

HISTORY OF MARY DELILAH GUILDE

Written by a Granddaughter Lillie Knight

It has been a great pleasure to write a history of my grandmother, Mary Delilah Guilde. She was the daughter of William Guilde and Hannah Morey Guilde and was born March 14, 1824 in Plainfield, Tolland Co., Conn.

Her father was French and a very high spirited man. Her mother a mild, sweet New England woman. They had three children: William, Eliza Ann and my grandmother Mary Delilah. William Guilde, her father, was a sport and her mother had to work very hard to keep the family going. She used to card and spin and weave cloth for all their clothes and for anyone who needed cloth.

They were separated before grandmother was born and Eliza Ann died six months later. It was after grandmother was born. It was a great sorrow to the young widow but she never lost heart and did the best she could until about 1828 when she met and became acquainted with William Cross whom she married later and they had four children: Eliza Ann, Charles, and twins Andrew, Jackson and Martin Van Buren.

Wm. Cross was a very good man and always did as much for grandmother and her brother as he did for his own children and they loved him very dearly. He was a miller and had a flour mill in Willimantic. They were very happy. They raised turkeys and grandmother said when she was a little girl the turkeys got out and it was raining and she chased the turkey. She took a violent cold. She was not feeling well, in fact she was coming down with the measles but she went out to drive the turkeys so they would not wander away and by the time she got them in she was very tired and very warm. She went in and sat down by an open window and took a violent cold. She was very ill for a long time and never was very strong after that.

As she grew older she learned how to card and spin and would spin the yarn while her mother wove the cloth. She learned the dressmaking trade and became an expert with her needle.

She had a good education and her brother William took up engineering and ran a train for many years, into Stonington. He married Harriet Springer. I don't remember if they had any children. The train he operated ran by his own house and every night he would signal his wife at the same time to let her know he was all right, but one night he did not signal as a bridge had been washed out. He did not see it until it was too late to stop so put on full speed and tried to jump the canal but the engine struck the other side and the whole train doubled up killing him instantly. They said they only knew it was him by his position and his watch. This was in March, 1875.

Her sister Eliza Ann married Norman Perkins and had one son, LeRoy.

In June 1850 her brothers Charles, Andrew and Martin left Connecticut. Charles and Martin went to Michigan and Andrew to Nebraska.

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Andrew fought in the battle of Gettysburg and died in the war of measles.

Not one of my grandmother's people joined the church and it was a great source of sorrow to her. When she went to hear the Elders preach, she became acquainted with Miner Atwood and they became fast friends and on October 6, 1844 they were married. Then the trouble began and when they talked of coming to Utah none of her family ever went to her house again. Her brother William used to go once in awhile but did not like her husband nor his religion.

Grandmother has told me many times that her husband had a dog and her brother William had one also. One day her brother came to see grandmother and the dogs got into a fight, and William became so angry he never came again. She was very sorrowful but she had cast her lot with the Latter-day Saints and in 1849 her and her husband were baptized. They began immediately to prepare to come west. She went to live with her husband's family and they all loved her. She did all the sewing in the home and they were a happy family.

On Oct. 27, 1848 their first child was born, Isora, my mother, and their happiness was complete. Soon the baby was old enough to leave and grandmother started sewing again to help earn money to immigrate. She went to other towns. Grandfather would take her Monday morning and go and get her Saturday night. They all worked hard and in April 1850 they bid farewell to all that was near and dear to them and started for Utah in Wilford Woodruff's company.

The family consisted of Dan Atwood, his wife Polly and two sons, three daughters, grandmother and baby Isora. It was a long way and the Indians were bad and some dies by the wayside but they had good times as well as bad ones and arrived in Salt Lake, Oct. 14, 1850.

One other son came in 1847. He had a home on the corner of State Street and 2nd South so he took them all in. Grandmother and grandfather and the baby slept in the wagon box all winter. In the spring of 1851, Dan Atwood, Miner's father bought a farm in Cottonwood and Grandfather and Grandmother went down there to live and on May 18th, 1851 their second child was born, a son. They named him Otis Miner. The house was not much and the night the baby was born they caught the water in pans on her bed. It was a hard trying time but they did not complain. On August 12, 1852 the baby died. He was fifteen months old. This was a trial that crushed grandmother.

In the fall they came back to the city and lived in the home of James Jack at 2nd South and 5th East. They had just one room, and lived there all winter and on 16 May 1853 she gave birth to another son Millen Dan.

That summer Grandfather bought a place on 5th East between 1st South and South Temple. Later it became the home of the Deseret Hospital. They lived here until early in 1857 when they sold out and bought a place at 527 East 1st South. It was a very comfortable house and they had 10 - 20 rods. They raised a garden and had fruit trees, chickens and a cow and were doing well when Grandfather was called on a mission to the New England States.

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He with several others pulled a handcart as far as the Missouri River. He then continued on his mission. He went to his home in Connecticut but was not treated well. Grandmother's mother had never forgiven him for taking her daughter away and wouldn't even speak to him. This was very sad.

Grandmother now had three children. She worked hard to support them while her husband was away. He only remained on this mission about six months as the missionaries were called home on account of Johnson's Army. He was called to stand guard at Pres. Young's gate.

In the spring of 1858 the move South began and Samuel Atwood took grandmother and her children to Springville while her husband remained in the city as a torch man as the people had made up their minds they would not be driven out again but would set fire to the whole town but of course this did not become necessary.

Grandmother returned the latter part of July and on August 6, 1858, gave birth to another baby girl.

Grandfather stood guard at Brigham Young's gate for 4 years and grandmother had to send him 3 meals a day. Of course he was relieved, some of the time by other guards.

They got along pretty well at this time because grandfather was paid from the tithing office. As a little girl, Isora, my mother, had to carry all provisions from the tithing office.

Grandmother raised a garden and sold eggs and milk and also did sewing. She did all she could to help out. I have heard her say many times, she would send a few eggs or a little wheat all the way down to the 6th Ward to get a little supper a few matches but they were very well provided for until the spring of 1862 when her husband was called on another mission. This time it was to South Africa and had to leave in about 10 days.

Of course it took all the money his family could raise for the journey which took 6 months to reach his destination. It was a hard struggle from then on. Grandmother had another little baby which made five children to care for. Her eldest, a daughter Isora, my mother, was 14 years old at that time and she worked right by her mother's side. She too learned to card and spin and color the yarn and sell it. I don't think they did any weaving. Grandmother would make dresses and they made quilts, soap and candles and did all they could to get along.

Grandmother told me of one time her little boy was very sick. She did not have time to make candles and one night the last one burned out. She was sitting before the fireplace in the dark, holding the boy. All at once he went stiff and she thought he had passed away.

She had to throw a few shavings on the fire to see if he was still alive. He was and she thanked her Father in Heaven for sparing her only son.

She struggled on until November 1865 when her husband returned home and everyone was happy again. But her husband was in the Bishopric, High Council, City Council, and Home Missionary so he was away from home a great deal of the time.

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In February 1866 he married another wife and they lived with Grandmother. She had two children Edgar Grant and Dora Mabel. This wife left him in 1871. The baby died and Grandmother always cared for Edgar.

On November 17, 1867 she had a baby girl, Alice Isabell. She died at 21 months.

Grandmother used to go and sit up with the sick at nights and prepared the dead for burial and make their clothes and sewing then had to be done by hand. She was sought after far and near.

Grandfather bought 5 acres of ground in the big field and of course it took all the money he could make to pay for it as all farmers had a good living but money was scarce. So Grandfather still had to work hard to get along.

One day in June 1882 Grandfather was working in the field and was stricken down with a sunstroke and was an invalid for five years. Grandmother cared for him. This was a great trial for him but his good wife was faithful to him and he passed away May 10, 1887.

She had never heard from any of her family since she left home, but now she wrote to them and her brother Charles invited her to come and visit him in Butternut, Michigan. So she sold her old home on East 1st South and in May 1893 she went to visit her brother and be connected with her family once more. They were very happy to see her and she and she had a wonderful time.

Her brother Charles owned a large cheese factory, lots of property and was well fixed. He took his wife and grandmother back to her old home in Connecticut. She went to the house where she used to live. The people were very nice and let her come in and see the room that had been her bedroom and where her first baby was born. They had a very good visit there seeing all her folks.

They took her to the World's Fair in Chicago, where she had a wonderful time. They traveled a great deal and she visited them for six months.

A few years later her brother Charles and wife came to visit her. Her brother Martin also came. They thought Utah was a very nice place but never joined the church. Grandmother traveled a great deal after that visiting her children in Montana, California and other places.

She was very happy in her old age and felt well paid for all the sacrifices she had made.

She always maintained her own home and did all her own work until she was 88 years old, then she had a very sick spell and I had the privilege of living with her for a year and a half.

Her mind was very keen and I loved to sit and hear her tell of Pioneer life and learned many valuable lessons from her.

She passed away July 15, 1914 at the age of 90 years and 4 months.

She was beloved and respected by all who knew her. She lived at 938 East and 2nd South and her funeral was held in the 11th Ward.

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Thus closed the career of a most wonderful woman.