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Biographical Sketch

of

Mary Bathgate Logan Adams

by Cynthia Adams Okey

Sailed on the Enochtain

Hand Cart Pioneer Year 1856

Born 22 July, 1796 at Bathgate, Scotland

Married 1856

Aunt Mary's mother, Grand-ma Shelley, as she was known or Mary Bathgate, was born July 22, 1796 at Bathgate, Scotland. No doubt but what the town was named after her ancestors. But she was brought up at Wilsontown, Parish of Carnwath, Lanark, Scotland. She married Thomas Hutchenson April 18, 1827. She also married four other men before coming to America. Joseph Murry, John Martin, Mr. Wark and a Mr. Logan. She was the mother of five children, three girls and two boys. Agnes her daughter by Thomas Hutchenson died when she was nine weeks old. Her second daughter by her second husband John Martin, Agnes Martin, married Ebenezer Hunter. Her oldest son Joseph Murry married and left home when he was eighteen years old and she never heard of him again. John Wark her second son was born August 29, 1834, he worked in the coal mine with his mother and was killed in the mine when just a young man. Aunt Mary Bathgate Logan Adams was born March 22, 1844. The mother and this little girl were very lonely after the death of her son and to forget the loneliness and ease the sorrow they went out to hear the Mormon missionaries who were preaching in that district. Their message appealed to her and in time she was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Like all other converts of this time her mind soon turned to find a way to emigrate to Zion. The Coal Mine Company when her son was killed wanted to give her the compensation in a lump sum, but the Elder of the Church of whom she asked for advice, advised her to take so much a week, which she did, 5 shillings a week, which she put in to the emigration fund. When she had saved enough and her call came, that it was her turn to sail to America, she had saved six pounds over the passage price for her and her two daughters. This six pounds she left in the fund to help bring others less fortunate than herself to the land of Zion.

They left Bathgate on the 17th of March 1856, to go to Liverpool. Before leaving the mother and daughter Mary received a blessing by Elder E. Wanless mouthpiece for the mother and E. J. Burnside being mouth piece for Aunt Mary.

They set sail on the ship "Enochtain" for America on March 22, 1856, the day Aunt Mary was twelve years old.

What a change had come into the lives of this mother and her child. All they had ever known was the long hard day at work underground in a coal mine, but now a new Gospel, new thoughts and new aspirations, going to a new country and best of all to see the sun shine and feel the rock of the boat on the waves of the sea. It was a new life to them and it was glorious, indeed, to feel its freedom.

They arrived at the outfitting place on the Missouri river in time to come across the plains to Utah in the second handcart company that was sent out. It was led by Daniel McArthur.

The mother was bitten by a rattlesnake while crossing the plains. She wrote the following poem to commemorate the event.

*"Cured by Faith" or "The Rattle-Snake"*

*Come all ye Saints of Latter-Days  
Where ever you may be  
Come join with me to praise the Lord  
For his goodness unto me.*

*I left my native country.  
It was by the Lord's command.  
With five hundred Saints of Latter-Days  
To go to Zion's land.*

*We crossed o'er the mighty deep  
All in the Enoch Train.  
In charge of Dan McArthur  
We crossed o'er the plains.*

*We traveled on six hundred miles  
And nothing did me fear.  
For I know this is the work of God.  
Which do'th my spirits cheer.*

*The trials of this journey great  
Which I did undertake.*

*Not one of them cost me a thought  
Till I met this rattle-snake.*

*In me it fixed its poisonous dart.  
It stung my ankle bone.  
My little daughter she cried out,  
"Alas, my mother's gone."*

*Oh no! said I, my little child  
The Priesthood is restored.  
Go bring to me the Elders, quick  
I've faith in Israel's God.*

*The Elders they were sent for  
And quickly came with speed  
And brother Leonard tenderly  
Did cause the wound to bleed.*

*They anointed me with holy oil,  
On me their hands they laid.  
And I the blessings have received,  
Just as the Lord had said.*

*So praise the Lord, O, everyone  
For his power is restored again;  
I'll praise his name forever more,  
So amen and amen.*

They arrived in Salt Lake City late in September and came to American Fork soon after, her mother going to keep house for Brother Shelley. Not long did she as a house keeper remain, for in that year, 1856, there was a proposal and a wedding and this dialogue is the story of it as it has come down to us.

*A proposal and a Wedding*

*Bishop - Well, Brother Shelley, show is the world treating you? How are you getting along, anyway?*

*Grandfather - Tolerable well, Bishop, but there's a little matter I've been wanting for a long time to talk to you about. I've had Mrs. Bathgate for a housekeeper now night on three months and I've been wondering what your advice would be about me and her doubling up and getting married.*

*Bishop - I am please you mentioned this. It is just the thing to do., A bird in the han d is worth two in the bush, and when you are ready, I shall be glad to come up and marry you. Can we set a date in the near future then?*

*Grandfather - Well, I guess I'm about as ready now as any time. I'd like to get it over with. How about doing the job to-night?*

*Bishop - But you haven't the old lady's consent, yet, have you?*

*Grandfather - O, no, but that will be all right just so I get there a few minutes ahead of you. I can fix things up with the old lady.*

*Bishop - All right, Brother Shelley, you rush home and after a little supper I'll be up. But if she objects you must come and let me know.*

*(Grandfather rushes home and finds housekeeper waiting supper. With a peculiar smile Grandfather said)*

*Grandfather - I see supper is ready. Put on your Sunday dress before we eat. Then hurry supper things away so that --*

*Housekeeper - What's mayter wee yae, is the house no clean enough? And what would I change my dress fur?*

*Grandfather -Well, the Bishop is coming up soon and --*

*Housekeeper - I dunno need to change my dress every time the Bishop comes up. What's thee matter with thee?*

*Grandfather - Well, you see, I had a talk with the Bishop and he's coming up to marry us.*

*Housekeeper - To marry us. How do you ken I'll hae ye?*

*Grandfather - O, yes you'll have me. I need a housekeeper and you need a home. You have no place to go, you and the lass. I've been speaking to the Bishop and I told him the situation and he said we had better get*

*married and I said that was what I was thinking. He told me to come and have a talk to you. You see there won't be much difference. I sleep alone in this end and you and the lass sleeps in tother end. When we are married you and I will sleep in this end and the lass will occupy tother end.*

*Housekeeper - Well, I dunno ken but what you are right.*

*Grandfather - If we don't get married you might pick up and leave me alone again, but if we are married you would have to stay with me.*

*Housekeeper - Weel, Weel, I'm thinking it may be all right. Do you ken when he is coming?*

*Grandfather - He'll be up soon. I am afraid before you get ready.*

*Housekeeper - Well, nae bother with supper now. I ken weel eat better after any way. Feel my heart. Beatin fast, isn't it? Is that what they call love?*

*Grandfather - Feel mine. It's thumping, too. Yes, that's love. Let me have your hand and we'll sit down a few minutes and calm out-selves.*

*(Knock is heard at the door.)*

*Housekeeper - Maybe you had better answer the door.*

*Grandfather - I'd rather you go. Well, let's both go. (go swinging arms hand in hand)*

*Bishop - Good evening (shakes hands with grandfather)*

*Grandfather - We're pleased to see you, Bishop, and I believe we're ready. Everything's fixed. (Bishop shakes hands with grandmother)*

*Housekeeper - Brother Shelley has been telling me you were coming up to marry us and wanted me to change my dress but I hadn't much time and I thought you had often seen me in my house dress and if we get married he'll see me with nae dress at all.*

*Bishop - I see, I see. Well, both of you stand up. (goes thru marriage ceremony)*

They lived happy ever after. She was a blessing to Grandfather Shelley and he a good husband to her, for not many years after the daughter Mary [the younger] married Joshua Adams.

They were married in the endowment house in Salt Lake City December 22, 1859. He built for her a little log house down on the state road, where the James T. Larabee home now stands. It was here her first child Agnes, saw the light of day, February 7, 1862.

Soon after Agnes was born father married my [Cynthia Adams Okey] mother, Mary Hoggard, on July 26, 1862, and took her to live with Aunt Mary, in the little one roomed log house with its dirt roof, down on the farm. Here they lived together for a number of years. They cooked on the same stove or fire-place, ate at the same table, and planned each day's labor together.

They each had their own four poster bed, with a curtain dividing them and for springs they were laced back and forth with rope, secured on little pegs. The mattress was a large bag, called a tick. It was filled with straw and plenty of home made bedding. The children slept on straw ticks pushed under the bed in the day time and brought out at night.

Her second child, Elizabeth, lived about a month and died. Then came Lydia Erminia, a beautiful light hearted strong willed girl who lived to be fifteen years old and then was taken from this life by an all wise Maker. Margaret Electa was her fourth child, she and I came near being twins as there is only six weeks difference in our ages.

About this time father built, for Aunt Mary, a new log house with a shingled roof about fifteen or twenty rods east of where we had all lived together. (Charles Hardman lives in that home, now, with some added improvements)

Beulah was her next child, she with her blue eyes and light hair was the pet of her grandmother Shelley. Grandfather Shelley died January 19, 1870, and grandma Shelley made her home with her daughter, Aunt Mary, until her death in 1884. Baby Beulah was always her comfort and joy during these last year of her life. Then came Senith Ellen and Susan, making her the mother of seven girls. It

caused her children to question why the other children had brothers and they had none. To this their mother would say, "Well never mind. They have their brothers but we have an advantage over them anyway. Aunt Mary has to turn part of her family out doors when they take a bath. But we can all strip and bathe at once for we are all of the same kind."

Later, she did have two sons, Arza Ebenezer and Barnabas L. Barnabus L. lived about a month and died. When Arza was a baby about six months old Grandma Shelley gave him a little knife with a little verse she had written herself and which I am putting in this history:

*I have a little keepsake  
My Grandma gave to me.  
When I was very young  
And sat upon her knee.  
She put it in my right hand  
And then she did say  
"I wish you to keep this little knife  
When I am far away.  
I pray the Lord to bless you  
And keep you far from strife.  
Be a true and faithful man  
And never lose your knife."*

Aunt Mary's family all learned to work with the rest of us. When they grew old enough they hired out. We never felt that it was a disgrace to work and we were taught, "That the idler shall not eat the bread of the laborer." And now we are laboring while it is yet day to show unto our parents our appreciation for what they accomplished by their untiring devotion not only to our physical needs but to the spiritual needs of life, as well, and strive to emulate their worthy example.

This tribute to Aunt Mary was written by her daughter, Beulah. My mother was a kind and loving Mother, a faithful Latter-day Saint, a great and noble work among her sisters she has done. Yet to the



Father she gave the glory, for the triumph she has won. For many, many years a thorny path in patience she did trod. She bore all for truth, and the glory of God. Her standards were pure and her labors were love.

Mary Bathgate Logan Adams died August 24, 1901, at American Fork, Utah. Today (June 15, 1934) she has a posterity of 113 descendants.

*Written by Cynthia Adams Okay and given in the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Adams Camps, American Fork, Utah, December 13, 1934.*