

BRIMHALL FAMILY HISTORY

STARTING WITH

CECIL SMITH BRIMHALL

AND

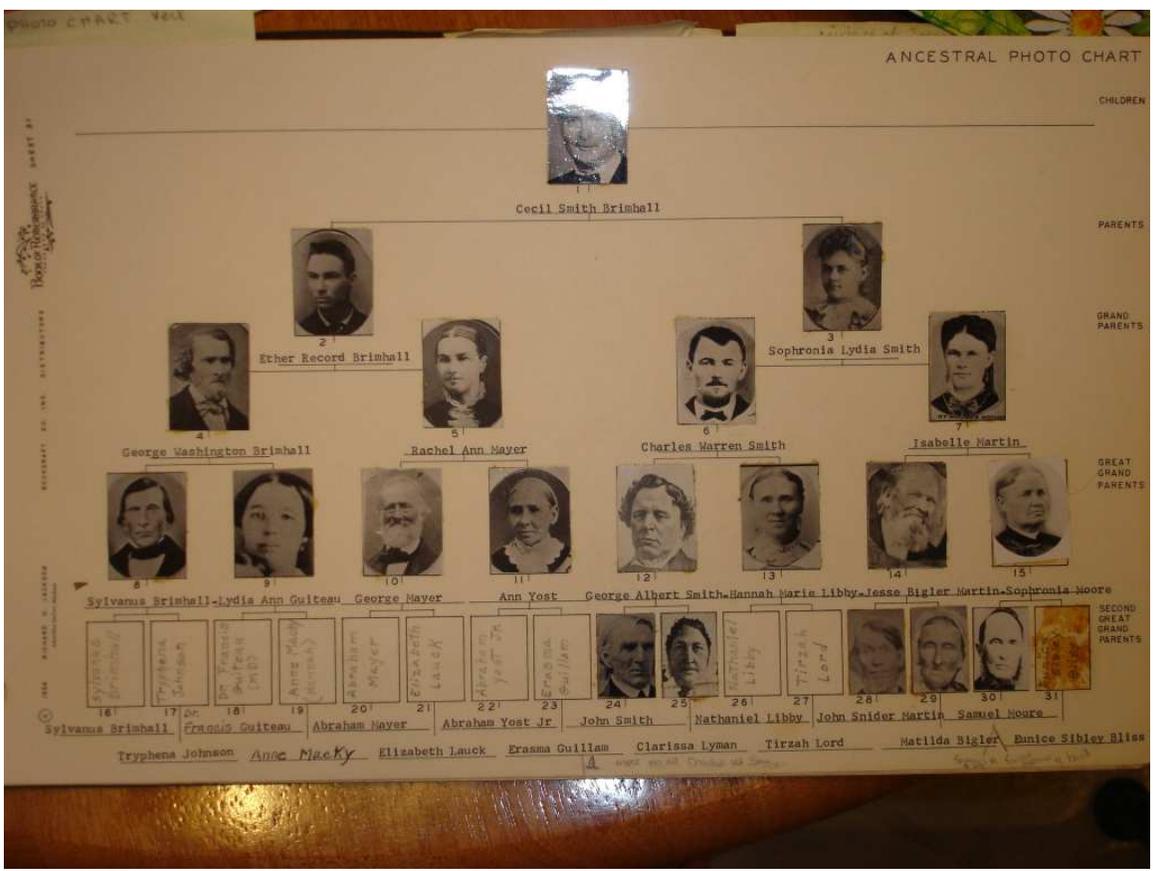
PIONEER ANCESTORS

Compiled By: Jennifer Maughan
Date: March 17, 2007
Time: 5:24 PM

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>PEDIGREE CHART #1</i>	3
<i>PEDIGREE CHART #2</i>	4
<i>ANDREW HARTLEY</i>	5
Patriarchal Blessing	5
<i>CLARISSA LYMAN SMITH</i>	7
HISTORY BY: LaRue Pitts.....	7
<i>LIFE SKETCH OF CHARLES WARREN SMITH</i>	12
HISTORY BY: Daughter, Zora Smith Jarvis	12
<i>THE STORY OF SAMUEL MOORE AND EUNICE SIBLEY BLISS</i>	24
HISTORY BY: Connie Annetta Sorensen Rausch	24
Patriarchal Blessing of John Smith.....	25
Patriarchal Blessing of Eunice Moore	26
REQUIREMENTS OF EACH FAMILY OF FIVE FOR THE JOURNEY.....	27
ACROSS THE PLAINS	27
<i>EUNICE SIBLEY BLISS MOORE</i>	37
HISTORY BY: Jeannine Bohman Nichols.....	37
<i>GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIMHALL</i>	39
HISTORY BY: GrandDaughter Fay B. Cummings	39
<i>GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIMHALL</i>	46
HISTORY BY: Daughter Grace B. Calderwood	46
<i>HANNAH MARIA LIBBY SMITH</i>	50
HISTORY BY: Great-Great GrandDaughter Margaret C. Wyler.....	50
<i>HANNAH MARIE LIBBY</i>	63
HISTORY BY: Daughter Grace Libbey Smith Cheever	63
<i>HANNAH WADSWORTH HARTLEY</i>	73
Patriarchal Blessing	73
<i>LIFE HISTORY OF ISABELLE MARTIN SMITH</i>	75
Autobiography.....	75
<i>ISABELLE MARTIN SMITH</i>	87
HISTORY BY: Daughter Sophronia Brimhall	87

PEDIGREE CHART #1



PEDIGREE CHART #2

ANDREW HARTLEY

Patriarchal Blessing

Provo City, Utah.

Apr. 15, 1900.

A Blessing by Patriarch Charles D. Evans upon the head of Andrew Hartley, son of George Hartley and Rebecca Richards, born Feb. 24, 1872 in Bradford, Yorks., Eng.

Brother Andrew, by virtue of my office and calling as a Patriarch, I lay my hands upon thy head and pronounce and seal upon thee a Blessing as the Lord shall direct, for the birthright belongs unto thee and thou shalt stand at the head of thy royal family lineage forever, and no blessing of the covenant shall be withheld from thee, for the blood flowing in thy veins is from the Royal House of thy forefather Ephriam, and the keys, powers and blessings of that royal line belong unto thee, and I seal them upon thee, together with the blessings of Abraham which contain the Divine rights of inheritance shall be set off to thee and thy heirs forever. Thou shall have great wisdom in the management of temporal affairs, and thou shalt be blessed with the blessings of the earth, and thy hand of mercy shall feed the poor, and thou shalt prosper in the land, and thy judgement be sound, and thy usefulness be greatly increased. Thy power with God shall increase also, for I seal upon thee the gift of faith, where by to unlock the heavens and obtain the mind of the Lord, for thou shall know His will concerning thee and thy posterity.

Thy shall see a day of power and redemption of Zion, when her enemies are silent. Thy faith shall prevail and thou shall be called to implant positions in the Church. Be not backward, strive with all thy might to do the will of the Lord, and thou shalt have honor from thy Brethern, for thou art numbered with the

elect, and thou shall stand upon Mount Zion with thy dead, and thy mind expand, as the morning light. Thy eyes shall see Babylon fall and Kingdom pass away as a dream of the night, and I seal upon thee the exaltation with power to come forth in the first resurrection, in the name of Jesus Christ Amen.

CLARISSA LYMAN SMITH

HISTORY BY: LaRue Pitts

BIRTH DATE: 27 Jun 1790 Lebanon, New Hampshire

DEATH: 14 Feb 1854 Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co., UT.

PARENTS: Richard Lyman and Philomela Loomis LYMAN (father served with General Putman in Revolutionary War. He was a sergeant.

PIONEER: 24 Sept 1847 in Daniel Spencer company John SMITH

SPOUSE: John SMITH born July 16, 1781. He was Patriarch of the church after the Saints arrived in Salt Lake.

MARRIED: 11 Sept 1815

DEATH: 23 May 1884

CHILDREN:

Infant daughter. Born May 9 1819, died May 10 18???. Born and died in Potsdam, N.Y.

George A. 26 Jun 1817??

Caroline (Callister) 6 Jun 1820

John Lyman 17 Nov 1828?? All children born in Potsdam, NY.

Clarissa LYMAN was born to Richard and Philomela Loomis LYMAN in 1790 in Lebanon, Grafton Co., New Hampshire. Her father was a hero of the Revolutionary War. He died relatively young in 1802 when Clarissa was but 12 years old. She had 8 brothers and sisters. She was sent to live with her uncle, Elijah Lyman, in Vermont who reared her.

She married John SMITH, the son of Asael Smith and Mary Duty Smith on 11 Sept 1815. They had four children, their first died the day she was born. Clarissa

and John settled in the St. Lawrence Co., New York, where their children were born and where they first heard from John's brother, Joseph Smith, Sr., of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. Clarissa, endowed with great faith and spirituality, followed her convictions with courage and became the first of the Smith Family baptized, Her husband followed her into baptism four months later.

Because of their ardent testimonies of the Gospel truthfulness, they soon sold their holding and moved to Kirtland, Ohio, then to Missouri with all its heartaches and devastation, and then to Nauvoo. She cared for her family while her husband filled several missions, and she repeatedly experienced the loss of what few possessions they had due to the mobbings and persecutions she endured. She still continued to remain faithful, patient and generous, when again mobbed from their comfortable homes in Nauvoo. Clarissa and John made their way west among the earliest settlers, and arrived on September 24, 1847 with the Daniel Spencer Wagon Company. John was called stake president and Clarissa served alongside as his wife and companion. Soon after their arrival, they again had a comfortable home in the new land.

A deep love existed between Clarissa and her husband, John. At her passing, he was so restless and lonely without her that he, too, soon passed away within three months. At the time of her death, the Deseret News paid her this tribute: "She was a firm believer in the influence of the everlasting Gospel. She possessed a heart full of benevolence and kindness to all; she bore her long and severe illness without murmur or complaint."

Clarissa Lyman Smith passed away on February 14, 1854 in Salt Lake City, Utah. John followed her on May 23, 1854. Her three children survived them. George A. served as an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ until his death in 1875. Clarissa and John Smith were truly devoted, strong, committed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and lived their lives according to its principles. They were true pioneers of faith and fortitude to be honored by all.

FROM: Pioneer Women of Faith and Fortitude 209

Little Clarissa Lyman was born to the family of Richard and Philomela Loomis Lyman in Lebanon, Grafton County, New Hampshire, on 27 June, 1790. Her father was a hero of the Revolutionary War, having served with great distinction under General Putnam; he died relatively young in 1802 when Clarissa was but twelve. She had eight brothers and sisters. As a result of his passing she was sent to live with her uncle, Elijah Lyman, in Brookfield, Vermont, who reared her.

She was married to John Smith, the son of Asael Smith and Mary Duty Smith, the 11th of September of 1815, and to their union were born four children: an infant daughter who died the day of her birth, a son George A. Smith, 26 June 1817 (later an apostle); a daughter Caroline Smith (-), born 6 June, 1820, and another son John Lyman Smith, born 17 November, 1828.

Clarissa and John settled in Potsdam, St. Lawrence County, New York, where their children were born and where they first heard from John's brother Joseph Smith, Sr. of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. Clarissa, endowed with great faith and spirituality, followed her strong convictions with courage and became the first of the Smith Family to be baptized. It happened that her mother, Philomela Loomis Lyman, was visiting with her at the time. Her husband John Smith followed her into the waters of baptism four months later.

Because of their ardent testimonies of the truthfulness of the gospel they soon sold their holdings in Potsdam and removed to Kirtland, Ohio, to gather with the Saints. Clarissa made homes in the places the Saints were called upon to move to, from Ohio to Missouri with all its attendant heartaches and devastation, and then on to Nauvoo. She took care of her family and provided for them while

her husband filled several missions; she experienced repeatedly losing what few possessions they had due to mobbings and persecution, and she endured traveling long distances with scant comforts, but she continued faithful and patient and generous.

When the Saints were once again mobbed from their comfortable homes in Nauvoo Clarissa and John made their way west to the Salt Lake Valley among its earliest settlers, arriving on the 24th of September, 1847 with the Daniel Spencer company. Within a month of their arrival John was called upon to serve as the stake president in the Salt Lake Valley, which meant, of course, that Clarissa served alongside as his wife and companion. Upon their arrival to the valley they discovered that the cabin that their son George A. was to build for them had not had the roof yet put in place, but that was soon attended to, and again she made a comfortable home in the new land to which they had been called.

A deep love existed between Clarissa and her husband John. At her passing he was so restless and lonely without her that he, too, soon passed within three months. At the time of her death the Deseret News paid her this tribute: "She was a firm believer in the influence of the everlasting Gospel. She possessed a heart full of benevolence and kindness to all; she bore her long and severe illness without murmur or complaint." She died 14 February, 1854 in Salt Lake City, Utah. John followed her in May on the 23rd, 1854. Her three children survived her, one serving as an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ until his death in 1875.

Entered Valley 24 September 1847 in Daniel Spencer's Company. (J. H. 1847, p.8.) She was born 27 June 1790 at Lebanon, Grafton Co., New Hampshire, daughter of Richard Lyman and Philomela Loomis. Her father, Richard Lyman, served with General Putman in the Revolutionary War with the rank of and orderly sergeant. General Putman said: "If I had a thousand men like Orderly Lyman I would drive the Red-coats out of America in six months." She

was baptized in September 1831; migrated to Kirtland, Ohio, from St. Lawrence County, New York, in May 1833; suffered the trials of persecution and sickness with the Saints; known for benevolence and kindness to all. She died 14 February 1854, in Salt Lake City at age of 63 years, 7 months, 18 days.

LIFE SKETCH OF CHARLES WARREN SMITH

HISTORY BY: Daughter, Zora Smith Jarvis

My Father Charles Warren Smith was the son of George Albert Smith, who was born on the 26th June, 1817 in Potsdam, St Lawrence County, New York. His grandfather, John Smith was the sixth son of Asael Smith and Mary, and was born on the 16th day of July 1781. He married Clarissa Lyman on 11th Sept 1815. His great grandfather, Asael Smith, was the second son of Samuel Smith, the second, and Priscilla, and was born in Topsfield, Massachusetts, 7 March 1744, and married Mary Duty, February 12, 1767, daughter of Moses Duty and Mary Palmer.

His great, great grandfather, the second Samuel, was the son of the first Samuel Smith and Rebecca Curtis, and was born on the 26th of January 1714 in Topsfield, Essex County Massachusetts, and married Priscilla Gould 27 day 1734. His 3rd great grandfather Samuel Smith the first, was the son of Robert Smith and Mary French, daughter of Thomas French and Mary who came from England. He was born on 26 January 1666, in Topflight, Essex Co., Massachusetts, and was married to Rebecca Curtis, daughter of John Curtis and Mary Look, on 25 January 1707.

My Father's mother, Hannah Marie Libby, was the daughter of Nathaniel Libby and Tirzah Lord, was born in wooded hills of Ossipee, Stratsford County, New Hampshire on the 29 June 1828. She was one of eleven children, seven brothers and four sisters. Nathaniel Libby was born 22 December 1790 and was the son of Captain Charles Libby who was born 16 December 1749, and Sarah Pray who was born 21 August 1751. He married Tirzah Lord 24 November 1813. Tirzah was born about 1790 in Lebanon, York County, Me, the daughter of Nathan Lord born 26 January 1756 and Mercy Knox Downs, born 21 January 1755. Charles' grandmother, Clarissa Lyman, wife of John Smith, was the daughter of Richard Lyman, who was born 12 August 1757 at Lebanon, Conn., and Philomena Loomace who was born 9 March 1760, in Lebanon, Conn.

George A. Smith the son of John Smith and Clarissa Lyman, and the father of Charles Warren Smith, was born and raised in Potsdam, St Lawrence County, New York. His grandfather Asael and wife Mary, and three sons Jessie, Asael, and Silas were living in Stockholm, 12 miles distance, when grandfather Asael received a letter from his son Joseph Smith Sr. stating that his son Joseph had had several remarkable visions. Receiving this news, the old gentleman said, that he always knew that God was going to raise up some branch of his family to be a great benefit to mankind."

When George A was in his 12th year, in August 1828, Uncle Joseph Smith Sr. and Son Don Carlos visited all of his father Asael's children and their families, and brought copies of the Book of Mormon to them. He visited his brother John first, who took him in his carriage to visit their father, Asael, who was in his 38th year and quite feeble. On receiving the Book of Mormon the old gentleman read the book nearly through without the aid of glasses before he died and had said: "It is of God.

While they were gone George A. and his mother busied themselves with reading the Book of Mormon. George A. listed a number of points to disprove the book and show his uncle Joseph the error of his claims, but on his return uncle Joseph was able to answer them so convincingly and with such power, that George A. never again doubted the Divine Origin of the Book of Mormon.

His mother was the first member of the family to accept the Gospel and was baptized in September 1831. His father John who had been quite indisposed for many months and hadn't been able to walk as far as his barn, was baptized by Elder S. Humphrey 9 January 1832. George A. writes "The day was bitter cold, when I cut the ice in the creek, and broke a road for forty rods through the crust of two feet of snow, and helped him to the creek to be baptized, That night father had a vision of the Savior entering his room and looking upon him, with a smile. The next day father visited his barn."

George A. was baptized on the 10 September 1832 by Elder Joseph H. Wakefield and confirmed by Elders Soloman Humphrey and J. H. Wakefield.

After joining the church the family suffered so much persecution that they decided to join the Saints in Kirtland, Ohio. In the spring of 1833 grandfather John sold his farm and bought two covered wagons with two horses each and with his family which consisted of the father and the mother, daughter Caroline 13 years, John Lyman ten years and George A. 16 years old, they started on their journey to Kirtland. They arrived in Kirtland Friday May 25, 1833.

They were heartily welcomed by Joseph, the Prophet. It was the first time George A. had seen his cousin Joseph, and he was greatly impressed with him, and from that time Joseph's friends were his friends and Joseph's enemies were his enemies,

Great Grandfather John purchased a small farm of about 27 acres and finished a log house body standing on it. He employed Elder Brigham Young to lay his floors. Then he and George A. cleared 10 acres of land and planted a crop of corn.

The next years 1834, at 17 years age, George A. was selected by the Prophet Joseph Smith to accompany him to Missouri as a member of Zion's

Camp. On 30 May 1835 went he on his first mission, and on his return to Nauvoo attended the School of the Prophet.

In the Spring of 1836, he received his endowments in the Kirtland Temple, For a time he continued to do missionary work, till the persecution of the church at Kirtland became so bitter that the family left and moved to Far West,, later to a town near Adam on Di Amon, Missouri, but the hatred and persecution followed on their trail. It was while visiting the prophet at Liberty jail, Missouri, that prophet Joseph told him of his appointment to be a member of the quorum of Twelve Apostles. Later he was present at a number of meetings when Prophet Joseph told them he had given them all the keys of the Gospel.

Persecution raged so fiercely that John Smiths' family with many of the Saints sought refuge in Nauvoo, Illinois in 1839. They had lost so much in their many moves that they were in destitute condition.

At break of day 26 April 1839 at Far West, Missouri, George A. was ordained an apostle at the age of 22 years lacking 2 months, under hands of Heber C. Kimball. Wilford Woodruff was ordained at the same time by Brigham Young. These ordinations made a quorum of seven, a majority of the twelve, so they could proceed to dedicate the Temple site. Brigham Young stood on the southeast corner stone of the Temple site. The twelve were instructed to take their leave from there for a mission to the nations starting in Great Britain. Prophet Joseph Smith was still in Liberty Jail.

The Twelve traveled without purse or script and overcoming tremendous odds all of them reached England. They were gone 18 months and many souls received the gospel and as soon as possible came to Zion, which strengthened the church in Zion.

After the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brothers Patriarch Hyrum Smith, bitter hatred and persecution raged against the saints in Nauvoo, but in spite of it President Brigham Young who was chosen to succeed the prophet Joseph directed the finishing of the million dollar temple, and many of the Saints as the L.D.S. were called entered she temple and took part in the sealing powers of the priesthood. Among them were George A. Smith and the two lovely sisters, Sarah Ann Libby 26 years, and Hannah Marie Libby, 16 years. They were married to George A. Smith in polygamy in Nauvoo Temple, and received their endowments 20 November 1845. In Libby book on genealogy page 24G is recorded. "Sarah Ann and her sister Hannah while in Lowell Mass., were led astray by the Mormons. They both married in Nauvoo, Ill., George Albert Smiths one of the leaders. He had three other wives.'

Grandmother's father Nathaniel Libby owned lumber mills in Ossipee New Hampshire and lived there about 20 years. He moved to Bethlehem where he engaged in lumbering many years. After their father's death the girls went to

Lowell Massachusetts to work in the linen mills. They learned to weave, which proved a blessing to Hannah in later years. There they heard the Gospel message as revealed by Joseph Smith. They were baptized in May, 1844. They left Lowell, Mass Sept 26, 1845, and arrived at Nauvoo Ill., October 20th.

Finally the continued persecution the Saints in 1846 became so inhuman that the Saints again had to flee for their lives, leaving homes and crops behind. They crossed the Mississippi river with what they could bring in their wagons and took temporary refuge at Winter Quarters, and later moved to Carbonia near Kainsville now Council Bluffs, Iowa. Grandfather built a log cabin with a dirt roof which was the home for the sisters. He also built cabins for his other wives. His wives Lucy and Nancy and children became very sick. Aunt Lucy Meserve lost her baby and aunt Nancy Clements and four children died. There was so much sickness caused from the type of food they had to eat that scurvy broke out. They didn't have any vegetables at all. There were scarcely enough well ones to care for the sick and bury the dead.

Grandfather directed the planting of potatoes to such an extent, and because they yielded so abundantly he became known as the "Potato Saint" and was so called for many years.

Grandfather left his families and went to the valley with Brigham Young in 1847 After arriving in Utah, he went with others on scouting expeditions to explore and report the country as they found it to Brigham Young, and he also helped on every hand in laying out the new city called Salt Lake, so the Saints could build their homes before winter set in, he also planted a lot of potatoes the first to be planted in Utah.

After building a log cabin his father and mother who arrived on 21 September 1847 in Salt Lake, he with Brigham Young to return to Council Bluffs to join his families. John Smith was left in charge of the settlers Salt Lake.

George A. was appointed by Brigham Young to help supervise the migration of the Saints as they came, and left for the valleys,

On the 18 of September 1848 a heavy rainstorm came up, and in spite of pans and buckets used to catch the rain as it came through the The bed was drenched as Aunt Sarah Ann gave birth to her son John Henry Smith. She contracted a cold and was never able to care for her baby so her sister Hannah took it to her heart. A bitter cold day 4 months later 16 January 1849, her own son was born, who was my father Charles Warren Smith* Grandmother raised the two boys together.

In June 1849 Grandfather started with his own families for valleys. In this Company George A. Smith was Captain of 50, composed of the first Welch Saints; Myron Tanner Captain of 10. Apostle Ezra Taft Benson was Captain of

50; and Elder Silas Richards was Captain of another 50. In October they had a heavy snowstorm and it became bitter cold and they would have perished if help hadn't arrived from the Valleys.

After a journey of 155 days, on the 27th of October, at eleven, o'clock at night my pioneer father Charles Warren Smith, 8 months old, and his brother John Henry Smith one year old, arrived and were welcomed by their grandfather John Smith and grandmother Clarissa Lyman Smith, The next day they feasted(?) by their grand-parents.

The sisters and the babies were moved into an adobe room belonging to Henry Bigler.

In December 1850, grandfather was called to lead a volunteer group 118 to colonize Iron County, He took his wife Zilpa Stark with him.

While he was away on this mission Aunt Sarah Ann became so very sick, that she gave her son to grandmother, he had already learned to call her "mother," grandmother wrote. "Sarah Ann passed away on the 12 June 1851." I was all alone with her when she went oh so early in the morning, She seemed more like a mother to me than a sister, and I looked to her for advice." During her long illness grandmother tied the boys to the leg of the bedstead with a long bed cord rope, and let them out to play on the West Side of the house in the mornings and on the East side in the afternoons, as she had so little time for them. They came to look for the rope when they were dressed in the morning.

Later in 1852, Pres Young called Grandfather home from Iron County to preside over the Utah Stake Settlements. He took grandmother, Aunt Lucy and the two boys to live in Provo.

They first lived in one room in Eddison Whipples' house, then they moved to Jackson Stewarts' home, one room upstairs and one down stairs. Later they moved in a home of their own, a four-room adobe house, one block north of the Third Ward Meeting house. This was their home for many years. Grandfather took up farmland and city lots on the East side of Provo.

Grandfather's families were scattered and he was continuously away on church duties, so grandmother had the full responsibility of raising her children who were;

1. Charles Warren Smith, born 16 January 1849, Council Bluffs, Iowa, died 23 January 1903.
2. Sarah Maria, Born 1 January 1856, Provo, Utah, Married Byron Colton,
- 3 Eunice Albertine, Born 6 March 1860, Provo, Utah died 4 October 1861.

4. George Albert, Born 7 April 1862, Provo, Utah, died 28 Oct 1863.

5. Grace Libby, born 14 May 1865, Provo, Utah, married Joseph E. Cheever, 12 June 1889, died 1948.

After Charles Warren grew to manhood and married grandmother sold her home, and used what money it brought to help build the lovely six-room brick home that Charles built for her.

Aunt Lucy was grandfather's 2nd wife, Aunt Basheba W. Bigler was his first wife. Aunt Lucy lived with grandmother as she had lost her babies until the boys married, then she had a home of her own in Salt Lake City.

Father said many of the best things in life he owed to Aunt Lucy, She was always looking out for his welfare, as grandmother always made her sister's son first in everything. Aunt Lucy's picture always hung in our home.

Grandmother was a very hard working woman. After her housework was done she either combed wool or spun. In this the children helped by picking out burrs and pulling wool apart. You see the wool was brought to her as it was cut from the sheep's back. They had to wash their own wool too.

Grandma and Aunt Lucy worked so much alike that it was difficult tell their work apart. They were diligent and industrious, when as weaving the other knit stockings. These two pioneer women wove many beautiful bedspreads, tablecloths, window curtains in beautiful designs, linen sheets, and a course ticking for their beds. They pieced many beautiful quilts. They wove wool cloth for dresses, also men's suits. They made hoods and capes, wove cloth for underwear. They sewed by hand and oftentimes by candlelight. They made dye of bark and leaves which the boys gathered for them. Grandmother cried when she got her first sewing machine.

Grandmother used to take father to the field to gather long straws of oats that hadn't been cut with the scythe. They carried bundles home and placed the straw in water. When it was all soaked they would braid it and sew it, they would steam his "Contraption," as father called it, then press it into the shape of a hat. My father wore such a hat for years. He also wore shoes his mother made from jeans, a cloth she wove, then he wore buckskin moccasins, and what a happy day when he got his first calfskin boots.

Grandmother, Aunt Lucy and the boys took the necessary utensils and went among bushes to get the honeydew. They cut bows and washed the flakes into the tubs., strained the sap, and cleansed it with milk and eggs and skimmed it as it bailed down. They had seen their parents boil the maple juice in their New

Hampshire home. One fall they had 50 pounds of nice sugar besides having a lot of molasses for pancakes and candy for the children.

We loved grandmother, she was kind and thoughtful. She always remembered each grand child with a gift on their birthday, and at Christmas.

One day grandmother and Aunt Lucy asked my sister Sophronia if she wanted them to make her some mittens and wristlets for her birthday. Sophronia replied, "No, thanks, but I would like you to knit me some white stockings with pink rosebuds and green leaves in them, like Esther Gee has." "You do, You do", they replied. Their needles began to fly on some dark blue yarn, and they said they mittens for father, so she concluded she wasn't going to get them. However, on her birthday grandmother brought her a parcel which contained one white mitten, 1 white wristlet? and one white stocking, with those precious rosebuds and green leaves, The mail brought the mates from Aunt Lucy who was in Salt Lake City. How she treasured those stockings.

The last gift grandmother made in this life was of silver and forks to me, just a few hours before she died. She gave each of her granddaughters a lovely designed red and white quilt with exquisite quilting done by those dear pioneer friends of hers.

FAMILY

Charles Warren Smith 19 years, married Isabelle Martin (16 years on the 5 October 1867, in the Salt Lake Endowment House. They lived with his mother till their first child Hannah Isabelle was 6 months old then they moved into their first home. Mother was born 8 August 1851 in Salt Lake City.

1. Hannah Isabelle, their first child was born 26 November 1869 in Provo City, Utah. She married Raymond Oscar Knight, was the mother of 5 babies, three of whom survived her early death Uarda (???), Raymond, and Kenneth.

She great faith in the Gospel and took an active part in all auxiliary organizations of the church. They made their home in Raymond, Alberta Canada, where she was secretary in Stake Relief Society and Counselor in the Raymond Ward. At the time of her death which occurred while visiting in Provo 23 Sept 1906 had come down to be at my marriage 10 October 1906.

In the spring of 1870 father finished their first home. It was a large adobe room. He hauled rock for the foundation and also the clay, and made the Adobes himself. He exchanged work to have it laid up, but he did a great deal of the building himself. As the years flew by and the family increased, many additions were made to the house.

One winter 1889-90 mother's great uncle Milton Bliss (who never joined the church) came to visit his sister and mother's grandmother, Eunice Sibley Bliss Moore. He liked mother and father on first meeting and they made him welcome, so he made his headquarters in our home. He was a good carpenter. He remodeled mother's kitchen and pantry; put a porch on the North side of the house, and a Portico on the East Side of the house. He made many children's playthings for us children, and how thrilled we were as we watched the articles fashion under his skilled hands. This was the home where the rest of father's and Mothers children were born and raised.

2. Sophronia Lydia was born 8 February 1871. She married Ethel Record Brimhall. She was the mother of 13 Children, she raised 8 sons and four daughters. She died 30 April 1943. Six Bishops she had worked with were at her funeral.

3. Lucy Meserve born 20 September 1873, died 24 March 1880.

4. Tirzah Libby born. 13 March 1876, died 4 April 1881.

5. Jessie was born 14 May 1878, she married 1st Sidney St Vrain LeSieur, the father of her seven children. Second husband was Joseph Thatcher.

6. Ethel was born 12 January 1880. She married Perry Gardiner Snow. To them were born three children. She accomplished a marvelous work in genealogy. She died 6 September 1940 Salt Lake City

7. Zora was born 14 September 1881. She married Brigham Jarvis Jr. She is the mother of 8 children, 3 died in infancy she has been active in the L. D. S. Church.

8. Charles Warren, only son, was born 6 July 1884, died September 18 1884.

FAMILY

Father married second wife Esther Martin, mother's half sister. They were married 15 June 1881, in the endowment house in Salt Lake City. She is the mother of six children, and has been a loving devoted mother to them. She was born in Lehi 15 April 1862, and died 20 February 1948 in Salt Lake City.

1. Lillieth was born 7 December 1885. She married Herbert Van Dam and to them have been born 14 children, 3 of whom have fulfilled missions for the L.D.S. Church and all have received a college education.

2. Warren Leland Smith, born 24 November 1891, died 10 March 1950.

3. Edzrus, born 9 November 1893 and died 18 February 1909.

4. John Henry, born 21 February 1895, married Agnes Brown 4 June. Sons John Ward Smith born 28 May 1923, and Richard Erasdrus (??? check photocopy) Smith born 6 Sept 1924.

5. LeRoy Bigler Smith, born 12 October 1900 married Eva Crop Salt Lake City 1 May 1930, died 10 June 1952. He is the father of 2 sons and 5 daughters.

6. Esther was born 17 May 1903 four months after father's death. Married George Michael Brown.

EDUCATION

Father grew up in Provo, and here was the spot he loved best on earth. He accumulated a host of friends. He was sent to the schools in Provo, such as existed at the time. He was a student all the days of his life as he read extensively and remembered what he read. He was a good reader and often read to the family at night. I always loved to hear his voice. It was characteristic of him to remember the thought and page of a book he left off reading, no matter how many days or months elapsed before he could continue his reading.

He loved poetry and learned long poems which he liked to seemed to get a big message out of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs", "One more Unfortunate," "Weary of Breath", "Rashley importunate Gone to her death," etc. He said it gave him the feeling of not judging man, but leaving that to God.

He was one of the first to donate books for a public library in Provo City. He kept the best books in his home and took the Church papers and magazines.

Mother was in Provo the winter of 1865 living with her grandparents Samuel Moore and wife. Father saw her the first day she came to school standing with a crowd of girls. He said to himself "There stands my future wife."

Father was a very strong man and took heavy responsibility at an early age. He felt that he must look out for his mother's welfare and did so as long as she lived. He herded cows with the boys. He filled his dinner pail with Segoe Roots to take home to the family. His mother was really delighted when he found mushrooms and watercress. He went ground-cherrying, as it was called, with the neighborhood boys and Girls, and loved ground-cherry preserves all his life. He brought home rabbits and ducks, also long strings of fish out of Provo River.

When grown father was 6 feet 2 inches in his stocking feet. His greatest weight 235 pounds and average weight 190 pounds. His hair was light brown, his penetrating eyes were blue, but at times looked like the color of violets. Although he did the hardest kind of work, his hands were usually soft and smooth. His arm

reach was about 1 1/2 inches longer than the average man. He wore a number 9 shoe. His face was rosy most of the time. He was good company, a friendly smile came easily to brighten his face.

Father was put to farming at a very early age, and was considered a good farmer, as his crops yielded abundantly. Harvest time was a very busy and exciting time at our home. Besides the farm crops, of grain, hay, potatoes, squash and corn, there would be many bushels of apples and winter pears. From this harvest, Father made many trips to Salt Lake to take provisions for the folks up there.

Father had the greatest respect for his father's wives, and there was a very deep affection between himself and his sister Basheba Smith Merril. She was the only daughter of grandfather's first wife Aunt Basheba Bigler Smith, who had lost their only son. George Albert Jr., he being killed by the Indians.

I remember on many occasions after it was dark seeing father go out to the granary and cellar, throw a sack or two of potatoes, also sacks of flour other provisions in his wagon and drive off and only be gone a few minutes, and when he came back the wagon was empty.

He hauled wood out of the canyons when he was far to young to hazard such trips. They had to have wood so he got it. That was characteristic of him throughout his life. What he saw needed to be done, he did, and felt cheerful in doing it.

In early childhood days, father had a contract to get logs out of Provo Canyon to make into lumber. Our family spent a number of summers living in a little log cabin he had built for the purpose, so mother could cook for him and the hired men. We loved this wild life. While father was working here, he secured two large poles, and brought them home and made us a large swing, south of mother's downstairs bedroom and east of the granary.

February 5, 1872 he was Justice of the Peace and married many couples during this period.

He helped dig every canal in Provo in his day.

He donated to all public and church buildings.

He hauled rock for the Utah Stake Tabernacle and donated a forty-gallon barrel of molasses, also much time in labor and money until it was finished. He hauled the second load of rock for the Brigham Young Academy. George Bean drove in ahead of him with the first load.

In his later life he left off farming and became a builder and contractor of houses, many of which stood more than sixty years before they were replaced by the modern tear-down and build-up spirit that swept everything before it.

Father invested heavily in a foundry, losing all his investment which made it hard for Aunt Esther's family in the years following his death, and all of us younger girls had to work for our own education.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Father received a Patriarchal Blessing from his grandfather John Smith, when he was four years old. There were many promises to him and his family.

He had great faith in the Mormon church and attended all the different organizations. He attended the first Sunday School held in Provo. He was baptized a member of the LDS Church in the year 1856.

In the spring of 1865 he visited his father in Salt Lake City who took him to the endowment house where he received his endowments. He was ordained an Elder 17 March 1865, by his father George Albert Smith and Lorenzo Snow. He was made President of the Elder's Quorum Provo with Vern Holiday first counselor, Erastus Snow second counselor, and Deurmesk Snow, Secretary.

He was ordained a High Priest and set apart as a High Counselor Utah Stake of Zion, under the hands of George A. Smith, Brigham Young, D. H. Wells and George Q. Cannon at a conference held 20 August 1871 at Provo Utah, George A. Smith. He was released January 19 1884.

He had great faith and the gift of healing. We children always asked him to administer to us when we were sick. Father was psychic times and foresaw events to come.

Father had the spirit of Temple Work. He spent the winter 1874 in St George working on the St. George Temple. He donated money and much labor to the Salt Lake Temple. He donated money to the Manti and Logan Temples. He spent time in the Salt Lake and Manti Temples doing work for his kindred dead.

He spent part the winter of 1880-90 with his mother and sister Sarah in the Manti Temple, commencing the work on the Libby (his mother's father's line) and the Lord (his mother's mother line). Among others he was baptized for his grandfather, Nathan Lord.

TRIBUTES GIVEN TO MY SISTER SOPHRONIA S.BRIMHALL FOR FATHER

1. President John's of Utah Stake said; "Sister you have a great father. He is a man of God, but human. He paid his tithings and offerings, so he has a great amount of credit with the Lord. I know none with greater faith than your father and his wife Isabelle. When he was stricken with pneumonia, he was snatched from the grave. One night as I lay in bed I saw his father George A. Smith, who is dead, in my room looking at me. Just then I heard a knock at the door, I found I was wanted to administer to "Charles." Brother John stayed all night at our home. Father began to get well, and lived to become the father of seven more children.

2. President Joseph E. Keeler said: " I was ordained an Elder By Charles W. Smith and Vern Halliday, Charles being mouth. I have the greatest respect for your father. He was an all around good man. He gave of his means to the Elders who went abroad on missions. He fed the widows and orphans. I don't believe any man went away from his house without being helped if they were in need and he knew it."

3. Brother Nelson Johnson, one of father's life long friends said: "We worked together for 15 years, and I never knew your father to speak an untruth and I never once heard him swear. He was always on time and encouraged the rest of us, He studied continually and often foresaw the future. He had great faith when he administered to the sick."

All of his children appreciate the heritage he gave us as our father. He instilled in our hearts a strong faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the desire to live according to its teachings.

Father died January 25, 1903 of a heart attack in Salt Lake City buried in Provo City Cemetary four days later.

In 1947 there were 1000 decendants of Great Grandfather John Smith were members of the L.D.S. Church.

THE STORY OF SAMUEL MOORE AND EUNICE SIBLEY BLISS

HISTORY BY: Connie Annetta Sorensen Rausch

Samuel Moore was born on 19 January, 1804 in Warwick, Franklin, Mass. It was a cold winter day and the beautiful countryside was dressed in all its winter finery. Massachusetts is hilly and rocky and very green in spring and summer. Here Samuel grew up. His father and mother were unhappy together and so they separated. Later Samuel's father married Olive Brent. The extent of Samuel's schooling isn't known. He learned to be industrious and a hard worker.

Eunice Sibley Bliss, who became his wife was born on 2 March, 1807, at Royalston, Worcester, Mass. She was the oldest child born to Stephen Bliss and Ester Wait. Eunice was followed seven brothers; Stephen, Perrin, William, Philip, Milton, Hollis, and Arron. Then came two sisters; Lydia and Hannah, making ten children. Hannah was born six months before Eunice married. Eunice learned to work at a young age and was a hard worker.

When she was 7 years old her parents moved to Orange, Franklin, Mass., where the last five brother and sisters were born.

Eunice's brother Stephen was a Jeweler and Silversmith. Perrin was raised a Miller and Farmer and also became an excellent Carpenter and Joiner, and in 1877 became a Master Bridge Builder, Mill Builder and Pattern Maker. Philip became a Carpenter and went to Louisiana where he died in 1838. He never married. Milton was a Carpenter and Dealer in Furniture as well as a Mover of Buildings. Hollis also was a Carpenter and went to Louisiana where he died. Aaron stayed around his first home area. He died at the age of 26--never getting married. Eunice's father was a Miller and Farmer, so even though life was a lot of work they had the necessities of life.

Eunice and Samuel Moore were married on 7 April, 1829 or 30. They made their first home in Orange, Franklin, Mass. Their first child was a girl born 2 Dec. 1830. They named her Ann. Little Ann only lived 4 days. Christmas must have been a dreary time for Eunice and Samuel that year. On 17 May, 1832 a second daughter was born. She was named Sophronia and was a delight to her parents. Then not quite four years later, on 29 Feb. 1836 a son was born. He was named Stephen Bliss Moore after his Maternal Grandfather who had died the past September. Then the following year Samuel's father died on 23 August, 1837.

With the loss of loved ones, and a yearning and searching for something better in life, they were well prepared to listen to the gospel of Jesus Christ when

it came into their lives. They listened to the missionaries and the chords of truth brought a joy to their hearts and they knew this was what they had longed and searched for. They embraced the gospel wholeheartedly and desired to go and be with the Saints. It meant leaving a comfortable home and friends, and putting in a wagon all their belongings that could be carried with them, and leaving all the rest. With Eunice being big with child, they left Orange, Franklin, Massachusetts and journeyed west to be with the Saints.

It wasn't easy traveling with a family in a wagon and camping out all along the way, but they knew they must be with the Saints. Without a home or a job to go to they left all and relied on the goodness of God to help them.

While they were camping in Van Buren Co. Iowa, Harriet Moore was born. It was the 17 of April 1840. It was an anxious time for Samuel when this fourth child was born. But the Lord blessed them and soon they were able to journey on to Nauvoo. Here they found a place to live and could be with the Saints. Here Samuel and Eunice were rebaptized on 15 August 1841, because no written record was found of their first baptism.

Patriarchal Blessing of John Smith

JUNE 11, 1845 A BLESSING BY JOHN SMITH, PATRIARCH UPON THE HEAD OF SAMUEL MOORE, SON OF SAMUEL AND EUNICE, BORN JAN. 19, 1804 at FRANKLIN CO, VERMONT.

I lay my hands upon thy head by the authority vested in me to bless the fatherless place upon thee a father's blessing, even all the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, even the Holy Priesthood, making thee a savior on Mt. Zion, to save not only the living by thousands but thy fathers who have gone before thee back to where they held the priesthood, and bring them up in the first resurrection with thousands that are now living that they may be made perfect together according to the law and order of the priesthood in bringing to pass the dispensation of the fullness of times, when all things shall be gathered in one as the prophets have spoken. Thou art called to go forth to the nations of the earth to gather the remnants of Jacob for thou art one of those spoken of who are appointed to push the people together from the ends of the earth, The Lord hath given his angels charge over thee to preserve thee from dangers and from thine enemies. Not a hair of thy head shall fall by their hands. Thou shalt have power to chase them before thee. They shall flee like lambs before wolves. He will also give thee power to confound all who oppose thee, Thou shalt baptize kings and rulers of thousands of these subjects, and bring them to Zion, No power on earth shalt stay thine hand. Thou shalt have power over waters, and over the winds to cause springs to break out in dry places, even to be able to feed thousands in the wilderness by the power of Christ, teaching men establish them in the cities of the saints, shall have a numerous posterity like Jacob, for thou art of the house of

Ephraim and thy name shall be had in everlasting remembrance, and thou shalt be a councilor in the house of Israel forever, shall possess all the wisdom that is necessary to enable you to magnify your office, shall live to see the closing scene of this generation and enjoy all the blessings you and acquire a celestial glory that shall never pass away. In as much as thou art faithful in thy calling not one shall, for I seal it upon thee and thy posterity, Amen.

Albert Currington-Recorder

Patriarchal Blessing of Eunice Moore

JUNE 11, 1845 A BLESSING BY JOHN SMITH, PATRIARCH UPON THE HEAD OF EUNICE MOORE, DAUGHTER OF STEPHEN AND ESTER BLISS, BORN 2 MARCH, 1807, AT ESSEX CO. VERMONT.

Sister Eunice, I lay my hands upon thy head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, I place upon thee a father's blessing for thou art of the house of Jacob, of the blood of Ephraim, a lawful heir by inheritance to the priesthood which has come down through the lineage of thy fathers from generation to generation and is now sealed upon thee, Eunice, to continue through all the generations of Jacob. These blessings are sealed upon thee in common with thy companion, for thou shalt be endowed with power from on high with him. The keys of the mysteries of the priesthood shall be committed unto thee. Thou shalt heal the sick in thine house. The destroyer shall have no power over thy family. Thou shalt be blessed abundantly with the fruits of the earth. There shall be no lack in thy house. Thy children shall be mighty and shall continue to increase, like Jacob of old. Thy days shall be multiplied upon your head according to the desires of your heart. Suffer not thy faith to fail in times of trouble. Be submissive to council. These words shall not fail for I seal them upon thee in common with thy companion, Amen.

Albert. Currington, RECORDER

In 1842 Eunice gave birth to another son who they named Russell Moore. Then in 1844 a daughter, Bernice Moore, was born.

While living in Nauvoo they as well as their friends and neighbors were threatened by mobs and felt a deep sorrow and much heartache at the violence and persecutions heaped up on the Saints. How shocked and hurt they were when our beloved prophet, Joseph Smith, and his brother Hyrum were murdered in 1844. This happened the same year little Bernice Sibley Moore was born. These last two children died while the family was living in Nauvoo. We can see they had many trials and heartaches to face.

On the 9th of February, 1845 the 19th Quorum of Seventys were organized in Nauvoo with Samuel Moore as President.

On the 11 June 1845, Samuel received his Patriarchal Blessing.

On the 2 of January, 1846, Eunice and Samuel had their endowments and on 30 January 1846 they were sealed.

When the Saints were directed to prepare to leave Nauvoo and make the long trek to the Great Salt Lake Valley in the West, Samuel Moore's family prepared to go West.

REQUIREMENTS OF EACH FAMILY OF FIVE FOR THE JOURNEY ACROSS THE PLAINS

Each family consisting of five adults, will require 1 good strong wagon, well covered. 3 good yokes of oxen between the ages of four and ten. Two or more cows. One or more good beeves, some sheep if they have them.

One thousand pounds of flour or other bread stuff and good sacks to put it in.

One bushel of beans.

One hundred pounds of sugar.

One good musket or rifle to each man.

One pound of powder and three lbs. lead (or perhaps more). Two lbs. tea, 5 lbs. coffee.

Twenty-five pounds of salt.

A few pounds of dried beef, or bacon, as they choose.

A good tent and furniture to each two families.

From ten to fifty pounds of seed to a family.

And from twenty-five to one hundred pounds of farming or other tools.

Clothing and bedding to each family of five persons not to exceed five hundred pounds.

One or more sets of saw and gristmill irons to each company of one hundred families.

Cooking utensils to consist of a bake-kettle, frying-pan, coffee pot, tin cups, plates, and forks, spoons, pans, etc., etc., as few as will do.

A few goods to trade with the Indians.

A little iron and steel, a few pounds of nails.

Each wagon supposed to be loaded on the start with one ton with-out the persons or twenty-eight hundred including them.

If going to the coast it is not necessary to carry seed wheat, oats or grass. Nor are cattle and sheep absolutely necessary except to live on while upon the journey, as the country abounds in both cattle and sheep. A few horses will be

necessary for each company. Also a few cannon and ammunition for the same. The journey to the coast will require some four or five months, being upwards of two thousand miles.

There was also added two sets of pulley blocks and rope for crossing rivers to each company.

Two ferry boats to each company.

One keg of alcohol of five gallons for each two families.

Ten pounds of dried apples for each family.

Five pounds of dried peaches.

Twenty pounds of dried pumpkin.

Two pounds of black pepper.

One pound of cayenne.

One-half pound mustard.

Twelve nutmegs. One fish seine for each company. Hooks and lines for each family.' "

We don't know the exact time when Samuel Moores family left Nauvoo. We do know it was winter, and very cold. The many hard struggles all these people faced.

Brigham Young came on 24 July 1847 to the Great Salt Lake Valley.

On the 15 June 1847 a camp was organized to come to G.S.L.V. It was the FIRST HUNDRED and Daniel Spencer was Capt. The 1st Fifty had Peregrine Sessions, as capt. The THIRD TEN with Elijah K. Fuller as Captain & William M. Lenmon was the clerk. The Samuel Moore family were listed there. One can imagine the long & tiresome journey this was. They arrived in GREAT SALT LAKE CITY on 25 SEPT. 1847. They were 102 days on this journey. Then to come to such a dry and desolate looking place. Oh that we could appreciate the humble, sweet faith of these people.

LEMON, William McClure

Born: 24 April 1808 in Toboyne, Cumberland, Pennsylvania Son of Alexander Lemon and Margaret McClure

Married: 7 March 1826 to Catherine Mayer

MOORE, Eunice Sibley Bliss

Born: 2 March 1807 in Concord, Essex, Vermont
Daughter of Stephen Bliss and Esther Waite

Married: 7 April 1829/30 to Samuel Moore

Died: 4 April 1890

MOORE, Harriet

Born: 17 April 1840 in Franklin, Iowa
 Daughter of Samuel Moore and Eunice Sibley Bliss Married: 4
 March 1858 to Russel Kelly
 Died: 28 March 1894

MOORE, Samuel

Born: 19 January 1804 in Warwick, Franklin, Massachusetts
 Son of Samuel Moore and Eunice Goddard
 Married: 7 April 1350 to Eunice Sibley Bliss
 Died: 11 October 1283 in Provo, Utah

MOORE, Sophronia

Born: 17 May 1832 in Orange, Franklin, Massachusetts
 Daughter of Samuel Moore and Eunice Sibley Bliss Married: 17
 December 1842 to Jesse Bigler Martin
 Died: 17 November 1915

MOORE, Stephen Bliss

Born: 29 February 1836 in Orange, Franklin, Massachusetts
 Son of Samuel Moore and Eunice Sibley Bliss
 Married: 4 July 1857 to Eleanor Roseltha Colton
 Died: 9 April 1894

This journey would have been very hard for Eunice as she was just starting out in another pregnancy. An any mother can tell how the first 3 months are so miserable. But inspite of the heat, and dust, and long trying days, Eunice met, and passed this test.

A portion of a fort was erected on a 10 acre plot where 160 families could winter until they could build on their own "inheritances." The walls were 27 inches thick and nine feet high on the outside. It was built as a continuation of huts joined together in rectangular form around the outside of the ten acres on which it stood. The east wall was built of logs and the other three sides of adobe.

They slanted but slightly inward and were made of brush covered with earth. Each side had a loophole facing the outside and a door and windows facing the interior. The main entrances which were on the east and west sides of the stockade were carefully guarded by heavy gates which were locked at night.

Later in the year two additional blocks, one on the north and one on the south were joined to the original old fort. A bowery, 20 by 40 feet was erected as a place for public worship and was the first community center.

This fort was located where Pioneer Park is located today.

Before the first winter was half over, many families were destitute! Their flour was gone, their meat was gone, and there was no fruit or vegetables. The oxen were needed for plowing and the few milk cows for the milk they produced so they were not butchered. For several months no bread was had. Pig-weeds, thistles and segoes formed their diet!

Then as spring approached on the 7th of March, 1848 (?), Eunice gave birth to TWINS! One was named Eunice and the other Esther. What a thrill this was for the family, but a lot of work living in such trying times.

Then, as spring came and the Saints saw the first greens again, how their hopes were raised! Then came the great horde of black crickets that they had seen in the foothills, as they were coming into the valley! The Indians had been gathering them to use for winter food. The insignificant cricket an inch and a half long, of clumsy, loathsome, black body, multiplied into million. They swept down upon the ripening grain and destroyed anything in their path. All the things the pioneers tried seemed useless. Men, women, and children worked to beat them off the grain. They tried to drown them in ditches and they tried to drive them into fires, they buried them in trenches. They even tried using long pieces of string held by a person at each end, who would walk through the fields, knocking the crickets off the wheat. They cried, and they prayed, and just when all seemed lost the sky was darkened and great clouds of big grey and white birds came down and the plague was stayed! The seagulls would gorge themselves on the crickets until they could hold no more, and then they would disgorge themselves, return and eat and disgorge again. This went on for about three weeks from morning until night. Thus, some of the precious crop were saved! It was indeed a miracle and an answer to their many prayers, something that young Harriet would never forget!

In February 1848, Samuel had his baptism reconfirmed. Also in 1848, at the age of 8, Harriet was baptized by her father and confirmed her a member of the Mormon Church. In as much as there were no baptismal fonts like they use today, she was probably baptized in a river. On 18 November 184, the one twin, Ester, died. She was 8 months old. What a heart ache for the family. Then as winter set in there were times when all were very hungry. How glad they were for the Sego roots and thistles they found to eat!

On 17 December 1848 the oldest daughter, Sophronia, married Jessie Bigler Martin.

On April 23, 1849 the other twin, Eunie, died. She was 13 months old. This was such a blow and the grief and sorrow this family shared was hard to bear. What questions must have flooded through all their minds.

Christmas back in the 1800's were much different than they are today, for no large department stores existed to sell Christmas gifts, and the children back

then would receive just one small home-made gift, if even that, But back then they seemed to enjoy being together as a family at Christmas time than doing some of the things that we see today.

With the commandment to practice polygamy, Samuel took a second wife, Mary Caroline Hawk, on 7 April 1850. She was 17 years old. Samuel and Eunice had 3 or 4 children older than Mary. One might wonder what feelings Eunice had in a situation of this kind.

State House, G.S.L, City, January 16, 1851. Appointment of Supervisors of shade trees. On motion of Councilor Clapp, Charles Drown was appointed supervisor of public streets in the city.

Motioned that Samuel Moore be assistant supervisor of 3rd City Ward.
Carried

Thomas Thurston, assistant supervisor 2nd city ward.

Stillman Pond over 1st city ward.

Herman Hyde over 4th city ward.

The Moore family was also mentioned in 13th Ward and also lots in the 19th Ward.

On the 18th of May, 1851, a baby son was born. He was named Samuel after his father and grandfathers. He appears on record and childrens blessings in the 19th ward, page 8. On December 21, 1855 little Samuel took sick and died. He was 4 and a half years old at that time. What a blow for the family just before Christmas. How thankful one felt for the knowledge that life goes on after this mortal existence and we can all be together again.

From Samuel's second wife, Marry Caroline Hawk, five children were born:

Mary Hawk Moore born 5 August 1855 in S.L.C. Utah.

Joseph Moore born 13 December 1857 in S.L.C. Utah.

He was named for the beloved prophet Joseph Smith. He was 21 months old when he died.

Miranda Moore born 7 July 1860 at Provo, Utah. She was 2 years old when she died

Olive Rebecca Moore born 3 July 1863 at Provo.

William Grant Moore born 6 August 1865 at Provo.

(?) Records show that Joseph Moore was born 13 Jan. 1859 and died on 21 Sept. 1859. Did not make further search as he was born under the covenant and wouldn't need any other temple work .

The Temple Block was laid out in 1847. At a General Conference of the Church held in April 1851, an official vote was taken giving the go ahead for building the Salt Lake Temple.

The site was dedicated and ground broken on the 14 Feb. 1853. This was a special day for the Saints, and was a day of general rejoicing.

The corner stones were laid on 6 April 1853, civic & military bodies took part. There were processions with bands of music, and the mayor of the city was marshal of the day; the city police served as a guard of honor, and the territorial militia marched with the congregation of the Saints, and a solemn service with prayer followed. This was truly a time of rejoicing .

The first dwellings in the Salt Lake Valley were small, one story structures, built of logs or adobes, having dirt roofs and dirt floors. The open fire places required large chimneys which were constructed of stone and adobes. They were used for heating as well as cooking. Bread was baked in an iron pot like a Dutch Oven. Windows were small, consisting of one or two sashes of 8 by 10 inch openings. These were used until later years when glass became available. In time shingles appears on the roof and boards were used for floors.

Household duties were varied, and were no less arduous than those on the farm. Candles were used for lighting, and had to be made in moulds from beef tallow and wicking. The wicking was obtained by carding and spinning cotton on the hand cards and spinning wheel of the home. Coal-oil lamps came into use in the early sixties, but many continued to use candles after that time. Sweeping was done with home-made brooms, made from home grown broom corn.

Articles of furniture were often side by some member of the family. Bedsteads were corded with strips of rawhide. Frequently also were the bottoms of chairs. Few people had stoves or clocks. Nails were difficult to obtain and both in the building of houses and the making of furniture, wooden pins and strips of rawhide took their place. When rawhide was used, it was first soaked and then bound around the timbers or pieces of wood to be kept in place. As it dried it tightened and held the pieces together firmly.

"A fat larder makes a good cook," runs the old saying; but it was the problem of the pioneer house-wives to be good cooks without the fat larder, and they usually succeeded. They had no soda, baking powder, or yeast cakes, but found a substitute in the saleratus on the lake bottoms, which they scraped up, dissolved in water, and allowed to settle. After the water had been drained off, the saleratus was used to make sour milk biscuits, much to the satisfaction of

their husbands. They sometimes got sweet water saleratus, but not often. Salt rising bread was frequently made.

As a substitute for sugar, molasses was often made from the common red beet. The beets were first cleaned, then sliced in thin layers and boiled in large kettles. After boiling some time, the liquid was strained through a cloth, and again boiled, this time to a syrup. Later, sugar cane was extensively grown, and molasses was made there from at the mill. Delicious preserves were made from the juice of watermelons with musk melon for filling. Squashes were often cut and dried for winter use.

It was a number of years before the pioneers had any fruit other than ground cherries and service berries. The women and girls gathered the berries in the fields and the hillsides and made preserves from them.

An interesting note concerning their daughter Harriet was that on 4 March, 1857, a little over a month before her 17th birthday, Harriet went to the Endowment House to receive her Endowment. It was the following Jan. 31, 1858, that she was married or sealed to Russel Kelley.

On the 4 July 1857 their son Stephen Bliss Moore married Eleanor Roseltha Colton. The following January 31, 1858 their daughter Harriet Moore married Russell Kelley. She moved to Provo.

After some time Samuel sold his home in Salt Lake and moved to Provo about the year of 1859 or 1860. There they worked at farming.

Wood was the only fuel used for many years. The cottonwoods growing along the banks of the streams, being within easy reach, often kept the hearth fires burning; and many cords of quaking aspen poles and some logs were hauled from the canyons.

The home sociables or the pioneers were enjoyable affairs, "We could meet at some place, generally the home of some young married couple who liked our Frolic, where we played games, told riddles and stories, and sang songs." Almost everyone sang, although we didn't know anything about note or music, and nearly everyone whistled."

When wash-day came the clothes were rubbed on the old fashioned board with home made soap. The tubs and buckets were of wood, made by the local copper. If one had a very large family this chore took hours of back breaking toil and hands became red and knuckles sore. The clothes were hung out on bushes, then fences, and finally clothes lines, in all kinds of weather from blistering heat to very cold. The ironing was done on a wood table, or a wooden plank placed on the backs of two chairs. Eventually real live ironing boards came into being. No modern, thermostatically controlled electric irons were to be had.

Theirs were very heavy, solid irons that were heated on a stove and hence were either too hot or too cold! Of course there were no "Perma-press" fabrics then either. The heavy cotton had to be ironed for each use. Then of course there were always a few "special" things that had to be starched to be stiff. To wash the clothes water would have to be carried from quite a distance sometimes and often it was heated over open fires outside! No running water (hot or cold) was to be found in the homes of "yester-year".

The making of soap required that the housewife should save all fat grease scraps; and as no concentrated lye was to be had it was necessary also that she have a leaching box in which to keep wood ashes. When she desired to make soap, she would pour water over the ashes and leach out the Lye. To the grease and lye was added water and the mixture was boiled in a large brass kettle hung on a tripod, or placed on rocks out of doors. The product was soft soap.

Carding, spinning and weaving were customary occupations in Pioneer days. Cotton was brought from the Southern States, but flax and wool were produced in Utah. From these raw products the women manufactured blankets, flannels, linseys, towels, table-covers, coverlets, shawls, rag carpets, and other textiles. yarns and goods were colored with dyes made from squaw-bush, sage brush, rabbit brush, alder bark, peach leaves, and other vegetation, together with some substances imported from the East. When Holdaway and Morton's carding mill was put in operation on what is known as the Forsyth farm, north of Provo River, in 1851 most of the carding was done by them, much to the relief of the overworked housewives.

Knitting was both a useful and popular pastime. It was pursued in the evenings and at social gatherings.

You are instructed to hold your command in readiness to march at the shortest possible notice to any part of the Territory. See that the law is strictly enforced in regard to arms and ammunition and as far as practicable that each Ten be provided with a good wagon and four horses or mules, as well as the necessary clothing, etc., for a winter campaign. Particularly let your influence be used for _the protection of the grain. Avoid all excitement but be ready.

Daniel H. Wells Lieutenant-General Commanding
By James Ferguson Adjutant-General

In 1857 after the word came that Johnstones Army was coming, the word to abandon went into effect. The people prayed, but prepared for the worst.

The people carefully covered the foundation work on the temple site. It was left looking like a stretch of roughly plowed ground.

Again the Saints prayers were answered. The army come but went 40 miles south to make a camp that was called Camp Floyd

The army was peaceful and left in 1861 when the war back east broke out between the North and the South.

Salt Lake City Cemetery Record

MOORE

Marietta, b. 8 Apr. 1832, Ohio, d. 19 June, 1851

MOORE

Samuel, b. Sat Lake Desert, d. 21 Dec. 1855
son by 1st wife

MOORE

MOORE

Joseph, b. 13 Jan. 1859, d. (son by 2nd wife) 21st Sept. 1859

(see original copies to see what was typed and written in)

INDEX CARD TO End. House TEMPLE RECORDS
No. 2581 Book B Page 106

Name in full:	Harriett Moore	
When born:	17 Apr. 1840	
Where born:	Vanburon, Co., Iowa	
When died:	28 Mar 1894 (lvg.)	
Father:	Saml. Moore (1804)	
Mother:	Eunice Sibley Bliss	
WHEN Married:		To: Russell Kelly
Heir:	Self	
When Baptized:	1848	
When Endowed:	25 Mar. 1856	
When sealed Husband & Wife:	31 Jan 1858	
Remarks:	Baptism Reconfirmed 27 Oct 1967	

In the records it shows Samuel took a third wife. Her name was Harriet Draper or Dranger. He also took a fourth wife, Betsy Ball. No children were shown in any records with these last two wives.

Samuel died on 11 October 1883 and was buried in Provo.

Eunice was living with her daughter Sophronia when she died on 4 April 1890 at the age of 83. She was buried in Scipio, Millard, Utah.

We their descendants are forever grateful for these God fearing pioneers of whom we descend.

Compiled by Connie Annetta Sorensen Rausch Sept. 1985

INDEX CARD TO NAUVOO ENDOWMENT RECORDS

Nauvoo Endowment Register - Book 1 page 89 No. 4

Name: Eunice Sibley Bliss
 Sex: F
 Born: 2 Mar 1807
 Where: Concord, Essex, Vermont
 Died: 4 Apr 1890
 Father: Stephen Bliss
 Mother: Ester Wait
 Married: 7 Apr 1830
 Baptized: 15 Aug 1841
 Washed & Anointed: 2 Jan 1846
 Endowed: 2 Jan 1846
 Sealed Husband & Wife: 30 Jan 1846

Nauvoo Endowment House TEMPLE RECORDS No. 2580 Book 3? Page 106

Name: Mary Caroline Hawks (Moore)
 Born: 12 Mar. 1837
 Where: Clay Co., Mo.
 Died: lvg.
 Father: William Hawks (1799)
 Mother: Margarit
 When Married: To: Samuel
 Heir: Self
 When Baptized: ?
 When Endowed: 25 Mar. 1856
 Sealed Husband & Wife: 17 Dec 1852
 Remarks: *Bapt 18 Nov 1852

EUNICE SIBLEY BLISS MOORE

HISTORY BY: Jeannine Bohman Nichols

BIRTH DATE: 02 MAR 1807 Concord, Essex, Vermont
 DEATH: 04 APR 1890 Scipio, Millard County, Utah
 PARENTS: Stephen Bliss & Ester Wait Bliss
 PIONEER: 24 SEPT 1847 Daniel Spencer Wagon Train
 SPOUSE: Samuel Moore
 MARRIED: 07 APR 1829 or 1830
 DEATH: 11 OCT 1883 or 21 OCT 1882 Provo, Utah County, Utah
 CHILDREN:

Ann	02 DEC 1830 - 06 Dec. 1830	
Sophronia (Martin)	17 MAY 1832	Orange, Franklin Ma
Stephen Bliss	29 FEB 1836	
Harriet (Kelly)	17 APR 1840	Van Buren, Iowa
Russell	1842	Nauvoo, Illinois
Bernice Sibley	1844	
Eunice (twin)	07 MAR 1848	Utah
Ester (twin)	07 MAR 1848	Utah
Samuel	18 MAY 1851	

EUNICE SIBLEY was born in Vermont, 1807. She was the first child born to her parents, followed by seven brothers. Then came two sisters. When she was seven, her parents moved to Orange, Franklin, Mass. It was there, at age 23, Eunice married Samuel Moore 07 April 1829 or 1829. They became parents of nine children. Their first child, Ann was born 02 Dec. 1830 and only lived four days. In May 1832 came Sophronia, then Steven in 1836. When the missionaries brought the gospel into their lives, they embraced it wholeheartedly. They desired to be with the Saints. Leaving a comfortable home, and with Eunice large with child they journeyed west. While camping in Van Buren County, Iowa, Harriet Child #4 was born. They were living in Nauvoo, for children #5 (Russel 1842 (?)) and 6 (Berniece 1844 (?)). Both of these children died while they were still in Nauvoo. In Nauvoo, they were rebaptized on 15 AUG 1841. On 02 JAN 1846, both Eunice and Samuel had their endowments and were sealed on 30 JAN 1846. ((?) Check whether children #2 and #3 were born before they met the missionaries.)

On 15 JUN 1847 a camp was organized to come to SLC. It was the Ten first hundred, Daniel Spencer was Capt. The third Ten with Elijah K. Fuller as Capt and William M. Lemon as clerk was the company the Moore family was listed

with. They left Winter Quarters 17 JUN and arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley on 24 SEPT 1847 after a 102 day journey. Eunice was once again with child. On 07 MAR 1848, she gave birth to twin girls. Both died young. They were named Eunice and Ester. On 18 Nov. 1848 at 8 months Ester died. On 23 April 1849 at 13 months Eunice died.

With the commandment to practice polygamy Samuel took a second wife, 17 year old Mary Caroline Hawk on 07 April 1850. Five children were born to them, three dying as children. Eunice had one more child, a son Samuel born 18 May, 1851. He died at 4 1/2 years on 21 Dec. 1855. Records show Samuel took a third wife, and a fourth wife, no children were born to either of these wives. Eunice passed away at age 83 in Scipio, Millard County, having been a widow for six years. She lived to 83 and was buried in Scipio, Millard, Utah.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIMHALL

HISTORY BY: GrandDaughter Fay B. Cummings

Born: Nov. 14, 1814
Came to Utah: 1850
Died: Sept. 1895

BRIEF HISTORY OF GEORGE W. BRIMHALL

Given November 5, 1954, at the Daughters of the Pioneers meeting, by his granddaughter, Fay B. Cummings.

George Washington Brimhall was the son of Sylvanus Brimhall and Lydia Ann Guiteau. His life was eventful and very interesting. His parents were loyal appreciative Americans, possibly that is why they named him George Washington. He was born November 14, 1814 in the chestnut woods on Canada Creek, N.Y. where the mighty Mohawk Indians roamed in majestic pride. When five years old he fell thirty feet from a cherry tree and was picked up for dead, but was restored through faith and nursing of his prayerful mother, and through life he felt that his life was spared at that time for the work of the great Latter Days.

As a young man he determined to be good, wise, useful, and kind to others. In his youth he learned music from the birds, and to compute numbers by torchlight at the old kitchen fire. As he grew he worked hard keeping good company, never going in the way of the transgressor. He had God his friend who never deserted him. His early years were full of rough and dangerous experiences with the Indians, fishing, logging, and wild animals. Once while hunting his cow he narrowly escaped a screaming panther.

Near the Allegheny River at Olene Point the family ran a sawmill and shipped lumber 500 miles through Indian country to Pittsburg. The lumber was floated on a huge raft. After selling the goods they started for new country and they were soon on the Ohio River landing at Lawrenceburg, Dearborn County, Indiana where they bought a quarter section of lumber land and worked on it ten years, making a good home.

The next move of the family was to McHenry County, Illinois, where they settled on 320 acres of squatter land.

George was now at that age of unsettled decisions, and he roamed around a year or so, and then returned home.

At this time he fell deeply in love with Lucretia Metcalf, a beautiful blond, whom he compared to a gorgeous diamond. Three children were born, Rufus, Mary and Sylvanus. They, too, were diamonds to him. Sylvanus died and his death seemed to be the beginning of the dark days ahead. An estrangement arose which resulted in their separation. His interest in the new religion blacked out all the interest and love for her husband. Her taunts, jeers, and deep sarcasm were so bitter that he went into a grove, and weeping he pleaded with God for comfort. He poured out his soul and received courage to meet his future. He reached his doorway, and looking west, God caused his future years to pass before him. He saw himself in all his brilliant manhood walking toward the west, crossing rivers and plains and mountains and then emerging into a beautiful valley 4,100 feet above sea level. As the vision passed he grasped a chair and sat down. His wife said, "George, what makes you so pale?" "What I have seen," he replied. He fully realized that from his vision he HAD to leave for the valley. He knew it. He asked her to go, but she refused. He granted her every favor, but she continued to taunt him until she embittered him, and she became as a viper whose venom he could no longer endure, and a sad separation followed.

This was February 10, 1850, and that same year he realized the fulfillment of his vision by coming to Salt Lake valley with his two brothers John and Noah, by the way of Parley's Canyon. They made their way around the foothills over to Emigration Canyon and came down among the saints who welcomed them. His vision was fulfilled and he knew it. His trust in God was stimulated and he was ready to serve Him with all his talents.

AS A PIONEER

Grandpa was very literary, writing mostly in allegorical style. He was a guildler, mechanic, and musician, and he constantly introduced new ideas and devices. His early experience in sawmills was put to good use. He was versatile in teaching, dancing, and music, being expert on the flute.

December 23, 1850 he with an obedient colony, under the leadership of George A. Smith, went south. They pioneered Iron County then 400 miles long, and assisted in the growth of Provo, Spanish Fork and other settlements.

By March 4, 1851, they founded Cedar City, and in this country he constantly had to ask God's help and guidance to help him endure the trials and desolations. While scouting the hills, he found many Indian relics and hieroglyphics. He had a great urge to learn the Indian language. He learned it slowly because of its complicated signs and motions and grunts. He despaired at times but with close application he said he was "soon ready for promotion". He soon conversed freely, and it was later said of him that he could talk with the Indians better than any pioneer. He believed firmly in feeding the Indians rather than oppose them. This seemed to be divine preparation from him to meet Chief Walker, a despotic tribal leader. Grandpa and others gave the Chief a cow as a peace offering and a horse for three Indian children who were tied to sagebrush

and were eating grass for food. He worked at a tension, plowing the ground and making settlements.

He was road commissioner, prosecuting attorney, the honor of the position being the only salary. He and Elisha Groves were the first members of the legislature for Iron County, which convened in Salt Lake. To be presentable he needed better clothes, so he sold his precious Kentucky rifle. To part with it was like parting with an old and tried friend. With his new suit his pride felt stimulated and wiser. He was very studious and was known as the "Buckskin Orator".

In 1852, he married Rachel Ann Meyers. Six weeks later they went back to Iron County. On one of his exploring trips up Cove Canyon, on its summit he found shells, coral, and much evidence of the land having been completely covered with water in the remote past. This canyon is now beautiful highway 13 and connects 89 and 91.

In the legislature they worked out a code of laws that would keep the world in peace. He decided to study law, but after three years he felt that the intricacies were more difficult to follow than the trail of Indian over glaciers and mountains. He felt an urge to teach. He went to Ogden and taught school, became a city counselor and political leader and rock layer.

In 1864 the little family was called back south to strengthen the settlements along the Rio Virgin River. Here they experienced terrible hardships and poverty. He had a sunstroke and requested his family to take his body to Salt Lake. Bidding them good-bye, his spirit rose from his body slowly, which felt free from pain and he felt happy. He saw two men with their hands on his head, saying, "George, in the name of Jesus Christ come back into your body". He became well and went to St. George, where George A. Smith told him to go along the Colorado River and find suitable settlements. This was southwest to where Mosquite now is, and over to Overton near Lake Mead. Mormon Mesa is

some of the country he traveled over. When Bro. Smith asked him to go he said, "I will go, but I would rather go among the Moors on the Mediterean Sea and live seven years, than go exploring that river". He yielded obedience and in that country gained valuable but hard experience.

Going back toward Salt Lake at one time at Parowan he struggled for miles through ice and snow. While he tried to save his wagons and oxen grandma struggled to save her children. For five miles they waded through slush and ice often up to grandma's knees. Grandpa's shoes fell off and his feet were a mass of gravel, sand, flesh, and blood. That night he went to God for he was losing all courage, so he asked Him to take charge of all his affairs, and if he was to die, to please take care of his family. Encouraged, he struggled on a few days, now through hot dry country, and he must find water for the oxen. They found a small pool in the sand. Next morning both oxen looked dead. The water was poison. He felt like dying too, but suddenly he felt impressed to bless them. They got up and water seemed to come out of every pore, and although very weak they walked to the wagon. They went on to Spanish Fork to their home and when the leaders asked them to go on the fifth mission grandmother refused.

Grandpa and his brother Norman and John Cox were instrumental in forming a treaty of peach with the Indians. The making of this treaty is very interesting. It ended the cruel Black Hawk war. It proved to be the last5 and best treaty ever made between the Indians and white men. Poetically grandpa wrote:

No greater foes in bloody battle's strife
Than these with hatred's sharpened scalping knife.
But kindly feelings influenced all the band;
We meet and greet each other with kind hand.

A better home was built near a small adobe house. Today a high school building is on this property.

In 1877 he developed Brights disease and was advised to get medical help in San Francisco. There the doctors advised operating but he decided against it. He had little money and did not want to be a burden to his family, so he decided to go to sea and get a free burial by the sailors. In much pain he walked to the wharf and took a boat to Sherman Island. The sea was calm and suddenly everything began to change for him. His appetite returned, the pain lessened, and the men proved to be real Christians. The climate was tropical on the island and he worked in the orange and fig groves. He began to realize life again, and longed for home where he soon returned feeling happy and nearly well.

It was now 16 years before his death. He was an outstanding speaker and did his part towards women's right to vote. The ticket was called the people's ticket, the first people's ticket known in the world. In his declining years he enthusiastically served the people. He was usually the 4th of July chaplin or speaker. His flute was heard on many programs and he was an outstanding patriarch. All the people including the Indians love him. He wrote, "My experiences teach an over ruling power, who has at His service forces to accomplish His purposes, which are beyond our knowledge, not withstanding our love and attachment for our ancestors."

His belief was "that the greatest happiness that mortals can enjoy is to do good to others, and after having done it, to know that it is appreciated." 13 children bore his name. He died September 30, 1895. I was six years old then, and the recollection of him on his deathbed is still clear to me.

His life was extremely interested and he proved to be a tried and true servant of God.

FAMILY

George Washington Brimhall
First Wife. Lucretia Metcalf

Children. Sylvanus
Rufus
Mary

Second Wife. Rachel Ann Mayers

Children. George Henry
Rachel Emma
Elmer
Omer
Orilla
Ether
Ruth
Prudence
Tryphena
Grace

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIMHALL

HISTORY BY: Daughter Grace B. Calderwood

Born: Nov. 14, 1814

Came to Utah: 1850

Died: Sept. 1895

George Washington Brimhall was born on the 14th day of November, 1814 in South Trenton, New York. He died September 30, 1895, in Spanish Fork City, Utah. He was a Patriot, Pioneer, and Patriarch. His forefathers on his father's side were men and women who helped make this great commonwealth, from the very beginning. His grandparents were sons and daughters of the American Revolution. His third great-grandfather, George, came from England with his wife Martha and made his home in Dover, Maine. Martha was left a widow as her husband was killed by the Indians in 1689, and she took her family and moved to Massachusetts. From there the Brimhall family spread all over the United States. George's father engaged in the lumber business. He was also a Methodist preacher. This lumber business was profitable, but the land in that section was not good for farming. He thought it would be good for his sons to engage in farming, but they rebelled because there were too many rocks to gather. The usual method of travel was by water, so his father made a large and comfortable raft out of lumber and shingles and launched it at Olean Point, New York, on the Alleghany River.

I could tell you of many interesting things which happened on that voyage, but I will quote his words for some of them: "Our raft sand down deep into the water and remained above the water by about four inches. We had passed by Cincinnati, Ohio. We landed at Lawrenceburg, Dearborne County, Indiana. Father went to town, hired a house and we moved into it. We then cleaned the raft thoroughly, replied the lumber to dry, then father had to sell most of his shingles to meet current expenses and get supplies. One day I saw father leave

the stern oar and jump quickly into the water. I looked around and saw father pulling Mary and Tryphena out of the water. They had fallen overboard the raft. Shortly afterward we moved into the country to a place about twelve miles distant called Manchester, Indiana where we stayed for about one year while father went down to New Orleans, Louisiana, with the lumber which he sold. When he returned, we bought a quarter section of very heavy timber land. We worked on that land for ten years, clearing it, fencing and building until it was a desirable home.

“Mother gave birth to three more sons, making 11 children in all (All of these children grew to manhood and womanhood, married and raised families of their own).

My father and mother lived there till they were aged, but the children scattered out and made homes in different parts of the country. On March 4th 1839, Andrew Jackson was made president of the United States. We had a great celebration. My oldest brother, Horace, was drummer in the band and I a fifer. I was in the artillery and helped make the great salute with our muskets. I helped make a road through the State of Indiana, we cut trees down and made them into logs which were placed on the roadbed. I saw the wonderful phenomena of shower meteors falling from the heavens towards the earth, which is spoken of in history.

“In the fall of 1835, I returned home and attended school. After school was out, in company with three schoolmates, we loaded a flatboat with farm products to sell on the river market. We went as far as New Orleans and remained there until 1837, then we returned home. Father and I went to Pleasant Valley, McHenry County, Illinois, and bought out some squatters at the land sale. Here I stayed and made a farm, fenced it and built a house. I was active in civic affairs. I was elected school treasurer of McHenry County. Here, in September 1842, I heard the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and

embraced it. I preached the gospel for about two years in the surrounding country. A reaction came upon me. I sold my home and returned to my parents and decided to gather with the Latter-day Saints at Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, in March 1844. From here I went to Knoxville, Illinois, where I met Lucretia Metcalf and married her on July 4th, 1845. I bought some more land and made a nice home. I wanted to go west with the Saints. I asked my wife to go but she said she could not stand the trip. She became very bitter against the Mormons. In February 1850, I decided to go. We had three children and I wanted her and the children to go. I left my wife thinking perhaps they would come later when I was prepared to send for them. (Her folks persuaded her not to come.) I walked all the way to Salt Lake City, and joined the Saints July the 10th, 1850.

In December 1850, I helped to organize Iron County Utah. While there mail came by Pony Express from Salt Lake City, bringing news that a judge, secretary and governor had been appointed by the President of the United States, and there was an act organizing the Territory of Utah. The act required a Council and House of Representatives. The appointments from Iron County were one councilor and two members of the House of Representatives. In the same mail, I received a letter from my home in the east, saying that my wife had divorced me and had married another man. I was chosen a member of the House of Representatives and therefore went to Salt Lake City and stayed during three consecutive sessions. While in Salt Lake I met Rachel Ann Mayer and married her February 2nd, 1852. I studied law and was admitted to the Bar in May 1852 by Honorable Zerubable Snow Judge of the Judicial Department, and was permitted to practice law in the United States Courts in the Territory of Utah. My Wife and I moved to Iron County. I was elected prosecuting attorney for that county. In August, 1853, I was again elected to the House of Representatives from Iron County and we moved back to Salt Lake City. In 1855, we moved to Ogden, Weber County, where I was elected a member of the City Council for three years. In April 1864 the Committee of Safety and Governor of Utah

designated several families to go south and encourage the people in the settlement on the Rio Virgin River. I was called and took my family traveling about 300 miles, arriving at Grafton, Kane County. We stayed and helped the settlers fix their houses, build mills, made roads and everything in general which go to make up a new country.

When we were released to return home, on our return trip, we experienced some severe hardships. We did not go back to Salt Lake. We stopped at Spanish Fork where we obtained some land and made a home. We had ten children, three of whom were born in Spanish Fork. All lived to manhood and woman hood, respected citizens of the community.”

My father was truly a pioneer as far back as I can remember. Even at the age of seventy, I can remember his being chosen to be orator of the day on the Fourth of July and any other celebration of the community. He was either on the program or on the stand at practically all public gatherings. He had an abundance of faith and was a true defender of the gospel. I was his scribe for nearly all the patriarchal blessings he gave and recorded them in his record book.

HANNAH MARIA LIBBY SMITH

HISTORY BY: Great-Great GrandDaughter Margaret C. Wyler

Mar 03 1992

Hannah Maria Libby Smith was a Great Grandmother of mine on my Father's side of the family. She was born 29 June, 1828 in Ossipee, Stanford County, New Hampshire, the seventh of eleven children, seven boys and four girls. Her parents were Nathaniel Libby and Tirzah Lord.

The following is taken from the book The Libby Family in America 1602-1881 by Charles Thornton Libby.

Nathaniel Libby was of the sixth generation of the Libby family born in America. He was born in Berwick, York County, Maine on 22 Dec. 1790. He married Tirzah Lord 24 Nov. 1813. She was born about 1790 in Lebanon, York County, Maine. In his early days he followed the sea. When he married he bought mills on Ossipee, New Hampshire and lived there about twenty years, and finally settled on a farm. He served as selectman of Bethlehem many years, and also represented the town in the state legislature. He was a member of the Congregational Church. His death took place 18 July, 1840. His widow died 24 Oct., 1846.

The eleven children of the family are as follows: (1) Mercy L., born 24 May, 1814; (2) Charles Thornton, born 28 Aug., 1816; (3) Sarah Ann, born 07 May, 1818; (4) Elizabeth R., born 19 March, 1821; (5) Daniel Lord, born 28 Oct., 1823; (6) Jeremiah Colby, born 30 Dec., 1825; (7) Hannah Maria, born 29 June, 1828; (8) John Quincy Adams, born 12 Dec., 1830 (9) George W., born 06 Nov., 1833; (10) Nathaniel W., born 22 Mar. 1836; (11) Henry C., born 02 Aug, 1839.

Of the early life of these children little is written, but it was understood from stories passed down that they were given the benefit of what education was available at that time. They wrote and read well and were able to use mathematics needed. It was told that Hannah was quite proud of her spelling ability. She spelled everyone down in her own school, then they had spelling matches in other schools. Her brothers used to take her around in a sleigh and she out spelled everyone. The family was proud of their heritage of having been long in America, and due to their own industry were quiet prosperous for that time.

In 1840, when Hannah was eleven years of age, the father died leaving quite a family of children still to be reared. An older sister, Sarah Ann, who was twenty one at the time went to Lowell, Massachusetts, to work so she could help with family finances until the boys were in a position to help. Hannah soon followed her sister to Lowell and they both worked in a cotton factory. She learned spinning and weaving and the making and handling of dyes. This was to prove a great blessing for Hannah in her future years.

About three years later in Lowell these two young women heard the Gospel. In a letter written to her posterity in 1881 and sealed until fifty years after her death, Hannah expressed this even in these words. "It was here that we heard the pure Gospel as revealed to Joseph Smith by a holy angel from heaven in 1827. We were baptized and confirmed into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in May of 1844. We earned means sufficient to clothe ourselves comfortably and pay our fare to Nauvoo and have a little left. We left Lowell 26 Sep., 1845 and arrived at Nauvoo, the gathering place of the Saints about 20 Oct. the same fall."

The two young women were terrified by the blasphemous, threatening Mobs in Nauvoo. Conditions were such that women without escorts scarcely dared leave their home.

Sometime within the next month these sisters met Bathsheba W. Smith, first wife of Apostle George A. Smith and on 20 Nov. 1845 they were married to him at his home, becoming the fifth and sixth of his polygamous wives. Bathsheba W. Bigler Smith wrote: "I heard the Prophet give instructions concerning plural marriage. The result would be for our glory and exaltation. Being thoroughly convinced as well as my husband, that they doctrine of plurality of wives was from God, I felt to embrace the whole gospel, and firmly believing that I should participate with him in all his blessings, glory and honor, accordingly within the last year, like Sarah of old, I had given my husband five wives; good, virtuous, honorable young women. They all had their home with us at some time. The names of these girls are: (1) Lucy Meserve Smith (2) Nancy Clements (3) Zilpha Stark (4) Sarah Ann Libby and Hannah Maria Libby." (Pg 268 The George A. Smith Family.)

In Hannah's letter of 1881 she continues "We went to the Temple January 20, 1846 and were both married in Polygamy to George A. Smith, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. We had our full endowments with our husband and were sealed for time and eternity by George A.'s father, Patriarch John Smith." When the Libby family in New Hampshire received this news Sarah and Hannah were disowned by the entire family.

Through all of her life and in all of the trials to follow Hannah frequently stated, and believed staunchly, in the divinity of the gospel and in Joseph Smith's revelations. She felt that her husband was one of God's chosen Apostles whose duty it was to live the gospel and to preach it to all people. She always encouraged and supported him in this work.

In Nauvoo George A. Smith and his father, John Smith, had built and furnished a fourteen room house which was occupied by both families including the polygamous wives of George A. Early in 1846 when persecution of the Saints became so violent that leaving Nauvoo became necessary to preserve some kind of future for their posterity they began the exodus from their homes. In her letter to her family Hannah writes of this time, "Brother Smith started with some of his family, taking me with him. The first wagons crossed the Mississippi River Feb 9 1846. The wind was blowing and the ice running fearfully. My Sister Sarah and others must remain in Nauvoo. We were compelled to leave the United States because we believed and obeyed the commandments of God as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith." Those who were left in Nauvoo were wives Nancy and Zilpha who were both so close to confinement they dared not travel, and Sarah to assist them in delivery, and care for them until they could travel. Hannah was sixteen years of age at this time, Sarah twenty-six.

This paragraph written by Bathsheba W. Smith in *Women of Mormondom*, pp. 321-22 expresses the feelings of the Saints at this time. "On the 9th of February 1846, in company with many others, my husband took me and some others of his family with what bedding, clothing and provisions we could take with us, leaving our accumulations to our enemies. I shall not try to describe how we traveled through storms of snow, wind and rain; how roads had to be made, bridges built and rafts constructed, how our poor animals had to drag on day after day, with scanty feed, nor how our camps suffered from poverty, sickness and death. We were consoled in the midst of these hardships by seeing the power of God manifested through the laying on of hands by the elders, causing the sick to be healed, and the lame to walk. The Lord was with us and his power was manifest daily."

After crossing the Mississippi river the storms were so bad and snow so deep they were unable to travel on. Lucy says in her journal, "as a matter of

course our fires had to be built so the wind would blow the sparks from our tent. I cannot forget how cold I was standing in the tent preparing food and washing dishes for our big family,” and Hannah wrote, “We couldn’t sleep warm. In the morning the bed covers would be frozen stiff to the wagon covers and across our chins. We could not get warm from morning to night or from night to morning.”

Zilpha, Nancy and Sarah were living in one room of a Martin family’s home since they had been forced from the Smith home in Nauvoo. On March 18, 1846 Zilpha gave birth to a lovely baby girl, and Nancy’s beautiful baby girl was born on March 20. On May 3, they left Nauvoo with spring weather on the way, but when they had crossed the river it turned cold, raining and snowing continuously. With slush, snow, wind and rain it became a desperate situation especially for the babies. Zilpha’s baby died on May 12, and was buried “along the way in Van Buren County, Iowa.” The three young women walked much of the way carrying Nancy’s baby, Nancy Adelia, to keep her more warm and comfortable and to ease the load of the wagons and teams. They came up with the others of the family on May 30 at Mount Pisgah, about two-thirds of the way across Iowa. What a joy this was for Hannah who had almost despaired for this beloved sister who had for so long been as a mother to her.

In the middle of the summer of 1846 before this band of trail weary pioneers reached the Missouri River the Mormon Battalion was called by the United States Army. Of this Hannah wrote, “Before we reached the bluffs the government sent Colonel Allen to ask for five hundred men to fight with Mexico. It took all of our teamsters. The women had to drive their ox teams hundred of miles. My part was to ride horseback and drive the cows.”

It took six months for George A. Smith to get his families to Winter Quarters on the West side of the Missouri River. One room cabins were built. Sarah and Hannah occupied one of these, Sarah being quite ill. Their food during this time consisted mostly of corn bread, sometimes mixed with water and

sometimes with milk. All who were able, worked at planting crops which would provide food for the future, but with no vegetables or fruit many soon became victims of scurvy. At times there were not enough well ones to bury the dead. George A. buried his wife Nancy, her baby, a baby boy born to Lucy and a baby boy born to Bathsheba, in the Cemetery at Winter Quarters. It was a time of intense suffering for all.

Again persecution began and the band of Saints were driven out of Winter Quarters. Hannah writes, "we then moved back over the Missouri River to a place called Kaneshville, in Iowa. We lived about two miles from the village in a canyon called Carbonca Hollow."

In April of 1847 the husband of these five young women went with Brigham Young on the pioneer trek to the Salt Lake Valley, and returned in October. All of the women expressed gratitude for the help and support of each other. Bathsheba expressed this when she wrote in her diary later, "I have the deepest respect and love for my husband's wives, I love their children dearly." They had harvested some crops and Hannah writes, "We all fared better for food." It had been a cold and hungry time for all.

On September 18, 1848 Sarah gave birth to a son at Carbonca canyon. He was named John Henry Smith. Hannah writes, "Through so much exposure in the past and illness at the time of the birth of her son, Sarah contracted a bad cold which turned to consumption from which she never recovered, nor was she able to care for her baby."

Four months later on January 16, 1849 Hannah's son was born. He was named Charles Warren Smith. Hannah took Sarah's baby to her heart and they were both raised as her own. Sarah asked Hannah to let John Henry call her "mother" saying "for that is what you will always be to him".

It was not until Jun 22, 1849 that this family was able to start for the Salt lake Valley the husband having had charge of the organization of the immigration of the companies at Council Bluffs. Hannah writes, "In this company George A. was a captain of Fifty. And Myron Tanner Captain of ten. Our company was composed of the first Welch Saints. Apostle Ezra Taft Benson was captain of Fifty and Elder Silas Richards was captain of another Fifty. All these people composed our company. My Sister, Sarah Ann and baby, and myself and baby and a teamster traveled together as a unit."

Lucy Meserve Smith writes of this time, "Our family including teamsters, hunters and cowboys numbered nineteen souls. Sister Bathsheba Smith and myself did the work for fourteen, with the help of Phineas Daily at the washtub, and Thomas Adshead to help bake the bread. Sister Sarah and her baby and Sister Hannah and her baby and Sister Hannah and her baby and a teamster were a separate family, Sister Sarah being quite feeble in health. Sister Hannah had to do all of the work for their portion of the family." And Hannah, "I had to do all the work for the five of us, cook, bake, wash, anything that was needed, as well as ride horseback driving cows at which time I always had one of the babies on my lap."

Diaries were kept sporadically by most everyone. I have selected a few incidents written by various members because the stories were common to all and time doesn't permit more.

July 16: "At about ten o'clock the cattle in Captain Jones corral took off affright - - and broke through among our own, and alarmed they all ran off. We had a regular stampede the cattle running in every direction and men screaming for help for fear we would lose all our cattle. It was quite laughable, but very frightful to see - - but they got all the cattle that night, and the next morning none of them was hurt. The guards all escaped unhurt though some of them were run over."

Aug. 9: "Crossed the Elkhorn. Traveled very slowly as the teams were weak. Traveled nine miles. Stopped to bake beans. Had to dig a well for water."

Aug 10: "Started out and stopped by the Platte River where the feed is good for the cattle. Buffalo on the other side, also wild Cherries. We had a feast today."

Aug. 16: "We drove four miles then stopped to wash and bake as we shall not come to more wood for 200 miles."

Aug. 28: A woman was bitten by a dog. He was sentenced to be shot but obtained a reprieve in case he would go with the express to the valley, being a good dog to keep off the Indians.

Oct 1: We traveled until eleven o'clock at night to get to the willows as we found no feed for the animals and it is snowing very fast. We traveled through rain and mud all day. When night came the mud was six inches deep. Our teamsters had to make their beds down in the mud. There was no alternative. This night after the men were in bed a sudden wind struck the camp and "whew"! sent the tent. Then the boys were up and out in their night suits, shouting and singing at the top of their voices till they pinned the tent down again.

Oct 2: Lucy write: We lost 60 head of cattle. (They were in very poor condition and were frozen in this storm). The snow drifted six feet deep; no wood only as the brethren dug roots and Elder Myron Tanner made a fire in our iron kettle and bake pancakes and boiled coffee in the front of his wagon so we could have a basin of coffee and one pancake apiece that whole day as not one of the women could get out to do a thing the storm was still raging so badly.

Bathsheba wrote of this same day: "Camped in confusion - - - the wagons helter skelter - - just as we could. Snowed all night. Snow about seventeen inches deep on the level. It was very grievous to her the children cry, the oxen low, the cows bawl, the sheep bleat, the pigs squeal, the ducks quack, the chicks chirp, and we couldn't tell them why they had to suffer thus. Sister Sarah and Hannah with the two boys were obliged to stay in bed to keep the babies hands covered as the weather was so very cold."

At this time the Company was two hundred eighty miles from the valley and had to stay there for a number of days and Hannah wrote: "The men put up a little stove in our wagon. If it had not been that help came from the valleys we would have perished for our wagons would have been left for lack of animals."

This company arrived in Salt Lake at eleven P.M. on Oct. 27, 1849, cold, tired and hungry. Hannah writes, "We thanked our heavenly Father for our safe arrival. My heart was overflowing with joy as I beheld the pleased welcoming looks on the faces of our loved ones, Father and Mother Smith, Caroline and husband, John Lyman and wife. They made a feast for us the next day. It seemed so good to sit at a table and exchange news of the two years we had been separated. The next day Sarah Ann and myself and our babies moved into a little adobe room belonging to Brother Henry Bigler who was with the Mormon Battalion."

During the next year the families built and planted and worked getting Hannah tells us in her letter, "While my husband was away my sister died. She had been in poor health for such a long time. She gave her son to me as I had always had the care of him and he had already learned to call me "mother". I was all alone with her when she passed away, Oh, so early in the morning." (This was June 12, 1851.) "She seemed more like a mother to me and I looked to her for advice." I used to tie the boys up because I could not run after them, she being so sick. We had a long bed cord which I tied to the bed leg. In the mornings they went out the West door, and in the afternoons the East door.

They learned to look for the rope as they were dressed every day. It was a sad year with the loss of my sister and my husband being away. All of the family was loving and caring.” Hannah was now just a few days less than Twenty-Three years of age.

In 1852 George A. Smith was assigned to preside over the building up of Utah County. He took Hannah and the two boys to live in Provo and Lucy to give help and support to them. Zilpha was now living in Parawan and Bathsheba in Salt Lake City.

At first they lived in rooms in the homes of other people until a four room adobe house was built for them. This was their home for many years. After the loss of her baby at Winter Quarters and another on 06, Aug. 1851, Lucy had no more children of her own. She lived seventeen years in Provo with in Provo with Hannah and contributed richly to the lives of Hannah, her children and to the community.

Hannah and Lucy both were skilled in spinning, weaving, coloring and sewing clothing. They took in this kind of work to support themselves as well as for their own use and for charitable purposes. Lucy wrote in her autobiography, “Sister Hannah and I wove hundreds of yards of cloth such as bed coverlets, curtains, diapers, jeans, kearsey flannel, linsey, carpets etc. We colored many pounds of yarn with indigo, log-wood, redwood, cochineal, bazlewood, tan-bark, cottonwood bark, copperas, alum, sagebrush, yellow wood, onion peels and magenta. They boys helped a lot in gathering the materials to use.” Both women held positions in the Relief Society organization and did work in many community organizations, and there was never a time when their work wasn’t in demand. They both tell of weaving carpeting for the tabernacle, of designing and weaving a beautiful flag for the Provo Brass Band, of making quilts, bedding, socks, and mittens for those in need.

In her later years Hannah made beautifully designed and stitched red and white pieced quilts which she gave especially to her children and grand children. (My father was a grandchild of hers and I can remember one of these quilts in our home - - a very special treasure.)

These were very hard working women, but they made some fun even out of hard work. They gathered together to card their wool, cut pieces for quilts, had spinning contests, prepared rags for rugs and quilted their quilts. Most of the social life was carried out during cold winter months but they did organize dances, box suppers and such when time and supplies allowed.

Hannah writes this story in her letter. "In the winter of 1856 my husband was sent to congress to intervene for a state government. When he went he left us provisions and flour to last while he was gone, but we had company so much of the time that our food gave out and it was a struggle to get enough to eat until harvest came again. My baby Sarah was small and Sister Redfield had a very feeble baby which I went and nursed as I had plenty and was very glad to be of some assistance. Sister Redfield gave me a pan of flour so we could have a pancake apiece. We had some sugar and molasses which we had made from "honey dew", which 'The Provider of all Good sent on the trees'. Brother Adair and his wife, Sister Lucy and myself took the necessary utensils, went among the bushes, cut bows and washed the flakes into tubs, strained the sap and cleaned it, and skimmed it as it boiled down. Sister Lucy knew how to make sugar, having watched her parents boil the maple into sugar in her new England home. We made fifty pounds of nice sugar besides having a lot of molasses for pancakes and candy for the children. We were proud of our sugar, of which we paid our tithing."

Since their husband must spend most of his time in the service of the Lord, Hannah and Lucy worked together, lived together and supported one another for seventeen years. They both kept foremost in their minds the

important thoughts that the making of an attractive comfortable home where love, harmony and peace could dwell was a divine mission for them. They not only believed it but lived it so their husband could fill his calling as an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. Those who wrote about it said that here he always found orderliness, cleanliness, love and peace so when he left this home he felt blessed, renewed and strengthened to face the numerous calls that lay ahead of him.

George A. Smith died September 1, 1875 in Salt Lake City after an illness of several months. John Henry had married in 1866 and Charles Warren in 1868. Lucy went to salt Lake to assist in the care of their husband.

Hannah gave birth to four more children through the years: Sarah Maria, born 01 Jan. 1856, died 16, Jan. 1912. Eunice Albertine, born 06 March, 1860, died 04 Oct., 1861. George Albert, born 07 April, 1862, died 28 Oct., 1863. Grace Libby, born 14 May, 1865, died 27 Feb., 1939.

After her husband's death Hannah's home was sold and Charles Warren, who was a builder, built a six room brick home for her on East Center Street in Provo where she lived the rest of her life. Her home was always open to members of her family and friends and often to those she founding need of a temporary refuge.

In her letter of 1881 Hannah wrote, "I keep a cow, chickens and pigs, have farm land, hay meadow and an orchard, have plenty of fruit. I have about forty sheep out on shares, get a good income yearly, also a little money at interest. I have property enough with industry and close economy to make me comfortable."

"Provo has a fine meeting house after the Presbyterian style, an assembly hall in each ward besides, also good school houses and an academy "BYA) of

learning with about two hundred fifty students, besides other schools in the different wards, numbering five.

“We believe in cooperation. We have cooperative stores, factories, tanneries, etc. doing a good business. We have one Temple down in St. George, Washington County, another in Logan, Cache County. The great mammoth Temple is being built in Salt Lake City. Work is going on in the St. George Temple three days in each week for both the living and the dead. My faith in this work grows stronger all the time as daily events are developing more and more proofs of the authenticity of the Book of Mormon; yet there has never been one question in my mind with regard to it. The power of God manifested in our behalf at different times has been sufficient evidence for me.”

You can imagine Hannah's joy when in 1889 her youngest brother, Henry Libby and his wife visited her in Provo. He brought with him a Libby Genealogy written by her eldest brother, Charles. Henry gave her a book and one for each of her children. She wholly believed every phase of the gospel and with the genealogical information of this book began the Temple work in the Manti Temple for her kindred dead.

She died 21 Sept., 1906 at her home in Provo with many loving family members around her and was buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery with her husband and other family members close by.

HANNAH MARIE LIBBY

HISTORY BY: Daughter Grace Libbey Smith Cheever

The subject of our sketch was born in the wooded hills of Ossipee, Stratsford County, New Hampshire on the 29th of June, 1828, the daughter of Nathaniel Libbey and Tirzah Lord Libbey. Was one of eleven children, seven brothers and three sisters as follows:

Mercy L.	married	Benjamin Noyes
Charles	"	Phebe Aldrich
Sarah Ann	"	George A. Smith
Elizabeth R.	"	Samuel Noyes
Daniel Lord	"	Mary C. Reynolds, first and Laura A. Reed, second
Jeremiah Colby	"	Maria Kimball
Hannah Maria	"	George A. Smith
John Quincy Adams	"	Aurelina C. Dodge
George Washington	"	Ellen M. Bell
Nathaniel Webster	"	Marinar Sawyer
Henry Clay	"	Ellen M. Thomas.

The schooling of those days was meager, just a few months in the winter time. The subjects were reading, spelling and mental arithmetic and mother proved a very good student - a very good reader and in mental arithmetic, just fine. She spelled everybody down in her own school, then they had spelling matches with the other schools. Her brother, John Q. A. used to take her in a sleigh and she out-spelled them all, which was great enjoyment.

Her father, Nathaniel Libbey, was born in Berwick, Maine, December 22, 1790. Her parents were quiet, industrious people, he being a lumberman. As a young man he followed the sea and was a good sailor, but at his marriage, November 24th, 1813, he bought a lumber mill at Ossipee and lived there for 20 years. Then he bought lumber mills at Bethlehem, which he and his sons worked at for a long time, but he finally settled on a farm where he died, 1840, being but 50 years old. He left his wife and eleven children.

His father was Captain Charles Libbey, born in Berwick, Maine, December 16, 1749, who married Sarah Pray on July 16, 1772. He received by will one-half of his father's homestead in Lebenon, New Hampshire where he and his wife moved to in 1791 and raised a family of six children, two girls and four boys. Nathaniel, my grandfather, was the youngest. They were quiet, unassuming, industrious people; patriotic in helping the Government.

Captain Charles Libbey was a Sergeant in the Revolutionary War. His name is on record in the War Department as follows:

"The Adjutant General's Office,
March 9, 1927

This Memorandum:

"The records of this office show one Charles Libbey, who served in the Revolutionary War as Sergeant in Captain Thomas Wagondon's (Magondon's?) Company,

Captain Thomas Poor's Regiment, Mass. Militia.

Name appeared on Company payroll dated Oct. 1776, West Point.

Robert D. Daws,
Major General"

In the Libbey Genealogy, page ten, it says his title as "Captain" was earned in his service in his own community.

Tirzah Lord was the daughter of Nathan Lord, fifth son of the Rev. Ebenezer Lord and Martha Emery of Berwick, York County, Maine, born January 26, 1756 or 7, one of fifteen children. He has a war record. He was a Private November 5, 1775 at Kelley Point. He also enlisted as a private September, 1776 in Captain William McDurfee's Company mustered by Stephen Evens in the 2nd New Hampshire Regiment to join the Continental Army in New York. He was the Lebanon Nathan Lord who enlisted for the years, May 19, 1777 to May 19, 1780, when he was discharged at West Point. He was a pensioner from March 16, 1819 until his death.

He married first Mercy Knox, March 26, 1781, widow of William Davis who was killed in the Revolutionary War. She was born January 24, 1755, a daughter of Benj. Knox. She died at Lebanon, York County, Maine November 22, 1810. He married second, Sarah Wingate November 25, 1811, a daughter of Benj. Wingate of Rochester. She was living in 1835. He died at Lebanon, York County, Maine, November 26, 1833, aged 76 years and 10 months. He was buried on his own farm. Both the Libbey's and Lord's ancestors came to America in 1630 to 1640.

After the death of my Grandfather, many of the older children were married. Aunt Sarah Ann had already gone to Lowell, Mass. to work and my mother followed to work in the cotton mills of Lowell. She was only eleven years of age. Aunt Sarah Ann was ten years my mother's senior and was pastry cook at the boarding house. My mother was thankful that she knew how to weave for it proved a great boon to her in after years.

While the sisters were at Lowell, Mass. they heard the Gospel message as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith and embraced it. They were baptised and confirmed into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in May, 1844.

They earned enough money to help their mother and small brothers and to clothe themselves comfortably and had some left. The mother and brothers were coming to them at Lowell when she died. Uncle Charles took Henry C. and George W. was cared for by Uncle Benjamin Lord.

The two sisters left Lowell, Mass. September 26, 1845 and arrived at Nauvoo, Illinois the same fall, October 20th, In November, 20th, 1845, they were both married to George A. Smith, one of the Twelve Apostles. They had their full endowments with their husband, the sealing being performed by Patriarch John Smith, father of George A.

Mother says, "Brother Smith started with others, taking me with him as we were compelled to leave Nauvoo. The first wagons crossed the Mississippi River February 9th and camped on the other side of the river. The storms were very bad. We traveled through slush and mud, sleet and rain. We made about ten miles a day. We built our roads and forded streams. Some rafts had to be made or bridges built to cross on.

"Some were left at Garden Grove, to put in crops for the coming immigration. We then traveled until we reached Mt. Piagah. There we left others who were to build houses and put in crops for the other saints who might come after.

"While at Piagah my sister Sarah (having traded for a team) came bringing up the remaining portion of the family and David Smith and wife. He was a teamster.

"Before we reached Council Bluff, the Government sent Col. Allen and asked for 500 men to fight with Mexico. President Young said, 'You shall have your battalion. If we have not young men enough we will take the old men.' It took all of our teamsters.

The Women had to drive their ox teams and my part was to ride horse back and drive the cows. We passed through many trials but our Father in Heaven was with us and sustained us. Our battalion did not have to fight although they suffered privation and hardship. Some died on the way. It was the greatest march of infantry the U.S. has known.

"We kept good order in our camps, praying night and morning asking the blessing over our food. We always held meeting on the Sabbath day and sometimes in the evenings. Sang hymns and songs and made ourselves as merry as possible.

"We traveled until we came to Cutlar's Park. Aunt Lucy gave birth to a son. We rested two weeks and then went into Winter Quarters where my husband buried a wife, Nancy Clements and four children. There was much sickness on account of not having the proper vegetable diet and he urged the planting of potatoes.

"We remained at Winter Quarters when my husband accompanied Brigham Young and others who started to find an asylum of rest for the people who had been driven from their homes so many times. He was on vanguard and helped blaze the trail and build the road to a heaven of rest.

"We stopped at Winter Quarters about 18 months, then moved over the Missouri river to a place called Kaneshville in honor of Col. Kane who was always a friend to our people. We lived about two miles from the village in a canyon called Carbonea Hollow. My sister Sarah Ann gave birth to a son, John Henry,

born the 18th of September, 1848 and in four months I was blessed with the birth of a son on the 16th of June, 1849, called Charles Warren.

"My husband after he returned from the valleys of the mountains in October, 1847, had charge of the migration of the companies for the valleys and it was not until June 22, 1849 did he start to the valleys with his family. In this Company George A. Smith was Captain of 50 and Myron Tanner Captain of 10. Apostle Ezra Taft Benson was Captain of 50 and Elder Silas Richards Captain of another 50; all composed our Company. My sister Sarah and baby, myself and baby and the teamster traveled together. I had to do for my sister as she was not ever able to attend to her baby on account of poor health. The privation and hardships had undermined her health.

"We traveled slowly as our animals were weak. We crossed the south fork of the Platte river which was high and swift, but all landed on the other side in safety on the 7th of August. We saw our first Indians. They were friendly.

"August 9th. Drove nine miles. Stopped to bake the beans then traveled five miles more. Had to dig a well for water.

"August 10th. Started out and stopped by Platte river where the feed is good for the cattle. Buffalo on the other side; also wild cherries and we had a feast today.

"On the 12th of August we had meeting; sermons by Elders George A. Smith and Appleby. As the days pass by we travel from eleven to thirteen miles a day.

"On August 21st met Brother Babbett from the Valleys. Heard letters read from the Presidency. They were cheering. All companies met and danced in the afternoon.

"September 6th we passed Fort Larimee.

"October 1st we traveled 15 miles for it was snowing and drove to the willows to camp. Could not get our wood the snow had drifted so very deep. October 2nd we loose sixty head of cattle. Sarah A. and myself and our babies had to stay in bed to keep them warm and the men put up a little stove in the wagon. If it had not been that help came from the valleys we would have perished for our wagons would have had to been left for lack of animals.

"On October 18th we drove all day and corralled our wagons all together and had a pile of sage brush and a big fire. You could see the whole country. Some held meeting.

"We arrived in Salt Lake City October 27th about eleven p.m. thanking our Heavenly Father for our safe arrival. We found my husband's father and mother, brother and wife and sister all well and pleased to greet us. The next dray they made a feast for us all to partake of with them. It was a great treat to sit at table with long absent relations and friends. Our journey had lasted 155 days.

"My sister Sarah Ann and our babies moved into a little adobie room belonging to Brother Henry Bigler.

"Brother Adair and his wife and Sister Lucy and myself took the necessary utensils, went among the bushes, cut bows and washed the flakes into tubs, strained the sap and cleansed with milk and eggs and skimmed as it boiled down. We understood how to make sugar, having seen our parents boil the maple juice in New England. We made fifty pounds of nice sugar besides having a lot of molasses for pancakes and candy for the children. We were very proud of our sugar, of which we paid our tithing.

"We used to go out and gather ground cherries and we enjoyed them very much before we had any fruit which grew very plentiful. Saving all we wanted to eat, we could sell all we had to spare because fruit was scarce in the valley.

"In the winter time we used to have dances, theatres and concerts as our amusement for relaxing because our heavy work came in the spring, summer and fall.

"Sister Clark Scott and myself were the two ladies chosen to weave the carpet for our new Tabernacle because we did our weaving alike. The carpet for the steps which led up to the pulpit was woven very fine and it lasted as long as the pulpit was left in the building. We used to do our coloring with madder(?), indigo, log wood, cochineal, tan bark, cottonwood bark, coperas, allum, yellow weed and magenta."

"When the boys grew big enough, they used to help cut wood and tend the cows and when older still they helped on the farm and go up the canyon to get wood. I used to watch for their coming home and it was a great joy to see them.

"Aunt Lucy lived with me until the boys were married then she went back to Salt Lake City where she had a little home of her own.

"In May 28, 1868, the Third Ward Relief Society was organized with Sister Mary J. Tanner as President, Sister Hannah M. Smith First Counselor, Sister Hannah Clark as Second Counselor and a week later Sister Mary John was made Secretary, which office I held for eleven years.

"In the mean time my husband became ill and after battling the destroyer many months, he passed quietly away on the 1st day of September, 1875. I was left with my home in the Third ward, two full lots up on the bench in the Fourth Ward which was filled with lovely fruit trees and some of the material for a new

home was on ground. By selling my old home and the assistance of my son Charles Warren, I accomplished the completion of a new home. It was a one story brick house, six rooms, a porch front and back, with a cellar and granery. I kept cows, chickens and a pig. Have farm land, meadow and orchard. Charles tilled the farm.

"Charles Warren lived on the north east corner; Sarah owned the south east corner; I lived on the south west corner and John Henry owned the north west corner. I moved from the Third Ward in September, 1878 and it seemed I had gone out of the world because all of my neighbors lived down in the Third Ward."

Mother served in the new ward as a Relief Society teacher for a number of years, but being very retiring in her nature she served largely in her home, keeping school boarders to help turn what was raised on the farm into a little money. She was splendid in planning and making both ends meet. She was always industrious, a beautiful worker with her needle and ever ready to assist in any and all kinds of work. She made many beautiful quilts and left much of the industry of her hands behind.

On October 20, 1866, John Henry married Sarah Ferr, daughter of Lorin Ferr and Nancy Chase Farr. They lived in Provo for a while then moved to Salt Lake City. Eleven children were born to them. He married Josephine Groosbeck, daughter of Nicholas Groosbeck for his second wife. Eight children came to them.

Charles Warren married Isabell Martin on October 5th, 1867, a daughter of Jesse B. Martin and Sophronia Moore Martin. Their children numbered seven girls and one son. Later he married Esther Martin, daughter of Jesse B. and Anna Martin. Four boys and two girls came to them.

Sarah Maria married on July 4th, 18, Byron O. Coton, son of Phylander and Polly Merrill Colton. She had three children, one girl and two boys.

Grace Libbey married Joseph E. Cheever, son of Henry Albert Cheever and Mary Jane Nelson Cheever on the 12th of June, 1889. They had seven sons and two daughters.

Mother started the work in the Manti Temple for the Libbey family, in May, 1889. She was assisted by her son Charles Warren and daughter Sarah. They did the work for her direct line from the emigrant down to her father, Nathaniel Libbey and his wife, Tirzah Lord. At different times she went to Salt Lake and worked in the Temple there. She was endowed for about 300 of her kin.

She says, "My faith grows stronger all of the time and as events develop, more and more proofs of the authenticity of the Book of Mormon are established. There had never been a question in my mind regarding it. The power of God made manifest in our behalf at different times has been sufficient evidence for me. May the blessings of God, the Father, rest upon you all, is my prayer."

Mother was a great comfort and help to me. We always lived together and my children were all born, excepting Ninalow(?), before she passed to the Great Beyond on the 21st of September, 1906, at Provo, where she had lived fifty two years.

Grace Libbey Smith Cheever.

January, 1931(?)

HANNAH WADSWORTH HARTLEY

Patriarchal Blessing

Provo City, Utah.

Apr. 15, 1900.

A Blessing by Patriarch Charles D. Evans upon the head of Hannah Wadsworth Hartley, the daughter of Samuel Wadsworth and Elizabeth, Brown, born at Hu??field, Yorkshire, Eng., Jan. 31, 1970.

Sister Hannah by virtue of the Holy Priesthood I lay my hands upon thy head and pronounce and seal upon thee a blessing as the Lord directs, for thou art born of the Royal lineage of Ephriam, and thus thou art an heir of the covenant and every blessing there-of is thine through faith, for thou hast come into the world to lay the foundation of a Kingdom in the flesh, which shall never end, for thy heirs will possess the earth, and go forth to multiply in it.

Thou shalt stand by the faith to see the gentile fullness and their glory fade as a flower in the sun. A day of righteousness when the wicked cease to wile and the Kingdom is the Lords. Thy food and raiment shall not fail, but thou shalt be blessed with the blessings of the earth and the blessings of Heaven above, as the dews of earth nourish the growing plant and give it life, so will the Holy Spirit nourish thy soul. Thou shalt have joy in thy generations and be numbered with the great mothers and overcome the world by the testimony of Jesus. Thy generations will call thee blessed and thou shalt never lack a man to stand before God bearing the Holy Priesthood forever. Thy children shall inherit the desolate places, even the cities left empty by the sword, and plant and inhabit. All shall be well with thy house and with thee and with thy husband. Thou shalt stand at the head of thy generations and thy house shall not be broken up. Therefore rejoice in the Lord, for thy days shall be glorious and thou shalt bear

the trials of life with patience, and assist the work of the dead and thou shalt preside as a Queen forever. I seal thee up to come forth in the Holy Resurrection, clothed with glory, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

LIFE HISTORY OF ISABELLE MARTIN SMITH

Autobiography

DAUGHTER OF JESSE BIGLER MARTIN AND SOPHRONIA MOORE

I, Isabelle Martin Smith was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, in the old Nineteenth (19th) Ward on August 8, 1851. I was named Isabelle after one of father's twin sisters who had been drowned; but after the christening, he received word that it was Isadore instead of Isabelle who was drowned.

When I was two years old my father left for a mission to England. My sister Sophronia was born two weeks after his departure. My plucky mother was left alone with three little children, my four-year-old brother Jesse, myself and the new baby. He was gone four years and four months. During that time mother worked very hard to get food and clothing for her babies. One time my stomach refused to take the coarse bran food and I fainted away. Mother washed all day long for a neighbor to get a pint of white flour to make little cakes for me.

I vividly remember the day father came home, he cried because his four year old baby did not know him and who looked up at him and asked: "Is you my papa?"

We lived first in a log room, then moved into an adobe room which made us more comfortable. It was while living here when a child of nine years, that Grandpa and Grandma Moore came to visit us. Grandma went for a bucket of water to the spring with me at her heels, which was one half block from our house. This spring was large and was what the settlers called bottomless, and one could easily drown in it. When she reached her pail over she slipped and splash: in she went, her big full skirt expanded like a balloon and supported her weight while I tore to the house for help.

Father moved to Lehi to live in 1860. He located on a fine lot one block south of Main Street. On this lot was one of the best wells in the valleys of the mountains.

Father worked diligently and began to prosper, having a good farm which produced ample to care for his growing family. We had pigs, chickens, cattle, fruits and vegetables and grain in abundance.

When we came to Lehi I was past nine years and had not been baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, so father dug out a pool and filled it with water and then he baptized me in it.

I remember one day my brother Jesse came panting into the house, almost hysterical with excitement. He had been visiting a man and his boys on a ranch on the south side of the Point of the Mountain a few miles north of Lehi. While there he had seen the mail stage come along and some Indians who were in ambush attacked it and killed both drivers.

When I was about eleven, father would often send Jesse and myself to gather a large sack of sagebrush for fuel. On several occasions we went out to the hills, taking our lunch with us, and we burned greasewoods all day long. The following day we would go out and gather all the ashes and bring them home. We put these in the lye barrel and poured water on them and then mother and I would use this water to make soap.

We would also take a bag full of ashes and place in a big kettle of shelled corn and make delicious hominy.

One day when Jesse and I were burning greasewood, we found some little wild onions. We gathered some to eat with our lunch. They were bitingly strong and stunk the loudest of any I have ever known. Poor Mother couldn't stand us in the house when we came home that night.

We started our first schooling at Lehi. It is amusing to recall the old spelling matches. I usually started at the foot and my brother Jesse at the head, and when the spelling bee was over, I would be at the head and he would be at the foot; but when it came to arithmetic, it would always be the other way about.

Some of the girls were having their hair cut and I begged mother to cut mine, as she had done my next younger sister Sophronia, but she wouldn't, saying: "No, Isabelle, you are so lady-like that your hair is always in place, but Sophronia is always hither and yon, and so is her hair.

We lived in Lehi three years. It looked like the worst of our pioneer life was over, but in 1863, the Prophet Brigham Young called my father to take what possessions he could and go and preside over the Scipio Branch, a then prospective town in Millard County. Here, as a family, we battled anew the hardships of unbroken sod and bitter elements.

The settlers moved into the first fort located near the western mountain ridge. We lived in a large dug-out.

The first winter at the fort my mother was troubled frequently with quinsy. One bitter cold day while bedfast with it, father gave her a newspaper to read, while he took every child who could carry a pail, tucked us in the big sled and drove to the river a mile away to fill our barrels with water. When we came back she asked me to get some ice and chop it fine as she had read in the paper that

ice would cure quinsy. We took a knife and pried her teeth apart and fed her the ice, and it cured her.

The following summer she was sick with it again. A friendly Indian named Pantakary came in to see her. She made him understand that if she could have some snow from the top of the mountains she could get better. He said; "I will get you some." "If you do I will give you a bucket a flour now, and one when you get back," my mother bargained.

Old Pantakary grunted approval and started. Late in the afternoon two weary, dusty squaws came in with a bucket of snow which lasted for days well covered with blankets in our cool dug-out cellar. Being beneath the dignity of an Indian to do hard work, Pantakary had sent his squaws after the snow.

My sisters and myself fed them well and gave them the other bucket of flour. By the time the snow was gone mother's quinsy was cured.

A year later a second fort was built in the center of the valley, the present Scipio site, and we had a log room in this fort. After the Indian troubles were more settled, the people moved to their apportioned lots and commenced to build permanent homes.

Father built us two large log rooms and here it was my brothers and sisters grew to maturity. Every one of them grew to have faith in the gospel and every one still retains that faith. I used to work in the fields with my brother Jesse. We had a yoke of oxen called Duke and Dime. On one occasion we went out to get a load of corn stalks. On the way back Jesse got astride one ox and coaxed me to get astride the other. I did so with the understanding I was to get off before we arrived in town. This was great "ducks" for him, and as we neared town he speeded the oxen up. I got so exasperated I threatened to fall off, so he stopped in lieu of an accident.

Near Scipio the Kanosh band of Indians roamed the hills and valleys and had become quite friendly with the people of the settlement. The chieftan Kanosh had been converted and baptized a member of the church. A spirit of hostility broke out among the Indians and in one of their raids, old Father James Ivie and a boy, Henry Right from Ogden were killed.

Old Pantakary who was both loved by the whites and Indians alike, visited the settlement with peaceful motives. As he left the town he was followed by Jim Ivie, the son of James Ivie, and when in the brush, killed him. I remember the terrible outbreak this caused. The Lord blessed the efforts of the presiding brethren and they were able to quell the fierce hatred it created and no further blood was shed.

I was thirteen years old and had been visiting my grandmother and grandfather Samuel Moore in Provo for some time, when my father, Jesse B. Martin, came with a load of wool to be made into rolls. He brought with him my two younger sisters Sophronia and Eunice.

At this time the Black Hawk war was in progress, and he received word that the Indians were on the war path, so he hid Sophronia and Eunice among the rolls, and when he went to help me in I said "No, I would rather be shot by the Indians than be in there," so he let me sit on the spring seat and hold the gun on my lap.

All went well and we camped at Salt Creek, now called Nephi, the first night. Then a traveler joined us with his outfit and we traveled together and camped at the Sevier River crossing, a protected camping place. Brother Tividwell lived there. This place is now known as the Ube Dam.

The next morning father felt very worried about proceeding on our journey. He bowed his head for a moment and then said to me: "Isabelle, I hold two sticks in my hand. If you draw the longer it will be safe for us to go on, if the shorter we will stay." I reached forth and took one. It was the longer piece, so we started immediately, but we traveled with bated breath and throbbing pulses all through the mountainous part of the journey, but when we came to the open valley a feeling of peace and security came to us. We reached our home in Scipio at two O' clock that night.

Mother and I commenced to work on our portion of rolls and father's second wife, whom we all called "Schoolmarm" was given hers. She was a bright intelligent English woman and won her (nickname?) of "schoolmarm" through teaching the village school for about thirty years. She was thrifty and industrious, a sweet singer, and the mother of eight children.

We placed a roll on the bar of the spinning wheel. We would take one and draw out a long thread, then wind it off onto a spindle till we got it full, then wind it off onto the reel. We would wind till we got forty times around. This was a knot, and when we got ten knots we had a skein. Then I would twist it up and start another. I could only spin thirty knots or three skeins a day. When I would try to be smart and do four skeins a day, I would not be able to work at all the next day.

Jim Ivie owned a number of good spans of horses. He had let father take his second best span to take on this trip and when father returned the team, Brother Ivie told him he wished he had let him take the best team, and the Indians had raided his fields and taken every horse.

My father, Jesse B. Martin, was born April 11, 1825, on a farm near Clarksburg, Harrison County, West Virginia. He was a real southern gentleman in sentiment and convictions. He was very hospitable and friendly to all that

knew him. While living at Scipio his home was always the stopping place for the Church Leaders and many others on their trips up and down the state. He was a born entertainer and he was the center feature of many pleasant evening gatherings of community, family and friends. He was a good singer, a clever dancer and keen story-teller. From the songs of Zion, Southern melodies to comedy, such as, "Oh them golden slippers," "Oh, I really can't keep still", he sang with zest and fervor often accompanying the livelier tunes with suitable dance steps. Some of those he loved to sing to his descendants were those he had composed about his Mormon Battalion experiences, and he would always follow with inspiring tales of early days.

My mother, Sophronia Moore Martin was born May 17, 1832, at Orange, Franklin County, Mass. She was a woman of great faith and unfaltering determination to do right as she believed it. She was a good cook and early taught me to manage a meal. For many years she was the towns impromptu Chef, cooking the wedding supper for all the village brides. She was a good dressmaker and her skill netted her many a needed dollar to help her family through trying times. She was public spirited, serving as Relief Society president of Scipio ward and many years as a Sunday School teacher.

Grandfather and Grandmother Moore lived in Provo. They owned lots in the northwest part of the city. On these he built two log houses a block apart. Back of his log houses Grandfather lay Grandmother's and aunt Mary's two large five acre orchards, and beyond them a productive farm and knee-deep pasture land. In the first orchard as he called it, he had quite a few hives of bees and took great pleasure in caring for them. Owing to a shortage of sweets in the valley, he would carry an inviting helping of honey to any sick person no matter what part of the city they lived in.

It was picturesque on a drowsy Sunday afternoon to stroll down to the pasture and watch grandfather's beautiful horses graze in the grass. The one or two span of mules were always in good condition, and there would sure to be at least one donkey for us children to bray at. He was always proud of his splendid cows, whose milk and butter netted his wives quite a bit of spending money.

I like to stand by the old mill race which passed the place, eagerly looking for a stray fish, and while standing there, watch the men at work in the old adobe yard, which has since been converted into the present city park.

I had spent many long visits with my grandparents and was always a welcome member of their family circle. In the fall of 1865, shortly after my fourteenth birthday, I came up to Provo to live with them and to attend school. The school building was a long adobe room, front facing east and located in the old Third Ward. That first day as I stood at the south end of the building, timidly scanning the strange faces, I was attracted by a group of boys. My future husband was among them. He told me afterwards that when he saw me he said

to himself: "There stands my wife." Needless to say he lost no time in trying to make his dream come true.

I felt shy and lonely among so many strangers, when a pretty brown-eyed girl with a winning smile, and a riot of mischievous curls came up and made my acquaintance. She was Orinda Crandall, later McEean. We have been pals and friends through rain and shine from that day. My school days were very happy and care free. We had a school paper which was edited by myself, Isabelle Martin and Mart Davis as assistant. We called the paper the "Impromptu." It was made up of original contributions by the students, and we compiled them on foolscrap writing paper. We used pen and ink and wrote in long hand. The office of the "Impromptu" was in the second story of the Seminary building. I still have a copy that is sixty-six years old, that I read on the last day of school.

I made many friends among the young people and we would go out in crowds to parties. I went out with a number of boy friends, but there was a close competition between Charles Smith and mart Davis. I didn't know which I liked the best. One Friday evening Charles came to call and I knew full well that he was going to ask me to go to the party. He sat there talking to grandfather Moore, when in waked mart Davis who immediately asked me if I had an escort to the party. "No, I haven't", I answered. "Will you go with me?" he grinned looking roguishly out the corner of his eye at Charley. "Yes, I will be pleased to," I assured him, that is if grandfather is willing." Grandfather gave his consent so Mart left followed by the laughing Charley.

After the school year closed I sent home to Scipio. The first telegraph south of Salt Lake City had been installed in father's house, and I learned to both send and receive messages. I corresponded with Charley for two years, meeting him on a number of occasions, which afforded better acquaintance and pleasant associations.

The finally after I was sixteen years old my father brought me up to Salt Lake City to my Aunt Basheba T. Smith's, who was the first wife of Charles' father George a. Smith, to stay while I got married. Looking back on my ignorance and inexperience, I say that sixteen is too young for any girl to marry.

On October 5, 1867, I was married to Charles Warren Smith in the old endowment house. When the ceremony was over Aunt Basheba gave us a pair of wool pillows and a bed tick which she had woven herself. The material of that tick is still firm after sixty-five years use. My mother gave us a quilt and a pair of pillowcases. Charles' mother gave us some Lindsay blankets and John Henry and Sarah gave us a linen tablecloth.

I will always remember the meal we had at Aunt Basheba's because she made a lovely cake and it was the first one I had ever tasted made out of sugar.

Mother had brought the butter and eggs, Mother Smith furnished the fruits and Aunt Basheba the sugar.

We went to live at Charles' father's and mother's home. Mother Smith was always kind and good to me as long as I lived there. Through our association together we learned to love each other dearly which lasted throughout her life and mine. We lived with her a year and a half of our married life. While there my first baby was born. She came November 26, 1869 and we named her Hannah Isabelle. Mother Smith wove twenty yards of white cloth to make the essential diapers. The baby was six months old when we moved into the little adobe room which my dear husband had built. He made the adobes and did most of the work on the house himself. At the west end of the room he built a huge fireplace, which was the setting for many happy memories to come.

The day we moved, grandfather Smith gave us a splendid cedar trunk—a perfect gold mine to us and served as our first table. How proud I was that day when I called Charles to dinner. He came bounding along, and entering the door, threw his hat in the air, grabbed me in his arms and kissed me. Then we sat down with tears of joy to our humble meal in our home—the home that was to welcome the rest of my babies.

I took a great joy and pride in caring for our home and babies.

Our second daughter, whom we named Sophronia Lydia after my mother, was born February 8, 1871. I was the proudest mother in the world caring and training my little ones. Motherhood was ever a sacred privilege with me.

My third baby girl whom me named Lucy Meserva after one of Father Smith's wives, was born September 20, 1873. She was the darkest of my children, having deep brown hair. In March, 1880, she came down with Diphtheria and on the 24th of the month she passed to the Great Beyond. The night she died, a lovely young girl was staying with me. She was Louis Harrison (later Maiben) and was a pretty girl with a wonderful character. This night she was sleeping in the kitchen, and was awakened by the entrance of a tall beautiful woman, dressed in white, who said: "Louis, I am Death. You can go with me now if you wish." Louis told her she didn't want to go, but wanted to live to marry and raise a family. When she left Louis she walked into the bedroom where I was with Lucy. Hearing me give a cry Louis ran to the bedroom door and found the child dead in my arms.

Our fourth daughter, Tirzah Libby was born March 13, 1876, and a year and eleven days after Lucy's death she followed her, being the victim of Scarlet Fever.

During these years my husband had prospered and enlarged our home till we had three rooms on the ground floor with a lean-to , which was used for a

kitchen and pantry. The upstairs consisted of three fine bedrooms and a hall closet.

Our fifth daughter named Jesse after my father was born on the 14th of May 1878. She was blessed with a sunny disposition; a keen sense of humor and the gift of being and making friends. Though frail in body, she has always had a dauntless hope for the future and always sympathizes with me in all of my problems.

My sixth daughter was born January 12, 1880, and we named her Ethel. She has been a pillar of strength to me in my latter years. She has been constantly looking out for my pleasure. She was always making me presents of lovely dresses, giving family parties for me. The other girls would always help but she would start the ball a rolling.

My seventh daughter Zora was born September 14, 1881. She is my baby and was always full of life and fun. She wanted to start her education young. One day she sent to school when she was five; but the teacher sent her home to grow older. Finally she drew to be a bright educated woman and can mingle with the best of them.

One day a friend was sympathizing with Charley over the arrival of a girl. He exclaimed, "Man, I am worth seven million dollars. Each girl is worth a million.

When our only son was born July 4, 1884, I was very happy and when he died September 18, 1884, it took years of heartaches and striving before I became reconciled.

My grandmother Moore was living in Scipio with my mother, because of the infirmities of age. I had spent many happy days with my grandparents. Grandmother's name is Eunice Libby Bliss Moore. She was born March 2, 1807 in Orange, Franklin County, Massachusetts. In the fall of 1889, her brother Milton Bliss, then seventy-five years of age came from Boston, Massachusetts, to visit her. After spending a few weeks with her in Scipio, he came back and spent the winter in my home in Provo.

He was a gentleman in the finest sense of the word and we enjoyed his sojourn with us. Being a master carpenter, he rebuilt my kitchen and pantry and made a number of improvements for my comfort. Also he made trunks, tables, cupboards, cradles, and stools for the delight and joy of my three youngest girls. In April, 1890, he went to make a last visit to his sister and my beloved grandmother, and on April 4, she closed her life's work, and was buried in Scipio.

My grandfather Samuel Moore was born January 19, 1804, in Orange, Franklin County, Massachusetts. He came to see me many times while I was

raising my family. One Christmas morning, he came stamping into the house bringing a basket of grandmother's homemade doughnuts and mince pies. Turning to me he said, "Isabelle, I have a blessing for you." He said many comforting things, one being that no woman would have power to take my husband's love from me. Grandfather came from a patriotic family, his grandfather and great-grandfather named Samuel and Daniel Moore, both served in the Revolutionary War. They lived in Orange, Franklin County, Mass. Their home was a long log and timber building which they painted every year. At each end grew a large sugar maple tree. As these trees grew they formed an arch at the front of the house. These two grandparents, father and son, were in the field scything, when the call came to join the Revolutionary Army. The elder, Daniel, hung his scythe in a crotch of one of these trees. It was never taken down again. The handle decayed and fell off in pieces, and the tree grew till it completely surrounded it. It is still there (1932) treasured as one of the town's Revolutionary relics.

During the years I was raising my family, I was often called out to assist my neighbors and relatives when the stork was visiting their homes. I participated in the neighborhood parties and entertainments, always happy to do my part. Our home was always open to our relatives and friends, and though it often teased my dear husband sorely to feed them, I never once heard him complain.

When my two oldest girls, Isabelle and Sophronia were nearly grown, I took boarders for six years. Then I managed an ice-cream parlor two years, always working hard to give satisfaction. Then I took up dressmaking, serving for many years. During this time I served as a Relief Society teacher for three years.

In January of 1903, my dear husband was stricken down with heart disease and died January 25, 1903, leaving me to face the future alone.

The summer of 1904, my eldest daughter, Isabelle Knight, who was then living in Raymond, Alberta, Canada, sent for me to make her a visit. Raymond was just being settled by people who were taking up farms and ranches on the surrounding prairies, and raising large herds of cattle and sheep and immense tennage of grain. Isabelle's home was large and roomy, being made out of lumber and painted white, trimmed in yellow. They had white clover sowed around the house. The sidewalks were a picture of pansies and California Poppies, the largest I have ever seen.

Isabelle and Ray did everything they could to show me a good time up there, as did my other daughter Sophronia and her husband, Ether R. Brimhall. Isabelle gave me a birthday party and there were about one hundred guests present, many emigrants from Utah. We played a game and I won first prize.

Ray took me with him in his buggy over to Lethbridge to a horse fair. I enjoyed the horseracing and sports. Ray participated in them. We ate our delicious lunch on the way home.

I was invited to the home of President Allen when it was dedicated and I met three patriarchs there. I said to Isabelle I would like to have a blessing from brother James Kirkham, so she arranged it, and many of his promises and blessings on my head have been fulfilled. Two I will mention: He said I should spend many days working in the temple and said my basket should always be full. These have been literally fulfilled.

In the fall of 1906, Ethel married Perry G. Snow, who was been all that a son could be and has ever watched out for my comfort and happiness in many ways. During my recent sickness, he has been very devoted to me and I appreciate it.

Zora married Brigham Jarvis Jr. October 10, 1906, and they moved to St. George to live. Brig has always been courteous and thoughtful and anxious to add to my happiness.

Isabelle came down to see the girls married, and died while here in her beloved Utah on September 6, 1906.

These changes brought about radical changes in my life. We decided to sell our Provo home in exchange for one in Salt Lake City. My dear boy Ray attended to the business end of it. Zora and her husband helped me pack and move, while Ethel and her husband helped me unpack and straighten up.

I had been living her about a month when Ray brought me Uarda, Isabelle's only daughter, then ten years old, to live with me, which was been the only real home she has ever known since her mother's death. I found her very trustworthy, never breaking her word with me. She has always been thoughtful and kind, and even as a little girl couldn't stand to see me worry. I fell very proud of her fine character, and appreciate her constant kindness.

In 1906 I commenced working in the temple, a work that has been a great joy and satisfaction to me. I commenced working on my own records. On February 8, 1907, I was set apart by president John R. Winder to be an ordinance worker in the Salt Lake Temple.

August 23, 1911, I was promoted in my temple work. In my record book I wrote: "I pray the Lord to bless and sustain me with His Holy Spirit in the part I am to take."

This work was new and I did not understand how to get out my records. At this time the Lord raised up a friend for me. It was Nettie H. Barrett. She got

out my genealogy for the Bliss and Moore lines. We had been very dear friends all these years.

Shortly before President Joseph Fielding Smith died, Aunt Edna brought a message as follows: "Give my love and blessing to Isabelle, Sister Babbit and Sister Easdale."

Besides my Higher ordinance work I have been endowed for six hundred thirty-five names.

On the 13th day of September, 1931, I resigned my work in the Temple of the Lord. The work was getting too hard for me as my health was failing. How I have enjoyed the higher ordinance work there, and the association of my sisters these many years. I thank the Lord for the happy time I have spent there. In reply to my resignation, I received the following letter from President Richards:

Dear Sister Smith:

As per your wish expressed by letter of September, 13th, we are hereby tendering to you an honorable release from your labors as a Temple ordinance worker.

We regret that your age and physical infirmities make it necessary to take this step (trip?), but owing to the circumstances, we concur in your judgement, and desire to say that your labors these many years have been satisfactory to us and we feel they have been to the Lord and you have (leave) the service with our unstinted love and blessing.

Sincerely your brother,
Geo. F. Richards
Pres. Salt Lake Temple

Thus closed twenty-five of the happiest years of my life.

Today is August 8, 1931 and I am eighty (years old). My children have tried to give me a good time. First I received a nice letter from Zora who lives in St. George and a remembrance from her husband and lovely children. Jesse came to see me and all of her children. Ethel took me home for a lovely birthday dinner, then took me down to have my picture taken. Sophronia and Ether came late in the evening from Provo and the next morning took me to see the Logan temple. I enjoyed the trip, the beautiful mountains, valleys, and most of all the temple with its picturesque lawns, flowers and shrubbery. We ate our lunch outside the grounds under a shady tree with the temple in the foreground.

A week later they took me to the head of Provo River up to the Grand Daddy Lake, I enjoyed it very much.

This had been Ether's idea and he certainly succeeded in making me happy. He was my first son-in-law and none could ever take his place with me. I always felt free to go to him for counsel and advice.

Jessie's husband, Sidney LeSieur was always genteel and courteous with me and seemed anxious to do any favor for me. He had fine manners and insisted on good conduct from his children.

Joe Thather has been equally thoughtful of me and has tried to protect and be a father to Jessie's children since Sidney's death.

My posterity is my greatest treasure. I raised five daughters, have twenty-nine grandchildren, and seventeen great-grandchildren, all who love and respect me, and to them I leave my love and blessing.

ISABELLE MARTIN SMITH

HISTORY BY: Daughter Sophronia Brimhall

Given by D. U. P. Lois B. Gatrell, Camp One,
Salt Lake City, Utah, March 12, 1937.

Daughter Smith was born in Salt Lake City in the old Nineteenth Ward August 8, 1851, daughter of Jesse Bigler Martin and Sophronia Moore Martin. She was named Isabelle, after one of her father's twin sisters who had been drowned, but after the christening he learned that it was Isadore instead of Isabelle who was drowned. When she was two years old her father left for a mission to England, leaving her mother with three little children to care for. Her father was gone four years and four months. During his absence, she says, Mother worked very hard to get food and clothing for her little children. At one time Daughter Smith's stomach refused to take the coarse bran bread; she was quite sick. Her mother washed all day for a neighbor for a pint of white flour to make little cakes for her sick child. Daughter Smith says: We first lived in one log room, than moved in an adobe room which made us more comfortable. It was while living there that Grandpa and Grandma Moore came to visit us. Grandma went to the Spring which was a half block from our house: I had followed her: the Spring was quite large and was thought bottomless. When Grandma reached her pail over, she slipped, and, splash, in she went. Her big full skirt expanded like a balloon, which supported her weight, while I ran to the house for help.

Sister Smith's family moved to Lehi in 1860, and were located on a fine lot one block south of Main Street. On this lot was one of the best wells in the valley, she says. Her father began to prosper, having a good farm. Sister Smith was nine years old when they moved to Lehi, but had not been baptized, so her father dug a hole, filled it with water, and baptized her.

She says: One day my brother Jesse came running in the house hysterical with excitement. He had been visiting a neighbor and his sons who lived on a ranch on the south side of the Point-of-the-Mountain, a few miles north of Lehi. While there the mail stage came along. Several Indians that were hiding in the brush attacked the stage, killing both drivers.

My brother Jesse and I started our first school in Lehi. It was amusing to recall the old spelling match. I would usually start at the foot and my brother Jesse at the head, and when the spelling bee was over I would be at the head and he would be at the foot; but when it came to arithmetic, it would always be the other way about.

Some of the girls were having their hair cut, and I begged mother to let me have mine cut as she had my next younger sister's. No, Isabelle, you are so ladylike that your hair is always in place, but Sophronia is always hother and yon, and so is her hair.

We lived in Lehi three years. It looked like the worst of our pioneer life was over, but the Prophet, Brigham Young, called father to take what possessions he could and go and preside over the Scipio branch, a then prosperous town in County. There as a family we battled anew the hardships of unbroken sod and bitter elements. The settlers moved into the First Fort located near the western mountain ridge. We lived in a large dugout the first winter at the Fort. Mother was frequently troubled with severe attacks of quinsy. We were obliged to haul our water in barrels for our use from the river a mile away.

The next year a second fort was built in the center of the valley. We had a log room in this fort. After the Indian troubles were more settled the people moved to their apportioned lots and commenced to build permanent homes. Father built us two large rooms, and there my brothers and sisters grew to maturity.

Near Scipio the Kanosh band of Indians roamed the hills and valleys and became quite friendly with the people of the settlement. A spirit of hostility broke out among the Indians, and in one of their raids Father, James, Ivie and a boy, Henry Wright of Ogden, were killed.

I was thirteen years old and had been visiting my grandmother and grandfather in Provo for some time when my father brought a load of wool to be made into rolls. My sisters Sophronia and Eunice came with him. At this time the Black Hawk War was in progress. Father received word that the Indians were on the war path so he hid my sisters among the rolls. He came to help me in, and I said I would rather be shot by the Indians than be put in there, so he let me sit on the spring seat and hold the gun in my lap. All went well, and we camped at Salt Creek, now called Nephi. The next morning father felt worried about continuing on our journey and said to me, "Isabelle, I hold two sticks in my hand: if you draw the longer one it will be safe for us to go on, if the shorter one we will stay." I drew the longer one so we drove on with bated breath. When we came to the open valley a feeling of peace and security came to us. We reached our home. in Scipio at two o'clock that night.

My father, Jesse Bigler Martin, was born April 11, 1825 on a farm near Clarksburg, Harrison County, West Virginia. He was a real southern gentlemen in sentiment and conviction. While living in Scipio his home was the stopping place for the Church leaders, and many others on their trips up and down the state.

My mother, Sophronia Moore Martin was born May 17, 1932 at Orange, Franklin County, Massachusetts. She was a woman of great faith and determination to do right as she believed it. Grandfather and Grandmother Moore lived at Provo. I spent many long visits at my grandparents, home. In the fall of 1865, shortly after my fourteenth birthday, I came up to Provo to live with

them and attended school. My school days were very happy and carefree.

We had a school paper which was edited by myself. Isabell Martin and Mart Davis were my assistants. We called the paper "Impromptu." It was made up of contributions by the students. We compiled the on foolscap writing paper. We wrote the editions in longhand. I still have a copy that is sixty-six years old that I read the last day of school.

After the school closed, I went home to Scipio. The first telegraph office south of Salt Lake City was installed in Father's home. I learned to both send and receive messages.

The fall I was sixteen Father brought me up to Salt Lake City to Aunt Bathsheba Smith's who was the first wife of Charles' father, Pres. George A. Smith, to stay while I was married. Looking back on my ignorance and inexperience, I say that sixteen is too young for any girl to get married.

October 5, 1867, I was married to Charles Warren Smith in the old Endowment House. When the ceremony was over Aunt Bathsheba gave us a pair of pillows and a bed tick which she had woven herself. The material of that tick is still good after sixty-five years use. I will always remember the meal we had at Aunt Bathsheba's because she made us a lovely cake, the first one I had ever tasted made out of sugar.

My first child was born November 26, 1869 while we were living at Mother Smith's home. She wove twenty yards of white cloth for the essential diapers. When our baby was six months old we moved into the little adobie room; my husband made the adobes and did most of the work on the house himself.

When my two oldest daughters were nearly grown I took boarders for six years, managed an icecream parlot for two, years. I did dressmaking for many years, and served as Relief Society teacher for three years.

January, 1903, my husband was stricken with heart disease, dying January 25, 1903, leaving me to face the future alone. Previously I had buried two daughters and my only son.

I commenced working in the Salt Lake Temple in the year 1906. February 8, 1907 I was called as an Ordinance Worker by Pres. John R. Winder. Besides my Higher Ordinance Work I have been endowed for 635 names. After twenty-five years of temple work I resigned on account of failing health. Thus closed the twenty-five of the happiest years of my life

My posterity is my greatest treasure. I raised five daughters, have at this writing 29 grand children and 17 great grandchildren, who all love and respect me

Daughter Isabelle Smith has suffered from an incurable disease since her eightieth birthday.

After an illness of one year, Daughter Smith passed on November 1933, After, an illness of one year, Daughter Smith 1933.