

Caroline Farazine Skeen Butler, was born April 15, 1812 in Sumner County, Tennessee, the daughter of Keziah Taylor and Jessie Skeen. On February 3, 1831 she was married to John Lowe Butler and they became the parents of thirteen children. They were converts to Mormonism and from that time their lot was cast with the people in the trials and persecutions in Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, and later, in Utah. During the construction of the Nauvoo Temple they lived on their farm some distance from the city. John Lowe Butler was one of Joseph Smith's body guards and was away from home much of the time. As a consequence, most of the work on the farm was left to Caroline and the 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. She wanted to do her share for this worthy cause. -A few days later, when she and her children were going to the city in a wagon, they came across two dead buffalo. To her thrifty hands this find was it great boon. They pulled the long hair from the buffalos' manes and took it home. She washed, corded and spun the hair into coarse yarns, from which she made eight pair of heavy mittens. These she gave 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 to buy the nails and windows for the edifice. This was in the days of their poverty and want.

On one election day, in Nauvoo, a mob gathered to prevent the Mormons from voting. John Lowe Butler, a man of large stature, took a young hickory tree and cleared the way for the voters. After this event, Joseph Smith asked him where his family was and advised John to move them into the city as it was not safe on the farm. That night they loaded all they possessed on the running gears of their wagon and with their six children 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 their prophet, John Lowe Butler, who was a blacksmith and wheelwright, stayed and helped fit the wagons for people who were starting West. Later, he began the journey in Mr. Emmett's company. 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, and through a small patch of timber could be seen their village. The men began to cut trees for cabins. They bound logs together and snaked them into the little valley. One day a little Indian boy was badly hurt riding on the logs and the Chief told them that if the boy died that a white child would be taken as a ransom. About this time, Caroline became very ill. The food supply was gone and nothing was left but meat, without salt.

One day the Chief came into her tent and asked for the little girl, Keziah. He took her by the hand and led her away to the Indian village. Her mother thought the little Indian boy had died and that they had taken her little girl in retribution; but she was too ill to protest. The kind old Chief took Keziah 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 bowl of meal and a smaller one of coffe 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. What joy filled the little camp when Keziah came trudging home with her precious load. The instructions were followed and the mother was returned to health.

During the winter an old squaw came to see Caroline and told her she had just lost her only daughter. She asked Caroline if she had a mother, and Caroline told her she did not have one alive. 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 called her "grandmother squaw." In the spring when the sap began to rise in the maple trees, they tapped them for the

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

When the call came to break camp, the '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 bid them goodby. She brought with her a deer's pouch, or stomach, filled with pounded dried deer meat as a gift for Caroline. She gave directions to make a kettle of soup with just a handful of the meat. All night long she sat by the camp fire to finish a pair of beaded moccasins for Caroline.

The Butler family joined the march of the Mormons and settled in Spanish Fork, Utah about 1852. – **Luella A. Dalton.**