautiful cathedrals in England. Thomas Naish, who was our 6th great-grandfather was Sub-Dean here. This would be in the early 1700's.

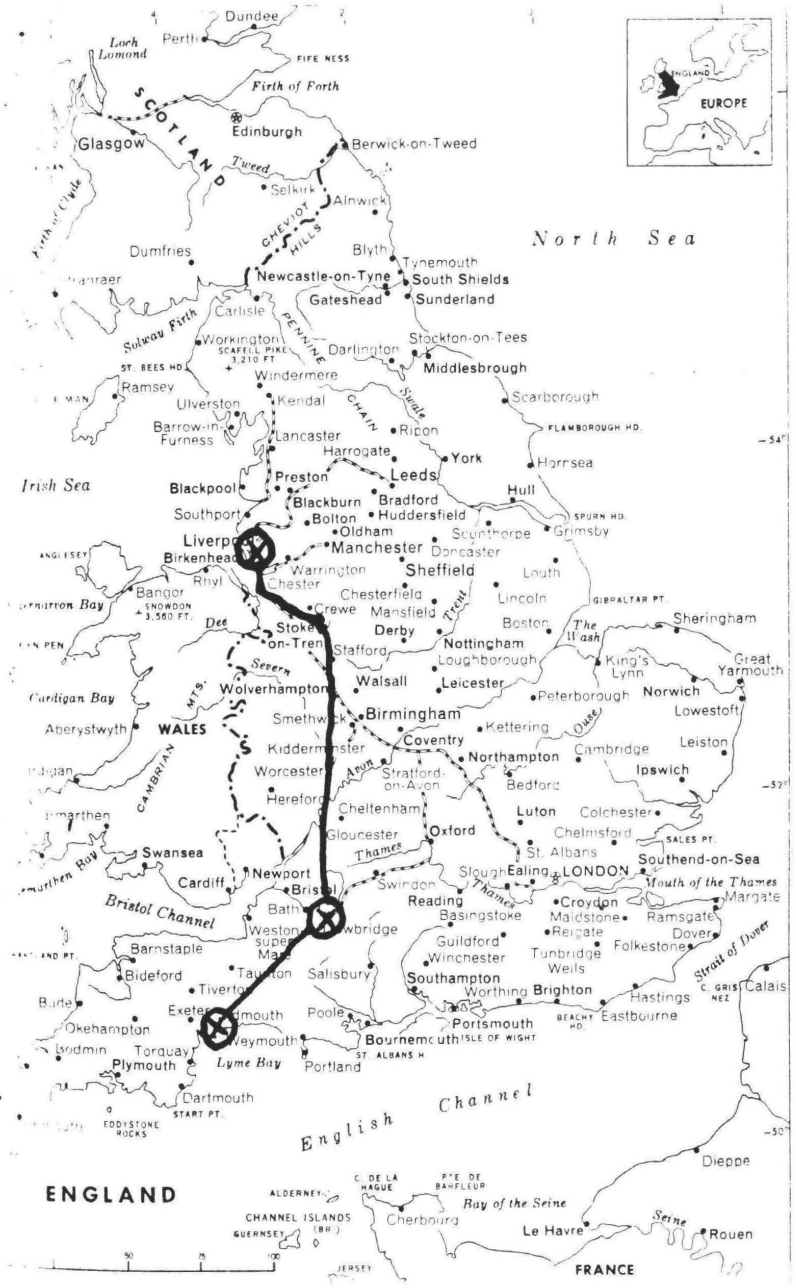


Old Trowbridge Chapel Is No More



The former Independent Chapel in Silver Street, Trowbridge, just before its demolition this week to make way for the new Co-operative Society department store. Latterly used as the branch County Library, the chapel was built about 1700 and closed for worship in 1927. It was the third oldest building in the town surviving unaltered, next to the Parish Church and the Rectory, though the backs of some of the Georgian-fronted premises in Fore Street may be as old. Q/301/A

The Presbyterian Church on Silver Street, Trowbridge, where William Taylor, father of Grandpa Taylor, and his brothers and sister Eliza were christened. Joseph Hewitt, father of Winnifred, mother of William Taylor married Edith Silverthorne here and their children were all christened here.



THE JOURNEY TO UTAH

A most interesting manuscript has recently been located in the Church Historian's Office relating to the voyage from England to New Orleans of a company of 314 saints on board the sailing vessel "Jersey." Among the emigrants were William J. Taylor, spinner, age 21 and his wife Mary Taylor age 21. These are our grandparents, or parents of William Joseph, Jr. They were married in Liverpool on January 30, 1853, having left their home in Melksham a few days previous and on February 5, 1853, embarked with other saints on the long trip to Zion.

This article was published in the Millenial Star and reprinted in condensed form in the Contributor. It was written by Fredrick Purcy, an artist who accompanied the above saints, and who sketched the beautiful illustrations which were afterwards published in James Linforth's Route from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley and from his graphic description of the journey the following is culled:

"On the Fifth of February, 1853, I embarked on the "Jersey" for New Orleans on my way to Great Salt Lake Valley . . . After looking around the good ship and taking a peep at the passengers who were to be my companions during the voyage to New Orleans, I selected a berth quite to my taste in the second cabin, a small house on deck fitted up with single berths for eight persons . . . The steerage passengers, of whom there were three hundred, were composed of half of English and the other half of Welsh, causing confusion of tongues quite amusing, until one was personally intered in what was said. They, however, managed quite well and most heartily and lustily helped each other in all kinds of work where more than one pair of hands were necessary for its accomplishment.

"We were quickly towed down the river Mersey, passed the rock lighthouse and the port at the mouth, and the wind being fair, the sails were soon unfurled and filled, and we stood out to sea . . . Soon the land grew less distinct, and as it became more and more gray, there rose above all other sounds the voices of men and women sweetly mingling in tones of heart-felt feeling in the song of "Yes, My Native Land I Love Thee." Then the deck became deserted, as the motion of the ship began to affect the heads and stomachs of men and women hitherto used only to steady terra firma . . . The next day the necessary instructions were given the emigrants relative to the regulations deemed necessary for their comfort, health and safety. The married men and women had already been placed in the center of the ship, and the unmarried portion at the two extremities - the males at the bow and the females at the stern. The whole of the passengers were divided into districts of equal numbers, with a president and two counselors to each district. These had to see that the ship was cleaned out every morning, that all lights except ship lights were put out at 8 o'clock at night, and never on any account to permit a naked or uncovered light to be in the ship. These and other precautions to prevent fire, were conceived to be most essential, for in truth no calamity that can occur is so dreadful as fire at sea. The presidents also had to see that no principle of morality was violated; to meet their districts at 8 p.m. to pray with them and to give any general instruction thought necessary; and to daily meet in council with the presidents of the whole company, to report the condition of their districts, and to consult with and receive instructions from him.

"The most scrupulous cleanliness was thought to be necessary, also frequent fumigation and sprinkling of lime; and on warm days all sick persons, whether willing or not, were brought into the air and sunshine. The consequence was that the general health during the whole voyage was most satisfactory, only one death occurring, and that of a very old woman who was nearly dying when first taken on board.

"The chief difficulty which was experienced was who was to rule the cooking galley. I do not believe that the Queen with her Privy Council, and the House of Lords and Commons put together could have legislated successfully for it. Two or three revolutions occurred in it. Once the cooks were forcibly expelled. The insurgents took the poker and shovel into their own hands, and as a matter of course they burned their fingers, as all meddlers in government affairs do. Too many cooks spoil the broth; they quarrelled among themselves, and the result was that the chuckling cooks retook their honors, and were very impartial and as unpopular as ever.

"Considering all things, however, the little world behaved itself remarkably well, and after a few days all became used to the motion of the ship. Sickness disappeared, and was only remembered to be laughed at. Merry groups assembld on the deck and, sitting in the sunshine, told stories, sang songs, and cracked jokes by the hour together, and generally with a propriety most unexceptionable. During the whole voyage, the weather was charming. We left winter behind us, and as we went south, we were greeted by the most delicious warmth and sunshine.

"The day before we saw the first land was an exciting time for us. We had been out of sight of land so long that some made up their minds that they would sit up all night, that they might see Cape Cabron on the north of San Domingo, the first thing in the morning. None, however, carried out the determination; they crept into bed one after the other and had to be called up to see Cape Cabron in the morning. Soon after we came in sight of the mainland of the island, the old Cape Francais. The green color of the island of Tortuga was quite refreshing. We had been so long away from vegetation that even a distant glimpse of it afforded pleasure. None but those who have been absent at sea for so long a period can fully appreciate the feelings inspired by such a sight. Then we passed the island of Cuba, the largest of all the West Indian Islands and the principle colony of Spain. We soon left that island far behind us, and as we sped onward, bouyant with hope and anticipatiion of soon reaching New Orleans, the winds still continued in our favor and we very pleasantly and swiftly stretched away across the Gulf of Mexico and began to look out for a pilot. When we got up the last morning before arriving at the anchorage at the mouth of the Mississippi River, we found that the water had changed from its deep ocean blue and was already contaminated by the light sandy water of the Mississippi River; and then when the pilot boat came along side and the pilot got on board, there came in with him a feeling of security and satisfaction. He was the assurance of safety and seemed a sort of amphibious animal to convey us from the dangers of the deep ocean to the security of the terra firma.

"At the bar we found the ship ("The Golconda") which had started from England two weeks before us, detained at the mouth of the river on account of the shallowness of the water. We should have remained there too had not our crafty old captain represented his ship as drawing less water than she really did. The consequence was that two or three hours later a huge Mississippi steamboat came alongside, and having bound herself to us, very soon carried us safely inside the bar. Then another boat of similar appearance took hold of us, and we began to ascend the far famed and mighty Mississippi.

"We entered the river by the southwest channel, and passed the Balize of pilot station on the east, about three miles from the bar, and the light house on the west about four miles inland. Then we passed Fort Jackson, St. Philip and St. Leon at the English turn, then the battle ground where the English under the command of Sir Edwar Packenham were in 1814-15 so signally defeated in attempting an invasion of New Orleans.

"The distance from the bar to New Orleans is between 90 to 100 miles, and the "Jersey" was four days in being towed up. For 30 miles from the entrance to the channel nothing is seen but muddy swamps and rushes, but above Fort Jackson the plantations commence, which are rather small at first, but as we approached New Orleans, they became finer and larger. The banks on the side of the

river are very low, and as far up as New Orleans they present the same general appearance . . . We arrived at New Orleans on the 21st of March, having had quite a pleasurable trip of a little over six weeks duration. The number of miles traveled is seldom less than 5,000 miles, although the geographical distance from Liverpool to this port is only about 4,400 miles.

"Just before we got to New Orleans, we were told to look out for thieves, in the shape of boarding house runners, and, although we could not keep them off the ship, we made up our minds they should not go below. We therefore stationed four men at each hatchway, with instructions to allow none but the passengers to go down. We soon found the benefits of this arrangement, as it was as much as the guards could do to keep the blackguards on deck. They swore they had some friends below, and when asked for their names they generally gave some of the commonest Irish names. This, however, was quite a failure as there was not an Irishman on board. One fellow when told there was no Pat Murphy on board, said it was a lie, as he never knew a ship without one. But finding our guards steady and not to be intimidated, they gave it up as a bad job, and departed vowing vengence to the Mormons.

"We have now entered the great Republic of the United States of North America, and have ascended for 90 to 100 miles into the interior of the State of Lousiana and our ship was moored along side the levee of the thriving city of New Orleans.

"Here the emigrants were met by Elder John Brown, the agent appointed by the Church Authorities to receive and forward them to St. Louis. This gentleman rendered every assistance to the passengers in disembarking, etc., and acted in concert with George Halliday, who had led the company over the sea, in giving advice to the emigrants, and protecting them from depredations. The advice given to the emigrants was so well observed that as a general thing they escaped the numerous evils with which all foreigners arriving at this place are beset.

"Owing to the promptness of Elder Brown, the steamboat "John Somons" was soon engaged for the passengers. The passage for adults was $2.25, for children between 14 and 3 years, half price, and those under 3 went free.

"In addition to the foregoing, it may be added that six marriages were solemnized on board the "Jersey." Elder Halliday remained at New Orleans awaiting the arrival of the "Elvira Owen" and Elders John Hyde and William Parry took charge of the saints in going up the river. At St. Louis Elder Isaac C. Haight had made arrangements with the "Keokuk and St. Louis Packet" line to take the saints from one to another free of drayage expenses, so that the emigrants were not detained at St. Louis. The "Jersey" company did not stay there over night.

"After a prosperous passage, lasting a few days only, the company landed safely in Keokuk. From there to Nauvoo."

NOTE: "I have found that Grandfather and Grandmother crossed the plains in the Cyrus H. Wheelock Company, and were in the division known as the Independent Company. Two other divisions were known as the "Ten Pound Co." and the company traveling under assistance of the "Perpetual Immigration Fund." We are happy that they were able to finance their journey themselves.

"There were 396 persons including children in the company. Seventeen horses, two mules, 216 oxen, 83 cows, 12 heifers, 52 wagons and one carriage.

"Their voyage was difficult but in general the health of both men and animals were good, considering the privations they were compelled to submit to in crossing over many barren districts.

"Their captain wrote a letter to Brigham Young which I have copied and will incorporate into a more complete history later. They were at the Little Sandy (about 45 to 50 miles east of Greenriver) on September 19th and

were expecting to enter the valley before October Conference."

Ruby T. Olson

The following was secured from the Church Historian's office and deals with the company of saints in which Grandfather and Grandmother Taylor crossed the plains from Iowa.

- - - - - - - -

One of the immigrating companies which crossed the plains in 1853 was led by Elder Cyrus H. Wheelock, who wrote the following:

Little Sandy, Sept. 19, 1853, 10 o'clock a.m.

President Brigham Young: Dear Sir:

The enclosed statistics are as near correct as they possibly can be under the circumstances in which they were obtained of the state of the company under my presidency. I am happy to state that the camp in general, including both people and oxen, are in a prosperous condition, considering the privations they have been compelled to submit to in crossing over many barren districts.

I trust to be in the valley with my company in time for the October conference. The brevity of this note is owing to the lateness of the hour in which it is written, but by the politeness of Brother Chas. Decker, you obtain it and much more information than can be comprised within the compass of a letter.

I have the happiness to remain with great respect, Your obedient humble servant,

Cyrus H. Wheelock

I note that there are divisions under the direction of Captains Pixton, Kendall and Whitworth and were called the "Ten Pound Company," the "Perpetual Imigration Fund Company" and the "Independent Company." These three companies comprised 396 souls.

The names of Joseph Taylor and Mary Taylor are included among these. Grandfather evidentally took his second name when crossing the plains; he had used the first name, William, on the ocean voyage records.

Following is a list of the number of cattle and vehicles in the three divisions of this company: 17 horses, 2 mules, 216 oxen, 83 cows, 3 privately owned cows, 12 heifers, no sheep, 52 wagons, 1 carriage.

There is a gentleman traveling in company with us whose name is Cyrus Kellogg and who is captain of a company en route to California, with a large number of horses, cattle, sheep, etc., intending to winter in Salt Lake Valley and probably to locate himself there. The number of his stock and men will be found as follows under the denomination of the "California Company": 11 horses, 12 oxen, 6 cows, 49 privately owned cows, 500 sheep, 2 wagons.

The company under the presidency of Cyrus H. Wheelock is at present traveling in two divisions. The first division consisting of Captain Pixton's "Ten Pound Company" and Captain Whitworth's "Independent Company," (together with the "California Company"), are under President Wheelock's immediate direction. The second division consisting of Captain Kendall's "Ten Pound Company" and a small portion of the "Independent Company," is under the direction of Captain Kendall assisted by Brother Dykes as counselor to President Wheelock. Brother Dykes states that his cattle and wagon are numbered with the "Danish Company."

Signed for Cyrus H. Wheelock by John G. Chambers, Clerk

From the Journal History of the Church Sept. 1853 C.H.O.

Ruby T. Olson



WILLIAM JOSEPH TAYLOR AND MARY BOWRING TAYLOR



William Joseph Taylor, son of William Taylor and Winnifred Ferris of Trowbridge, England, was born July 7, 1832, at Trowbridge, England, just two years after the organization of the church.

In his early years he heard the gospel, the principles of which readily appealed to him and immediately he applied for baptism. Shortly after this he was sent on a mission to Ireland.

On January 30, 1853, he was married to Mary Bowring, daughter of Joseph Bowring and Jane Cook Bowring of Mancus, near Weymouth Dorsetshire, England. The spirit of gathering soon came over the young couple and they set sail February 5th on the ship "Jersey" for the valleys of the mountains. From St. Louis they came by ox team across the plains arriving in Salt Lake City on the 27th day of September, 1853, being eight months on the way from their home in England.

A most interesting manuscript was located in the Church Archives by Ruby T. Olson, relating to the voyage from England to New Orleans of a company of 314 saints on board the sailing vessel "Jersey." Among the immigrants were William Joseph Taylor, age 21, a wool spinner; Mary Bowring Taylor,his wife,age 21; George Halliday, a minister, age 29; Sarah Halliday, his wife, age 29, and their two children Joseph, age 2, and Vernee L., age nine months.

This article was published in the Millenial Star of February 5, 1853, and reprinted in the Contributor. It was written by Frederick Purcy, an artist, who accompanied the party and who made beautiful sketches all along the voyage and these were made use of as illustrations in the publication of James Linforth's book Route from Liverpool to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

The account gives a vivid picture of the voyage of the sailing vessel "Jersey" and the account tells of the feelings of the saints upon leaving their homeland; their varied and amusing experiences on board ship; the organization which was affected to maintain harmony and good health on the journey; their arrival at the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi River; being towed one hundred miles to New Orleans which required four days time.

They were met by Elder John Brown, acting for the Church, and he chartered a steam boat for their trip up the river to St. Louis, Missouri and Keokuk, Iowa. The group was in charge by Elder George Halliday who had fulfilled a mission to England.

This is an exceedingly interesting and well written article and is considered very valuable to the Taylor family who are actively engaged in tracing the pedigree of this only Provo colonizer who was sent by Brigham Young to Provo to help establish the woolen industry at the Provo Woolen Mills.

One line of his ancestry has been traced straight to the year 1600 and all other lines are being successfully pursued.

On the 4th day of January, 1854, they came to Provo. The Woolen Mills were under course of construction at the time and President Brigham Young asked Brother Taylor to go down and oversee the carding department and help generally with the manufacture of woolens. In order to help maintain the family, Sister Taylor opened up a public school in her own home and later on in that building which was known as the Seminary. She also helped color, card and spin wool for the clothing of her family. In the year 1860, William was elected peace officer of Provo and in 1865-66 he offered his services in defense of the saints against the Indians.

In his absence, his wife cared for a small farm in

the Fort Field. She would take her children with her and she would walk to and from the fields where they cared for and harvested the crops during the father's absence.

At the close of the war in August, 1867, Brother Taylor operated a tannery where the hides were cured for the making of shoes which of course were not first class, wet weather making them loose and flabby and dry weather causing them to become hard and dry.

His first home was built on what was called the City Field. He later built one of the first adobe houses on the block west of the West Square, which at that time was being used as a camping ground for U. S. soldiers who were stationed here. This caused the saints much indignation.

Seven children where born to this couple. They are:

Mary Eliza Taylor, born June 7, 1854
married to John Warwood, Jr.

Martha Jane Taylor, born March 30, 1856
married to Walter Scott

Ellen Ann Taylor, born March 3, 1858
married to John Warwood, Sr.

William Joseph Taylor, Jr., born November 23, 1859
married to Abby Jane Scott

Winnifred Taylor, born November 26, 1861
married to Andrew H. Scott

Walter Henry Taylor, born March 9, 1864
married to Rachel Broadhead

Lydia Taylor, born December 29, 1866
died in infancy

Lydia Jane Taylor, born September 13, 1868
married to John K. Allen

He complied with the order to plural marriage when he took his second wife, Rebecca Harris, niece of Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon. Two children were born of this union. They were:

Emer Harris Taylor, born January 29, 1866,
Provo, Utah
married January 29, 1888 to Sylvia Critch

Rebecca Harriet Taylor, born April 10, 1868,
Provo, Utah
married Samuel Tracy, December 25, 1883
at Lake Point, Utah

He was called as a home missionary, and was also in the first organization of the 34th Quorum of Seventy.

Apparently a young man at the age of 37, he contracted brain fever and died on May 18, 1869, leaving his wife with seven children, the eldest scarcely 15 and a baby one year and eight months. Rebecca was left with two small children to raise. Grandmother often said the Lord truly fulfilled a promise to her that he would be a father to the fatherless, "Although we shared the poverty and privations which were then a common lot of the pioneers, still we were never hungry."

After his death she and her oldest boy, Joseph, cared for the farm, and gleaned in the neighboring fields. She got employment making denim suits for the East Co-op and she also made temple clothing, thereby being able to sustain her family. So in the midst of hardships and work, they assisted in building up Zion and making it truly an abiding place for the children of God.

Mary Taylor Dahlquist

NOTE: From the original record of Trowbridge Branch of the South Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. This branch was removed into the Wiltshire Conference and organized to be a conference by

President S. W. Richards January 1, 1853. I find in the above record that Mary Bowring was received into the branch in 1851 - removed in 1852 and immigrated in 1853.

I find also William Taylor, single, born 7 July 1832, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, baptized 17 March 1849 by Samuel Francis, confirmed 18 March 1849 by William Dull, removed 1851. Seventeen years old when baptized.

From obituary notice in Deseret Weekly News, June 2, 1869. Died in Provo City on Tuesday the 18th inst. Wm. J. Taylor after a short illness, aged 37 years. Brother Taylor was born July 7, 1832 at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England. He was baptized March 17, 1849, at the same place and emigrated to this city in 1852. He was a member of the 34th Quorum of Seventies. By his consistent courage, he won the respect and confidence of all who knew him; he has left a large family and a numerous circle of friends to regret his early departure. (Millenial Star Historian's Office)

I find in above record where grandfather Taylor baptized many persons after his baptism and before his removal in 1851.

Ruby T. Olson



Grandpa Taylor, with his mother, Mary Bowring Taylor and his brother and sisters.
From left to right, back row: Walter Scott, son of Martha Jane Taylor Scott(Walter Scott); Ellen Ann Taylor Warwood (John Warwood, Sr.); Mary Eliza Taylor Warwood (John Warwood, Jr.); Walter H. Taylor; Winnifred Taylor Scott (Andrew Scott); Lydia Jane Taylor (John Allen); William Joseph Taylor, Jr. and Mary Bowring Taylor.

Provo City, March 16, 1892

To my granddaughter:

Miss Mary Taylor, having an opportunity to deposit something with the good sisters of the Relief Society which will be taken good care of till such time as you will then be of an age to understand what I shall say, and although I may then be resting in the silent tomb, still these few lines shall speak for me. I was born in the year 1827 on the 5th day of August at a place called Mancus near Weymouth, Dorsetshire, England. At the age of 22 joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in 1853. On January 30 was married to Brother William J. Taylor in Liverpool, England, on the 5th day of February set sail on the ship Jersey on our way to the valley of the saints. Arrived in Salt Lake City on the 27th day of September of the same year. On the 4th day of January 1854 arrived in Provo, and have lived here ever since.

Now to my dear granddaughter, I would say I thank God I was ever permitted to hear and obey the gospel. I do know and can testify of its truths and that the Lord is the same yesterday, today and forever to all those who love to serve him and keep his laws and my prayer is to all my children and my children's that they will ever walk in that straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal where I hope someday to meet with those of my loved ones that are gone and also those that will come after. At the age of 42 I was left a widow with seven children, the youngest, one year and eight months old and the eldest scarcely 15 years. Your father was hardly eight years but in all the years that followed, I can truly say that the Lord fulfilled his promise, he was truly a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow. His hand has been over me and mine for good all the day long, therefore will I ever praise him.

Now, my dear Mary, enclosed in this letter I have given you my likeness, also a neck tie which I wore at your father and mother's wedding which I thought you may value as a relic of my family, praying ever that the blessings of heaven may be showered upon you all the days of your life, believe me to be affectionately yours,

Mary Bowring Taylor

This letter was written by grandmother Mary Bowring Taylor March 18, 1892, and deposited in a box in the corner-stone of the Second Ward Church. When it was torn down it was secured by my sister Mary Dahlquist to whom the letter was intended. This copy was given me by Mary D. Gunn.

Ruby Olson





OLD OAK HONORED—President J. Earl Lewis of the West Utah LDS Stake places a plaque on Provo's 100-year-old Bur Oak tree during a dedication ceremony held for the tree. Members of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers look on as the plaque, which they sponsored, is nailed to the tree.

This article and picture were printed in the Provo Daily Herald. There was no date kept with the clipping, but Aunt Mary Dahlquist is in the foreground. It was her DUP camp which was responsible for getting the plaque nailed to the tree. The article gives a good explanation of the history of the great oak.

Old Oak Tree Honored With Special Plaque

Provo's unique, century-old Bur Oak tree came in for its due amount of public acclaim recently when it was dedicated by President J. Earl Lewis of the West Utah LDS Stake. Mr. Lewis also nailed a marker telling something of the tree's history on its trunk.

The huge oak, which stands at the corner of Sixth West and First South, is one of the few in this region. It is believed to have made the journey from the Midwest as a "lowly acorn" with William Joseph and Mary Bowring Taylor. Mr. Taylor came to Provo in 1853 to supervise the dyeing of wools at the Provo Woolen Mills.

He and his wife homesteaded and built a pioneer home at what is now 658 W. 1st S. He lived there until his death in 1874, and it was there that the acorn began fulfilling its mission of becoming a "mighty oak."

After William Joseph Taylor's death the tree was moved by William J. Taylor to its present location, where it has often been the object of study by botany students at Provo High School and Brigham Young University.

The Taylors moved later to a farm in Lakeview and Melissa Lewis is now owner of the home where the tree stands.

During the dedication program, Mildred Furse sang "Trees" and Mary Taylor Dahlquist, granddaughter of the pioneer who planted the oak, related "The History of the Tree." The Daughters of Utah Pioneers Camp

HUSBAND . . . . . Andrew Hunter Scott
Birth . . . . . 21 Aug. 1815
Place . . . . . Middletown Bucks Co. Pa.
Married . . . . . 12 Jan. 1851
Place . . . . . Kanesville Iowa
Death . . . . . 11 Oct. 1874
Burial . . . . . Provo Utah
Father . . . . . Joshua Scott
Mother . . . . . Nancy Ann Keen
Other wives . . . . . Sarah L. Sleeper
Martha Ann Norton





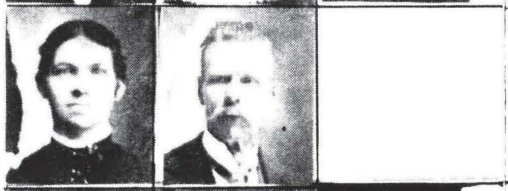
WIFE . . . . . Sarah Ann Roe
Birth . . . . . 26 Sept. 1832
Place . . . . . Philadelphia Pa.
Death . . . . . 7 June 1904
Burial . . . . . Provo Utah
Father . . . . . George Humphrey Roe
Mother . . . . . Abby Weldon



1st Child . . . . . Franklin Scott
Birth . . . . . 1 Dec. 1851
Place . Salt Lake Salt Lake Co. Utah
Married to . . . Sarah E. Stubbs and
Eliza R. Stubbs
Married . . 4 April 1870--21 May 1877
Place . . . . End. St. George Temple



2nd Child . . . . . Walter Scott
Birth . . . . . 17 March 1853
Place . . . . . Provo Utah
Married to . . . . Martha Taylor and
Harriet Broadhead
Married . . 15 Dec. 1873--9 Apr. 1880
Place . . . . End. House--End. House



3rd Child . . . . . Anna Scott
Birth . . . . . 2 March 1855
Place . . . . . Provo Utah
Married to . . . John Austin Wilkins
Married . . . . . 8 Nov. 1872
Place . . . . . Provo Utah



4th Child . . Andrew Hunter Scott Jr.
Birth . . . . . 27 Nov. 1856
Place . . . . . Provo Utah
Married to . . . Winifred Taylor and
Myrtle Warwood
Married . . . --16 June 1904
Place . . . . End. House--Provo Utah



5th Child . . . . . Mary Emma Scott
Birth . . . . . 14 Sept. 1858
Place . . . . . Provo Utah
Married to . . . . . Jesse Harding
Married . . . . . 23 Nov. 1875
Place . . . . . End. House



6th Child . . . . . Canby Scott
Birth . . . . . 28 Oct. 1860
Place . . . . . Provo Utah
Married to . . . . . Eliza Cook
Married . . . . . 29 Nov. 1883
Place . . . . . End. House



7th Child . . . . . Sarah Ann Scott
Birth . . . . . 7 June 1862
Place . . . . . Provo Utah
Married to . . . . James William Hardy
Married . . . . . 16 Dec. 1876
Place . . . . . Provo Utah



8th Child . . . . . Abby Jane Scott
Birth . . . . . 30 Jan. 1864
Place . . . . . Provo Utah
Married to . . . William Joseph Taylor
Married . . . . . 3 Aug. 1882
Place . . . . .



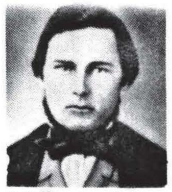
9th Child . . . . . Howard Scott
Birth . . . . . 23 March 1866
Place . . . . . Provo Utah
Married to . . . Eunice Lester Stubbs
Married . . . . . 10 Dec. 1890
Place . . . . . Manti Temple



10th Child . . . Rouzelle Eugene Scott
Birth . . . . . 18 May 1868
Place . . . . . Provo Utah
Married to . . . . . Mary Ellen Peay
Married . . . . . 15 May 1892
Place . . . . . Manti Temple



11th Child . . . . . Francelle Scott
Birth . . . . . 6 Feb. 1871
Place . . . . . Provo Utah
Married to . . Walter William Sorensen
Married . . . . . Sept. 1898
Place . . . . . Salt Lake Temple



ANDREW HUNTER SCOTT

Andrew Hunter Scott, or "Bishop Scott" as he was called, was born in Middleton, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, August 21, 1815. His father was Joshua Scott who was also born in Pennsylvania. His grandfather was Joshua Scott, born in 1735 in South East Pennsylvania; his great-grandfather was Abraham Scott, born about 1700 in Tiffenthwaite, Cumberland, England. Abraham came to America about 1736. He is a son of John who is a son of Robert Scott, born about 1632 and also of Cumberland, England.

Andrew's mother was Nancy Ann Keen a daughter of Rev. Joseph Keen and Ann Allen. This line requires considerably more research to find Nancy Ann's progenitors. It is said that Joseph Keen came from England just before the Revolutionary War.

Andrew Hunter Scott grew up on his father's farm in Pennsylvania, obtaining only six weeks schooling while he was a child. He was one of eight children.

When he was a young man, he served as an apprentice to a tailor, and followed that trade more or less during his lifetime.

He was married February 18, 1839, to Sarah L. Sleeper of New Jersey. Five children were born to them; George C., Mary Emma, Hyrum S. and the twin girls, Eliza and Margaret.

Bishop Scott first heard the gospel in 1830, and three years later was baptized into the church, ordained an Elder by Jedediah M. Grant and set apart to travel and preach for the church. He performed a number of missions, the most interesting among them being one in which he traversed the ground recently covered by Sidney Rigdon, who attempted to usurp the place left vacant by the death of the prophet Joseph Smith. He returned home April 6, 1845, sold his business and paid President J. M. Grant $50.00 tithing.

On May 25, 1845, Elder Scott made a visit to his old home in Middleton, Pennsylvania, to see his father who was ill and whose death occurred shortly after, July 15, 1845.

On November 16, 1845, he was given a patriarchal blessing from the hands of John Smith, father of the prophet Joseph Smith.

He went west with Elder Grant and others in the fall of 1845 and joined the saints in Nauvoo. There he met Brigham Young and other leaders of the church, and returned to his home with the intention of moving his family to Nauvoo. Upon his arrival home, however, he became ill with lung fever and his sickness so exhausted his means that he was unable to carry out his plans. After his recovery he opened a restaurant and confectionary business which he conducted until 1849.

During the spring of 1850 he made preparations to come to Utah, but his wife, who was a devout member of the Methodist Church, opposed that move. Finding that he was determined to go, she took advantage of a temporary absence from home, and disposed of their household belongings, and leaving the little boys, George C. and Hyrum S. with a neighbor, took her daughters and went to some of her friends. Not being able to discover any trace of his wife and daughters, he took his two boys and with a company of Mormons, went as far west as Kanesville, Iowa. As his money was getting too low to go on to Salt Lake, he bought a one hundred acre farm for $75.00 and engaged in farming.

On January 12, 1851, he was married to Sarah Ann Roe, who with her mother was in the party of Mormons who came to Kanesville. Grandmother Scott was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on September 26, 1832, a daughter of George Humphrey Roe and Abby Jane Weldon both born in Pennsylvania. Her paternal grandfather was Elias Humphrey Roe and her grandmother was Mary Morris. Her maternal

grandparents were John Weldon and Hester Robison. These lines must also be extended. Grandmother Scott proved a true helpmate to her husband, sharing all the hardships of his later life. Eleven children were born to this couple, six boys and five girls, namely: Franklin married Sarah Ellen Stubbs; Walter married Martha Jane Taylor; Anna married John Austin Wilkins; Andrew Hunter married Winnifred Taylor; Mary Emma married Jesse Harding; Canby married Eliza Cook; Sarah Ann married Erastus James Hardy; Abby Jane married William Joseph Taylor; Howard married Eunice L. Stubbs; Roselle Eugene married Mary Ellen Peay and Francelle married Walter Sorenson.

In the spring of 1851 he fitted up a wagon with one yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows, which they milked on the way, and traveled across the plains, arriving in Salt Lake City September 26, 1851, this day being the birthday of Grandmother Scott.

The family remained in Salt Lake City that winter, living in a log house in the ninth ward. On December 1, 1851, three months after their arrival, their first son Franklin was born.

The following spring they moved to Provo and bought a farm with some surplus clothing they had brought with them. The land was covered with grass, willows, cottonwood trees and indian wick-i-ups. It was located in the west part of Provo on the banks of a little dry creek which joined the Provo River not far away. Their home was first a wagon box, then came a log house with dirt floor and roof, no windows and only one door. It was here in this home, surrounded by Indians, there being only one neighbor within half a mile, that Walter, their second son was born, March 7, 1853.

The following June little seven year old Hyrum became ill and died. This was a very severe trial for Grandmother Scott for the child's father was away in the canyon and the Provo River was flooding the lands between their home and the city. But to grandmother, who was a mother of two children at 21, as well as mothering two little step-sons, having traveled 1000 miles of trackless prairie as a wedding journey and braved the terrors of a life among hostile Indains, this experience was merely one more cross to bear. The following day after little Hyrum's death, a friend, Hyrum Bigler, came to see how she was getting along, and so made a rude coffin out of boards while she washed the boy and made him clothing of her white ruffled petticoat she had brought from home; laid him in the coffin and Brother Bigler carried him on his shoulders to the hillside and buried him. Thus Grandfather Scott had to sacrifice his wife and three daughters for his religion and then found the rigors of pioneer life had left him but one son to remind him of his former life.

A few months after the Indian uprising began, the family moved into town, locating at Fourth South and Fifth West.

His agricultural pursuits for years were attended with many hardships. Seed was very scarce, farm tools had to be made by hand of such material as was available. Floods from Provo River destroyed the crops, and his cattle were killed by Indians. At times it was necessary for him to hold the plow or swing the cradle with one hand and carry his gun in the other. All these things for a number of years caused the family to suffer much for the necessities of life. Yet he continued to improve his fields and to improve and import his seed, until his granary and cellars became filled and he was the seed store for many farmers in the state. In the early 50's, he began growing flax, which the family spun and wove into cloth. He also imported the first sheep into Utah County, and began the manufacture of woolen goods. He raised broom corn and made brooms, sugar beets and made sugar. He imported bees, silkworms and many tame grass seeds. In the spring of 1854 he planted one city lot to fruit trees which were the first fruit trees planted in Utah County. And from time to time he continued to import other fruits until he was one of the largest fruit growers and nurserymen in the state. In 1864 his grain stacks were set on fire by one of his little boys and he suffered a loss of over $4,000.00.

An amusing and interesting story was told by my mother of the eldest daughter Ann whom a certain man desired for a plural wife, much to Ann's displeasure. He came one day for a dozen young fruit trees, tying strings on the best and straightest ones he had selected. He went home with the assurance that his trees would be delivered. Father Scott ordered the boys to dig up the trees with the strings on, but in the meantime, mischevious Ann had quietly tied strings to the most crooked trees which were dug up and delivered.

The first summer Grandfather's young apple trees bore fruit, he gave his daughters who saved a cup full of apple seeds, a new grey lindsey dress of which Mother said she was very proud.

On April 1, 1856, he married Martha Ann Norton, four children were born of this marriage, William, General, Milton and Lois.

In April of 1857, he became a member of the Nauvoo Legion which was organized in Provo for the protection of the people from Indian raids and as a standing army for this territory.

He superintended the erection of the first Utah County Court House in 1867-68 which was torn down a few years ago to make way for the beautiful new court house which adds so much to the business district of Provo. He supervised the construction of the fort wall around the city in 1854. He built the first school house in Provo and also looked after the construction of the old Provo Meeting House in 1861, and was constantly working and planning with Brigham Young in the construction of the Provo Woolen Mills from 1870-74. He would leave early in the morning after having started the boys at the farm work and with the brethren would spend the entire day and until late at night working on the building of the Mills.

He was organizer and president of the Utah County Agricultural and Home Manufacturing Society. He was City Recorder, Assessor and Councilman, and also Mayor of Provo for six years.

In 1866 he conducted an ox team train across the plains to the Missouri River and brought 300 emigrants to Salt Lake City. He was accompanied on this trip by William Halliday and by his son George Scott. The emigrants were mostly Scandinavian converts. James Knudson, a prominent man of Provo, also Church Historian Andrew Jensen, were among the party. The company left Florence, Nebraska on August 8th and arrived in Salt Lake City, October 8th. Some 30 of the members died on the way. I have heard my father tell of the departure of Captain Scott as he was called. He remembered seeing the teams of oxen being made up on the west square or what is now Pioneer Park on Fifth West, and many stories Uncle George told we children of his experiences on that trip and his work in later years as an Indian scout.

In the spring of 1862, Grandfather Scott was called to the office of the Bishop of Provo Second Ward, which office he held until his death. He died of blood poisoning on October 11, 1974 at the age of 59. His honorable life, his many charities and his kindly disposition had endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and his death was universally mourned. He was the typical pioneer, fearless and hardworking, frugal and thrifty, lending every energy to the betterment of the people and to the founding of a community where opportunity for safety, advancement and happiness, the goal of all, could be obtained. His tall, broad figure with the familiar black cape was welcomed anywhere, and although his manner was stern and his words few, his advice was eagerly sought after and wisely followed. Of his eleven children none remain but his grandchildren and great-grandchildren are numerous and the esteem with which these descendants are held in their communities speak plainly for the worth of their forbearer, Andrew Hunter Scott.

Mary T. Dahlquist



SARAH ANN ROE SCOTT

I was born in the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, September 26, 1832. My father died when I was 11 years old. My father and mother were baptized in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in October, 1843. I was baptized Christmas Day, 1847.

April 3, 1850, I bade farewell to the home of my birth and many dear connections and friends, and with my mother and brother and 133 saints, the presidency of Elders,Jacob Gilson and Edson Whipple,all bound for Kanesville on the Missouri River (enroute for Salt Lake Valley) where we all arrived May 14th in good health and spirits, rejoicing in our deliverence from Babylon.

Circumstances compelled me to stay in Kanesville till the next spring. In that winter, January 1851, I was married to Elder Andrew Hunter Scott of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, who came out in the same company that I came with. Started out for the valley of the Great Salt Lake in the spring of 1851 in Captain Morris Phelp's company. As the Elk Horn River was very high and getting late in the season, the captain concluded to head the Horn which was a tedious journey as only one company had started that way. But those that did come to the mountains in those days do not know what it is to travel over the plains in wagons drawn by oxen and pass only one house in 1000 miles, and sometimes camp where there was no water for man or beast, and no wood to make a fire, but we traveled on our journey, trusting in our Heavenly Father to preserve us to the end of our journey.

Crossed the mountains into the Salt Lake Valley on my 19th birthday, September 26, 1851. Stopped in Salt Lake City that winter, lived in our wagon till the latter part of Novemeber. My first child was born December 1, 1851, in the Ninth Ward of Salt Lake City. Moved to Provo in March 1852, where my husband purchased 16 acres of land with a log house on it, with no floors; the window was a space in the logs about three feet square with willows nailed across instead of glass. When I think back to the past, taking into consideration our house, situated on the outskirts of the city and on the trail of the Indians to their fishing ground, I cannot help but see a preserving power that protected us through the day and the dark hours of the night. Many nights I and my two baby boys have stayed alone while my husband was working in canyons getting material for fencing and etc.

On March 17, 1853, my second son was born. We moved into the town as the Indians were on the war path and all living on the outside were counseled to move in. Camped out till we purchased city lots and built up a home again in the Second Ward in which I resided till 1865 when I moved out on a farm which we had purchased at which place I still reside.

Many interesting incidents occuring in the past; some bringing pleasant recollections, others of hardships and wants of the things needed to make us comfortable in this life. The first year we came to Provo, which was 1852, my husband worked a large farm on shares for half the crop and expected to have 1000 bushels of wheat and potatoes which we had to keep for seed for the next season, and as many were in the same condition, provisions were not as easy to get them days as they are now. We lived poor through that winter not having milk, butter, meat or potatoes. We raised a few bushels of turnips after the water receeded from the farm which we boiled in water and sometimes for a change, we added a little tallow and pepper and made a kind of stew. How would that do to put in a cook book for a fancy dish? Had to be very careful with our bread-stuff to make it last till spring of 1853 when we had a cow come in and borrowed six bushels of wheat on interest, a peck to the bushel, which we had made into graham flour, not nice like we have now; the shives and beards of the wheat scratched our throats as it went down, but by being saving, making pancakes for breakfast, my husband and a son he had when I married him, took two

for their dinner, for the land they farmed was some distance from where we lived when we came to Provo. Then we would make thickened milk for supper using only a tin cup of flour in it, but it lasted until some grain was ripe. After that year we had plenty and some to spare, except two years when the grasshoppers took most of the crops, we would have had plenty for our family but we divided with others till the last. The last six pounds of flour we had I divided with a poor sister which made us without bread like the rest. We had plenty of fish that suited me for I like it but I still craved the bread. I had a half dollar I had had for a long time, I bought a half bushel of bran with it, for bread which we mixed up with milk and baked then took the crust off and eat it and put it back in the oven to bake another crust on and so on until it was all eaten up. We had quite a bit of fun over our bran cakes sometimes, but that is past.

I hope that our posterity may not have to pass through such privations, but I expect they will have all that they can endure in some other form for the work of the Lord is that He will have a tried people as gold seven times tried in the fire.

On February 27, 1869, I was nominated to fill the position of President of the Second Ward Relief Society, with Sister Mary Whipple as first counselor and Sister Matilda Loveless as second which being presented by the Bishop was a unanimous vote of the meeting in which position I still remain, being the only president living of the four first presidencies of the four wards in Provo. This position I have tried to fill to the best of my ability.

On October 11, 1874, my husband died leaving me with eight minor children, my three oldest being married, making 11 in all. At the present date they are all married except the two youngest which are of age but still living at home. I have tried to bring them up in the faith of their father, a faithful worker to build up the church with his means and time. He was the husband of six wives, father of 23 children and at the present date, I am grandmother of 64 children of my own and 11 step grandchildren by a son of my husband's first wife which I brought up from a small boy. His mother was a Methodist and would not come out to Utah with them. She kept two girls and left him the two boys which I was mother to. The youngest died June 27, 1852, of eyriseples, only sick three days. I had to wash and lay him out myself as no one could get to the house on account of the water flowing all between the town and where we lived at the time. His name was Hyrum Smith Scott. Twelve of my grandchildren have passed from this world of sorrow and care. What the next 50 years will bring in posterity and how many will be here I do not think I will be here in this mortal body and many more who are now in the pleasant happy days of youth. My desire is that all who are of this family to the latest generation may be faithful to their covenants and callings in this life, that we may receive the good words, "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter into the joys of your Lord," is the sincere desire of my heart for all.

Yours truly, Sarah Ann Scott

This history was placed in a box in the old Second Ward Relief Society building to be opened 50 years later. The box was opened in 1942. Grandmother Scott died June 7, 1904, age 72.

Ruby T. Olson

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM ISSUES OF THE TAYLOR CHRONICLE

Youth is not only a period of life
It is an aspect of our intelligence,
A characteristic of our will
A quality of our imagination
A richness of feeling.

Youth is courage overpowering timidity,
Love for adventures overpowering laziness.

Nobody becomes old for years passing, but only if
One gives up his ideals.

Years draw wrindles on our features, but giving up
Enthusiasm brings wrindles of soul.

We shall be young while we have f aith and old
As soon as uncertitude wins us.

We shall be young while we have hope
And old as soon as we lose it.

*****

Spin cheerfully
Not tearfully,
Though wearily you plod, spin carefully
spin prayerfully
But leave the threads with God.
Clouds may come, but clouds must go, and
they have a silver lining,
For beyond them all, you know either
sun or moon is shining.
So with trouble, t'is quite the same;
Time at last will take its measure;
Rainbows follow after rain.
Life must have it's 'need of pleasure.
And of thy store two loaves alone are
left.
Sell one and with the dole
Buy Hyacinths to feed thy soul.
...Mary Dahlquist

"To whatever height we may carry human knowledge, I hope we shall never forget those energetic and enterprising men and women who met the difficulty in its rudes shape."--Sidney Smith

*****

"How little we know of our fellow men
As we travel through life
Just to meet--now and then.
Some are for glamor and wordly show
Others are retiring, no glitter or glow.
Such a man was he.
One would never hear of his special
Talents--or the gifts he held dear,
Of his kind unselfish nature
Love for his wife and boys.
His knowledge of fine music
His interest in life's joys.
He the fatality of his illness,
Yet he never bewailed his fate,
Living each day to the fullest,
Knowing that the hour was late.
His life was short, but so well
Lived, that his friends may be proud
Of what he gave.
Now as they play his records
They no longer wonders why--just
Content in feeling
That he stands close by.

*****

"The past is really never past. It remains forever a part of us.
The more we know about our past, the better we understand our present."

*****

"No matter how often
I level this weed,
It returns there after rain
As if there is need
To remind men who sever
Life's delicate string
That destruction is never a permanent thing." Mark Soifer



ABBY JANE WELDON ROE

Abby Jane Weldon Roe, or Grandmother Humphrey as she was familiarly known, was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, November 7, 1809, the daughter of John and Hester Robinson Weldon. In 1831, a year after the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints was organized, she was married to George Humphrey Roe who had also been born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He was born February 6, 1793, the son of Mary Morris and Elia Humphrey Roe.

According to records available, George Humphrey Roe had been married earlier to Sarah Porch, and to this couple were born six children, all born in the city of Philadelphia. Records of Uncle Walter Scott state that Abby Jane Weldon had also been married previously, probably to a man named Joseph Knight. There is very little information about these two previous marriages.

George Humphrey Roe was a carpenter and a ship builder by trade, and the home of George and Abby Jane was always an abiding place for the missionaries of the L. D. S. church because they were among the first people in the city to accept the message of the Gospel. Jedidiah M. Grant made his home with them whenever he was in that part of the mission.

The Roes were baptized in the year 1843 and their earnest desire was to cross the plains, so they made plans for their eventual departure west. Before this could be accomplished, however, George died. This left Abby Jane in poor circumstances financially with two small children, Sarah Ann and George Washington, to raise.

Tragedy stalked the family, for according to what information is available, the couple had suffered the death of seven children. In a letter written by Lois Wickers to Ramona F. Cottam, Mrs. Wickers wrote:

> "I went to visit Aunt Francelle Sorensen, or Aunt Sis as we called her, and all this data about the seven babies Abby Jane had lost was given to me by Aunt Sis (Francelle). The last heard of George Washington Roe was that he was in South America, and that he probably died there. It was from there that they last heard of him. My only proof of the fact is that Aunt Sis (Francelle) knew Abby Jane Weldon Roe, and that this was the information that grandma had told her. Aunt Sis went in and got a little piece of writing paper which was the record of the family written in pencil. She said, 'This is all I have,' and there it was, some birthdates of her mother and father (Abby Jane Weldon Roe and George Humphrey Roe) and their children. According to that penciled record these are the children of George Humphrey and Abby Jane Weldon Roe:
>
> Sarah Ann, Born September 26, 1832 - died June 4, 1904.
> George Washington, born December 31, 1834 - date of death unknown.
> John Humphrey, born September 1836 - died 1836.
> Ester (or Hester), born October 1837 - died 1837.
> Abey Humphrey, born July 1838 - died 1838.
> Harrison Humphrey and Charles Humphrey, twins, born November 1839 - died 1839.
> Marion Humphrey, born October 1840 - died 1840."

Undaunted, the widowed mother toiled night and day to gather enough money to outfit her family with a team of oxen and wagon for the purpose of emigrating to Utah. This was the most terrific struggle for a lone woman. Her son George did not choose to go west with his mother and sister, but decided to stay and work as a ship builder

in the Philadelphia shipyards. It was a trade he had learned from his father.

Before leaving Philadelphia, Abby Jane auctioned off a cupboard filled with lovely china. Not wishing to part with all of them, she wrapped two beautiful pitchers in flannel petticoats, and tucked them among her meager belongings which she brought to Utah with her. These pitchers are delft blue with embossed white figures encircling the top and the bowl. The mouth of the pitchers was finished in dull gold. She gave them to her granddaughter and namesake, Abby Jane Scott Taylor. Upon the death of Abby Jane Scott Taylor they were given to a great-granddaughter, Mary Taylor Dahlquist. That pitcher is still in the Dahlquist family. The second pitcher is in the possession of Marjorie Johnson Snow, who received it upon the death of her mother, another great-granddaughter, Ruth Taylor Johnson.

Nothing dampening her desire to join an emigrant train, she started alone with Sarah Ann who was then 18 years of age. They drove their own ox team as far as the Missouri River where they became acquainted with a young man by the name of Andrew Hunter Scott, who was also coming west with his two young sons, George and Hyrum. This young man was also from Pennsylvania. His wife, upon finding that he had joined the L. D. S. church and intended to seek Zion in the west, took her two young daughters, sold all they had, and left him with the two young boys. He was full of faith and courage but he never saw his daughters again. As time went on his wife wrote letters of remorse and asked his forgiveness, but she never came west.

When the saints were camped on the river, a companionship developed between the two lonely families, and it was here that Andrew Hunter Scott and Sarah Ann Roe were married on January 12, 1851, as one family unit these determined pioneers again began the long trek west. Many hardships were encountered; sickness, hunger and death overtook them. At one place cholera broke out and many of their number were buried at Sweetwater, Wyoming.

The family arrived at the valley of the Great Salt Lake in 1851, where they started clearing sage brush for a home site. Great-grandmother Roe worked in the homes of many of the church leaders, Heber C. Kimball and Orin Porter Rockwell and others, helping to maintain her family. However, before a house was completed by her son-in-law, Andrew Hunter Scott, he was called by Brigham Young to go to Provo to superintend the building of the Provo Woolen Mills. He labored long and hard to see the work move along. There were many occasions when he remained at the site all night long with the men in order to see that all went right. He had nothing to eat at these times but a pocketfull of parched corn. He also took up a large tract of land in the southwest part of Provo township and here they planted the first flax in Utah. He also planted a vast orchard of fruit trees as well as mulberry trees for the raising of silk worms.

Abby Jane worked side by side with her son-in-law, Andrew Hunter Scott, and helped in the erection of an adobe house. Tragedy struck the little family when Hyrum, the younger of the two little boys, who left Philadelphia with their father, took sick with fever and died. A casket was made from the trunk of the tree, and the father, Andrew Hunter Scott, carried the little corpse to the foot hills and many times they fed the red men rather than have trouble with them.

Abby Jane continued her service and work in the homes of the church leaders in Salt Lake City, going back and forth on foot many times, taking dried fruit in exchange for linsey, sugar and such things as were obtainable and were necessary for the family. On one occasion as she was coming home from Salt Lake, she met Old Squash Head, an Indian chief, on Provo Bench. This old Indian was much feared by the people in the vicinity. With him were two other braves, and they stopped and drove their ponies across the narrow road to prevent her from passing. She stopped, unafraid, shook her fist in the face of the Indians and then passed them, unmolested. She knew no fear, for at one time when living in the small adobe room on the Thomas Allen lot where she had a flock of turkeys,

she was awakened one night by a disturbance among her turkeys. She took a gun and went into the yard where she found a porcupine. She killed him and went back to bed.

When the narrow gauge railroad was being built up through Echo Canyon to Coalville and Wanship, she went along to cook for the construction crew. Among the men who ate at her table was an expert woodsman, and he made her a small box of very delicate workmanship. She later gave this box to her grandson, Howard Scott.

Death came to this noble pioneer on September 17, 1888, in Provo, Utah. Since the time she had left him in Philadelphia, she had never seen her son George Washington Roe. There are two stories concerning him, both of them interesting but not verifiable. The one, as stated earlier, states that he went to South America and probably ended his days there. However, Uncle Howard Scott stated that many anxious moments were spent by this pioneer mother, wondering about her boy. He said he remembered that she received a clipping from a friend in Philadelphia which had been taken from a newspaper. This clipping told of a group of ship builders who had entered Philadelphia harbor in order to repair a floundering ship. Tragedy overtook this party and they were marooned from the mainland. In order to survive, some of the group were forced to resort to cannibalism. None survived. George Washington Roe was reported to have been among these men.

Abby Jane Weldon Roe was a soul imbued with a colossal amount of faith, strength, determination and integrity to a great cause to which she didicated her life.

We are indebted to Uncle Howard Scott for the bit of information we have concerning this good woman. Just the day prior to the sickness which took speech from him, he had contacted his niece, Mary Taylor Dahlquist, to impart the information we now have. Had he lived longer, we would have known more about her.

Mary Taylor Dahlquist, August 1952



Abby Jane Humphrey Weldon Roe



WILLIAM JOSEPH TAYLOR, JUNIOR

Edmund Burke, the statesman, said,

> He only deserves to be remembered by posterity who treasured up and preserves the history of his ancestors . . . The man who radiates good cheer, who makes life happier wherever he meets it, is always a man of vision and of faith. He sees the blossoming flower in the tiny seed, the silver lining to every cloud and a beautiful tomorrow in the darkest today . . . Good cheer is something more than faith in the future; it is gratitude for the past and joy in the present. Life for all of us has its hardships and disappointments. It is out of such stuff as this that human character is made. To go about our work with pleasure; to greet others with a word of encouragement; to be happy in the present, and confident of the future - that is to have achieved some measure of success in living.

These are characteristics of the life of William Joseph Taylor, fifth child and eldest son of William Joseph and Mary Bowring Taylor, pioneers who came from England in February 1853. William Joseph was born November 23, 1859, at 168 North 600 West, Provo, Utah.

He was baptized in the year 1868 by George Thatcher in the main ditch stream near the Pace corner which is now on the State Highway. The following year on May 18, 1869, his father died at the age of 37 years, leaving his widow with a small family of eight children, the oldest boy, William Joseph, being ten years of age. The other children were: Eliza, Ellen, Martha, Winnifred, Walter, Lydia and an infant daughter who died as a baby.

Abraham Halliday, an old and faithful friend of the family and who came from England in the same company as the parents, was named as administrator for the estate, and was indeed a moral support to the widow and family of small children.

Father's first school teacher was Mrs. Oakley who taught at her home at what is now 565 West 500 South - a house which later became the birthplace of a son-in-law, Asael Dahlquist. Joseph was later taught by William O. Beesley, Albert Jones and the Dusenberry brothers, and by his mother who taught in his own home. Later she kept a school in the old Seminary building located where the Third Ward chapel now stands. He attended the Brigham Young Academy located on what is now Center Street and Third West at the site of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank Building and which later burned. Here he was fortunate to have Dr. Karl G. Maeser as a teacher.

He was ordained a deacon in 1871 by Elder Nelson P. Beebe. As a boy, he worked during the summer months with the Halliday boys herding cows, raking hay and grain with hand rakes; riding a horse for cultivating crops and other farm duties. Grandmother Taylor tells of taking her young children and going into the grain fields to gleen in what was then called the Fort Fields.

At the age of 15 years, in 1874, William Joseph went to work in the Provo Woolen Mills which had just been completed, and here he learned to weave. For six months he ran a loom, receiving from $3.00 to $5.00 per week. Later he worked in the finishing department in company with George B. Thatcher, Abram Greenhalgh, Joseph Nuttall, Thomas Reese and others. They received one-half woolen mill script and one-half East and West Merchandise as pay.

In the fall of the year 1878 the Denver and Rio Grande Western railroad was built in to Provo and in the spring of 1879 he quit the woolen mills and went with the construction crews to build the railroad on into Salt Lake City. Here he worked for four years.