

BIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES ADAMS

UTAH PIONEER OF 1849

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I was born September 16th, 1843 at Banbridge County, Doran, Ireland. My paternal grandparents were Charles Adams and Catherine Miller Adams, who came from County Cavan, Ireland; my maternal grandparents were Hugh Leech and Anne Jameson, who came with their parents from the Highlands of Scotland. My parents were William Adams and Mary Ann Leech Adams.

I was brought to America at the age of three months by my parents, who embarked at Liverpool, England, January 20th, 1844, arriving at New Orleans about March 1st. On March 3rd, we left New Orleans by boat for Nauvoo and arrived there April 10th, 1844. When the boat landed at Nauvoo, the people came in great numbers to greet the newcomers and Margaret, an old friend of my parents, who came out the year before, came on board and took me from my mother's arms and returning to land placed me in the arms of Hyrum Smith, (With whose family she was residing.) saying, "What do you think of that for an Irish Baby?" Hyrum Smith, the Patriarch of the Church, gave me a blessing and from this incident my mother always attributed what she was pleased to call my goodness.

My parents went through the stirring scenes of Nauvoo, the martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch. My father worked on the temple for some time, then for the next three years he was in Illinois, Missouri and Wisconsin, earning money to come to Utah with his family. About the first of May, 1849, my parents started for Springfield, Illinois, on the journey to Utah and traveled with Thomas Judd and family, Henry Barney and family and others to Council Bluff, Iowa, reaching there about June first. On July 7th, 1849, my parents commenced their journey across the plains in a company of 100 wagons, with Andrew H. Perkins, Captain Enoch Reese, of the first fifty, and Mr. Allred, Captain of the second fifty. While crossing the plains, I well remember the

buffalo: we could see them in herds in the daytime and hear them by night. They were bellowing and crossing the Platte River when we reached there.

At Laramie, I remember seeing the Sioux Indians in all the panoply of war paint and feathers, going out to fight the Cheyennes, another Indian Tribe. We were three and one half months on our trip across the plains. The first winter after reaching Salt Lake City, Utah, we lived in the Old Fort, and in the spring we moved to the eleventh ward. During the summer of 1850 ~~we~~ ~~lived~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~East~~ ~~Bench~~. Father left in 1850 with others to colonize Parowan, as it was later called, arriving there January 13th, 1851. The following March my mother left Salt Lake City with her three children, I being then $7\frac{1}{2}$ years of age, my brother James $2\frac{1}{2}$ and my sister Annie an infant in arms.

I took an active part in helping my father in farming, herding stock, etc., and when I was thirteen years old my father went to Salt Lake to work on the Temple from Spring until fall. I took charge of his farm, hauled wood and took all the responsibility; I worked on the farm until I was nineteen. An original pioneer by the name of Sanders, a sort of astrologer, cast my horoscope and said that in the year '62 when I was nineteen I would come very nearly being drowned: This came true when I was called to bring immigrants across the plains. When we reached the Platte River on our way out, the water was very high. There were two companies. Two young men came and asked me to go swimming in the river; they went on and I was left behind and when I reached the rapids I came nearly going under; it was only with a superhuman effort that I turned back and was finally able to reach shore. I was very weak and it was several days before I completely recovered.

The following year 1863, on March 31st, I married Sarah Ann Davenport, daughter of Thomas and Sarrah Burrows Davenport, in Parowan in the Davenport home: we were married by William H. Dame, president of the Parowan Stake. A week after my marriage, I again started across the plains, this time to bring a load of freight. I had loaded three hundred pounds of gunpowder, four large stoves and machinery. On the way back, just the side of Green River, a heavy

storm came up around 5 p.m. some miles east, and the lightning was carried on the telegraph poles and struck my wagon cover; the load of machinery and stoves had attracted the lightning but it did not touch the gun-powder. I was standing by the near wheeler, just raising my whip to touch up the high wheeler the off swing was a lively animal and swerved away from the chain and did not get struck or hurt. I was stunned for a moment, then I got up, climbed into the wagon, threw off the cover and began unloading as rapidly as possible; the hay under the stoves was blazing and when the other teamsters saw the smoke they ran away, but seeing me at work unloading they came back and helped. The lightning had run down the chain and struck five of the oxen dead, so that I had only three left out of eight; the Captain and the boys were very kind to me and helped me out with their animals. My father paid the Church for the five dead oxen later on the following year.

In 1866 I crossed the plains again. This time I took my own wagon for freight, and volunteered to take a church wagon for immigrants, starting in April and returning in October. Edward Thompson of Fillmore was Captain this trip. I therefore, crossed the plains seven times, once to come West when with my parents as an immigrant: then as a young man I made three trips in '62, '63 and '66. It took about six months for each trip. In October 1863, on reaching Salt Lake from my second trip across the plains, my father and mother took my wife up to Salt Lake to meet me and were married in the Endowment house, by President Brigham Young. In the early part of '64, twin daughters were born prematurely; we named them Sarah Ann, My wife's name, and Mary Ann, for my Mother. Both babies died. My eldest son Charles D. Adams, was born September 28th, 1866. In 1870 I was appointed second counselor to Samuel H. Rogers who was chosen as Bishop for the Second Ward when Parowan was divided. When Brother Rogers moved to Arizona, John H. Dalley was made Bishop of the second ward and the block I lived in north and one other was added to the first ward and I was chosen counselor to Bishop William C. Mitchel of the first ward. About 1886 or '88 the two wards were united again and I was made

Bishop of the united wards. I was Bishop for seventeen years. Later I became a member of the High Council for the Parowan Stake, serving continuously.

I was enlisted in the State Militia in 1859 and served until about 1870; for about 12 years I was subject to call at any time when there was any disturbance. In December 1869, a hundred Navajoes came into this country well armed. December 24th, we started up the canyon; about 25 or 30 were camped on the upper Kanab; Edward Dalton was Captain and took up around by the Sevier River and we came upon the trackes where the Indians had run off with a thousand horses in the mountains east of the Sevier River. Just about dark, after our horses were hobbled, I walked out a few hundred rods and I saw an Indian, who struck off into the mountains. The next morning we went up into the mountains and there found the Indian fortification, on about ten miles to a level spot between a gulch and a mountain. If we had gone up the night before we would all have been shot. In September of '69 the Navajoes made a raid; we followed them up the Hogsback and met one Indian: I said, "we must take this Indian," but William West, who acted as Captain, let him go. We continued on up to the Mammoth and saw a fire; coming back we met a party of Indians with horses; the Indians ran and we got the horses.

I served one term as water master; several terms as City Counselor; two terms as Mayor of Parowan City. I acted as assessor and collector for Iron County for one year and being appointed to fill a vacancy, I served two terms as commissioner. I was a member of the State Legislature for two terms, one in the lower house and one in the upper house, or Senate. I was made superintendent of the Parowan Co-op somewhere near 1880, and remained in this position about ten years. Then Brother Morgan Richards was Superintendent for about five years; then William H. Holyoak was the next Superintendent for a few years and I was put in again and we built the Parowan Roller Mill. I was in about five years this time, and then Simon Matheson was in a few years; then I was re-elected and was in six or seven years followed by Wilford Day.

I began in 1916 to raise a few sheep; these gradually increased and I joined the Co-operative Sheep Association of which I was made Superintendent off and on for a long time. It was at one of these re-elections when we were losing a large number of sheep and the former superintendent was worrying, then John Henderson said "Charles Adams will not worry if all the sheep die." I finally bought the stock holders out and with my sons assumed control. My brothers James and William and the above John Henderson built the "Hoosier".