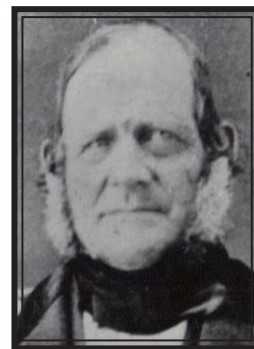


MARY GOBLE
(Grandmother of Marjorie Pay Hinckley)

Born: 1843 England
Age: 13
Hunt Wagon Company



Mary Goble (Pay)



William Goble

Mary's parents, William and Mary Penfold Goble, owned a green grocery store on the waterfront at Brighton, Sussex, England. After they heard the missionaries and joined the Church, they began planning for their emigration right away. They emigrated in 1856. Mary had six younger brothers and sisters: Edwin (10), Caroline (8), Harriet (6), James (4), Fanny (2), and Edith (born on the trail). While on this journey, Mary lost four members of her family. Fanny had the measles on board ship and never fully recovered. She died July 19, 1856, before the Goble family ever left Iowa City. Edith was born on September 24 and died November 3 on the trail. James died at Devil's Gate, near Martin's Cove, on November 5. Finally, Mary's mother died December 11, between Little and Big Mountains, with the Salt Lake Valley in sight. Since her mother had expressed such a strong desire to reach the Salt Lake Valley, they carried her body into the Valley with them so she could be buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. The following are excerpts from Mary's own tale of her family's story of faith and courage. (As Mary's narrative was written with a few parts not in chronological order, I have taken the liberty to rearrange a few things in this narrative.)

When I was in my twelfth year, my parents joined the Latter-day Saints. On the fifth of November I was baptized. The following May we started for Utah. We left our home May 19, 1856. We came to London the first day, the next day came to Liverpool and went on board the ship 'Horizon' that eve. It was a sailing vessel, and there were nearly nine hundred souls on board. We sailed on the 25th. The pilot ship came and tugged us out into the open sea. I well remember how we watched old England fade from sight. We sang 'Farewell Our Native Land, Farewell.' While we were [still] in the river the crew mutinied, but they were put ashore and another crew came on board. They were a good set of men. When we were a few days out, a large shark followed the vessel. One of the Saints died, and he was buried at sea. We never saw the shark any more. When we were sailing through the banks of Newfoundland, we were in a dense fog for several days. The sailors were kept busy night and day, ringing bells and blowing foghorns. One day I was on the deck with my father when I saw a mountain of ice in the sea close to the ship. I said, 'Look, Father, look.' He went as white as a ghost and said, 'Oh, my girl.' At that moment the fog parted, the sun shone brightly till the ship was out of danger, then the fog closed on us again.

We were on the sea six weeks, then we landed at Boston. We took the train for Iowa City, where we had to get an outfit for the plains. It was the end of July. On the first of August we started to travel, with our ox teams unbroken and we not knowing a thing about driving oxen. When we were in the Iowa campground, there came up a thunderstorm that blew down our shelter, made with handcars and some quilts. We sat there in the rain, thunderstorm and lightning. My sister Fanny got wet and died the 19th of July 1856. She would have been 2 years old on the 23rd. [She had been weak from a bout with the measles while on the ship.] The day we started our journey, we visited her grave. We felt very bad to leave our little sister there.

We traveled through the State until we came to Council Bluffs [Iowa]. Then we started on our journey of one thousand miles over the plains. It was about the first of September. We traveled fifteen to twenty-five miles a day. We used to stop one day in the week to wash. On Sunday we would hold our meetings and rest. Every morning and night we were called to prayers by the bugle. The Indians were on the war path and very hostile. Our captain, John Hunt, had us make a dark camp [one time]. That was to stop and get our supper, then travel a few miles, and not light any fires but camp and go to bed. The men had to travel all day and guard every other night. ... We went back to camp and went to prayers. [We] sang, 'Come, Come, Ye Saints, No Toil Nor Labor Fear.' I wondered what made my mother cry. That night my mother took sick, and the next morning my little sister was born. It was the 23rd of September. We named her Edith, and she lived six weeks and died for want of nourishment. When my little sister died ... Bro. Pay helped my father when she was buried by the roadside. I felt like I couldn't leave her, for I had seen so many graves opened by the wolves. The rest of the company had got quite away when my father came back for me. I told him I could not leave her to be eaten by the wolves, it seems too terrible. But he talked to me and we hurried on. [See "My Father Came Back For Me," painting by Julie Rogers, at tellyourstorytoo.com.]

Although Mary did not write about it, a grave marker was also made for Edith while the Hunt Wagon Company was camped at this place. Almost 150 years later, this marker was found and returned to the children of Mary Goble's youngest son, Phillip LeRoy Pay.



(Photo courtesy Joanne Pay Baird)

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We traveled on till we got to the [last crossing of the] Platte River. That was the last walk I ever had with my mother. We caught up with handcart companies that day. [Martin handcart company] We watched them cross the river. There were great lumps of ice floating down the river. It was bitter cold. The next morning [October 20] there were fourteen dead in camp through the cold.

We had been without water for several days, just drinking snow water. The captain said there was a spring of fresh water just a few miles away. It was snowing hard, but my mother begged me to go and get her a drink. Another lady went with me. We were about half way to the spring when we found an old man who had fallen in the snow. He was frozen so stiff we could not lift him, so the lady told me which way to go and she would go back to camp for help, for we knew he would soon be frozen if we left him. When I had gone, I began to think of the Indians and began looking in all directions. I became confused and forgot the way I should go. I waded around in snow up to my knees and became lost. Later when I did not return to camp, the men started out after me. It was 11:00 o'clock before they found me. My feet and legs were frozen. They carried me to camp and rubbed me with snow. They put my feet in a bucket of water. The pain was so terrible. The frost came out of my legs and feet but not out of my toes.

We traveled in the snow from the last crossing of the Platte River. We had orders not to pass the handcart companies. We had to keep close to them so as to help them if we could. ["My father shared his provisions with the company. That made us short and we suffered with the rest." (letter from Mary Goble to S.S. Jones, Handcart Veterans Association, Oct. 18, 1908)] We began to get short of food; our cattle gave out. We could only travel a few miles a day. When we started out of camp in the morning, the brethren would shovel snow to make a track for our cattle. They were weak for the want of food as the buffaloes were in large herds ... and ate all the grass.

When we arrived at Devil's Gate [Nov. 5], it was bitter cold. We left lots of our things there. There were two or three log houses there. We left our wagon and joined teams with a man named James Barman. We stayed there two or three days. While there an ox fell on the ice and the brethren killed it, and the beef was given out to the camp. My brother James ate a hearty supper and was as well as he ever was when he went to bed. In the morning he was dead.

My feet were frozen, also my brother Edwin and my sister Caroline had their feet frozen. It was nothing but snow. We could not drive out the cold in our tents. Father would clean a place for our tents and put snow around to keep it down. We were short of flour, but Father was a good shot. They called him the hunter of the camp. So that helped us out. We could not get enough flour for bread as we got only a quarter of a pound per head a day, so we would make it like thin gruel. We called it 'skilly.'

There were four companies on the plains. We did not know what would become of us. One night a man came to our camp and told us there would be plenty of flour in the morning, for Brother Young had sent [more] men and teams to help us. There was rejoicing that night. We sang songs, some danced, and some cried. He was a living Santa Claus. His name was Eph. Hanks. [Nov. 10]

We traveled faster now that we had horse teams. My mother had never got well; she lingered until the 11th of December, the day we arrived in Salt Lake City, 1856. She died between the Little and Big Mountains. She was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. She was forty-three years old. She and her baby lost their lives gathering to Zion in such a late season of the year. My sister was buried at the last crossing of the [Greasewood Creek].

We arrived in Salt Lake City at nine o'clock at night the 11th of December 1856. Three out of the four children that were still alive were frozen. My mother was dead in the wagon. Bishop Hardy had us taken to a house in his ward and the brethren and the sisters brought us plenty of food. We had to be careful and not eat too much as it might kill us—we were so hungry. Early the next morning, Brother Brigham Young and a doctor came. The doctor's name was Williams. When Brigham Young came in, he shook hands with all of us. When he saw our condition—our feet frozen and our mother dead—tears rolled down his cheeks.



Harriet Goble (Garrett)

The doctor wanted to cut my feet off at the ankle, but President Young said, "No, just cut off the toes, and I promise you that you will never have to take them off any farther." The doctor amputated my toes using a saw and a butcher knife. The sisters were dressing mother for her grave. My poor father walked into the room where mother was, then back to us. He could not shed a tear. When my feet were fixed they carried me in to see our mother for the last time. Oh, how did we stand it? That afternoon she was buried.

We had been in Salt Lake a week, when one afternoon a knock came at the door. It was Uncle John Wood. When he met Father he said, "I know it all, Bill." Both of them cried. I was glad to see my father cry.

Instead of my feet getting better they got worse until the following July. I went to Dr. Wiseman's to live with them to pay for him to doctor my feet. But it was no use—he could do no more for me unless I would consent to have them cut off at the ankle. I told him what Brigham Young had promised me. He said, "All right, sit there and rot and I will do nothing more until you come to your senses."

One day I sat there crying. My feet were hurting me so, when a little old woman knocked at the door. She said she had felt someone needed her there. I told her the promise that Brigham Young had made me. She said, "Yes, and with the help of the Lord we will save them yet." She made a poultice and put it on my feet, and every day she would come and change the poultice. At the end of three months my feet were well. One day the doctor said, "Well, Mary, I must say you have grit. I suppose your feet have rotted to the knees by this time." I said, "Oh no, my feet are well." He said, "I know better, it could never be." So I took off my stockings and showed him my feet. He said that it was a miracle and wanted me to tell him what I had been doing. I told him to never mind that they were now healed. I have never had to have any more taken from them. The promise of Brigham Young has been fulfilled and the pieces of toe bone have worked out.



(Mary Goble - Page 3)

I had sat in my chair for so long that the cords of my legs had become stiff and I could not straighten them. I went home to my father. When he saw how my legs were we both cried. He rubbed the cords of my legs with oil and tried every way to straighten them, but it was no use. One day, he said, "Mary, I have thought of a plan to help you. I will nail a shelf on the wall and while I am away to work you try to reach it." I tried all day and for several days. At last I could reach it and how pleased we were. Then he would put the shelf a little higher and in about three months my legs were straight and then I had to learn to walk again.

Mary married Richard Pay in 1859 and they became the parents of thirteen children, ten sons and three daughters. (See Richard Pay's biography in *Tell My Story, Too*.) They had a ranch in Nephi, Utah. It was common in those days for the native Indians to regularly visit the pioneer's homes. Mary gave them chickens and fruit and even learned to speak their language so she could communicate with them. Again, Mary had done this on the advice of Brigham Young. One time Chief Blackhawk took advantage of her generosity and was picking too many of her peaches. She drove him out of her orchard with sticks and stones. Other times she was able to protect her family by her knowledge of the Indian language and her courage. She said, "We followed President Young's advice to be good to them, feed them and not fight them."

Mary was widowed in 1893. As she still had nine children at home, she earned extra income as a midwife and a nurse. She died in Nephi in 1913 at the age of 70.

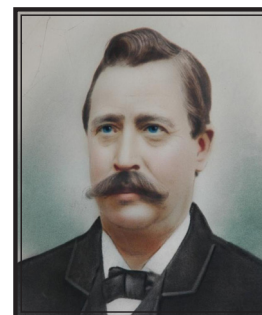
In October 1906, Mary went to Salt Lake City to participate in conference and a 50-year reunion of the Handcart Veterans Association. She recorded:

Fifty years ago we left our homes over the sea for Utah. Quite a few of us that are left have been to Salt Lake City to celebrate our Jubilee. We met the captain of our company, Brother John Hunt, and some of the people that came in our company. We were happy to see one another and talk of the times that are gone. We went to the Cemetery to find my mother's grave. It was the first time I had seen it, for when she was buried our feet were so we could not go to the funeral and later we moved south. No one knows how I felt as we stood there by her grave. There were three generations and our mother was a martyr for the truth. I thought of her words, "Polly, I want to go to Zion while my children are small, so they can be raised in the Gospel of Christ for I know this is the true church." I think my mother had her wish. My brother, Edwin, and three of my sons have filled missions and her grandsons and daughters are workers in the church. In September 1902 we had a jubilee to celebrate the fifty years of settling Nephi. We rode in Brother Nephi Johnson's wagon. I hope in fifty years that I will have a representative of my family in the parade.

Mary had her wish. Her granddaughter, Doreen Pay Lloyd, rode in the Ogden Pioneer Days parade 150 years later, representing the family and Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. After another reunion, Mary wrote: "I have been to a reunion. I met Brother Langley Bailey [from the Martin handcart company] and had a good time talking over incidents of our trip across the plains. It made me feel bad. It brought it all up again. Is it wise for our children to see what their parents passed through for the gospel? Yes, I think it is."

Mary's father, William Goble, had a difficult time caring for his family for the first little while they were in Utah. His biography states: "During the first summer in Nephi, William became very discouraged and told the children he would take them home to England as soon as he could earn enough money. He was working at the lime kiln. As time went on he came home one day and said to the children, 'I have seen your mother today. She wants us to stay here. Everything will be all right.'" Nephi ward records reveal that William Goble bore his testimony often, and spoke of the trials of coming to Zion.

William and his son, Edwin, both possessed the gift of healing to a remarkable degree and were sought after for blessings. Edwin's wife said that he would often wake in the night, remembering his brother who was sleeping next to him the night that he died at Devil's Gate. Edwin would wake, crying out: "Jimmy, wake up, wake up. Jimmy, you're so cold. Wake up." Edwin's wife would have to wake and comfort him as he relived these hard times.



Edwin Goble

Sources: Daughters of Utah Pioneers history files (includes autobiographies of Mary Goble and Richard Pay); "In our own time, we, too, are pioneers," *Church News*, week ending July 27, 1996; "North to Canada with Edwin Goble and Mary Langshaw Goble," compiled by Dee Sparks; "Man of God: William Goble," compiled by Dee Sparks; "Death Strikes the Handcart Company," autobiography of Mary Goble Pay, also in *Journals and Diaries*, 143-150.