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HISTORY - HISTORY

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Incidents in the life of John Lowe Butler and his wife
Caroline Farogine Skeen, My Great Grandparents.

WUP PREVIEW PAGE

1. When my great grandmother Caroline F. Skeen got married to John Lowe Butler, her father Jessie Skeen was so pleased that he gave them two slaves. But when they joined the Church, he was so angry in the disgrace to his family, that he threatened to kill ^{his} son-in-law. My great grandfather ^{said} "Well I have a gun and I can shoot too." So in order to prevent trouble his Uncle John Lowe, borrowed ~~ed~~ Jessie Skeen's gun and great grandfather Butler's gun too.

2. During the troublesome times at Nauvoo, great grandfather was one of the Prophet's body ^{guard} and most of the care of the family was left to great grandmother Caroline. One day a mob of men with blackened faces came hunting for great grandfather. After a fruitless search, they demanded that great grandmother give them some supper. She didn't have much to cook so they made her kill a mutton and cook some of it for them. When they sat down to eat, one of them demanded a fried egg. Great Grandmother Caroline broke it into the frying pan and was going to cook it, when he said, "Bring it to me, that is done enough." As she did so she recognized him as her brother, and said, "Oh! Alex. Why would you bring trouble to your sister like this." He said "I've come to take you away from this ~~damned~~ outfit." She told ^{him} ~~them~~ that she was better off than he was and she didn't want any of his help.

Great grandmother Caroline suffered many hardships and privations. They had to move around a good deal and most of the care of the family was left to her. While they were in Nauvoo, everyone of the women were taxed to give so many pennies to help build the Temple. The women in those hard times raised \$2000 that paid for all the nails and glass in the Temple. She was very thrifty and recourseful and being unable to give any money; at one time, she found a large buffalo bull, that had died. She had her boy stop the wagon and they got a large sack of the long ^{hair for yarn.} ~~hair~~ yarn. Out of this yarn she made eight pairs of gloves for the workmen on the Temple. ^{who were working in the dead of winter to finish the} Like the widows mite, she did her ^{Temple.} bit to help carry on. Many times she was able to get this hair from where the buffaloes had fought and killed each other. This she made into quilts, pillows, beds, socks, etc., to help provide for her family.
X This she took home and washed, corded, and spun it into yarn.

Once when she was ill in Nauvoo with malaria, she wanted the Prophet to come and administer to her, but he was too busy as there were ^{so} many who were sick, so he sent his handkerchief to put over her face and so great was her faith that she was made well. Great grandfather John Lowe Butler was a blacksmith and the authorities asked him to stay and help fix up the outfits for others before they started west, after the martyrdom of the Prophet.

For Behold He Shall Hold Them in the Hollow of His Hand

While they were living on their farm in the outskirts of Nauvoo, great grandmother was left alone with the children. They had an old mother pig with a lot of ^{nine little} nice pigs. When they were pretty good sized, one by one every one of the pigs but the mother was stolen. So she told her oldest boy, Taylor, that they better kill the old pig to make sure of a little meat for her family of six children. So with the help of her twelve year old boy, she killed and dressed this large pig.

About this time, it was election day and a mob of men were preventing the Saints from Voting, so great grandfather grabbed a ^{young hickory tree} picket from the fence and cleared the way to the polls so the people could vote. That afternoon the Prophet asked him where his family was and he told ^{him} them, out on the farm. ^{she} The prophet advised him to move them immediately as they wouldn't be safe, after what he had done. So that evening they loaded all they could take of their earthly belongings on to the running gears ^{of their} ^{way} with a few boards over them, together with their ⁶ children and left their farm and home and waving wheat fields. Before they had passed over the foothills out of sight of their home, they saw ^{their home} it go up in flames.

Cure for Worms.

The Prophet told great grandmother to give a child with worms, all the hard honey he could eat, on an empty stomach, then follow it up with all the new milk he could drink, followed by a dose of castor oil. A sure cure.

Great grandmother was on the frontier so much, many a time she walked 5 miles to milk ^a her cows and get milk for her family. She was a woman of great faith. One time when she was very sick, she told them if they would take her to the river and baptize her, she would get well, ~~An~~ old squaw thought they were going to drown her. She gave her an herb that cured her.

The Story of Grandmother Squaw,

After the Prophet was killed and the saints were moving west, great grandfather left with his family in Emmits Co. They did not follow the old trail, but they went farther north, to ^{find} find a new crossing across the river. After helping to fix others wagons they were rather late in starting West. And winter overtook them when they were in the heart of the ^{Appototomy} Indian country. They stopped in a little valley and there was a little patch of timber between them and an Indian village. The men began to cut logs and they would bind a bunch of logs together and drag them into camp. The children had great fun riding on the logs. One day a little Indian boy was very badly hurt, as the logs began to roll, not being bound tight enough. So the Indian Chief told them if the Indian boy died, they would take one of the white children to pay for it.

Great Grandmother Caroline ^{got} was very sick and they were afraid she was going to die. Their food supplies had run out and they had had nothing but meat to eat, without even any salt. One day as she lay very sick in her tent, with the other women trying to help her, the old Indian captain came into the tent and asked for the little tow headed girl (my grandmother) who was about 12 or 14 years old. When she came in he took her by the hand and led her away to his cabin. Great grandmother thought that the little Indian boy had died and that he had taken her own little girl as a ransom. But she was too weak and sick to protest.

The old captain took grandmother Keziah Jane Butler ^{over the hill} to his cabin and told her that her mother was very ill and that she would die if she didn't get something besides meat to eat. He gave her a ^{big wooden bowl of corn} pan of flour or meal and on top of that he put a bowl of coffee and on top of that a smaller bowl of sugar. He told her to carry them on her head, till she got home and for her ^{make} to make one biscuit a day for her mother. He told her to be sure and keep it all for her mother and that it would save her life.

What joy filled the little camp when little Keziah came trudging home with her precious load. For the instructions were followed and the dear mother returned to health and strength. They never forgot to give thanks to their Heavenly Father for all these blessings.

They built rude log cabins and were thankful for protection from the winters cold and for kindly Indian friends; for conditions might have been worse. Great grandfather was appointed as a hunter for the camp, as meat was their only food supply. Time and again when the kill was sent home, Emmit left great grandfathers own little brood without any share.

During the winter an old squaw came to see great grandmother and told her she had just lost her only child. She wanted to know if great grandmother had a mother and she told her no. So she asked her to let her be a mother to her. All winter long she kept the little feet of the children covered with Indian ^{bruce skin} moccasins. They called her Grandmother's Squaw.

When spring began to come and the sap began to raise in the trees, the little camp began to make plans to continue their journey. They were in a sugar maple section and they used to tap the trees and catch all the syrup they could to eat. Night after night great grandmother sat up boiling, boiling, boiling the precious ^{syrup} syrup into sugar to feed her little flock. By her hard labor she filled a small trunkful of maple sugar to use on the journey to the great Salt Lake. One day Emmit demanded that she divide her sugar with the camp and she refused to do so. So he asked her husband if he could make his wife mind him. He said, "If you can, make her divide her sugar." Great grandfather said "Well on that point, Caroline can just suit herself." The rest of them could have had some if they had worked. ^{like she do}

Grandmother Squaw told Great Grandmother not to leave before she told her goodbye, but the call came to break camp and she did not get to see grandmother squaw. They traveled about ten miles that day and after they had gone to bed, great grandmother heard a moaning noise. She listened and it seemed to be coming closer and closer. Finally here came the faithful old squaw to tell them goodbye. She sat up all night by the low burning fire and finished a beautiful pair of beaded moccasins for great grandmother. In the morning she gave her a present of a deers pouch or stomach filled and pounded, dried, deer meat, and a little bowl of coffee. She told her that just a few spoonful of this meat would make a kettle of soup that would save their lives. The old squaw moaned their going away. She had been to them a real true friend in need and they

always cherrished the memory of grandmother Squaw. Just a few years ago Aunt Ellen R. Bryner did the Temple work for grandmother squaw, known as such to the John Lowe Buttler Family.

Faith Promoting Incident

When John Lowe Butler was called on a mission to the Indians, he was not fixed very well financially, but so great was his faith that he accepted the call. After his mission was completed, he and his companion had to pass through a hostile Indian country. They had been three days without any food, so when they came to a fork in the road, they knelt down and prayed for guidance to know which road to take. They were inspired to take the left hand road, but they were discouraged, after traveling a long ways into a large barren waste of cuntry. There wasnt a sign of any one living as far as they could see. But suddenly they came to a stream of water literally filled wth trout. The fish were so thick that they could catch them with their hands, so their prayer for food and protection was answered.

While he was away his wife, who was in delicate health, and children lived on wild honey and crab apples, for nine weeks.

Great grandfather was gone a long time on his mission and when he returned he was lousy from living with the Indians. So his wife had to get a whole set of clean clothes for him. The Indians told her to put his clothes on an ant hill and the ants would eat the lice and knits. The clothes were just white with knits but the ants cleaned them up.

Grandmother Caroline was very recourseful and they nearly always had something to eat, even when others went hungry. She used to parch the hard corn and pound it, then put new milk over it for them to eat. When she had flour, she would make her bread the day before they ate it, so as not to have hot breat all the time, while traveling. Then too, cold bread lasted longer.

The Soap Story

To supply her family with soap to wash with, she as usual was ever ready to meet every emergency. She used to gather what fat she could from dead animals along the way, the marrow from the bones etc, and cook it with water that she had soaked cottonwood ashes in. She used to keep a barrell

of this soft soap in the lack of the wagon, when they were coming across the plains.

One day she made some biscuits out of some flour they brought from some emigrants. These were such a treat to the little hungry children that little Adaline, childlike kept hers to look at a little longer, as they jolted along over the old rocky road. When suddenly it fell into the soft soap barrel. But she fished it out, wiped it off and ate it anyway. There was only one biscuit a piece.

Great grandmother Caroline had one grievance. While she was away helping to provide for her family her husband had a chance to go thru the Nauvoo Temple and get his Endowments, so he took his second wife, Aunt Sarah, who never had any children with him. Caroline felt so bad that she was not able to go thru the Temple. She & They ^{later} went thru the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

John Lowe Butler settled in Spanish Fork, about 1852. He surveyed the site for the City of Spanish Fork and laid it off into city blocks. He moved his family into a three sided shanty on the back of someones log house and went to find work. ^{He took his older boys with him to work} He was the first Bishop of Spanish Fork, Utah. (Church Chronological Record Vol. 2)

Caroline's baby took sick and cried for meat he could smell cooking, so she traded a little shawl for a little meat for her baby. Caroline was a good manager and very thrifty, as a result they always had something to eat. When flour was scarce, she would parch corn grind it and put milk over it to feed them.

They finally moved into a basement house with a big fireplace to keep them warm and to cook their food in the old Dutch oven and iron pots. This big one room house was kitchen, dining room, bed room ^{and living room} for the whole family.

After coming to Utah, John Lowe Butler and his two daughters Charity and Keziah and spent a year at Fort Bridger ^{Wyoming} helping out the westward bound saints. He kept a large pasture with well fed oxen to exchange for the poor overworked ones from ^{over}

3. the emigrant trains. President Brigham Young called him to help those who needed help so much.

Then he would fatten up the poor oxen and trade them on again. His only means of remuneration was in selling an extra oxen occasionally.

One day as ~~got~~ ^{got} another Caroline was sitting by the fireplace carding wool: so she could spin it and card ^{it} and then weave it in cloth, to help clothe her family, ~~a knock~~ with her children playing around. When here came a knock at the door. When she went to the door, there was an old man and his boy. He looked so tired and worn out. "Lady could you spare a little for food us. We have walked so many miles without a bite to eat, till we are about at the end of our rope."

Oh yes, come right in, I'll do all I can for you. I havent any bread, but I still have some corn meal and a very little flour. Sit down and I'll make you a hoe cake. I havent any butter but I have some Dixie molasses and a very little milk. So the hoe cakes were made in the ^{oven} ~~oven~~ over the coals.

Oh how they enjoyed her kind hospitality and the delicious food. As they left the old man turned back and said, Lady, I promise you that you & your whole family will never go hungry, no matter what happens.

She was having a hard time with her husband and two older girls gone, at Fort Bridger. Oh how those were days of real want and suffering, but her faith was strong as the everlasting hills. A few days later she heard a knock at the door. When she opened the door, there was a fine mutton hanging by the door. Many times when their food was about gone, they found some deer meat, some wild ducks or quail. They never forgot to kneel and thank their kind Father in Heaven for all their many blessings.

Their faith and hardships were soon rewarded in reaping a bounteous harvest. With what prayer and thanksgiving they gathered their first harvest, which was to provide food for her family.

One morning in the spring of the year, when she got up she heard a lot of noise down the street, so she called her little girl and told

her to look after the children while she went down the street to see what the trouble was down there. When she got down to the crowd, there was a man in awful pain. He had been out shearing his sheep, when the old buck gave a big jump, and the old sheep shears cut his thumb nearly clear off on his left hand, clear down to the wrist. It was hanging back.

There was not a Dr. in the town. So they said oh if we only had a Dr. as they asked who could help him, one by one they all said no me, I can't help him. But when

Butler, she said I can try. You just wait till I run home and get my tools. She hurried home and got her old buckskin needles, that she had made many pairs of buckskin gloves with. She put it in a kettle of water on the stove to boil it so there would be no germs on it. She hunted some of her home spun cotton thread she had brought from her old home in Tennessee. This she boiled to. Then she hunted up a bottle of sticky gum from the pine trees.

She hurried back and ask some of the men to hold him and she would do her best. But first of all, she ask them to all bow their heads and have some one pray that she could help the poor man. After the prayer she put the thumb back in place and washed it off. Then she would stitch thru both sides of the cut, cut the thread and tie it. She kept stitching and tying the thread till it was sewed back in place. They didnt have any disinfectant so she spread the sticky pine gum all over the cut and bound it up and put it in a sling. Some one said he'll never be able to use that hand any more. But when it was healed, it was as good as it was before. Their prayers had been answered. How blessed they were to have this fine woman to help him.

11/ She helped to Pioneer Spanish Fork and later after her husband died, she went to Panguitch Utah with her son's, as Pioneers.

To me she stands as a woman with out guile, for she was as pure gold. Their descends have been among the stalwarts of their race. Many years of unselfish giving of herself to her family and those who needed help endeared her to all who knew her.

Most of her large family of children were born in the wilderness of tribulation, with so little of the necessities and none of the comforts, being driven with the saints across a whole continent at one time while her husband was on a mission to the Pottawattomy Indians, she and her children lived for 6 weeks on wild crab apples and honey. But her faith was strong, all these hardships only seemed to purify her soul, until she was pure gold. Her very womanliness rested like a halo on her brow. To me she is one of the queens of the earth.

She died 4 Aug. 1875 at Panguitch, Utah and was buried next to her husband in the old Redd Cemetery at Spanish Fork, Utah.