

VI - NORTH AMERICAN STOLWOKTHYS

The descendants of Thomas Stolworthy and his two wives: Matilda Jinkerson & Elizabeth Ann Tuttle

56. In paragraph 43, we noted that Thomas Stolworthy, the youngest son of Henry Stolworthy and Mary Ann Howes (and the grandson of my great, great, great, great grandfather, Thomas Stolworthy) and his wife, Matilda Jinkerson, had emigrated to the United States. Before emigrating, in 1853, they had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (LDS)(Mormons). The Church was active in Norfolk at this time in seeking converts and which resulted in many new adherents. Currently, the Church maintains the International Genealogical Index (IGI) which contains details relating to many millions of people world-wide and provides a valuable aid to genealogical research. From this and other sources, details relating to Thomas and his wife, Matilda, and those of his second wife, Elizabeth Ann Tuttle, whom he married in 1880, are available. Also, we are able to draw upon written material (see paragraphs 57 to 65 below) compiled by their relatives which record the difficulties they faced in their early pioneering days in the American West.

57. In 1940, Mary Leona Johnson Jolley published a study on her forbears entitled 'Twigs and Leaves - From a Fruitful Bough of the Jolley-Johnson branch: Curtis, Stolworthy-Jinkensen family trees.' (Jinkensen is incorrect and should read Jinkerson. See paragraph 61 for an explanation of the discrepancy between the names.) Her study, which became available in microfilm in 1971 from the LDS Salt Lake City Library, draws in part on extracts from the book on pioneering life written by Henry Thomas Stolworthy, the son of Thomas Stolworthy and Matilda Jinkerson, entitled 'Treasures of Truth'. This book, written nearly one hundred years ago, contains a description of the life of Thomas and Matilda; extracts from which I have set out below. In doing so, I have retained the American spelling where this is different to the English, for example, molder instead of moulder. Some changes, however, have been made to the original text by way of punctuation.

My father, Thomas Stolworthy, was born December 8, 1828, in Great Yarmouth, England. He was a molder of iron by trade. His father's name was Henry Stolworthy, a mill builder by trade. His mother was Mary Howes. Father was the youngest of a family of ten children, two brothers and seven sisters.

Matilda Jinkensen [Jinkerson], my mother, was born August 13, 1827, in Alton [Oulton], England. Her father was Thomas Jinkensen [Jinkerson], a shoemaker by trade. Her mother's name was Christianna Louvick. Mother had one brother and eight sisters. She was the youngest of the family, and were the only ones to join the Church in each family. They often remarked that they were tithing children.

Their families both turned against them and so far as they ever knew, none joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Father joined the Church in 1853, he was baptised by Elder Richard Cook and confirmed by Elder William Barnes.

Mother was baptized six months later by the same Elders. They were married on May 13, 1852, and set sail for America on the ship, Clara Wheeler, in November [1853]. It took about six weeks to make the voyage from Liverpool to New Orleans.

The young strangers spent New Year's day in New Orleans, and from there they went to St. Louis, where they stayed about six months, while father worked in the iron works. They came across the plains to Salt Lake City in Captain James Allred's Company. Father got work with President Brigham Young during the summer and fall, and President Young came to feel a great friendship for the honest hard working young man.

At the time of the trouble with Johnson's army, the women and children were moved to the center of the town for safety, and the men were called to fight to protect them. Father, ever ready to do his part, volunteered to go but to his disappointment he was ordered to stay at home and mold bullets. He set his own feelings aside and obeyed the orders of the men over him.

Before the Saints were hardly located at Salt Lake City President Brigham Young began to push out and settle the adjoining country. Recognizing the dependable qualities of my father he called him to go with others to settle Cache Valley. While there, a baby was born to them, and they called her Liza Cache, as she was the first white child born in the valley. The Indians all came to see the palefaced baby while her mother was still confined to her bed, and she seemed to be a never ending curiosity to them, but she died while very young.

From Cache Valley, father was called to Parawan to start a bucket factory and foundry. They stayed there about seven or eight months, and then he was called back to Salt Lake City.

From Salt Lake City father moved to Centerville and from there he was called to go with the Muddy Mission in 1868. On the way to the Muddy the Navajo Indians were very troublesome, so they had to keep guard over their cattle at night. One night, when they were camped about where Bunkerville is now, the Indians succeeded in running off their horses and mules. Father lost his two teams of big fat mules and never recovered them. The company had to camp there until help was received to go on.

They stayed on the Muddy for several years and then the company was released from the call because Nevada had placed the taxes so high that it worked a hardship on the Mormon company. Father moved his family to St. George, where they lived with brother and sister Jarvis all winter as one family. While there, father worked for a team of oxen. That Spring of 1872, they were again called to go and resettle Mt. Carmel. They stayed there until Orson Spencer was sent from Salt Lake City to be President of the United Order.

Later they moved the Order from Mt. Carmel to Orderville. Here, father acted as

butcher and worked in the Commissary. He moved to the factory and lived there for sometime. When the Order broke up, father and mother moved to Huntingdon, Emery County, and stayed there quite a number of years and then moved to Tropic, Utah.

When they at last grew too old to care for themselves, they sold their own home and lived with their daughter, Elizabeth, at Tropic, Utah. They went to Richfield to visit their youngest daughter, Molly, for a while, but went back to Orderville, where they spent their last days with sister Rose. Father and mother were the parents of eleven children; five of them living to be grown.

Father died on September 2, 1916, of pneumonia; he was eighty-seven years old. Mother died on Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1918, of old age. She was ninety-one years old. Both are buried at Orderville, Kano County, Utah.'

58. Elizabeth J. Stolworthy, the daughter of Thomas Stolworthy and Matilda Jinkerson, was the first of their children to survive. Five children, born before Elizabeth, had died early; Thomas, in Great Yarmouth before they emigrated, and four in the United States: George Stanley, William, Matilda and Liza Cache. The story of Elizabeth's struggle for survival, which is told in 'Treasures of Truth' entitled the 'Healing of Elizabeth Jinkerson Stolworthy Jolley', is set out below and relates that four and not five children had died young. This apparent discrepancy is probably due to the fact that the four deaths relate to those children who died in the United States during the pioneering trip and excludes the death of the first child, Thomas, in Great Yarmouth. The extract reads:

There was a sadness in the lonely pioneer home in Utah, for in a darkened room a baby girl lay dying. Five babies had been born to this family and four little graves left in lonely places told of sacrifice and sorrow. Small wonder that the mother's heart was broken, and that the hot tears fell upon the sick baby's flushed face as the mother knelt over the tiny crib and prayed for assistance.

A neighbor lady had kindly come in to keep the stricken mother company, for the busy, hard-working father was away from home. The baby had been taken worse in the night, and the mother had been doing all in her power to relieve the little one's suffering. Her hands were gentle and soothing for she was a born nurse but the baby grew worse and seemed to be dying. The neighbor spoke gently to the weeping mother – 'God is good. He can heal your baby, Sister Stolworthy.' The mother did not doubt the power of God, for she had learnt to say 'Thy will be done', but for some purpose, her other babies had been taken so she turned a deaf ear to the sister's comforting words.

Suddenly the door of the room opened, letting in cool fresh air and a few wilful snowflakes. Then, the women beheld a strange man entering the room. His hair was white and long, and he wore a white flowing beard. He seemed to be old, yet his step was firm and vigorous. He closed the door softly and came forward, putting out a friendly hand, he said, in a soft musical voice: 'It is nice in here, how good the fire feels.' 'You are cold', the mother said forgetting her fears for a moment, for the strange sweet peace filled the room. 'O no,' the stranger replied, 'but it is cheerful by the fire. I called

to see your sick baby.'

Long afterwards the mother thought of his strange words, but she did not even wonder at his presence. She led him to the tiny crib and he bent low, touching the baby's golden head with his long white hands, speaking softly, words that the mother could not understand. He then stood up and a heavenly smile played about his mouth. 'Sister Stolworthy,' he said, 'You have known great sorrow and bereavement, your little girl will live and raise a family and become a leader among women.' He reached down, gently touching the baby's head again, and raising his hands, said 'Peace be to this house', and went out, gently closing the door behind him.

The mother found the baby was breathing easier and its brow was moist and cool. Filled with wonder and joy, she turned to the neighbor, saying 'My baby has been healed, the fever is broken', and a look of questioning filled her eyes. 'But who was the kind stranger? I must call him back and thank him.' They rushed outside but he had entirely disappeared. No one else had seen him or heard of him being in the town, so the family always thought that he was one of the three Nephites, who was permitted by the Saviour to remain upon the earth, to bless the faithful Saints. All his promises came to pass, as far as Elizabeth was concerned and the mother raised four girls and one boy, to old age.

59. The baby, Elizabeth J Stolworthy, survived the fever and grew up to marry William Jackson Jolley. Mary Leona Johnson Jolley's study records their early married life.

After they were married they moved to a place called Fiddler's Green because the Jolley brothers, who lived there, played violins at all the dances and entertainments. With a team of young oxen to farm with, a small log room to live in, this young bride of sixteen and the Jolley boy started out to earn their living, and to find out what life was all about. Times were hard and they had a struggle at first, and many trials.

In 1894, with a family of ten children, they moved to Tropic, Utah, a small town just being settled. There, things began to look brighter for them. They went into the sheep business and later operated the only store in town; also a farm, which soon brought them a comfortable living, and they built a lovely house.

Elizabeth has had several narrow escapes in her life. One August, when she was riding with her husband, she was thrown to the ground from the springseat of a double bedded wagon. The fall broke her leg. In those days they knew nothing of setting broken bones, so she lay on a hard bed with her leg on a wooden box. In September, one of her children has born, but it was late the following Spring before she was able to get around. At other times she had her leg, arm, and collar-bone broken.

The Jolley family lived in Tropic until all their children were married except the youngest, Vaughneta; who was never healthy, and when she was fifteen years old, she died leaving the parents all alone in the large empty house. They could not be happy there any longer, so sold out and moved to Monroe, where their daughter Hazel lived. They lived in Monroe for several years and truly appreciated the good people there, but

as William's health was very poor and had been for years; also they were getting old and thought it best not to live alone; so they moved back to Tropic and lived in part of Tesses, their son's home. William's health continued to fail, until the 18th November, 1935, when he died.

Elizabeth, at present, is almost 82 years old and seems healthy, happy and cheerful. She has been a Church worker for all of her life, and has been President of Tropic Ward Relief Society three different times and her mind and ambition has not dimmed with age, for she is still active and interested in every thing that transpires.

60. Elizabeth's brother, Henry Thomas Stolworthy, the eldest surviving son of Thomas Stolworthy and Matilda Jinkerson, and the author of 'Treasures of Truth', has left a poem entitled: 'A Promise':

Seventy years have passed me by,
 Since I began this strife;
Many a blustering storm I've braved,
 To build this chain of life.
Now nigh one hundred golden links,
 Are welded to this chain;
And many more, I think I see,
 Give honor to my name.
Side by side, my companions dear,
 Could no longer stay;
And a number of our babies too,
 Now sleep beneath the clay.
My heart grew weak, my soul was sad,
 Yet I never lost my way;
My father, God, stood by my side,
 To comfort me by day.
But when I reach the other side,
 Stronger I'll weld the chain;
With cord of love and happy thoughts,
 We'll never part again.
The chain is strong, it will not break,
 The patriarchs have said;
'One by one, they'll gather home,
 With blessings on their heads.'
None of my children will be lost,
 As through Life's storm they trod;
The chain of life will lead them home.
 Because of thy faith in God.

61. In 'Treasures of Truth' Matilda Jinkerson's surname is given as Jinkensen, and her birthplace as Alton, England. However, the copy of the marriage certificate of Thomas Stolworthy and Matilda Jinkerson (see Appendix 14 to Annex E) provided by Mr William

Rowdon Stolworthy, a descendant of Thomas and his second wife, Elizabeth Ann Tuttle (see paragraph 64), confirms that her surname was Jinkerson. Presumably, after sometime had passed in the United States, the correct spelling has been forgotten. Leona Mary Johnson Jolley's study indicates the presence of a Scandinavian element in the people she wrote about and this could have been the reason for the ending syllable of Matilda's surname being rendered incorrectly as 'sen' instead of 'son'. Also, her place of birth is given as Alton, which is puzzling. Several English counties have places called Alton: Hampshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire and Wiltshire. However, Matilda was certainly not born in any of these places and, instead, the truth was that her birthplace was Oulton, near Oulton Broad, Suffolk, which is on the Broadland river system and less than ten miles south of Great Yarmouth on the outskirts of Lowestoft. Several of the Stolworthy wives came from that area, eg. Hopton, Reydon, Burgh St. Peter's. A rendition of Oulton in the broad East Anglian dialect would easily be mistaken for Alton by those unfamiliar with it. Matilda's mother is given as Christianna Louvick and which is an unusual surname. However, the International Genealogical Index for Norfolk and Suffolk records a number of 'Louvicks', some of which appear for Oulton. Furthermore, the book by Frederick Arthur Crisp, published 1902, of the register of Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, 1561-1649, and Baptisms and Burials, 1650-1723, which originally appeared in the Lowestoft Parish Magazine, gives several entries for the name Livouck and Jinkerson. Since Oulton is on the outskirts of Lowestoft and because of the close similarity of Livouck to Louvick, this, I am sure, confirms the argument for Oulton, Suffolk.

62. The children of Thomas Stolworthy and Matilda Jinkerson who survived to adulthood, were Henry Thomas (author of 'Treasures of Truth'), Elizabeth, (whose early struggle for survival we have recorded), Rose, Lucy and Mary Magdaline. Henry Thomas, as permitted by Mormon customs had two wives at one and the same time. In 1879, he married Lydia Young, and in 1882, Joanna Covington. By them he had thirteen and seven children respectively. In 1915, following the death of Lydia in 1915 and Joanna in 1899, Henry Thomas married Jane L. Black. The marriage of his sister, Elizabeth, to William Jackson Jolley in 1875 produced ten children. Rose, the next sister married Edward Lamb in 1879, by whom she had eleven children. Lucy married George Palmer and they had ten children; while the youngest sister, Mary Magdaline, married Charles Black in 1886 and by whom she had twelve children.

63. In 1880, Thomas Stolworthy, his first wife, Matilda Jinkerson, still living, married Elizabeth Ann Tuttle. They had three children, William Dodd, Matilda and Edward. Elizabeth Ann Tuttle died in 1894, and their stepmother, Matilda, then aged sixty-seven years, assisted in their upbringing. In 1899, Thomas and Matilda also moved to Tropic, presumably to be near their daughter, Elizabeth, in their old age. The eldest son, William Dodd Stolworthy, appears to have been named after William Dodd, who was one of the witnesses at the marriage of Thomas Stolworthy and Matilda Jinkerson in Great Yarmouth in 1852. This is interesting as William Dodd Stolworthy was born in Utah in 1881, some 29 years after the marriage of his father to his first wife in Great Yarmouth. Either William Dodd was a particularly close friend for Thomas Stolworthy to have remembered him by naming his first child from a new marriage some 29 years after he had been a witness at his first marriage in another country, or, perhaps, William Dodd had also emigrated to the United States and once there lived in close proximity to Thomas.

64. Contact has been made with William Rowdon Stolworthy, who is the grandson of Thomas

Stolworthy the pioneer and the great, great, grandson of my great, great, great, great grandfather, Thomas Stolworthy, (commemorated in the Great Yarmouth rummer glass). He, too, shares an interest in family history and has contributed information to this study, including a delightfully informative description of Thomas Stolworthy and Matilda Jinkerson, which was compiled by one of their granddaughters, Lucy Stolworthy, and is entitled: 'Memories of Grandpa and Grandma Stolworthy.' The text is as follows:

The memory of Grandpa and Grandma Stolworthy is the most vivid of all my life, and especially of my childhood memories and of our life in Huntington, Utah. From the time I was a very small girl, I was in and out of their home as much as I was in my own parents'. I can see with my eyes their little red brick house of three rooms and a front porch. It was a pleasant home, always neat and clean, and the cheerful sound of farm activity with chickens, pigs, cows and horses, all making it a real farm home. The two room log-house that I can first remember later became associated in my mind as the granary, for after it was replaced by the red brick house, it was used as a store room. I remember that Grandpa was very neat about his outdoor premises. Fruit was scarce in Huntington and grandfather always stored away a barrel of apples that found a place at Christmas; they were distributed around the grandchildren and how we did enjoy them.

Grandmother's life was almost as uncertain as a doctors, for she never knew when she would get a call as a midwife. Let a team drive up and she would run for her shawl and satchel. That satchel always intrigued me and I longed to look inside it but never dared to do so. I was told that she always kept a baby in it and I was prone to believe it was so because she seldom made a visit to the sick but that a baby was left with the sick woman. Yet when one of my baby sisters arrived while I was away at school, Grandmother solemnly declared that she had found the baby in the flour bin when she went there for flour to make some bread. Anyway, I wish now that we knew the number of babies that she delivered, it would be quite a number I am sure. No one knows better than I the sacrifices of the noble midwives of the early pioneer days and the courage of the mothers for six of my children were born without medical help. Grandmother was a natural born nurse and sure she could soothe me when I was ill as no one else could. Plump, capable Grandmother and dear, gentle Grandfather, is the expression that comes as naturally to my lips as my very breath of life.

Grandfather, as I remember him, was tall and rather rawboned with kindly blue eyes, with a decided twinkle in them. Grandmother had wit and humor that won her way into our hearts but Grandfather had gentleness. He could bluster about in a quick sort of tempy way, but always the blustering gave way to a simple gentleness. There was the time that Grandmother and my mother decided to surprise him with a party on his birthday. Everything was in readiness and Grandmother couldn't budge Grandfather from his own fireside. 'Let's go spend the evening with Tom and Lydia,' she urged. But he shook his head, 'Tom won't be back from Price,' he declared and settled himself in his favorite chair. At last Father and Mother trumped up an excuse and sent Tilly and I after him. We were to tell him that our only cow, Honey, was choking to death on a potato that she had tried to eat. Grandfather got up from his chair in a hurry, sputtering all the way about Lydia never cutting her potatoes small enough for the cow. Tilly and I had

hard work to keep up with Grandfather, but we wanted to see the fun, so we arrived right on his heels. The house was poorly lit with one coal-oil lamp and Grandfather rushed through the door exclaiming 'Damit all, Lydia, I've told you to cut the potatoes small for the cow. Serve you right if she'd choke to death. Hand me the lantern.' The crowd laughed loudly and he sidled up to Mother and put an arm about her shoulder. 'Well, Lydia is a fine woman but she don't cut potatoes small enough,' he defended. Grandmother came panting in for we had left her behind in our hurry. She grabbed Grandfather by his coat tails and danced about the room until he was in good humor again.

Grandfather worked hard those first years in Huntington and with Grandmother's help, for she was more frugal than he, they soon became very comfortably fixed. They had a comfortable home, a farm well equipped for those times, and he owned some stock in the Co-Op store. In later years, when Grandfather's health began to break, he spent a great deal of his time in the store. When sent to the store on an errand, I would find him there, sitting on a barrel of molasses or keg of nails and at the sight of me, he would begin to sing:

O, Lucy, dear Lucy, O why in such haste,
O'er the fields and the meadows all day have I chased,
Searching for a fair maid who me does disdain,
And who aught to reward me for all my past pain.

I have heard the song sung by no one except Grandfather and in my heart, it is our theme song. I have always imagined that it was an old English ballad, but if it had many verses as ballads do, I never heard them. He loved to sing and we to hear him sing. I think most of his grandchildren remember the following song which he always sang to us and believe me he could make his mimic of the old tom cat in his dying words sound to perfection like such a cat. The song [went as follows]:

Mrs Gripe was so fond of tripe,
No poor soul was thinner,
In her Sunday clothes to market goes,
To buy some tripe for dinner.

As she was passing along the street,
She happened on neighbor Tidy,
Who said to her, now don't you know,
You shouldn't buy tripe on Friday.

Chorus:

You mustn't buy tripe on Friday,
You mustn't buy tripe on Friday,
No, you mustn't, indeed you mustn't,
You shouldn't buy tripe on Friday.

But on she went, the tripe she bought,
She hung it on the dresser,
Her pet tom-cat was standing by,
He soon did make it lesser,
A large piece stuck in his throat,
Which choked him neat and tidy,
And, as he died, he seemed to say,
You shouldn't buy tripe an Friday.

This is as the song lives in my memory. If anyone remembers it differently, it can be reconstructed or left as it is. I don't think that any two people remember a song alike. Strange today, how the memory of their goodness and faithfulness stirs within me, but I could write on and on about them. The thing that has always impressed me was their faithfulness to the gospel. Leaving England, as they did, banished from their homes and loved ones; the long trek across the desert to gather with the Saints in Salt Lake City, Utah; the pioneering in southern Utah and Nevada; the lonely graves that marked their wanderings; how could it not have left scars upon their souls? But, as I remember them, there was no bitterness within their hearts, only a firm thankfulness that the gospel of Jesus Christ had reached them in far off England and thankfulness that she and Grandfather had not faltered in following the path that they had chosen. And, so I am thankful for my heritage and hope to be true to the faith as Grandfather and Grandmother were. And then, perhaps, I shall hear Grandfather's voice as [he] welcomes me to the great beyond, still singing:

O, Lucy, dear Lucy, O why in such haste,
O'er the fields and the meadows all day have I chased,
Searching for a fair maid who me does disdain,
And who aught to reward me for all my past pain.

65. As Lucy Stolworthy was born in 1883 these childhood memories of her grandparents must date from the 1890s. Below are photocopies of photographs of Thomas Stolworthy and his second wife, Elizabeth Ann Tuttle. It may be wishful thinking, but I believe Thomas Stolworthy shows a likeness to that of my great grandfather, Herbert George Stolworthy, whose photograph is at page 13. This is quite reasonable as they were first cousins once removed.

Thomas Stolworthy & Elizabeth Ann Tuttle



Source: "Thomas Stolworthy 1828, English ancestors and American descendants" published 1993 by Geoffrey and Christopher Blake pgs 40-50.