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History of Bear Lake Pioneers

JOHN BAGLEY AND MARGARET MARY JANE

ALLEN BAGLEY

by Elaine Keetch



John Bagley



Margaret Mary Jane Allen Bagley

At the age of eight years, he first heard the gospel when two Mormon Missionaries came to New Brunswick. Benjamin Brown and Jessie Crosby came to the home and while there received letters informing them of the death of the Prophet and Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum Smith. The missionaries started a branch there, and his father and mother received the gospel at that time.

Elder Brown was beaten one night and left for dead, but came to and got to his companion and was administered to and the next day held a meeting and prophesied that their crops would be cut off, even their potatoes would spoil in the fields, and the head of the mob would believe the Gospel, join the church, and gather to Zion, the home of the Saints. It was all bitterly fulfilled in the next eight years. John Bagley's personal narrative follows:

"There were great crops raised that year, but the years following I recollect going to bed hungry not knowing where my breakfast was coming from. I have at ten years old worked a week for thirty-six pounds of cornmeal. Then I carried it four miles home on my back for my mother and little brothers and felt sorrowful there was no more work to do.

When I was sixteen years old Jessie Crosby came to our place again. He stopped with one of the neighbors and asked

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me to sleep with him. I went to the place where he was stopping after dark and before I got to the house, there was a bright light went before me, passed the house and went into an unfinished house about two hundred feet from where I stopped. I was surprised everyone was there and the Elder smiled and passed it off and commenced to talk. I was baptized next morning and then I understood the light and it has guided me through many a dark moment of my life.

I was baptized November 6, 1852, and worked very hard to help my father and get ready to go to Zion. I stayed a year and a half then told my parents I must go. My father was sick and I prayed that he would be made whole, and he was healed and said the Lord had heard my prayers. They agreed that I might go and also gave me money to go with. I never saw my mother again as she died of cholera the next year on the plains.

I left New Brunswick May 10, 1854. Two weeks later I was at Fort Leavenworth on the Missouri River. Three miles out we camped on a little spring creek, called at that time Salt Creek, where I saw and passed through the cholera. There were about forty church wagons and about as many independent wagons, and there was one sick to every one well in camp. My cousin, a woman with six children, got cholera and died about one o'clock in the morning. Two of her children were dead the next morning and one of her sister's children also. We buried these four in one grave as they were dying so fast. The government furnished caskets as long as we were in reach of Fort Leavenworth. About this time our leaders told us to move out and go as fast as we could. One morning our captain, Thomas O'Hara, a young Welshman, lost his wife, Louisa Shelton, a bride of three weeks. We had to bury her beside the road without a coffin. That was the first I ever saw buried this way. Less than six miles farther on we had to stop and bury his niece, a girl twelve years old. By that time every man in camp was ill, so the Aunt and I rolled her in a blanket and buried her.

About this time Brother Pratt's company had lost so many teamsters I was asked to go back and help them, as I was alone. I walked back the fifty miles, and it was back at their camp that I was stricken with the cholera. I soon recovered and drove a team for my board. Several times I was offered a job for fifty dollars and my board the year around, but when I was confirmed a member of the Church I was promised I should live to get to the home of the Saints, and I valued this promise more than gold, even though I was poor, alone, had no money, and was very scantily clothed. We arrived in Salt Lake City the fourth day of October 1854.

Daniel H. Wells was the first man to shake hands with me as he came out a few blocks to meet the train. In the morning of the fifth I went to the Temple Block, which had a rock foundation about three feet high with a dobby wall twelve feet high around it containing twelve acres of land. In one corner was a large tabernacle, and a large hole for the temple. I looked at the Temple building as one of the great works of the last days and, of course, had to remain near about the foundation, that a portion of my labor and means could be had. I worked twelve days at the Perkins settlement, then at a meeting President Young called for some lumbermen to go open up and build mills in Big Cottonwood Canyon. I left with them the next morning and worked there seven years helping build roads, mills, and hauling lumber, chop logs or do anything. My wages were one dollar and a half and board when I used an axe, and fourteen dollars a month and board and washing when I drove teams.

On August 13, 1857, I received word from General D. H. Wells to be in Salt Lake City the next day to go in the army. I had a saddle, gun, and lariat, so I went to Fort Bridger and obtained a horse there. There were fifty of us. We had a hard time because supplies ran out except flour. Our orders were to burn wagons, drive off stock and burn the grass, but never take a human life, but take every means we could to stop the troops. Finally it snowed and the troops were safe in Fort Bridger and the Saints safe in Salt Lake City.

When my mother died on the plains, I went out to meet my father and family of small children. I helped them through the mountains, bought them a cow, meat, and flour for the winter and got a place for my sister and took care of her the first year.

I was sick in the fall for a long time and after I got well, I went to chopping cord wood. I had a large swelling come on my ankle which laid me up most of the winter. In the spring I went to work and paid all of my debts to all parties I owed. I worked in Big Cottonwood Canyon then went to Draper or South Willow Creek where I worked for Burngy Brown until I got married."

John Bagley and Margaret Mary Jane Allen (born May 6, 1819, in Wadsboro, Kentucky, daughter of Andrew Jackson Allen and Delilah Bennett Andrews born in Illinois, pioneers of 1847, of Draper, Utah) were married March 27, 1861, at Draper, Utah. They lived at Draper for two years then moved to Bear Lake.

He started to Paris from Draper March 16, 1864. It stormed seventeen days of the trip. He put in a crop and lost it for the rest of water, then returned home the first day of July and

hunted horses and cattle until harvest. Then he commenced swinging the cradle for a bushel of wheat for cutting an acre of grain. He seared bread and then moved the family to Paris. The first year he put in hay, cut it by hand for the stock, built a log house without a floor, and lived there. The snow lay until the middle of May, which made provisions scarce. He farmed at North Eden and hauled grain to Paris and thrashed it with two sticks tied together.

The winter of 1865 the family went to Salt Lake City where he worked at a Grist Mill. Their third child was born in Draper. He returned home by foot that spring and put in crops and then went for his family. John and Margaret Mary Jane Allen Bagley and two small children moved to Paris April 16, 1864. They were among the first settlers of Bear Lake County. They remained in Paris for seven years then moved to Montpelier April 16, 1871. Their small daughter Martha died at Paris.

On May 29, 1868, the first Relief Society was organized in Paris by Elder Charles C. Rich. Mary Jane became a member and continued a member until she moved to Montpelier. She was received in the Montpelier Relief Society and acted as recording secretary five years and was a teacher in Relief Society for many years. She was also an active teacher in Sunday School seven years. She was appointed as an aid to the Presidency of the Relief Society of the Bear Lake Stake May 27, 1893, at St. Charles, Idaho, and set apart by James H. Hart.

On June 11, 1899, she was appointed counselor in the stake Relief Society presidency at Paris, Idaho, and set apart by James H. Hart to fill the vacancy made by the death of Elizabeth Collings. Together with President Julia P. Lindsay and counselor L. M. Hart, they organized the Star Valley Stake and made three visits. She was in ten years, and they visited all the Relief Societies in Bear Lake Stake once a year. She passed away September 2, 1914, at Montpelier. He was active in the L.D.S. Church until the latter part of his life when after two operations on his eyes he still lost his eyesight, and was blind for 25 years. He died at Dingle at his daughter's home and was buried in Montpelier. He died on February 13, 1923 at the age of 87.

They had a family of 13 children: John Allen, Martha Ann, Cyrenus Jackson, Edward Andrew, William Henry, Parley, David, Prenece May, Mary Delilah, Charles Allen, George High, Thomas Colman, and Lawrence Arley Envennae.