

DUP AF Book 2
Biographical Sketch
of
Mary Stubbs Hindley
Wife of John Hindley

Pioneer Year 1853

Sailed on the Berlin

Born 14 Dec 1818 in Middlewich Chester (Cheshire), England
Married John Hindley in January 1839, Manchester, Lancashire,
England

Died 20 May 1903 in American Fork, Utah

Buried 20 May 1903 in American Fork City Cemetery

This sketch of the life of Mrs. Mary Stubbs Hindley, wife of John Hindley of American Fork, Utah County, Utah Territory, is dedicated to her niece, Sarah Ann Stubbs, her daughter, granddaughter, or nearest female relative, or lacking any of this family, to go to one of the female descendants of my husband (the above John Hindley) who may be living in this County, or Territory, and in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in the Year of Jubilee 1930.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS WHICH CLOSSES APRIL, 1881.

To my heiress who may be living and in this church fifty years, hence or the next year of Jubilee, 1930, this short sketch of my life is dedicated, bearing testimony of the truth of the Gospel and of the goodness of God to me, his handmaid.

I was born in Middlewich, in the County of Chester, England, Europe on Sunday, the 14th day of Dec 1818. My father was Peter Stubbs, a millwright, eldest son of Peter and Emma Leach Stubbs, he also a millwright. My mother was Jane Steel Stubbs, youngest daughter of John and Mary Landback Steel, he a turner and chair maker, all of the above town. I was the first born child of my parents, and the oldest grandchild of both families. I was a delicate child, but quick to learn and observe, could read my Bible well before I was six years old, was raised in the Church of England, though my Mother's family were Wesleyans. I had a splendid memory, and retained the texts, and many portions of the sermons I heard from the pulpit, and studied them in my mind. When not more than six years old, I got very nervous at what I heard preached, about all being in danger of Hell-fire and brimstone, both old and young, and wondered what I, a child so young, had done that I should be burned in fire. I would go to sleep and dream of it and wake up in terror.

About this time my Mother's health failed. She was sick for a long time, and when I was six years and ten months old, not quite seven years old, she died. Oh what agony I endured for one so young. I had been so fond of her, and jealous of her love, also of

anything offending, or injuring her. Her death almost broke my heart, and threw me into a state of health bordering on consumption for a year or more. I used to fret and want to go to her in the clouds and climb on anything in my way to reach her hand, which she stretched out for me. I could not reach her. The disappointment would be so great, I would wake up and grieve for days.

I would like to say that my father broke up housekeeping after Mother's funeral. My Grandfather Steele took me home to live with him, my Sister Emma went to live with Grandfather and Grandmother Stubbs, and my little brother ten months old was put to nurse elsewhere. This grandmother died in less than a year after Mother. Both Grandfathers had to have house keepers and thus we were separated.

When about seven years and six months old, I began to feel better and thinking of going to school again. I one night commenced dreaming very singular dreams about death. I would wake up from one dream and relate it to the housekeeper with whom I slept, and falling into sleep again, dream others, until I had six of them, each one pertaining to different periods of my life. I remembered these dreams for years, and translated them many times, but since I have been in the Church, those relating to my later life have gone from me. I will here relate the first dream. I thought I was sitting on one side of the fireplace in my grandfather's sitting room, and my Uncle George Steele, my Mother's youngest brother - then a single man at home - was sitting on the opposite side in his Father's arm Chair. We heard footsteps coming down stairs and in walked a tall man dressed in black, and very gentlemanly in appearance. He commenced talking to Uncle, and pointing to me, said, in these words. I am the Angel Gabriel. I am that child's guardian Angel. Death is now fighting with your Father for his life. Give me those books (pointing to a cupboard that was behind me) and I will save her. The books alluded to were Hymn Books of the Episcopalian, Methodist, and Calvinist Churches that had been given to me, and which I prized very much. At these words I rose hastily from my chair, and rushed past the Angel upstairs to tell Grandfather, whom I seemed to know was in his bed. I burst into the room and through a circle of armed men or soldiers,

with their guns in their right arms as soldiers carry them when on guard, bayonets on them and the sunshine and glistening on them through the window, showing it to be midday. I had just time to see the occupants of the bed. I saw Death with his face beaten to a jelly by my grandfather. He had conquered him, the Angel had followed me, and just as I broke the ranks and saw this, he caught hold of me to save me from their power and I awoke.

I did not stay much longer with Grandfather Steele. Mother's sister was afraid lest he make a favorite of me over her daughter four months younger, and made trouble so that my Father took me away to live with him and my sister and brother at our grandfather's. After this I began to gain health and cheerfulness, having the company of children. Father's oldest sister, Aunt Sarah James, lived nearby and took great interest in us, and in May 1827, her husband William James died, aged 40 years, leaving her with two children, a boy four years and six months and a little daughter two years and three months. My father and this sister being very much attached to each other he took us his children and went to live with her for protection, she being in the Inn-keeping business, but this did not last long. The May following she married again to Jeremiah Wilkinson who kept the Head Inn in the town. This caused a separation once more of our family, my father remaining a boarder at the house my Aunt left. My brother and sister were put to board with some cottagers and Aunt, being my Godmother, thought it right to take charge of me. Father was reluctant, but she prevailed. I was at this time nine years and near six months old. I went to day school awhile, but being a quick child to learn, I could write tolerably and being a good reader and speller, Aunt began to make use of me in her business, and only sparing me to go to school from six to eight o'clock in the morning in summer and the same hours at night in the winter to an old gentleman nearby.

In 1830 my father took cold, which brought on inflammation of the kidneys. He was sick all summer, thought he was getting better and made arrangements to marry again in October and take his children home to him; but man proposes and God disposes; before the time appointed, his disease developed itself into a quick

consumption, and on the 28th of that month, 1830, he passed away. I stood at the foot of his bed and saw him depart this life, leaving us totally orphaned. I used to sit by his bedside a good deal of the last week or two of his life and remember how he prayed for his children asking our Heavenly Father to watch over, and protect us, his orphans, knowing that he was promised to be a Father to the Fatherless. And whether in answer to his prayers or not I cannot say, yet now well do I realize how he has fulfilled his own promises, and cared for, and protected, and blessed us through the many snares and temptations and trying scenes of our lives, which I cannot enumerate, though many of them are very vivid to my recollection, and I can trace the hand of the Lord over me through my youth up to the present day, thanks to be His Holy name.

I stayed with this Aunt and when in my fourteenth year had a serious siege of the smallpox, after that I had the erysipelas in both eyes which came near blinding me, had my legs and feet scalded twice in a few months, besides other disasters and sicknesses. When near sixteen I prepared for and received confirmation by the Bishop of Chester and the advice then received was beneficial to me in the midst of a gay and public life as safeguards from the evils that surrounded me. I used to spend my spare time (which was but little) in searching the Scriptures, and took special delight in reading the prophecies of the Old Testament as well as those of the New, also the sayings and doings of the Savior interested me very much, often comparing their plainness with the mystery that seemed to envelope the present teachings in the churches and though but a girl surrounded by everything but those of a spiritual nature, I longed for a plain understanding of the will of God that I might know how to live and wondered why he did not speak plain to us as He did in days that were past. Not being able to find a solution to this mystery, I went on doing as well as I could.

Aunt's husband died. She was again a widow with three children. She kept on in business for two or three years when through dishonest men who had to do with her business she failed and I had to seek a home. I was just turned eighteen at this time, had never been away from my native place. I stayed amongst my friends

a few months, or until the last week in February 1836 when I left and went to the town of Manchester and took service with a gentleman and lady as parlor maid. They were but four in the family and they had a cook and house-maid besides myself. I lived with them eight months and two weeks. This period seemed to be the quietest, happiest time I had known for years. The gentleman's health was bad and they moved to the outskirts of the town for his benefit to a new house.

It was here I met a young man, a painter, John Hindley. This was in September and in January of the following year 1839 we were married at the old Church in Manchester, Lancashire, England. I had taken a severe cold in the fall before my marriage. It devolved on me through the winter and spring, debilitating me so that I had a miscarriage, and never recovered my health during summer and when fall and winter set in I was even more miserable and continued so until early in March 1840. I took to my bed with inflammation of the lungs and fever. I was worn to a skeleton by this time. It seemed almost impossible that I could live. I was more or less unconscious for some weeks, and kept very low until about the last of April. I was so tired of bed, yet so entirely helpless, my right shoulder blade seemed coming through the skin and my right ear almost off, not being able to lie any other way. I varied in spirits a little and begged to be got up and carried down stairs. I could not sit up in the chair without being blocked in all around to keep me from falling out. I had no use of any legs or feet. I was often left alone, and when the doctor came and found me downstairs he stood and gazed on me as if I were a ghost, and when I spoke to him he lifted his arms and hands and seriously said, "Oh! Mrs. Hindley if ever you are able (though I doubt it) you must go down on your knees and thank God you are here. I never thought to see you leave your bed alive. It is most miraculous. I have treated you as a dying patient from the first."

However, through the mercies of my Heavenly Father, I gained a little day by day, and a young friend came one day, and would dress me and take me out. She had to carry me, and sit down and nurse me, she took me by the shoulders like a baby to get me to my

feet. From that time I began to get strength a little. I had eaten no solid food for near three months. I kept on improving and in summer went into the country for awhile, which did me a great deal of good. So the Lord raised me up from this fearful siege, contrary to all expectations.

On New Years Day, 1841, we went to Bollington in North Chester near Macclesfield, where my husband's parents lived, in the spring, just one year from the time of my sickness. I began to feel the effect of the treatment I had received from my physician, which had been of an injurious character, ruining me for life. This is why I am childless. I was now informed by the medical men I was under that I would be likely to fall into consumption from the treatment received.

We remained in this small town seven years lacking two weeks. On the 14th December 1847, we moved back to Manchester, where my brother and sister both lived and were members in this church. My health was again very miserable. I was ordered to go out as much as possible into the open air, and into cheerful company. Through this means I got amongst the Latter-day Saints and heard the Gospel. I studied and thought of the principles and could not gainsay them; I believed and desired baptism.

One day, while visiting a little with a sister in the church, she having heard my brother and sister in the church of my suffering and that it seemed I was a living miracle, she told me that I had been raised up and preserved for the future by the power and grace of God because He had a work for me to do. This was before I was baptized. My husband was not inclined to be a religious man, and it seemed hard to approach him on the subject and I did not wish to go underhanded. I also felt it necessary that he should walk with me hand in hand.

I kept getting worse and was more in bed than out of it by day as well as night. I began to feel that I should die if I did not obey the ordinances. I started out, one day, on the 3rd of March, 1846, for a little change to see a lady who was indisposed. When a short way from home, I met my sister coming for me. There were going to be some baptisms that evening. She was anxious for me to go, believing

as I did that I should be healed and restored to reasonable health and strength. Circumstances were favorable and I went. I was baptized by Elder William Dunn of Manchester branch and received a testimony that night of the truth of the Gospel and the power of truth and was so far restored to health immediately as to be able to attend to my home duties. This was on a Friday evening and on Sabbath day I went to its meeting and was confirmed.

That to me was a great day. There were a good many Saints bearing their favorite testimonies speaking in tongues and who were leaving in a day or two for America. I felt strong to battle for the right after this. My husband was very wrath for awhile when he knew and was sorely tried, but seeing my firmness, and being taunted by some of his friends that he would lose me, finally came to the conclusion to attend meeting and find out for himself what there was in it. In September of the same year he was baptized into the church.

I did not know what to think of the migration for I was very much afraid of the water. I was feeling very sad, one evening, from some cause, and went to the next ward meeting. It was at a Brothers house. It was very full. There was a splendid meeting and the spirit was upon me to bear testimony to the work, but I was too timid to rise. The meeting was about to be closed, when an aged brother rose and begged for a little time, and the spirit told him there were sisters who wanted to speak. He called on them to rise and speak and they should be comforted. This brought me to my feet and I bore testimony to the truth. A Brother Ditchfield, in the room, stretched out his arm and began to prophesy on me and told me to put away my fears of the waters that my way should be opened, and that soon, to emigrate, that God would give his Angels charge concerning me, and though danger, sickness, and death should surround me while crossing the mighty deep, "You shall set your feet on the land of America and prosper and go forward to the land of Zion."

I began from this time to set my mind to work and finally the way opened, and we prepared to leave that fall. We left Manchester on the 3rd of September and sailed from Liverpool on the 5th, 1849, on the ship Berlin for New Orleans. I was prophesied on by several of the saints before leaving. They said many things that were

comforting to me and they have since been fulfilled and that stood by me on my journey. They seemed as if written in words of fire. When ten days out, the cholera commenced its ravage in our midst, and in three weeks it had slain 43 or 44 men, women and children. It was fearful but I feared not. The sayings of the servants of God were with me. Our emigrants were not all belonging to the church. There were a good many outsiders and part were of them.

We landed in New Orleans on the 24th of October making the trip in six weeks and five days. We were very glad to set our feet again on terra-firma. We were counseled to stop the winter there and a branch of the Church was formed under the Presidency of Thomas McHenzie, and when we had been a little time there my husband took the fever and grew very bad for several weeks, but finally recovered. He had plenty of work while there but a man cheated him out of considerable and that with his sickness left us rather bare of means.

When spring came, and we had to leave on the 26th of March and go to St Louis. We got there about the end or 3rd of April, 1850. He went to work immediately at his trade as general house painter, whitener. He was very successful while there, but took sick again. He was attacked with numb chills or ague. He was so bad that the doctors told him he would have to either go to some seaport town or back to his native land. This was a great temptation to him for he had not known sickness there. He also thought if we went back, besides establishing his health, he might bring his parents into the Church and bring them out with us again.

I remembered the sayings of prophecy to me that I should go through if I had to go alone, and felt this was a trick of the evil one to keep my husband back. I was firm and would not go and believed he would not go with me, though I got him ready to go at any sacrifice to myself, believing if I was faithful he would not leave me but would be returned to his wanted health and strength and that we would be blessed and prospered, and to the contrary if we turned back. And so it was when the man called that was to accompany him he did not feel that he could go, and my heart rejoiced, for I knew that would be the last of it. He got better and went into business again and did well.

In the Spring of 1852 my sister came from England and her two children and we expected my brother the following season if all was well and I hoped we would be able to come all together to these valleys of the mountains and began preparing some for the journey. In the fall of that year my husband took cold, and rheumatism set in his limbs. He suffered a great deal and was very lame, so that at first he had to be carried to his jobs in a chair to superintend the men. He managed to keep his work and men going on.

In the Spring of 1853 my brother came as expected. He came in the ten pound company, but we got him to stay and take our team, which he did, from St. Louis by way of Keokuk. While we stayed to make for their preparations in the way of our outfit and also because my husband had so many orders come in, it was hard work to close business as the means was very desirable.

But, we managed to get ready in time to leave with the rest by boat with our luggage on the 29th of May, only I had to leave my sister behind and one child; her eldest I brought with me. She had married again in St Louis, and I have not seen her since up to this date. This has been a great sore grief to me; they joined the Josephites and I have no expectation or hopes of their coming. She is again a widow, she has two daughters married there and two sons at home with her and we correspond occasionally. Her daughter, Mary Jane that came with me, married when about eighteen to John Mahukin, a German. They stayed until they had three children then moved to Ula in Colorado.

We arrived in Salt Lake City September 26, 1853 and stayed there until the 14th of December then came South to this place, American Fork, where we have resided ever since. In the Spring of 1854 my husband went back to St. Louis in Company with a Brother John Singleton on business and returned in 1855, bringing in across the plains a large company of saints, about 60 wagons. They arrived early in September and in February of the following year he entered into the Holy Order of Plural Marriage with a young lady from the Isle of Man.

Jane C. Robinson was her name and we have lived together for 25 years. She has borne him 4 sons, three of whom are living, one died in infancy. They are a very nice family, two daughters were married - one to Jefferson Eastmond and has two little sons, the other is just a few weeks married to Alva A. Green, all of this place.

In January, 1868, I was called to preside over the Relief Society that was being organized for the first time since the Saints left Nauvoo. It is now thirteen years since we were first organized in this city, American Fork. I have remained in that office up to the present date.

In March of same year my husband took unto himself another wife, Eliza Williams from Threwsbury, in England. He had now all three of us living under one roof, and we are a very happy family.

I have met with several accidents of late years; in September, 1872, I fell and broke my left wrist and was terribly bruised and shocked in my body by the fall. On November 2, 1877 while on business in Provo, accompanied by our eldest son John R. Hindley and two of our daughters Eleanor and Minnie and Sister Alice Greenwood of this place, I had a fall from the wagon. I broke my right leg just above the ankle, both bones broken, a compound fracture, and when near three weeks along, I took cold which brought on the pleurisy with a fearful cough, shaking my leg all wrong again. It had to be reset, and I was in danger of losing my leg, but though I never would be able to use it again, I was 15 weeks in bed and was until March before I got out again to meeting with my husband's help. November 5th 1878 I was thrown out of a wagon into the American Fork Creek, and came near drowning.

These accidents, one after the other, have aged and debilitated me a great deal, but I am truly thankful that my life has been spared, and that I have the use of my limbs. I was greatly blessed in my afflictions by kind friends who offered up their prayers in my behalf, together with the ministrations of the ordinances of the Gospel and the Goodness and Mercies of my Heavenly Father. I have been preserved thus far, and though at this time I am suffering with my lungs, I will trust him in the future, that he will bear me up, until I

shall accomplish the things spoken on my head by one of the Patriarchs of the Church. I rejoice that I ever heard the sound of the everlasting Gospel, and became a recipient of the same, hoping also that a sufficient portion of his Holy Spirit may be with me for my dead, and all things that have been spoken and prophesied on me by servants of the Lord, and also that I may be found worthy to do the work allotted for my dead, and be worthy of a Salvation of Exaltations with the Sanctified in the Celestial Kingdom of my Father in Heaven.

I not only desire this for myself, but for my husband, for his wives and children, for my family, that they may return to their allegiance and the service of the true and living God also for all the household of faith, and the honest in Heart everywhere and my brethren and sisters with whom I am surrounded, and mingle with from time to time, that we may meet and enjoy a happy reunion ever after in the realms of glory never more to part.

Yet, how much I feel my weakness and unworthiness for so great expectations and blessings, but in humility I trust in our merciful Redeemer, to plead for me and them at the throne of grace for Jesus in the only name by whom we can approach the Father, and obtain salvation. I also wish to say that I have enjoyed many happy and refreshing times with my sisters in the Relief Society of this town and elsewhere besides our being able to do a great deal of good among the poor and the sick of this place.

I expect that most likely it will be that you who receive this, will be one of the daughter's or granddaughters of my brother Peter Stubbs, now living in Provo City, or one of the descendants of my husband. Whoever it may be that are entitled to receive it, I leave you my blessing and may the blessings of Almighty God be with you is the prayer of your ancestress.

Written in Feb 1881

Mrs Mary Stubbs Hindley, American Fork Utah, in my 62nd year.

[Mary lived to May 1903, buried in the American Fork Cemetery, 20 May 1903. She was residing together with Eliza Williams Hindley. From the book by Annie Hunter, Mary Stubbs Hindley was born in Middlewich Cheshire, England 14 Dec. 1818. Mary's father was Peter Stubbs, born 1797, died Cheshire, England 28 Oct. 1830 and her mother, Jane Steel, born 31 Dec. 1797 died 18 Oct. 1825, Cheshire Eng. Mary had 2 sisters and one brother. One sister lived and came to Utah by the name of Emma Roberts but she never joined the church. One sister died in infancy. The brother, Peter Stubbs, joined the church, married Elizabeth Dunn and Ann Bosh, good women, and raised large families. He with family lived in Provo. Annie was left an orphan. Her mother dying when she was 7 years and her father died when she was 12 years. Her Aunt Wilkinson taking her to raise. She met and married John Hindley in their native land. In her early married life she heard and accepted the gospel, being baptized before her husband. They immigrated to America on the ship Berlin.

Baptism LDS Church, film 87017, Manchester, England. The year of the Jubilee April 1881, Story of her life, by Mary Stubbs Hindley, DUP files 1850 Census Records, St. Louis Missouri 1856 Census Records Utah, 0505913 American Fork Ward Records.....No 9 on ward record, Mary Hindley dau. of Peter Stubbs and Jane Steele born Dec 14 1818, was baptized March 3 1848 by Wm. Dunn and confirmed same day and rebaptized 29 Aug 1875 by S. E. Harrington and reconfirmed the same day by S. E. Harrington. 1868 Records of the Early History of American Fork, Mary Hindley was chosen Relief Society President and continued in this position until the turn of the century when she was replaced by Altheria Robinson as President.

1860, 1870, 1880, Census Records, Lake City, American Fork Utah, 1900 Census Record, American Fork, Utah, Mary Hindley came to the United States 1849, to Utah 1853, 26 Sept, living next to Eliza Hindley. Death Card, Mary Stubbs Hindley, Died May 20, 1903, aged 84 years 5 months. Buried American Fork Cemetery. 1 Birth: 14 DEC 1818 in Middlewich, Cheshire, England Death: 20 MAY 1903 in American Fork, Utah, Utah Burial: American Fork City Cemetery, Utah, Utah Ancestral File #: 2R2B-PT Hints Ancestry Hints for Mary

STUBBS 6 possible matches found on Ancestry.comAncestry.com

Father: Peter STUBBS b: 1797 in Middlewich, Cheshire, England

Mother: Jane STEELE b: 31 DEC 1797 in Newton, Middlewich,

Cheshire, England Marriage 1 John HINDLEY b: 8 OCT 1820 in

Tyldesley, Leigh, Lancashire, England c: 8 OCT 1820 in Lady

Huntingdons, Tyldesley, Lancashire, England Married: 28 JAN 1839

in Cathedral, Manchester, Lancashire, England 2