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Family histories from the DUP (Daughters of the Utah Pioneers)

CHARLES NEGUS CARROLL

Utah Pioneer Of Eighteen hundred fifty-four

Orson Pratt, President of the Company

Written by a graddaughter

Lena Esplin Woodbury

From material written by daughters

Amy Carroll Stark

Emma Isabella Seemiller Higbee

and a great-granddaughter

Wilma Adair

February 1965

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CHARLES NEGUS CARROLL

Born - December 7, 1817, New Brunswick, Canada

Died - May 26, 1902, Orderville, Kane County, Utah

Parents - Patrick O'Carroll

Born - April 25, 1789, St. Johns, Newfoundland,
British North America

Died - 1860, Pikes Peak, Territory of Colorado

Nancy (Ann) Negus O'Carroll

Born - July 9, 1786, New Brunswick, Canada

Died - 1858, New Brunswick, Canada

Brothers and Sisters

Issabella

William

CHARLES NEGUS

Margaret

Sarah (died at age 10 months)

Sarah (2nd)

Patrick

Elizabeth

Married - Lucy Elizabeth McInelly, March 14, 1847
in Baring, Maine, U.S.A.

Children of Lucy and Charles

Willard

George

Frederick

Emma

(Lucy, the wife, Frederick, Emma, and George died while crossing the plains in 1854)

Married - Katherine Goddard, April 15, 1855. Divorced January 26, 1856.

Sealed - Irena McInelly, September 7, 1870

Married - Kezia Giles, February 4, 1857, Salt Lake City, Utah

Children of Charles and Kezia

Kezia Ann Esplin Charles William

Lucy Elizabeth Heaton Sarah Jane Heaton Mary Lovina Heaton Emma Issabella Seegmiller Higbee Frederick Giles

George Franklin

Irena (died as a baby)

Edward (twin)

Eleanor (twin) Bolander Julia Chamberlain Amelia-Heaton Amy Stark

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CHARLES NEGUS CARROLL

Charles Negus Carroll was born December 7, 1817, in New Brunswick, Canada. He was the son of Patrick O'Carroll and Nancy (commonly called Ann) Negus O'Carroll.

The following is taken from the family history writ-

ten

by Emma Issabella Carroll Seegmiller Higbee:

"I have heard my father tell, at different times, that

after...the death of his grandfather, Thomas Negus, his grandmother, Sarah Hawkins Negus, was persuaded to return to her parents in England. They were titled and wealthy, and had opposed her union with Thomas Negus because he was of the people. Her father was Sir Henry Hawkins of London. She was to return to her parents only on condition that she would leave her children behind. Being alone and poor it is supposed she was persuaded to do this.

"This is why my father's mother...was brought up with the

family of Lee. My father said he has heard his mother tell that when she was taken to the home of Mr. Lee as a small child, she well remembered a large letter or package being handed to Mrs. Lee, with the request that it be given to her, Nancy Ann Negus, when she became older. Once she asked for it when she was almost grown, but Mrs. Lee told her it would do her no good. She never saw it, but thinks had she been permitted to

have it she would have learned much more concerning her mother's family than she was ever able to learn.

"My father, Charles Negus Carroll, said there was at one

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time a probability of their receiving property from his

mother's people, but they as heirs did not take the matter up."

Charles Negus Carroll wrote the following:

"I, Charles Negus Carroll, do here write by way of

explanation concerning my father as far as I know.

"My father, Patrick Carroll or O'Carroll who was the son

of James and Margaret O'Carroll, was born at St, Johns, Newfoundland in British North America, April 25, 1789, and the family were known by the name of O'Carroll until the children were grown and going to school then we gradually drop'd the O out of our name and are now known by the name of Carrol.

"My mother, Nancy Carroll, who was the Daughter of Thomas and Sarah Negus, was born in the province of New Brunswick July 9, 1786, Her father died when she was quite young. She was brought up in a family by the name of Lee, and they having a daughter Nancy, my mother was called by the name of Ann to distinguish them apart, and was known by that name until her

death. It may be that her name and birth is recorded in the English Church Record in Fredrickton the Capitol of Newbrunswick now in the Canadian Dominion,"

James O'Carroll, the grandfather of Charles, was born in the County of Armagh, Province of Ulster, Ireland, The date is not known. He emigrated to America before 1789, as his son, Patrick, was born in St, Johns, Newfoundland, April 25, 1879.

Patrick was the only child of this union, although Margaret Pottle O'Carroll, wife of James, was the mother of a

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son, Terrence, before she married James. Margaret was

married to James in Newfoundland.

The following is taken from Carroll history;

"Tradition coming from his (James) son, Patrick, says that

he (James) had property in County Tyrone (Ireland). He was banished from Ireland because of religious convictions and his property confiscated. He settled in Newfoundland, and there married Margaret Pottle, daughter of Joseph Pottle. Tradition says that he was lured to wed the girl by an English Nobleman who was the father of her child out of wedlock. This child was known as Terrence O'Carroll. James O'Carroll had large

shipping interests in Newfoundland."

The parents of Charles Carroll were industrious, religious, orderly, and known for their honesty. He was the third of eight children. He loved to tell his children of his childhood days and his love for dear New Brunswick.

His mother set him to the task of carrying seven buckets

of water from a nearby spring. He was just a small boy, and by the time he had carried six buckets full he felt fagged out and dipped the seventh from a ditch that ran near the house. His mother was not slow to detect roily water as she began pouring it into a large kettle with the clear spring water. "Did you get this from the spring?" she asked. "Yes, Ma-ma," he answered stoutly, however, with a guilty look. But with the proof of the dirty water before him, his assurance collapsed, and his mother compelled him to carry seven more

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buckets of water from the spring. There was no substituting this time. It was 'honor bright' and he often declared that this lesson in honesty had been lasting and invaluable.

A village in which Charles lived as a boy was almost

wiped out with an epidemic of small pox. He seemed not to have contacted the disease.

Once when he was very ill with a fever he plead re-

peatedly for a drink, but was repeatedly denied as it was then thought that fever patients should not have water. One night when all were asleep, he crawled on hands and knees to the tub of water crusted with a thick layer of ice. With difficulty he broke the ice with his fist and drank all he wanted. The next day he was on the way to recovery.

He liked to tell jokes on himself. He had reached the age

when girls began to attract his attention, one in particular. Young and bashful he was hesitant about going to her home and meeting her parents. On a certain Sunday evening her parents were to be away from home. He made bold to call upon his girl at the house, dressed in his Sunday clothes, and one Sunday best was the sum total of most young men. Time passes quickly on such occasions, and before they realized it, the kitchen door opened, and voices heralded the return of the parents. Instead of waiting to meet them, he decided to make his exit through an open window. The next moment he found himself standing in a barrel of soft soap. Alas, for the only pair of Sunday trousers he owned, or expected to have in a long time; He beat a hasty retreat before the ludicrousness of

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the situation should become known to those in the room. He wasn't going to become the laughing stock of the town, but then Mother must know. Mothers are understanding, he soliloquized, as he walked sheepishly home.

Other than a hearty laugh when his mother saw her bespattered and discomfited son, she was true blue, and he never forgot the bigness of the heart that spared him utter abasement by her not repeating a good story. The lesson that he says he learned from this incident was that cowardice usually brings disaster, and that if it took greater courage to face the parents of a sweetheart than to face a cannon's mouth he would in some way achieve it.

Once when he went courting he complimented his

young lady on her ability to entertain by going to sleep in his chair. His dream of pleasure that held her in his arms had a rude awakening when he discovered it to be only a churn.

As a young man he worked in the lumber yards and dense timber forests of Maine and New Brunswick, and many times held his children spell-bound by describing the process of logging the timber.

It was very cold in those Maine woods. His tales of how

the weather would go fathoms below zero, the atmosphere becoming so still one could not strike a match, and how a pail of water would freeze setting on a fire, would make his children wonder if he did not sometimes forget that lesson in honesty his mother taught him in early childhood.

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Charles was married to Lucy Elizabeth McInnelly, March 14, 1847 in Baring, State of Maine. Four children were born, three boys and a girl.

When the Gospel came to them they were living at Carroll's Ridge, Canterbury, South Hampton, County of York, Canada. They were members of the South Hampton Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Elder Matthew George Don Phillips brought the Gospel to them and baptized Charles on January 1,

1853, his wife Lucy, June 12, 1853. His children were blessed by Elder Phillips - Emma, June 12, Willard, George, and Frederick, October 9, all 1853,

The following is taken from the record of Charles N. Carroll:

"May 8, 1854, I was called to the Priesthood and ordained an Elder by Elder M. G. D. Phillips and chosen to preside over the South Hampton Branch, New Brunswick. I pray God, my Heavenly Father to give me wisdom and strength and grace sufficient to perform the work he has committed to my care

in truth and in righteousness, and to honor and glory of His holy name."

The decision to gather may have come before baptism and his appointment to preside over the Branch only two days before they set sail, was for the purpose of keeping them organized until they reached Utah.

Before setting sail. Brother Phillips grasped his hands in a strong, friendly farewell grip and then made this prophetic utterance: "Brother Carroll, the road to Zion will not be an easy one, not a down grade for you, but an uphill climb every

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step of the way."

From his record, we read further:

"May 10, 1854 — Today I have left my native land with the

Saints, in all numbering 46 souls. We took the steamer,

'John Warner' about 12 o'clock noon and started for St. Johns. May God bless and carry us by the power of His Spirit safe to our appointed rest. We arrived at Frederickstown the same evening.

"May 11, we took on board Sister Ann Shelton, with her

father's family, six in number, this morning. Our company is now 52 in number, left Frederickstown at 8 a.m. reaching St. Johns in the evening.

"May 12, left St. Johns in good health."

The record speaks of illnesses; states that they left Boston by rail on May 15, arriving in Albany in the evening. They arrived in Buffalo the afternoon of the 17th, Detroit the 18th, Chicago the 20th, stayed in Chicago over Sunday, arriving at Lowell Monday May 22, 4 p.m. They boarded the steamer, "Ben Campbell" at 10 p.m. and started down the Illinois

River.

"Arrived at Louisville well and safe, for which I thank

my Heavenly Father. I thank Him for the wisdom I have received, and for protecting us thus far on our journey.

"We took passage on the steamer 'Edenburg', and made our start for the camps of Israel at Fort Leavenworth...We landed about four miles above Fort Leavenworth..Found some Saints on shore waiting to be moved to the camp on Salt Creek."

There was much illness in the camp, many deaths. On

June 11 his wife's sister, Jane McInnelly, died of cholera.

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His wife, Lucy, died on June 16, 1854.

"June 17. Frederick died this morning, Emma died about

noon, and the three were buried in the same grave. May the Great God give me power to bear up under the affliction, and prove faithful to His Church and Kingdom." Frederick died of cholera, Emma of measles.

The record continues telling of other sicknesses and death; of preparation to make the journey across the Plains. The record breaks off on June 26. It is not known whether this was due to illness, or because his company was now in the bigger company and under the direction of Brother Orson Pratt, or whether part of the record has become lost.

We do know from his writings that his small son, George,

was stricken with cholera and died July 5, 1854, and that

leaving the one small child in a grave alone by the side of the road was almost worse than the three loved ones he had buried together.

Many times as he repeated the story he would say, "A

likely little lad was George," then tell how he would play

about the oxen, crawling under them, winding in and out among their legs, entirely unafraid and the oxen seemed to understand and respect the friendliness of their little charge.

When George was stricken he looked into his father's face and said, "I don't want to die, but I guess I will have to." He was still grieving and calling for his mother when death overtook him. He was buried beside the Sweetwater two weeks

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west from his mother. Charles, with his six year old son,

Willard, continued the journey, both of them ill.

He arrived in Salt Lake City, September 29, 1854,

remembering the words of Elder Phillips, "Brother Carroll, the road to Zion will not be an easy one for you, but an uphill climb every step of the way."

His continued prayers for strength and courage were

answered, for in the long years that followed, his faith in

the religion he had embraced was implicit. And he loved to tell of his conversion to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday-Saints and the joy that his convictions had brought into his life.

Taken from the journal of Willard Carroll, his son;

"I remember that start by ox team, but not much of the

journey across the Plains, as I was very sick...I was so sick and wasted I could not sit up. The days were hot and sultry, and I had no energy, not even enough to brush the flies from my face.

"Father was so worn out with loss of sleep and grief and

sorrow, that he could scarcely care for our needs and those of the oxen. He often crawled into camp on his hands and knees; being too exhausted to stand up and walk. All the long weary way across the Plains he had to lean heavily on the yoke of his oxen for support,"

Charles found a home for himself and six year old son with Anson Call, Sr., at Farmington that first winter in the Valley. The two following years he worked for President Brigham Young

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at a saw mill in Cottonwood Canyon. He was offered the

position of foreman of the mills. He appreciated the confidence that was reposed in him, but he was formulating other plans.

One Sunday while off duty, he and Dan Jacques and Brother Seasions climbed to the top of the west hill of the canyon. Looking to the west they discovered what to them looked like a suitable valley for a settlement and so far as they knew were the first to discover what was later the location of Heber City.

Charles was at the Twenty-fourth of July celebration in Cottonwood Canyon when word was relayed by messenger that Johnston's Army was coming. He was standing close to President Young and heard him say, "They will never, no never, come into this Valley unless I let them."

In 1856 he moved to Provo. In February, 1857, he

married

Kezia Giles, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

He and his brother-in-law, James Adams, bought an adobe house of goodly dimensions, divided the rooms and took their families to live in it. But they were planning to move to the valley that became Heber City. The latter part of October, 1859, the move was made. He was in the group that spent the first winter in Heber City.

For a time, because of poor milling equipment, the flour

was very poor, the bread black and sticky. Feed for the cows was short, so milk was short. On a few occasions there was nothing but black bread and water for the evening supper. Sometimes there would be a few onions cooked in water, with a

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small amount of milk added. Money was scarce, but even money could not buy food and clothing this first winter, or other winters.

One evening when Kezia was ill, Charles spread supper on a chest at the foot of the bed. He and the children sat down to partake of a repast of black bread and water. "I wish I had more to give you to eat," he remarked. The oldest child, also Kezia, tells this incident. "I remember so well the red chest from which we ate, and the depression and sadness in father's voice."

Time passed, sixteen years of time, and so did the days

of their poverty. Conditions were looking bright when Charles was seized with a desire to join the United Order at Orderville. He wrote the following letter to Bishop Howard O. Spencer at Orderville, Utah.

Heber City, Wasatch County

May 22, 1877

O. Spencer at Orderville, Utah

Brother Howard O. Spencer

Dear Sir: Having had for sometime a strong desire to be

identified with the United Order and believing that you and your people are striving to carry out its principles according to the will of God, I have had a conversation with Brother Billingsly from your place and have come to the conclusion that if you will receive me with all that I possess, to come down there and unite with you.

We are eighteen in family. My oldest son is married with

three children. I have eleven children at home, seven girls

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and four boys; the oldest girl nineteen years and a boy

seventeen and so on down to the baby three weeks old.

I have two yoke of oxen, four cows and some young stock, and about seventy-five head of sheep and land property worth about \$1000.00, with the prospect of a good crop growing.

If you will receive me and there is nothing transpires to prevent it, it is my intention now, to send the boys with

the stock and the sheep and part of the family (my son's

family) down this fall after we have secured the harvest and remain here myself this coming winter to dispose of the property to the best advantage according to the instructions I might receive and be prepared to move all down the next spring.

Hoping this will meet with your approval, I remain
your

brother in the gospel.

Charles N. Carroll

P.S. Brother Zamina Palmer and family of your
place have been acquainted with me.

(One daughter had died in Heber City, two daughters were born in Orderville.)

Orderville, June 1, 1877.

Brother Carroll: Having received your letter of May 22 and learning therein your desire to join us here in Long Valley, I commence to say, our way of living is new and we live plain and are only commencing now to live the United Order, and if you and your family can sacrifice all of self interest and be obedient in all things and do as you are told, here is the place for you, but if not the trials will be too much for you.

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With us here, the men are set to work and the women and girls too, and the rules they are baptized to observe are expected to be carried out and tea and coffee and tobacco are expected to be left behind when you come here.

As for your stock, I think I would exchange them for stock in the Windsor herd down here. You will have to see Bishop Hunter or President Young to make the exchange, that is, your cattle and your sheep. I think you can get the same number here out of Little and Cutler's herd, by seeing President Young. You want to be particular to have the description of your sheep, how many ewes and what age so the advantage cannot

be taken down here by the herders.

Your land and house you can be your own judge
what is

best to be done with them, though I hope you will not give them away or be too anxious to sell as some have done who have come here. Everything you have is expected to be turned into the Order and appraised when you arrive here at Orderville. You likely understand we eat together and it takes good people to live in the United Order.

Your brother in the gospel,

Howard Orson Spencer.

The Carroll family left Heber City in May 1878, arrived

in Orderville three weeks later. Charles turned all his property into the Order. Later he tided the Order over a financial crisis by the sale of his interests in the Silver King Mine in Park City, receiving \$1000.00

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The minutes of the United Order show that Charles was

active in the affairs of this institution. He was given various positions of trust, becoming a member of the governing board of directors, secretary of farms, a director of farms, a justice of the peace. He was news correspondent for the Deseret News. He and his family were active in the work of the Church. He had been ordained a High Priest under the hands of Thomas Todd and John Gordon December 21, 1861. He was set apart and sustained as High Counselor in the Kanab Stake June 5, 1885. He was set apart in the Kanab Stake as

Patriarch September 6, 1896 under the hands of
Apostle

Francis M. Lyman.

The family was also active in the recreational ac-

tivities

of the communities in which they lived. The two older children, Willard and Kezia, taught school. They, with their father, took many parts in the home produced plays; also gave dramatic readings.

He never regretted his move south, nor the experience the United Order gave him. When the Order broke up, he received his portion of property with which he bought the Section Farm, a mile south of Orderville. Here the family lived until 1901 when at 84 years of age he moved his wife and two yet unmarried daughters to town for he worried about leaving them on a farm alone.

He lived one year in the new home. During the first summer here, though in his 84th year, he built a granary, an underground cellar and a fence, and kept a well cultivated garden.

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He was confined to his bed several months the following

spring. One day as he lay in much pain, he said to his wife, "I had intended making this a pretty place for you." He died on the 26th of May, 1902, just as the sun was rising over the eastern hills. This was his moving month. It was in May that he moved from Canada; in May he moved from Heber City to join the United Order; in May he moved to the Section Farm; in May he moved back to town; in May he made his final move - from life to his eternal home.

His youngest daughter, Amy, says that as long as he lived he was active and alert in body and mind. His eyes were clear blue and would light up expressively when he was interested or amused. Like the Irish, whose blood flowed in his veins, he was rather short and heavy-set. He wore a number seven shoe. When excited or upset his voice was quick and rather sharp, but in conversation or public speaking, it was soft and low.

She also writes that as a husband he was kind and considerate and taught the children as they came along to respect and help their mother. He bought Kezia the first sewing machine in Heber City. While the first children were small, he often hired someone to assist her with the extra work.

He was understanding with children, and allowed them to play freely around the corral and stockyards. His only

stipulation was, "When you are through playing, tidy up

everything as you found it." His blue eyes often twinkled at the speech or antics of the children at play.

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In his funeral service Brother Heber Meeks said, "The

history of Orderville would not have been the same if Brother Carroll had not responded to his great religious urge to join the United Order. He and his large family of sons and daughters have been prominent and active in the various organizations of the town and church. Like him, his children are known for their dependability and conscientious labors in the public interest, and in his large and worthy posterity. Brother Carroll, his characteristics and influence, will still live on and on."

His daughter, Amy, writes, "Whatever the memory, it is

permeated with a glow of warmth and admiration, respect, and love for my pioneer Father whose physical courage and hardihood and spiritual faith and integrity subdued the wilderness for our comfort and set in paths of righteousness the footsteps of his numerous posterity."