

# TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF HARRIET ALLEN LOWE

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Harriet Allen Lowe was a daughter of Sarah Whitely and Daniel Allen Jr. She was born in Provo, Utah, November 21, 1857. She was the second of a family of seven, five boys and two girls. She also had 19 half brothers and sisters, as her father had been married twice before. Her father was a tanner. He tanned the first leather for shoes in Utah, he also made the leather into boots and shoes and harnesses.

Daniel Allen was born December 9, 1804, in Whitestown, Oneida County, New York. He was the son of Daniel Allen and Nancy Stewart of Chautaucus County, New York. Daniel Allen Sr. served his country in the war of 1812, and went to Buffalo at the time of its fire. He later moved to Ohio, where both he and his wife died in 1856.

On Oct. 6, 1828, Daniel married Mary Ann Morris in Cayuga Co., New York. Nine children were born to them: Leroy, Alma, Mary Ann, John, Daniel, William, Eliza, George, Daniel (this Daniel died as an infant).

Daniel and Mary Ann were early followers of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Shortly after they were baptized in 1831, they sold their farm in Huntburg for six hundred dollars and turned the full amount to the Prophet Joseph Smith to redeem Zion and purchase lands in Jackson County, according to revelation.

In 1836 he bought two city lots in Kirtland and built a home, bootshop and shoe store and expended a one thousand dollars in property and was a share holder in the Kirtland Bank. All this was lost at the time of the persecutions. He then worked in Savannah for 50 cents a day. Besides caring for his large family, he saved enough money to buy a span of horses and an old wagon in which he could go to rejoin the Saints in Far West. In the spring of 1838 he started forward with S.B. Stoddard and Dr. Mitchell, they joined his brother Joseph at Log Creek, five miles south of Far West. They took up some land in that area and built a log *cabin*

But the day they were putting the roof on it, they had the election in Galiton, August 8, 1838. From that time he was under arms until they relinquished them in Far West. He was with D. W. Patton when they took the cannon from the mob, also with Seymore Brunson when they were surrounded with Bogart's Company on Log Creek. Daniel, his wife and five children, his brother Joseph, Isaac Morley and Brother Roszen left Far West on February 6, 1839. They camped out twenty one nights before reaching Quincy, Illinois. In 1840, April 1, Daniel moved his family to Nauvoo. During the six years he lived there he helped build the temple and paid for a share in the Nauvoo House.

On July 3, 1843, the Prophet Joseph Smith called a special conference to get elders to go on missions. Daniel Allen was assigned a special missionary to Rock Island Co., Illinois.

On April 15, 1844, he was sent on an other mission to another part of Illinois.

On April 8, 1845, in the last conference in Nauvoo, Daniel was assigned to a committee consisting of 3 members to sell all houses, farms, lots, etc, in Bear Creek, in preparation for the Westward Journey. Daniel Allen, Nelson Hollingshead and Samuel Sheppard were the committee.

Daniel barely escaped Nauvoo with his life after it was learned that he had acted as guard over the Prophet while he was in jail. One night he had a premonition that the mob would be after him, so he wore his wife's night cap to bed, and slept with the baby in his arms. The mob did come that night and searched the house; again and again they looked at what they mistook for an old lady in bed with her child, but they did not discover the rouse. There after Daniel never slept without a night cap on, as he felt safer. If he did not have a night cap he would put his handkerchief on his head.

Mary Ann took pneumonia when they were driven from Nauvoo that cold February. When they reached Soap Creek she died as a result of the persicutions. She was a very faithful member, she had been one of the

Relief Society members, and had a testimony of her own. She never murmured or complained, but died as she had lived, in full faith of a glorious resurrection with the Saints.

Daniel was left with five children (four having died before this) The baby was only two months old, but he cared for them the best he could. He went on to Winter Quarters, carrying the infant in his arms most of the way. He stayed in Winter Quarters until the spring of 1848.

On June 22, 1847, Daniel married Louisa Jane Berry, in Winter Quarters, Nebraska. In due course of time 10 children were born to them: Cynthia, Orson, Robert, Joseph, Amelia Jane, Lydia, Daniel, Samuel, Artemisia and John.

On April 1, 1848, according to previous arrangement, a company of 8 men started to pioneer, if possible, a wagon road over the Sierra Nevada Mountains eastward, the Truckee route being impracticable at that season. The company consisted of : Daniel Allen, David Browitt, Willis, Sly, Truman, Evans, Allred, Cox, Pixton, and two by the name of Sly. 3 days travel brought them to Iron Hill where they found the snow so deep they could travel no further. One donkey was completely buried except for his ears. Two of the men pulled him out by these appendages and saved his life. By climbing the mountain Evans and Lily could see nothing but snow capped mountains so decided to postpone the enterprise, rather than abandon it as it looked like a road could be made successfully. One days travel in descending took them back from winter's snowy region to a warm spring atmosphere where flowers bloomed and vegetation was far advanced.

Church history states that Daniel Allen was reported killed at Tragedy Springs, Nevada, about July 17, 1848. This is not so, only his watch was found there, which was the evidence they had, but he told his family he had lost his watch but didn't know where.

The Allens left Council Bluff, Iowa, June 6, 1849 and reached Salt Lake Sept. 22, 1849, in the first company of '49, called the Orson Spencer Company, with Samuel Gulley as captain. Gulley died from Cholera before they left the Platte River. The company consisted of 100 wagons, four to five hundred tons of merchandise for Livingstone and Kinkead.

They lived in Big Cottonwood for one and a half years, then moved to the 12th Ward. He was president of the 24th Quorum of Elders there.

In 1854 Daniel married Sarah Whitely in the Salt Lake Endowment House. She was a lovely little English girl with a lovely voice and manner. It was said that few could sing sweeter than she. She was but 17 and Daniel was 50, but they were very happy together and remained sweethearts throught their lives. Seven children were born to them: Isaac Thomas, Harriet Amelia, David Albert, Hyrum Beal, Frederick Augustus, James Alexander and Annie LaVirna.

They moved to Manti, then Pleasant Grove, then Provo, during the following years, and built a tannery in each of the places. They lived in Provo from 1856 to 1862 during which time he built a home (where the Provo postoffice now stands) and a shoe and a boot shop in connection with his tannery. He donated liberally to the Provo Tabernacle and the 4th Ward school house.

In 1862, Allen was chosen to go to the Dixie Mission. So he took Sarah and her family with him, leaving <sup>Lucia</sup> Jane and her family until such a time as he would be able to return for them.

Sarah loved St. George. She started growing grapevines, peach trees, a mulberry and other things and no one raised a better patch of cobbon than she. Isaac had carefully picked all the seeds out while their mother was cording. Suddenly a gust of wind blew her lovely white bats out the window and they were scattered all over the yard. The little mother stopped her singing, laid her cords on the table and cried. It was the first time her children had ever seen their mother cry.

The day the town square was laid out, Sarah and her friend, Sister

Moody, cleaned up their little families and went to join in the celebration. Afterward they took their children up to the Sugar Loaf. The children were playing about looking for centipeds when the keen eye of Isaac caught sight of a pale thread of smoke curling up from a crevice in the mountain side. The curious children clamored up the mountain side and looked down through a crack between the rocks. There at the bottom sat a circle of Indians about a fire. The frightened mothers hushed their children and fled homeward with them. Harriet, however, being a very daring little girl started back to the hill to watch the Indians. But on her way she saw what she thought was a sheep. She rushed home and gathered a group of boys to go after the sheep while their mother prepared to cook it. The children soon returned home with a coyote whose hair was all falling off!

When Daniel was on his way from Provo with his wife Louise Jane and her family, whom he had left there when he moved to Dixie, President George A. Smith met him and counseled him to remain in Parowan, Iron County and put up a tannery. This he was happy to do because he had never been satisfied with the leather that had been tanned with Kanagwa root in St. George. He had shipped some of it to Salt Lake and it had been decided that the pine bark in Parowan would be better for tanning. As it turned out it tanned better than anything else found in the state.

Mr. Allen left his family in Parowan and went on to St. George after Sarah, who, although she liked "Aunt Liza" hated to go back and live with the other family after a year and a half of being alone with her husband and family.

The tannery was built in Parowan in the summer of 1864 and ran until 1927. It was torn down and Samuel Mortensen's son built on the property. (Today, 1965 the Phillips 66 station stands there) Allen ran the tannery himself until 1880. Then he sold the property to William Pritchard and moved his family to Escalante, Garfield County where he resided until his death in 1892. He died January 15, 1892, at the age 87 years, one month and six days. His wife Sarah died January 3, 1892 at the age of 57 years, eleven months and 28 days. He attended her funeral on the 5th, was present to fast meeting on the 7th and preached an excellent sermon. On the morning of the 8, about noon he was seized with a severe chill which confined him in his bed until he passed away. He retained his mental facilities up to the last. He called his family to his bedside, admonished them to remain faithful to the Church and honor the Priesthood, and sent word to those not there to do the same. He then asked his family to release him for his mission on this side was filled. He was the father of 26 children 16 boys and 10 girls, his wife Louisa and 17 children survived him.

Harriet was only 9 when she met the boy who was one day to become her husband. She didn't know then how sweet he thought she was, nor that he had told himself, 'She's the girl I'm going to marry someday', for she had just directed him to her fathers tannery where the lad's father worked.

In the spring of 1866 John Walklet Brown, a well cultured, well educated Englishman came to the Allen home on search of work. He had apprenticed to a tanner in England when a boy; but he had become interested in Mormonism, he was converted and joined the church, but his wife would not have anything to do with the religion, so he left his wife and two children in England and emigrated to America. He obtained some very fine law books which he mastered, and had practiced law in Salt Lake. He had married again and had two little girls when he met Elizabeth Couzens Lowe who was alone with her two little boys George and Joseph. Elizabeth and John were married in Sept. 25, 1857 in the Salt Lake Endowment House. They moved to Cache Co., later were called to settle on the 'Muddy'. They had spent some very hard winters at Toquerville. Anna, the Mother of Martha and little Anna died in Toquerville. Brown left soon afterward to find employment in Parowan. Daniel Allen came

gave him a job in the tannery. Sarah stayed in Toquerville, waiting until her husband could find a place to live and return for her, and her family. That summer their small son, Samuel died of Pneumonia. Her son George was sent to Parowan on a little mule to report the death to his stepfather.

The first person George met in Parowan was Harriet Allen. He asked her where the tannery was, as he was hunting Mr. Brown who worked there. Harriet replied 'Come along with me. I'm just going to call him and Father to dinner. He works for father and boards at our house.' And away she skipped with pigtailed flying, George had a hard time keeping up with her.

The John W. Brown family moved to Parowan in 1867. He continued working with Allen, and also took care of all legal cases. He was the lawyer for the Board of claims.

Harriet first learned who George really was when he called with a group of friends one evening. The meager amount of chairs were taken, so Harriet got a box and offered it to him, apologetically; "Here's a box you may sit on, if it's not too low," "That's my name, so I'll sit on it", George answered with a twinkle in his eyes.

Later George told Harriet that Father Brown had been so good to them neither he nor his brother Joseph had known they were not his own sons until Brother Groves came to their home in 1857 to give the Brown's a blessing. During the evening Patriaric Groves had said the two boys were not Brown's children. The parents then had to tell the boys about their own father and her remarriage when they were young.

Harriet and George grew fond of each other, though it had been love at first sight with him.

Following an old Indian trail into the Bry Lakes country was one of Harriet's earliest experiences. She and Minet West were thrilled at being among the first children to go into that beautiful region. But their happiness came to a abrupt end when Isaac told his sister of a place near the house where bears had overturned a log in search of ants. Harriet insisted on being taken home even though it ~~was~~ meant riding horse back with a man she didn't even know. She felt safer in town, in her little home across from the lovely rock church which the Allen boys had helped to build.

Harriet's youngest brother, James was always busy with a gun, his pride and joy and one individual possession. One day he had been molding cartridges for it. He had molded lead into bullets, finished the "loads" and gone. Harriet, who was about 14 came home from a day's work gathering potatoes. She took up the broom and started to clean the room. She swept the floor and then, as was the custom at that time with a swift stroke swept the dirt into the open fireplace. In an instant her cloths were on fire and she was a mass of flames. She rushed from the house and leaped into a adobe hole half full of water. The flames were extinguished but she was burned and scaled terribly.

Neighbors who heard her screams came and carried her to the home of Aunt Polina Lyman, who was a midwife and nurse. Aunt Polina tore an old sheet in ~~sheet's~~ strips and covered them with oil, then varnish, and bound them over the burns, leaving only slits for eyes nose and mouth. Every few hours the eyelids were lifted and the hot water let out of her eyes like one would let water out of a blister. This kept the eyelids from healing together, thus leaving her blind permanently. As the burns healed underneath and the new skin formed, the cloth was loosened and trimmed away. Harriet escaped with perfect sight, and only two small scars. One under her ear and one on the wrist. No Dr. ever did a better job. (Aunt Polina was blessed and set apart for her work when she was 18 years old and she, with the inspiration she was thus entitled to, preform many miracles.)

They say true love never runs smooth, and so it was with George and Harriet. She was considered very beautiful and sweet, and had many suitors, but George never gave up the thought that she was the one and only girl for him. The Allens were not over zealous about the forthcoming marriage, for though Harriet had become engaged when she was 15, they hoped she would not marry outside the temple. The Allens were such staunch Mormons, and George, though he has been baptized when in Sixie, by Bishop Willis, was not as dutiful about his affairs in the Church as he could have been. Polygamy had made him bitter and his work kept him away much of the time. Also men who had apostatised since the Mountain Meadow Massacre and deserts from Johnston's Army influenced him greatly. They were married Dec. 14, 1873 in Mother Brown's (Lowe's) home which George had worked so hard to build. His labors at the saw mill bought all the material to build what was then the nicest house in Parowan. It included a green house, the first in southern Utah and a "den" for Father Brown.

It was a quiet wedding, Mother Allen regretted that it was not a church wedding, but told her daughter not to worry, someday she would realize the desire of her dreams, of a temple wedding. Daniel Allen was a long time accepting George into his family. But through his honesty simplicity and earnest ambition he made them forget his religion was not as strong as theirs, and soon they loved him for the wonderful man he was.

George rented the shingle mill at the Yankee Meadows, and Harriet, tho only 16, cooked for all the men. The next year they rented a herd of cows and began to dairy in Dry Lakes. They saved their money in the auger hole with which they bought a city lot. There they built a one room log house. Harriet kept it fit for a queen. She knitted lace curtains, did tatting, netting and embroidering. Every chair had its tidy and every picture its throw. She scrubbed the floor with sand until it was as white as a floor could be.

Five children were born at the home in town. When George Jr. was born his layette was made from his father's wedding shirt and his mother's wedding dress. His one and only new dress was a piece of lovely silk his mother had started to make for her big doll with a china head. She had earned the money for it herself as she had always had only rag dolls. When she married she again took up the dress and added row upon row of eyelet embroidery to make it long enough for a baby dress.

Harriet loved the flowers and all out of doors. Her old fashioned flower garden was the show place of the town. Flowers seemed to grow enchanted by her touch, they bloomed profusely from every nook and corner, but they had to move to a larger house, the Fout's place. There three more children were born.

They then took up a homestead in the South Field. There was no water near the place so it was Harriet's lot to hunt the fields every morning before breakfast. Most of the drinking water was hauled from town in barrels. It was her weekly task to load her little wagon with clothes, tuck a child under her arm and walk to town, scrub the clothes on the board and trudge home the two and half miles with the clean clothes and the children.

One child was born on the homestead. After about five years of hard drudgery they moved to the Smith place in the lane about one mile from the city limits. They traded for it with the house in town. It had a small well on it which provided water for the stock, but they still hauled drinking water from town. Two wells were drilled, but with the inadequate methods used at that time, no water was reached, except little drizzles.

For 18 years they lived in the house already on the farm where the last three children were born, then they built the large brick home which stands in the lane today. George went to Milford with team and wagon and hauled all the lumber and other materials from the railroad there. (His son George also hauled materials for his brick home at the same time.)

Now at last Harriet had a modern home with hot and cold running

water, a telephone, a washer, iron and all the conveniences invented during their life time. She had always had flowers wherever she lived which she had watered with water from the hand basin, etc. Now she had a lawn, 27 native pines which they carried from far off dry lakes, flowers and creeping vines were every where. Columbines, snap dragons, holyocks and every kind of flower she could find. A lovely rose garden flaunted its sweet perfume to fill the house with their fragrance when the breeze came from the West. A neighbor used to bring her children and opening the gate to the yard surrounding the house say, "Come into paradise, children. A sheep buyer who once called to see George about his prize Rambouillets was so impressed with her beautiful array of holyhocks wrote a poem about them when he went back home and printed it in the Utah Farmer, "Autumn" Other poems were written about their lovely home submerged In A Grove Of Pines.

Summers were spent in the mountains and winters on the farm. Harriet took care of the dairy while George was in town during the hay season. Even in the mountains Harriet had her flowers all about her in the log cabin as well as these growing wild in the marsh and spring.

There were cows to milk, cheese and butter to make, but the energetic, ambitious woman found time to do everything and reared her family well. Two children, Deslie and Samuel were school teachers and each married school teachers. Sam however, drowned while teaching a group of M I A boys how to swim when the Driggs, Idaho stake was on an excursion. George is a successful business man, farmer and livestockman. Earnest, a salesman and farmer, Grant a carpenter and interior decorator, Daniel, Alphanso, John are farmers, Ada and Lillian married farmers and Laura married an automotive mechanic.

George and Harriet lived to see their dreams realized and found much happiness in their friends and family. It was a never ending joy to relate the story of all the tiny pines and columbines carried from the mountains to adorn their beautiful home. In August, 1937 they were married in the St. George Temple after 65 years of married life. They knew they must not wait too late to make this love they had shared in life to go on into eternity. They had earned their home celestial.

Their door was always open and a warm hearty welcome was forth coming for all who came. Their name was known throughout the state for their hospitality and their beautiful home in the lane. Poets wrote of their gardens, their home, their Holyhocks. All who came and saw them were loved and they wore proudly the crown of glory they had so bravely earned.

Harriet died May, 1940, a tired sweet old lady of 83. George, too died then, I think, for tho his body was here, his heart and soul had gone with the beautiful girl he had fallen in love with at sight, and who had shared his every ache and joy. Their life had been so complete their hearts so completely as one, that after she had gone --to him-- "Hattie" was always just "Out in the garden" or "gone for a walk".

George died October 17, 1940 at the age of 86, a grand and tired old man, closing a chapter of one of life's sweetest love stories., and leaving a heritage so grand and bright that behooves any of us to match it!

George and Harriet Allen Lowe Leaves a posterity of 12 children.