

## LIFE OF NANCY BROADBENT FOLSOM

Nancy Broadbent was born May 18, 1842, in Ashton, Lancaster, England. Her parents were Wm. Broadbent and Mary Greenwood. She had two brothers, and four sisters. Her hair was blond, her eyes blue, her cheeks pink and complexion exceptionally clear. She wore her hair tightly pulled back from her face. She was of short stature and slight build. Her choice- of clothes was invariably plain.

'When the Broadbents came to America, their boat arrived by way of New Orleans. At the dock, the Negroes, who were loading oranges in boats, threw the girls (Grace, Elizabeth and Nancy) so many oranges they had enough to fill a clothes baskets These Negroes called to them saying, "Where did you-all get de red cheeks?" The prevailing complexion was creamy and pale, and their rosy cheeks were extraordinary.

Mary Greenwood Broadbent, Nancy's mother, had a patriarchal blessing which promised that she would come to Zion. Wm. Broadbent, Nancy's father, died November 1863, in Illinois. Her brother then brought the family on west. After they had started their journey, they lived in four states: Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, and Ohio. They emigrated to Utah in a private company of mules and wagons, arriving in Salt Lake City in 1864.

She was the first wife of Hyrum Pierce Folsom, being married Dec. 29, 1886. She was an excellent housekeeper, an extremely good cook, and a loving mother. She was very devout in her religious beliefs, belonging to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. She had nine children, four of whom grew to maturity and raised families to carry on her posterity. These were Hugh, Ida, Mark and Ella.

One cold wintry day while she was doing the family washing, she went out of doors to hang the clothes while still perspiring from her labors. As a result she caught a cold which developed into pneumonia. She was not sick very long and died Jan. 11, 1889, at the early age of 46. After her death, her children were raised by Annie Lenzie, who was the second wife of Mr. Hyrum P. Folsom.

The following is an acrostic written by F, T. Whitney. Bountiful, Aug. 12, 1874

Nancy you are of noble birth  
And you<sup>^</sup>l be faithful on the earth  
Nothing will lead your mind astray  
Continue in the narrow way.  
Yes, you will stand on Zion's hill ,  
Be sure a noble station fill  
Fear not, you'll see God's mighty power  
Oh, you will stand the trying hour  
Long you will live and do much good  
Sure, truth to you will be like food  
On earth you'll have great wisdom given

Make ready you are sure of heaven.

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by Ethleen F. Hillam and Rhea F. Smurthwaite  
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### IN MEMORIAM

Nancy Broadbent Folsom, wife of Hyrum P. Folsom, after suffering 31 days with pleuro-pneumonia, died at 1:50 p.m., January 12, 1889, in the city at her residence in the 19th Ward near the Warm Springs: aged 46 years, 7 months and 24 days. Deceased was born in Hursh, Ashton, Underline, Lancashire England. May 18, 1842.

She was a devoted wife and mother, a friend to the poor and a faithful L.D.S. and many will mourn her loss. She leaves a family of 6 children, 4 sons and two daughters, the youngest four years old.

On Jan. 25th previously announced the remains left the family residence, arriving at the 19th Ward meeting house at 11 a.m. which was crowded on the occasion. Appropriate and consoling remarks were made by Elder Joseph H. Felt, Edwin Frost, Martin Lenzie, Bishop George Romney and Robert Smith. The funeral cortège was one block and a half long.

In connection with her demise we have received the following statement which is somewhat remarkable:

"As Sister Broadbent was getting in the carriage to go and see the remains of Mrs. H. P. Folsom, her daughter, she received a telegram from Terra Haute, Indiana that another daughter of hers, Mrs. C. M. Daggett, expired at 7:45 p.m. There was thus only about three hours difference in the time of the death of the two daughters. It is also a remarkable fact, that Sister Broadbent dreamed ten days before that both her daughters were dead, and that Sister Folsom died first, and so it happened.

Adding to this singular occurrence, the funerals of the two sisters were conducted at the same hour although two thousand miles apart."