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migration and settlement of the latter day saints

by

Mrs. Joseph Horne

Salt Lake City

1884

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Mrs. Mary Isababella Horne, daughter of Stephen Hales, was born at Rainham, Kent Co. England, Nov. 20th 1818. Her mother was an Episcopalian and her father a Methodist; he was faithful in his religious duties but never an enthusiastic Methodist. In her eleventh year Isabella became deeply interested in studying the Bible. Mr & Mrs. Hales, 3 sons, 2 daughers: The family moved to York, (afterward called Toronto) Canada, reaching there on the 16th of June.

On the 9th of May 1836, she was married to Joseph Horne who owned a farm about a mile from her father's. Although she had not been used to farm work, yet she soon made herself proficient in milking cows, feeding pigs and chickens, working for her husband interests in every way.

About the 1st of June they first heard Orson Pratt who preached in their neighborhood and a little later, a week perhaps, all of her father's family went with them to hear his brother Elder Parley P. Pratt preach.

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They were all so delighted with his preaching that all of her father's family joined the Mormons. This made quite a stir among the Methodists. Every effort was made to convince them that it was all a false religion. They were finally told that "none but children and fools would join the Mormons." In July 1836 Mrs. Horne was baptized by Orson Pratt, and ever after that her house became a home for the elders, and meetings were held there. That autumn one of their neighbors named Whitney was so convulsed that it took two or three to hold her; it was a sudden and great affliction. Mrs. Horne saw her writhing and her body terribly convulsed. She said she could see evil spirits and was terribly bruised by their power. After a few days, hearing that Parley Pratt was within a mile of the house, she said, "I want to see the man of God, for I know I shall be healed; I can but die if I go," she added, in reply to the remonstrance of friends, "and I can stand this affliction no longer." She arrived at the place of meeting much exhausted. She immediately announced

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to the astonished people why she had come. Bro. Pratt stepped forward and laying his hand upon her commanded the evil spirit to come out of her. She was healed instantly and never was troubled in that way again.

At one of the weekly meetings at Mrs. Horne's, soon after her conversion, Brother John Taylor looking silently upon her, said "Sister Horne you have the spirit of tongues; speak." She immediately arose and spoke by the gift and power of God; at the same time the gift of interpretation was given to a young Scotchman McKenzie, who rose and "I have
the gift of interpretation." The very things then prophesied have been and are being realized in these valleys of Utah.

In the summer of '37 a Dr. Arend held a conference of the saints in their barn. A few weeks later, Bro Joseph, Sidney Rigdon and Thom. B. Marsh visited them. The prophet enquired who was our President, sent for him and reported himself subject to his authority. What a contrast to Dr. Avenéd! He severely reprimanded Dr Avend when he found he had usurped authority and disregarded Pres. Taylor.

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What a beautiful example," writes Mrs. Horne, "was set by the Prophet and President of the whole church" - "submitting himself to Pres. Taylor's presidency while he was in Canada." Writing of that time she says: "I do solemnly testify before God angels and men, that I do know by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of the Most High God." She also relates that on shaking hands with Joseph Smith she received the Holy Spirit in such abundance that she felt it thrill her whole system from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. Mr & Mrs Horne then accompanied the brethren to the different branches of their church in Canada.

They sold their farm in Canada and in March 1838 started for Far West. They, with a small company of saints, took several teams - they also helped pay the expenses of others to emigrate. Mrs. Horne herself drove a team hundreds of miles. She had a little baby girl in very delicate health and was herself far from strong, a boy being added

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to their family in July. She says she would many times be so exhausted as night that it seemed as though nature would yield; but there was no alternative - the men walked hundreds of miles. The roads were very bad as the frost was coming out of the ground.

They located at Huntsville some 100 miles from Far West, as they found that Joseph did not wish them all to gather in one place. There they lived in wagons with the exception of one week, when Mrs Horne was sheltered at a neighbor's house where her son Henry James was born. He was afterward a Bishop for 11 years in Paris, and now (1884) is a Bishop in Arizona. Then they moved into a shanty made of boards without flooring or divisions, simply the four sides - a few boards nailed together. They were all sick there, and she contracted illness and fever which lasted for five months. At a meeting in Huntsville she received a patriarchal blessing from Father Joseph Smith.

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In August they moved to Far West where most of the saints were located. On their journey night overtook them about five miles from Clinton on a prairie twenty-five miles in length. Were obliged to travel all night, as the mosquitoes gave no rest to man or beast.

At Far West the Prophet's parents blessed her little girl, and told them she should not die; she had been very ill. The father was tall and both were very spiritual.

Here they took possession of a frame house, without doors or windows, raised as high on blocks that sheep could lie under it at night for shelter. Here they lived for some time. The little daughter referred to, was not expected to live from one minute to another when Sister Smith blessed her and she recovered.

The savages and persecutions of the mob were so great, that they did not at any moment when it might break into their house and destroy everything. Often at night the people assembled at
the beat of the drum on the square prepared to resist invaders. The Mormons were driven into Far West and all those already overcrowded houses were made to shelter more. When the mob entered Far West they entered houses, taking what they pleased, jeering and intimidating the women. There were some 800 men, hideously painted and disguised. Some of them stopped Mrs. Horne's niece on the street and asked her where were the ditches that the Mormons had dug as traps for them. They had heard and believed that the Mormons had made such ditches and had lightly covered them with earth. They would encamp by a stack of hay, use what they pleased and trample down more. They wantonly destroyed a great deal; they would come out at night drunk, insult the people brandishing their knives and pistols. They would shoot down sheep, cattle and chickens for the mere pleasure of destroying them.

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Mrs. Horne was but 20 years of age at this time and though father, husband and brothers were in danger she said she would not humble herself to let them see she was afraid. She says she never shall forget the night when their prophet and brethren were taken to the enemy's camp. The mob clamored with fiendish exultation over their victims through the whole night. The next day as Mrs. Horne stood in her doorway several of them rode up and said, "Bid your prophet good-bye, for you will not see him again till you see him in hell."

After this came the surrender of their arms, the signing away of property and the promise to leave the place in the spring. Mr Horne's family and a few others moved that autumn to Plattsburgh Mo. about twenty miles distant; and their family of ten, including relatives, lived there all winter in one room.

At first the people threatened to mob us, but upon becoming acquainted with us, finding us peaceable and

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industrious urged us to settle among them. They said if they had known we were intelligent people they should not have disturbed us, but they supposed we were no better than Indians; in fact they commonly distinguished the people as Mormons and white people. While they were here, the Prophet and his brethren were removed from Richmond to Clay Co. and passed one night at Plattsburgh. The citizens flocked to see them, seemed astonished to see such fine looking intelligent men, and so joyful. The citizens brought in several bottles of wine, after considerable merriment over a mock trial in which one of the brethren was up as prisoner, and all had a merry time together. This was as Dr. Essex of Plattsburgh related to Mrs. Horne the following day.

This same same Dr Essex gave Mrs. Horne calomel freely, without cautioning her of the danger, and she became so salivated that it was months before she could talk plainly; and her life was almost despaired of.

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The baby too had erysipelas. Mrs. Horne says however that upon her recovery, her appetite increased so much that although she had nothing but corn meal to live upon, she gained 14 lbs. in two weeks.

And now in April 1839 they moved to Quincy, Illinois, arriving in May. Here they had to begin at the beginning. Mrs. Horne earned considerable with her needle - made shirts for the men in the printing office; they staid there for three years. Mrs Horne also earned money teaming, etc. While in Mo. he had bought land and had assisted others to emigrate, so that they had nothing to fall back upon. There at Quincy, they lived in a rented house. Here another son was born, and this baby and their oldest daughter - died. In both cases, at the earnest request of gentile friends a doctor was employed. When
the boy died, Sister Horne covenanted with the Lord that she never should employ a doctor again, that she would exercise faith in the ordinances of the Church, using such means as lay in her power, in the way of herbs and nursing. She believes in friction and bathing, and in the use of the consecrated oil, consecrated by the Priesthood in the Endowment House.

Since this covenant, for a period now covering 45 years, out of eleven children she has lost but one, a baby four months old with whooping cough - beside administering in many families successfully. She believes that faith and works are inseparable. She has had three pair of twins - fifteen children in all.

In the summer of 42 (?) Bro. Joseph Smith and several of the brethren and sisters came to Quincy. They came to Mrs. Horne's house, partook of refreshments - and scattered. Bro. Joseph was in the best of spirits. He said laughingly "Sister Horne if I had a wife as small as you, when trouble came I would put her in my pocket and run." Bros. Joseph, Bennet, Law and Mrs. Law remained with Mrs. Horne. The next day Bro. Joseph and some of the brethren called upon Gov. Carlin. He received them cordially and everything seemed satisfactory. Next morning the brethren started on their missions the rest returning to Nauvoo. The prophet with Sister Snyder called in his buggy upon Sister Cleavland. Upon reaching Lima, between Quincy and Nauvoo, some 20 miles from Quincy and he was taken prisoner on a writ from Gov. Carlin and brought back to Quincy. He called the next morning (Saturday) on Mrs. Horne, as he was released on his promise to give himself up at any time he was wanted. Mrs Horne washed his clothes for him, he was then wearing white linen pants, saying she "esteemed it an honor to wash and iron the clothes of the prophet of the last days." At five o'clock on Sunday morning he was ready to leave the house, having spent all the intervening time fasting and praying. Before leaving the house he blessed them all; as he was bidding them farewell Sister Cleavland appeared and spoke in tongues, which the prophet interpreted; he said "all shall be well; there are to be trials and tribulations but that he should be exalted in the presence of God," and much more to that effect. He was taken to a court some little distance above Nauvoo, tried and released.

In the month of March '42 the family moved to Nauvoo; the roads were very bad and they travelled very slowly. Night overtook them in the middle of the prairie; the cows started away, Mr Horne walked seven miles in search of them, while the howling of the wolves terrified his family in their anxiety for his safety.

At Nauvoo as there was no house to rent Mr Horne bought a lot from Squire Wells, who was then a Gentile, and put up a shanty in which they lived eight months. Here their son Joseph Smith was born. The rats were so numerous in this place that they frequently carried off clothes and bit the children in bed. When the baby was but two months his feet were so badly bitten that through life he carried the marks. This son is the one who has been missionary in Switzerland.
In November moved into a partly finished house of brick; the four walls only were up, no divisions made. Here they lived for four years. Shortly after this Mr Horne was laid up for several weeks, and his wife had the family to support and care for, the stock to attend to and the sick husband to nurse; often tramping long distances in the snow in her outside duties.

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On the 5th of April 1844 she received a patriarchal blessing from Hyrum Smith, the promises of which are daily being fulfilled. Mrs. Horne says that it was on the 20th of June she last beheld Joseph and Hyrum Smith on earth. The experiences of that time are too painful to recall.

Often Joseph when counselling his people would say; "It's Joseph speaking now," again "thus saith the Lord," as he would give the word of God.

At Nauvoo her baby became so ill that all but the mother gave him up. She administered to him, and at the dictates of the Holy Spirit wrote out her prayer. He recovered.

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While at Nauvoo there was so much persecution that their religious ceremonies had to be conducted privately — as for instance the dedicating of the temple which was done at 6 o'clock in the morning. They were building the temple but all they had to give was their labor, and that was very valuable when they had so little to live upon. Even there they had to live on boiled wheat and corn; very coarse. Persecution ran so high that a man named Miller was arrested in place of Brigham Young and carried to Carthage; he was released when the mistake was discovered.

The Latter-day Saints were convinced that the mantle had fallen from Joseph on to Brigham. His spirit and words convinced them that he was the man. There was something superior about him and that commanded their admiration.

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The prophet Joseph was an angelic-looking man; you would have loved him if you could but have seen him; so noble; so heavenly; he thrilled me through as he talked and looked at one. The abilities and character of the two were very different. Brigham had greater force and energy. Joseph was the founder, and Brigham Young built on the foundation prepared for him.

In February Mr Horne closed out, and they started with the Saints to cross the Mississippi River. Afterwards many crossed on the ice. The neighbors told them they would kill the children if they moved them, two of the children being very ill, but their health improved daily. They encamped at Sugar Creek, in the snow. Their tents were put up close to their wagons; they slept in the wagons; during all this time Mrs Horne was in delicate health as another child was born in June. "Think of the situation of women and children," she says, "driven from their homes in the middle of a severe winter for no other reason than they believe in the revelations of God and in being guided by inspired men."

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While at Nauvoo a few trusted men was made known that there had been a revelation of polygamy made to the Prophet. At first the brethren and sisters were so averse to it that it could scarcely be mentioned. Joseph told Bro. Taylor at Nauvoo that the
Church could not go on until that principle was established.

Brigham Young remarked that he almost envied the corpses being carried to their graves, for the trouble he was foreseeing.

While at Quincy Mrs Horne first heard of the doctrine of Plural Marriage; "but it was at Nauvoo that it was taught as a revelation from God and one of the ordinances of the house of God. The women who enter into it were privately intoned?

In the latter part of March they left Sugart Creek. It was 3 months before they reached Council Bluffs. The storms were fearful; the roads almost impassable. In going from the Mo. Riv. to Garden Grove a fearful storm of wind and rain overtook them, just as they were starting upon a long prairie. They were obliged to camp.

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Some of the brethren held their tents to keep them from falling, some tents were blown down and floated down the stream. During the morning the Hornes and some few others started to cross the prairie. Rain continued all day; the weather became so cold that they were obliged to walk to keep warm; so often they could scarcely extricate themselves from the mud. The roads became so soft that soon they were obliged to camp without wood. The water was several inches deep all over the camp ground; there was no place to pitch their tents; no means of drying their soaked clothing. In the morning every thing about the camp was frozen fast. A squirrel was found frozen stiff.

In the morning the brethren put two teams to one wagon and drove into a grove, then went back and brought the other wagons; here they enjoyed the luxury of a fire but that was no food for the half-famished animals except what they could glean from the fresh green shoots of bushes and trees that the men cut down, and the little flour that could be spared them. They called the camp "Pinch-Gut", the cattle were so drawn up with hunger.

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Water was frozen.... ice had to be cut to obtain it. Frequently boughs were laid on the ground before the teams could pass, and logs placed about their tents when they encamped. Had to camp in mud until the roads were dry enough to travel on.

This storm was but one of the many in their wearisome journey of 400 miles.

The Indians gave them very little trouble. They brought Buffalo robes and exchanged for a little corn. At one time while the ox men were thus engaged trading the squaws stole several kettles and skillets. One Indian offered Mrs Horne four ponies for her little girl whose pretty face and red shoes won his admiration.

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Upon reaching Garden Grove they remained there three weeks. Many located there, ploughing and sowing and preparing homes for their poor brethren for a longer period. The poorest of their number were left there and at Pisgah. The snakes troubled the horses very much at Garden Grove; none were fatally bitten; the brethren often bound snakes on the horses' noses and feet which allayed inflammation.

(Over) They camped on the Chariton three weeks. There they had a terrible time. Couldn't cross from their wagons to tents. In the middle of the river George Smith's cumbersome wagon was almost sunk in the river; the cattle began to retrace their way. Mrs. Smith called out, "See Noah's Ark". Tina Young's son, named "Chariton" was born on this river bank. All were encamped in the mud.
About the middle of May they started for Pisgah. A daughter, Elizabeth, was born to Mrs. Horne in a wagon. When she was three days old they started for Council Fluffs. They went into what was known as Winter Quarters, later Florence, on the MO. River, and there remained until the spring of 1847. Here they suffered terribly from scurvy, for want of vegetables. Even the little children were down with it; Mrs. Horne was a great sufferer and her children also, even to one three years of age. Elder Orson Pratt administered to her and prophesied of her future usefulness in Israel.

A bag of potatoes brought in from Mo. did much good. It was observed that it was only those without milk that suffered the trouble.

When spring opened all was bustle. every one that had teams and provisions enough to last them a year and a half were preparing to move after helping those who remained to put in their grain.

For convenience in travelling we were organized in companies of one hundred with captains of hundreds and captains of fifties, with one of the apostles in each company.

Bishop Joseph Horne and Bishop Foutz were the sub-captains under Bishop Hunter; and Apostle John Taylor was with them.

Pres. Young leading the pioneers started early; this company started in June.

They travelled in rows, the two fifties side by side. When they reached the Sweetwater there was great suffering and many of the cattle died.

At the last crossing of the Sweetwater they met the Pioneer Band on its return. The Pioneers told how they had dedicated the ground and had planted seeds and potatoes.

A fat heifer was killed and preparations made for a jubilee. Brush was cut down and tables spread; dishes unpacked with much trouble but most cheerfully; a slight snow fell, but that was quickly cleared away. They had a sumptuous feast, and afterward as was their frequent custom, music and dancing; closing with prayer.

All now felt greatly encouraged; they knew for the first time their destination. They had talked of California, and knew not until now where they should settle. To the Pioneers they gave the remnants of their feast to carry East, while they bade each other God-speed.

There was music in all the companies; bands or stringed instruments; they were always called to prayers night and morning by the bugle; they had camp fires which they often gathered socially. They were usually made of buffalo chips; when there was no timber; so the fires were not as bright as camp fires are supposed to be.

They got in to Salt Lake on the 6th of October. That was conference day and some of the brethren rode on in advance to be at the conference. The main body arrived
about eight in the evening. It was so dark there was some difficulty in finding camp. They located in companies—the tents were put down and their wagon boxes slightly raised on poles were right against them. They slept in the wagons; the tents were their living rooms.

The log houses as they were built constituted the forts—the Horne's company were on their west wide. On that side of the fort they had no chickens and so no eggs. For a while they had a little sugar.

They ate the roots of sago and wild parsnips, and Bishop Foutz and one child were poisoned through mistaking poisoned roots for harmless ones.

During the rain all bread-stuffs were carefully cherished, and piled in the center of their tents—amid their buffalo skins thrown over all. As their stores decreased their appetites increased, with the bracing air and more comfortable life. They parched barley and wheat for coffee the first year, and beets also, the second.

In the winter of 47-48, there were perhaps 500 people in Salt Lake City. It was the