

"History of Ann Waddle Stewart, written by Margaret Williams Torkelson, 1973" See [https://www.familysearch.org/photos/artifacts/82001335?p=23989745&returnLabel=John%20Stewart%20\(KWVC-D4D\)&returnUrl=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.familysearch.org%2Ftree%2Fperson%2Fmemories%2FKWVC-D4D](https://www.familysearch.org/photos/artifacts/82001335?p=23989745&returnLabel=John%20Stewart%20(KWVC-D4D)&returnUrl=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.familysearch.org%2Ftree%2Fperson%2Fmemories%2FKWVC-D4D)

Ann Waddle (Waddell) Stewart, my maternal grandmother, was born in Dalkieth, Scotland, December 22, 1825, and died in Provo, Utah, May 25, 1886. She and her husband, John Stewart, were among the earliest settlers in Provo. The property they were given and the small adobe house they built still stands at the corner of Fourth South and First East (118 years old) in Provo.

They were members of the fourth handcart company under the leadership of Capt. James G. Willie. Many stories of this ill-fated group have been written and retold in pioneer histories, but tragic and poignant individual stories were known only to those who lived through them. The monument to the handcart pioneers on Temple Square has always represented to me my own grandparents. They, too, had an infant daughter, two months old, when they left Scotland, and a six-year old son who walked all the way across the plains. It is almost impossible to imagine what life was really like for this young couple during the six months of travel by ship, and on foot for thousands of miles; across the ocean and the great expanse of wild and primitive America. They had none of the comforts and few of the necessities of life. It is truly a miracle that any one survived the ordeal. Only their youth (they were both in their early thirties) and a compelling faith in their Heavenly Father and the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ made the journey possible.

My grandmother died long before I was born. My only knowledge of her was hearing my mother tell of her mother and the things which happened to her and her family. She did, however, leave a letter in which she told in her own words a brief story of her life. It was addressed to her posterity, but did not come into the hands of her grandchildren until sixty-four years after it was written.

The history of the letter is interesting. It was written in 1881 at the time Provo First Ward meeting house was being built (1880-1890.) It (the letter) was placed with other items pertaining to ward members in the corner stone of the new building in a "Jubilee Box" where it remained for many years. When that building was remodeled and enlarged about 1900, the box was opened and the letter was given to my mother, Isabell Bruce Stewart Williams. My family was then living in the Provo Fifth Ward where a new chapel was being built (1902-1905.) My mother wrote a similar letter to her children, and my brother James Stewart wrote one also. These letters, plus the one from grandmother and one from her eldest granddaughter, Ethel Stewart Selander, daughter of John W. Stewart, were placed in the corner stone of the new building. In 1955, that building was sold and the letter came to my sister, Lucile Williams Jones. The original letter in grandmother's hand writing belongs to my brother, J. Stewart Williams, of Logan, Utah.

Since the letter tells briefly the history of grandmother's life in her own words, it is included here.

Provo City - March 29, 1881

To my dear children and their posterity:
Thinking you would like to hear a short history of my life and a testimony of the goodness of God in watching over me from earliest years until the present time. When you shall read this I will have passed behind the veil and met with those dear ones who have gone before and will be waiting to welcome you to your bright shore. Therefore be ever faithful in the work of God and our meeting will be one of joy.

I was the daughter of John Waddle and Ann Stuart born in the town of Dalkieth, County of Midlothian, Scotland, 22nd of December, 1825. My parents belonged to the Church of Scotland and were true to their religion. Many of our forefathers suffered and died for their religion and their country.

Being an only child I received much care and was early taught to pray to my Heavenly Father as if asking a earthly parent and He would answer me for my best good. Such was my belief as a child and my testimony today is that God is the hearer and answerer of prayer. He has been my Father and Friend through life.

My father died in the year 1833, December 8th, and left me to the care of my dear mother who was ever kind and good. In the year 1840, I became a member of the Presbyterian Church and spent many happy days enjoying the light I then had. In 1845, I left Dalkieth and went to reside in Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland and then heard the Everlasting Gospel, the light of which showed me how far I was from keeping the commandments of God, yet I hated to give up all for the Gospel's sake and tried to believe God would accept me for my sincerity, but when I would pray, these words would come as if it were a voice in my ear. "I have shown my way and you refuse to walk therein." Those were dark days to me. How I suffered for the pride of my heart, but thanks be to God for his long suffering toward me and that He enabled me to humble myself and yield obedience to the Gospel. On the 22nd of April 1846, I was baptized by Elder W. Gibson at Lieth and confirmed by him in Mary's Chapel on the following Sunday. Then the peace and joy that filled my soul no words can express. My mother died the same year and the words that had cheered me many times were literally fulfilled. When a father and mother forsake you, then the Lord will take me up, and when all my former friends forsook me I found true friends in the Church.

I was married in the year 1848 to a young man by the name of John Stewart, son of David Stewart and Margaret Bruce, born at Edinburgh, Scotland, March 29, 1824, like myself an orphan but a true Latter-day Saint. We had eight children; John born at Edinburgh, July 31st 1849; David November 24th, 1851; Annie January 3rd, 1854. David and Annie died November 18th and 22nd. Both in the same month 1855. That was a

great trial to me but when our Heavenly Father afflicts he has some wise purpose in view and after a while I could say not my will but thine be done. In the next year my daughter Margaret Ann was born, March 7th, 1856, and on the first of May following we left our native land and crossed the sea in a sailing vessel and the plains with hand carts. There I saw the hand of my Father over us for good, it being the first year that handcarts had been tried and through starting late the storms of winter overtook us and many suffered and died, but the lives of my husband and two children and my own were preserved.

We arrived in Salt Lake City sometime in November after traveling over six months. We came to Provo City two days after although it was in the depth of winter and we had only what the kindness of the brothers and sisters gave us, having lost nearly all we had on the plains. Yet I can truly say my heart rejoiced to be where we could enjoy the blessings and privileges of the Gospel and do a work for the living and the dead. (I would here say God bless those that showed kindness to the handcart companies. May their children never lack bread nor their sons cease to bear the Priesthood with honor to themselves and the cause they are engaged in.)

My oldest son John died after a few days of illness on the 15th of March 1858 and my son John W. was born in the same week on the 20th. That was a trying time to me but I can truly say that O Lord thou art my rock and my salvation. In thee did I trust and will for thou art near to all that call upon thee. My daughter Isabell was born May 18th 1860, James November 4th 1862, Mary Diantha October 24th 1865. The next year my husband died October 24th 1866, and left me with five children. The Lord had blessed us and I had a comfortable home for myself and children. In January 1867, I had the privilege of receiving my Endowments at Salt Lake City. I was alone as I had seen in a dream many years before, yet not alone for God was with me and I never spent a happier day in my life.

The Relief Society was organized in Provo and through the kindness of Bishop Johnson and his wife I was called to be a teacher which office I held till I thought I was not qualified and resigned which was very wrong of me and gave me much sorrow till 1870. I was again called to take part in the work and I would say to you my children, try and get the spirit of God to enable you to fill whatever position you may be called to through the Priesthood with honor to yourselves and the work of God.

In 1869, I was sealed to my husband John Steward and married to Edmund Dugdale at Salt Lake City with whom I am living at my own home in Provo. In 1873, Margret Ann and John W. received their endowments and we attended to baptism and sealings for our relations and friends. I hope my children, you will have done a great work long before you read this.

The same year I attended lectures on midwifery in Salt Lake and was set apart to that office under the hands of apostles Orson Pratt, Wilford Woodruff and Joseph F . Smith, but through feeble health and the care of my family I have not been able to wait much on the sick.

In 1879, I was set apart as a counselor to Mrs. Mary Farrer, President of the Primary Association, Treasurer for the Silk Association for the Central district of Utah County. In 1880, I was elected Secretary of the Relief Society in the First Ward, Provo City, in place of Sister Sophy Meacham who was relieved on account of her eyesight, with my daughter Isabell as assistant. Which place I will try to fill with the help of the Spirit of God to do the best of my ability.

I now bear my testimony to this great work of God, for it is the work of God and not of man. Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God and laid the foundation of the latter day Kingdom. Through him were all the principles of the Gospel revealed which can never to overcome, and like those of former days he sealed his testimony with his blood. Brigham Young was also a Prophet of God and carried on the great work after Joseph had gone to rest. John Taylor is now President of the Church and a Prophet of God. Amongst other principles Joseph, or rather God through him revealed, was the principle of plural marriage through obedience to which and all the commandments of God, we will gain an exaltation. And if you reject any of them we will be under condemnation. Should any of you my children have entered into the holy order of plural marriage, be true to your covenants, seek the spirit of God to lead you, and if you have passed through trials your reward will be great in the Kingdom of your Father. I have taught you these principles my children, and though your father passed away without having entered into the order in the year 1873, when my son John W. attended to the work for the dead, we had three wives sealed to him.

Dear children, hoping you will live true and faithful, humble and prayerful, that we may meet in the Glorious Kingdom where peace and joy abound is the earnest prayer of your mother, Ann Stewart Dugdale.

P.S. I herewith enclose the photograph of my son John Williams and myself. Whoever may receive this record please make a copy and return into the Jubilee Box that future generations may receive and read it.

In her letter grandmother did not relate any of the hardships which she had endured during the handcart journey, nor all the tragedies of her life in Provo. Some of the stories told me by mother from her childhood are included here:

When the Willie company was encamped on the Sweetwater River during a heavy winter storm, sixteen men died of hunger and exposure to the cold. The bodies were piled together to be buried in a common grave. Among the group was John Stewart, Ann's husband. As they were

removing the bodies, Ann detected signs of life in her husband. With the help of other women she dragged him to the fireside and her heroic efforts revived him. He was too ill to travel on foot, so Ann discarded most of the belongings in the handcart, strapped her young child, Margaret Ann, to her body and with the help of her young son pulled the cart with John in it until a relief party reached them near South Pass and they were able to continue their journey to Salt Lake City.

Pioneer life in Provo was very hard for the young widow after the death of her husband in 1866. She had five young children and they all worked hard to support her and each other. Her two sons, John W. and James, were still young boys but went to work in the "Factory" as it was called - a mill which manufactured woolen textiles later known as the Knight Woolen Mills. With the coming of the railroad the boys both worked there. John W. was an engineer for the D.R.G. for 49 years. Jim was a fireman and a brakeman. The three daughters learned to sew and knit. They gathered wild fruits, plants and herbs for food and medicine. The boys trapped animals and took care of vegetables in the garden. They were a close and affectionate family, always kind and generous with each other as long as they lived.

Grandmother related in her letter the incident of her entrance into plural marriage with Edmund Dugdale in 1869. This was a very sore trial for her family. They did not accept her second husband - in fact they all disliked him very much as a person for reasons unknown to me. Although they were loyal to their mother and continued to support her, they resented Mr. Dugdale as an interloper and had no affection or respect for him. Neither son remained active in the church because of this. James, in fact, left home in his late teens and lived in Mexico for a long time. Later he resided in Colorado where he was an engineer on the Cripple Creek Railroad for many years. He died in Colorado Springs in 1946.

Margaret Ann lived with her mother and cared for her through a long illness from breast cancer. Grandmother Stewart was operated on for the cancer by Dr. Pike of Provo. The surgery was crude, however the best known for those days. The wound became infected and she suffered greatly for a long time. Death came to her in 1886. She was 61 years of age. She was buried in the Provo City cemetery beside her husband and her young son.