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

CHARLES NEGUS CARROLL

Married Lucy Elizabeth McInnelly

Baptized January 1, 1853

Died May 26, 1902

History given in Pauline Camp D.U.P. Meeting

April 11, 1968 by Verda E. Adams, Granddaughter

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CHARLES NEGUS CARROLL

The story of my Grandfather, Charles Negus Carroll begins with one James O'Carroll who was born in Ireland. He married a girl by the name of Margaret Pottle. When they migrated from Ireland they settled in Newfoundland. They moved from Newfoundland to the

province of New Brunswick, British North America.

A son was born to them April 25, 1789 who they named Patrick. Patrick married Nancy (or Ann as she was sometimes known) Negus on December 13, 1811. Patrick and Nancy were the parents of seven children: William, Charles Negus, Margaret, Sarah, Patrick, and Elizabeth. When the children started to school the family dropped the Irish "O" and thereafter were known by the name Carroll.

Charles Negus, my grandfather, married Lucy Elizabeth McInnelly. They were the parents of four children -- Willard, George, Frederick, and Emma. On January 1, 1853 Grandfather was baptised into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints by Elder M.G.D. Phillips in South Hampton. He was ordained an Elder May 8, 1854. His wife was baptised June 12, 1853 by Elder Phillips.

The diary of his oldest son Willard gives us a brief look at their home in Canada and their journey to Utah.

From Willard's journal:

"I was born May 10, 1843 at a backwoods place called Carroll's Ridge, British Province of New Brunswick, Canada -- Post Office, Fredericton. My grandfather, Patrick O'Carroll and his wife, Ann Negus and his sons William, Charles Negus, and Patrick cleared farms adjoining each other. There I was born and there I remained until I was six years of age. On May 10, 1854, my birthday, we took the Steamer "John Warren" on the St. Johns River for our start to Utah. Father was presiding elder of the branch in South Hampton and was put in charge of a company of fifty-seven converts on their way to Zion.

I have slight recollection of our home, except that it was a large log house with an upper room reached by a ladder, a large porch facing east, with a woodshed. The stable for stock was north toward Grandfather's place. A meadow surrounded the house, and a path led to the spring at the foot of a hill close by.

The recollections I have of home are of seeing men shovel roads through snowdrifts, which, when a pole was laid across, a load of hay on a sled could be driven under the pole; of seeing my father and Mother's brother, James McInelly mowing in the meadow and hauling hay to the barn on a sled; of seeing a bear killed by grandfather and Uncle William; of being spanked and put to bed by my mother for taking my little brother, George, upstairs to swing while she was away, and had told me not to do so; of being sick and lying in a lumber

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cradle, and my Mother, as she passed back and forth doing her work, teaching me the hymn, "Come all Ye Sons of Zion." I have never forgotten that hymn. I cannot remember when I learned to read.

In Grandfather's own hand writing we have this small account of the first part of his journey from Canada to Utah.

THE SMALL DIARY OF CHARLES N. CARROLL

May 8, 1854 This evening I, Charles, was ordained an Elder and chosen to preside over the South-hampton Branch, New Brunswick. May God the Eternal Father assist me with His Spirit to perform His will concerning me.

May 10th Today I have left my native land with the saints in all numbering 46 souls. We got on board the steamer John Warren about 12 o'clock and started for St. Johns on our way to the Home of the saints. May God Bless us and convey us by the power of his spirit safe to our appointed rest. We arrived in Fredericton the same evening.

May 11th This morning we took on board Sister Ann Shelton with her father's family, they being 6 in number, making our company 52 souls in all. Left Fredericton about 8 o'clock. Arrived in St. Johns toward evening. Went on board Steamer Admiral. Had prayer on board the Boat this Evening.

May 12th Left St. Johns all in good health.

May 13th Have some sea sickness. Administered to Bro. McInelly. Arrived in Boston in the evening.

May 14th Staid in Boston over Sunday. Wrote a letter to Brother Phillips the following lines came to my mind on board the boat on the 13th which I sent in the letter to Brother Phillips:

Tell Sister Hannah that her prayer ascended up to God

She will obtain her heart's desire

And gain a blest abode

And gather with the saints of God

She will in Zion rest her heart

With a mother's smile to cheer

With a father's presence blest.

May 15 Left Boston in the rail cars. Arrived in Albany where we staid over night.

May 16 Left Albany at 12 o'clock A.M. Went all night in the cars.

May 17 All day in the cars. Arrived at Buffalo in the afternoon. Got on board the Steamer Ocean and continued our Journey across Lake Erie.

May 18th Arrived at Detroit at 6 o'clock where we staid all night. We put up at the Eagle Hotel where we gave attendance the proprietor being a very nice man.

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May 19th Left Detroit at 12 1/2 o'clock went all night in the cars.

20th arrived at Chicago in the Evening. I pray the Eternal Father continue his Blessings unto us and give us wisdom to pursue our journey in righteous-

ness.

21st Staid over Sunday in Chicago this evening. I was called to Administer to Brother George Jacques and Elesa Shelton who had been quite sick all day, which I did in the name of Jesus and prayed the Father to give them health and strength to enable them to continue their journey which prayer was granted for they recovered.

22nd Left Chicago at 7 8 o'clock arrived at Lowell at 4 o'clock. Got on board the Steamer Ben Campbell and at 10 P.M. we started down the Illinois River went all night.

May 24 All well but we are dreadfully crowded and surrounded by evil and wicked men. May God protect us from evil and harm.

We arrived at St. John all safe for which I thank my Heavenly Father on our journey. We all got on board the Steamer Edinburg to start for camp of Israel at Fort Leavenworth.

Had an interview with Elder H. B. Eldrege. Seen Brother O. Pratt at his office. Several of the saints is going up the Missouri with us among whom are Elder Thomas Obray. Late resident of the Malta Mission and his Brother who is a priest and also two teachers from St. Louis.

25th Remained in the Boat and preparing our necessities for our journey across the plains.

26th Got our things on board the boat and started for camp at 5 P.M.

27th This morning all the priesthood in the boat met in council and appointed certain of our number to watch over the spiritual and temporal interest of the saints on board the boat and also appointed watches to watch our goods during the night. This evening I was called upon to administer to Elisa Shelton which was attended to by Brother Obray and myself. We also administered to Eva Shelton, daughter of O.C.S.

28th This morning Elisa S is quite well again. We

have enjoyed ourselves.

29th All well this morning. 3 o'clock Brother Gray's oldest boy taken very ill was administered to and healed by the power of God.

30th Sister Adams was Delivered of a Daughter about 2 hours before we landed about 4 miles above Fort Leavenworth. Found some saints on the shore waiting to remove to Camp at Salt Creek.

31st Sister Adams if quite smart and strong in faith. Remained where we landed .

June 1st Removed to camp found many of the saints paying little regard to the word of wisdom and the Destroyer has been in the camp and laid some of the number low in the Dust.

2nd Brother Shelton's child very sick.

3rd Sister Shelton very sick. May God the Eternal Father send the healing influence of the Holy Spirit unto her.

4th Sunday prepared for meeting, was prevented on account of rain. Martha Louisa Clise and Emily Shelton, Ann Carroll and a young

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man I did not know his name was baptised by Elder A.D.L. Buckland. They were confirmed in the evening and many Blessings pronounced upon them. Brother Thomas Obray was married to Sister Louisa Shelton immediately after the confirmation. 11 o'clock Brother Shelton's boy died.

5th Sister Shelton continues very sick has been administered to. Brother Shelton's child buried. May it come forth by the power at the morning of the first resurrection.

6th Sister Shelton is mending.

7th Daniel Jacques sick. May God give him faith that he may recover from his illness.

8th Brother O. Pratt and H. S. Eldrege with some of the saints and freight landed.

9th Brother Shelton's youngest child died this morning as was buried. Sister Shelton died this evening.

10th Sister Shelton buried. Brother William Carroll's youngest child died and was buried.

11th Sister Jane McNelly died and was buried.

12th Lucy taken very ill. Frederick very sick. Little Emma sick with measles.

13, 14, 15 My family continues very sick.

16 Lucy died this evening.

17 Frederick died this morning. Emma died about noon and was all buried in one grave. May the great God give me power to Bear up under my affliction and prove faithful to his Church and Kingdom.

18 Organised in companies to prepare for starting on the plains. O. Pratt chosen President. H.S. Eldrege and Robert Coloing councilors. A.D.L. Buckland captain of fifty. Elder Skeen Chaplain.

19th Went to Weston to purchase necessities for my journey rained very heavy in the evening.

20th and 21st remained at Salt Creek. Some of the wagons started out.

22nd Went on about 15 miles. May God prosper me and my remaining children on our journey.

23 Several persons died in camp today.

24 Removed 7 miles farther on

25 Sunday had meeting at 4 o'clock this afternoon Sacrament administered by Wells

26 Waiting for the remainder of the company to come up

This is the last entry in Grandfather's diary. The diary of his son Willard gives us a little more information concerning the journey across the plains.

I remember going aboard the steamer, and of being sick. I remember landing in St. Louis, Mo., and the camp ground at Ft. Leavenworth, where my mother died of cholera, also my brother Frederick, and my sister Emma, they three being buried in one grave.

I remember that start by ox team, but not much of the journey across the plains, as I was very sick. My brother George died two weeks after we started the westward trek by team, leaving my father and myself as the only survivors of the family of six. I was so

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sick and wasted I could not sit up. The days were hot and sultry, and I had no energy, not even 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. All the long and weary way across the plains he had to lean heavily on the yokes of his oxen for support.

Grandfather and the boy Willard arrived in Utah September 29, 1854. On February 4, 1857 he married my grandmother, who was Kezia Giles, a daughter of William and Sarah Giles, converts recently arrived from England. At the time of this marriage, Grandfather was 40 years old and Grandmother a mere 17. Later, when asked by her children how she, a bride of 17, adjusted to a nine year old son, Grandmother always answered, "We got along. If any differences ever arose, they were between Willard and his Father and I never interfered." Willard's children always said that their Father deeply loved this second Mother and considered it a rare privilege to become one of her large family. Charles and Kezia were the parents of four-

teen children. One died soon after birth, but the other 12 outlived their parents.

Grandfather seemed to want to hold onto something of his first family who were so tragically lost. He named his oldest daughter Kezia for her Mother, but also gave her the name of Ann for his Mother. He then named the next girl Lucy for the wife he had lost, and in turn named children George, Frederick, and Emma for the little ones that he had buried on his journey to Utah.

The Carroll family lived for a time in Provo, then moved to a farm in Heber Valley. Here they lived until Grandfather felt the call to join the United Order in Orderville, Kane County. This move was made in 1878. He lived in the United Order until it was disbanded. When the Order property was divided among the members, Grandfather chose farm land as he had a great love for the soil and all growing things. He was given the farm then known as the "Section."

Grandfather's youngest daughter, Amy C. Stark had written a sketch "The Section" which is her memoirs of life at the Section and of Grandfather and Grandmother and their large and happy family. I treasure this story, not only because it is a story of my people, but it is also so very typical of life as it was lived during the latter part of the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth by Mormon families all over Utah.

I would like to read some excerpts from Aunt Amy's description of Grandfather --

Father was sixty-five years old when I was born, and seventy before I could remember him. By that time his whiskers and hair were white, his back somewhat bent, yet 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

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and heavy-set. He wore a number seven shoe.

When excited or upset his voice was rather quick and sharp, but in conversation or public speaking, it was soft and low.

As a husband he was kind and considerate and taught his children as they came along to respect and help Mother.

Father was understanding with his children, and both at Heber and at the Section, he 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."

Father was not one to grumble or complain. He never started an argument but he could stand up for himself if the occasion required. He did not like to be imposed on, saying, "I mind my own business and like other people to do the same."

Fred, George and Ed remembered a sterner sermon he impressed upon them while they were living in Heber. He left them with a job to do while he was away for an afternoon. The work was to be done by the time of his return. It was not, and he was provoked with them. So they would remember better on a similar future occasion he gave them a switching with a willow, one strike for each year of age. Ed was too young to be responsible and would have escaped the punishment altogether, but somehow saw humor in what the other boys were getting and laughed. He received his strikes for laughing while his brothers were crying and soon was in harmony with their tune.

George remembered Father's wrath being aimed at him individually. It was during the Order, and George was about eight years old. One afternoon he and a companion were playing just outside the Fort. An Indian approached them wanting to trade an old boy and arrow for something to eat. After dickering for a time, he settled for potatoes. "Heap full," he muttered as he passed them a dirty sack. There were no individual potato cellars in the Order, so the boys went to the big company pit and filled the sack as full as they could carry it, taking as inconspicuous a route as possible. Naturally when Father came home the bow and arrow had

to be accounted for, and the defenses of a small boy can be easily broken down. George was taken to confess to the proper authorities, to ask forgiveness; then he was spanked and put in the attic to stay until morning -- no supper. Emma telling of this incident, said the evening meal was a silent affair all of them feeling sorry for George whose big blue eyes looked wistfully down through a knot in the ceiling.

In public life Father was modest and unassuming, never seeking positions, but when appointed, he filled them with efficiency and dependability. He served on boards and committees, both civic and religious, was Justice of the Peace for years, both in Heber and Orderville. He was High Priest, High Counsellor, and a Patriarch for many years; he attended meetings and conferences regularly, regardless of the weather. He was known for his faithfulness and devotion to family and friends, his church and country.

When Father was eighty years of age, he expressed concern about leaving Mother, Ella and myself on the farm and began looking for a home in town.

Leaving Ed, Rye, and Giles at the Section, we moved to town in May of 1901. May was father's moving month, it seems. It was in May he moved from Canada; in May he moved from Heber; in May

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he moved to the Section; and after living there for fifteen years, it was May that we moved back to town. The next May 26, 1902, he made his final move - from this life to his Eternal home.

Looking back through the years, I can still see Father walking up Cove Hill, bending to the incline, his hands locked behind him; I can see him irrigating in each of our fields, cutting with scythe, cycle, shovel or hoe the thrifty weeds on the ditch banks. I see him sowing grain and planting garden seeds, and on his knees thinning beets and carrots; I see him sharpening tools with file and grindstone; I see him walking slowly as he turns the point going to and from town; I see him cutting wood and carry-

ing in the heavy backlogs; poking the fire or winding the clock. I can see him reading the newspaper or drumming a tattoo on the arms of the rocking chair.

Most clearly of all, I see him sitting on the porch, slowly rocking, resting, thinking, enjoying -- I am sure -- the fruits of his labor. He loved to watch the clouds gather, and a summer shower sweep its way up the valley. He loved the vivid streaks of lightning and low rumble or loud claps of unleashed thunder.

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.

Bits of Father's philosophy remain with us:

Waste not -- want not.

Do not buy what you cannot pay for. If you cannot live and pay as you go, how can you expect to live and pay back?

A place for everything, and everything in its place.

Do not want everything you see. You will never save money if you buy everything you take a fancy to.

Idle hands are the Devil's workshop.

Regularity never missed a meeting.

All work is honorable if you honor the work.

If you can support two children you can support twelve. As my family increased, my ability to take care of them also increased.

When I outlive my usefulness, I want to die.

Verda E. Adams -- Granddaughter of Charles Negus
Carroll.

Prepared from material written and collected by
my Mother's youngest Sister Amy C. Stark and giv-
en to me by my Sister Evelyn E. Richardson.