

Story by
Anna Ross Young
The Book of Jared
Pg. 51-55

"My father, Adolphia Young, was born February 27, 1816, at Buffalo Valley, Putnam Co., TN. His wife, Rhoda Byrne Jared, was born, October 24, 1820. They were raised within three miles of each other in Putnam Co., TN. They were married at the house of her parents, Moses and Malinda Byrne Jared.

"My father, Adolphia Young, was a carpenter by trade and could do most any kind of work. Mother was very good at sewing. She learned to be a tayloress and made mostly men's clothing by hand, before sewing machines were thought of. She had very artistic tastes.

When my son, Adolphia Young Duke, went on his mission, my uncle, David Young, said to him, 'Adolphia Duke, there never has been such a man as your grandfather Adolphia Young!' He was very loving, affectionate, kind, and gentle with his family. Refined and modest in his nature, and to know him was to love him.

In the year 1842, John Doyle Lee and Alfred Douglas Young, my father's cousin, brought the Gospel to him. My father and mother both joined the Church, each being the only one in their respective families to join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

They went to Nauvoo, IL in 1842. My sister, Martha was a baby. While my father was building a house for us--two room, one story—we lived in the cellar of John Doyle Lee's house in Nauvoo. While there, I remember well one morning at daylight we were awakened by Hyrum Woolsey, John Doyle Lee's brother-in-law, who called through a knothole in the floor and said to my mother, 'Oh Rhoda! Joseph and Hyrum have been murdered!' (Referring to John Smith- the leader of the Mormons).

I remember raising up in the bed. What an impression it made on me! That day everyone was in tears, and some of the old timers have said they believed bushels of tears were shed by the Saints the next days.

We stayed in Nauvoo two years after that. My father worked on the Nauvoo temple until it was nearly finished; then the Saints were driven out in 1846 to Council Bluffs, Iowa.

In 1848 my father thought he would go back to Tennessee to see his mother once more before leaving for the Valley of the Mountains. He had been sick with all the rest of the family with the chills and fever. While at his mother's, he got worse and they thought he might die so they sent my Uncle Harmon to Winter

Quarters for us. We went back to Tennessee and hardly knew father, he looked so bad. But he got better and went to work. He put up a rough log shop and said he would get a fresh start and be prepared to go right through to Salt Lake City when he started again. So we stayed there five years longer and when we started again there were six children. One little one, Allen, had died in Council Bluffs with "Black Canker." Mariam, a little girl, the second one, had died in Tennessee the time we went back.

My parents had been industrious and we were all rigged out for the trip when we started again for Zion in 1852. We took a steamer at Nashville about 50 miles from our home. The second steamer we went on was called the 'Saluda.' It was an old boat, hardly fit to travel on, but it was late in the season and we wanted to go on. My mother overheard the captain and the fireman talking through a speaking trumpet and they seemed to be quarreling. The fireman said, 'I will stem this current or blow her to Hell!' The wheel only turned about three times and a terrible explosion occurred and cut the fireman in two. The captain was blown up onto the side of the hill. The Captain's dog was killed, and the safe was burst open and lying on the dead dog. A man was taking the money out and filling his pockets when he was caught and put under guard. In all, there were about 150 persons killed. The boat was near enough to the landing that they could put a raft from the boat to the bank and walk off.

Everybody was stunned, so for a few minutes it was hard to get their senses together. My father began to gather his family up, and in his excitement said, "All stand up and let me count you." He did so and said, "There are some gone!" He began to look around and found ten-year-old Martha in the hull of the boat where the hatch door had blown up and she had fallen in. The water was fast coming in as something had pierced a hole in the bottom.

Brigham Lawrence Young, then aged four years, was found on the bank by a kind Negro.

They rushed off the boat as fast as they could with the dead and dying. So many got on the plank at once that it broke and let some into the water, but they were soon rescued.

My parents were the only couple that did not lose one of the family. I remember well of seeing a row of dead children laid out on a counter in a warehouse. All this happened at Lexington, MO.

We stayed there six weeks while my mother and father were busy repairing the damage done to our belongings. My father bought three yoke of oxen, a wagon, a tent, and everything we needed to make the trip. We were as well fitted out as we could be; plenty to eat and would get fresh water whenever we could to be carried in five gallon kegs and swung under the wagon. The cattle sometimes would die from drinking the water of the Plains, one of our best oxen died and we

had to put a cow in the place. Then we had one yoke of oxen, one yoke with an ox and a cow, and one yoke with two cows, making three yoke in all. There was plenty of grass along the way. At night we would milk and set it in pans under the wagon, in the morning we would take the cream off and put it in a little stone jar with a dash. By night it would be churned to butter with the jolt of the wagon.

My mother baked a lot of crackers before we started and we had some of them when we got in Salt Lake. They were made out of just flour, salt, and lard. They were rolled out and the dough pounded to make them light. We had never heard of baking powder or soda. We had yeast cakes that mother made before we left and she would make bread and bake it on step stones that had belonged to Jeff (McCullough).

When we had traveled about 100 miles, my father took the cholera and died. He was buried at Woodriver without a coffin. He was wrapped in a heavy quilt. His death occurred July 5, 1852. On the 8th of the same month my oldest brother died.

He said, "I want to be baptized before I die." Jeff McCullough baptized him. He died and was buried the next morning.

Our trip then on was uneventful. We were about three months making the trip and arrived in Salt Lake the 23rd of September 1852.

When we got in sight of the Great Salt Lake, I was spell-bound with the grand sight. The houses were so few then that it looked just like a nest of houses. It seemed almost impossible to think we had arrived. For after my father died we felt as though we would never arrive at our destination.

We got down into the city late in the afternoon and went to a family by the name of Vance, who were cousins of my mother. They had just moved into a new home and let us live in their old one. We had only been there a few days when President Brigham Young called to see us. He was in a buggy and had one of his wives with him. She was Emmeline Freeman. She engaged by mother to do sewing for her as she had four little girls. My mother earned a living for us in this way. I remember once of seeing Brigham Young bring a sack of flour and vegetables and things to pay for the sewing.

Then we went to Cottonwood, ten miles from Salt lake, to my father's cousin. It was Alfred Young who had brought the Gospel to my father in Tennessee. We stayed at Cottonwood and worked on the farm. We girls helped with the farm work, and mother later married Alfred Young.

In 1855 we moved to Provo. He bought a place after selling our team and wagon. We gathered nuts and ground cherries for our winter fruit. It was made

sweet to us like the raw meat was to the Children of Israel. We spun and wove our own cloth and my mother made our clothes.

In the year 1857 on the 6th of March, I was married to Robert Stone Duke, and lived in Provo till we had two children, little Robert and Adolphia.

In 1860 we moved up into what was then called Provo Valley or Heber City and bought some land, about 54 acres. We are still living on the same land where our home was built. We lived in a log house of two rooms until my family grew to be ten in number.

In 1879 the dread disease of diphtheria came and took three of them, two boys and a girl. Two years after that, another girl died. Since then the family have lived and married in the same town.

My husband, Robert S. Duke, was made bishop in the Heber East Ward and held that office for about fifteen years. When the change was made, my husband was ordained a Patriarch for the Wasatch Stake. The youngest son, Lawrence B. duke, was in the Heber First Ward Bishopric many years. After my son, Robert, retired as Bishop, he was a member of the Wasatch Stake High Council until he died in October 1920. He dropped dead in the harness, as it were, while plowing potatoes. He carried some in the house and remarked he had a pain but before anything could be done he died. I have worked in the church to the best of my ability and was a member of the Stake Relief Society for thirty years.

My husband and three sons all filled missions in turn and spent about eight years together in that capacity. My daughters have taken active parts in the Y.W.M.I.A. and Relief Society.

Children of Anna Ross Young and Robert Stone Duke:

Robert Duke – 4 December 1857, Provo, UT –
md 9 February 1882 Anna Josephine Peterson – b. 21 February 1882
Adlophia Young Duke – 27 January 1860 – md Emma Matilda Nielson
Anna Lenora Duke – 11 December 1862 – md John J. Cummings
Mary Maranda Duke – 23 September 1864 – 22 April 1881
Frances Marion Duke – 11 December 1866 – 2 September 1879
Lawrence Brigham Duke – 10 January 1870 – md Sarah Katherine Hicken
Rhoda Matilda Duke – 31 August 1872 – md John A. Smith
Alma Duke – 15 June 1874 – 18 June 1879
William Wade Duke – 20 July 1876 – 14 August 1879
Martha Jane Duke – 20 September 1878 – 4 October 1957
md 15 September 1909 - John W. Rooker – b. 20 June 1879, Heber City, UT

Robert Duke went to the Southern States on a mission in the year 1891. At the close of his mission, which was in Indiana, he made a trip to Tennessee to visit

his mother's people. Some excerpts from his diary may prove interesting: pg. 55-56 – the Book of Jared.

Friday, May 22nd 1891: Pass Granville, Jackson Co. go ten miles to Uncle Jefferson Boyd's. Kindly received by Aunt Polly. Uncle Jeff died suddenly two weeks ago. Grandma had wrote to them that I was coming to visit them. I feel at home Aunt Polly is much like Grandma.

Sunday, May 24: Meet Uncle Moses Jared, grandma's only brother. Go home with him I like him. Go to Sunday School with him meet some of my second cousins. Stay at Uncle Moses.

Tuesday, May 26: After breakfast we go to Uncle D.H. Nichols, his wife, Aunt Betsy, Grandma's sister. They make us at home. They have a big family all married. John and Brice Methodist Preachers and Clinton, Roy, Pet and three or four girls married. They are all nice folks and very much resemblance of our folks at home. John Nichols arrived from Nashville, a circuit preacher. He is rabid against Mormons. He spiritualizes the scriptures greatly.

Thursday, May 28: I go to the old place where my Mother was born. The house is occupied and is just the same as when they left it forty years ago. My grandfather had done the work. Today I cut my initials on a beech tree just under my Grandfather's where he had cut his 45 years ago. Go to Roy Nichols for supper and stay all night. He looks like Uncle Brigham. His children make me think of mine. One is just like Pratt.

Thursday, June 4: After dinner we go with Uncle Moses to his sons Peter's pass the graveyard where Mother's sister next to her is buried. My Grandfather placed a stone with her initials M.B.Y. (Miriam Byrne Young) when he left here. We go to Uncle David Nichols and stay all night.

Friday, June 7: Go to Pleasant Grove Church Sunday School at 11. Preaching by Mr. Ford, Methodist preacher. Good practical sermon.

Monday, June 8: Stay at Mr. Young's till 2 p.m. We help pick cherries and have all we want to eat. We go 12 miles to Williams Cross roads Smith Co. We crossed Cumberland River on a ferry. Rained two or three hours and we got very wet, and wade the creeks with our shoes on.

Tuesday, June 9: 7 o'clock we start north walk 22 miles.

Thus ended the visit of Robert Duke to his folks in Tennessee, in 1891.