

HISTORY - HISTORY

The Life Story of
Caroline Farazine Steen Butler

Pioneer 1852

Caroline Farazine Steen Butler was born April 15, 1812 in Sumner County, Ind. She was the daughter of Jesse Steen and Zeniah Taylor, and ~~the seventh child in a family of ten children.~~ On Feb. 3, 1831 she was married to John Love Butler, and they became the parents of thirteen children.

During their early married life they spent most of their leisure time reading the Bible, but the religions of the day did not satisfy them. According to the diary of John Love Butler, he was literally thirsting for knowledge of his Creator. He and his wife had prayed very earnestly for the Light many times.

One evening an invitation came to attend a cottage meeting given by two Mormon Elders. The message of the Elders filled their hearts with joy and after the meeting John Love and Caroline both applied for baptism.

Mormonism

It was just what they had been ~~year~~
~~ing for~~. They were converts to
From that time on their lot was
cast with ~~the saints~~ ^{their people} in the trials
and persecutions in Missouri, Illinois,
and Iowa, and later on in Utah.

During the building of the Nauvoo
Temple they lived on their farm, some
distance from the City. John Lowe, ~~being~~
one of the ~~Prophets~~ ^{Joseph Smith} body guards, was
away from home much of the time, &
~~therefore~~. 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 com-
mittee called for Caroline's donation
she had nothing to give. ~~She felt very~~ ^{She wanted to}
~~where caused her~~ ^{do her} ~~badly~~ ^{share}
~~badly~~ and a few days later, when she
and her children were going to the
city in a wagon, they came across two
dead buffaloes. To her Christy hands this
find was a great boon. They pulled
the long hair from the buffaloes' manes
and took it home. She washed, corded,

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and spun the hair into coarse yarn, from which she made eight pair of heavy mittens. She gave these to the rock cutters on the Temple who were working in the dead of winter to rush the Temple to completion.

The women of Nauvoo donated \$2000 which bought all 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.

On ^{one} election day ^{in Nauvoo} a mob gathered to prevent the ^{people} ~~citizens~~ from voting. John Lowe Butler, who was a ^{large} ~~great~~ in stature, ^{took} grabbed a young Hickory tree and cleared the way, ^{for the voters} ~~knocking them~~ right and left.

After this, ^{Joseph Smith} ~~The Prophet~~ asked him where his family was and he told him they were out on the farm. ~~The Prophet~~ He advised him to move them into the City as it wouldn't be safe on the farm any more.

That night they loaded all they could of their earthly belongings on the running gears of their wagon with a few boards over them, and together with their six children they left their beautiful farm and home. Before they had gone over the foot hills they saw their home go up in flames.

After the martyrdom of ^{of their prophet} the Prophet, John Lowe Butler, who was a blacksmith and wheelwright, stayed and helped fix the wagons for many of the ~~Saints~~ ^{people} who were starting West. He finally started West in a Mr. Emmett's Company. They took a course further north, trying to find an easier way to cross the River. They started too late to make the trip and winter overtook them when they were in the heart of the Indian country. The Indians were very friendly, so they stopped in a little valley and decided to wait until Spring.

Just through a small patch of timber was an Indian village. The men began to cut trees for cabins. They would find

several logs together and snake them into the valley. The children had great fun riding on the logs. One day a little Indian boy was badly hurt and the old Chief told them that if the boy died, they would take one of the white children as a ransom. About this time great-grandmother Caroline became very sick. Their food supply had run out and they had nothing to eat but meat, without salt. One day the Indian chief came into her tent and ask for the little ~~two~~ headed girl, (Kenyah, my grandmother). He took her by the hand and led her away to the Indian village. Her mother thought the little Indian boy had died and they had taken her little girl instead, but she was too weak to protest. But the kind old chief took her to his wigwam and told her that her mother would die if she didn't get something to eat besides meat. He gave her a ~~big~~ bowl of meal and a smaller one of coffee, along with some sugar, and told her to take it home on her head. He told

her to make one biscuit a day for her mother and to keep it just for her, and she would soon get well. That joy filled the little camp when little Keyiah came trudging home with her precious load. The instructions were followed and the ~~the~~ mother returned to health and strength.

They built rude log cabins and were thankful for protection from the winter's cold and for kindly Indian friends.

During the winter an old squaw came to see ^{Mrs Butler} ~~Grandmother~~ and told her she had just lost her only daughter. She asked Caroline if she had a Mother and Caroline told her she didn't. The old squaw wanted Caroline to call her "grandmother". All winter long she kept the little feet of the children covered with warm buckskin moccasins. They lovingly called her "grandmother squaw".

In the spring when the sap began to raise in the maple trees, they tapped them and caught the sweet juice. Day

and night Caroline kept her kettle boiling the syrup down into the sugar, to help feed her little flock. She filled a small trunk with sugar while others slept.

When the call came to break camp the ~~poor~~ old grandmother squaw did not know it. They traveled ten miles and made camp. Long after they had gone to bed, Caroline heard a low, moaning cry coming nearer and nearer. The poor old squaw had followed them all the way to tell them goodby. She brought a deer's pouch, or stomach, filled with pounded dried deer meat to give to Caroline. She told her she could make a kettle of soup with just a ~~little~~ handful of the meat. ~~This would help to keep them from starving.~~ All night long she sat up by the camp fire to finish a beautiful pair of beaded moccasins for Caroline.

On their journey west they met a wagon train and traded for a sack of flour. Caroline made a pan of biscuits and gave one to each little child. It

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looked so good to little Adeline that she wanted to feast her eyes on it. She accidentally dropped it into the soap barrel in the back of the wagon, but she was so hungry for bread that she fished it out, wiped it off, and ate it anyway.

They settled in Spanish Fork, Utah about 1852. John Low Butler 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 some one's log house and went out to find work.

Some time after coming to Utah, John Low Butler and his two daughters spent a year at Fort Bridger helping out the westward bound Saints. He kept a large pasture with well fed oxen to exchange for poor ones from the immigrant trains. Then he would fatten up the poor ones and trade them again. His only means of remuneration was in selling an extra oxen occasionally.

Caroline's baby became sick and

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cried for meat which he could smell cooking, so she traded a little shawl for some meat for her baby. Caroline was a good manager and very thrifty. As a result they always had something to eat. Many a time she walked five miles to milk a cow to get milk for her family. When flour was scarce she would parch corn, grind it, and put milk over it to feed them.

She helped to pioneer Spanish Fork and later, Panguitch. 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 very little necessities and none of the comforts, having been 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 nine weeks on wild crab apples and honey.

Her faith was as strong and everlasting as the hills. All these hardships only seemed to purify her soul, until she was pure gold. Her very womanlyness rested like a halo on her brow. To me she is one of the queens of the earth.

She died August 4, 1875, at Panquitch, Utah, and was buried beside her husband in the old Redd Cemetery at Spanish Fork, Utah.