

ANN ALLAN PATON LOW
1842-1905



Ann Allan Paton Low

Ann Alan Paton Low, daughter of James Paton ¹ and Jacobina Wills Osborne, ² was born October 19, 1842, in Dalkeith, which is a few miles southeast of Edinburgh, in Scotland. She was the second child of eight. [She was the second daughter] ³



*Jacobina Wills
Osborne*

Her father was a clock maker by trade and soon after Ann was born the family moved to Kilmornock, Scotland.

Her parents embraced the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in 1843 and began preparations to come to America..

Annie, as Ann was called, did her part in helping with the family expenses. At the age of 5 she worked in a factory stirring the dye pots. She had to walk some distance and often had to leave home before it was light. Older girls and women would take the little one by the hand and help her along as she would be scarcely awake.

Even at that tender age she had to suffer the embarrassment of unthinking people who taunted her because she was a Mormon.

Before the Paton family could have their dream fulfilled in coming to Utah, James Paton, the husband and father, died in the year of 1853 of what was then called the "white plague" ⁴ ; a disease which had

¹ James was born 1 Apr 1811 in Galston, Scotland. He died in Irvine, Scotland on 28 Apr 1853.

² Jacobina was born 15 May 1813 in Hillockside, Scotland. She died in Smithfield, Utah, USA on 27 Apr 1882.

³ Ann's siblings were: Margaret, John, Robert, James, Janet Sophia, Joseph Eli, and Jean Jacobina.

⁴ One source says this is tuberculosis another says it is cholera. Take your choice.

already taken 6 of the children of this family. ⁵

With the money gone to pay for burial expenses, the wife again set out to work and save and prepare to emigrate, but through a dishonest act of an Elder the money was used for other purposes. With her "scotch" determination, Jacobina, again set out to reach her goal of bringing herself and two children to Zion.

On April 22, 1855, Ann, her mother Jacobina, and her brother James, with other saints, sailed from Liverpool on the sailing vessel Samuel Curling, landing in New York one month later. Israel Barlow was the leader of this Company with 581 souls on board.

It was on this same ship that Sylvester Low sailed and thus began the acquaintance which culminated in marriage. From New York they traveled to Pittsburgh by rail, thence by steamboat to St. Louis, Missouri. At Atchison, Kansas they were outfitted for the trek across the plains.

Ann, a girl of not yet thirteen, walked the entire distance of over one thousand miles. The hardships of the journey were vividly implanted in her mind. She saw the herds of buffalo that stampeded their cattle, was aware of the births and deaths in camp; was hungry, thirsty, many days her feet were blistered and her bones ached with weariness. Yet, they reached the Valley safely, October 24, 1855. The company was in charge of Milo Andrus.

After arriving in Salt Lake City, Ann, went to live in bountiful with some saints, there she worked for her board and shelter. When her mother would occasionally walk out to see her, Ann, would cry and beg pitifully, "Tak me hame Mither, tak me hame to Scotland."

After her mother, Jacobina, married Bishop Christopher Williams, Ann, went to live with them. She remembered well the supper she had the first night she was home. It was thistles thickened with bran. There was plenty of it but best of all it was eaten at home.

Food was scarce then because of the "grasshoppers", and many came to Bishop Williams (3rd Ward) for relief. It was Annie's proud duty to take the small feather duster and dust round the bin and in the corners for a bit more flour. She often bore her testimony though she had given it all before—yet, there was always a little more for the next person.

She grew into a winsome young woman and had many suitors from youths to gray haired men, but her mother had told the young man who had befriended them, Sylvester Low, while on their ocean voyage, that he could have Annie for his wife. ⁶

On the 28th of February in 1858, Sylvester Low and Ann Allan Paton were married by Pres. Brigham Young, Milo Andrus acting as witness.

Ann's wedding dress was a brown print, the material for the dress cost seventy-five cent a yard. She had two bed pillows which she had earned by doing house work. This was her trousseau.

The following May the folks in Salt Lake abandoned their homes and started on the move south.

⁵ Ann and James Osborne were the two children to survive.

⁶ Some of the family remember the story that Jacobina had a dream or vision that Ann was to marry Sylvester Low.

Sylvester was taking part in the Echo Canyon War, and Ann, the girl wife, accompanied her mother.

When peace was established the young couple made their home in Salt Lake City, where their first two children were born. The eldest girl Jacobina Osborne Low, lived only 24 hours. She was buried in a pretty pink print dress in the Salt Lake City cemetery. It was just at the time that many corpse, her's among them, were being robbed of their clothing after being buried, this brought more sorrow to those grieved ones. The second child was boy, James Paton Low.

In the spring of 1860 Sylvester and Ann moved to Cache Vall[e]y, settling in Providence, where the second son was born, Sylvester Low [Jr.].

In September 1863, they with others, were called to settle Bear Lake Valley, so they moved to Ovid and lived in a Dugout. Here their third son, Osborne, was born.

They went through the hardships of pioneering, ate frozen grain until Annie declared she could not eat another bite even if she starved. A brother Winters generously divided his flour with them, and Annie again took up the battle of life.

Feed was so scarce for the cows that in the early Spring the cows were driven out to the hills, where on the south slopes the snow had melted. Sylvester would tie a bundle of hay on his back and take his brass bucket and make the trip on snow shoes to milk the cows. Annie anxiously watched from the door for his safe return with the milk that was so essential for their living.

In October of 1865, with their three sons, they moved back to Cache Valley, settling in Smithfield, Utah.

At first they lived in Alonzo Raymond's granary, but soon a lot was secured and a log house soon erected. One Saturday afternoon Annie proudly went to her new home and cleaned it ready to move into on Monday, but when she returned to the granary, which was a short distance away, Lo! And behold! Sylvester had decided to move and had loaded their belongings into the wagon. Ann sat down and cried for there was the bedding, stove pipes, cooking utensils, clothing and everything all dumped together and tomorrow was SUNDAY! (The Low's moved!)

The Low property is in the Northeast part of Smithfield and it was here that Ann lived out her life until she died, with the exception of about two years and a half that she lived in Logan.

It was around this spot that, most of the memories for the family cling. It was the home of the Lows. The willow fence was made, the garden planted, the orchard set out, with mulberry and walnuts trees, which meant so much to the children. Currant and berry bushes were planted, all things were added which went into making it a home place.

The log house gave place to a better home and Ann then had a four room frame house, lath and plaster inside and out and the house had a closet. It was lovely home, even though it was crowded with the brood of active healthy children.

The first well in the Northeast section of Smithfield was dug on this property in 1884. They dug about 15 ft. and struck water the first day. What a blessing!

In May of 1882 the family moved to Logan, they rented two different homes and then bought the third one, it was in the Seventh Ward, on the Island. (It was still standing in 1951)

Sylvester worked in the Central Mills in Logan.

Annie and her family moved back to the home in Smithfield in the fall of 1885. Three sons and six daughters were born in Smithfield. (Their names will be listed at the end) One daughter, Millicent, was born in Logan. One daughter died one half hour after birth and the last child, a son, was stillborn.

Ann had a severe sickness when this child was born, and she never recovered her health. Eleven of her sons and daughters grew to maturity and married.

Ann was a Relief Society Teacher for 27 years and her district, (beat) as it was then called, sometimes was on the west side of Smithfield.

She was a very modest woman, of a quiet retiring nature. She believed that "actions speak louder than word". She was a very religious character and lived honestly up to her belief and often bore a strong testimony of her knowledge of the Gospel and the Goodness of God. She was a strict observer of the Sabbath day, and believed styles and fashions (extreme) were ungodly.

She was always neat and clean and never went to a neighbor's house without first smoothing her hair and putting on a clean dress or apron. A favorite color for aprons was a modest purple or black and white.

She was a good housekeeper and woe-be-unto-the-one who upset her drawers or were careless with the duties about the house. She punished very seldom but her stories were fitting to the occasion and were reproof enough. She was a good manager and kept her big family of children well fed and clothed. Also she found time to make lace and other means of adornment, in addition to making tallow candles, knitting, spinning, dying, raising chickens and turkeys, churning butter, making preserves, with molasses most of the time.

On Saturday the house was cleaned, food prepared, baths were taken, clothes checked, shoes polished and all things made ready for the Sabbath. And Sunday morning all went to Sunday School.

One neighbor said, "S[iste]r. Low, I don't know how you do it, you have a bigger family than I do, yet you have your work all done for I went and peaked in your window to see, and your dinner was cooking on the stove. How do you do it?"

Ann's friends were dear to her, their joys and sorrows being hers. She was known outside of her home because she was such a good neighbor.

Many homes knew of her kindly administration of work and deed in the hour of trial and trouble, especially was this true where because of circumstances the folk were little known.

She had little chance for a formal education, yet, her intellectual interest made her a seeker of knowledge. She was very fond of reading and urged her children to obtain knowledge. She did not speak with a Scotch accent. She knew the Bible.

She was of slight build and [weighed] only 90 pounds when she was married. In her younger days she had an abundance of brown hair, and was five foot one inch in height. Her eyes were grey and her friends often said that none of her daughters were as nice looking as their mother.

She died on December 13, 1905 after an illness which covered a period of ten years. Five of these

years she was bedridden. Her patience and fortitude during this time was exceedingly remarkable. All of her life she has been an example worthy for her posterity to follow and all should be proud to carry on what she so nobly lived.

Signed Sylvia E. Low Jensen [Daughter of Ann Allan Paton]
[This history was written in 1936]

Children born to Ann Allan Paton Low in Smithfield, Utah:

Sons

William 1867
Charles 1881
Low Son 1886

Daughters

Annie 1868
Jeanette 1871
Lydia Gertrude 1873
Laurina May 1875 ⁷
Sylvia Euphemia 1877

Scotch:

By the light of the Tallow candle, Ann Low sat sewing. Sylvester Low looked and looked, and at the last said, "What is that you are mending?" She answered, "My mop cloth." Goods were scarce and this cloth was an exceptionally good one, so she raveled out some yarn so she could patch her mop cloth.

Thrift:

Ann would tie her baby on her back, letting the baby play with her hair while she would spin 4 skeins of yarn in one day, covering in her steps back and forth on the dirt floor about 3.5 to 4 miles. She knew the art of dying with herbs and grasses, etc.

A Lesson:

It was no small chore to keep enough wood chopped to keep the home fires burning and the kettle boiling, a scant supply had been chopped. After breaking willows all day to keep the fire going while she washed, Ann's patience were slim. When her husband returned for supper, the fire was out and Ann was calmly knitting. After waiting from some time he asked, "Aren't we going to have any supper?" and she replied, "When you get some wood." Her husband said that he was tired and she could get a few pieces but she reminded him that she had gathered wood all day and she was tired, too! Her needles clicked on and soon her husband went out to get her the wood.

Note:

This narrative was transcribed by Robert J. Burnside, grandson of Sylvia Low Jensen. I added the footnotes and any comments in brackets [].

⁷This was Sylvia's favorite sister.