COUSINS TOUR '96

"LEST WE FORGET"
Dear Loved Ones,

Our hope in putting together this Cousin's History Tour, is to gain an appreciation of our heritage and ancestry. We hope that by being there where so many of our relatives gave so very much for their beliefs, we will appreciate their sacrifice and realize, even more fully, the depths of our own sacrifices. As we are there where our ancestors were tarred and feathered, and driven at the point of a gun to live in poverty and hardship, dealing with adverse weather conditions and ravaged by disease, we hope to gain a deeper commitment to that for which they gave so very much: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Let us not ever forget their commitment, their sacrifice, and their courage.

We love each one of you and the "ties that bind" are bound even tighter just by being together.

Our thanks to Ken Howell in Sugar City, Idaho for doing all the detail work, and to Mat Lyman for handling the finances.

Love,

Aunt Lisa and Aunt K'Lyn
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title Page</th>
<th>Forward</th>
<th>Ancestry</th>
<th>Participants</th>
<th>Itinerary</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Edward Partridge</td>
<td>Picture</td>
<td>History</td>
<td>Tar and Feathering</td>
<td>Letter From W.W. Phelps</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lydia Clisbee Partridge</td>
<td>Picture</td>
<td>History</td>
<td>Notes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amasa Mason Lyman</td>
<td>Picture</td>
<td>History</td>
<td>Notes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caroline Ely Partridge Lyman</td>
<td>Picture</td>
<td>History</td>
<td>Autobiography</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lydia Partridge Lyman</td>
<td>Picture</td>
<td>History</td>
<td>Notes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eliza Marie Partridge Smith Lyman</td>
<td>Autobiography</td>
<td>History</td>
<td>Notes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Callister</td>
<td>Picture</td>
<td>History</td>
<td>Notes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caroline Clara Smith Callister</td>
<td>Picture</td>
<td>History</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maps and Information</td>
<td>Mormon Trails to Missouri</td>
<td>Early Mormon Settlements in Missouri</td>
<td>Conflicts in Northern Missouri</td>
<td>Nauvoo Tourist Sites</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Songs and Hymns</td>
<td>Praise To The Man</td>
<td>When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder</td>
<td>Come, Come, Ye Saints</td>
<td>Faith Of Our Fathers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Journal</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ANCESTRY

Willis Jay Lyman

Edward Leo Lyman & Mary Miranda Callister

Amasa Mason Lyman & Lydia Partridge  Thomas Callister & Caroline Clara Smith

*  Edward Partridge & Lydia Clisbee  *  John Smith & Clarissa Lyman

*  Roswell Lyman & Martha Mason  John Callister & Katherine Murphy

Angie Finlinson

George Edward Finlinson & Mary Caroline Roper

George Finlinson & Susan Trimble  Alvin Roper and Martha Lydia Lyman

*  Edward Trimble  *  Amasa Mason Lyman

*  & Elizabeth Lennox  *  Caroline Ely Partridge

Joshua Finlinson  Henry Roper &

Rachel Jefferson  Mary Ann Grayson

Edward Partridge & Lydia Clisbee

"It is good to look to the past to gain appreciation for the present and perspective for the future. It is good to look upon the virtues of those who have gone before, to gain strength for whatever lies ahead. It is good to reflect upon the work of those who labored so hard and gained so little in this world, but out of whose dreams and early plans, so well nurtured, has come a great harvest of which we are the beneficiaries. Their tremendous example can become a compelling motivation for us all, for each of us is a pioneer in his own life, often in his own family, and many of us pioneer daily in trying to establish a gospel foothold in distant parts of the world."

President Gordon B. Hinckley, 1984
Cousins Tour '96

Mat Lyman
K'Lyn Lyman
Eddie Lyman
Brett Lyman
Marie Lyman
Daniel Lyman
LaVelle Nielson
Lisa Nielson
Eli Nielson
Jacob Nielson
Mike Buie
Patrece Buie
Erika Buie
Cameron Buie
Richard Holmes
Pam Holmes
Philip Holmes
Hillary Holmes
Melanie Holmes
Connie Tolbert
Cloe Greatwood
Fred Burnhardt
Jill Burnhardt
Mike Burnhardt
Brian Burnhardt
Ron Curran
Cynthia Curran
Mason Curran
Spencer Curran
Miranda Curran
Jennifer Pascoe
Lauren Pascoe
Connor Pascoe
Jake Gessel
James Paul
Kristen Ekins
Tiffany Wilcken
Serina Lyman
Jami Lyman
Wendy Lyman
Diane Stowell
Bill Landreth
Mary Landreth
Brian Landreth
Amanda Landreth
COUSINS HISTORY TOUR
“LEST WE FORGET”

* Itinerary *

June 24, Monday
Those who can be in Salt Lake City by late afternoon will attend “Legacy” at the Joseph Smith Memorial Building. Many of the experiences depicted in the film can be traced to actual instances in our ancestors' lives.
We will stay overnight in Salt Lake City. (or Fruit Heights)

June 25, Tuesday
Rise and shine for a 10:05 a.m. flight on Vanguard Airlines to Kansas City International Airport, arriving at 1:15 p.m.
Check into Motel:
Fairfield Inn
8108 North Church Road
Kansas City, MO 64158
Tel. 816 792-4000

Tonight we attend a professional baseball game, the Kansas City Royals vs. the Milwaukee Brewers. Watch for our name in lights!

June 26, Wednesday
We stay at the same motel as last night.
We have a full day of sightseeing in the Independence area (where Edward Partridge was tarred and feathered), Liberty Jail, (where Grandpa Amasa was jailed), RLDS Headquarters, Independence Visitors Center, Far West, Adam-ondi-ahman (where Thomas Callister lived for a time), and Hauns Mill. Don't forget that Edward Partridge helped to lay the cornerstones of the temple, and actually owns half of Independence.

June 27, Thursday
We travel to Hannibal to see Mark Twain's town. Here we will become children again as we relive the excitement of the days of Huck Finn, Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher. Tonight we take a two-hour dinner cruise on the Mississippi.
Check into Motel:
Best Western Hotel Clemens
401 North 3rd Street
Hannibal, MO. 63401
Tel. 314 248-1150

Not half has been told, and it's just as well!
**June 28, Friday**

We have time for a morning swim for those who wish, and then we drive to Nauvoo and experience the lives of our ancestors during this time. Edward Partridge died here, and Thomas Callister was married here. Grandpa Amasa was ordained an apostle here and helped rescue the Prophet Joseph when he was kidnapped. This evening we will enjoy “A Visit to Old Nauvoo”, presented at the Visitors Center.

Check into Motel:
Nauvoo Family Motel
150 North Warsaw
Nauvoo, IL. 62354
Tel. 217 453-6527

**June 29, Saturday**

We stay at the same motel as last night.
We have a full day in Nauvoo to relax, finish seeing the town, hopefully we will find some of the buildings where our ancestors lived. *(We may remember those of our ancestors who suffered so much with ague.)* We will make a trip to the Carthage Jail today and attend a show tonight at the Old Cultural Hall.

**June 30, Sunday**

We will attend church with the Saints in Nauvoo, and then board our bus for a trip across Iowa. We will follow the crossing of our ancestors. We will reach Omaha in the evening, just in time for a quiet visit to the Winter Quarters Cemetery, *(Grandma Caroline Smith Callister lost her first son here due to the conditions in which they lived).*

Check into Motel:
La Quinta Inn
3330 North 104 Avenue
Omaha, Nebraska 68134-3764
Tel. 402 493-1900

**July 1, Monday**

We will drive to Kansas in time to catch the flight back to SLC which leaves at 4:05 p.m. and arrives at 5:27 a.m. Our trip will be over, but the memories will last more than a lifetime.

**FAITH OF OUR FATHERS**

Faith of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
When-e'er we hear that glorious word.

Faith of our fathers, we will strive
To win all nations unto thee,
And thru the truth that comes from God,
Mankind shall then be truly free.

Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death!
EDWARD PARTRIDGE
LDS Biographical Encyclopedia, Vol.1, p.218 PARTRIDGE, Edward

PARTRIDGE, Edward, the first Presiding Bishop of the Church, was a son of William and Jemima Partridge and was born Aug. 27, 1793, at Pittsfield, Berkshire county, Mass. His father's ancestor was Scotch, having emigrated from Berwick, Scotland, during the seventeenth century, and settled at Hadley, Mass., on the banks of the Connecticut river. His early life, so far as the meagre record of it informs us, was uneventful; though, to use the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith—who gives in his own history a brief biographical sketch of Bishop Partridge—"he remembers that the Spirit of the Lord strove with him a number of times, insomuch that his heart was made tender and he went and wept; and that sometimes he went silently and poured the effusions of his soul to God in prayer." At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a hatter, and served about four years in acquiring a knowledge of that trade. During this time his mind was not idle upon the subject of religion, for "at the age of twenty he had become disgusted with the religious world," and "saw no beauty, comeliness or loveliness in the character of the God that was preached up by the sects." Still, he did not, as many have done under like circumstances, discard the Bible and lose faith in the Supreme Being, because of the shortcomings of those who professed to worship Him, and their "private interpretations" of His word and character. He was satisfied that God lived, that the Scriptures were of divine origin, and he evidently made them the touchstone, so far as he was able in the absence of a better, to try the teachings of the ministers and professors with whom he came in contact. Once he heard "a Universal Restorationer" preach upon the love of God. This sermon gave him exalted opinions of the Deity, and he "concluded that universal restoration was right according to the Bible." He held to this belief until 1828, and was living in Painesville, Ohio, when he became a convert to the Campbellite faith; both he and his wife being baptized at Mentor, by Sidney Rigdon, one of the leading lights of that religious sect. But though converted, as the term goes, to this belief—which was probably nearer right than any other he had heard of—he was not without doubt, at times, of its being the true one, but continued one of the "disciples" (as the Campbellites called themselves) until the fall of 1830, when an event occurred that changed the whole current of his life and caused him to again investigate with anxious mind the subject of his soul's salvation. The event referred to was the arrival at Kirtland, Ohio, of Parley P. Pratt, Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, jun., and Ziba Peterson, Elders of the lately organized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They had come from Fayette, Seneca county, New York, where the Church had been organized on the 6th of the preceding April; having been called by revelation through Joseph Smith, the Prophet, to take their journey into the western wilderness, carrying with them the Book of Mormon, to preach to the remnants of the land, the Lamanites, and inasmuch as they received their teachings to establish the Church of God among them. (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 28 and 32.) They tarried some time at Kirtland and the vicinity, where many of the "Disciples" dwelt, of which sect Parley P. Pratt had once been a member.

Among those who received their testimony and embraced the gospel was Sidney Rigdon, the Campbellite preacher, and a portion of the flock over which he presided. Edward Partridge, one of his congregation, also became interested in the "new religion," but was not baptized until the 11th of December, following, when, having gone with Elder Rigdon to Fayette, on a visit to the Prophet, he was immersed by Joseph in the Seneca river. Of this visit the latter writes in his history: "It was in December that Elder Sidney Rigdon came to inquire of the Lord, and with him came that man (of whom I hereafter will speak more fully) Edward Partridge; he was a pattern of piety, and one of the Lord's great men, known by his steadfastness and patient endurance to the end." Elder Sidney Rigdon having received what he came for (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 35), the word of the Lord came also to his companion, Edward Partridge, who was commanded to preach the gospel. (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 36.) A few days after his baptism Edward Partridge was ordained an Elder by Sidney Rigdon. Elders Partridge and Rigdon remained in the East until the latter part of January, 1831, when they started back to Kirtland, the Prophet and his wife Emma accompanying them. They reached there about the first of February. Three days after their arrival in that region—to which the Saints were now commanded to gather—a revelation was given to the Church (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 41), in which the following passage occurs: "And again, I have called my servant Edward Partridge, and give a commandment that he should be appointed by the voice of the Church, and ordained a Bishop unto the Church, to leave his merchandise and spend all his time in the labors of the Church; to see to all
things as it shall be appointed unto him, in my laws in the day that I shall give them. And this because his heart is pure before me, for he is like unto Nathaniel of old, in whom there is no guile." Thus was Edward Partridge, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, "called of God as was Aaron," to the Bishopric—a similar calling in the same Priesthood held by and named after the illustrious brother of Moses. He was ordained a High Priest, June 3, 1831, by Lyman Wight, at a conference held at Kirtland. Soon afterwards the Prophet, with Sidney Rigdon, Edward Partridge, Martin Harris and other Elders, was directed by the Lord to journey to the land of Missouri. They were told that the next conference should be held there, upon the land which the Lord would consecrate unto His people, it being the land of their inheritance, where the city of Zion should be built, but it was then in the hands of their enemies. (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 52.) They left Kirtland on the 19th of June, and arrived at Independence, Jackson county, Missouri, about the middle of July. Here, in the ensuing August, in a revelation from the Lord, Bishop Partridge and his counselors, with others, were told that this was the "land of their residence," and they were instructed to bring their families there and settle.

On the third of that month Bishop Partridge, with seven others, including the Prophet, were present at the dedication of the site of the future Temple, a spot a little west of the court house in Independence. Two days afterward he wrote a letter to his wife in Painesville, Ohio, in which he says: "I have a strong desire to return to Painesville this fall, but must not; you know I stand in an important station, and as I am occasionally chastened I sometimes feel as though I must fall; not to give up the cause, but to fear my station is above what I can perform to the acceptance of my heavenly Father. I hope that you and I may so conduct ourselves as to at last land our souls in the haven of eternal rest. Pray for me that I may not fall. I might write more, but will not. Farewell for the present." Here, then, he continued to reside—after moving his family from Ohio—officiating as Bishop of Zion, and up to December, 1831, was the only Bishop in the Church. The next time the name of Bishop Partridge appears in the Prophet's record, is at a general council of the Church, held at Independence, April 26, 1832, soon after the Prophet's arrival there on his second visit to Missouri. At this meeting Joseph was acknowledged as President of the High Priesthood—according to a previous ordination at a conference in Amherst, Ohio—and Bishop Partridge in behalf of the Church, gave to President Smith the right hand of fellowship. The scene is described as "solemn, impressive and delightful. During the intermission a difficulty or hardship which had existed between Bishop Partridge and Elder Rigdon was amicably settled." "July 20, 1833," writes Bishop Partridge, "George Simpson and two other mobbers entered my house (while I was sitting with my wife, who was quite feeble, my youngest child being then about three weeks old) and compelled me to go with him. Soon after leaving my house, I was surrounded by about fifty mobbers, who escorted me about half a mile to the public square, where I was surrounded by about two or three hundred more. Russel Hicks, Esq., appeared to be the head man of the mob; he told me that his word was the law of the county, and that I must agree to leave the county or suffer the consequences. I answered that if I must suffer for my religion it was no more than others had done before me; that I was not conscious of having injured any one in the county, therefore I would not consent to leave it. Mr. Hicks then proceeded to strip off my clothes and was disposed to strip them all off. I strongly protested against being stripped naked in the street, when some, more humane than the rest, interfered, and I was permitted to wear my shirt and pantaloons. Tar and feathers were then brought, and a man by the name of Davies, with the help of another, daubed me with tar from the crown of my head to my feet, after which feathers were thrown over me." This dastardly outrage, with others of still greater enormity, committed under the broad sunlight of American liberty, with the executive of the State looking on and in secret league with those mobocratic wretches, was but the "beginning of sorrows," for the persecuted Saints of Jackson county.

Their cruel expulsion from their homes and their flight to Clay county was the next act in the tragedy. There, in November, 1833, we next find the subject of our sketch—still the Bishop and acknowledged head of the Church in Zion—faithfully but fruitlessly endeavoring to obtain for his people a redress of grievances. He resided in Clay county until the fall of 1836, but some time during the three years went on a mission to the Eastern States, whence returning he visited Kirtland in the latter part of October, 1835. While there, on Saturday, Nov. 7th, the word of the Lord came to the Prophet, saying: "Behold, I am well pleased with my servant Isaac Morley, and my servant Edward Partridge, because of the integrity of their hearts in laboring in my vineyard for the salvation of the souls of men. Verily, I say unto you, their sins are forgiven them; therefore say unto them, in my
name, that it is my will that they should tarry for a little season, and attend the school and also the solemn assembly for a wise purpose in me. Even so. Amen." Pursuant to the divine instruction, Bishop Partridge remained, and was present at the dedication of the Kirtland Temple, March 27, 1836, and at subsequent ceremonies in that sacred edifice. On the 4th of May, following, he started back to Clay county, where he arrived in due season. The mobocratic spirit, while not so rampant as before, was by no means extinct. Threatenings and annoyances were frequent, in spite of the kindness and hospitality of many to the "Mormon" refugees, and in the fall of 1836, the main body of them, at the suggestion of the people of Clay county, who agreed to buy their lands, moved eastward into a region afterwards named Caldwell county, where the city of Far West, laid out and populated by the Saints, became temporarily, their central gathering point. Here they were permitted for a season to have peace. But as they increased in numbers and made settlements in the adjacent counties of Daviess and Carroll, the old jealousy was revived and the mob spirit once more began to rage. The Daviess county election riot, the battle of Crooked river, the siege, surrender and sacking of Far West, with all the attendant horrors of rapine and redhanded cruelty perpetrated by the ruthless mob and soldiery—which finally culminated in the driving of thousands of people from their homes in the fall and winter of 1838--are matters familiar to the reader of Church history. Bishop Partridge was a participant in many of the heartrending trials then visited upon a peaceable and unoffending community. He thus relates one of the highhanded acts of wholesale robbery committed by the mob militia of Missouri: "While I was a prisoner confined to the town of Far West, I was, with the rest of the inhabitants, collected within a circle on the public square, and there, surrounded by a strong guard, we were compelled to sign a deed of trust, which deed was designed to put our property into the hands of a committee, to be disposed of by them to pay all the debts which had been contracted by any and all who belong to the Church—also to pay all damages which might be claimed by the people of Daviess county, for any damages they might have sustained from any person whatever.

I would remark that all those who did deny the faith were exonerated from signing this deed of trust." He also tells how himself and scores of his brethren, in the bleak autumn of that year, were driven off like dumb cattle to Richmond, Ray county, a distance of thirty miles, and there kept as prisoners for three or four weeks, without cause, and upon no civil process whatsoever. Says he, "We were confined in a large open room, where the cold northern blast penetrated freely. Our fires were small and our allowance for wood and food was scanty; they gave us not even a blanket to lie upon; our beds were the cold floors. * * * The vilest of the vile did guard us and treat us like dogs; yet we bore our oppressions without murmuring; but our souls were vexed night and day with their filthy conversation, for they constantly blasphemed God's holy name." During the winter of 1838-39, in conformity with Governor Bogg's exterminating order—to massacre the "Mormons" or drive them from the State—and fearing the threats of General Clark to carry into effect that wicked and unheard of act of tyranny, the family of Bishop Partridge moved to Quincy, Ill., where, after his release from prison, he rejoined them, and continued to dwell until the ensuing summer or fall. After the purchase of lands and the settlement of the Saints at Commerce, Hancock county (afterwards Nauvoo), a general conference of the Church was held there on Saturday, Oct. 5, 1839. At this meeting it was unanimously agreed that that should be "a Stake and a place of gathering for the Saints," and Bishop Partridge was appointed to preside as Bishop of the Upper Ward, while Bishop Newel K. Whitney and Bishop Vinson Knight were assigned in like capacity to the Middle and Lower Wards, respectively. But the career of Edward Partridge was drawing to a close. His health was broken and for many months he had been unfitted for heavy or manual labor. The persecutions he had passed through, added to the sickly climate in which the Saints were now settling, finally overcome what was left of a healthy, but by no means robust constitution. About ten days prior to his decease, he was taken with pleurisy in his side, as the result of overlifting, and prostrated upon the bed from which he never again rose. He expired on Wednesday, May 27, 1840, at his home in Nauvoo, in the forty-seventh year of his age. The Prophet Joseph writes in his journal, under the same date, this closing comment on the death of his friend: "He lost his life in consequence of the Missouri persecutions, and he is one of that number whose blood will be required at their hands."—Orson F. Whitney. (See also "Contributor," Vol. 6, p. 3.)
The mob then proceeded to violence towards Edward Partridge, the bishop of the church, as he relates in his autobiography: "I was taken from my house by the mob, George Simpson being their leader, who escorted me about half a mile, to the court house, on the public square in Independence; and then and there, a few rods from said court house, surrounded by hundreds of the mob, I was stripped of my hat, coat and vest, and daubed with tar from head to foot, and then had a quantity of feathers put upon me; and all this, because I would not agree to leave the county, my home where I had lived two years.

Before tarring and feathering me, I was permitted to speak. I told them that the saints had had to suffer persecution in all ages of the world, that I had done nothing which ought to offend any one. That if they abused me, they would abuse an innocent person. That I was willing to suffer for the sake of Christ; but, to leave the country I was not then willing to consent to it. By this time the multitude made so much noise that I could not be heard: some were cursing and swearing, saying, call upon your Jesus &c.; others were equally noisy in trying to still the rest, that they might be enabled to hear what I was saying.

Until after I had spoken, I knew not what they intended to do with me, whether to kill, to whip me, or what else I knew not. I bore my abuse with so much resignation and meekness, that it appeared to astound the multitude, who permitted me to retire in silence, many looking very solemn, their sympathies having been touched as I thought; and, as to myself, I was filled with the spirit and love of God, that I had no hatred towards my persecutors, or any one else."
Extract of a letter from W. W. Phelps.

Tell Brother Carlos, I thank him for the paper he sent me, I mean to try and send him a cash subscriber for every paper.

The death of br. Edward Partridge (in that paper) struck me with deep solemnity. Since 1831 we had passed through many trying scenes, and he ever proved himself a faithful friend.

His private and official duties were performed with an eye single to the glory of God. He was a faithful steward the church had unlimited confidence in his integrity. He lived Godly in Christ Jesus, and suffered persecution. As a Bishop he was one of the Lords great men, and few will be able to wear his mantle with such simple dignity. He was an honest man, and I loved him.

When the first Elder went along with br. Joseph to the western boundaries of Missouri, to seek the land of Zion, for the gathering of the saints in the last days, he and I was in thy little band; when that goodly land was consecrated, we kneeled together; when the first house was raised, he and I help carry the first log; when the mob first rose to drive the saints from their inheritances in Jackson co. and six of us offered our lives for the church, he was one; and for his faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience godliness, brotherly kindness and charity, he was stript on the public square, and tarred and feathered in this boasted land of liberty; by all Jackson co. (except the saints) for which God's will be done; when we were driven out in 1833, and escaped in the night for our lives, into Clay co. he and I went hand in hand: we were anointed together at Kirtland, and came home together at Kirtland, and came searched out he and I did it; we made the first prayer to God on that goodly land that had been for about fourteen hundred years; and saw a glory that will yet cover the saints "as a clear heat upon herbs." we lived together in peace, and our communion was sweet; although we often rebuked each other in plainness and had snaps according to passion, yet, like the used key, our friendship was bright and moistened with tears:

Lord thine anointed was a just man, and precious in thy sight. was his death! His name will be had in everlasting remembrance, while his enemies will be struck out of existence; so let me say:

Our Father in heaven, whom all saints rely on, Exalt ye to glory the Bishop of Zion, As an heir to dominion, and power and might: The called and chosen and faithful, is worthy To rise from a Saint to an angel of light.
Let Zion in Her Beauty Rise

1. Let Zion in her beauty rise; Her light begins to shine.
2. Ye heralds, sound the golden trump To earth's remotest bound.
3. That glorious rest will then commence Which prophets did foretell,

Ere long her King will rend the skies, Majestic and divine,
Go spread the news from pole to pole In all the nations round:
When Saints will reign with Christ on earth, And in his presence dwell

The gospel spreading thru the land, A people to prepare
That Jesus in the clouds above, With hosts of angels too,
A thousand years, oh, glorious day! Dear Lord, prepare my heart

To meet the Lord and Enoch's band, Triumphant in the air.
Will soon appear, his Saints to save, His enemies subdued.
To stand with thee on Zion's mount And nevermore to part.

Music: Anon., Württemberg, Germany, ca. 1784.

Doctrine and Covenants 82:14
Moses 7:62-65
LYDIA CLISBEE PARTRIDGE
1793-1878
LYDIA CLISBEE PARTRIDGE
1793-1878

Lydia Clisbee Partridge is the daughter of Joseph and Miriam Howe Clisbee. She married Edward Partridge on August 9, 1819, and shared with him all of the experiences of the early Saints. After her husband died on May 27, 1840, she worked in a tailor's shop and earned a little cash. The Prophet Joseph suggested to William Huntington, a recent widower and Nauvoo Stake High Councilman, to see what he could do for Sister Partridge. They married in January and he moved her and the three younger children into his home. He was very good to her and life was without strain for the first time in ten years.

During the next few years she saw her daughters Eliza and Emily sealed as plural wives to the Prophet Joseph and then his subsequent Martyrdom. Times were hard and the persecution severe. Caroline became the 2nd wife of Amasa Lyman.

The Partridge women were very busy helping make curtains and other things for inside the Nauvoo temple, and preparing clothing for the expected move to the west in the spring. The move, however, came early. The twelve apostles, in order to save lives, started the move in the second week of February. Brother Huntington and Lydia and family crossed the same day as Amasa, Caroline, and Eliza and camped in their covered wagons.

At first they stayed with the John Tanner family and then later moved to Sugar Creek, where they could still hear the Nauvoo temple bell. At Sugar Creek, there were four hundred wagon loads of destitute refugees. They were living in wagons and improvised shelters. The swirling snow sometimes made fires impossible. Eliza, Caroline, and Dionetia found warmth one day by all three retiring to the same bed in a covered wagon. The camp was organized and Amasa Lyman was made a captain over one hundred, and the Huntingtons were in his group. In March the traveling was mostly in mud, sometimes up to the axle, and sometimes two or three ox teams had to be used to pull the wagons. They had to pitch their tents on windy spots where there was no wood for fires. Amasa and some of the other men hunted, bring in deer, fowl, and even squirrels. The second week in May a belated spring seemed to arrive and they made it an occasion of Thanksgiving. They were about two-thirds of the way across Iowa.

The demand for food made necessary the stopping and planting of spring crops for those who might come after. Brother Huntington was put in charge of planting and developing the area known as Mt. Pisga, and so the Partridge women were separated.

Brother Huntington died suddenly August 19, 1846, soon after he had completed a cabin for his family. Although Lydia wanted very much to join her daughters in Winter Quarters she stayed and cared for young Lydia who became very ill with fever and severe joint pain. When Lydia became well again they left and arrived on the east side of the Missouri River on March 19, 1847 and had to wait two days to cross.

Amasa Lyman accepted them as part of his family, but as he was busy organizing the camp, the women planted gardens and did wool carding and spinning, sewing and making of clothing to supplement the families and prepare for the move west.

The group traveled west in September and arrived in the Salt Lake valley before the heavy snow fell.

Lydia lived in a log room with her daughters Eliza, Caroline, Lydia, and Edward, Amasa, and their children. Young Lydia says, "We are glad of this much shelter, but it is no shelter when it rains, for the dirt roof lets the water through and the dirt floor gets muddy."

The winter was difficult, with not enough food and sickness, and in April Lydia's family moved out of the cabin onto Amasa's lot, where they could start a garden, and care for their livestock.
Another of Lydia’s daughters, Emily, had married Brigham Young. Her oldest child, Edward Partridge Young, died and her youngest was very ill. She became discouraged and depended on Lydia for help and encouragement.

The next few years were busy ones, filled with children and work. The Partridge women traveled with Amasa when they were able.

In October of 1862, President Brigham Young advised Amasa to gather his families to Fillmore, Utah. The Partridge women hesitated because Emily would not be able to go with them, but Eliza and Caroline went with the first group in the summer of 1863, and Lydia and young Lydia came the next year.

Lydia was saddened by the death of her daughter Lydia on January 16, 1875. She was severely ill with rheumatism and dropsy. Her joints were so sore it hurt her to move at all, the suffering with dropsy and not being able to get enough air. After sixteen weeks of illness, she passed away.

Lydia kept working, making straw hats, piecing quilts, sewing carpet rags, making buckskin gloves and general mending. In 1877 she donated several pair of gloves to the temple builders in Manti. She became ill in May 1878 and Eliza and Caroline and three granddaughters cared for her. She died June 19, 1878 in Oak Creek, and is buried in Fillmore near her daughter Lydia.

**Testimony of Lydia Clisbee Partridge**

The following is a testimony of Lydia Clisbee Partridge and was found recorded in Edward Partridge Jr.’s book in the Church Historian’s office:

> “Having a desire to bear my testimony to the world to the belief I have in the everlasting Gospel, which is revealed unto us in these latter days, for the salvation of the world, even as many as will believe and obey its precepts, I affirm that I have been a member of the church over forty years, and I have never had cause for a doubt to cross my mind.

> I was personally acquainted with Joseph Smith, and believe him to be a good man and a Prophet of God, who was willing to lay down his life for the cause in which he was engaged. I know for myself, that the gifts of the Gospel are in the Church as anciently, and the promises are true.

> I received not my testimony from man, as Jesus said unto Peter, “Flesh and a blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in Heaven.”

> I have been raised form a bed of sickness instantly, by the ordinance of the Gospel and the prayer of faith. I have seen many signs in the Heavens and on the earth by which I know that these are the last days, although, men will set at naught these things, and persecute the saints and raise their puny arms against the truth, yet it will roll forth to the ends of the earth, and prevail over everything that raises opposition, while those who fight against it will be brought to shame and everlasting contempt, and will reap the reward of their doings.

> As respect to the women of this community, we are not the downtrodden race out enemies represent us to be, but as free as the air we breathe, inasmuch as we are disposed to do right.

> Polygamy is true, and is an institution of Heaven. I received it from the mouth of the Prophet, who taught and practiced it to the day of this death. My children are all in it and they prefer it to monogamy and their children are as much respected as any otherwise could be, notwithstanding all that our enemies say to the contrary,

Signed,

Lydia Partridge
AMASA MASON LYMAN
1813-1877
AMASA MASON LYMAN

LYMAN, Amasa Mason, a member of the Council of Twelve Apostles from 1842 to 1867, was the third son of Boswell Lyman and Martha Mason, and was born March 30, 1813, in Lyman township, Grafton county, New Hampshire. When about two years old, his father left home for the western country, from which he never returned, as he is supposed to have died some six years afterward in New Orleans. Amasa, with his younger brother Elias and his sister Ruth, remained with their mother until her second marriage, after which Amasa lived with his grandfather until he was eleven years old, and with Parley Mason, a relative, seven years longer. During the year 1831 he became somewhat thoughtful on the subject of religion, but did not unite himself with any of the religious denominations until the spring of 1832, when the neighborhood in which he resided was visited by Elders Lyman E. Johnson and Orson Pratt. Amasa believed the gospel when he first heard it preached by those Elders, and was baptized by Lyman E. Johnson April 27, 1832. The following day he was confirmed by Orson Pratt. On account of ill feelings that arose in his uncle's family because of his baptism, Bro. Lyman resolved to go west, and accordingly started on a journey of some seven hundred miles May 7, 1832. His earthly wealth at that time consisted of some sixteen pounds of half-worn clothing and $11.35 in money. The weariness consequent upon the first day's walking admonished him to travel by stage and canal to Lyons, Wayne county, N.Y. Arriving there, his funds were all gone, and he hired out to Mr. Thomas Lacky, the man who bought Martin Harris' farm when he sold it to raise money for printing the Book of Mormon. Bro. Lyman worked for this man two weeks and earned money to take him to Buffalo, whence he took steamer to Cleveland, Ohio, and from there he walked 45 miles to the residence of John Johnson, at Hiram, Portage county, Ohio. This was the place where Joseph Smith had been tarred and feathered a short time previous. Father Johnson and family received young Lyman kindly, and he remained with them until the following July, when the Prophet returned from Missouri. "This," writes Elder Lyman, "afforded me an opportunity to see the man of God. Of the impressions produced I will here say, although there was nothing strange or different from other men in his personal appearance, yet, when he grasped my hand in that cordial way (known to those who have met him in the honest simplicity of truth), I felt as one of old in the presence of the Lord; my strength seemed to be gone, so that it required an effort on my part to stand on my feet; but in all this there was no fear, but the serenity and peace of heaven pervaded my soul, and the still small voice of the spirit whispered its living testimony in the depths of my soul, where it has ever remained, that he was the Man of God." Bro. Lyman continued laboring for Father Johnson until some time in the month of August, when one Sabbath evening, after a social prayer meeting with the few members in Hiram, the Prophet, in his own familiar way, said to him: "Brother Amasa, the Lord requires your labors in the vineyard." Without thought Bro. Lyman replied, "I will go," and on August 23, 1832, he and Zerubbabel Snow were ordained to the office of Elders in the Church, under the hands of Joseph Smith and Frederick G. Williams.

On the following day they started on their first mission to proclaim the gospel of salvation. About the time of their starting an application came to Pres. Smith to visit an old gentleman by the name of Harrington, who was afflicted with a severe pain in his head. From a press of business, Joseph could not go, but instructed Bros. Lyman and Snow to call upon the old man, which they did, and as they came near the house, before they entered, they heard his groans extorted from him by pain, which seemed intolerable. The missionaries entered and introduced themselves, being strangers. They then prayed for and laid hands upon him, in the name of Jesus, and rebuked his pain, which was instantly removed, and the sufferer rejoiced and praised God, who had so signally blessed him. From this place the missionaries continued their journey, and the following Sabbath evening they met in prayer meeting with a few Saints in Chippewa township. A few non-members also attended, among whom was a Miss Smith, who reclined on a bed in the corner of the room. The brethren sang a hymn and prayed, and Elder Snow proceeded to make some remarks, when, in an instant, a cry of alarm from the bed attracted the attention of all. On stepping to the bedside the Elders discovered that Miss Smith's face and her entire form were distorted in the most shocking manner, her eyes were glaring wildly, but apparently sightless, her respiration was very difficult and her limbs were rigid as iron. The common restoratives were used without effect. The Elders laid their hands upon her and rebuked the devil, when she was instantly relieved, but in another
moment she was bound as before; they now kneeled down by her bed and prayed, when she was again released, and asked for baptism, stating that she had been acting against her convictions of right in some conversations the missionaries had held with her during the day. They repaired to the water and there under the mantle of night introduced the first soul into the Church as the fruits of their labors. During the following winter Elders Lyman and Snow labored in southern Ohio and Cabell county, Virginia. Some forty souls were added to the Church by their administrations. Early in the spring they returned to Kirtland. March 12, 1833, with Wm. F. Cahoon as companion, Elder Lyman started on his second mission. He continued his labors for eight months, during which time he traveled as far east as Chautauqua and Cattaraugus counties, N.Y. He held 150 meetings and saw about one hundred souls added to the Church. In December following he attended a conference in Erie county, Penn., where he was ordained to the High Priesthood under the hands of Lyman E. Johnson and Orson Pratt. In the winter he continued his missionary labors in the States of New York and New Hampshire.

While in the latter State the call to go to Missouri reached him through Elder Lyman E. Johnson. Responding to this call, he changed his plan of operations and went direct to Kirtland, Ohio, taking in charge as a contribution some money and teams, and two sons of John Tanner (John J. and Nathan). They arrived at Kirtland May 1, 1834, and a few days later Elder Lyman joined Zion's camp at New Portage and traveled with this organization to Missouri. After waiting upon his brethren who were attacked by the cholera, he suffered considerably with the ague and fever. Having been discharged from his duties in the camp, he returned to Kirtland, preaching by the way. Soon after his return he married Miss Louisa Tanner, daughter of Elder John Tanner. On a subsequent six months' mission to the State of New York, his labors were rewarded by liberal additions to the Church. He traveled over two thousand miles and preached nearly two hundred sermons. In the spring of 1836, he attended the dedicatory services of the Kirtland Temple, after which he, in company with Elder Nathan Tanner, filled another mission to the State of New York. In 1837 he removed to Missouri, where he became subject to the persecutions which befell the Saints there, and took also an active part in their defense until he, together with Joseph Smith and others, was betrayed by Col. Geo. M. Hinkle into the hands of the mob militia. Escaping the execution which the court martial had contemplated, Elder Lyman shared the fate of his fellow prisoners until Nov. 24, 1838, when he was discharged at the mock trial held at Richmond, Ray county. He immediately returned to Far West, where he was elected justice of the peace. While suffering under a severe attack of sickness his family was enabled to remove to Illinois, through the kindness of friends; and after aiding the brethren in the matter of disposing of their land in Missouri, Elder Lyman joined his family in Quincy, Ill., in March, 1839. During that year he made two dangerous trips back to Missouri for the purpose of assisting Elder Parley P. Pratt and fellow prisoners and to attend to unsettled business. Early in the spring of 1840, he went to Iowa, on the half-breed tract, in Lee county, where he built a cabin, to which he moved his family. A portion of this summer he spent on the Mississippi river, boating wood to St. Louis. From this work he returned in the fall, sick. In the spring of 1841 he moved his family to Nauvoo, and occupied part of a house belonging to Brother Osmyn M. Duel, and worked with Brother Theodore Turley in his shop at repairing guns, and other work. He had been thus engaged a short time, when Brother Charles Shumway, from northern Illinois, called on Brother Joseph for Elders to go home with him to preach in that country. The Prophet sent him to Elder Lyman, with directions that he should go. The steamer on which they were to go up the river was in sight when he received the word in the shop. He went to his home, one mile distant, took leave of his family, and was at the landing as the boat rounded to.

He preached in the region of Galena, and in Wisconsin, until October, when he returned to Nauvoo, where he arrived on the last day of the conference, in the afternoon. During the conference he was appointed a mission to the city of New York. This was countermanded by the Prophet; and during the winter he went, in company with Peter Haws, on a mission to secure means to build the Temple and Nauvoo House. They went as far east as Indiana. In the spring of 1842, Elder Lyman went on a mission to the State of Tennessee, accompanied by Horace K. Whitney and Adam Lightner and also William Camp, from whom they had the promise of some help on the public buildings. In this they were disappointed. Elder Lyman was joined in this mission by Elder Lyman Wight, one of the Twelve. After their failure to accomplish what they expected to with Brother Camp, they returned to Nauvoo. While on this mission Elder Lyman held one public discussion with
Thomas Smith, a Methodist presiding elder, and baptized some of his church. Subsequent to his return to Nauvoo, Elder Lyman was ordained to the Apostleship Aug. 20, 1842, and on September 10th he started on a mission to southern Illinois, in company with George A. Smith. Some portion of their time, on this mission, they were in the company of Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. From this mission Elder Lyman returned Oct. 4th. The following winter he was engaged by the Prophet to move his family to Shockoquon, in Henderson county, where he had bought some property. Bro. Lyman repaired to the place where he superintended the surveying of the town site and commenced building. He remained here until the following summer (1843). When the Prophet was kidnapped, he participated in the efforts that resulted in his rescue. On his return from this expedition Elder Lyman was taken ill and became helpless, in which condition he was taken to Nauvoo, from where (when he had partially recovered from his sickness) he was sent on a mission to the State of Indiana, taking with him his family. He went to the small inland town of Alquina, Fayette county, where his family resided, while he traveled through the surrounding counties, preaching as opportunity offered. In this manner he passed the time until the spring of 1844, when he repaired to Nauvoo to attend the April conference, at which it was determined that he should go to the city of Boston. A few days after the conference, he had an interview with the Prophet, in which he taught him some principles on celestial marriage. Elder Lyman returned to Alquina, and prosecuted his labor of preaching in the country, until the 1st of June, when he repaired to Cincinnati, where he remained until July, when he received the news of the murder of the Prophet and Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum Smith. A few days later Brother Adams arrived, and confirmed the news of the murder. He was also the bearer of a call to Elder Lyman, to return immediately to Nauvoo, and in response to this call he repaired to Nauvoo, where he arrived July 31, 1844.

Having attended the special meeting at Nauvoo, Aug. 8, 1844, in which the Twelve Apostles were acknowledged as the presiding quorum of the Church, Apostle Lyman, as a member of that quorum, continued to take an active part in all the affairs of the Church. He rendered efficient aid during the exodus of the Saints from Illinois in 1846 and was one of the Pioneers of 1847, returning to Winter Quarters in the fall of the same year. The following year he led a large company of emigrants to Great Salt Lake valley. After this he was appointed on a mission to California, from which he returned Sept. 30, 1850. In 1851 he and Apostle Charles C. Rich were called to lead a company of settlers to California, which started from Payson, Utah county, March 24, 1851, and arrived at San Bernardino, Cal., in the following June. A few months later (September) the rancho of San Bernardino was purchased, and a settlement located, which was continued until 1857, when, on account of the hostilities between Utah and the United States, it was broken up; the inhabitants removed to Utah. In 1860 Elder Lyman was sent on a mission to Great Britain, arriving in Liverpool, England, July 27th. In connection with Apostle Charles C. Rich he presided over the European Mission until May 14, 1862, when he embarked to return home. While on this mission he delivered a remarkable sermon at Dundee, Scotland, March 16, 1862, in which he denied the atonement of the Savior. Some years later he was summoned to meet before the First Presidency of the Church to answer to the charge of having preached false doctrines. He acknowledged his error and signed a document, dated Jan. 23, 1867, in which he also asked the forgiveness of the Saints. But soon afterwards he again preached in the same strain, and was finally excommunicated from the Church, May 12, 1870. He died at Fillmore, Millard county, Utah, Feb. 4, 1877. (For further details see 'Millennial Star,' Vol. 27, p. 472; "Historical Record," Vol. 6, p. 122.)
AMASA MASON LYMAN
Autobiography (1813-1844)
"IN HIS OWN WORDS"


AMASA LYMAN'S HISTORY

I was born in the township of Lyman, in the county of Grafton and state of New Hampshire, on the 30th of March 1813. I was the third son of Boswell Lyman and Martha Mason. The names of my grandparents, on my father's side, were Elias Lyman and Ruth Griswold. My mother's parents were Perez Mason and Martha Barney. I was born on a small homestead belonging to my mother's parents, so my infancy knew not the blessing of a paternal home. In something less than two years subsequent to my birth, my father left on a journey with one of my mother's brothers, for the purpose of mending their fortunes in the west; my uncle's name was--------. He died at Utica in the state of New York, leaving my father to pursue his doubtful way alone.

Years flew by and our hearth was still sad, nor was our domestic circle again cheered by the presence of the husband and father; some six years thus passed, in which time my eldest brother, Mason Boswell, was indentured to a farmer in the town of Lebanon, county of Gratton [Grafton?], state of New Hampshire. My elder brother, Elijah, died in infancy, thus myself, my younger brother, Elias, and my sister, Ruth Elias, remained with my mother, who resided with her father, until her second marriage, which was with a Mr. Isaiah Emerson, subsequent to my father's death, which, from the best information we have, transpired near New Orleans, some six years after he left us.

My mother left me with my grandfather, with whom I remained until I was eleven years of age, at which time my grandfather retired from his farm to reside with his eldest son, Perley Mason, with whom, according to the wishes of my mother, I remained, without being indentured, for seven years.

During the year 1831, I became somewhat thoughtful on the subject of religion, and found peace with God and my soul in striving to break off my sins by righteousness, and my iniquities by turning unto the Lord, (this was, however, in my ignorance much like the blind groping for the wall at noon).

I remained in this condition (not united with any of the churches of the times) until the spring of 1832, when our place was visited by Elders Lyman E. Johnson and Orson Pratt, from whom I first heard the gospel. I was baptized on the 27th of April 1832, by Elder Lyman E. Johnson, and was confirmed on the day following by Elder Orson Pratt.

On account of the ill feelings that arose in my uncle's family because of my baptism, I resolved to go to the west, and accordingly, on the 7th of May (having bid adieu to my uncle's family), I started on a journey of some 700 miles.

My earthly wealth was composed of some sixteen pounds of half worn clothing, and eleven dollars and thirty-seven cents in cash. These were some of the circumstances under which I left the land of my birth, a stranger to everything to be encountered on my journey.

The weariness consequent upon the first day's walking I had ever performed, admonished me that I had better ride, which I did, by stage and canal, until I reached Lyons in Wayne County, New York. Here finding my funds minus, I walked to Palmyra where I sought for employment, which I found with Mr. Thomas Lacky, who bought Martin Harris' farm when he sold it to raise the money to print the Book of Mormon.

I here labored one half month, for which I received four dollars and a half, with which I continued my journey as far as Buffalo, where I shipped on board the steamer Henry Clay, had a quick but rough passage to Cleveland, from this point I traveled on foot forty-five miles, to the residence of Brother John Johnson, in the town of Hiram, Portage County, state of Ohio, where I arrived on the 5th of June. Father Johnson was the father of Brother Lyman E. Johnson who had baptized me; he received me kindly and ministered to my wants, in which he was heartily joined by mother and daughters.

It was at this place that Brother Joseph Smith resided when he was brutally mobbed, tarred and feathered on the night of the 25th of March previous. He was now absent on a visit to Missouri, from which he returned in July following.
After resting and refreshing myself for one week, I engaged to labor for Father Johnson at ten dollars per month; under this engagement I labored until the 1st of July, about which time the Prophet returned to Father Johnson's to reside, this afforded me an opportunity to see the Man of God.

Of the impressions produced I will here say, although there was nothing strange or different from other men in his personal appearance, yet, when he grasped my hand in that cordial way (known to those who have met him in the honest simplicity of truth), I felt as one of old in the presence of the Lord, my strength seemed to be gone, so that it required an effort on my part to stand on my feet; but in all this there was no fear, but the serenity and peace of heaven pervaded my soul, and the still small voice of the spirit whispered its living testimony in the depths of my soul, where it has ever remained, that he was the Man of God.

I continued laboring for Father Johnson until sometime in the month of August, when one Sabbath evening after a social prayer meeting with the few members in our place, the Prophet, in his own familiar way, said to me, "Brother Amasa, the Lord requires your labors in the vineyard." I without thought replied, I will go, and on the 23rd of August 1832, myself and Brother Zerubabel Snow were ordained to the office of elders in the Church, under the hands of Joseph Smith and Frederick Williams; and on the following day started on our first mission to proclaim the gospel of salvation. I had heard five sermons preached, three by Brother Orson Pratt, one by Brother Joseph Smith, one by Brother Rathbone; but strong in the Lord and in the conviction of our own honesty we started.

About the time of our starting there was an application came to President Joseph Smith to visit an old gentleman who was afflicted with a severe pain in his head. From a press of business, Brother Joseph could not go, but instructed Brother Snow and myself to call upon the old man, which we did, and as we came near his house, before we entered, we heard his groans extorted from him by pain, which seemed intolerable.

We entered and introduced ourselves, being strangers; we prayed for and laid our hands upon him, in the name of Jesus, and rebuked his pain which was instantly removed, and the sufferer rejoiced and praised God, who had so signally blessed himself and us as his ministers: the old gentleman's name was Harrington.

From Brother Harrington's we continued our journey, and as the close of the week drew near we found ourselves in the township of Chipeway, where we found a few members of the Church; we stopped with Brother Baldwin Welton, a Brother Bosinger lived near. Here we made our first appointment for meeting on the Sabbath, the day came and the hour, but the people did not, a dull prospect this for converting the world. The day passed, but we concluded that we would have a prayer meeting at night, the hour came and Brother Welton's family and some of Brother Bosinger's family who did not belong to the Church came in, and, with a Miss Smith, were seated, the latter reclining on a bed in the corner of the room; we sang and prayed, and Brother Snow proceeded to make some remarks, but in an instant a chilling sensation pervaded my entire body, and a cry of alarm from the bed attracted the attention of all. On stepping to the bedside we discovered that Miss Smith's face and her entire form were distorted in the most shocking manner, her eyes were glaring wildly, but apparently sightless, her respiration was very difficult and her limbs were rigid as iron; the common restoratives were used without effect, we laid our hands upon her and rebuked the devil when she was instantly relieved, but in another moment she was bound as before, we kneeled down by her bed and prayed, when she was again released, and asked for baptism, stating that she had been acting against her convictions of right in some conversations we had held with her during the day; we repaired to the water, and there under the mantle of night introduced the first souls into the Churches the fruits of our labors.

Thus the Lord in the days of our weakness strengthened and comforted us, with the assurance that His power could sustain us while we trusted in Him.

We blessed our friends and proceeded on our way, as our destination was the southern part of the state of Ohio, where Elders Seymour Brunson and Luke Johnson had been laboring, and had built up a small branch of the Church.

We at length reached our field of labor sometime in September, having preached by the way. We continued here and in Cabell County, Virginia, until the following spring, during which time there were some forty souls added to the Church.

We then started for Kirtland, where we arrived early in the spring, here we met with the Prophet and many of the elders, with whom we had a good and instructive time. Here I parted with Brother Snow, he being appointed a mission to the eastern states, and had for his partner Horace
I was appointed on a mission to the east, and had for my partner William F. Cahoon, with whom I started from Kirtland, on my second mission, about the 21st of March 1833. I continued my labors for about eight months, during which time I traveled as far east as Chautauque and Cattaraugus counties, New York, during this time I held one hundred and fifty-two meetings, and saw one hundred souls added to the Church.

About the first of December (Brother Cahoon having previously returned to Kirtland) I made my arrangements to return to Ohio, and while on the way I met with Brothers Lyman E. Johnson, Orson Pratt and John Murdock, in the Girard Branch of the Church in Erie County, Pennsylvania. Here we held a conference on the 11th of December 1833, at which time I was ordained to the high priesthood, under the hands of Lyman E. Johnson and Orson Pratt. From this place I accompanied Brothers Pratt, Murdock and others to Livingston County, New York, where we labored for a length of time in settling difficulties in a branch of the Church in the town of Genesee, under the presidency of Elder Landon, who with some twenty-five others were cut off from the Church (perhaps in some instances rather prematurely).

The above labor, with considerable other preaching in the country, occupied the time until near spring, when I parted with the elders, with whom I so pleasantly spent a portion of the winter, and in company with Brother Alva L. Tippetts started for the land of my nativity.

We journeyed eastward, preaching by the way as opportunity offered, until we reached Lake George in Warren County, New York. On the shore of this lake I found a small branch of the Church, connected with which was Elder John Tanner. To effect the adjustment of some differences existing between some members of this branch, I went to New Hampshire to secure the cooperation of some high priests. While making this journey, the call to go to Zion reached eastern New York, through Lyman E. Johnson; responding to this call changed my plan of operation, and after filling my engagements in this region, I went directly to Kirtland, taking in charge some money and teams and the two sons of John Tanner, John J. and Nathan.

I here received on my own account between nine and ten dollars in money, to provide myself for the journey, the above money I received from Sister Polly Beswick, it was all she had.

We journeyed westward as far as Kirtland, where we arrived about the first of May, but did not join the camp until the day previous to their leaving New Portage, which was on the 7th of May, 1835, at this point we identified ourselves with the camp by enrollment, and paying over our money to the credit of Father Tanner.

From this place I traveled with the camp, participating in all the vicissitudes it encountered, and sharing in its toils and labors, as well as the varied and rich instruction that we received from time to time from the Prophet.

Thus we pursued our anomalous and strange journey, the vicissitudes of which afforded us ample opportunity to evince our faith by the offering of our lives for the truth, thus proving by the patient endurance of our toils and our untiring perseverance in the accomplishment of our purposes, that the interests of the Kingdom, when they should be committed to our keeping, would be faithfully cared for, thus laying the foundation for the effectual redemption of Zion, in the development of a faithful and energetic ministry.

On the 17th of June, on Grand River, I met for the first time with Bishop Edward Partridge, I traveled and conversed with him the most of the day.

June the 19th, we arrived in the vicinity of Fishing River, and encamped near a Baptist meeting-house; during the night we were visited by a severe storm of rain and high wind, accompanied by thunder and lightning, which prostrated the most of our tents. Some of the fugitives from the fury of the storm, found shelter in the church (the most salvation it probably ever ministered).

The morning found me minus my tent, and a depression in the ground, in which my bed had been inadvertently made, was full of water, in which myself and bed were submerged.

June 20th. On moving from our camp this morning, four miles, to Brother John Cooper’s, we found the country around us was visited during the night previous with a terrific storm of hail, which in its destructive course demolished fields of grain and made liberal pruning of the forest over which it passed. And what more directly affected our safety, it held in check, so they could not move, a large mob force that were assembled to question our presence in, or dispute our passage through the country.

We remained near Brother Cooper’s until the 24th, during our stay here we were visited by some gentlemen from Clay and Ray counties, among them were General Atchison, Colonel Sconce, and a Mr. Cameron. With them the Prophet had an interchange of feeling and sentiment
of a conciliatory character, which the Lord blest to our good, thus adding another to the evidences already given, that it was no part of his purpose to expose his servants to the chances of destruction at the hands of their enemies. It was here the Lord signified to the Prophet, to our joy and comfort, that our offering was accepted.

While here Brother Ezra Thayre was attacked with the cholera, from which he recovered.

June 24th. Moved camp twenty miles, and camped at Brother Burket's, two and a half miles from Liberty, the county seat of Clay. Here on the morning of the 25th, several of the brethren were attacked by the cholera; among the first was Elder John Carter, who had a protracted struggle with the fell destroyer. The following night there were some half dozen of the brethren stricken down, and all lying on the floor in a small apartment. This was a scene that can be more easily imagined than described, to see men stricken down in a moment, and in a short hour the ruddy glow of health displaced by the pallor of death. To see the human form divine, that at the dawn of morning was stately and erect, in all the perfections of manly beauty, to see its perfections and beauty of form melt away in the death struggle of a few short hours. And to think, the sufferers, who are they? the question reaches to and stirs the fountain of feeling within us, for they are no strangers that are writhing at our feet, these are the forms of the loved, the faithful and the brave; with them we had labored—with them we had rejoiced together in the truth; they were endeared to us by the tenderest ties that bind heart to heart, and soul to soul. These are the sufferers for whom there seems to be no rest but in the grave. I passed the night with the sufferers, in the morning, the company with which I was connected was disbanded. Ere I left, I gave a parting look, breathed a hasty prayer, and tore myself away from the scene of death.

June 26. From this place I went to the residence of Brother King Follet. From this until the organization of the high council, I passed my time with the brethren who had been expelled from Jackson County, by whom I was kindly entertained.

I then engaged to work for Brother Jabez Durfee, who was building a mill for Esquire Arthur. While thus engaged, I was called upon to assist in numbering the people of the Church in Clay County. This led me to form an acquaintance with the Saints generally who had been driven from Jackson County.

In this labor I was engaged until the 11th of August, when I was attacked by the ague and fever, with which I was confined to the house and bed until the 2nd of November. I was, during my sickness, at the house of Brother Elias Higbee, whose wife was most kind and unremitting in her attentions to my comfort, as were the Saints generally.

After a partial recovery from my sickness, I received a discharge from the camp under the hand of Lyman Wight. I then procured through the aid of the brethren a half worn coat that belonged to Brother Sidney Gilbert, and on the 23rd of December 1834, I started from Clay County in company with Brother Heman Tilton Hyde. We traveled and preached by the way, sharing the fate common to those who called upon the wicked to turn from their sins.

We continued eastward as far as Ohio, where we arrived in Kirtland on the 26th of May, 1835. On our way we held sixty-seven meetings and three conferences, and in company with Brother Elisha H. Groves we built up a branch of the Church in Madison County, Illinois, and baptized others in St. Clair County. During my present stay in Kirtland, of about three weeks, I was ordained a member of the 1st Quorum of Seventies under the hands of Joseph [Smith], Oliver [Cowdery] and Sidney [Rigdon]. The records of my ordination and blessing made by Silvester Smith are lost.

During the short respite from preaching I married Miss Louisa Maria Tanner, the daughter of Elder John Tanner, our marriage was solemnized, by Elder Seymour Brunson, on Wednesday of the week; and the following Monday I was again in the field.

My present course was eastward, mostly in the state of New York, where my labors were rewarded by liberal additions to the Church. My present mission occupied six months of time and extended over 2,000 miles of travel, and the preaching of nearly 200 sermons.

From the time of my return to Kirtland in December 1835, I resided with my father-in-law and attended school through the winter. And in the spring of 1836, I participated in the endowments then given, and in consequence of my ordination to the high priesthood, previous to my ordination as a seventy, I was at this time connected with the quorum of high priests.

The spring of 1836 found me again on my way to the East, in company with Elder Nathan Tanner; we passed through the field of my previous year's labors in Allegheny County, New York, where we were blest in adding several to the Church. While here we witnessed the signal manifestation of the power of God in the healing of the sick.
From this place we continued our travels eastward until we arrived in the town of Bolton, the former residence of Brother Tanner, here we preached through the country, in which we secured the attention of the people, but not their obedience to the truth.

While here we met with Father John Tanner, who had been on a mission to the state of Vermont. While here I married Elder Nathan Tanner and Miss Rachel Smith. Brother Nathan remained with his father-in-law, while myself and Father Tanner returned to Kirtland; where I remained the most of the time engaged in work to support my family and in preaching in the country around, once going east as far as Erie County, Pennsylvania.

In this way my time was mostly occupied until the autumn of 1837, when myself and Brother Nathan Tanner engaged Mr. Jared Randel to remove us to Missouri, where we joined the Saints in the new county of Caldwell. In consequence of my limited means I went to Fort Leavenworth, where I labored during the winter. In the spring I returned and engaged in a job of work on the courthouse, in the county of Chaton.

On my return home I engaged in labor for George Walters, from which I was relieved by sickness, which was induced by too severe labor in hot weather. From this indisposition I had mostly recovered, when the difficulties, that eventuated in our expulsion from the state, commenced with an affray at an election in Daviess County, in the month of August. On the first alarm I took the field, which I did not leave, until I left the state, the following spring. The trouble thickened around us until, on my return from a week's excursion to the north of Far West (in company with Brother Justus Morse, with whom my family resided), I learned, that the brethren at DeWitt were surrounded by mobs in such away as to preclude any approach to them by the usual ways, inconsequence of which we were left in ignorance of their prospects of danger or safety.

On this account the brethren in Far West committed to me the task of finding a way to the brethren that were in the midst of the enemy. To accompany me I selected Brother James Dunn, I then dressed myself in some old soldier pants, and an old and somewhat tattered coat made of a buffalo robe, and overtopped all with a red worsted cap closely fitting my head. One pocket of my coat was furnished with a pint flask for the spirits we might use, or the effect its possession might have on those with whom we would be likely to come in contact.

Thus attired in our grotesque and uncouth garb, we started across the country to the Missouri River, at a point somewhere above the ferry crossing the Lexington, we reached the river, and when the mantle of night was over us we commenced our search for a canoe, in which to pass down the river; in this, however, we did not succeed, and when the signs of the coming day were discoverable in the east, we found shelter under the edge of a stack of hay by the way, and caught [caught] an hour's sleep, and then were up and away; and traveling down the river we found a Brother Benjamin Jones, who gave us some breakfast, after which we passed over the ferry, replenished our bottle and passed on through the town, passing several parties who were engaged in discussing the common topic of the day--the Mormons and their enemies.

From this place we passed down the river some twelve miles, where, near the close of the day, we secured a canoe, in which we passed down the river, until the darkness of night rendered our navigation rather unsafe, we landed, kept ourselves warm with a fire, which we supplied during the night. In the morning we resumed our way and landed at DeWitt about noon; but the Saints had all gone, save a few who had been prevented by the loss of stock. Of these were Zenos H. Gurly and Brother Simons.

We took dinner with some of the mob residents of the place, and were told by them that being strangers we might be suspected of being Mormons, and consequently unsafe in the place. Acting upon the suggestion we left the town, on the road leading to Carleton, and found lodging with Mr. Thomas, in the morning we were early on the way, got breakfast with a citizen who lived near the point where the trail made by the brethren when they left DeWitt diverged from the old road to the right. This trail we were traveling as fast as we could walk, when on turning abruptly around the point of a low ridge, we found ourselves in close proximity to two men on horseback, with arms. They were questioning a Brother Clark, as we subsequently learned, who was a stranger in the country, and was on the hunt for stock, a short distance ahead were some twenty men who were armed and mounted, the two dismissed Brother Clark and rode to the company, and returned to us with an addition to their number of some half a dozen, and made prisoners of us, asking who we were. We found in the company some men we had seen before in Daviess.

They had, in a wagon, a six pounder, which they were transporting to the north, at a cost of ten dollars per day. On this cannon, in the wagon, they allowed us to ride, at night we helped take the cannon from the wagon and secrete it in the hazel thicket, to prevent a surprise from the
"Mormons," and then they placed a guard of four men with us, and in this way they kept us four days. On the morning of the fifth, they told us we could go, but not to our friends, who were within seven miles of where we were. They forced us back on the road we came. We travelled some forty miles, in a light snow, and waded through Grand River. About nine o'clock at night we reached Brother York's on Shoal Creek. They fed and refreshed us, and in the morning we started for Far West, where we arrived the next day.

I went directly to Daviess County, where I found the cannon, on which Brother Dunn and myself had rode during our captivity, the brethren having captured it soon after our release. While here, we heard that the mob were gathering on the southern borders of our county. After the receipt of the news I repaired to Far West, where I borrowed a horse of some brother whose name I have forgotten.

A company of spies were raised, composed of ten men, and I was appointed to take charge of them. We repaired to Crooked River, and quartered with Brother Pinkham.

From this point I went, taking with me Brother John Scott, to reconnoiter the country, leaving the residue of the company to keep a watch in the vicinity of their quarters.

We extended our search as far as the mouth of Crooked River, where we found Father Cutler and family, we gave to him and the brethren in that region the best instruction we could in the then existing emergency.

After spending a few days here, the night preceding the battle on Crooked River, I slept at Father Cutler's, about the dawning of day, I awoke Brother Scott and told him that the brethren had had a battle, for I had seen it. We arose and saddled our horses and rode ten miles, and stopped with Brother Ewing to get some breakfast. While here, the news of the battle was brought by two of the mob residents, who came to advise Brother Ewing to give up his arms, but the presence there of myself and Brother Scott rendered the difference in our number rather against them. Our breakfast over, we secured the services of a guide, and we traveled directly across the country to Far West. When the light of day was gone, we were furnished with light from the burning prairie.

We arrived in Far West early on the morning of the 29th of October. I called at Brother Rigdon's where I saw Brother O'Banion who was dying of his wound, received at Crooked River. Some hours later, in the morning of the same day, the corpse of Brother David W. Patten was brought into town. On this morning a company of men, under the command of Colonel Hinkle, of which I was one, started out into the country, hearing that there was a large force in the vicinity of Crooked River. When some five or six miles on the way, we learned that there was an army making their way to Far West. On the receipt of this intelligence we commenced our retreat, in a circuitous route, to Far West, passing the rear of the enemy while they passed in, on the south of the city, within one mile of which they encamped, while we entered it from the east near night, and joined our brethren, already formed in line of defence on the south of the city.

While the mob were making their way towards the city, they made a prisoner of Father John Tanner, whom they brutally treated, by striking him on the head with a rifle. From the bleeding of his wounds he was besmeared from head to foot. He was kept one night, and then turned out to carry to his friends the corpse of the murdered Carey.

On the night of the 30th of October, we were engaged in preparing for defense, in, and about the city, by throwing up a barricade made of cabin logs, fence rails, wagons, which were around the city.

October 31st. Today an invitation was sent for Brothers Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, Lyman Wight, Parley P. Pratt, and George W. Robinson, to hold a conference with the officers of the army, which, however, eventuated in their betrayal into the hands of their enemies, who celebrated their success, by a succession of demoniac yells, that might have led one to conclude that hell with all its legions had joined in the triumph. Thus passed the night.

When we supposed that we might have been attacked by our enemies, we were ordered out by Colonel Hinkle to lay down our arms by way of surrender to our foes. This ungrateful requirement complied with, we were marched into the city and kept under guard for a time, when our guard was extended to the limits of the city, and we were released from our closer confinement. After our partial release, I made a call on Bishop Partridge, and passing from his residence, in the north, to the southern part of the town, in passing the store of Colonel Hinkle, I was pointed out to a party of the mob, who followed me a short distance, and arrested me, stating they had orders from General Lucas to bring me to camp.

On my arrival in the camp I found myself associated with the prisoners, so treacherously
taken the day previous, and also Brother Hyrum Smith, and Alexander McRae. The night was rather an unpleasant one, from the inclemency of the weather, from which we had no protection. During the night was held the far famed court-martial, by which we were all sentenced to be shot in the morning. From the execution of this merciless sentence we were saved by the opposition, to the same, of General Doniphan, and long may he live to enjoy the reward of the soul ennobling qualities that exalted him incomparably above the priest-ridden, bloody rabble around him.

On the morning of November 2nd, we were ordered to take our seats in a wagon, driven by Brother Stephen Markham, who had been pressed into their service. As we seated ourselves, William Beauman rushed up to the wagon, with his rifle cocked, swearing that Lyman Wight, who sat by my side, should not leave the ground alive. He was instantly disarmed by the Captain of the guard, whose name was Jackson, a guard placed, some twenty-five feet from us, with orders to shoot the first who should show a disposition to crowd on us.

From the camp we moved, under a strong guard, into the city of Far West, where the most of the prisoners were allowed to go and say their adieu's to their heart stricken and sorrowing families. While we halted here, the father and mother of Brothers Joseph and Hyrum were allowed to see their sons, as they thought for the last time, but the wagon was closely covered, and they were brutally refused the privilege of looking upon their children.

At length we left the scene of our sorrowing friends, and started on our way to Independence. When about two miles from the city, we passed the place where my family resided, I was allowed some five minutes to see my wife and get a change of clothing. I left my weeping wife and prattling babe, to encounter my fate, in the land of my enemies. We camped one night before crossing the Missouri River.

November 3rd. We crossed the river. We arrived in Independence in the midst of a heavy rain. We were taken through all the principal streets of the town, and exhibited as the trophies of the victories of mob violence over innocence and truth. From the time of our arrival here, the rigors of our confinement were considerably relaxed.

We were at length taken to Richmond, by the orders of General Clark, where we were closely confined, being all bound together in one chain, and under a strong guard. In this way I remained, undergoing with my fellow prisoners an ex parte examination, until the 24th of November, when I was discharged; and about 9 o'clock on Saturday I started for Far West. About 10 o'clock at night I met my wife at Brother Morse's.

On Sunday, in company with my wife, I went to town, and several times in the course of the day, I met with several parties of the mob, whom I learned, about sundown, were searching for me, to take me back to prison. On the receipt of this information, I took measures to keep out of their way.

On Sabbath, after my release, I met with Colonel Hinkle, who discovered to me his heartless treachery, by proposing that we should join and go to the south, and build up a church for ourselves, as the Prophet was in trouble, from which he would not escape.

About this time I was elected justice of the peace; and about the time of the committal of the brethren to prison, I was taken sick with a swelling on my left arm. My sickness soon reduced me to a state of utter helplessness, when I was carried to the house of Brother Solomon Daniels, where by the kindness of my friends, and the blessing of the Lord, I slowly recovered. During my illness, I was closely watched by Captain Bogard and his emissaries. Before I had recovered, Brother Daniels and family were removed to Illinois, and took with them my family, leaving me to aid the brethren in the matter of conveying their land, which the most of them were forced to do by the oppression of the mob.

I boarded with Brother Theodore Turley's family, Sister Turley was most kind and unremitting in her attention to my comfort, under her treatment I regained my health. I remained until March, 1839, when I went to Quincy, Illinois, where I found my family still with Brother Daniels' family, with whom they continued a few months.

During the spring I went (in company with Brothers Charles C. Rich, Seymour Brunson, and John Killyon) to Missouri to see Brother P. [Parley] P. Pratt, who was being carried on change of venue from Richmond, in Ray County, to Columbia in Boone County. We were frustrated in our intentions to assist Brother Pratt and others, by the misrepresentation of matters between us and them, by Watson Barlow, who came from Quincy to see the prisoners, and was known as a Mormon, while we were traveling incognito.

On the strength of Barlow's representation I went to Quincy, and returned again to Columbia, but was again defeated as before, and returned leaving our friends to their fate. Brother
Pratt told me after, that they were ready to have acted upon our first proposition for their rescue. Our plan was the same as that on which they came out on the fourth of July subsequently.

The above with a dangerous trip to the western part of Missouri, to attend to some unsettled business, occupied the most of the summer. In the fall I went, with my family, to spend the winter with my old friend Justus Morse, in McDonough County. I remained there until spring.

Early in the spring of 1840, I went to Iowa, on the half breed tract, in Lee County, where I built a cabin, to which I moved my family. A portion of this summer I spent on the Mississippi, boating wood to St. Louis. From this work I returned in the fall sick. Traveled from Quincy to Nauvoo, on the steamer of that name. Captain George Miller and my wife met me at Keokuk.

In the spring of 1841, I moved my family to Nauvoo, and occupied a part of a house belonging to Brother Osymn M. Duel, and worked with Brother Theodore Turley in his shop at repairing guns, and other work. I had not been thus engaged, but a short time, when Brother Charles Shumway, from northern Illinois, called on Brother Joseph for elders to go home with him to preach in that country. The Prophet sent him to me, with directions that I should go. The steamer on which we were to go up the river, was in sight when I received the word in the shop. I went to my home, one mile, and said adieu to my family, and was at the landing as the boat rounded to. We went on board of the boat, which I left at Galena. I preached in this region, and in Wisconsin, until October, when I returned to Nauvoo, where I arrived on the last day of the conference, in the afternoon.

During the conference I was appointed a mission to the city of New York, this was countermanded by the Prophet; and during the winter I went, in company with Peter Haws, on a mission to secure means to build the temple and Nauvoo House, we went as far east as Indiana. In the spring of 1842, I went on a mission to the state of Tennessee, H. K. Whitney and Adam Lightner accompanied me, and also Williams Camp, from whom we had the promise of some help on the public buildings, in this we were disappointed. I was joined in the mission by Elder Lyman Wight, one of the Twelve Apostles. After our failure to accomplish what we expected to with Brother Camp, we returned to Nauvoo. While on this mission I held one public discussion with Thomas Smith, a Methodist presiding elder, and baptized some of his church.

Subsequent to my return to Nauvoo, I was ordained to the apostleship on the 20th of August, 1842, and on the 10th of September I started on a mission to the south of Illinois, in company with George A. Smith. Some portion of our time, on this mission, we were in the company of Presidents Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. From this mission we returned on the 4th of October.

The following winter I was engaged by the Prophet to move my family to Shockequeon, in Henderson County, where he had bought some property, I repaired to the place where I superintended the surveying of the town site and commenced building. I remained here until the following summer, of 1843, when the Prophet was kidnapped, when I participated in the efforts that resulted in his rescue. On my return from which, I was taken ill, and became helpless, in which condition I was taken to Nauvoo, where, when I had partially recovered from my sickness, I was sent on a mission to the state of Indiana, taking with me my family. I went to the small inland town of Alquina, Fayette County, where my family resided, while I traveled through the country around preaching as opportunity offered. In this manner I passed the time until the spring of 1844, when I repaired to Nauvoo, to attend the conference in April, at which it was determined that I should go to the city of Boston, and in this I should be joined by Elder G. J. Adams at Cincinnati, in the June following.

A few days subsequent to the conference, I had an interview with the Prophet, in which he taught me some principles, not yet published, on celestial marriage, and on the day of my parting with him, he said as he warmly grasped my hand for the last time, Brother Amasa, go and practice on the principles I have taught you, and God bless you.

This parting occurred a few days subsequent to the conference, in the month of April. I returned to Alquina, and prosecuted my labor of preaching in the country, until the first of June, when I repaired to Cincinnati where I remained until July, when I received the news of the murder of the Prophet and Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum Smith. Subsequent to the receipt of the above news, a few days, Brother Adams arrived, and confirmed what we had heard of the murder, and also was the bearer of a call to myself, to return immediately to Nauvoo, in response to this call I repaired to Nauvoo, where I arrived on the 31st of July. Brother Samuel H. Smith, died the day previous.
CAROLINE ELY PARTRIDGE LYMAN
1827-1908
CAROLINE ELY PARTRIDGE LYMAN
1827-1908

Caroline Ely Partridge Lyman was the fourth child of Bishop Edward Partridge and Lydia Clisbee. She was born 8 Jan, 1827 at Painsville, Ohio, into a pleasant and comfortable home. Her father was a successful "hatter", and had accumulated considerable property. She lacked a month of being four years old when her father was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Two months later he was called to be first Bishop of the church and from then on they were persecuted and driven from their home, from place to place until they lost all their property.

When she was six her father was forcibly taken from their home in Independence, Missouri and tarred and feathered. His daughter thought he was some fierce Indian and she ran and hid under a bed in her fright. That same summer their humble shelter was burned by the mob and the family was driven across the river. Here their home was a log room with a dirt floor. Many times they found lizards and poisonous snakes behind trunks and boxes.

In 1835, she was baptized into the church by Peter Whitmer. While living in the log house at Far West, her father was again taken by force by a mob along with other leading men of the church and were thrust into jail. From here they went to Nauvoo where they hoped to find peace and security. As soon as her father was released from the jail he joined them at Nauvoo and began immediately to build a home for his family; but his health was broken in consequence of the cruel and prolonged persecutions. By the time the house was half done he collapsed and died. Caroline was 13 years old.

When she was 17 years old, on September 6, 1844, she became the first plural wife of Amasa M. Lyman. Later her sisters Eliza and Lydia were also married to him. These three wives were as one in love, respect, and devotion to each other and to their children.

Caroline and Eliza crossed the plains in 1848. The first winter in Salt Lake was very difficult. They shared a log hut which leaked with seven other people.

The next spring when their husband was called on a mission to California, they were without flour, and Emily gave them 14 lbs. They spun candle wick and sold it for flour. Caroline and her sister and baby moved into their wagon box to live on their own lot. Caroline taught school at Farmington for two months to get something to live on. They had no soap, so when the snow melted Caroline went out not far from the fort and gathered up the bones of dead oxen and boiled them for fat, which she combined with wood ashes to make some soft soap.

In the spring of 1851 when Amasa went to California the second time, Caroline went with him. She stayed for two years. She was especially happy for she had the prospects of becoming a mother, a position she had almost despaired of for she had been married for very nearly nine years. Her first baby was a girl named Martha. She also had Fredrick Rich, and Annie.

Soon the Lyman family moved to Fillmore where she gave birth to Walter Clisbee and Harriet Jane. After her youngest child was one year old she separated herself from her husband and raised her five children alone. She found comfort in the companionship of her sister Eliza. They earned $102 in 18 months weaving, sewing, spinning, coloring, tending garden, and almost every kind of work women could do.

Eliza's son Platte was called to Oak Creek to be Bishop, and Caroline's son wanted to go with him, so Caroline went with them to keep house for them. Very soon she bought a lot, which had a log room with a dirt roof. She and her family lived there until her boys were able to build a two room adobe addition in front of the log room, which had two attic rooms that were usable for bedrooms.
Feed for animals was very scarce. Caroline had a heifer that looked as if it might not live until the grass grew in the spring, so each day Caroline fed her a few handfuls of straw from the straw tick on her bed. Often she was her own children's school teacher, and also the neighbors children if they desired to come along.

The Relief Society was organized in Oak Creek Ward on May 3, 1874 and Caroline was chosen as President, a position which she held for 32 years. She tried through the years to relieve the poor and wait on the sick, prepare the dead for burial and comfort the bereaved. While in this office she worked and inspired the Society to build themselves a comfortable brick room for their meeting place.

In May of 1881, she and her daughter Harriet went with her brother Edward to St. George. It took them five days to get there. There they met their sister Emily and spent a week working in the Temple for their kindred dead; they did the Endowment work for their parents and had their mother sealed to their father, and the three of them and their dead brother and sister sealed to their parents. Caroline was very happy to be baptized for fifty of her dead kindred.

She enjoyed having her grandchildren visit her and she took pains to teach them never to waste food, for she knew what it meant to go hungry. "A crust of bread of a kernal of corn would help keep a dog or chicken alive", she would tell them. She loved to plant, cultivate, and garner the harvests. She had almost every plant, tree, or flower which was heard of in the locality. She got much joy out of drying vegetables and fruit which was the principal way of preserving food in her day.

She went to Salt Lake as often as she could to attend conferences and visit her sister Emily Young. She always came back with clothing from the city relatives, and in return they appreciated the dried peaches and apples from Oak City.

Caroline was instructed by the authorities of the Church to bear her testimony about the Prophet Joseph Smith. Every fast and testimony meeting she would tell of some incident in her life which was connected with the Prophet and of her early experiences in the Church. She was at the meeting when Brigham Young was found to be the Heavenly appointed leader of the Church in the martyred Prophet's place.

On her 79th birthday she wrote, "79 years have passed almost like a dream and I wonder how many opportunities for doing good to my associates have I neglected. In all the years I have lived my desires have been to do all the good I could and as little evil as possible."

The first part of May when Caroline was 81 years old, she contracted pneumonia and passed away on 8 May 1908, in the south room of the adobe house which her sons had built for her. She was buried in the Oak City cemetery by the side of her sister Eliza with whom she had lived with so much in life. In death they were not parted.
LYDIA PARTRIDGE LYMAN
1830-1875
LYDIA PARTRIDGE LYMAN
1830-1875

Lydia was the sixth child of Edward Partridge and Lydia Clisbee. She was born at Painsville, Ohio, May 8, 1830, just one month and two days after the organization of the church. Her early life was during the days of severe persecution of the member of the church. She knew the price of believing and living the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. She gained a testimony in the early years that never wavered during all the days of her life, through persecution, privation, poverty, sickness, and the wear and tear of a pioneer woman raising a family as a polygamist wife. She saw her kind and loving father dragged from his own home and family to be abused and falsely accused, finally to be tarred and feathered and rudely treated at the hands of the bitter enemies of the church.

Her father died as the result of persecution and exposure when Lydia was ten years old, leaving the family bereft, homeless and destitute. She learned in these early years that the gospel was indeed a “Pearl of Great Price”.

After the death of her father, Lydia's mother went into the home of Brother William Law who took care of the family until the home which Edward Partridge had started for his family could be finished. Brother Law and his family were very kind to the family and doctored Lydia who was very sick. In about three weeks they were able to move into their own house.

Lydia moved about, as a very young child as the family as driven with the Saints from place to place, leaving dear familiar places and things, knowing that they would never see them again.

Lydia was 16 years of age when they left Nauvoo. She and her younger brother Edward stayed with their mother and her husband. They started across the plains and stopped awhile at Mt. Pisgah, where her stepfather died. The family stayed the better part of a year before they were able to go on to join the others of the family at Council Bluffs. They stayed at Council Bluffs for more than a year before they started west. They left for the Salt Lake valley in the summer of 1848, traveling in company with Amasa M. Lyman and his wives, Eliza and Caroline Partridge. They had provisions enough to last a few months after they arrived in the valley but not enough to last until another harvest. They reached the Salt Lake valley October 17, 1848.

Lydia lived in Salt Lake City with her mother until she married Amasa M. Lyman as his eighth wife on February 7, 1853. She was twenty-four and he was forty years of age. Lydia continued to live with her mother and some of the time with her sisters Caroline and Eliza.

Lydia and her family moved to Fillmore in about 1864, where Amasa was endeavoring to establish his families so that he could better care for and educate them.

Lydia and Amasa had four children: Edward Leo, born January 4, 1857; Ida Evelyn, born March 28, 1859, Frank Arthur, born September 9, 1863, died April 26, 1864; and Lydia Mae, born May 1, 1865.

While Lydia lived in Fillmore she provided for herself and family anyway she honorably could. She was a good seamstress and did much sewing. She was an expert in working with buckskin, making moccasins and gloves which she sold. Her son Edward used to go out on the cedar mountains north of Fillmore and set cedar stumps on fire which burning into the ground left charcoal which he would get later to sell to the blacksmith for a meager sum.

When Amasa left the church the Partridge women left him. They moved to Oak City where their sons had property interests.

Lydia had been in poor health nearly all her life. As early as 1851, she had a siege of rheumatism, not being able to put her hand to her head or help herself.

When she was only forth-four years of age she took sick, in such pain that she could not be touched and had to be moved on a sheet. She was tenderly cared for by her son Edward who was eighteen and her daughter Ida Evelyn who was sixteen, and her sisters Caroline and Eliza. They would take turns sitting up with their mother during the night. After sixteen weeks of painful illness, Lydia passed away on January 16, 1875. She was buried in Fillmore, the only one of Amasa M. Lyman’s eight wives to be buried by his side.
I was born in Painesville, Geauga County, Ohio. My parents’ names were Edward and Lydia Clisbee Partridge. At a very early age I was sent to school where I acquired a very good common education. At the age of eight years my parents went on a visit to their friends in Massachusetts taking me and my sister Caroline (then a babe), with them. The other children, my sisters Harriet and Emily, were left in [the] charge of my Aunt Phebe Lee. We went to my grandfather Partridge’s in Pittsfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, where they left me while they went to visit my mother’s friends in the eastern part of the state. They returned in a short time bringing my mother’s sister Elsey with them.

Although I was very young yet, I remember many things that I saw on this journey. My grandfather’s nice brick house, and the cider mill, the orchard and the farm are all plain in my memory; also the cities that we passed through and the Erie Canal with its locks and the roaring of the Niagara Falls in the distance, the crossing of the lake, my sickness while crossing and many other things are still fresh in my mind.

I do not remember anything more worthy of note except that I was sent to school until I was about 13 years of age or a short time before this when the Book of Mormon was shown to my father. He did not accept it at first as being what it was represented to be, but after making a journey to New York where the Prophet Joseph Smith lived, and making inquiry of those in the Church and also of those out, he became convinced that the Lord had commenced to set up his kingdom on the earth and embraced the opportunity of becoming a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was ordained to the office of a bishop, there having been none ordained in this dispensation until that time.

He then returned to his home in Ohio and after a time was called to leave his business which was in a most flourishing condition and go to Missouri to attend to the business of the Church. He went and left his family to get along as best they could. I was at that time very sick and he had no expectation of seeing me again, but the Lord had called and he must obey. He showed his faith by his works and the Lord spared my life and the lives of the rest of his family for many years.

He never went back to sell his place or settle his affairs, but left it for others to do which was done at a great sacrifice. He had accumulated a handsome property which went for a very little as he could not be there to attend to it.

His family was moved up to Missouri in company with others who were journeying to that land, which was quite a task on my mother as her children were small. I being the eldest, we children were five in number and the weather was so cold that we were obliged to leave the Missouri River at a place called Arrowrock about one hundred miles from Independence and wait for my father to come with wagons to meet us.

We procured a small dark room from a family of Negroes, our only light being what came down the chimney, and no way to get in or out of the room except to go through the room occupied by the Negroes. We occupied this doleful place about a week when my father came out and took us away.

The weather was extremely cold, so much so that we had to lay by one day or be in danger of being frozen. We however arrived at Independence in safety and occupied a small brick house which my father had rented for the winter as he had not yet had time to build. We lived very poor that winter as the people of that country did not want much but cornbread and bacon and raised but very little of anything else. Consequently, there was but very little to be bought. But I remember we had a barrel of honey and what vegetables we could get, but no wheat bread as wheat was not to be bought in the land.

The next spring we moved into a house that my father rented from Lilburn W. Boggs where we lived until my father built a house on his own land; here we lived while we stayed in that county. In July, 1833, a number of armed men came to our house in the afternoon and took my father to the public square where they administered to him a coat of tar and feathers and raised a whip with the
intention of whipping him, but a friend to humanity interfered and prevented it. I well remember
how my father looked; we (the children) were very much frightened. My mother was very weak
having a babe (a boy named for his father), but three weeks old. The brethren were very kind and
assisted my father to rid himself of the tar, but the clothes he had on were spoiled.

The people of that place had been acting the part of a mob towards our people for some time
and still continued the same course until our people agreed to leave the county which they did in the
following November. It was very cold and uncomfortable moving at that time of the year and a great
amount, if not all, of our provisions that we had laid up for the winter were lost and our houses left
with many of our things in them. Our land and orchards and improvements of every kind left to
benefit those who had driven us away. We traveled three miles and encamped on the bank of the
Missouri River under a high bluff. The rain during the night poured down in torrents which wet
ourselves and our things badly. This was the first night that I ever slept out of doors. The
next day we crossed the river into Clay County. There my father laid up some house logs and
stretched a tent on them so that we could stay here until he could go and find a house. The weather
was very cold but we were in the woods and could have plenty of fire. It was here that I saw the
stars fall. They came down almost as thick as snowflakes and could be seen until the daylight hid
them from sight. Some of our enemies thought the day of judgment had come and were very much
frightened but the Saints rejoiced and considered it as one of the signs of the latter days.

When my father had done what he could to help the brethren across the river he, with
others, went out to see if they could find some houses to move into, as there was already snow on
the ground. He found a miserable old house that he could have with one fireplace in it which he and
a brother by the name of John Corrill moved their families into. I think my mother as also Sister
Corrill must have had their patience tried very much during this winter, the house open and cold
and their cooking and children and husbands and selves all around one fireplace, for stoves were not
in use then.

I did what work I could get for almost any kind of pay, but there were so many wanting
work that there was very little chance to get any. We lived in this old house while we stayed in Clay
County which was about two years. While here my father went on a mission to the eastern states.
After his return he with others went to look for a location for the Saints, as the people with whom
we resided began to be somewhat uneasy about us. My father and those who were with him
decided that a good place could be had in Caldwell County. They (our people) bought land there and
removed their families there, thinking to live by themselves in peace, which we had for a while.

While here, I went about thirty miles from home and taught school for three months, not
hearing a word from home while I was away and I did not see a person while there that I had ever
seen before, but the Lord watched over me and returned me in safety to my parents again. I would
never advise anyone to let a girl go away as I did then with entire strangers, to dwell with
strangers. It was no uncommon thing in those times for our Mormon girls to go out among the
Missourians and teach their children for a small remuneration. I received but 13 dollars and my
board for the three months that I was gone. I think the people were not as wicked then as they are
now or it would not have been safe for us to go about as we did. I was at this time about 17 years
old.

We remained in Caldwell two or three years when not only the mobs that were around us
but the authorities of the state said we must leave that county, which we did. We settled in
Illinois, first at Quincy, then at Pittsfield, Pike County, then at Nauvoo, which was the gathering
place for the Saints. In consequence of the persecutions of apostates, my father was obliged to leave
Far West before his family and arranged with Brother King Follett to bring them to Quincy. We
had a very uncomfortable time as the weather was cold and we were badly crowded in the wagon,
although we did as we had done every time that we moved, left most of our things. We crossed the
Mississippi partly in a boat and partly on the ice. Father met us and took us to a house where we
were more comfortable than we had been while traveling. We stayed there but a short time as my
father thought he could do better somewhere else and the Church was scattered with no place of
gathering. However, it was not long before we went to Nauvoo as the Prophet, who was yet in
prison, had said he thought it was the place to gather to.

The Saints were nearly all sick with ague and fever and our family had to have a share. My
two sisters, Harriet and Emily, had the ague about a year. I did not have it as I had worn it out
when we lived in Ohio. As we were by this time much reduced in circumstances (having moved so
many times and my father having poor health), it was thought best for me to take a school at Lima,
a small town about 24 miles away, which I did and my father rented rooms for his family in a large
storehouse where several other families resided, one Brother Hyrum Smith, and his brother-in-law, R. B. Thompson, and two more families, as they had not time to build yet. While I was teaching at Lima, I boarded with a gentile family and was well treated, but suffered fearfully with headache. About two weeks before my school was out, my father sent a man for me saying my sister Harriet was dying. We rode all night and arrived at home about sunrise. My sister was still alive but died during the day. My parents took this trouble to heart very much and my father said she was his pet child, but no one knew it until then and I do not think now that he knew any difference in his children, but I believe when a child or friend is taken from us, we are to think we loved them more than others.

This was in the spring and my father was making a garden on his lot which was distant about a mile. As his health was very poor and he did not feel able to walk so far to his work (he was also building a house), he concluded after the funeral of my sister that he would move down home and occupy a log house that he had put up for a stable but had not been used, and then he could work at his house and garden with more ease. He commenced to move but had to give up and take to his bed before he had the last load moved. He was sick about ten days when he also left us most uncomfortably situated. I was too sick to attend the funeral. He was completely worn out with the hardships and fatigues of movings and exposure caused by our enemies who never slackened their hands but persecuted us continually. He was firm and steadfast in his religion and tried to the very best of his ability to attend to every known duty as bishop in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We were in very poor circumstances at the time of his death, the handsome property that he had when he joined the Church having been spent in the Church and he not having had the privilege of staying in one place long enough to amass more.

After his funeral, Brother William Law took us to his house to stay until our house was finished. He and his wife were very kind to us and doctorred me and also my sister Lydia who was very sick, so that in about three weeks we were able to move to our own house which was finished. I forgot to mention that while I lived in Far West, I had learned the tailor's trade as far as sewing went, which I found of great use to me as I now could get work at the tailor's shops and was paid three dollars a week which was a great help to us. After a year or two, my mother married again, as she could not get along she thought without someone to provide for her. She now had three daughters besides me, and had one son about eight or nine years old. Her husband's name was William Huntington, a very good man and kind to my mother and her children.

After a time, my sister Emily and myself went to live in the family of the Prophet Joseph Smith. We lived there about three years. While there, he taught to us the plan of celestial marriage and asked us to enter into that order with him. This was truly a great trial for me but I had the most implicit confidence in him as a Prophet of the Lord and not but believe his words and as a matter of course accept of the privilege of being sealed to him as a wife for time and all eternity. We were sealed in , 1843, by H. C. K [Heber C. Kimball] in the presence of witnesses. I continued to live in his family for a length of time after this but did not reside there when he was martyred which was the 27th of June, 1844. I was then living with a family by the name of Coolidge. I stayed with them for a year or more until I was married to a man by the name of Amasa Lyman, one of the Twelve Apostles. I then went to live with my mother for a while and after that lived with him and his wife, Maria Louisa.

Times were not then as they are now in 1877, but a woman living in polygamy dare not let it be known and nothing but a firm desire to keep the commandments of the Lord could have induced a girl to marry in that way. I thought my trials were very severe in the line and I am often led to wonder how it was that a person of my temperament could get along with it and not rebel, but I know it was the Lord who kept me from opposing his plans although in my heart I felt that I could not submit to them; but I did and I am thankful to my Heavenly Father for the care he had over me in those troublous times.

After I married the second time, we remained in Nauvoo for a few months living a part of the time in the back part of my mother's house.

In February, 1846, we left Nauvoo and crossed the Mississippi River with many of the Saints and started to go to the Rocky Mountains where we hoped to be free to serve the Lord as we thought best. While crossing the river the ice came down in large pieces and threatened to sink our boat, but at this time as well as many others, we were preserved by the power of God.

We went to Father John Tanner's and stayed several days as the weather was very cold and we were not in a hurry to camp out until we were obliged to. After a few days we left Father Tanner and joined the camp of the Saints on Sugar Creek. The weather was very cold, the snow
deep, and we could not but be very uncomfortable as we were very poorly fitted out for such a journey at that time of the year. On the first of March, 1846, the camp of Israel began to move. There were about 400 wagons. After traveling about five miles, they camped for the night, scraped away the snow and pitched their tents. Fortunately for us, there was plenty of wood and the brethren made large fires in front of the tents which kept us from freezing but we could not possibly be made comfortable under such circumstances; but did not complain as we were leaving the land of our enemies and hoped for better times.

I think it was near the last of April [1846] that the camp reached a place called by our brethren, Pisgah. Here they concluded a part of the camp might stop and raise some crops of grain and as all were not prepared to go on much farther. We had thus far had a most unpleasant journey. After the snows came rains, almost without cessation, making the ground very muddy and some of the time the roads impassable so that we had to remain in camp much more than we wished to, for we were desirous to get to some place where we could make homes again.

At Pisgah I left my mother and sisters Emily and Lydia and little brother Edward with my mother's husband, Father Huntington, to stay until the next year or until there should be a convenient opportunity for them to come. My sister Emily was then President Brigham Young's wife and had one child, a boy named Edward. My sister Caroline was one of the wives of my husband and traveled on with us.

When we had traveled about 130 miles from Pisgah, there came a requisition from the United States for 500 men to be taken from our camps to go to Mexico to help the nation who had driven us out from their midst. Our people responded to the call and sent the 500, many of whom left their wives and children in their wagons, not knowing where they would settle and find a home, left them to the care of their brethren and friends and many of them never met again. Some of the men died during their absence; others returned to find that their wives had sunk under the weight of care and disease and their children scattered, but the Prophet of the Lord had said go and they went, trusting in him.

One woman was living with us whose husband was in the battalion (Mormon Battalion). When it was time for them to return, she was very much elated and rented a room and made all preparations for housekeeping. But, Oh, what a disappointment waited her; when the company came and she thought her happiness nearly complete, they told her he was dead and had been for months. Oh, the agony that she endured. It cannot be described. My heart ached for, but I could not comfort her.

I will go back to the time that I left Nauvoo on the 9th of February 1846, and write from my private journal. It will not perhaps be very interesting to anyone but myself, but it shows more particularly how we were situated and the hardships we endured in accomplishing the journey. On February 9, 1846, I bade adieu to my friends in Nauvoo and in company with my husband, Amasa Lyman, Daniel P. Clark and wife, Henry Rollins, and Dionitia W. Lyman (one of my husband's wives), started westward, for some place where we might worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences. We went about one mile to the Mississippi River, waited about three hours, then succeeded in procuring a boat, onto which we put our horses and wagons, and as there was no prospect of Father Huntington crossing the river that night, we took my mother, and sisters Caroline and Lydia and brother Edward with us and crossed the river. When we were about midway, we saw a boat at some distance from us, sinking, with no one near to assist them, but fortunately for them, they were near a sand bar so that they were not drowned, and soon a boat reached them and took them safely to shore. Our boat got into the ice which hindered us about an hour but did no damage. We went to Brother Sidney Tanner's where a part of us stayed all night and the rest stayed at Nathan Tanner's.
THOMAS CALLISTER
1821-1880
THOMAS CALLISTER 1821-1880

Thomas Callister, son of John Callister and Katherine Murphy, was born at Bradden, Isle of Mann, July 8, 1821. When he was a young boy about 12 or 13 years of age his father hired him out as an apprentice to a tailor. He was very diligent at his work and soon became quite skilled. At the age of 15 his father died, leaving him an orphan, his mother having died some two months before. So situated, he was obliged to battle with life for himself, fortified with strong courage and an honest heart.

One day in the fall of 1840, Grandfather went to the local grocery store to get some food for the evening meal. While waiting for the clerk he noticed a pamphlet on the counter, advertising a missionary street meeting. This tract discussed the questions: "Where did you come from, Why are you here, and Where are you going?" He attended this meeting and Elder John Taylor was the speaker. Grandfather was deeply interested and the message found lodging in his heart. As a result, he was baptized by William Mitchell and confirmed by John Taylor in March of 1841.

This very much displeased his sisters and brother. They felt it was a disgrace to have him join this most unpopular church. His brother offered to set him up in the tailor business if he would retrace his steps. Being thoroughly converted, he thanked his brother and told him he knew he had joined the true church of God and his membership in it meant more than any business to him.

On the 9th of January 1842, he bade his kindred farewell and on the steamship, Mona's Isle, took passage for Liverpool, and sailed on January 12, 1842 on the vessel Freemont. His brother John, went with him to the ship and there offered him half of all he owned if he would only give up going to America. When he refused, his brother said he would be happier if he could lay him away on the hill with his parents. Grandfather was 3 months on the water and landed at New Orleans and wended his way to Nauvoo, where he endured the persecutions and hardships of the Saints there.

On the 31st of August 1845, at Nauvoo, he married Caroline Clara Smith, daughter of John and Clarissa Lyman Smith. Together they struggled until they established a home. It was not long, however, until the persecutions were so great that they were forced to abandon their home. They tried to sell it, but in vain. Finally Grandfather succeeding in trading their house and furniture for a log chain and six chickens.

In February 1846, they crossed the Mississippi River on rafts, a most perilous trip. Those crossing in the morning were on the ice, but by afternoon the ice had melted and broken so they had to make rafts. The current of the stream was so strong that the rafts were knocked from one ice block to another. With difficulty they reached the other side. They then made their home at Winter Quarters, where they lived more than a year. Thomas Callister Jr. was born and died during this time. He later built a small log house to protect them from inclement weather. There he sold a beautiful broadcloth coat, which was the workmanship of own hands, for one hundred bushels of corn, which he willingly divided with others. Soon a call came for 500 volunteers to participate in the war with Mexico. Grandfather was ready to go with them when he was taken seriously ill with cholera. He became delirious and when he would hear the beating of drums, would call for help that he might get ready to join them. Because of this illness, they were unable to continue their journey with the original group of pioneers.

They left Winter Quarters in June in Danile Spencers company. They arrived in Salt Lake September 26, 1847. Here they found another enemy, the Indians. Grandfather seemed to have some influence with them. He was always kind to them. Through his genial attitude toward them he was able to make friends, many times he was called to pacify warring Indians.

They spent the first winter at the Fort in Salt Lake and in April 1848 moved out to Mill Creek and took up farming. They took with them two bushels of wheat and some garden seed, which was all planted. They knew the pangs of hunger, their supply of flour being exhausted three
months before harvest time. Then their diet was milk, thistle greens, and sego roots. Becoming sickened on the greens, Grandfather did his farm work with no more sustenance than a glass of milk. When their crops were growing fine and they had hopes of a bounteous harvest, a terrible gloom came upon them. A great cloud of black crickets swept down upon their fields and seemed to be devouring every grain in sight. With true pioneer courage he began fighting as hard as he could to kill them. But when it seemed they had exhausted every means of fighting with no results, great flocks of seagulls swarmed down upon their fields and literally devoured the crickets. As he was bishop of the 17th ward, many remember his genial face and his untiring efforts to relieve the suffering of the poor during the grasshopper war. On Sept 18, 1857, he was appointed Commander of the Nauvoo Legion. He had under his command 100 cavalry and 500 infantry. The last expedition took place at the time of the exodus south in 1858, when Johnson’s Army approached. On their return to Salt Lake City he resumed his duties as Bishop.

In 1861 President Brigham Young asked him to go to Fillmore to preside as Bishop of the ward. Though it meant some sacrifice, he willingly accepted the call and moved his family to the little town of Fillmore. He filled this position with honor for 8 years, and was then set apart as President of the Millard Stake in 1869, a position he held until 1877 when he was released and ordained a Patriarch. He was also a member of the Legislature for 14 years. He was an Indian agent and handled all the supplies that were sent by the government to that vicinity during the Walker War.

In 1875 he was called on a mission to England and remained there until the fall of 1876. While on his mission he spent much time on the Isle of Mann. He visited the church where he was christened and the Vicar gave him access to the records of the church. It was here that his genealogy record began. He was successful in getting a great many names of his dead kindred. He returned to America in the fall of 1876. In September 1879 he was taken ill, from which illness he never recovered. For 11 months he was confined to his home and gradually wasted away. The day before his death, the ward gathered at his home and held a cottage meeting. The sacrament was administered and the choir sang. Grandfather thanked them all for coming and expressed his desire to meet them in the Great Hereafter, and bore a faithful testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel and the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith and exhorted all to remain faithful and true to the principles of the Gospel.

He died in December 1880. In his passing the State lost a respected citizen and Church lost an earnest defender of the faith and a most sincere adherent to its principles. In every position he held he was highly esteemed for his fidelity to right and justice. All his labors were characterized by a kind and gentle spirit. In public and private life he manifested a faith that love and kindness were the greatest means of government. He is buried in the Fillmore City Cemetery.
CAROLINE CLARA SMITH CALLISTER
1820-1895
CAROLINE CLARA SMITH CALLISTER
1820-1895

When John and Clarissa Lyman Smith's son George A. was approaching his third birthday, they were blessed with a baby girl. She was born June 6, 1820, in Potsdam, St. Lawrence Co., New York. They named her Caroline Clara, and gave her loving care and affection, and she grew to be a lovely talented woman.

At the time of her death, her brother John Lyman Smith wrote to the Desert Weekly on January 12, 1895, "I have a faint recollection of hearing long ago that she was partially paralyzed by a lightning stroke when quite a child, from which she never entirely recovered."

Caroline's parents had great faith in their Heavenly Father, trusting and believing in His divine guidance and overruling power in all the vicissitudes and events of life. Caroline's heart echoed their beliefs, so she and the other members of the family lived accordingly. Poverty and sickness might be their lot but God's spirit dwelt in their habitation, and they rejoiced in his mercy and goodness to them.

Caroline's mother was very devout in her religious convictions, being the first of the large Smith family to embrace the gospel. She was also proud of the military men of her family. She often talked of her father Richard Lyman "who served under General Put man in the Revolutionary War and of his daring raids. His rank was that of an Orderly Sergeant. Richard Lyman was with General Put man in many of his most daring and successful engagements. The General said, "If I had a thousand men like Orderly Lyman, I would drive the redcoats out of America in six months."

Caroline came to Kirtland with her parents in May of 1833, at the age of 13 years and was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

She went with her fathers family when they journeyed to Far West, Missouri in the spring of 1838, and they later settled in Adam-ondi-Ahman. She suffered the shock of merciless mobbings, when her family, along with the other Saints were driven out of the state. They weren't allowed even to take the crops that they had planted and that were ready to harvest.

At one time the men were herded together like cattle but finally turned loose by that "old moba-rat-crat", Judge Black, because he could find no crime against them.

After her family settled in Nauvoo, in a drafty log cabin, Caroline and her brothers, George A. and John Lyman, as well as their father, became very sick with the ague, which lasted most of the winter of 1839 and 1840. Her brother George, still sick, left in September on a mission to England with the Twelve apostles. As soon as her father was well enough he moved his family to Nashville across the Mississippi River, having been called to preside over the Saints on that side of the river.

Caroline was taught to sew, spin, weave and tailor men's clothing. She was courted by and married to Thomas Callister on August 31, 1845. They made their first home in Nauvoo; where Thomas, being a good tailor, instructed quite a number of the Saints in this business, and many of them became skillful, which proved a great benefit to them in the new land they later came to live in. Her brother George A.'s wives, Lucy M. Smith and Zilpha Stark Smith, were among the number that learned this trade and used it here in Utah extensively.

(Eleanor Lyman Skidmore remembers that Grandma Mary M. Lyman told that the Prophet Joseph Smith hid from his persecutors in the home of Caroline Smith Callister. He told her that she would never be without the necessities of life.)

Because Caroline was a very frail woman her father, John Smith, advised her husband to take another wife to help with the work. Thomas did so and it was John's privilege to seal Helen Mar Clark to Thomas for a second wife. Caroline always did the sewing, spinning, and making of
clothing and bedding for the family, and Helen Mar did all the heavy manual work.

Early in the winter of 1846, she received her blessings in the Nauvoo Temple with her husband. In February, her husband took his families and joined her father's family and crossed the Mississippi River, being among the first teams to do so. They traveled through slush, mud, rain and snow, suffering many hardships and privations during the six month period it took to reach Winter Quarters, where they stopped the dreary winter of 1846. Here in a wagon box her son, Thomas Callister Jr., was born. She was sorely afflicted with scurvy and other miseries brought on by exposure and lack of proper food. She was never able to nurse her babies so, through lack of proper food, (their food consisted of coarse corn meal gruel and sometimes a little milk, when they were able to get some from the herd), she lost this baby when it was but eight months old. His name is on the pioneer monument in Florence, Nebraska.

After the baby died, Caroline, still very sick, had never seen her baby's grave. On the 9th of June, 1847, when they started to leave Winter Quarters for the Salt Lake valley, and as they passed the grave where the baby lay, Helen Mar, Thomas' second wife, got in back of her and raised her from her cot, so that she could get a first and last look at the little grave.

They traveled in the company known as the Parley P. Pratt company. It was composed of 75 wagons. The long tedious journey across the plains caused her to lose her second child, Clarissa. Thus again, Caroline was heart-broken and childless. They arrived in Salt Lake City, 25 September 1847. They had met Brigham Young and her brother George A. who were returning to Winter Quarters. It was at this time that Brigham Young told her father, John Smith, that he was to preside over the pioneer saints in the Salt Lake Valley in his absence.

Three of her other children died in infancy, namely Bathsheba, Samuel, and Asahel. Her daughter Philomela died, unmarried, at the age of 27. Clara was the first child to live to maturity. Her brother George A's wife, Lucy records in her diary: "I gave birth to a stillborn son on August 25, 1850, while Mr. Smith went on a mission to found Parowan, so I must go to Callisters and nurse their baby, as we had no wood, although we had bread stuff, meat and groceries. Then I nursed Sister Caroline's babe at my breast for six months. Clara is now Apostle Francis M. Lyman's wife and a noble woman she is too, with seven children, four sons and three daughters. Her sudden death in southern Colorado in 1892 was a shock from which her unfortunate mother never fully recovered." (Diary of Lucy Meserve Smith.)

As Caroline stood by the death bed of her father, Presiding Patriarch John Smith, holding in her arms her daughter Mary, then 9 months old, the father said, "Caroline, that child shall be the greatest blessing you shall know." The truth of his prophetic words was realized when the death of Clara left Mary the sole survivor of her eight children to comfort those last declining years and finally close her eyes in death.

After coming to the valley, Caroline's husband took up a farm on the Jordan River when that place was a desert. Here Indians and wild beasts roamed at will. He built a cabin and they lived there a number of years.

After moving into Salt Lake City, her husband was made Bishop of the 17th Ward in 1855, serving six years when he was released to go to Fillmore and preside as Bishop there. He was set apart in 1862. He was released March 9, 1869 when "at a special conference, held in the state house at Fillmore, a stake of Zion was organized by President George A. Smith and Apostle Erastus Snow, and Joseph F. Smith, with Thomas Callister, President."

Caroline served in the Fillmore Ward Relief Society for many years, and was a source of love and encouragement to the sisters of that early day.

One of her grandsons writes the following interesting facts concerning her life: "My grandmother, Caroline Smith Callister, was the only sister of President George A. Smith. She was a cripple. She was lame. The cause of her lameness was never explained to me. She had a deep and ardently devoted admiration for her brother, George A. Smith. Because of her lameness he always
took her to school on a sled or in a wagon. When neither of these were available, he carried her to school. Her affection and admiration for him and her devotion to his memory were among the most angelic characteristics I have ever known one individual to have to another. I too, had a great love for him because of the great affection my grandmother expressed for him so ardently and so frequently, and further after he visited us in my mother's home in Fillmore, he sent me his photograph. I could turn to the photograph very quickly if my mother's old album could be located. I looked at it often with the greatest pride and joy.

"Because of her lameness my grandmother never went outside the house except when she made the trip from my mother's home to the home of Aunt "Madie" of back again, in a wagon. As a strapping boy I began carrying her to and from the wagon, and did this as long as she lived when I was near and she made one of these journeys.

"My grandmother loved the Bible. The rule of my life was to read to her from this holy book, especially on Sundays. Many of the Bible stories I know best I learned by reading them to her. I still cherish my mother's family Bible, with its very large print, because it was from this now precious book that I used to read to my patient, angelic grandmother, Caroline Smith Callister. She was loved most dearly and tenderly by all the members of my mother's family.

Very Respectfully Submitted,
Richard R. Lyman

Her brother John Lyman Smith wrote her obituary for the Desert Weekly, dated January 12:

"She was a true Latter-day Saint, always full of good and wise counsel for all. She raised an exemplary family. All her family preceded her except her youngest daughter, Mary, with whom she resided in Ogden city, Utah at the time of her decease.

"She suffered much, and for the last few years of her life was an invalid, requiring the constant care of her children and grandchildren. She died as she had lived, at noon, January 8, 1895, faithful and true to the end, and has gone to meet the loved ones who have passed before.

"The funeral was held at Ogden, Utah, January 9, 1895. the speakers were Bishop M. Brown, Counselor Middleton, President Joseph F. Smith, and others.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF CAROLINE SMITH CALLISTER
From papers in the handwriting of Mary M. C. Lyman found with her treasured letters and papers.

She was very intimate with the Prophet's family, often staying there several days at a time. Her mother was a very fleshy woman. One day the Prophet came to their house and said he believed he weighed as much as Aunt Clarissa. But when they were weighed, she weighed the most. He went in the house and got a piece of bread and butter in each hand. Then he got on the scales and said, "Come down, come down."

One time when his enemies were hounding him, he came to Caroline's father's home to get away from them. When the meal was ready he sat down to the table, bowed his head and said, "O God, may their bread never fail," and it never did, even in the scarce time in the valleys. They always had a little bread. One day a man came with a pint cup full of flour. He said,"Father Smith, I had a little flour and I wanted to divide with you."
Maps

and

Information
Between 1830 and 1838, thousands of Latter-day Saints made the 900-mile trek from northeastern Ohio to Missouri. They utilized the common modes of travel of that day: wagons, canal boats, stages, and steamboats. Or they simply walked on the National Road or on other trails. Some journeyed as missionaries; others joined with Joseph Smith because they were specifically commanded to do so; 200 or so served as paramilitary personnel because they intended to escort fellow members back to their homes in Jackson County, Missouri; hundreds went because they simply wanted to “gather to Zion”; and still others were fleeing difficulties in Kirtland in 1838 to join the body of the Church in northern Missouri.

As some of these Saints established various small settlements in Jackson County in 1831 and 1832, the call went out to other members of the Church to “gather to Zion.” By October 1833, when original settlers drove the Mormons out of the county, approximately 1,500 Mormons had come from the East to Missouri. From May 5 to July 3, 1834, Joseph Smith led the paramilitary group, Zion’s Camp, to Missouri to “redeem Zion.” But when they arrived, a Revelation instructed them to disband. Instead, the Saints established more permanent Mormon settlements in Liberty and in the surrounding Clay County countryside.

From mid-1834 to mid-1836, approximately 500 more Saints gathered to Missouri, all the while hoping, with their Church leaders, that Zion might still be redeemed. Instead, Clay County citizens became increasingly nervous about the burgeoning LDS presence in their midst and ordered the Mormons out. Missouri Church leaders explored new gathering spots and found relatively uninhabited territory in northern Missouri. By early 1837 most Missouri members resided in the newly created Mormon county of Caldwell.

Waves of Latter-day Saints traveled from the Kirtland area to Missouri in 1838. Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon fled for their lives from their Kirtland enemies in January 1838 and arrived in Far West, Caldwell County, in March. Wanting to be near their Prophet, numerous others followed. Finally, in the summer of 1838, about 560 Saints who banded together in covenant as the Kirtland Camp traversed the same general route to Missouri that Zion’s Camp had used four years earlier. The Kirtland Camp arrived in Missouri just as hostilities were breaking out between Missouri militia units and the Mormons in the so-called Mormon War. This war resulted in the mass migration of virtually all Latter-day Saints to Illinois the following year.
Major Incidents of the Conflict

August 6-7  The "Election Day Fight" erupted at Gallatin when Saints were forbidden to vote. Joseph Smith led 150 men to protect Adam-ondi-Ahman from rumored attacks. They surrounded Justice Adam Black's home, insisting he sign a statement vowing he would administer justice fairly. Black filed a complaint of intimidation.

August 13- Saints were ordered from Carroll County.

September 24  Smith and Lyman Wight were arrested and freed on bail pending a grand jury trial. State militia were mustered several times.

October 1-11  DeWitt Mormons, besieged by 400 vigilantes from Carroll and five other counties, finally surrendered and fled to Far West.

October 14-24  Smith and Rigdon led 400 men to Daviess County to protect the Saints. Mormons burned Gallatin and Millport and expelled almost all non-Mormons from Daviess.

October 25-27  Three Mormons and one Missourian were killed in the Battle of Crooked River as a company of Saints tried to free two men held by the militia. Exaggerated reports of deaths and of a Mormon "rebellion" led Governor Boggs to issue his extermination order.

October 30  Two hundred militia from Livingston County massacred, 18 Saints at the small settlement of Haun's Mill.

October 31  The militia surrounded Far West. Joseph Smith and about 80 leaders gave themselves up as hostages and were soon put in jail in Richmond and Liberty.
Acting on reports of Mormon violence against citizens of Daviess and Caldwell counties, Missouri governor Lilburn W. Boggs issued an order in the autumn of 1838 to the state militia to drive the Mormon populace from the state or kill them in the process. This order was responded to with enthusiasm by the military and mobs alike.

The massacre of families at Haun's Mill was followed by a hasty truce on October 31 at Far West that imposed four conditions on the Mormons. Within days of a subsequent capitulation of Mormon soldiers in Daviess County, two of the four conditions of the truce had been met: Joseph Smith and other leaders surrendered, and the citizens of Far West were disarmed. Despite continued mob violence against Mormons and their property throughout the winter of 1838, the third condition, payment of war damages, was also met. It remained only for the Saints to leave the state.

With Joseph Smith in jail, it fell to Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Edward Partridge to protect Mormon interests in Missouri. Attempts to petition the Missouri legislature to permit the Saints to remain without further reprisals were unsuccessful. The only acknowledgment of wrongdoing by the state was an appropriation of $2,000 to aid the Mormons in Daviess and Caldwell counties. After consolidating in Far West, Church members began to leave Missouri in November. As petitions to remain failed, the rest followed, fearing reprisals by mobs if they remained after February.

By mid-February, a steady stream of Saints was traveling along the rugged roads from Far West to Palmyra, Missouri. A ferry near Marion City carried members across the Mississippi River to Quincy. Teams and wagons were purchased in Illinois. By mid-April, the last Saints had left Far West.

Tremendous sacrifices of land and personal property were made as Mormons evacuated Daviess and Caldwell counties. In one instance, 40 acres of farmland were sold for a blind mare and a clock. Some families made the entire trek barefoot, while others attempted to wrap their feet in rags to protect them from the frozen earth. Despite the hospitality of some Missourians who offered their homes to refugees, many Mormons were forced to eat and sleep on the frozen ground. During February and March, 130 families found themselves stranded on the west bank of the Mississippi, opposite Quincy, unable to cross the river because of ice floes.

Upon reaching Quincy, the Saints were met with kindness and generosity by the residents of the town. The governors of Illinois and Iowa responded with similar humanity. With the purchase of lands north of Quincy, the Mormons began to settle in Iowa and Illinois, on opposite sides of the Mississippi River. The result was the establishment of the sister cities of Nauvoo, Illinois, and Montrose, Iowa. The Exodus from Missouri constituted the first organized move of the Church from one central location to another. It prepared the Saints for an Exodus on a much larger scale eight years later.
Songs
and
Hymns
PRAISE TO THE MAN

Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah!
Jesus anointed that Prophet and Seer.
Blessed to open the last dispensation,
Kings shall extol him, and nations revere.

Praise to his memory, he died as a martyr;
Honored and blest be his ever great name!
Long shall his blood, which was shed by assassins,
Plead unto heaven while the earth lauds his fame.

Great is his glory and endless his priesthood.
Ever and ever the keys he will hold.
Faithful and true, he will enter his kingdom,
Crowned in the midst of the prophets of old.

Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven;
Earth must atone for the bleed of that man.
Wake up the world for the conflict of justice.
Millions shall know “Brother Joseph” again.

Chorus:
Hail to the Prophet, Ascended to heaven!
Traitors and tyrants now fight him in vain.
Mingling with Gods, he can plan for his brethren;
Death cannot conquer the hero again.

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks eternal, bright and fair:
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share,
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care,
Then when all of life is over and our work on earth is done,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

CHORUS:

When the roll -- is called up yonder,
(When the roll,)
When the roll -- is called up yonder,
(When the roll,)
When the roll -- is called up yonder,
(When the roll,)
When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there!
COME,COME, YE SAINTS

Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear:  
But with joy wend your way.  
Though hard to you this journey may appear,  
Grace shall be as your day.  
’Tis better far for us to strive  
Our useless cares from us to drive;  
Do this and joy your hearts will swell  
All is well! All is well!

Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard?  
’Tis not so; all is right.  
Why should we think to earn a great reward  
If we now shun the fight?  
Gird up your loins; fresh courage take.  
Our God will never us forsake;  
And soon we’ll have this tale to tell  
All is well! All is well!

We’ll find the place which God for us prepared,  
Far away in the West,  
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;  
There the Saints will be blessed.  
We’ll make the air with music ring,  
Shout praises to our God and King;  
Above the rest these words we’ll tell  
All is well! All is well!

And should we die before our journey’s through,  
Happy day! All is well!  
We then are free from toil and sorrow, too;  
With the just we shall dwell!  
But if our lives are spared again  
To see the Saints their rest obtain,  
Oh, how we’ll make this chorus swell  
All is well! All is well!

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Faith of our fathers, living still,  
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;  
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whenever we hear that glorious word.  

Faith of our fathers, we will strive  
To win all nations unto thee,  
And thru the truth that comes from God,  
Mankind shall then be truly free.  

Faith of our fathers, we will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife,  
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,  
By kindly words and virtuous life.

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,  
We will be true to thee till death!
ADAM-ONDI-AHMAN

This earth was once a garden place,
With all her glories common,
And men did live a holy race,
And worship Jesus face to face,
In Adam-ondi-Ahman.

We read that Enoch walked with God,
Above the power of mammon,
While Zion spread herself abroad,
And peace was great, and pure the rest
Of Adam-ondi-Ahman.

Her land was good and greatly blest,
Beyond all Israel's Canaan;
Her fame was known from east to west,
Her peace was great, and pure the rest
Of Adam-ondi-Ahman.

Hosanna to such day to come,
The Savior's second coming,
When all the earth in glorious bloom
Affords the Saints a holy home,
Like Adam-ondi-Ahman.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD

The Spirit of God like a fire is burning!
The latter day glory begins to come forth;
The visions and blessings of old are returning,
And angels are coming to visit the earth.

The Lord is extending the Saints' understanding,
Restoring their judges and all as at first.
The knowledge and power of God are expanding;
The veil over the earth is beginning to burst.

We'll call in our solemn assemblies in spirit,
To spread for the kingdom of heaven abroad,
That we through our faith may begin to inherit
The visions and blessings and glories of God.

How blessed the day when the lamb and the lion
Shall lie down together without any ire.
And Ephraim be crowned with his blessing in Zion,
As Jesus descends with his chariot of fire!

We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies of heaven,
Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb!
Let glory to them in the highest be given,
Henceforth and forever, Amen and amen!
A POOR WAYFARING MAN OF GRIEF

A poor wayfaring Man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay.
I had no power to ask his name,
Where to he went, or whence he came.
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love; I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake,
Just perishing for want of bread.
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone.
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped and returned it running over;
I drank and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof.
I heard his voice abroad and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed and clothed and cheered my guest
And laid him on my couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side.
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment -- he was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn.
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die.
The flesh was weak; my blood ran chill,
But my free spirit cried, "I will!"

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger started from disguise.
The tokens in his hands I knew;
The Savior stood before mine eyes.
He spake, and my poor name he named,
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed.
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."