

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF RICHARD ROWLEY

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The following is a brief sketch of the life of Richard Rowley, written by himself February 22, 1897 at his home in Parowan, Utah:-

"I was born February 10, 1844 at Mares Hill, Wester Shire, England. My father died when I was but 5 years of age, leaving my mother with seven children and with practically no means of support except what she could provide through the hard lanbor of herself and older children. But with hard struggling we managed to live there until the early spring of 1856 when my mother received an invitation from the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to come to Utah. By the help of the Perpetual Immigration Fund, which she gladly excepted, my mother was able to see her way clear to get to Utah and the body of the church. On the 4th day of May 1856 we bid farewell to our native land and set sail for the United States on board the Sailing vessel "Thornton", which carried five hundred passengers. We were on the water for six weeks during which time the ship took fire and came near being destroyed in mid ocean, but by the protecting care of the Lord were preserved to gather with saints in the valleys of the Mountains.

We had an uneventful trip from New York City where our ship landed to Iowa City which was then the terminus of the Railroad. Here we waited until very late in the summer for our Hand Carts to be made. Some of the Brethern became quite alarmed at having to wait so long, fearing for the safety of the women and children if they were detained

until winter came on. Brother Levi Savage expressed himself as being very much concerned.

However, late it was, we got along alright from Iowa to Wood River. In Wood River we had some bad luck losing 14 head of our oxen. And were forced to put in our cows and beef steers to take their place. Soon after we lost our oxen we had another misfortune which was more severe. We became short of provisions. This fact came forcibly to our minds by the time we reached the last crossing of the Sweet Water. Here we got entirely out of provisions and the fact that the snow was 2 feet deep did not lighten the burden on our minds. We were there three days before relief came and many died with hunger and cold; 14 being buried in one grave at Pacific Springs. My brothers John and Thomas were both badly frozen. Sister Elizabeth died early in the journey; other than the things mentioned we had an uneventful trip from here on to Salt Lake City where we arrived in the latter part of October, 1856. Sister Lewiza and myself went from Salt Lake City to a town in Tooele County called E. T. City. Here my sister left me with a man by the name of John Tate, where I remained until the fall of 1857. I became quite homesick at that time and became very desirous of seeing my mother who had been married since I left her and was living in Parowan. I was then 13 years of age. Some time in the morning of a day in September John Tate came to me and told me I could go now if I wished. I took him at his word and started at once. I did not even ask for anything to eat. All I had in this world was a straw hat, denim pants, factory shirt, and a pair of shoes.

I travelled alone to the point of the mountain west of Salt Lake City. I stayed at a ranch over night and then went on toward Salt Lake City. I did not go very far until I became very tired and sat down

by the roadside to rest. After awhile 2 men came along in a covered wagon and picked me up. This is the last I remember until the point of the mountain 22 miles south of Salt Lake City, when my attention was attracted by two women standing by my bedside. I was lying in bed in a covered wagon. I do not remember of any conversation with them. The next I remember was being led across the public square at Springville, Utah. She took me to Noah Guymon's, the husband of my sister who left me in E. T. City. Here I was unconscious for two weeks with Mountain Fever before I could be moved to Nephi where my sister Elizabeth was living. My sister Lewiza was not at home in Springville at the time I was there sick with the fever, she had gone to Parowan where my mother was. As soon as I was able I left for Parowan with Brother Henry Lunt, arriving in Parowan sometime in October of 1857.

Since 1857 the greater part of my life has been spent in Parowan, with nothing of particular interest happening.

As a boy I had great faith in the gospel and great respect for the authorities of the Church and always had the courage to defend the gospel and its authorities in my weak way. On January 29, 1864, I was ordained an Elder in the Church. In the winter of 1865, I was called to drive an ox team down to the Missouri River to bring immigrants to Utah. I honored the call and left Parowan the first of my ability. On arriving at the Missouri River I met a young Lady by the name of Mary Ann Ray and when we returned to Salt Lake City we were married October 1, 1866. We had lived happily together raising a large family of children including four boys and five girls, eight of who grew to be men and women, the other, a girl, died in it's infancy.

When I first came to Parowan, it was but a very new and

' meager, but I have seen it's development and helped out in many ways to make it what it is today. During my period of residence here I have served as City Councilman, Justice of the Peace, pound keeper and other offices of honor and trust in the community."