

# HISTORY - HISTORY

## DUP PREVIEW PAGE

History Of  
Caroline Franzine Skeen Butler  
Born April 12, 1812 in Sumner Co  
Tennessee---  
Wife Of John Lowe Butler they  
with their Ten Children

Kenyon Taylor, Charity Artemsia,  
Keziah Jane, Phoebe Melinda,  
Caroline Elizabeth, Sarah Adeline  
John Lowe Jr. James, Lucy Ann and  
Thomas were all Pioneers Of  
Utah in 1852

Prepared By Her Granddaughter  
Mary Butler Anderson--

For Camp 30 D.U.P.

North Center Salt Lake County  
Camp D U.P.

Julia Johnson-----Historian

History Of The Life Of  
Caroline Franzine Skeen Butler Born Apr. 12 1812  
Pioneer Of Utah----- 1852 in Sumner Co Tenn  
Grandmother Of  
Mary Butler Anderson  
Member Of Camp 30  
North Center County Camp  
Julia Johnson Historian.

Caroline Frazine Skeen Butler, was the daughter of Jesse Skeen and Hezekiah Taylor Skeen and the mother of the father of Mary Butler Anderson, John Lowe Jr. He was born in Nauvoo Illinois, the seventh child in a family of twelve children and he was blest by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Caroline was born in Sumner Co Tennessee, April 12, 1812-the seventh child in a family of ten children. On Feb. 3, 1881, at the age of 19 years she married John Lowe Butler. He was from Simpson Co Kentucky which was separated from Sumner Co only by the boundary line of two states. Most of their leisure time was spent reading the Bible, but the religion of the day did not satisfy, according to her husband's Dairy he was literally thirsting for knoweledge of his Creator. He had prayed many times very earnestly for the light until he became rather discouraged.

On the first of March 1855 an invitation came to attend a cottage meeting given by two Mormon Elders, James Emmet and Peter Dustan. It came as an answer to their prayers. The message of the Elders filled their hearts with joy and after the meeting John and Caroline both applied for baptism it was just what they were looking for. So on the 9th of March 1835 they were baptized and confirmed members of the Church Of Jesus Christ Of Latter Day Saints.

From then on they were despised by all their friends and families, they were persecuted by mobs, they were ridiculed and laughed at. Through all this their faith never wavered because in their hearts they had found the peace they had been searching for and they knew they had found the truth at last.

By this time three children had been born to them; Kenyan Taylor, born 17 Nov 1831, William Alexander, born 20 May 1833 and died when four months old. Charity Artemesia, born 13 June 1834. Then nearly a year later on the 25 of Feb. 1836 another daughter was born to them her name was Kegiah Jane.

Then they decided to join the main body of Saints in Illinois and Missouri. Caroline's father Jesse Skeen forbid them to go saying, he would shoot John if he left, John answered saying, he also had a gun and he could shoot too if the need came but they were prevented of any violence on either side.

So taking their three small children, the baby only a month old they left for Nauvoo Illinois, where John became a body guard to the Prophet Josep Smith, and they began to build a beautiful city.

During the building of the Nauvoo temple, they lived on a farm on the out skirts of the city as John was required to be away from home much of the time and most of the work on the farm was left for Caroline and her children.

The women of Nauvoo were asked to contribute their dimes and pennies for the Temple Fund. One day when a committee called for Caroline's donation she had nothing to give, this made her feel very bad because she wanted to give her share. A few days later, she and her children were going into the city, in a wagon, when they came across two dead buffalo. To her thrifty hands this find was a great boom. They pulled the long hair from the manes of the buffalo. Caroline took this home, washed, corded and spun it into course yarn she knitted eight pairs of heavy mittens, these she gave to the rock cutters on the temple who were working in the dead of winter to rush the building to completion.

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New Mother

The women of Nauvoo donated \$2000. which bought the nails and windows for the temple. This was in the days of their poverty and want, when they had scarcely enough to feed and clothe their little children, yet they found time and money to build a magnificent temple to their God.

Four more children were born to them in Missouri and Illinois—Phoebe Melinda born 16 Dec 1837, Caroline Elizabeth born 29 Dec 1839, Sarah Adeline born 15 Feb 1841 and John Lowe Jr. (Mary Butler Anderson's father) and he was blessed by the Prophet Joseph Smith, just before he was killed Feb 28 1844

When their beloved Prophet was martyred they were bewildered and lost like a herd of sheep without their shepherd but their faith was strong and they had the courage to carry on.

A little over seven years since they had begun to build their beautiful city of Nauvoo they were forced to flee into the wilderness and search for a place of refuge, they suffered trials and persecutions in Missouri, Illinois, Iowa and later in Utah.

John was a blacksmith and wheelwright by trade, helping others there by helping himself to get his outfit ready for the long Trek across the state of Iowa, the journey was far from being one of pleasure and with hundreds of others were sufferers of the cold and stormy winter.

John was asked by President Brigham Young to stay behind and help some of the unfortunate poorer saints to come to Iowa. This he did and not coming to Utah for a few years.

He hastily built a small cabin for Caroline and her children on the Missouri river in the western part of Iowa, leaving them there he returned with his team and wagon to move the poorer families that far.

Their cherished homes in the beautiful city of Nauvoo were still mourned by the saint refuges. The hardships of their trek across the state of Iowa was still remembered. They camped on the banks of the Missouri river built temporary living quarters, Thrift and industry prevailed among their group of suffering people. Men were busy sawing and dragging logs for their cabins which must be built and chinked to shelter the families from the cold winds and storms. Wives and mothers too found little ~~time~~ leisure time in addition household duties, there were berries to be picked and dried to be added to their scanty foodstuffs. Also the surplus of the wild game one of their main sources of food supply, must be cut into pieces cooked in brine and hung up to dry. Their salt and flour gave out and they lived entirely on meat and the few berries they gathered.

The children of the company when following their fathers about and watching them chain logs together and dragging them to the campsite. Some times a group of children would climb on a pile of chained logs and have a ride as the team of oxen dragged them.

In the forest a short distance away a band of friendly indians had set up their wigwams and settled down as neighbors to the saints. Some of the indian children became friendly with the white children and sometimes shared in their play. One day four or five Latter Day Saint children and an indian child climbed on a pile of logs for a ride. Unfortunately the logs had not been chained firmly as the oxen started the logs slipped ~~thru~~ throwing the children to the ground. All were unhurt except the indian boy who was seriously crushed between two logs.

A great agitation arose among the indians and disturbance brought a thre which caused much uneasiness among the saints.

"If papoose die, we kill one white child," these were the words of their chief. Anxiety prevailed in every Latter Day Saint home. The women were ~~untiring~~ untiring in their efforts to assist in caring for the injured boy. They carried food to the wigwams, they bathed and poulticed and prayed unceasingly for restoration of the afflicted indian boy, who was seriously ill for a long tim

Caroline Butler had given of her strength and energy many times to soothe comfort and fed the child. Then she herself became dangerously ill. Her husband John had gone with his teams and wagon to assist the poorer saints across the state of Iowa hoping to bring back with him some flour and other provisions for his hungry family.

In the anxiety over the health of her children, Caroline regularly gave her portion of bread to them so that the weather was hot her diet consisted almost entirely of fresh meat. This unbalanced diet and combined with heavy work of caring for a large family, storing food for winter and her nursing the injured papoose, had made her ill from dysentery. As the days passed she grew weaker from lack of proper food. Her neighbors were kind and anxious for her welfare but they were unable to furnish her the food she needed for her recovery.

As this good woman lay sick and discouraged while two neighbor sisters were bathing her almost death like face the Indian Chief came from his camp to the door. He was frightened by her appearance and learned from the neighbors the cause of her condition.

Caroline's daughter Keziah, then a child of about 9 years stood by her mothers bed feeling the need of a little comfort and encouragement that only a mother can give her child. The Chief without explanation took this child by the hand and led her out of the house and through the forest to the wigwam. The sick mother who saw the child led away thought the papoose had died, "My little girl is the ransom, my child is the price of that death."

The two women were speechless and Caroline was too weak to protest or even to pray. Not a word was spoken as they sat for half an hour until little Keziah walked in the door with a quart bowl of white flour, a cup of sugar and a small bag of coffee. The Chief had made it plain to the little girl that her mother must not eat any more meat but should have a cake of bread made of the flour every day.

The fulfillment of the prayers of this faithful group came with the restoration of the injured papoose. From Caroline's difficult experience from her extreme suffering and sickness her soul developed strength and she learned that there is good in the hearts of the redman.

While they were camped here by the Missouri river three more children were born to ~~her~~ her. James born 5 Feb 1847-Lucy Ann born 23 Feb 1849-Thomas born 9 May 1851.

The children suffered the trials of the saints going without the necessities of life being driven from one place to another. At one time Caroline and her children lived six weeks on nothing but wild crabapples and honey, when her husband was on a mission to the Indians and she herself in delicate health.

In the spring they tapped the syrup from the maple trees for sugar and Caroline sat up night after night boiling the syrup into sugar to help feed her family.

In 1852 John and Caroline took their children and headed west for Utah. On their journey west they met a wagon train and traded sugar for a sack of flour.

Caroline made a pan of biscuits and gave one to each of her children. One little girl Adeline dropped her biscuit into a soft soap barrel in the back of the wagon but she was so hungry for bread she picked it out and wiped it off and eat it any way.

Soon after the Butler family arrived in Salt Lake, President Brigham Young called them to go to Spanish Fork, where John surveyed the site for the city and laid it out in city blocks. He moved his family into a three sided shanty on the back of another house and went to find work.

Caroline's baby Thomas took sick and cried for meat he could smell cooking so she traded a piece of hand work for a piece of meat for her sick baby. Many a time she walked five miles to milk a cow to get milk for her family. She was a good manager they always had something to eat. When flour was scarce she would parch some corn and grind it and put milk over it and feed it to her family.

Caroline was very resourceful serving as a nurse and doctor for those in need. At one time she sewed with her buckram needle a neighbors hand that was badly torn.

Her husband was the first Bishop of Spanish Fork this position he held until he died on 10 April 1861.

Their son John Lowe Jr. (father of Mary Butler Anderson) a lad of 17 yrs took his mother to Paragoona Utah and made a home for her there she also lived in Panguitch Utah.

She was the mother of 12 children her last child Alveretta Franzine was born in Spanish Fork on 26 March 1853.

Many years of unselfishness giving of herself to her family and those who needed her help endeared to all who knew her.

Her faith was as strong as the everlasting hills and all those hardships seemed to purify her soul until she was pure gold. Her womanliness rested like a halo on her brow.

~~To me she is one of the queens of the earth.~~

She died August 1875 at Panguitch ~~in~~ Utah and was buried beside her husband in Spanish Fork Utah.

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