

DUP AF Book 2 page 35

Biographical Sketch

of

Mary Huggard Adams

by Cynthia Adams Okey

American Fork Pioneer of 1856

Born 22 Nov 1843 in Calverton, Nottinghamshire, England

Married 26 Jul 1862 to Joshua Adams in the Endowment  
House in Salt Lake City, Utah.

About 125 year ago there lived in the City of Calverton, Nottinghamshire, England a very happy family, great grandfather Joseph Blacknell and his wife great grandmother Emily Elizabeth Spencer and their children. One of these children, a girl Emily who was born February 14, 1825 was very beautiful with long black hair and black eyes. She was small in stature, very slender and dainty with charming personality.

Now about this same time in the city of Arnold, Nottinghamshire, England lived great grandfather Samuel Huggard and his wife great grandmother Elizabeth Elvidge Huggard and their family. They had a son born August 4, 1823, he was a very fine brilliant young man of whom they were very proud. He was employed by a wealthy man who also admired the boys fine character and his sterling qualities so much that he asked him to marry his daughter and share his wealth. This might have been the case had he not have met Emily Blacknell, his black-eyed sweetheart, as he called her, who had already captivated him. The man's riches did not tempt him, for he was in love with little Emily Blacknell. They were married and lived in Calverton, Nottinghamshire, England.

It was nearing the time when one of God's choice spirits was to leave its spiritual home and come to earth, so this happy couple built a tiny body and on November 22, 1843, one of the outstanding dates of all times and held sacred by all of her children, this chosen spirit entered her mortal body. It was my mother. We can imagine there was sadness at her leaving the spirit world, though we understand the great work she was to do and the joy and blessings she would bring to that little home. Picture that happy pair as they gazed at their first born, a beautiful daughter, who had that day made James Huggard a father and Emily Blacknell Huggard a mother, the greatest blessing that this earth has to offer. They named their baby, Mary. In due time other children came to gladden their heart, Elizabeth, George, Samuel, James, Dorthy, Hyrum, Joseph Heber, Hanna, Alfred, Emily, Annie and Martha.

Their home was happy and cheerful, both were thrifty and ambitious and especially anxious that their children should have

every advantage in life to make them good honest men and women. The mother was a very excellent seamstress, she obtained work that she could do in her home to help provide and make the home more comfortable. Mother being the oldest child helped with the children and also the household duties assuming responsibilities very young. Grandmother at one time had work with a glove factory, she would take the glove home and sew them. While mother was helping her sew the gloves one day, she dropped one of the gloves on the heart and it was burned some before they could get it. They were very sorry and frightened as grandmother feared she would lose her work and they needed the money with their little family. When the man came to see about the gloves they told him of the accident immediately. He was very kind and showed grandmother how she could mend it and charged her only the difference he would lose by selling it as a second.

One day in the year of 1852 the elders of the Church of Jesus Christ came to their home and taught them the Gospel, bringing to them the great plan of life, salvation and exaltation. Being of the blood of Joseph and the lineage of Ephraim they recognized the true Gospel of Christ and readily accepted it. They were baptized into the Church, rejoicing greatly in the glorious light of the Gospel. They were desirous of coming to Utah to join the Saints. After careful planning and arranging, with light hearts, yet sad at parting, grandfather James Huggard left his wife and family of five children and sailed for America, on the ship, "Germancus". He arrived at Burlington, Iowa where he found work. He worked and saved for a year to get sufficient means to send for his loved ones. After the father left the mother happy in the new found light and blessings and thrilled with the new plans worked harder than ever. A baby girl came to their home after the father had gone. They named her Dorothy. Oh, what a mother she must have been. Mother was then almost nine years old and a wonderful little mother to her younger brothers and sisters.

It was in the spring of 1854 that grandmother Emily with her six children set sail to meet her husband and their father. The trip was not all pleasure for trouble and sorrow came to them. They were

grounded on a rock for two weeks in mid-ocean. Grandmother was ill all during the trip. Mother was the only one to take care of the five young brothers and sisters, this she did, yet she was not quite ten years old. She washed and dressed them, prepared the meals for the children and cared for the baby. Traveling then was not quite like that of today, for it was necessary that each family prepare their own meals and on the same stove. Mother was young and small and always was crowded back and her kettles pushed to the back of the stove. It was almost impossible to fix her mother a cup of tea. One day she endeavored vainly to get to the stove and a woman slapped her. The steward saw the incident and, feeling sorry for Mother, told her she might use his stove the remainder of the voyage to prepare her meals.

The baby, Dorothy, became ill. They watched over her, doing all they could do but she grew worse and after days of worry and despair they saw her go back to our Father in Heaven. Her little body was prepared for burial then wrapped in a sheet. Weights of coal were fastened and she was lowered into the great ocean. Such sad experiences for a mother alone with her children, her husband far away. Such a trying experience for a little girl, so young, to go through. Imagine, if you can, that little heart learning life in such a heart breaking manner. It seemed she was being trained for a purpose, the Lord knew her life would need courage and faith and he was fitting her for her mission. We, her children, should bow our heads in reverence and vow with-in our hearts to so live that that courageous Mother can look with joy and satisfaction on her posterity.

When they arrived, the father was there to meet them, eagerly waiting to welcome them to their new land and to take the baby that he had never seen in his arms. Imagine his sorrow when he learned of his baby's death. Although it was a great disappointment to him, he was thankful the rest of the family were safe. The family stayed at Burlington, Iowa, for some time. Mother took care of the children while grandmother sewed for the people at their homes and grandfather worked on the river. It was while they were living here that on March 22, 1856, their son Hyrum was born. It was just three

weeks later the family left Burling, Iowa, for Utah, in Captain Merrill's ox-team company. Mother walked all the way across the plains as she was twelve and was too old to ride in the wagon. She became tired many times but kept up her courage and was never heard to complain as she walked those long dreary miles of road less plains. The family arrived at Salt Lake Valley on September 15, 1856.

George Spratley was a great help to the family while on the plains. He would relieve Mother very often by amusing the children when others could not. Brother Spratley took them to American Fork in the fall of the year. Their first home was on the banks of the river.

Grandfather James Huggard became ill with chills and fever so the family had to go out into the field to glean. This was very hard work for them and in those days grain was cut with a scythe and bound with grain. All this was done by hand. After their careful gathering of all they could glean, they had thirty-five bushels. The father thrashed it out with a thrail and it was stored away for spring planting while the family lived that first winter on corn bread and mush and what ever else they could earn. As soon as grandfather was able, he built a little log cabin just out side the fort walls on the lot where Martha Huggard Chipman now lives. Here six other children were born. These children were: Joseph Heber, Alfred, Emily, Annie and Martha.

It was here Mother grew to woman hood. She was a beautiful girl. She had braid of jet black hair and laughing brown eyes. Every one loved her for her disposition was as pleasing as her beautiful physical features and many a heart beat faster at a glance from her smiling eyes.

She loved out of door sport, such as swimming and horseback riding. Although she never had the opportunity to go to school she learned to read and was very good at figures. She learned these accomplishments from her parents.

Her dearest girl friend was Cynthia Daton. They had many happy times together and also with their friends, both girls and boys. They had many admirers some of whom were the Murdock boys, William Robinson, and others. But the outstanding man for

Mother was Joshua Adams. Mother's father respected father respected father (Joshua Adams) as he was of excellent character but he did not want Mother to keep company with him. When father asked mother to marry him grandfather Huggard refused to give his consent, as this would mean she must enter into plural marriage which was taught and practiced at that time. Mother was such a wonderful girl and had always been. Her father loved her very much and feared lest it would be too hard for her to handle the many perplexing problems that would arise. He talked with her and reasoned showing her how he felt about it. Mother had always been a very obedient girl, always listening to her parents, so she decided she would as her father asked. As time went on she prayed for the Lord to guide and help her and it seemed she loved my father even more. She told her father if she was given her choice she would rather be the wife of Joshua Adams than be the Queen of England, but still he hesitated in giving consent. But, on July 26, 1862 she was married to Joshua Adams, my father, in the old endowment house in Salt Lake City, Utah.

A small one roomed cottage with a dirt roof, located on the lot where the two story red brick house now stands in which James T. Larrabee now lives, on east state street between American fork and Pleasant Grove, was then the home of Mary Bathgate Adams, father's second wife. Aunt Mary kindly shared her home with Mother. It was here that mother's first child came September 7, 1863. They named her Orpha after father's sister, Orpha Adams Robinson.

When a son was born April 26, 1865, he was given the name of father's oldest brother, Nathan.

They had curtains to divide the families. They cooked on the same stove or fire-place but each had a four post bed with springs made of rope woven back and forth on little wooden pegs. The children's large straw tick was pushed under the bed in the day time and brought out each night.

October 1, 1867 a baby girl arrived and was given grandmother's name, Emily. Then I came and was named after mother's girl friend, Cynthia Daton.

All learned to work in the house and the field, father, mother and children plowed up sage brush, cleaned the ground then planed seeds, watered and harvested the crops. We carried water to drink from Uncle William Robinson's spring, almost a block away. By pulling the sage brush it served several purposes: it cleaned the ground so we could plant crops and the sage was used for fuel to cook the food and keep the house warm. Then the ashes were used to make lye and the lye to make soap.

Two sons next were sent for her keeping: James Huggard born February 11, 1870 and George, March 12, 1872. They were both named after her brothers.

Father built Aunt Mary Bathgate a lot house a little east of where we lived and where Charles Hardman now lives. The house still stands but has been covered over with lumber and has been built on to. Then Aunt Mary Bathgate moved into it and we were much more comfortable, although in the old place pans would be placed on the beds and around the house whenever it rained as the roof leaked so badly.

There was only one corral in which all the stock was kept. But it was not hard for the milking problem to be handled as each family would milk a certain number of cows. The chickens were kept in one coop the eggs were gathered by Aunt Mary Bathgate for three days and by mother for three days thus each received their portion of milk and eggs.

I remember when Jim, my brother, was quite small for his age and did not like to dress himself. I was the one that always had to see that he got his clothes on, washed and combed and do all the other things for him that he could not do for himself. When he was old enough to put on his clothes he would invariably put his pants on backwards. I asked Mother how I was to teach him to put his pants on right. Mother said, "Just tell him and tell him again and again that he is putting his pants on hind side afore, you are putting your pants on hind-side afore." He said it after me and all during that day. When he undressed at night he said it and when he kneeled down to say his prayers he said, "Now I lay me down to

sleep hind-side afore. If I should die before I wake hind-side afore. I pray the Lord my soul to take hind-side afore." Jim was very persistent in having his own way. He used to get a toad and follow us around, threatening to put it on us if we didn't do what he wanted us to do.

Both mother and her children worked hard and had many trying times never-the-less we were a happy family. In our trials we would often lift our eyes to the beautiful mountains which seemed to stand guard over us and say, "Father, gives us strength." From our home we had such a beautiful view, it would bring peace to our souls.

In the early spring all the cattle and most of the milk cows were taken west of the Jordan River where there was feed. There they were herded and the cows milked and butter and cheese made. Here the Indians roamed over the hills hunting and fishing.

A cabin was built at Pelican Point and also at West Canyon where mother and we children lived during the summer season. Cellars were dug where the milk and cheese were put to keep cool.

While living at Pelican Point, one summer, an Indian came to our cabin and told mother he was going to kill the mail carrier. She gave him some bread and milk and he went away. In a few days he came back and showed her the mail carrier's scalp and also his coat.

Only those women who have spent nights and days with only their small children, out in the lonely quiet wilds, can understand the fear that clutched at her heart. She was so small in stature, yet she was great in courage, endurance and faith.

The Indians would catch fish and put them on our cabin to dry. The smell was terrible but mother did not dare to take them off. The Indians in those days would go from house to house asking for "beesekut-beesekut". They meant biscuit, which to them meant anything to eat. An Indian went to grandmother's house in American Fork and saw mother's picture and asked if that was grandmother's papoose, as he had seen her at Pelican Point.



At one time mother had been away from home for a short time and when she returned there was a badger in her house. The badger is quick and dangerous. Mother seized the axe and killed the badger. It seemed she was equal to any task that arose.

When leaving Pelican Point for home, she drove a yoke of oxen and a load of wood across the ice on Utah Lake to American Fork. She and her children had gathered a load of wood for fuel that winter; it was much better than sage. That summer she learned the value of self-control and faith. She understood that when anger or fear burned within, she must think and act quickly and trust in the Lord for help and guidance.

Time passed on and another baby girl arrived December 15, 1874. She was named Elizabeth and in two short years, on New Year's Day January 1, 1876, Julia came. It was mother's desire to have a large family and to especially have sons to carry on the name Adams through her lineage. Her joy was greatest when she knew her darlings had arrived for she knew God had answered her prayers and allowed another of his chosen spirits to come under her supervision.

Living in West Canyon for a summer season was more pleasant than Pelican Point. The children liked living among the trees and bushes. It was interesting to climb hills and pick the wild flowers and to gather service berries, which mother dried. Mother and the older boys had the hardest part, they would take care of the stock, milk the cows and then mother would take care of the milk. She would make butter and cheese which she would often take to Cedar Fort and Butterfield to trade for things she could not raise.

One day she took her basket of butter and started to Butterfield to the store to make her usual exchange. It was a long distance over rough trails. When mother arrived at the store, she was so exhausted she fell to the floor. She had to lie down and rest for some time before starting on her long, tiresome journey home and then she had to walk very slow and sit down to rest often. So, of course, she was much longer getting home than we expected.

We children were instructed what we should do while she was gone and we understood about the usual time to expect her to return. We were quite content until late afternoon and we began watching for mother to return. It grew dusk and night began to fall over the tall pine trees. These same trees were beautiful in the evening when the moon rose quietly over them, when mother was there with us, but this night they suggested the gruesome picture of Indians and wild animals. We imaged mother, whom we loved and depend on so much, was killed. We were so frightened. Our Aunt Sarah Chipman, who had a cabin some distance from ours, came over and stayed with us, comforting us until mother returned. When mother got home to use she was tired, ill and it was several days before she was able to be up and around.

During those early pioneer days when those faithful people were endeavoring to subdue the wild, uncultivated land, it seemed at times even the elements would rise in protest to their efforts. One day a dark cloud gathered, a flash of lightening and the cloud apparently was ripped open. The rain poured down in torrents, the water ran wildly everywhere. It looked like every thing would be washed away and down the canyon. It ran in the cellar and it was soon filled so that the pans of milk were lifted from the shelves and floated about on the water. Mother quieted our fears and after the storm we all dipped water from the cellar and cleaned it up nicely. Mother was of a pleasant, cheerful temperament, always seeing the best side of a situation and often tactfully changing the unpleasant circumstances to a beneficial one. If trouble came she adjusted herself to meet it and made all effort to make her sorrows prove blessings.

The strength to endure and her quality of thankfulness were both exhibited on one occasion while spending a summer in West Canyon. My sister, Orpha, and Ann Chipman, had gone for a walk down "Lover's Lane a pretty little path through the thick cedar trees. Brother Nathan and Willard Chipman were herding the cattle just south of our cabin. Willard came running up to the house, breathless and very white. He gasped, half crying, and told us that a man had killed Nate. We screamed for Orpha and Ann to come quickly. Bill

Hickman had just left our place a few minutes before; he heard our shrieks and came back. We can live years of extreme grief in a few minutes and I think mother did at this time. It was only a few minutes until the man rode up to where we were and sure enough he and his horse were covered with blood. But, thankful to say, it wasn't our brother, but a calf he had killed. We were all thrilled and happy when fall came and we could return to our home in American Fork.

While there were many hardships and trials in mothers life yet there were equally as many pleasures and happy times. Probably they do not stand out in memory, quiet so vivid yet they were there, never-the-less. Mother always encouraged us to bring our friends home, where she would do everything pleasant for us. We children would go after school to Paxman's molasses mill and fill our lunch buckets with skimmings. Then, at night, we with our friends would make candy and pop corn and have real good times together. We always had horses to ride and in the winter we had a bob sleigh which furnished great sport for the crowds to which we belonged.

My sister, Orpha, spent much of her time with Uncle William Robinson and Aunt Opha Adams Robinson. They were very fond of her and up to this day he often speaks of her as the most thoughtful, kind and womanly girl he ever knew.

When the baby, Julia, was four months old, Orpha became ill. They cared for her and the elders administered to her, but the Lord saw fit to take her home April 24, 1876. She was just budding into womanhood and had been such a sweet, wonderful girl. Mother was grief stricken. She felt as though she could not endure the separation. The Lord blessed her and renewed her courage, and she bowed her head in humility and said, "The Lord giveth and taketh away, yet blessed be the name of the Lord." Just a year later, in April, 1877, her baby Julia was called back to our maker and again she was bowed in sorrow. But, the Lord in his mercy sent her another of his precious jewels for her keeping - a baby girl, Lucy Ann, born December 26, 1877. She helped to comfort and cheer mother.

Mother never gave up to her sorrow, neither did she go to the extreme in her joy, but she was very conservative. Work and pleasure, joy and sorrow, chastisement and appreciation were interwove with the day and season. There was always plenty to do in the summer and work arranged for winter. In the long winter evenings mother corded wool, spun yarn and knit socks and stocking for all of us. Many and many an armful of straw she has braided and made into hats for her children and also to sell. William Jackson would take them to Camp Floyd and sell them to the soldiers who were stationed there.

While mother was raising her family she worked in the Church. She was teacher in Primary for many years. She was also first counselor to Elizabeth Durrant, Sarah Conder was second counselor. She would walk a mile and a half to attend Primary, carrying her baby for she never had a baby buggy at any time while she was raising her family of twelve children.

When the "Old Folks Party" was organized, mother was chosen one of the committee with William Paxman, John Tracy and William Grant. She helped with the annual parties until she was granted to be an honorary member.

In about 1880 mother moved about two blocks north of where Aunt Mary Bathgate then lived. It was two roomed rusted adobe lined house with an attic and pantry. A home Joshua (Dosh) Aunt Lydia's oldest son had built. It seemed like a palace it was so much more comfortable. But, our happiness was marred, for brother George got eczema and it was so stubborn to cure, it was years before mother could get the best of it. But, finally, her faith and prayers, with her patient loving care, he was healed. This was a great trial for mother.

Mother was very light on her feet and always full of fun. She loved to mingle with her friends and children. She was especially fond of dancing, so much so that she became a very efficient toe or step dancer. She often entertained her friends and family this way and also in public. Often, at the Old Folks parties, she and James Spratley would step dance. When the orchestra struck up one of

their favorite tunes they would be escorted to the center of the floor where they entertained the crowd with their step dancing.

When my sister, Lucy, died and left a son, Delos, two years old, mother took him and raised him as her own. She enjoyed him and he was a comfort to her in her old age.

Mother prided herself on her peaceful home and that her husband's wish was always first consideration. But, when Leonard and Alfred wanted to go to the Brigham Young University to school, mother felt she must go with them and stay during the school term. Father was willing for the boys to go but he did not want mother to go. She felt that her boys needed her, so she spent the winter with them in Provo. Mother often said this was the only incident in her life that she opposed her husband's wishes. After her children were all grown and married, they with Delos moved from the farm into a four roomed adobe house, one block south of Chipman's Bank. There she spent many happy years rejoicing with her children and grandchildren. In this house her husband spent his last days while she watched over him during his illness, preceding his death on February 22, 1906.

Just seven years later, March 3, 1913, she lost her oldest son, Nathan. In this bereavement we children did all in our power to comfort her and buoy her up. Delos was with her and was kind and thoughtful. She often expressed her love and appreciation for her family.

Preceding this time mother's life had been too full of service to others to devote much time to her personal ambitions so when she and Delos were alone she enjoyed doing the things she had so long desired. With Delos' help she learned to write. How happy her children and grandchildren were to receive a letter from Mother Adams in which there would always be tucked one of her favorite hymns from her little song book.

Mother was never lonely; she always filled her life with something of value. A great friendship budded and bloomed between Hannah Gardner, Jane King and Mother. These young ladies, as they were called by some, visited back and forth, partaking

of "wisdom tea" and cake in each other's homes, calling on other and letting their sunny dispositions be felt wherever they went. They had their picture taken together. It was a beautiful picture which seemed to preserve their great love and esteem for each other, and was frequently called the picture of Faith, Hope and Charity. These three ladies were very prominent citizens of this city. Bishop James Gardner often entertained them at his home and they were guests at his theatre any time they cared to come.

It was on the 22<sup>nd</sup> day of March, 1894, when mother received her patriarchal blessing from Bishop George Halliday. This marvelous could not but be a joy, comfort and satisfaction to her, and she undoubtedly felt that God had indeed been with her throughout her life in both her joys and her sorrows.

Some of her favorite songs were: "Oh, Stop and Tell Me Red Man", "I Know That My Redeemer Lives", "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief", "Daniel's Wisdom May I Know" and many others.

The first poem she ever taught me when I was a small child was: "O Jesus The Giver Of All We Enjoy."

Often, in the evening, when we would step in to see her, she would be reading or singing from her hymn book. She would say that there was a sermon in every song.

Delos went to work in Salt Lake City and Mother wanted to be with him and care for him so he rented a furnished apartment and she spent one winter in the City with him. His work took him into Idaho so she came back to her own home.

While Alfred and his family were living in Yakima, Washington, Mother went to visit them. She went alone, having never before left the state of Utah since coming here when she was a child. She spent the summer with them and enjoyed it very much. She especially liked to drive out in the country and see the beautiful orchards and flowers. Of all the different variety of fruits and melons that grew there, the cantaloupe was her choice. She was just 65 years old, then.

Mother's greatest desire in life was granted, a large family. She had twelve children, eight not living. Her children have carried on her ideal, and today she has 39 grandchildren, 8 who have passed away. She has 37 great grandchildren, 10 of these having passed on, and three great great grandchildren, making a total of 91 descendants.

Mother was interested in genealogy and impressed the necessity of keeping records of our families and taking care of our temple work.

Mother often spoke of Queen Victoria and admired her. We children of Mary Huggard Adams feel that we had the blessed privilege of coming here through the lineage of a queen of victory, a noble woman who rose above the irksome duty of ordinary pioneer life to heights that far excel any earthly queen. We want to show our appreciation of this blessings by paying homage to her and this can be done by living, as she did, honest, clean, upright and courageous lives with a living faith in God. We bless her name and thank our Father in Heaven for our wonderful Mother.

She lived in her own home until the first of June. She stayed with me until the middle of November. She wanted to go home. My sister, Emily, took her to live with her where she stayed a short time. She was not in any pain but grew a little weaker each and then fell asleep and on November 20, 1922 at American Fork she quietly entered the City where her husband and children awaited her.

*To Mother*

*Oh, Mother; 'tis a magic word  
The sweetest name the ear hath heard,  
When yet a child at mother's knee  
She dearly taught God loveth the.  
Along youth's pathway bright and fair Her words  
and deeds were riches rare.  
Forever patient, sweet and kind,*

*Implanting good in sould and mind.*

*We thank you, Mother, for your care,  
Your watchfulness and earnest prayer.  
No words of ours could ever say  
The love we have for you today.  
But may you, through God's grace above  
Conceive our gratitude and love  
And know that there could be no other  
To take the place of our dear Mother.*

*(This history was prepared by Cynthia Adams Okey and given  
by her in the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Adams Camp,  
American Fork, Utah, December 13, 1834.)*