

History of

Mark Anthony and Maria Coombs

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Mark Anthony and Maria Coombs lived in Columbia, Illinois. Their family consisted of father, mother and five children, Isiah, Mary, Hyrum, John and Maria. The father had never belonged to any Church up to the time two missionaries came to our home with the Gospel message. One of these missionaries was Amasa Lyman.

When they were through talking father said, "I have been looking for this Gospel all my life and I want to be baptized as soon as possible." The parents were both baptized and were planning to go to Utah to be with the Church, when the mother took sick and died. Isiah was away teaching school and Hyrum was learning the printers trade. Soon after this the father moved his family to St. Louis, Missouri where they lived for five years. The father working at his trade as carpenter, sister Mary keeping house and raising two children brother John and Maria, Myself. There Mormon Missionaries were always welcome at our home, Father loved to hear them talk about Zion.

In 1860, we started up the Mississippi River, on July 3rd, on our way to Utah, we were on the river nine days before we got to a place called Florence, where the church oxen and covered wagons were waiting for the emigrants that were going to Utah.

Captain Joseph W. Young with four young men were there in charge, we were there a week before we started on the

plains; we were three months getting to Salt Lake City.

Father drove three yoke of oxen and my brother drove three yoke and my sister Mary cooked for the Captian and the four young men who were called the herd boys, and our family.

At that time I was ten years old and I remember that I tried to do what I could to help.

We arrived in Salt Lake City on the 2nd of October, and stayed there for conference. My two oldest brothers came two years before we did and had come south to Parowan, Iron County, so father took us there, where I have lived ever since.

The second year that we lived here President Young on his way to the St. George Temple ordained father a Patriarch in our Church, the first one in Southern Utah.

There were no stores here then so I soon learned to card and spin and weave cloth and carpets, when fourteen years old I went to work in Ebenezer Hanks Cotton Factory. There were eight of us girls working there. I worked there for one year and six months when father took sick and I quit work to take care of him. He died that winter.

In 1872 I was married to George Taylor, he and his family came here in 1861. We were blessed with nine children, four boys and five girls, a boy died when a baby.

My husband died March 8th, 1922. From a boy of 16 years of age he was always ready to go on Indian raids, he was an Indian War veteran and served in Captian Edward Daltons Company for years. We have always belonged to the Latter Day Saint Church. I am now Eighty-three years and seven months old and am still blessed with good health and good memory.