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Biographical Sketch

of

Ebenezer Hunter

By Maud Householder Deakin, granddaughter

Pioneer Year 1863

Sailed on the Synosure

Wives: Agnes Martin, Martha Alice Parker, & Martha Hannah Booth

Born 22 Feb 1831 in Stobhill, Edinburg, Scotland

Married to Agnes Martin 24 June 1852

Married to Martha Alice Parker 14 Jun 1869

Married to Martha Hannah Booth 10 Apr 1875

Died 17 Jun 1908 at American Fork, Utah.

Buried American Fork cemetery

Ebenezer Hunter was the son of William Hunter and Elspeth Thomson. He was born February 22, 1831 at Stobhill Edinburgh, Scotland. In his father's family were five children Helen, Jennett, John, James, and Ebenezer. His father died when he was ten years old. The gospel of Jesus Christ was preached to the people of Edinburgh about this time. His mother and sister Helen were baptized by Elder McEwan on June 16, 1844 and himself May 29, 1845. His sister Helen and husband Alexander Stoctard and two children, John and Martha left for America to join the saints on the fifth of September 1849 on the ship Byron Berlin. Cholera broke out among them and his sister Helen died September 13 and her daughter Martha died a few days later. This was recorded in the Star Vol. 12 No. I page 14.

Ebenezer Hunter was married to Agnes Martin who was the daughter of Mary Bathgate Martin and James Martin. She was born February 9, 1831 at Catbridge, Munklin Parish, Scotland. They were married on the twenty fourth of June 1852 by William Brewarton President of the Edinbury mission. Ebenezer Hunter worked as an engineer of the coal mines while his wife, together with her mother Mary Bathgate Logan and her half sister Mary Logan, worked in the coal mine.

Ebenezer Hunter, with money which he saved, obtained a very good education. On May 13, 1856 he was ordained an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was appointed secretary and treasurer of the Edinburgh branch. Elder F. D. Richards was over the European mission at that time. Ebenezer Hunter was appointed missionary and he labored in West Calder and Marydykes and different towns in the Edinburgh branch. He and his wife had the following children born to them in Scotland: William, Mary, Ebenezer, and Agnes. Mary and Ebenezer died February 24, 1860 of fever.

Ebenezer Hunter was appointed president over the Bathgate Branch on May 29, 1861, which he held for two years where on May 29, 1863 with their two children William and Agnes sailed on the ship Synosure for New York. They arrived at American Fork October 11, 1863.

My grandfather and grandmother Hunter were of a stocky Scotch decent. Grandfather was about five feet seven or eight inches while my grandmother was much shorter. My grandmother I never knew as she died when my mother was ten years old. Grandfather had kind gray eyes and a very firm mouth and was very strict with his children. Like many other old country people he didn't forget to spank his children if they needed it, and although they were afraid of him they also loved and respected him. He taught them the rights of each in the home which made a feeling of peace and contentment there.

He was married June 14, 1869 to Martha Alice Parker daughter of William Parker and Mary Ann Childs. She was born October 23, 1850 in Council Bluff, Iowa. On August 2, 1869 he buried his first wife Agnes Martin Hunter.

He was married April 10, 1875 to Martha Hannah Booth daughter of Richard Thornton Booth and Elsie Edge. She was born August 20, 1853 in Bedford Leigh Lancaster, England.

They lived in a frame building of two stories which after the wards of American Fork were divided was the third ward. The house had seven rooms and on the North was Aunt Alice's room. In the center was a large living room, on the south was Aunt Hannah's room, the large kitchen and the pantry were in the back with the two bed rooms upstairs. The house faced the east and in this home dwelt this large family; peace and contentment was there. If they had any quarrels or difficulties they must have been settled in a quiet way as there seemed to be no confusion as one sees in the homes of today. Both Aunt Alice and Aunt Hannah were very good women, and though they had their own children, they also had the children of the first wife. They would make quilts together, sew, mend, wash, and cook and never seemed to be any cross words spoken.

As a girl how I loved to go to grandfather's place to stay and what impressed me was the long table in the center of the room with the backs of the chairs placed against the table. Then we would all kneel besides them before having our breakfast and grandfather would ask God's blessing upon the family, thanking him for the

blessing that had been given. Grandfather taught vocal lessons in the school that I attended. The two families, my grandmothers and Aunt Hannah's, seemed to take to singing while Aunt Alice's boys seemed to take to string instruments. Grandfather was very odd in his eating as no seasoning was put into the food until grandfathers meal was taken out. The old home has been torn down and another one put in its place. It is owned by one of his daughters. Grandfather and his three wives sleep upon the hill in the American Fork cemetery together with several children and grandchildren.

Following is the record of his family:

First wife Agnes Martin (grandmother) and their children: William was born February 20, 1853 in Armadale Parish Linlithgow, Scotland; Mary was born on December 17, 1855 in Armadale Bathgate Scotland, died February 24, 1860; Ebenezer was born December 6, 1857 in Livery Street, Bathgate, Scotland died February 24, 1860; Agnes was born February 18, 1859 in Woodend Bathgate, Scotland; Mary Ellen was born October 23, 1864 in American Fork, Utah and died October 31, 1871; John was born October 22, 1866 in American Fork, Utah.

Second wife Martha Alice Parker (Aunt Alice) and their children: Ebenezer was born May 3, 1870 in American Fork, Utah and died 1891; James was born September 14, 1871 and died October 25, 1871 at American Fork , Utah; Thomas was born September 6, 1872 in Alpine, Utah; Joseph Franklin was born May 1, 1875 at American Fork, Utah; Elspeth was born January 4, 1877 in American Fork, Utah; Alice was born January 4, 1877 in American Fork, Utah; Thomas Henry was born April 30, 1879 in America Fork, Utah; Lafeyette was born January 14, 1881 at American Fork, Utah and died 1881; Oscar Parker was born June 20, 1882 in American Fork, Utah; Elizabeth Childs was born January 21, 1884 at American Fork, Utah and died; Son born and died 1885 at American Fork, Utah; Walter George was born October 20, 1887 at American Fork, Utah; Jane was born November 8, 1889 at American Fork, Utah; Martha was born May 28, 1892 at American Fork, Utah.

Third wife Martha Hannah Booth (aunt Hannah) and their children: James Richard was born February 16, 1874 at American Fork, Utah and died April 23, 1881; Jessie Gertrude was born January 4, 1876 at American Fork, Utah; Robert Alfred was born November 25, 1877 at American Fork, Utah; David Wilford was born October 31, 1879 at American Fork, Utah and died April 27, 1881; Thornton Booth was born April 2, 1888 at American Fork, Utah and died March 29, 1883; Alma Booth was born January 19, 1884 at American Fork, Utah; Royal Joshua was born August 10, 1886 and died October 6, 1909 at American Fork, Utah.

Ebenezer Hunter died June 17, 1908 at American Fork, Utah. Agnes Martin Hunter died August 2, 1869 at American Fork, Utah. Martha Alice Parker Hunter died October 31, 1932 at American Fork, Utah. Martha Hannah Booth Hunter died March 3, 1909 at Provo, Utah.

The large families have grown and married and have children of their own, living good clean lives, loved, and respected by their fellow men. Some holding offices in the church and city government. But, memories of the old home still lingers with love and respect for the man and women who made their lives possible. And with reverence and respect to the men and women who embraced the gospel in the foreign lands and came here with their belief helping them to find the greatest gift man can receive. "The Gospel of Jesus Christ".

Here is a piece that was taken from the American Fork Newspaper at the time of his death, "Another Pioneer Gone".

Judge Ebenezer Hunter dropped to sleep that knew no awakening at 9:30 o'clock Wednesday morning June 17, 1908 after being confined to his bed for more than five weeks. The deceased was born at Stobhill Edinburgh, Scotland February 22, 1831. The son of William Hunter and Elizabeth Thomson. When he was ten years old his father died leaving his mother, two brothers, and two sisters. It being the children's duty to help support the home which duty soon fell principally upon young Ebenezer.

He was baptized into the church May 29, 1845. He married Agnes Martin and eleven years later they emigrated to America on May 29, 1863 on board the ship Synosure. The voyage across the Atlantic they encountered many trying ordeals. The ship took fire at one time and it looked as if all should perish; several fierce storms were encountered and the ship came nearly being wrecked by running into large icebergs. They arrived at Castle Garden, New York during a fierce battle at this point between the Blue and Gray during our great Civil war. The passengers were landed in the night and boarded a freight train and were taken inland to a point out of danger. The party of which Mr. Hunter's family were members immediately began the trip across the plains with ox teams to Utah. The deceased and family arrived in American Fork October 11, 1863.

Having been of studious disposition Mr. Hunter had acquired a fair knowledge of law, and was also a good musician, and from the first these talents were put to excellent use in this new country. He became the leader of the choir and was the first person to teach music in our city, having charge of the Church music for thirteen years. He has held various offices in the Church from Deacon to seventy and also numerous offices in the city government. He has been school teacher, school trustee, city councilman, Justice of peace, and was a public school teacher for a number of years. These offices and positions were filled with credit. He was a man who united sound sense with strong convictions, was outspoken, and with his educational ability did much to mould the rude elements of pioneer society into form of consistency. How much this community owes to him is impossible to estimate. The deceased at the time of his death was father of 36 children, 20 of whom still live. There are 32 living grandchildren and seven great grandchildren.

Dear Brother John,

While I was ironing this morning I wrote these few silly lines.
While thinking of the kind of Christmas we used to have, you'll get
the joke but some of the younger generation may not.

When I was a child a long time ago –
Now don't try to guess I think you know –
Didn't come in a day, but as yet I'm not dead.
They told us a story that went something like this:

'Twas the night before Christmas, not a home did he miss.
I wonder sometimes why he didn't miss mine,
When he looked down the chimney and saw twenty-nine.
My father was a man, you've all heard about
That Brigham told to go scout about
And find him some wives, one, two, or three
If he could care for them conveniently.

So our he went with the rest of the crew
Determined to see what he could do.
He was young and handsome and not too tall,
So it didn't take long for one lady to fall.
He said, "nanny, my dear, I think I love thee.
Would you like to come and cook vitals for me?"

She may have had chances I know nothing about,
But my father proved he was more than a scout.
She packed her sack and off they went
On making a love nest, both were bent.
To this happy pair some children came
When all of a sudden he remembered again
That Brigham had said to get more wives than one.

So early next morning he was off on the run,

The weather was nice and the sun was hot.
But he was determined, "Believe it or not"
To get him another while the getting was good.
We wouldn't think it was funny if we understood.
He grew quite weary as day by day passed.
Was about to go home and call Nanny the last.

While he was thinking and the night growing darker,
Right in his pathway stood Miss Alice Parker.
Excuse me, Miss, and don't be afraid.
I believe at last I have found the maid.
They chatted awhile and he told her how
She could live with him and his other frow.
She had heard Brigham and his command,
She took the old gentleman by the hand,
And said, If it suits you it surely does me,
So off they went the love nest to see.

The women chatted the whole night through,
And planned and thought what they could do.
Their troubles and joy together would share,
And their children they'd raise with tenderest care.

My father was joyful when he could see,
How well they got along, then why not three?
He consulted the brides and both agreed,
It was up to him if he could furnish the feed.
He was full of courage and laid his plans
Said if the farm won't produce it we'll eat it from cans.

As we travel through life, hour by hour, day by day,
Some strange things happen and why, we can't say.
We must all have sorrows along with our joys,
Aunt Nanny died, left a girl and two boys.
These children were cared for by Aunt Alice like her own.
It sure was a handful for one woman alone.
So again my father with Brigham as his lead,

His pockets full of hardtack and a good book to read
Set out for the third, this time quite vain.
He had beautiful eyes and a long flowing mane.

He was quite a musician, and sure knew his stuff,
A deep bass voice, but his speech wasn't gruff.
He landed in Alpine and started some classes
To teach fathers and mother and all lads and lasses.
A shy little girl came to school whose first name was Hannah.
When she saw the teacher the group had to fan her.
When he heard the racket he said, "Let her alone.
You are all excused, I'll take the girl home."

He moved to the town and started a band,
And shy little Hannah said, "Ma, ain't he grand?"
They all knew Brigham and now 'twas quite the thing
To marry a man with three or four on the string.
The wedding was set for the wettest month of the year
But with that kind of love, there was nothing to fear.
As the years passed by and more children came,
The food problem was easy; but Oh! Finding a name.

Now to go back to Christmas, do you wonder why
It took lots of courage not to pass this family by?
He managed to leave some things we could use,
Such as petticoats, bloomer, pants, hats and shoes.
We'd all go to bed, and my father would say,
"Shut your eyes, duckies, tomorrow's the day."

Our Mothers would stand it just so long
Then turn down the covers and my, they were strong.
We would howl a little and drop off to sleep,
With one eye left open so we could peek.
And many a time I've seen Santa myself
Dressed just like my dad, putting things on the shelf.
You might think it's funny but I'd give all I own
To be back in those days with twenty nine in our home.

Jessie Hunter Olsen.

Some poets go to Paris, while others fly to Rome
To work up inspiration to get subjects for a poem.
If these high powered poets would only stop and think
There's lots of inspiration doing dishes in a sink.

And subjects there are plenty, before us every day.
They pop up in our labors, we find them in our play.
But ironing has it's virtues as you smooth the wrinkles out
of bloomers, gowns, and nighties, they are ironed and laid
about.

So clothes and iron and memories gave you the cherished
thought
Of a group of sons and daughters, of a quartette, not forgot.
I like your rhyme and rhythm and the spirit of your poem
But there were other children who came to Mother's home.

Now I am proud of Brigham and the vision which he had
It made you and I the children of the man who was our dad.
And like many other families we had sorrows and had joys
But these things always happen there's lots of girls and boys.

Twenty- is quite a number when we think of things to eat,
And I'll venture this assertion, we had little for our feet.
I don't know how he fed us all, nor how the rations came
But one thing I do remember, we were all fed the same.

Father taught school in winter, and in summer plied his trade.
Days wages were small at that time, three dollars was all he
made. Twenty-nine times three are eighty seven. Eighty seven
meals a day.
I simply rub my stomach, Oh! Pity us, I pray.

Then there were shoes and stockings, dresses, ribbons, pants
and hats.

And often Grandma Johnson, who brought each Mother's little
brats.

There was coal, and wood, and blankets and so many other
things.

What a wonderful three dollars and the memories which it
brings.

My thoughts also turn to Christmas and those stocking in a
row,

I've peeked down through the old trap door and watched the
candles glow

And when they thought we kids asleep, Old Santa and his
maids

They would proceed to fill the stockings
With those do-nuts which they had made.

I know there is a Santa Claus, you may poo and laugh Ha ha.

But I've seen him fill the stockings and then go to bed with Ma.

I can't close until I mention, that big square dripping pan.

The molasses cake cooked in it; remember if you can.

John Hunter