7 Mar 2007

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<th>Date(s)</th>
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<tr>
<td>Died</td>
<td>19 Nov 1918</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
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<td>Buried</td>
<td>21 Nov 1918</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
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Baptized
Endowed
SealPar

Nickname:  
AKA:  
Sex:  M  
ID:  
 Married Name:  
AFN:  

Last Changed: 7 Mar 2007

Parents

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<tr>
<th>MRIN</th>
<th>Father</th>
<th>Mother</th>
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<tr>
<td>2252</td>
<td>Hyrum SMITH <em>FILE</em>-4277</td>
<td>Mary FIELDING <em>FILE</em>-4294</td>
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Marriages

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<tr>
<th>MRIN</th>
<th>Spouse</th>
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<th>Sealed Date/Place</th>
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<td>13757</td>
<td>Levira Annette CLARK *-40596</td>
<td>4 Apr 1859</td>
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<tr>
<td>15687</td>
<td>Julina LAMBSON <em>FGR</em>-44445</td>
<td>5 May 1866</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, U, USA</td>
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<tr>
<td>15688</td>
<td>Edna LAMBSON <em>FGR</em>-44446</td>
<td>1 Jan 1871</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, U, USA</td>
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<tr>
<td>15690</td>
<td>Alice Ann KIMBALL <em>FGR</em>-44448</td>
<td>6 Dec 1883</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, U, USA</td>
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<tr>
<td>15699</td>
<td>Sarah Ellen RICHARDS *-44447</td>
<td>13 Jan 1884</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, U, USA</td>
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<tr>
<td>15691</td>
<td>Mary Taylor SCHWARTZ *-44449</td>
<td>13 Jan 1884</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, U, USA</td>
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Notes

Family Group Record by Nauvoo Land and Records

NAUVOO RECORDS:
Members, LDS, 1830-1848, by Susan Easton Black, Vol 40, pp 36-47
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah p 1168

OTHER SOURCS:
Internet Research:
RootsWeb.com WorldConnect: Family Group Record
Boyhood Recollections 11 pages
# Family Group Record - 2252

## Husband: Hyrum Smith *FILE*-4277

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
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<th>Place</th>
<th>LDS Ordinance Dates</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Born</td>
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<td>Tunbridge, Orange, Vermont, USA</td>
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<td>27 Jun 1844</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Smith Family Cemetery, Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois, USA</td>
<td>Endowed</td>
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<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>24 Dec 1837</td>
<td>Kirtland, Lake, Ohio, USA</td>
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<td>Jerusha Barnum <em>FILE</em>-4288</td>
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<td>Joseph Smith Sr. <em>FILE</em>-4274</td>
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<td>Lucy Mack <em>FILE</em>-4275</td>
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## Wife: Mary Fielding *FILE*-4294

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<tbody>
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<td>Buried</td>
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<td>John Fielding <em>FGR</em>-3412</td>
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<td>Will's mother</td>
<td>Rachel Ibbotson <em>FGR</em>-3409</td>
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## Children

1. **M Joseph Fielding Smith *FILE*-4295**

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<th>Place</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Born</td>
<td>13 Nov 1838</td>
<td>Far West, Caldwell, Missouri, USA</td>
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<td>19 Nov 1891</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
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<tr>
<td>Buried</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Levira Annette Clark <em>FGR</em>-40596</td>
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<td>SealSp MRIN: 13757</td>
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<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>4 Apr 1869</td>
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<tr>
<td>Spouse</td>
<td>Julina Lambson <em>FGR</em>-44445</td>
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<tr>
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2. **F Martha Ann Smith *FILE*-4296**

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23 Feb 2007
### Family Group Record - 13757

#### Husband: Joseph Fielding Smith *FILE*-4295

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<th>Place</th>
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<tr>
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<td>SealSp</td>
<td>MRIN: 15688</td>
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<td>Other Spouse</td>
<td>Edna LAMBSON <em>FGR</em>-44446</td>
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<tr>
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<td>SealSp</td>
<td>MRIN: 15690</td>
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<tr>
<td>Other Spouse</td>
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<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>6 Dec 1883</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td>SealSp</td>
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<tr>
<td>Other Spouse</td>
<td>Sarah Ellen RICHARDS <em>FGR</em>-44447</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>13 Jan 1884</td>
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<td>SealSp</td>
<td>MRIN: 15691</td>
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<tr>
<td>Other Spouse</td>
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<tr>
<td>Husband's mother</td>
<td>Mary FIELDING <em>FILE</em>-4294</td>
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#### Wife: Levira Annette Clark *FGR*-40596

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MRIN: 697
# Family Group Record- 15687

**Husband**  
**Joseph Fielding SMITH** *FILE*-4295

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<tbody>
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<td>21 Nov 1918</td>
<td>Place</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td>Endowed</td>
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<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>5 May 1866</td>
<td>Place</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Other Spouse</th>
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<th>MRIN: 13757</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>4 Apr 1859</td>
<td>Place</td>
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<th>Edna LAMBSON <em>FGR</em>-44446</th>
<th>MRIN: 15688</th>
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<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>1 Jan 1871</td>
<td>Place</td>
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<th>Alice Ann KIMBALL <em>FGR</em>-44448</th>
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<td>Married</td>
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<td>Place</td>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Married</td>
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<td>Place</td>
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**Wife**  
**Julina LAMBSON** *FGR*-44445

<table>
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<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Alfred Boaz LAMBSON <em>FILE</em>-2384</th>
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<tr>
<td>Wife's mother</td>
<td>Melissa Jane BIGLER <em>FILE</em>-2385</td>
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23 Feb 2007
## Family Group Record - 15688

### Husband
**Joseph Fielding SMITH** *FILE*-4295

<table>
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<th>Event</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Place</th>
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<th>Temple</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Born</td>
<td>13 Nov 1838</td>
<td>Far West, Caldwell, Missouri, USA</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died</td>
<td>19 Nov 1918</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Buried</td>
<td>21 Nov 1918</td>
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<td>Levira Annette CLARK <em>FGR</em>-40596</td>
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<td>MRIN: 13757</td>
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<td>SealSp</td>
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<tr>
<td>Other Spouse</td>
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<td>MRIN: 15690</td>
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<td>Married</td>
<td>6 Dec 1883</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
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<td>SealSp</td>
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<tr>
<td>Other Spouse</td>
<td>Sarah Ellen RICHARDS <em>FGR</em>-44447</td>
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<td>MRIN: 15689</td>
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<td>Other Spouse</td>
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<td>MRIN: 15691</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Husband's father</td>
<td>Hyrum SMITH <em>FILE</em>-4277</td>
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<td>MRIN: 2262</td>
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<td>Husband's mother</td>
<td>Mary FIELDING <em>FILE</em>-4294</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Wife
**Edna LAMBSON** *FGR*-44446

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>LDS ordinance dates</th>
<th>Temple</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Born</td>
<td>3 Mar 1851</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died</td>
<td>26 Feb 1926</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td></td>
<td>Baptized</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buried</td>
<td>26 Feb 1926</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
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<td>Endowed</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wife's father</td>
<td>Alfred Boaz LAMBSON <em>FILE</em>-2384</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>MRIN: 1368</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wife's mother</td>
<td>Melissa Jane BIGLER <em>FILE</em>-2395</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

23 Feb 2007
## Family Group Record- 15690

| Husband: Joseph Fielding SMITH *FILE*-4295 |
|---|---|
| Born | 13 Nov 1838  | Place | Far West, Caldwell, Missouri, USA |
| Died | 19 Nov 1918  | Place | Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA |
| Buried | 21 Nov 1918  | Place | Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA |
| Married | 6 Dec 1863  | Place | Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA |
| Other Spouse | Levira Annette CLARK *FGR*-40596  | SealSp  | MRIN: 13757 |
| Married | 4 Apr 1859  | Place | Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA |
| Other Spouse | Julina LAMBSON *FGR*-44445  | SealSp  | MRIN: 15687 |
| Married | 5 May 1866  | Place | Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA |
| Other Spouse | Edna LAMBSON *FGR*-44446  | SealSp  | MRIN: 15688 |
| Married | 1 Jan 1871  | Place | Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA |
| Other Spouse | Sarah Ellen RICHARDS *FGR*-44447  | SealSp  | MRIN: 15689 |
| Married | 13 Jan 1884  | Place | Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA |
| Other Spouse | Mary Taylor SCHWARTZ *FGR*-44449  | SealSp  | MRIN: 15691 |
| Married | 13 Jan 1884  | Place | Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA |
| Husband's father | Hyrum SMITH *FILE*-4277  | SealSp  | MRIN: 2252 |
| Husband's mother | Mary FIELDING *FILE*-4294  | SealSp  | |

| Wife: Alice Ann KIMBALL *FGR*-44448 |
|---|---|
| Born | 6 Sep 1856  | Place | Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA |
| Died | 13 Dec 1946  | Place | Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA |
| Wife's father | Heber Chase KIMBALL *FILE*-17017  | SealPar  | MRIN: 11480 |
| Wife's mother | Alice Ann GHEEN *FILE*-10194  | SealPar  | |
| Husband: Joseph Fielding SMITH *FILE*-4295 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Born | 13 Nov 1838 | Place: Far West, Caldwell, Missouri, USA | LDS ordinance dates | Temple |
| Died | 19 Nov 1918 | Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA | Baptized | |
| Buried | 21 Nov 1918 | Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA | Endowed | |
| Married | 13 Jan 1884 | Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA | Seal/Par | |
| Other Spouse | Levira Annette CLARK *FGR*-40596 | | | MRIN: 13757 |
| Married | 4 Apr 1859 | Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA | Seal/Sp | |
| Other Spouse | Julina LAMBSON *FGR*-44445 | | | MRIN: 15687 |
| Married | 5 May 1866 | Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA | Seal/Sp | |
| Other Spouse | Edna LAMBSON *FGR*-44446 | | | MRIN: 15688 |
| Married | 1 Jan 1871 | Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA | Seal/Sp | |
| Other Spouse | Alice Ann KIMBALL *FGR*-44448 | | | MRIN: 15690 |
| Married | 6 Dec 1883 | Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA | Seal/Sp | |
| Other Spouse | Mary Taylor SCHWARTZ *FGR*-44449 | | | MRIN: 15691 |
| Married | 13 Jan 1884 | Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA | Seal/Sp | |
| Husband's father | Hyrum SMITH *FILE*-4277 | | | |
| Husband's mother | Mary FIELDING *FILE*-4294 | | | |

| Wife: Sarah Ellen RICHARDS *FGR*-44447 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Born | 25 Aug 1850 | Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA | LDS ordinance dates | Temple |
| Died | 22 Mar 1915 | Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA | Baptized | |
| | | | Endowed | |
| | | | Seal/Par | |
| Wife's father | Willard RICHARDS *FILE*-14024 | | | MRIN: 5949 |
| Wife's mother | Sarah LONGSTROTH *FILE*-28623 | | | |
# Family Group Record - 15691

## Husband

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>LDS ordinance dates</th>
<th>Temple</th>
</tr>
</thead>
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<tr>
<td>Born</td>
<td>13 Nov 1838</td>
<td>Far West, Caldwell, Missouri, USA</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died</td>
<td>19 Nov 1918</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td>Baptised</td>
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<tr>
<td>Buried</td>
<td>21 Nov 1918</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td>Endowed</td>
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<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>13 Jan 1884</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td>SealPar</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other Spouse</td>
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<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>4 Apr 1859</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td>SeaSp</td>
<td>MRIN: 13757</td>
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<tr>
<td>Other Spouse</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>5 May 1866</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td>SeaSp</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other Spouse</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>1 Jan 1871</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td>SeaSp</td>
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<tr>
<td>Other Spouse</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>6 Dec 1883</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td>SeaSp</td>
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<tr>
<td>Other Spouse</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>13 Jan 1884</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td>SeaSp</td>
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## Wife

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Date</th>
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<th>LDS ordinance dates</th>
<th>Temple</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Born</td>
<td>30 Apr 1865</td>
<td>Holladay, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
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<tr>
<td>Died</td>
<td>5 Dec 1956</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td>Baptised</td>
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<tr>
<td>Buried</td>
<td>8 Dec 1956</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td>Endowed</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>13 Jan 1884</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA</td>
<td>SealPar</td>
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</table>

## Notes
- **Husband**: Joseph Fielding Smith
- **Wife**: Mary Taylor Schwartz

MRIN numbers are not included in the natural text representation.
Smith, Joseph Fielding

Birth-Data

Birth-Date: November 13, 1838
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self
LDS Biographical Encyclopedia. Jenson, Andrew. 1915;
Volume: 1 Page: 66-74
Temple Index Bureau
Family Group Sheet-Father
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank
Page: 1168

Birth-Place: Far West, Caldwell, MO
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self
LDS Biographical Encyclopedia. Jenson, Andrew. 1915;
Volume: 1 Page: 66-74
Temple Index Bureau
Smith, Joseph Fielding

Family Group Sheet—Father
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

|s2 Parents-Data
Father's-Name: Smith, Hyrum
Reference: Family Group Sheet—Self
LDS Biographical Encyclopedia. Jenson, Andrew. 1951
Volume: 1 Page: 66-74
Temple Index Bureau
Family Group Sheet—Father
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

Mother's-Name: Fielding, Mary
Reference: Family Group Sheet—Self
LDS Biographical Encyclopedia. Jenson, Andrew. 1951
Volume: 1 Page: 66-74
Temple Index Bureau
Family Group Sheet—Father
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

|s3 Marriage-Number: 1
Spouse's-Name: Clark, Levira Annette
Reference: Family Group Sheet—Self
LDS Biographical Encyclopedia. Jenson, Andrew. 1951
Volume: 1 Page: 66-74
Temple Index Bureau
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

Marriage-Date: April 4, 1859
Reference: Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

Marriage-Date-Variant: April 5, 1859
Reference: LDS Biographical Encyclopedia. Jenson, Andrew. 1951
Volume: 1 Page: 66-74

|s4 Marriage-Number: 2
Spouse's-Name: Lambson, Julina
Reference: Family Group Sheet—Self
Family Group Sheet—Father
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

Marriage-Date: May 5, 1866
Reference: Family Group Sheet—Father
Family Group Sheet—Self
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168
Marriage-Place: Endowment House, Salt Lake City, UT, USA
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self

Family-Reference for Children: Family Group Sheet-Self
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

Children's-Data:
Child-Number: 1
Smith, Mary Josephine
Birth-Date: August 14, 1867
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 2
Smith, Mary Sophronia
Birth-Date: October 7, 1869
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 3
Smith, Donette
Birth-Date: September 17, 1872
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 4
Smith, Joseph Fielding
Birth-Date: July 19, 1876
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 5
Smith, David Assael
Birth-Date: May 24, 1879
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 6
Smith, George Carlos
Birth-Date: October 14, 1881
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 7
Smith, Julina Clarissa
Birth-Date: February 10, 1884
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 8
Smith, Elias Wesley
Birth-Date: April 21, 1886
Birth-Place: Laie Oahu, HI, USA

Child-Number: 9
Smith, Emily
Birth-Date: September 11, 1888
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 10
Smith, Rachel
Birth-Date: December 11, 1890
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 11
Smith, Edith Eleanor
Birth-Date: January 3, 1894
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 12
Smith, Marjorie Virginia (adopted)
Birth-Date: December 7, 1906
Birth-Place: Denver, Denver, CO, USA

Child-Number: 13
Smith, Edward Arthur (adopted)
Birth-Date: November 1, 1858
Birth-Place: Brampton, Derbyshire, ENG

Marriage-Number: 3
Spouse's-Name: Richards, Sarah Ellen
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

Marriage-Date: March 1, 1868
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

Marriage-Place: Endowment House, Salt Lake City, UT, USA
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self

Family-Reference for Children: Family Group Sheet-Self

Children's-Data:
Child-Number: 1
Smith, Sarah Ella
Birth-Date: February 5, 1869
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 2
Smith, Leonora
Birth-Date: January 30, 1871
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 3
Smith, Joseph Richards
Birth-Date: February 22, 1873
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 4
Smith, Heber John
Birth-Date: July 3, 1876
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 5
Smith, Rhoda Ann
Birth-Date: July 20, 1878
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 6
Smith, Minerva
Birth-Date: April 30, 1880
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 7
Smith, Alice
Birth-Date: July 27, 1882
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 8
Smith, Willard Richards
Birth-Date: November 20, 1884
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 9
Smith, Franklin Richards
Birth-Date: May 12, 1888
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 10
Smith, Jeanetta
Birth-Date: August 25, 1891
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 11
Smith, Asenath
Birth-Date: December 28, 1896
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Marriage-Number: 4
Spouse's-Name: Lambson, Edna
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

Marriage-Date: January 1, 1871
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168
Marriage-Place: Endowment House, Salt Lake City, UT, USA
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self

Family-Reference for Children: Family Group Sheet-Self

Children's-Data:
Child-Number: 1
Smith, Hyrum Mack
Birth-Date: March 21, 1872
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 2
Smith, Alvin Fielding
Birth-Date: August 7, 1874
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 3
Smith, Alfred Jason
Birth-Date: December 13, 1876
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 4
Smith, Edna Melissa
Birth-Date: October 6, 1879
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 5
Smith, Albert Jessie
Birth-Date: September 16, 1881
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 6
Smith, Robert
Birth-Date: November 12, 1883
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 7
Smith, Emma
Birth-Date: August 21, 1888
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 8
Smith, Zina
Birth-Date: October 11, 1890
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 9
Smith, Ruth
Birth-Date: December 21, 1893
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA
Smith, Joseph Fielding

Child-Number: 10
Smith, Martha
Birth-Date: May 12, 1897
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Marriage-Number: 5
Spouse's-Name: Kimball, Alice Ann
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

Marriage-Date: December 6, 1883
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

Marriage-Place: Logan, Cache, UT, USA
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self

Family-Reference for Children: Family Group Sheet-Self

Children's-Data:
Child-Number: 1
Smith, Alice May
Birth-Date: October 11, 1877
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 2
Smith, Heber Chase (twin)
Birth-Date: November 19, 1881
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 3
Smith, Charles Coulson (twin)
Birth-Date: November 19, 1881
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 4
Smith, Lucy Mack
Birth-Date: April 14, 1890
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 5
Smith, Andrew Kimball
Birth-Date: January 6, 1893
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 6
Smith, Jessie Kimball
Birth-Date: May 21, 1896
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA
Child-Number: 7
Smith, Fielding Kimball
Birth-Date: April 9, 1900
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Marriage-Number: 6
Spouse's-Name: Schwartz, Mary Taylor
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

Marriage-Date: January 13, 1884
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

Marriage-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self

Family-Reference for Children: Family Group Sheet-Self

Children's-Data:
Child-Number: 1
Smith, John Schwartz
Birth-Date: August 20, 1888
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 2
Smith, Calvin Schwartz
Birth-Date: May 29, 1890
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 3
Smith, Samuel Schwartz
Birth-Date: October 25, 1892
Birth-Place: Franklin, Oneida, ID, USA

Child-Number: 4
Smith, James Schwartz
Birth-Date: November 13, 1894
Birth-Place: Franklin, Oneida, ID, USA

Child-Number: 5
Smith, Agnes
Birth-Date: November 3, 1897
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Child-Number: 6
Smith, Silas Schwartz
Birth-Date: January 3, 1900
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA
Child-Number: 7
Smith, Royal Grant
Birth-Date: May 21, 1906
Birth-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA

Death-Date:
Death-Date: November 19, 1918
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self
Temple Index Bureau
Death-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self

Burial-Date: November 21, 1918
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self

Burial-Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self

Church-Ordinance-Data:

Baptism
Baptism-Date/Place: May 21, 1852
Reference: Temple Index Bureau
Family Group Sheet-Self
Family Group Sheet-Father

High-Priest
High-Priest-Date/Place: October 16, 1859
Reference: LDS Biographical Encyclopedia. Jenson, Andrew. 1951
Volume: 1 Page: 66-74

Apostle
Apostle-Date/Place: July 1, 1866; Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA
Officiator: Brigham Young
Reference: LDS Biographical Encyclopedia. Jenson, Andrew. 1951
Volume: 1 Page: 66-74
Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1919 Page: 1168

Temple-Ordinance-Data:

Endowment
Date: April 24, 1854
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self
Temple Index Bureau
Family Group Sheet-Father

Sealing-to-Parents
Date: June 26, 1856
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Father

Sealing-to-Spouse 1
Date: April 25, 1860
Smith, Joseph Fielding

Reference: Temple Index Bureau

Sealing-to-Spouse 2
Temple: Endowment House, Salt Lake City, UT, USA
Date: May 5, 1866
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self

Sealing-to-Spouse 3
Temple: Endowment House, Salt Lake City, UT, USA
Date: March 1, 1868
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self

Sealing-to-Spouse 4
Temple: Endowment House, Salt Lake City, UT, USA
Date: January 1, 1871
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self

Sealing-to-Spouse 5
Temple: Logan, Cache, UT, USA
Date: December 6, 1883
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self

Sealing-to-Spouse 6
Date: January 13, 1884
Reference: Family Group Sheet-Self

Residency-Data:
Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT, USA; September 23, 1843; 1870
Reference: LDS Biographical Encyclopedia. Jenson, Andrew. 1951
Volume: 1 Page: 66-74
Utah Federal Census; Year: 1870

Vocation-Data:
Book Keeper, 1870
Reference: Utah Federal Census; Year: 1870

Comments: #1
1. In 1870 Joseph had a household of five, a real wealth of $2,000, and a personal wealth of $500.
Reference: Utah Federal Census; Year: 1870

Comments: #2
1. Joseph was a member of the Nauvoo 4th ward.

Comments: #3
1. Joseph had a vision of the redemption of the dead.
Reference: The Doctrine and Covenants
Section: 138

Comments: #1
1. Joseph came to Utah with his mother on September 23, 1848, with the
Heber C. Kimball company. His early training was amid the scenes
and vicissitudes incident to his father's martyrdom and the driving
of the Latter-day Saints to the Rocky mountains from Nauvoo,
Illinois. With his mother he left Nauvoo in 1846 when only 8 years
old and drove an oxteam from the Missouri river to the Salt Lake
valley, enduring all the hardships of the journey over the plains
and barren country intervening, and performing much labor that was
required of the men. His opportunities for schooling were limited,
and his early education was chiefly acquired from his mother. She
left him an orphan at the age of 14 years. In 1854 he went to the
Hawaiian Islands on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints, where he remained four years, mastering the
native tongue. After returning in 1858 he officiated as sergeant-
at-arms in the Utah territorial legislature (1858-1859), and upon
its adjournment went to England with his cousin, Samuel H. B. Smith,
there laboring in the ministry. In 1864, after his return from
England, he again went to Hawaii and continued his ecclesiastical
labor. Upon returning to Utah he served as a member of the Salt
Lake City municipal council and as a member of the territorial
legislature, and in 1882 was president of the legislative council.
He presided over the constitutional convention held in Utah in 1882,
but was debarred as a legislator by the Edmunds law. He served
eight years as a clerk in the historian's office and was active in
church work, serving as a missionary for the church and in various
positions in Davis and Salt Lake stakes of Zion. He went on a
second mission to Great Britain in 1874, and on a third mission in
1877. He became a member of the council of the twelve in 1887. In
1880 he was chosen to be second counselor to President John Taylor
and also served as counselor to President Wilford Woodruff and later
to President Lorenzo Snow. Following the death of the latter he was
sustained as president of the Church.

Reference: Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. Esshom, Frank. 1913
Page: 1168

|18| Comments: #2
|1| 1. Joseph served as second counselor to Presidents John Taylor, Wilford
Woodruff, and Lorenzo Snow. His father, Hyrum Smith, was all and
perhaps more to the Prophet Joseph Smith, his younger brother, than
Jonathan anciently was to David. Mary Fielding, the mother of
Joseph F. Smith, was a native of England, and for energy, faith and
determination, coupled with good business abilities, was a most
worthy and suitable companion for her noble husband. The period
of Joseph F. Smith's advent into this world was a stormy and memorable
one in the history of the Church. A few days previous to his birth,
his father, together with Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and other
leading men of the Church, were betrayed into the hands of armed
mobocrats, through the cruel treachery of George M. Hinkle, who was
a "Mormon" and at the same time an officer in the Missouri militia.
The prisoners were court-martialed and sentenced to be shot, but
were saved through the interference of General Alexander W.
Doniphan. They were then hustled off to prison, but before starting
were allowed a few minutes to bid farewell to their families. While
such scenes were being enacted and while mobs, plunderings, drivings, imprisonments without trial, or conviction, poverty and distress held full sway, Joseph F. Smith was born. His childhood days were spent amid scenes of persecution and hardship which resulted in the martyrdom of his father and uncle, Joseph, June 27, 1844. His widowed mother left Nauvoo in 1846 as an exile from her home and country for no other cause than that of worshiping God according to the dictates of her own conscience. Although Joseph F. at that time was but a lad of eight years of age, he drove an ox team for his mother across the State of Iowa. During the sojourn of the family at Winter Quarters (now Florence, in the State of Nebraska), Joseph F. was occupied as a herd boy.

Reference: LDS Biographical Encyclopedia. Jenson, Andrew. 1951
Volume: 1        Page: 66-74
SMITH, JOSEPH FIELDING (son of Hyrum Smith [the patriarch], born Feb. 9, 1850, Tunbridge, Vt., and Mary Fielding [daughter of John and Rachel Fielding], born Jan. 18, 1828, Henniker, N.H., died Nov. 28, 1852, Salt Lake City—married in 1837). He was born Nov. 19, 1836, in Salt Lake City, Utah, and married Jane Fielding, who was born April 29, 1842, Nauvoo, Ill.


Married Edna Lamberston Jan. 1, 1877 (daughter of Alfred B. Lamberston and Mary Jane Bigler), who was married March 1, 1865, Salt Lake City. Their children: Hyrum Mack b. March 27, 1867, d. Feb. 2, 1869; Roswell Nov. 15, 1866, d. Aug. 7, 1866; Ethel Jan. 1, 1877 (d. Aug. 25, 1877; Robert b. Nov. 12, 1882, d. Feb. 21, 1882; Ethel b. Feb. 21, 1883; Ethel b. Dec. 1, 1885; Ambrone Greenwell Dec. 12, 1910; Ruth b. Dec. 21, 1933; Marsha b. May 12, 1897; and Benjamin b. Dec. 6, 1899. (daughters of Heber C. Kimball and Anna Gheen), who was born Sept. 6, 1858, Salt Lake City. Their children: Lucy Mack b. April 14, 1862; Heber C. Kimball b. Jan. 6, 1863; and Kimball b. May 21, 1896; Fielding Kimball b. April 8, 1896.


His early training was amid the scenes and vicissitudes incident to the pioneer life of the early Latter-day Saints and the Dugger Valley, enduring all the hardships of the journey over the plains and barren country intervening, and performing much labor that was required of the men. His services were limited to ranching and to the care of the family. He was married to his first wife, Eliza Maria Cowden, on March 1, 1868, and to his second wife, Eliza Maria Cowden, on December 1, 1877.


SMITH, JOSEPH STANFORD (son of Joseph H. Smith and Maria Stanford), born June 24, 1853, Tipton, St. Louis, Eng. Came to Utah with father.

Joseph F Smith in JofD 20, Pg.29

I [Joseph F. Smith] here declare that the principle of plural marriage was not first revealed on the 12th day of July, 1843. It was written for the first time on that date, but it had been revealed to the Prophet many years before that, perhaps as early as 1832. About this time, or subsequently, Joseph, the Prophet, intrusted this fact to Oliver Cowdery; he abused the confidence imposed in him, and brought reproach upon himself, and thereby upon the church by "running before he was sent," so to speak, hence the publication, by O. Cowdery, about this time, of an article on marriage, which was carefully worded, and afterwards found its way into the Doctrine and Covenants without authority. This article explains itself to those who understand the facts, and is an indisputable evidence of the early existence of the knowledge of the principle of patriarchal marriage by the Prophet Joseph, and also by Oliver Cowdery.
BOYHOOD RECOLLECTIONS OF PRESIDENT
JOSEPH F. SMITH
As Told By Himself


[page 53] [Told by himself] At the meeting of the Genealogical Society of Utah held in San Francisco, California, July 27, 1915; also at a meeting in the Eleventh Ward Chapel, Salt Lake City, Dec., 26, 1915.

Some of the good folks present are anxious to hear something about my early experiences. I hope I will be pardoned if I indulge in relating the incidents of my early life and experience, for you know one who speaks of himself is liable to use I very frequently, and he lays himself open to the suggestion that he is rather egotistical. I feel that my life has been an exception in some respects to very many lives in that I can look back and on the road-side I can see wrecks, I can see where some have fallen away—some of those that were with me during my earliest experiences—and most serious experiences, through which I ever was called to pass, although they were the experiences of my youth.

I may say to some of these young people here and to the older ones too, for I cannot expect to speak to the younger ones without you older people hearing me—that I am among a very few now living who can speak from their own knowledge of an acquaintance with the Prophet Joseph Smith. Of course, I was only a child in those days, but I was as familiar in the home of the Prophet as I was in the home of my father. We lived neighbors, only a few steps apart, and his boys and my father's boys were constant playmates and we were so closely associated with each other that they were in my father's house perhaps quite as often as we were in their father's house. As a child I knew the Prophet Joseph Smith. I can see him in my mind's eye today just as he seemed to appear to me then on many occasions.

I want to tell a little incident that occurred almost in my [page 54] babyhood that I have never seen in history. I do not think it has ever been recorded at all and perhaps no one has ever given utterance to it as I will now give utterance to it. To preface this, however, I will say that our people had been driven from the State of Missouri. They had been robbed of their property, despoiled of all their possessions, had been driven away from their homes and from their homesteads which they had purchased from the Government of the United States, and held title to and do hold title to to this day; for the titles they hold have never been cancelled; they stand there today just as truly as they ever stood, with the exception that they have been sold for taxes to one and another from time to time and now others hold tax titles to the farms and to the possessions of the Latter-day Saints which they owned in Davies County and in Caldwell County
and in Ray County and in Jackson County in the State of Missouri.

Sometime ago I was visiting in Richmond, Missouri and a young lawyer came to me and he said "Joseph,"--in fact, he was somewhat familiar because he was a grand-son-in-law to David Whitmer, or at least was to be, and is now a grand-son-in-law--"he said, "Joseph, if you want to get possession of your father's farm in Caldwell County, I want to tell you that I know the way to get it and it won't cost you very much either." "Why?" I said. "Why," he replied, "they have no title to it, only the title of a tax sale, and your father was driven from there. Your people were driven away at the point of a gun and the bayonet and at the muzzle of the cannon, and therefore you were despoiled, you were robbed of your possessions. Every man that has had possession of your father's farm and the farms of the people here know perfectly well that he has no good title to the land."

I said, "Well, wait awhile. I will inquire about it." I was younger then than I am today and I asked council about it. Perhaps I would have known enough to have said to him, "It is too much of a burden to take upon myself; I don't care to have any dealing with it at all. Let it rest and let justice come to those who robbed those that are now dead. Let the title rest where it belongs; it is not mine; it was not mine; it belongs to others and therefore I do not desire to take possession by force or by technical reasoning of that which did not literally belong to me." I asked advice of my brethren when I got home and that was their council to me, so I said to my friend, "Let it alone."

Our people then were driven from Missouri, robbed, plundered, and some of them murdered. My own aunt, who was the wife of Don Carlos Smith and who was then living in exile, having been driven out of her own home, a little log cabin, the best they possessed then, with three little children, a babe in her arms and another little tot holding her hand and another a little older hanging to her skirts, at midnight in the month of November, page 55 with the frost in the air and the earth frozen solid, without time to put on her clothes; and she left prints of her feet in blood upon the frozen soil of Missouri. That only describes the condition of many others. She fled from what she had, the little she possessed in the world, by the light of the flames that destroyed her little cabin home. That is history which has not been said very much about, because we say now, "Hush; don't wound the feelings and sensibilities of the children of those who drove you out of Missouri. They repent of it, they are sorry for it, they wish you would come back. Now, keep these things silent, don't say anything about it," but you will pardon me for saying it, won't you, because I want to reach something else.

When the Prophet Joseph and my father and others of the brethren made their final escape, or rather were secretly and clandestinely released from their long imprisonment in Richmond, Missouri--because their captors wanted to get rid of them--because they could not convict them of crime, they could not punish them by law because they were guiltless; they had done no wrong, and yet they held them there for months in chains and in dungeons. Why?
Because Joseph had had a revelation. Joseph Smith was teaching revelation from God in this age of the world, when it was claimed by all Christianity that the heavens were brass over the heads of the children of men and were sealed up, and God would never more speak to man. Joseph declared that the Lord had already spoken to man by the mouth of Christ Himself, by the mouth of His disciples whom He chose and anointed and ordained, endowed with power to preach His name to all the inhabitants of the world then known— that was his crime, and they said, If you will only separate, and become like the rest of us, why all will be well; if you will discard your prophets and your revelations and give them up and become like the rest of mankind. We have nothing against you people, it is only these men that are leading you that we have cause against.

This was the condition when the Prophet finally made his escape and reached our people in the little place called Commerce on the banks of the Mississippi River, which was afterwards named Nauvoo, the beautiful. There our people built up in later years, a beautiful city. It was a sickly place because it was on a little bend of the river running to the west and turning and running again to the east, making a beautiful little horseshoe in the river. There we started to make homes. That was the first land bought, the first land entered; and it was swampy, dismal and malarious and nearly every one that built their little homes there in the beginning suffered with the chills and the fever. I have seen poor old men sitting upon their bench, mending and cobbling shoes, shaking until you would think their bones would rattle, and yet they had to mend their shoes and work.

Corn at that time was worth only ten cents a bushel on the ear but did our people have ten cents to buy a bushel of corn? No! No, they had nothing. They had been despoiled of everything. They had left everything and they had fled from the wrath of their enemies and their threatened destruction and extirpation. They came to Nauvoo. In Kirtland they established a bank. The bank was robbed and plundered; speculation was rife in it, all around it and those who sought to destroy it. Obligations arose; notes were given and obligations signed by one and another. They were driven from Kirtland into Missouri and they were driven out of Missouri, and these obligations, these notes remained in the hands of those who held the credit.

Now, I am going to tell the little story that I remember. One day during cold weather, my father took me by my hand and let me down the road to a little brick building. It was not much larger than what you would call a bee-hive house, a little beehive, but it was the best they had at that time, and in it was a little sheet-iron stove. I remember the looks of it just as well as if I had seen it yesterday. There I remember the Prophet Joseph, my father, Brigham Young, Sidney Rigdon and Willard Richards and there were a number of others. I remember these more particularly for the reason that I became better and better acquainted with them as I grew up. I remember them all the way through. They met in that hovel to consider what they should do with the obligations that rested in their hands, from those that had been despoiled of all they possessed in the world. What will we do with them? they said. They are impoverished; they are
without everything or anything and they cannot pay the debts. What shall we do with these obligations? Shall we hold them against those people that have been robbed and plundered and despoiled of all they had and wait until they are able to pay and then collect it with usury? No, I guess not. This my conclusion, for I saw them sit there and talk together for quite a long while and these piles of papers lay on a little table before the Prophet, and my father and others. By and by, I saw the Prophet gather them up one after another, a bundle here and a bundle there, and put them together; he opened the door of the stove and stuck them in, and I saw them burn. Now, I understand that the brethren did that to cancel the debts, the debts and obligations because of the persecution and robbery and plunder. I think now that it was a mighty fine thing to do. There was forgiveness in it, there was charity in it, there was mercy in it, for those that were helpless at the time. Many of them, I believe, grew up well furnished, well fitted, in later years. Some of them, of course fell away because of the persecutions that were brought upon them. Well, that was an incident that I remember very well.

Again, while I was a little boy, one day, I think it was just about noon hour, we were anticipating, or my mother was anticipating the return of my father from somewhere for he and Joseph the prophet had been in concealment away from the mob, and I was looking for them. I went out on the bank of the river, close to the old printing office. I sat on the bank of the river, and presently I saw a skiff starting out from the other side of the river. The river there is a mile wide. They rowed across the stream until they landed close to where I stood. Out of that little skiff the Prophet and my father alighted and walked up the hill. I joined the hand of my father and we went home to my mother, to my father’s home. Then both went into the house and sat down; they chatted and talked with each other and while my father was changing his clothes—I suppose his collar and cuffs and something of that kind, probably—Joseph the prophet sat there. He took me on his knee and trotted me a little and then he looked at me a little more carefully and finally he said, well, he says, why don’t you know, what do you think is the matter? Why, he looks as though he had not a drop of blood in him. Oh! Father says, that is because he has been living on milk only for up to that time—I was between five and six years of age—I had never eaten a thing harder than milk; I was living on it. I do not know whether that had the effect of making me white or pale, but that was the condition that I was in, and that was the remark the Prophet made. I never forgot it.

Two or three times after this, I saw them on their horses with a company of others, and I want to tell you that they were not mob-driven by force of arms as we saw represented here in a picture show of them. When they went to Carthage, Joseph Smith rode one of the best horses in the State of Illinois, and my father rode another. I remember very well his attempt to get on him with his military cap, on one occasion, and the sword by his side. The horse would not let him get on; he was simply obstreperous and would not permit him to get on while he wore his military cap and sword, and he was obliged to take off the sword and the cap and then the horse was docile enough to let him get on, and then they stole his cap and sword up to him the best they could without the horse seeing it. They were going on policy I suppose, and then old Sam took to
his heels and ran up the road pretty quick. I thought it was grand; I thought, "Oh, when I get to be a man, wouldn't I like to have a horse like old Sam?" We called him "old Sam." Later; he was young Sam that day; but we kept him until we got to Winter Quarters and he gave up the ghost and we buried him there.

I saw the Prophet Joseph Smith myself get on his horse and there were my father and others—I don't recall exactly [page 58] who they all were, when they started to Carthage in June, 1844. I heard the voice of Dimmick B. Huntington at the window of the old chamber of my mother's home on the morning after the 27th day of June, 1844, saying to my mother, "Hyrum is dead!" I remember the exclamation that my mother made: I remember the gloom that seemed to hang over the City of Nauvoo. It was a misty, foggy morning; everything looked dark and gloomy and dismal, not only to me, but I have heard scores of others say the very same thing. Now, these are some of the things I remember.

I remember in February, 1846, seeing President Brigham Young and the Twelve, and as many of the Latter-day Saints as had the means to travel, drive down to the river and cross the river on the ice over into Iowa, when they commenced their journey to the West. My brother was one of the party that started on that occasion, and I stood on the bank of the river, wondering "Shall I ever see him again?" I did not know, it did not seem as though it would be possible for me ever to see them any more. We remained there from February till September, 1846, when suddenly the word of alarm came--"Get out of the city, the widows, the orphans, the children, the helpless, the very poor and the women, get out of the city as quickly as you can. The mob is upon us!"

My mother chartered a flat boat or made provision some way to get hold of a flat boat, which was drawn up to the shore next to the city, and we took our furnishings and our bedding and our wearing apparel and such things as we could not do without, leaving the furniture standing in the home. We took these things and dumped them into the flat boat and were rowed across the river to the Iowa side. We had neither tent nor shed nor shelter of any kind except the canopy of heaven and the shade of the trees along the bank of the river. We camped under those trees for several days and heard the bombardment that was carried on by the mob and the defense that was made by our brethren of the City of Nauvoo, until the city surrendered, or until the brethren surrendered to the mob. I laid there, or sat there on the bank of the river expecting every moment that a cannon ball would come across the river, but I do not know that they had cannon in those days that would shoot as far as a mile away, though I felt, through all the drear and dread, the apprehension of being murdered right there on the banks of the river during the cannonading of the city.

During this time, while we were thus camped on the river, my mother was absent, I knew not where. My father left a numerous family but I do not think there was a child in the family that knew where she was. We learned though, that she was off down to Keokuk, or down,
perhaps, to Quincy, making arrangements to exchange some of the property that belonged to my father in Hancock County, Illinois, for oxen and wagons and cows and things like that which would enable us to pursue our journey on after the Twelve through the state of Iowa. Some time passed—I do not know how long—it seemed a very long time to me, and then she returned with help. Her brother was one of the help, and others, driving a herd of oxen with yokes and chains, and some with wagons. We loaded from there. I rode a little pony—I remember very well riding a pony—and I drove the loose stock that we did not put in the yokes, as far as a place called Bonaparte. We organized there, we loaded up a supply, what we could, of our provisions, and started out across the state or along the territory of Iowa.

Now, I am going to tell what I did. You may think it egotistical, I guess it is, and perhaps I ought not to say it at all, but I drove a team from Bonaparte to Winter Quarters, that is, to our stopping place across the river; I cannot think of it just now; and then from there we ferried across and camped with the Camp of Israel at Winter Quarters on the west banks of the Missouri River. Well, I felt mighty proud to think I could drive a team three hundred miles over rolling prairie down hill up hill, sometimes sagging road, sometimes very poor road, sometimes mud holes and all that sort of thing, and I never got stuck once and I never tipped the wagon over, I never broke a tongue or reach or wrenched a wheel. I got through our journey just as well as the old men who drove the teams and I felt mighty big about it, I tell you.

At Winter Quarters, during the winter of forty-six and forty-seven and the summer of forty-seven, I was herd-boy. Now I want to tell you another story. In the fall of forty-seven, we were making our arrangements as far as possible—that is my mother was and I was guarding her interests to the utmost of my ability, I can assure you—to go to the Valley next year, that is 1848. Part of our family had gone to the Valley in forty-seven. Then part of the family which belonged to my father came in the next company following the pioneers and our strength was partly with them. So I was herd-boy during the fall of forty-seven. We went out to herd as usual. There were two of us, three in fact—one large boy and two very small boys—myself and one other little boy, and we rode horses, while Alden Burdick, the older boy walked. Alden went up through the draw in another direction to gather hazel nuts for the crowd during the day, so Tommy Burdick and I drove the cattle out to the herd ground. We stopped at the head of a little spring where we generally put our dinner pails and had our dinner. Instead of turning out the horses to eat, as little boys ought to have done and as little boys seldom do, were running races with them and jumping ditches [page 60] and having a real good time, because Alden was not there, and the cattle were feeding down the little spring creek through a point of the gully. Presently, all of a sudden, we heard the whoop and yell of a band of Indians, probably about twenty-five or thirty of them, coming, stripped to the breech-cloth and daubed with clay, their hair and face painted, and all that sort of thing—rather a funny sight. My friend, the moment that he saw them, turned around the hill and shouted, "Indians!" He wheeled and turned toward town as hard as he could run. The only thought that came to my mind was "Will they drive off our cattle? If they do, we cannot go to the Valley next spring," and I put my thought to the test at once. I struck out for the
head of the cattle just about the time that the Indians did, and with their yelping and howling and whooping, we stampeded our herd and drove them back up around the head of the spring and down toward the draw up which Alden Burdick was coming. Then they singled me out, for they wanted my horse. It was not mine, it was Brother Burdick’s, and it was a good one; it could run. I could outrun them, but they ran me around the head of the spring and down the other side of the spring beyond the point of the hill from whence it came, and as they saw me outstrip them, another band crossed the creek there, ran in ahead of me. Then I veered around and those that were behind me veered too, and threw me in the rear, while the rear kept coming up; they slackened, and the rear came up and I was sandwiched in between two posses [sic] of Indians numbering, twenty-five or thirty each, possibly. Finally they closed up on me and one of them took me by the arm and the other by the leg, and raised me up off from my horse and chucked me down, and all the horses behind me jumped over me. I made several lusty bounds when I struck the ground but they all went over without a touch. They got my horse; we never got it again.

Just at this moment my friend, Tommy Burdick, had excited a lot of men that were going out to the hay field and they made their appearance on the brow of the hills and the Indians took back to their quarters and disappeared. I began then to get frightened; I began to think I was all alone in the world and I did not know how soon those redskins would return after the men disappeared from the hill, so then I took to my heels. Just as I reached the top of the hill, I saw Tommy going down the hill towards Winter Quarters and I followed, I assure you. Well, when I got to the top of the hill where I could look down on the camp, a large assembly of people were gathered in the bowery. Tommy had excited the camp and in a short time a company of horsemen was formed under the guidance of Hosea Stout and they went up the draw where Alden had gone. Then William W. Majors, took another company with Tommy and myself as guides and we went back over the trail. When we got up to where the dinner pails were left they were all gone. The thought struck me, “Well, the Indians have come back and they have got our dinner.” They frequently used to do that. They used to take it away from us very frequently when they were more friendly and when they did not have large game in view as they did at this time. The cattle had disappeared, everything was gone. We spent that whole day tramping through the country looking for lost cattle and for Indians, whom we did not want to see. We did not want to see the Indians; it was the cattle we were looking for, and we were in hopes that we would find them.

Finally, Brother Majors gave up the pursuit and they held a council of war and concluded that we would return home and leave the fate of the cattle with the Indians. So we started for home. I went home reluctantly. I brooded over the thought, “How will we ever get to the Valley next spring—the cattle gone and everything taken, nothing to go with; what will we do?” And I thought what would my poor mother say; how would she feel; how would the rest of the children feel when they learned that I had permitted in some way, all that we had in the world to depend upon, to be stolen by a band of savages. I was wrought up. We got pretty near home and I broke down; I did not see how I could face the music. It was bitter to me, so I sat down and let the
company go on. I cried and I prayed and I hoped, and the feelings were wrought up in my heart to a wonderful degree, and I said, "How can we get to the Valley?"

After exhausting my tears, I got up and went on. When I reached the brow of the hill and looked down upon the corral, to my joy and satisfaction, there was every hoof of our cattle in the corral. The Indians had not got them. Alden had come up just as we had got through the fracas with the Indians. He discovered that something was wrong, the horses were gone, we were gone, the dinner bucket stood there by the spring. What should he do? So, he was alarmed, too. He began to be frightened, so he gathered up the cattle and drove them back down the draw to the town and put them in the corral, and we missed them, and hence our anxiety during the day.

Now, that was a little incident that I shall not forget while I live and I am going to tell you just one more and then I am going to quit. I don't want you to be tired because I may never tell it to you again. Later in the fall of 1847, we found--I say we, or course I was the boy, I did the herding, I drove the oxen, I watched them and guarded them and my mother did the calculations of course and was the business man of the firm--but she and her brother Joseph Fielding, found it necessary for their families to make a trip down into Missouri with empty wagons, with two yoke of oxen to each wagon. My uncle drove one and I drove the other one. I remember I was bare footed; it was in the fall of the year. It was very cold and it rained a good deal of the [page 62] time, as we were going along, I remember I had mighty sore feet, tramping through the timber, stubbing my toes on the roots and in the chuck holes and mud-holes as we went along for hundreds of miles, I think. We traveled down to Savannah and ST. Joe and my mother made the purchases that we had to make of corn meal--that was our principle food--and pork bacon and such stuff as could be carried along, and not decay, and to get a little calico for dresses for the children and for the women. We loaded up and started back home.

One night we camped in a little open glade. We could see a river--the Missouri River, flowing right down in plain sight and in front and behind the timber. Over on the right were hills and on the other side of the spring a creek ran down into the river. We crossed that and camped on one side. There were a herd of beef cattle and some drovers camping on the other side, so mother and Uncle Joseph said, "We had better not unyoke our cattle tonight. They might get mixed with that herd and perhaps be driven off; we might lose them." So they came to the conclusion that we would turn the oxen out that night with their yokes on, and we did.

Next morning my uncle and I went out to hunt the cattle and we hunted and hunted. We found about two yoke of them and the others were gone. Where they were we could not find. We went over hills and through the timber and all around through this herd of cattle which was waiting there seeming to be resting for some reason, we did not know what.

After hunting all forenoon, I was the first to come back. As I approached the wagon, I saw the tongue of one of the wagons raised and a box lid laid over the hounds and a table cloth
spread over the food that had been prepared for my uncle and me, and kneeling down by that table was my mother. I stopped and I heard her pray. She simply told the Lord that we were there helpless, that we were dependant upon His mercy and she asked Him to lead us to where our cattle were lost, that we might find them in order to pursue our journey. That was about the substance of her prayer. She arose to her feet and I came in. I was wet from foot to shoulder from traveling through the dew on the grass and mother said, "Where is your uncle?" I said, "I don't know. I have been hunting everywhere that I could, and I hoped he would find the cattle; presently uncle came in but he had not found them. He said, "Mary, somebody has driven those cattle away, I am sure. We have been all over, there could not be any chance for them to escape my attention or our search, and they are not to be found."

"Well, mother cheerfully said, "Brother and Joseph, sit down here and eat your breakfast and I will go and see if I can find them."

My uncle stood back almost aghast. He said, "Mary, what [page 63] do you mean. We have been all over the country. If we could not find them, how could you think that you would find them?" "Never mind, brother," she said, "you are hungry. You sit down and eat your breakfast and I will go and see if I can find them." Well, I thought to myself, I will go, too, I did not want to trust my mother out alone in the wilderness like that. "No, she said, "You sit down and eat your breakfast with your uncle and I will go and see if I can find the cattle."

I had to obey but with my eyes I followed my mother. She went right down the little stream where we were camped beside it and we could see the river in a wide open space between two groves of timber but we could see a little bunch of willows growing up, as we supposed, right on the bank of the river, just on the edge of the stream. She walked straight down the stream. Immediately the man on the other side--I remember seeing his gauntlet gloves--rode up in haste and he said, "Madam, I saw your cattle over in this direction this morning." "Mother," I said, "come back and let us go there."

She paid no attention to me and she paid no attention to him. She walked right along and as soon as he discovered that she paid no attention to what he said, he turned his horse and they commenced immediately gathering up their herd and starting them off toward Savannah, where they were driving them for beef. My mother walked down to the edge of the river and there this little stream, little innocent stream, had washed a deep gulch in the bank of the river from the bottom of which grew up a bunch of willows. They were large willows and the tops; of them reached up far enough so we could see them from where we were camped, and there in that gulch were chained up our cattle, and these men were waiting for us to move on that they might drive them away! I want to just add this. Never for one moment in my life, since that circumstance, have I doubted the efficacy of prayer.

Now, may the Lord bless you. I could follow this history clear up to the Valley here.
Perhaps I might just say I was successful in driving a team for my mother from the Elkhorn River into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake or into the old fort or within the new fort which is now called Old Fort Square. In the summer of 1848, we landed in this valley, on the 23rd day of September, and I made the same record across the plains and deserts and mountains and canyons from the Elkhorn River into this valley, that I made across the Territory of Iowa in 1846.

There is just one other little thing I wanted to say. The choir here sang the hymn on page 166, written by William Fowler. I went on my first mission to England in 1860. William Fowler was one of our local elders in the Sheffield conference. He was a cutlery grinder. He was afflicted with what they called in Sheffield, [the grinders rot]; in other words, he had consumption, due to the process of grinding knives. He composed this [page 64] hymn, [We thank Thee, oh, God, for a Prophet]; and we sang it there the first time that it was ever sung in the world. I was present with him; I knew him well. There were two brothers of them--William and Henry C. They both came to the Valley, but William, poor boy, was so far gone that he lived but a short time after he came here. I mention this for the reason that I have understood that there, was a man here somewhere who claimed that he was the author of this hymn. He was not the author; it was William Fowler, a poor boy that came here penniless and who had earned a living grinding knives in a little establishment in Sheffield.

God bless the Latter-day Saints. My heart is with you. My love is with this people. My whole interest is in the work of the Lord. I have been in it from my boyhood. I started in it when I was about fifteen years of age on my own account, without even mother to guide me and only memories of her life and teachings to sustain me in foreign lands and in the midst of the worst of temptations that ever a youth was subjected to in the world, but with the memory of my mother and the memory of the covenants that I made in the days of my youth here in this city before I left on my mission. I was able to keep myself unsaddled from the world. I am not ashamed to say this, although it may seem boastful for me to say it, but I don't say it in my own strength. It was not my strength, it was the memory of my teachings in my youth, it was the consciousness that I felt in my soul that I was in the Master's service, that I was following in the footsteps of my parents, and of the noblest and best men that I had ever known in the world, those who stood at the head of the Church, and I stood by it and I am standing by it to the best of my ability that the Lord gives me and to the utmost of the strength that I have in my being.

Now I bear testimony to you of the Gospel. I know it is true. I feel it in every atom of my being from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. I believe it with all my heart and what I have tested of it, what I have demonstrated in it, I know as truly as I know I live, that it is true; just as far as I have gone, as far as I have been able to see the principles of the Gospel or comprehend them or understand them, I know positively that they are uplifting, that they are righteous and just, they are merciful, they are kind, they are forgiving, they are long suffering, they are enlightening, they have in them the power of God unto salvation. May you receive this testimony and the knowledge of these principles in your hearts, as I feel that I have them in mine,
is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen

[The following account of the journey across the plains to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake is taken from the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of 1871, Volume 6. The facts and incidents here related were furnished by President Smith himself, and therefore make a fitting [page 65] continuation of his boyhood recollections as told in the foregoing discourse.--Editors]

In the Spring of 1848, a tremendous effort was made by the Saints to emigrate to the Valley on a grand scale. No one was more anxious than Widow Smith; but to accomplish it seemed an impossibility. She still had a large and comparatively helpless family. Her two sons, John and Joseph, mere boys, being her only support; the men folks, as they were called, Brother J. Lawson and G. Mills, being in the valley with the teams they had taken. Without teams sufficient to draw the number of wagons necessary to haul provisions and outfit for the family, and without means to purchase, or friends who were in circumstances to assist, she determined to make an attempt, and trust in the Lord for the issue. Accordingly every nerve was strained, and every available object was brought into requisition. 《Jackie》 was traded off for provisions, cows and calves were yoked up, two wagons lashed together, and teams barely sufficient to draw one was hitched on to them, and in this manner they rolled out from Winter Quarters some time in May. After a series of the most amusing and trying circumstances, such as sticking in the mud, doubling teams up all the little hills, and crashing at ungovernable speed down the opposite sides, breaking wagon tongues and reaches, upsetting, and vainly endeavoring to control wild steers, heifers and unbroken cows, they finally succeeded in reaching the Elk Horn, where the companies were being organized for the plains.

Here Widow Smith reported herself to President Kimball, as having 《started for the Valley.》 Meantime, she had left no stone unturned or problem untried, which promised assistance in effecting the necessary preparations for the journey. She had done her utmost, and still the way looked dark and impossible.

President Kimball consigned her to Captain 《s fifty. The captain was present; said he, 《Widow Smith, how many wagons have you?》 《Seven.》
《How many yoke of oxen have you?》
《Four, and so many cows and calves.》
《Well,》 said the captain, 《Widow Smith, it is folly for you to start in this manner; you can never make the journey, and if you try it, you will be a burden upon the company the whole way. My advice to you is, go back to Winter Quarters and wait till you can get help.》

This speech aroused the indignation of Joseph, who stood by and heard it; he thought it was poor consolation to his mother who was struggling so hard, even against hope as it were, for her deliverance; and if he had been a little older it is possible that he would have said some very
harsh things to the captain; but as it was, he busied himself with his thoughts and bit his lips.

Widow Smith calmly replied, "Father [he was an aged man.] I will beat you to the Valley and will ask no help from you either!"

This seemed to nettle the old gentleman, for he was a high mettle. It is possible that he never forgot this prediction, and that it influenced his conduct towards her more or less from that time forth as long as he lived, and especially during the journey.

While the companies were lying at Elk Horn, Widow Smith sent back to Winter Quarters, and by the blessing of God, succeeded in buying on credit, and hiring for the journey, several yoke of oxen from brethren who were not able to emigrate that year, [among these brethren one Brother Rogers was ever gratefully remembered by the family]. When the companies were ready to start, Widow Smith and her family were somewhat better prepared for the journey and rolled out with lighter hearts and better prospects than favored their egress from winter Quarters.

Passing over from the Platte to the Sweetwater, the cattle suffered extremely from the heat, the drought, and the scarcity of feed, being compelled to browse on dry rabbit brush, sage brush, weeds and such feed as they could find all of which had been well picked over by the preceding companies. Captain ____'s company being one of the last, still keeping along, frequently in sight of, and sometimes camping with President Kimball's company which was very large. One day as they were moving along slowly through the hot sand and dust, the sun pouring down with excessive heat, toward noon one of Widow Smith's best oxen laid down in the yoke, rolled over on his side, and stiffened out his legs spasmodically, evidently in the throes of death. The unanimous opinion was that he was poisoned. All the hindmost teams, of course, stopped, the people coming forward to know what was the matter. In a short time the captain, who was in advance of the company, perceiving that something was wrong, came to the spot.

Perhaps no one supposed that the ox would ever recover. The captain's first words on seeing him, were: "He is dead; there is no use working over him; we'll have to fix up some way to take the Widow along, I told her she would be a burden upon the company."

Meanwhile Widow Smith had been searching for a bottle of consecrated oil in one of the wagons, and now came forward with it, and asked her brother, Joseph Fielding, and the other brethren, to administer to the ox, thinking the Lord would raise him up. They did so, pouring a portion of the oil on the top of his head, between and back of the horns, they all laid hands upon him, and one prayed, administering the ordinance as they would have done to a human being that was sick. Can you guess the result? In a moment he gathered his legs under him, and at the [page 67] first word arose to his feet, and traveled right on as well as ever. He was not even unyoked from his mate. The captain, it may well be supposed, heartily regretted his hasty conclusions and unhappy expressions. They had not gone very far when another and exactly similar circumstance occurred. This time also it was one of her best oxen. The loss of either
would have effectually crippled one team, as they had no cattle to spare. But the Lord mercifully heard their prayer, and the authority of the Priesthood when applied in behalf of even a poor dumb brute! Sincere gratitude from more than one heart in that family went up unto the Lord that day for His visible interposition in their behalf. At or near a place called Rattlesnake Bend, on the Sweetwater, one of Widow Smith's oxen died of sheer old age, and consequent poverty. He had been comparatively useless for some time, merely carrying his end of the yoke without being of any further service in the team; he was therefore not great loss.

At the last crossing of the Sweetwater, Widow Smith was met by James Lawson, with a span of horses and a wagon, from the Valley. This enabled her to unload one wagon, and send it, with the best team, back to Winter Quarters to assist another family the next season. Elder Joel Terry returned with the team. At this place the captain was very unfortunate, several of his best cattle and a valuable mule laid down and died, supposed to have been caused by eating poisonous weeds. There was no one in the camp who did not feel a lively sympathy for the captain, he took it to heart very much. He was under the necessity of obtaining help, and Widow Smith was the first to offer it to him, but he refused to accept of it from her hands. Joseph sympathized with him, and would gladly have done anything in his power to aid him; but here again, it is painful to say, he repulsed his sympathy and chilled his heart and feelings more and more by insinuating to others, in his presence, that Widow Smith had poisoned his cattle, saying, "Why should my cattle, and nobody else's, die in this manner? There is more than a chance about this. It was well planned, etc., expressly for his ear. This last thrust was the severing blow. Joseph resolved, some day, to demand satisfaction, not only for this, but for every other indignity the captain had heaped upon his mother.

On the 22nd of September, 1848, Captain's fifty crossed over the Big Mountain, when they had the first glimpse of the Salt Lake Valley. It was a beautiful day. Fleecy clouds hung round over the summits of the highest mountains, casting their shadows down the valley beneath, lightening, by contrast, the golden hue of the sun's rays which fell though the openings upon the dry bunch grass and sage-brush plains, gilding them with fairy brightness, and making the arid desert seem like an enchanted spot. Every heart rejoiced and with lingering fondness, wistfully [page 68] gazed from the summit of the mountain upon the western side of the valley revealed to view—the goal of their wearisome journey. The ascent from east to west was gradual, but long and fatiguing for the teams. It was in the afternoon, therefore, when they reached the top. The descent to the west was far more precipitous and abrupt. They were obliged to rough-lock the hind wheels of the wagons, and, as they were not needed, the forward cattle were turned loose to be driven to the foot of the mountain or to the camp, the wheelers only being retained on the wagons. Desirous of shortening the next day's journey as much as possible—as that was to bring them into the Valley—they drove on till a late hour in the night, over very rough roads much of the way, and skirted with oak brush and groves of trees. They finally camped near the eastern foot of the Little Mountain. During the night's drive several of Widow Smith's cows, that had been turned loose from the teams—were lost in
the brush. Early next morning John returned on horseback to hunt for them, their service in the teams being necessary to proceed.

At an earlier hour than usual the captain gave the orders for the company to start—knowing well the circumstances of the widow, and that she would be obliged to remain till John returned with the lost cattle—accordingly the company rolled out, leaving her and her family alone.

It was fortunate that Brother James Lawson was with them, for knew the road, and if necessary could pilot them down the canyon in the night. Joseph thought of his mother’s prediction at Elk Horn, and so did the captain, and he was determined that he would win this point, although he had lost all the others, and prove her predictions false. ☟ will beat you to the valley and will ask no help from you either, ☟ rang in Joseph’s ears; he could not reconcile these words with the possibility, though he knew his mother always told the truth, but how could this come true? Hours to him seemed like days as they waited, hour after hour for John’s return. All this time the company was slowly tugging away up the mountains, lifting at the wheels, geeing and hawing, twisting along a few steps, then blocking the wheels for the cattle to rest and take a breath, now doubling a team, and now a crowd rushing to stop a wagon, too heavy for the exhausted team, to prevent its rolling backward down the hill, dragging the cattle along with it. While in this condition, to heighten the distress and balk the teams, a cloud, as it were, burst over their heads, sending down the rain in torrents; as it seldom rains in this country, this threw the company into utter confusion. The cattle refused to pull, would not face the beating storm, and to save the wagons from crashing down the mountain, upsetting, etc., they were obliged to unhitch them, and block all the wheels. While the teamsters sought shelter, the storm drove the cattle before it [page 69] through the brush and into the ravines, and into every nook they could find, so that when it subsided it was a day’s work to find them, and get them together. Meantime Widow Smith’s cattle—except those lost—were tied to the wagons, and were safe. In a few moments after the storm, John brought up those which had been lost, and they hitched up, making an early start as they usually did in the mornings, rolled up the mountain, passing the company in their confused situation, and feeling that every tie had been sundered that bound them to the captain, continued on to the Valley, and arrived at Old Fort about ten o’clock on the night of the 23rd of September, all well and thankful. The next morning was the Sabbath, and the whole family went to the bowery to meeting. Presidents Young and Kimball preached. This was a meeting long to be remembered by those present. That evening Captain——— and his company arrived, dusty and weary, too late for the excellent meetings and the day of sweet rest enjoyed by the widow and her family. Once more, in silver tones, rang through Joseph’s ears, ☟Father———, I will beat you to the Valley, and will ask no help from you either. ☺
The Freeman, Howe, Parke, Stockwell, Thatcher, Martin etc

Entries: 353196  Updated: 2007-02-07 20:54:34 UTC (Wed)
Contact: Peter Howe Freeman freemanmp@prodigy.net

Freeman Genealogy

- **ID:** 122492
- **Name:** Joseph Fielding Smith
- **Surname:** Smith
- **Given Name:** Joseph Fielding
- **Sex:** M
- **Birth:** 13 Nov 1838 in Far West, , Caldwell, Missouri
- **Death:** 19 Nov 1918 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah
- **Burial:** 21 Nov 1918 Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah
- **Ancestral File #:** 174K8M
- **UID:** A8FAE8447C35EE478BC9220D53CEED8BD02B
- **Change Date:** 22 Aug 2001 at 01:00:00

**Father:** Hyrum Smith b: 9 Feb 1800 in Tunbridge, , Orange, Vermont
**Mother:** Mary Fielding b: 21 Jul 1801 in Honiden, , Bedford, England

**Marriage 1** Levira Annette Clark Smith b: 19 Apr 1842 in Nauvoo, , Hancock, Illinois

- **Married:** 4 Apr 1859 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah

**Marriage 2** Julina Lambson b: 18 Jun 1849 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah

- **Married:** 5 May 1866 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah

**Children**

1. &Edward Arthur Smith b: 1 Nov 1858 in Brampton, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, England
2. &Mercy Josephine Smith b: 14 Aug 1867 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah
3. &Mary Sophronia Smith b: 7 Oct 1869 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah
4. &Donette Smith b: 17 Sep 1872 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah
5. &Joseph Fielding Smith b: 19 Jul 1876 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah
6. &David Asael Smith b: 24 May 1879 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah
7. &George Carlos Smith b: 14 Oct 1881 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah
8. &Julina Clarissa Smith b: 10 Feb 1884 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah
9. &Elias Wesley Smith b: 21 Apr 1886 in Lai, , Oahu, Hawaii
10. &Emily Jane Smith b: 11 Sep 1888 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah
11. &Rachael Smith b: 11 Dec 1890 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah
12. &Edith Eleanor Smith b: 4 Jan 1894 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah
13. &Marjorie Virginia Smith b: 7 Dec 1906 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah

http://worldconnect.rootsweb.com/cgi-bin/igm.cgi?op=GET&db=peterhowefreeman&id=122492&printer...

2/23/2007
Marriage 3 Sarah Ellen Richards b: 25 Aug 1850 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah

- Married: 1 Mar 1868 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Ut

Children

1. Sarah Ellen Smith b: 5 Feb 1869 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA
2. Leonora Smith b: 30 Jan 1871 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
3. Joseph Richards Smith b: 22 Feb 1873 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
4. Heber John Smith b: 3 Jul 1876 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
5. Rhoda Ann Smith b: 20 Jul 1878 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
6. Minerva Smith b: 30 Apr 1880 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
7. Alice Smith b: 27 Jul 1882 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA
8. Willard Richards Smith b: 20 Nov 1884 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
9. Franklin Richards Smith b: 12 May 1888 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
11. Asenath Smith b: 28 Dec 1896 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

Marriage 4 Edna Lambson b: 3 Mar 1851 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

- Married: 1 Jan 1871 in Salt Lake City, , Salt Lake, Utah

Children

1. Hyrum Mack Smith b: 21 Mar 1872 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
2. Alvin Fielding Smith b: 19 Jul 1874 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
3. Alfred Jason Smith b: 13 Dec 1876 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Ut
4. Edna Melissa Smith b: 6 Oct 1879 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
5. Emma Smith b: 21 Aug 1888 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
6. Martha Smith b: 12 May 1897 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
7. Albert Jesse Smith b: 16 Sep 1881 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA
8. Robert Smith b: 12 Nov 1883 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
9. Zina Smith b: 11 Oct 1890 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA
10. Ruth Smith b: 21 Dec 1893 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA

Marriage 5 Alice Ann Kimball b: 6 Sep 1858 in Salt Lake City, Ut Territory

- Married: 6 Dec 1883 in Endowment House, Salt Lake County, Ut

Children

1. Alice May Smith b: 11 Oct 1877 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Ut
2. Heber Chase Smith b: 19 Nov 1881 in Salt Lake City, Ut
3. Charles Coulson Smith b: 19 Nov 1881 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Ut
4. Lucy Mack Smith b: 14 Apr 1890 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
5. Andrew Kimball Smith b: 6 Jan 1893 in Salt Lake City, S-Lake, Ut
6. Jesse Kimball Smith b: 21 May 1896 in Salt Lake City, SLC, Ut
7. Fielding Kimball Smith b: 9 Apr 1900 in Salt Lake City, SLe, Ut

Marriage 6 Mary Taylor Schwartz b: 30 Apr 1865 in Holladay, Salt Lake, Utah

- Married: 13 Jan 1884 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Ut

Children

1. John Schwartz Smith b: 20 Aug 1880 in Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah
2. Calvin Schwartz Smith b: 29 May 1890 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
3. Samuel Schwartz Smith b: 26 Oct 1892 in Franklin, Oneida, Idaho
4. James Schwartz Smith b: 13 Nov 1894 in Franklin, Oneida, Idaho
5. Agnes Smith b: 3 Nov 1897 in Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Salt Lake
6. Silas Schwartz Smith b: 3 Jan 1900 in Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah
7. Royal Grant Smith b: 21 May 1906 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

Freeman Genealogy