Zina D. Huntington (Jacobs Smith Young) journal, June 23, 1845, LDS Church Archives. Cf. Beecher’s publication of this in BYU Studies 19 (1979): 285-320, 314: “Last night about 10 o’clock Irvine Hodge was stabled 4 times in his left side, also 4 blows on the head, done not far from Pres B Youngs in the field . . . The said Hodge was direct from Burlington. He has a Brother there, sentenced to be hanged on the 7th of Sept next for Murder. He was a man of unbounded temper.” Cf. Hosea Stout Diary 1:49.

Transcription by TC:
he has two Brothers there, sentenced to be hung on the 7th of Sept next for Murder, said Hodge has threatened Brigham Youngs life which he was a man of an unbounded temper.

Mary Elizabeth Lightner to Emmeline B. Wells, LDS Church Archives
Page 1:
“Letter written by Mary E. L.
to Emmeline B. Wells
(in the Summer of 1905)Salt Lake City”

[p. 2]
Bishop Whitney’s wife I shall
never forget her, as it was at
her House that the Prophet Jos[eph]
first told me about his "Great"
vision Concerning me.
he Said I was the first wom[an]

[p. 3]
God Commanded him to
take as a plural wife, “in 183{4}” he
was very much frightened about [it]
until the Angel appeared to
him three times. it was in
the early part of Feb, 1842
before “that” he was compelled to reveal
it to me personally, by the
Angel threatening him. I

1 The last number is not immediately comprehensible. It has a clear up and down stroke, as in a “1”, but it also has a left-right cross stroke, which makes it look like a cross. There is a possible small rounded stroke on the left part of the cross stroke. In my view, supported by other documents, it is a “4”. Though the “4” in “1842” below is clearly different from this, this does have the up and down stroke of a four, the cross stroke, and what might be the upward stroke of a “4” on the left. Possibly, the elderly Mary’s handwriting faltered on this number.
In some instances, however, Smith’s actions went beyond “trying the people.” He sought to marry wives of several living men, refusing to recognize their civil marriage. Despite the clause in the canonized 1835 Mormon marriage statement recognizing that “all legal contracts of marriage made before a person is baptized into this church, should be held sacred and fulfilled,” Smith viewed as invalid those marriages not sealed by his blessing. As God’s earthly agent, he believed he had been given powers that transcended civil law. Claiming sole responsibility for binding and unbinding marriages on earth and in heaven, he did not consider it necessary to obtain civil marriage licenses or divorce decrees. Whenever he deemed it appropriate he could release a woman from her earthly marriage and seal her to himself or to another with no stigma of adultery.

This thinking is similar, in part, to the revolutionary “spiritual wifery” philosophy of Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772). Swedenborg, an eminent Swedish scientist who turned to theology in middle age, wrote a number of books setting forth “heavenly doctrines” which he claimed were based on biblical teachings interpreted by him through direct communication with the spiritual world. “Two souls which grew up together before life are bound to find each other again on earth,” he wrote, “in heaven as on earth there are males and females. Man was made for woman and woman for man. Love must unite them eternally, and there are marriages in heaven” (Cairncross 1974, 174-75).

William Hepworth Dixon, describing the Americanization of spiritual wifery, discussed the “theory of Spiritual Wives” as pronounced by Joseph Smith’s New York contemporaries, the Perfectionists: “The theory is, that a man who may be either unmarried before the law or wedded to a woman whom he cannot love as a wife should be loved, shall have the right, in virtue of a higher morality, and a more sacred duty than the churches teach him, to go out among the crowd of his female friends, and seek a partner in whom he shall find some special fitness for a union with himself.” When he finds such a “bride of the soul,” he has the right to court her, “even though she may have taken vows as another man’s wife, and of entering into closer and sweeter relations with her than those which belong to the common earth.” The Perfectionists taught that all previous “vows on his part and on her part [were] to this end thrust aside as so much worldly waste” (Dixon 1869, 138-9).

New England proponents of spiritual wifery in the 1830s were asking such pointed questions as: Does a true marriage on earth imply a true marriage in heaven? Can there be a true marriage of the body without a binding covenant for the soul? Is not the real marriage always that of the soul? Are not all unions which are of the body only, false unions? Dixon noted that leaders of the movement proclaimed that “all true marriages are good for time and for eternity; . . . all other combinations of the two sexes, even though they have been sanctioned by the law and blessed by the Church, are null and void” (ibid., 1:94). Erasmus Stone, a prominent Perfectionist leader, taught that “all arrangements for a life in heaven may be made on earth; that spiritual friendships may be formed, and spiritual bonds contracted, valid for eternity” (Ellis 1870).

In many aspects the Perfectionists’ theology paralleled Joseph Smith’s 1840-44 teachings. His 21 May 1843 diary, for example, records a public address in which he said, “We have no claim in our eternal comfort in relation to eternal things unless our actions & contracts & all things tend to this end.” William Clayton’s 16 July 1843 journal notes Smith preaching “that a man must enter into an everlasting covenant with his wife in this world or he will have no claim on her in the next” (Tanner and Tanner). Yet Smith went a step farther than either Swedenborg or the Perfectionists by advocating what he termed “celestial marriage”–a mixture of eternal marriage and polygamy.

Mary Ann Elizabeth Hollingsworth married to non-Mormon Adam Lightner since 11 August 1835, was one of the first women to accept the “celestial marriage” teachings of the prophet. “He was commanded to take me for a wife,” she declared in a 21 November 1880 letter to Emmeline B. Wells. “I was his, before I came here,” she added in an 8 February 1902 statement. Brigham Young secretly sealed the two in February 1842 when Mary was eight months pregnant with her son, George Algernon Lightner. She lived with Adam Lightner until his death in Utah many years later. In her 1880 letter to Emmeline B. Wells, Mary explained: “I could tell you why I stayed with Mr. Lightner. Things the leader of the church does not know anything about. I did as Joseph told me to do, as he knew what troubles I would have to contend with.” She added in an 1892 letter to John R. Young: “I could explain some things in regard to my living with Mr. L. after becoming the Wife of Another, which would throw light, on what now seems mysterious—and you will be perfectly satisfied with me. I write this, because I have heard that it had been commented on to my injury.”

Sarah M. Kimball, a prominent Nauvoo and Salt Lake Relief Society sister, was also secretly approached by Smith in early 1842. Despite holding an 1840 marriage to non-Mormon Hiram Kimball, Sarah later recalled how Smith taught her “the principle of marriage for eternity, and the doctrine of plural marriage. He said that in teaching this he realized that he jeopardized his life.” But, Sarah added, God had “instructed him to teach it with commandment, as the Church could travel (progress) no further without the introduction of this principle” (Jenson, Historical Record [May 1867]: 232). Sarah, however, rejected Smith’s polyandrous proposal, asking him to “teach it to someone else.” Although she kept the matter quiet, her husband and Smith evidently had difficulties over the incident. On 19 May 1842, at a Nauvoo City Council meeting, Smith jotted down and “threw across the room” a revelation to Kimball which declared that “Hiram Kimball has been insinuating evil, and formulating evil opinions” against the prophet, which if he does
Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926)

Source: Mary Lightner, "Mary Elizabeth Rollins Lightner," The Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine 17 (July 1926):193-205, 250-

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARY E. LIGHTNER

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.193

I was born in the town of Lima, Livingston County, state of New York, April 9, 1818. My father, John D. Rollins, came from one of the New England States, I think it was Vermont. My mother, Keziah Keturah Van Benthuyzen, was born in Albany, state of New York, May 16, 1796. She married my father in 1814 or 1815. Three children were the fruit of this marriage, James Henry, myself and sister Caroline, the youngest. When Caroline was six months old, my father was shipwrecked on Lake Ontario during a terrible storm. Only one person was saved out of all the passengers and crew.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.193

When I was ten years old, we moved to Kirtland, Ohio, and lived in a house belonging to Algernon Sidney Gilbert, mother's sister's husband. We remained there two years, when we heard of the plates of the Book of Mormon, being found by Joseph Smith. Soon the news was confirmed by the appearance of Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, and Ziba Peterson, with the glorious news of the restoration of the Gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith. They bore a powerful testimony, by the Holy Spirit, of the truth of the great work they were engaged in, and which they were commissioned by the Father to present to all the world.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.193 - Pg.194

Quite a number of the residents of Kirtland accepted baptism. Mother and myself also, in the month of October, 1830. A branch of the Church was organized, and Father Morley was ordained an elder to preside over it. He owned a large farm, about a mile from Kirtland, and some three or four families went there to live, and meetings were held there. A good spirit and one of union prevailed among the brethren for some time. After Oliver Cowdery and his brethren left there for Missouri on their mission to the Lamanites, a wrong spirit crept into our midst, and a few were led away by it. About this time, John Whitmer came and brought a Book of Mormon. There was a meeting that evening, and we learned that Brother Morley had the Book in his
possession the only one in that part of the country. I went to his house just before the meeting was to commence, and asked to see the book; Brother Morley put it in my hand, as I looked at it, I felt such a desire to read it, that I could not refrain from asking him to let me take it home and read it, while he attended meeting. He said it would be too late for me to take it back after meeting, and another thing, he had hardly had time to read a chapter in it himself, and but few of the brethren had even seen it, but I pled so earnestly for it, he finally said, "Child, if you will bring this book home before breakfast tomorrow morning, you may take it." He admonished me to be very careful, and see that no harm came to it.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 194

If any person in this world was ever perfectly happy in the possession of any coveted treasure I was when I had permission to read that wonderful book. Uncle and Aunt were Methodists, so when I got into the house, I exclaimed, "Oh, Uncle, I have got the 'Golden Bible'." Well, there was consternation in the house for a few moments, and I was severely reprimanded for being so presumptuous as to ask such a favor, when Brother Morley had not read it himself. However, we all took turns reading it until very late in the night as soon as it was light enough to see, I was up and learned the first verse in the book. When I reached Brother Morley's they had been up for only a little while. When I handed him the book, he remarked, "I guess you did not read much in it." I showed him how far we had read. He was surprised and said, "I don't believe you can tell me one word of it." I then repeated the first verse, also the outlines of the history of Nephi. He gazed at me in surprise, and said, "child, take this book home and finish it, I can wait."

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 194 - Pg. 195

Before or about the time I finished the last chapter, the Prophet Joseph Smith arrived in Kirtland, and moved into a part of Newel K. Whitney's house (Uncle Algernon's partner in the Mercantile Business), while waiting for his goods to be put in order. Brother Whitney brought the Prophet Joseph to our house and introduced him to the older ones of the family (I was not at the time.) In looking around he saw the Book of Mormon on the shelf, and asked how that book came to be there. He said, "I sent that book to Brother Morley." Uncle told him how his niece had obtained it. He asked, "Where is your niece?" I was sent for; when he saw me he looked at me so earnestly, I felt almost afraid. After a moment or two he came and put his hands on my head and gave me a great blessing, the first I ever received, and made me a present of the book, and said he would give Brother Morley another. He came in time to rebuke the evil spirits, and set the church in order. We all felt that he was a man of God, for he spoke with power, and as one having authority in very deed.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 195

In the fall of 1831, in company with Bishop Partridge, Father Morley, W. W. Phelps, Cyrus Daniels and their families, mother and myself, my brother Henry and sister Caroline, under the guardianship of Algernon S. Gilbert, left Kirtland for Independence, Jackson County, Missouri. Soon, quite a number of the Saints settled in Independence. Uncle Gilbert opened a store of dry goods, and groceries; while his partner, Newel K. Whitney, kept one in Kirtland, where they had one for several years before the Gospel came to them.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 195

A two story printing office was also erected; altogether the Saints were in a prosperous condition, both temporally and spiritually. Oliver Cowdery, John Whitmer and Thomas B. Marsh
often spoke in tongues in addressing the people on the Sabbath day, and I wanted to understand what they said; so I made it a subject of prayer, that the Lord would give me to understand what was the meaning of their words; for they seemed to speak with great power. One evening the brethren came to Uncle's house to converse upon the revelations that had not been printed as yet, but few had looked upon them, for they were in large sheets, not folded. They spoke of them with such reverence, as coming from the Lord; they felt to rejoice that they were counted worthy to be the means of publishing them for the benefit of the whole world. While talking they were filled with the spirit and spoke in tongues. I was called upon to interpret it. I felt the spirit of it in a moment.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 195 - Pg. 196

Terrible were the threats against our people, we were too much united to suit the inhabitants of Missouri, and they did not believe in our religion, or our way of doing business; then we did not believe in slavery, and they feared us on that account, though we were counseled to have nothing to say to the slaves whatever, but to mind our own business. Soon a mob began to collect in the town and set fire to the grain, and hay stacks in the yard of Bishop Partridge. All were destroyed. Then they began to stone the houses, breaking the doors and windows. One night, a great many got together and stoned our house, part of which was hewed logs, the front was brick. After breaking all the windows, they commenced to tear off the roof of the brick part amidst awful oaths and howls that were terrible to hear; all of a sudden they left and all was quiet. Soon after, I saw Bishop Partridge tarred and feathered, also Brother Charles Allen.

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From that time our troubles commenced in earnest. But just before these troubles began, I went to work for Peter Whitmer, who was a tailor by trade, and just married. He was crowded with work, and Lilburn W. Boggs offered him a room in his house, as he had just been elected lieutenant governor, and wanted Peter to make him a suit for his inauguration ceremonies. Peter did make them, and I stitched the collars and faced the coat. Mr. Boggs often came in to note the progress of the work. As I was considered a good seamstress, he hired me to make his fine, ruffled bosom shirts, also to assist his wife in her sewing. I worked for them some weeks; during that time, they tried to induce me to leave the Church and live with them; they would educate me, and do for me as if I were their daughter. As they had but one little girl about two years old, and two sons, the eldest near my own age, nearly 14 years old, but their persuasions were of no avail with me.

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The mob renewed their efforts again by tearing down the printing office, a two story building, and driving Brother Phelps' family out of the lower part of the house and putting their things in the street. They brought out some large sheets of paper, and said, "Here are the Mormon Commandments." My sister Caroline and myself were in a corner of a fence watching them; when they spoke of the commandments I was determined to have some of them. Sister said if I went to get any of them she would go too, but said "They will kill us." While their backs were turned, prying out the gable end of the house, we went, and got our arms full, and were turning away, when some of the mob saw us and called on us to stop, but we ran as fast as we could. Two of them started after us. Seeing a gap in a fence, we entered into a large cornfield, laid the papers on the ground, and hid them with our persons. The corn was from five to six feet high, and very thick; they hunted around considerable, and came very near us but did not find us. After we
satisfied ourselves that they had given up the search for us, we tried to find our way out of the field, the corn was so high we could not see where to go, looking up I saw trees that had been girdled to kill them. Soon we came to an old log stable which looked as though it had not been used for years. Sister Phelps and children were carrying in brush and piling it up at one side of the barn to lay her beds on. She asked me what I had. I told her. She then took them from us, which made us feel very bad. They got them bound in small books and sent me one, which I prized very highly.

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I saw the first hay and grain stacks on fire, in Bishop Partridge's lot, and other property destroyed. Uncle Gilbert's store was broken open, and some of the goods strewn on the public square; then the few families living in town went to the temple block, where the bishop and his first counselor, John Corrill, lived, for mutual protection; while the brethren were hiding in the woods, their food being carried to them in the night. Some of our brethren were tied to trees and whipped until the blood ran down their bodies. After enduring all manner of grievances we were driven from the county. While we were camped on the banks of the Missouri River waiting to be ferried over, they found there was not money enough to take all over. One or two families must be left behind, and the fear was that if left, they would be killed. So, some of the brethren by the name of Highbee thought they would try and catch some fish, perhaps the ferryman would take them, they put out their lines in the evening; it rained all night and most of the next day, when they took in their lines they found two or three small fish, and a catfish that weighed 14 pounds. On opening it, what was their astonishment to find three bright silver half dollars, just the amount needed to pay for taking their team over the river. This was considered a miracle, and caused great rejoicing among us. At length we settled in Clay County, where my mother married Mr. John M. Burt, a widower with two children, his wife having died with cholera at St. Louis in 1831. I stayed with Uncle Gilbert most of the time until Zion's Camp came up in 1834.

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Many of the brethren stopped with us, including the Prophet Joseph, his brothers, Hyrum and William; and Jesse Smith, their cousin, also Luke and Lyman E. Johnson. When the cholera broke out among the camp, Uncle Gilbert, (who was preparing to go on a mission) was among the first to die, then Jesse Smith. There were five who died at Uncle's, and nine at a neighbor's by the name of Burgett, this was in the month of June. The dead were rolled in blankets and consigned to the grave, as the people were so frightened they would do nothing for us, and our brethren were bowed down with sorrow for the loss of their friends, and almost despair of seeing an end of the plague. But the Lord saw fit to heal the most of those who had come up in the camp, and there were not many deaths after the Prophet Joseph had administered to them. Uncle died on the 29th of June, 1834; shortly after, the camp left for their homes in Kirtland.

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I commenced teaching a few children in spelling, reading and writing. I did not understand much about grammar. I had commenced its study with Sabrina Phelps, Oliver Cowdery, John Whitmer, and two or three others, in Jackson County, but was stopped by the mob, but I was well versed in geography. I continued teaching for two years, and met with good success. In 1835 on the eleventh of August, I was married to Mr. Adam Lightner of Liberty, Clay County, Mo.

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Shortly after this, our people moved to Far West, Caldwell County, and soon had a flourishing town, and a settlement all around of farms, etc. The brethren persuaded Mr. Lightner to go there and keep a store for their accommodation, as the Church was not able; for the most of them had been stripped of all they had. He concluded to go and build a log house for his store, and leave me in Liberty until it was completed. We soon left for Far West, my husband furnishing the supplies for the brethren until they could harvest their crops. It was customary among the Missourians to credit the farmers a year. Mr. Lightner followed the rule, for he knew they could not pay until they could earn the money.

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In the meantime, on the 18th of June, 1836, a son was born to us, we named him Miles Henry. In the latter part of 1837 we moved to Milford, a small town about ten miles distant from Far West, to start a branch of the store in that place for my brother, James H. Rollins, to take charge of. Soon rumors of trouble began to circulate among the people in the outer settlements and we deemed it prudent to go back to Far West. Accordingly, we left the store in the care of Mr. Slade, and most of our housekeeping articles, expecting to send for them in a few days, which we were not able to do for two or three weeks, then we found all of our provisions gone, our carpets ruined, etc. Then the mob gathered in great numbers, threatening our people, driving off stock, and committing other depredations too numerous to mention. When our grievances became almost unbearable, the brethren determined to try and defend themselves. As there was but little powder in the place, they decided, as Mr. Lightner was not a Mormon, to send him to Liberty for a keg of powder; Homer Duncan accompanied him. They got the powder, and brought 20 yards of carpet, rolled the keg in it, put it in a barrel and filled the barrel with beans; on returning their wagon was twice searched by ten men, who thrust their bayonets into the barrel, but did not touch the powder. If they had found it two men would have been killed. Both knew their lives hung on a thread as it were, and looked for death every moment. But the Lord willed otherwise, and they arrived home safely to the joy of the brethren.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.198
After a while, teams were sent out into the settlements to collect all the provisions they could. A number of teams went; two men were appointed to take their guns and guard each wagon. Mr. Lightner and George A. Smith were guards for one wagon. Plenty of provisions were brought in, and taken to Sidney Rigdon's, and other places. But our people were soon to hear the heart rending news of a battle between our brethren and the mob at Crooked River, in which Brothers David W. Patten, Patrick O'Banion and Gideon Carter were killed.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 198-Pg.199
It was about this time that seventeen men and boys were massacred by a mob at Hauns' Mill, and their bodies buried in a well. This news was heart rending, for all felt to mourn for the loss of the slain. Oh, what a time that was! For in the midst of sorrow, news came that the militia (besides the hundreds of the mob), were marching to destroy our city and its inhabitants. A part of the bloodthirsty mob camped near the city and placed a cannon in the middle of the road, intending to blow up the place. Then they sent in a flag of truce, demanding an interview with John Cleminson and wife, and Adam Lightner and wife. We went a short distance to meet them. We saw a number of the brethren standing around the place of meeting, well armed. As we approached, General Clark shook hands with the two men, being old acquaintances, and remarked that Governor Boggs had given him an order for our safe removal before they destroyed the
place. I asked my sister-in-law what we should do about it. She replied, "We will do as you say; I was surprised at her answer, as she was the mother of four or five children, and I had but one. So I asked the General if he would let all the Mormon women and children go out? He said, "No."
"Will you let my mother's family go out?" He said, "The Governor's orders were that no one but our two families should go but all were to be destroyed." "Then, if that is the case, I refuse to go, for where they die, I will die, for I am a full blooded Mormon, and I am not ashamed to own it." "Oh," said he, "you are infatuated, your Prophet will be killed with the rest." Said I, "If you kill him today, God will raise up another tomorrow." "But think of your husband and child" I then said that he could go, and take the child with him, if he wanted to, but I would suffer with the rest.

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Just then a man kneeling down by some brush, jumped up and stepping between the General and myself, said, "Hold on, General," then turned to me and said, "Sister Lightner, God Almighty bless you, I thank my God for one soul that is ready to die for her religion; not a hair of your head shall be harmed, for I will wade to my knees in blood in your behalf." "So will I," said Brother Hyrum Smith, and others. The first speaker was Brother Heber C. Kimball, with whom I was not acquainted at the time. Then the General pleaded with my husband, but it was of no avail.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 199 - Pg.200

The next morning the Prophet and his brother Hyrum were given into the hands of the mob militia. A few days after, my husband's brother came from Lexington for us to go to his home, forty miles distant. As we found our people were not to be massacred, we concluded to go with him for a time. Accordingly, Cleminson's family and ourselves took a change of clothes and were ready to go, when we found a posse was hunting for my brother Henry (who had not been married long). So we got him in the back end of the wagon, and covered him with a feather bed, his wife sitting beside him to uncover him for air when no one of the mob was by. We passed through troops of five hundred men, one half on the right of the wagon and the other on the left. They did not molest us, as we feared they would. We had a negro driver, and Mr. Lightner's brother, who was well known, walked beside the team. I do not know what would have been my brother's fate had they seen him. We soon left Far West behind and reached Lexington in safety, though we had a hard time in crossing the Missouri River at that place, large cakes of ice would almost upset the boat, and we were in great danger of drowning. The ferryman said that he never came so near going to the bottom before. The officers found where we were, and came and took Henry and put him in Richmond jail, with Joseph, Hyrum and other brethren; where they were treated like brutes, and threatened to be shot every day or two. What their sufferings were was only known to God and themselves. But General Doniphan was disposed to favor the brethren as much as he possibly could.

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About this time we decided to go to Louisville, Kentucky. We rode day and night until we reached there. We took a change of clothes for myself and babe, a shirt for Mr. Lightner, (we had left our goods in Far West) took a quilt for a wrap, and that was all we had. We expected to find an uncle of my husband's there, with whom we could stay for awhile, as we had but little means; but in this we were disappointed, for he had moved to Pennsylvania. We rented a house of four small rooms for six months, and gave a gold watch that cost two hundred dollars in New York City for the rent. We bought a second hand bed and bedstead and two chairs, a kettle and skillet,
Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.200

Our money soon gave out and no work could be got that Mr. Lightner could do, as he was a cabinet maker by trade. What to do we did not know. Then I went from shop to shop to get work, many refused because I had no recommendation. At last I told a kind looking man that we were strangers and were destitute. He said he would give me two fine shirts to make, and if they suited, he would give me all the work that I could do. I finished them and carried them home, he was delighted with them and did up a lot more for me to take home. I asked him if he would pay me for what I had done. He offered me 30 cents for the two shirts. He said that was all he paid other women, and though my work was better, yet he could give no more. A dollar was the common price for a fine shirt, and to get only fifteen cents for one; I thought it was hard. I told him that I could do no more at that price, and left him. I spent the money for some cornmeal and molasses. We lived on that for days. I then painted some pictures of flowers, and as good luck was on my side, I sold them for just enough to live on for awhile.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.200 - Pg.201

One day Mr. Lightner was down at the wharf and met Francis Highbee, who told him that our people were in Illinois at a place called Commerce, and that my brother Henry was in Alton, Illinois; so we sold what little we had and started for St. Louis with just enough money to take us there, hoping to get work of some kind so we could live. Our boat proved to be an old affair and we had to stop for repair nearly every day, sometimes for hours at a time. I improved the time in giving painting lessons to a lady on board, to the amount of six dollars, which paid our passage to Alton. We met a member of the Church there whom we had befriended in Far West; he was keeping a boarding house but had a good many empty rooms. We asked permission to leave our trunk with him over night, which he readily gave. We then walked a mile, up hill all the way, and found Henry and wife living in a small house with two other families.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.201

Oh, how glad we were to meet with friends once more, and get a square meal of victuals with wheat bread, for we had lived so long on corn meal that both husband and child were ill. Next day we went for the trunk, the man charged us our last half dollar for letting the trunk stay in an empty room over night. We did not know what to do; our boy was very sick and we almost gave up hope that he would recover, for neither we nor either of the other families had a cent to procure medicine with. Finally, a doctor's wife, hearing of our distress, kindly gave us medicine that checked the disease, for which she would take no pay.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.201

As soon as my husband was able to be around so as to take care of our boy, I went from house to house and procured a number of scholars for lessons in painting. We went to board with a private family at four dollars a week for both of us. I continued teaching until I had sixty dollars, besides paying board. I felt quite rich. Although in poor health, yet I traveled through the hot sun to different houses, some a good distance from others, to get means to go to Montrose, where I might find my mother, for I was near to be confined the second time. So we took deck passage to Montrose (which was opposite Nauvoo, across the Mississippi River) and found Mr. Burt had moved ten miles from there, onto what was called the half breed tract. We hired a team and went there, we found them living in a small log hut, only one room in it. We were joyfully received, and
on October 18th, my daughter Caroline Keziah was born. When she was three weeks old we moved to Farmington, ten miles from the half breed tract, situated on the Des Moines River. Mother lent us a bed, knives and forks, gave us a few quarts of flour (for she had but little herself) and some other necessities, while an Irishman gave us a bushel of potatoes and some squash.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.201 - Pg.202
We commenced housekeeping in two rooms, one Mr. Lightner used for a shop, as there was no one there that could make furniture. The people gladly let him have all the tools and lumber he wanted, and would take his work for pay. We did well for nearly two years. I obtained work from a tailor and earned all my clothes, and the children, for we were anxious to save enough to get a home of our own, which we did by building a frame house composing one large room, which we expected to add to as we were able.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.202
In the meantime he bought a great deal of choice lumber to season for bureaus, tables, etc. Finding our house not in a healthy part of the place, we sold it for two hundred dollars cash, and as he wanted mahogany and some other things that he could not get at home, he went to Montrose for them. He had been there but a short time when a steamboat came in and brought the report that the bank where our money was deposited had failed and we only got twenty-five dollars for our hundred. We were about discouraged, but this was not all, for on looking out one morning, he found his kiln, in which he was seasoning his lumber, on fire. Not a plank was saved. What to do to pay our debts and live, with winter coming on, we did not know.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.202
While in this dilemma, Mr. Burt, my step-father, came over from Nauvoo to visit us, he saw our situation and offered us a home with him until we could do better. It seemed a "God-send" to us, and we gladly hailed the opportunity. So in January, we, Mr. Burt, myself and two children, crossed the Mississippi River on the ice. It was late in the evening and he did not dare to take his team. So we walked across the river and up the hill near the Temple where he lived. Next morning the ice was all broken up, and it was days before he could get his team across. On the 23rd of March I was confined with my third child, we called him George Algernon. Mr. Lightner had settled up his business in Farmington, paid his debts by giving up all his tools, etc., which left us poor indeed, but as some of the brethren owed us nearly two thousand dollars, we thought we could get some of it to help us, but those that owed us the most, took the benefit of the bankrupt law and refused to pay us. One man offered to let us have a barrel of pork and a coffee pot, if we would give him back his note of five hundred dollars, which we held. We did this and was very thankful for it; but not for long, for when we opened the barrel we found the meat sour and full of weevils.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.202 - Pg.203
My husband could get no work, and I commenced teaching painting to Julia Murdock Smith, to Steven Mark's daughter; and to Sarah Ann Whitney. I also procured a lot a block below the Prophet Joseph Smith's mansion; but as we could get no more work in Nauvoo. Mr. Lightner found a job cutting cord wood, 15 miles up the river, at a place called Pontusuc. He got a little log room with a floor made of logs split in two, and very rough. The Prophet Joseph, on learning that we were going to leave there, felt very sad, and while the tears ran down his cheeks, he prophesied that if we attempted to leave the Church we would have plenty of sorrow; for we
would make property on the right hand and lose it on the left, we would have sickness on sickness, and lose our children, and that I would have to work harder than I ever dreamed of; and, "At last when you are worn out, and almost ready to die, you will get back to the Church." I thought these were hard sayings and felt to doubt them. But the sequel proved them true. Before leaving Nauvoo on the 4th of July there was a general parade of the Legion; about noon Emma came to me to borrow my dining table, as the officers were to dine with her, and the Prophet Joseph came also, he said the Lord commanded him to baptize us that day. Emma asked, "Why is this? They have always been good members in the Church, and another thing, dinner will be ready soon and you certainly won't go in those clothes?" "No," he told us, and he wanted us to be ready by the time he was, for he would not wait for dinner; as we lived on the bank of the river, we were soon ready. Brother Henry and wife, Aunt Gilbert and myself were baptized and confirmed. The Prophet Joseph tried hard to get Mr. Lightner to go into the water, but he said he did not feel worthy, but would, some other time. Joseph said to me that he never would be baptized, unless it was a few moments before he died.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.203

It was with sorrowful feeling that I went to Pontusuc to live, but by my taking in sewing we made out to live, and that was all. A lady called on me and asked me if we had a cow. I said, "No." She said if I would let her have my bedstead she would give me a cow and two pigs. I gladly accepted her offer, and slept on the floor until we could nail up a substitute. In a short time George was taken sick and died. I was alone with him at the time; my husband had gone to a neighbor's for assistance. An old lady helped me dress him, and Mr. Lightner had to make the coffin, as he was the only carpenter in the place. The two men that dug the grave, and a little girl, were all that went to help bury my darling. I felt that the Prophet's words were beginning to be fulfilled.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.203 - Pg.204

We then moved to a more commodious house. In 1843, my third son, Florentine Matthias was born. When he was two months old, I commenced teaching a few children in spelling and reading. I had not taught long before I took a severe cold that caused inflammation of the bowels. I was so low that my life was despaired of by two physicians. Mother was sent for. She brought some consecrated oil with which I was anointed. I felt better, and persuaded her to fix quilts in a chair and let me try to sit up to have the bed made, for it had not been made for over two weeks, but she was afraid to try it, as the doctor said I could not live three days, but I pleaded so hard they granted my request; by fixing quilts and pillow in a large rocking chair, tipped back as nearly like a bed as they could; then lifting me in a sheet, I was placed on it. Mother was so afraid it would make me worse she put on my stockings and slippers and wrapped me up in quilts while she made my bed more comfortable. I was in the second story of the house, in a large room; there were two more rooms on the same floor, and a hall. While lying there a heavy storm came up and our house was struck by lightning, and all of us badly shocked; the door casing was torn out and struck mother on the shoulder and bruised her terribly. All were senseless for some time. There were seven of us in the family at the time. I was the first to come to my senses, and I found myself across the foot of the bed, my head on one side of the foot post of the bed and limbs on the other. As I looked around and saw the family on the floor, I thought they were all dead. I called for Mr. Lightner, who had gone into the next room; not getting any answer, I arose and went through the hall, to find him on the floor as rigid as a corpse. The window in the hall had been torn out and the water was pouring in, in torrents. I took a small bucket and would dip up the water and pour
it over him as fast as I could, but it did not do him any good.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.204

Soon the doctor and two or three of the neighbors came in. They had seen the lightning strike the house and as they could see no one moving, they concluded that we were all killed, but when they saw me they were frightened. The doctor got a quilt and wrapped it around me and carried me to a neighbor's. This was about 4 o'clock, June 6th, and it was nine at night before they could bring Mr. Lightner to the use of his limbs. He said he suffered more in being treated to live than he would in dying, but I who had been turned over in bed for two weeks by the sheets (for I was so swollen and inflamed in my bowels, I could not bear to have them handle me) was entirely cured, and dressed myself and went about my duties. However, for two years, when a storm came up, I was very sick while it lasted.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.204 - Pg.205

Our house was torn to pieces, the lightning had run from the roof to the ground in seven different places. People came from a distance to see it, and wondered that we were all not killed. A few days after this, I went out to milk my cow; when about half done, she stepped over the bucket and fell down dead. This was a great trial to us, for my long sickness had used up our means. We were obliged to leave the house and move into one close by. All of us came down with the chills and fever; there was not one to do anything but Mr. Lightner, and he had to do all the cooking and looking after the rest of us. My case proved to be biliousness, with a fever, in a bad form. I was again given up to die. We got a little girl to stay a day, then Mr. Lightner took the baby on a pillow and rode horseback to Nauvoo for mother to take care of it. I never expected to see it again, the thoughts of leaving my little children in the condition we were in, seemed more than I could bear. I thought of all that the Prophet Joseph had told me, and felt in my heart that it was all true. I prayed for help to get well, but the doctor coming in, said there was no hope for me. But I dreamed that an angel came to me and said if I would go to Nauvoo and call for a Brother Cutler, that worked on the temple, to administer to me, I should be healed. But we could get no team to go. I was in despair; however, my brother was impressed to send for me, he felt that something was wrong, so he sent a boy with an ox team after me. I was so glad, that for a few moments I felt new life. But the people said I would not get a mile from town when he would have to bring back my dead body. But I said I wanted to be buried in Nauvoo, and pleaded with them to take me there, dead or alive.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.205

So after fixing a bed in the wagon, they placed me on it; the neighbors bid me goodbye as they supposed for the last time (they were not of our faith). We went a mile and stopped the team; they thought me dying, all the children were crying. I had my senses and motioned for them to go on. We went a few miles further, stopped at a house and asked to stay all night. The woman was willing until she saw me. She said I would die before morning, and she did not want me to die in her house. Mr. Lightner told her that I would certainly die if I was left in the open wagon all night. She finally let us in. She made us as comfortable as she could and fixed me some light food; after drinking some tea, I felt better and had a good night's rest; but she was glad when we left, for she thought I would never see Nauvoo. After traveling a few miles further, we finally reached Nauvoo. They still thought me dying. Mr. Lightner asked Brother Burt if there was an old man by the name of Cutler working on the temple. He said "Yes." Mr. Lightner told him my dream; soon they brought him, he administered to me and I got up and walked to the fire, alone. In two weeks
I was able to take care of my children.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 205

But just previous to this last sickness, the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, were taken to Carthage jail and men around Pontusuc formed a company to go to Carthage; they said to protect the Smiths, but I thought otherwise; also to go against Nauvoo if demanded. I was called to make a flag for this company; I refused, for I felt so low spirited I could hardly keep from weeping all day. I could not account for these awful feelings. But there was no one that knew how to make the flag but me, and I was compelled to make it or suffer the consequence, for I was the only Mormon in the place. In the afternoon of this same day this company started for Carthage.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 250

The mob of men from Pontusuc, who had compelled me to make a flag, and who were bent upon the destruction of the Prophet Joseph Smith, as was already referred to in the last entry of my journal, returned in the night. As soon as we were up in the morning eight or ten men came to the door and called us to come to the door; when we came, they told us that the Smiths were killed. They said that if we attempted to go to the funeral we should be shot; I said, "You can shoot me here if you want to," but an old man spoke up and said that if I stayed home I should not be hurt, unless the Mormons came against them; then I would be the first one to be killed; and Mr. Lightner, too, unless he joined their side. We were obliged to remain three months; when they thought I would not live to get there they let us go. But when Mr. Lightner went back for our things he had to give the most of them to pay rent and doctor bills, even some of my clothes were taken for debts. In fact, we were robbed of many things. But I felt thankful to be away from there with my life.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 250

Soon after I got well, the temple was ready for giving endowments. When spring opened, we went aboard the "War Eagle" bound for Galena; but before we started, Brigham Young sent word back from Winter Quarters for me to come on and the Lord would bless me. I was destitute of clothes for myself and children, and not a dollar to call my own, how could I go? And to add to my distress, I was watched night and day. Someone had betrayed me. After reaching Galena we did make out to get work and thought we should do pretty well, vain hope. The last week in June, 1847, I was washing and got a needle in my wrist, close to the pulse which broke off, leaving half of it in my wrist. My hand was drawn up to my breast and the pain was excruciating. I went to four different doctors, but could get no help, neither could I sleep, only when I was perfectly exhausted, and then only for a moment or two. It was September before I could sew on anything.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 250 - Pg 251

On the ninth of February I had a son born; we named him John Horace Gilbert. In about six weeks I was able to take in sewing for a tailor; I made forty pairs of pants at forty to fifty cents a pair, for which I received pay out of a store, no money. As Mr. Lightner could get no work, it seemed impossible for us to live and pay rent. At length a Mr. Houghton, editor of the Galena Gazette, learned of our circumstances and offered us fifty dollars a month, and our passage free, if we would go to St. Croix Falls and oversee a hotel in which he was interested. We gladly availed ourselves of this offer, considering it a blessing from God.
Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 251

We found a man in charge, who was a good cook. We engaged him to remain with us. We had about fifty boarders. We did well the first month, but during the next month, Mr. Lightner was taken sick with brain fever, and my babe with chills and fever. I had my hands full for two weeks. I never undressed. I was on my feet all day and most of the night. When Mr. Lightner got so he could sit up a few moments, I began to hope our troubles were over, but vain were my hopes, for my feet began to swell, and turned purple. I could not put them to the floor. The doctors said one of them was mortified, and I must have it amputated or lose my life. I thought of the Prophet Joseph's prophecies, when he said if I went away from the Saints I would suffer great tribulation and lose my children, and would make property on the right hand, and lose it on the left, and when I got very poor, and almost worn out, I should go back to the Church. I prayed earnestly for the Lord to spare me my limb, and in answer to my prayer another physician said he thought he could save it if I would let him try. After some days working over it, the pain ceased and the swelling gradually subsided, until I could walk on it once more. Oh, how thankful I felt to my Heavenly Father that my foot was saved and I could work for the maintenance of my family, (for Mr. Lightner was still in poor health and the house needed a mistress). As soon as we gained strength we moved into a more convenient house.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 251

In the meantime, Aunt Gilbert came up from Nauvoo to live with us, and she proved a great help to us, for we were away from all our family relations. No one of our faith was near us, with whom we could converse on "Mormonism." We were getting along nicely and were prospering in worldly affairs, for all of our provisions were furnished us by the company, and we could save our salary for future use.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.251 - Pg 252

But on the twentieth day of September, at twelve o'clock, day time, a stranger, purporting to be a physician from Quincy, Illinois, came to the house and wanted to sell us medicine. He had a root, he said, which would cure any kind of a cold, bleeding at the lungs, and liver complaint. We did not want to buy any, but he gave us a piece of root for Aunt, as she had the liver complaint, he ate some of it (or pretended to) and said it would do us all good. So Mr. Lightner, Aunt and myself tasted it, and gave a little to two of my sons who came in at that moment, and tasted it also. In a few moments we were all taken violently ill; at three o'clock my two boys, (one ten years and six months, the other three years and six months old) were dead. We thought Aunt was also dead; all three were laid out and covered with a sheet. While Mr. Lightner and myself were not expected to live from one moment to another. Two physicians were in attendance, and gave us no hope that we should recover, and it really seemed as though their predictions would come true. But about nine o'clock in the evening Aunt came to life, but had convulsions for two weeks. It took two or three men to hold her while the convulsions lasted. The doctors were surprised at her condition, for they and ten men had pronounced her dead five hours before she came to life again. In the meantime, Mr. Lightner and myself were getting some better. So the whole town turned out to see justice done to the man who gave us the poison.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 252

They put a rope around his neck, and raised the window at the front of my bed for me to see them hang him. He was an elderly man, with a pleasing countenance, but when they wanted me to look my last on him I begged them to desist from their purpose and try him by due course
of law. Nothing but my deep sorrow and the fear that I, too, would soon join my children in the spirit land, caused them to desist from their purpose for the time being, so they confined him in a building they thought secure. But he had a friend in the place who assisted him to escape in the night. There was a light fall of snow and they traced him for two or three days without finding him.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 252

The next spring, a gentleman named Leach opened an office for land entry, the first of the kind in that part of the country, at our house. He had learned of our trouble, and being a resident of the state of Illinois and having business in Quincy, he discovered that the quack doctor was in Quincy, in a hospital, in a very bad condition. Both of his feet were frozen till the flesh dropped off from the bones. He told Mr. Leach that he got lost in the woods after making his escape from jail, and would have died if some friendly Indians had not found him and taken care of him until spring, then he was taken aboard the first boat that went down the river in the spring, where he reached his home, to be a sufferer all his days. Mr. Leach said the man had escaped the vengeance of man, but had not escaped the vengeance of God.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.252 - Pg.253

The next fall we moved forty miles down the river to Stillwater, a town situated on the bank of Lake St. Croix. We resided there until the next spring, when we moved to Willow River on the Wisconsin side of the lake. On the 3rd of April my daughter Elizabeth was born. The snow was two feet deep on the level. An Indian woman attended me. As soon as I was able to travel, my husband bought a small farm of sixty-five acres, opposite Stillwater; part of it was heavy timber, the rest under cultivation. We built a four room house, and as it was not finished, and our resources about gone, we concluded to move; but in the meantime, Mr. Lightner bought a horse and cow. In a week the horse was found dead in the stable. We hired a man to drive the cow for us about seven miles. He drove her so fast that she died the next morning. It seemed as though everything worked against us. And as winter was coming, we concluded to accept an offer we had of keeping a three story hotel for three hundred dollars a year, and everything furnished. We were glad to get into a warm house, for the winters were severe in that country. The work was very hard on us, but the last of March we went back to our home, and on the 9th of April, (my own birthday) my daughter Mary was born.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.253

We stayed at home that season, then went to Willow River and kept a boarding house for a Mr. Mears two years. Then I was called to get to Farmington, Iowa, to attend the death bed of my only sister. My baby boy was only four weeks old, and my health very poor. I went by steamboat to Keokuk, and from there by stage. I stayed five weeks, when she left me for a better state of existence. She left four children; two boys and two girls. She died strong in the faith of "Mormonism," so called; for that, I was truly thankful. I returned home, taking the oldest girl with me, and left the others with friends till I could send for them, as I was not able to care for them at that time.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.253

The next year we moved to Marine, on the Minnesota side of the lake, and rented a hotel at five hundred dollars a year. After a few years we purchased a two story house and large lot. Then we built a five story hotel, for business was increasing at such a rate that the house we were
in would not accommodate the traveling public. Besides, we had nearly forty regular boarders. Of course, we went in debt a thousand dollars to get it completed and furnished for occupancy. We were doing well and would soon have been out of debt; in the meantime we had mortgaged the whole of the property for the thousand dollars, expecting we could pay it in a few months at least. However, the war of 1861 came on and we began to lose our boarders by enlistment, and through that, we failed to pay the mortgage when due; and after awhile, we lost the whole of our property, which we had labored to obtain by many years of self denial and hard work.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 253 - Pg 254

We finally decided to leave a place where misfortune had followed us on every hand. We went to Hannibal, Missouri, and stayed a year; waiting for letters of information from my brother, who had gone to Utah at the time of the expulsion of the Saints from Nauvoo. Not hearing from him, as we expected, and not considering it safe to remain in Hannibal, as we were for the Union, and the majority of the people there were slave owners, and sided with the South, we went back to Minnesota, and on October 28th, 1862, my son Adam was born, being my tenth child. At last the long delayed letter arrived, informing us there was a large company of teams and men being sent from Utah to Omaha to meet immigrants from England, and that one would be sent for us. Oh, how glad we were, it seemed to good to be true. We soon disposed of what little we possessed after all our moving around and many mishaps.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 254

On May 25, 1863, we embarked on board the steamer "Canada" for St. Louis, and took up our quarters on the lower deck. All was neat and clean and we slept on our baggage. On the 26th we commenced taking on wheat, until the boat was heavily freighted. We had no chance to cook. Charles and Adam were very sick with the measles, and no chance to make them comfortable. We came to Rock Island Bridge, which is a dangerous place for boats to go through. At the draw of the R. R. Bridge, a number of vessels lay ruined nearby. Many of our passengers were badly frightened, for we attempted the passage five times before we succeeded in getting through. On the 28th, seventeen horses were taken on the lower deck, which made the atmosphere very impure. In the evening, five or six soldiers came aboard with foul company. Brute beasts in the form of men fill the place, and the scene is almost intolerable. On the 29th, we are lying at Montrose unloading grain. Nauvoo lies on the opposite side of the river and looks deserted enough. One corner of that once beautiful temple, alone remained, a monument of former beauty and grandeur. It was raining hard or I should have crossed the river to see it. But as I looked at it from this point, and thought of what it once was, blossoming forth in beauty, with a population of seventeen thousand inhabitants, I felt to mourn over its present desolation. I thought, "Can it be that I shall see the place no more? Where once the Prophet stood and moved the hearts of the people to worship God according to the new and everlasting covenant, which had been revealed through him to the people in this generation, and where he gave himself a martyr for the cause he taught."

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 254

One of our passengers has just saved a man from drowning, he was sinking for the third time, when rescued. My oldest boy, John, was quite sick, and throat very sore, the other children better, but cross. On a Saturday we arrived in St. Louis, it was raining hard. We went aboard the steamer, "Fanny Ogden," for St. Joseph. We were to have a stove to cook by, laid in a supply of provisions, and fancied we should be half way comfortable, but it proved the reverse. We were
transferred to the upper deck until the storing of Government supplies was completed, then five hundred mules and horses were taken aboard, consequently we had to remain on the upper deck all the way from St. Louis to Omaha—wind and rain for company; nothing but bread and dried beef to eat, as the deck hands had stolen our vegetables. A soldier was put on board for home, who had lost his leg in battle; another very sick. We sat near along box for two or three days, that contained a corpse. Our progress was slow, half the time on sand bars.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 255
We met a steamer coming down, saying the rebels were gathering in great numbers and would fire on us. We had a cannon and soldiers on board for our protection; for myself I felt no fear. The captain has built a breast work of sacks of grain and tobacco boxes; all hands prepared for action. June 3rd all was excitement, and a sharp lookout was kept, looking for the enemy every moment. At Lexington the town was almost destroyed by cannon, houses partly demolished; it was here my husband's brother, a Unionist, was killed. We passed a gloomy night, some on trunks doubled up any way to get a few moment's rest; but strange to relate, not a shot was fired at us, although in a rebel community. We passed Liberty landing and Independence; things remain about as they were twenty years ago. We stopped at Kansas City; plenty of Mexicans were there, loading teams for Mexico. On June 6th, we arrived at St. Joseph, all tolerable well, considering that we had not had a chance to change our clothes or undress since leaving Minnesota. We found the river banks lined with Sioux Indians, who were being removed from Minnesota by the Government, for their massacre of the whites.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 255
June 7th, we laid all day at this place; in the evening the Indians had a pow wow dance. We then boarded the "Emilie" for Omaha—some Saints came aboard at the same time, bound for Utah. I felt to rejoice, for I had not seen the face of a member of the Church for over 18 years. Monday we landed at Omaha in a heavy rain storm; rode to Florence, six miles, without a cover from the rain, and stopped at a cabin, wet through. We had no fire and no chance to make one, so laid down in damp bed clothes; next night had the cholera and was sick three of four days, and my babe had bowel complaint very bad. Thursday some immigrants arrived with the small pox. Two are dead and ten more sick. One of the number spent the evening with us; we shook hands with them; they said nothing about the disease; the next day they were sent to the hills, where tents were provided for them. On Saturday seven hundred persons from England arrived here en route for Salt Lake. This is the gathering place for those who intend crossing the plains.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 255 - Pg 256
Today, Saints from Africa and Denmark arrived here. Their tents were scattered over the hills, and when the camp fires were lit up at night the scene was beautiful to behold. It makes me think how the children of Israel must have looked in the days of Moses, when journeying in the wilderness; also to see some hundred mules in an enclosure, all sleek and fat—looks like prosperity indeed. The train of five hundred teams from Salt Lake are hourly looked for. Three deaths occurred in the Danish camp, and some three or four weddings. June 15th, the children have picked three dollars worth of wild strawberries, that helped us considerable.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg 256
On the 20th my sister's husband, Edwin Brigham arrived to take us out to the valley. We were glad to see him. Sunday we fixed all day for a march in the morning. We started; Monday
night we camped out, and such a night—thunder, lightning and wind, but we slept, or rather stayed in our wagons, did not get very wet, but felt rather stiff—we cooked our breakfast, milked the cow, dried our things, and were ready for another day's tramp. One company of 50 or 60 wagons is ahead of us, and a good many behind us. It is quite amusing to see a corral formed and the cattle driven in to the center of the corral of wagons to keep them safe; each man unyoking his own, all done in the best order.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.256
We had a good man for captain of our company. I don't think we could have gotten a better one. We have meetings every evening. July 3rd, passed a very hot day, up with the dawn, cook breakfast with buffalo manure for fuel—do our work and travel sixteen miles, hard wind most of the time. I was tired out when camped for the night. One wagon upset in a mud hole, no one hurt.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.256
July 4th. All Well. Caught up with the company ahead, John R. Murdock, captain; had a dance in the evening. Traveled well the next day, saw a variety of beautiful flowers.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.256
10th. Nothing of interest has occurred, the weather very hot. Had another dance, we are on a large prairie, saw a buffalo herd, and passed through a dog village. Cunning little fellows, dodging in and out of their burrows. Nothing of moment has occurred for four or five days. The prairie is one vast desert as far as game is concerned, except now and then a rabbit or sage hen. One of the brethren killed an antelope and gave me a nice piece. Friday, camped at Pawnee Springs, the water boils up from a great depth, there are four of them, but I am told that a few weeks ago, there were but two. The flowers are very pretty and of all colors.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.256
18th. All well, warm when the sun is out, but chilly under a cloud.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.256
22nd. Had a thunder shower, no sickness yet.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.256
23rd. One man sick—at noon, a babe belonging to some of the Saints from Australia, died very suddenly. We have had a hard time today, traveling through sand hills, had to double teams.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.256
24th. Mr. Lightner quite unwell.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.256
25th. Very hot; traveled through a great deal of sand, saw plenty of prickly pear, it does very well to look at, but not good to handle or walk over. Three Indians came into camp, driving two yoke of oxen, which our captain traded for, as they belonged to the company ahead of us and will be given to their owners. One of our wagons broke down, which delayed us three hours.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.257
27th. He is better, but babe is very sick with canker and bowel complaint.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 257
28th. Morning quite foggy, passed some natural curiosities, one called the court house, from its resemblance to that edifice, also a large rock formed like a church steeple and called the chimney. This part of the country is the most barren and desolate that I ever saw. Nothing to relieve the eye but sky and sand and hills, expected to see some buffalo but am disappointed.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 257
29th. Passed a small government train from the fort, often meet a few persons passing along in this dreary place, as though they were in the states.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 257
30th. Passed a trading post, three tents and a few trees, which did my eyes good, after seeing so much sand and barren soil.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 257
31st. It has blown sand and dust, enough to choke one, all day. Passed two deserted stations, and four graves of immigrants.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 257
August 1st. Among the hills and rocks most of the day, and dust an inch thick. Saw the telegraph station; it consists of two log houses, outbuildings and a good well of water which was worth a great deal to us. Nothing but hills and sage brush to be seen. No grass save in patches along the river. Camped in dust as if in the middle of the street in the states. Baked a shortcake, fried some bacon and had tea for supper after dark. Tired almost to death--lost the children's pet rabbit today.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 257
2nd. A train of government wagons and soldiers passed us to settle some difficulty with the Indians and gold seekers. Our train stopped this afternoon to fix wagons and do our washing, the young folks danced and played until twelve at night--we always have prayers in the evening.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 257
3rd. Saw some returned Californians, who spoke well of the Mormons in the valley. We lost one of our cows from drinking alkali water. Saw six more dead.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 257
4th. Lost an ox. More sick from the cause. A child fell out of a wagon and the wheels passed over both limbs, but was not much hurt. Passed sixteen dead cattle, from the other train. This is a heavy loss.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 257
8th. Came to the telegraph station, quite a little place. Saw a large freight train, had coffee, bread, and thickened milk for dinner. We fixed up and passed through the aforesaid train; all well.
Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 257
10th. Came to another station, crossed the Platte River Bridge, which is a good structure. Camped on a large hill, more dead cattle. The prospects look gloomy enough. Elizabeth crazy all night with the toothache--been so for two days.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 257 - Pg. 258
11th. The eleventh of August, the anniversary of our marriage--twenty-five years of joys and sorrow have passed over my head since then. Years never to be forgotten. Came to what is termed the "Devil's Back Bone." It consists of a long range of rocks, and looks as though they were thrown up from beneath, and pointing up like ice in a jamb. It is a singular sight. A company of gold seekers camped near us. Our company lost more cattle. Came to a saleratus lake, which looked like ice in the distance. We cut out a great quantity of it to take with us, as the captain said there was none in the valley.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 258
13th. Passed another station, also "Devil's Gate," which consists of two mountains of rock so near together that a wagon can pass between them. The walls on each side are perpendicular, rather sloping on the other side, and so high that a man on the top looks like a small boy.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 258
15th. Had breakfast of bacon, fried cakes and coffee, traveled on a good road for miles, then stopped--cook dinner. Wind blowing gale of sand all over us. I think we will get the proverbial peck of dust before we get through--our cow sick, no milk for two or three days. Some sage hens and rabbits were killed today. We have had fresh meat but once since leaving the Mississippi River.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 258
16th. Sand and gravel all day, feel sick and cross; for if there is a bad place in camp, we are sure to get it. Antelope was killed today.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 258
17th. Saw mountains covered with snow in the distance; up and down hills all day; heavy wind; camped in a good place for a wonder, writing by fire light. Danes are at prayers by themselves--our folks the same. While I, poor sinner, am baking bread. In fact, I don't much like our preacher. He strokes his beard too much, and speaks too low.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 258
18th. Saw a lot of antelope, two were killed. The captain gave me a nice piece. Saw a camp of immigrants close by, another not far off. Camped on a hill for dinner. The hill was covered with small black rocks. It is a beautiful day, ice formed in our buckets as thick as a knife blade. More game was killed today, but little or no sickness has befallen us so far, the captain says we are greatly blessed to what some of the companies were. I hope we will continue to be, until our journey ends. We have been in sight of snow for two or three days. It looks cool for the month of August. We are on the highest land on this side of the Mississippi. Here, on the eastern side of the mountains the rivers flow toward the Atlantic, and on the western side, to the Pacific. The scenery is grand. A bear was killed weighing near four hundred pounds, and was divided among our company of sixty persons. I could not stomach it. I don't believe they were made for
man's food.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.258 - Pg.259

We are now in Utah, but I don't see much change in the face of the land for the better; but I can't see much, as I have been quite sick for six or seven days. Crossed Green River Sunday evening, it is a beautiful stream of water, and plenty of trees on its banks. Two trains are close behind us, which make us hurry to keep the front place, for the roads are so dusty we can hardly see our front teams. Stopped at a station where our men were required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States government, our wagons were searched for powder, etc. I have not much to say for the past week, as I have been very sick all the time, was administered to by Brother's Stork and Martin—and was helped immediately. We saw a stage pass twice yesterday, and more travel today—which makes it look more like being in the land of the living. Snow all around in the mountains, only think of it; snow near, and yet almost smothered with dust. A stage passed with two of our missionaries, one was Brigham Young, Jr. Arrived at Fort Bridger, a nice place, good and substantial building. It looks comfortable. The days warm, the nights cold. Last evening we bought some onions and potatoes, which were quite a treat. They did us good, as we were getting the canker bad, from so long a diet of salt pork, but I trust our journey is nearly over. The earth at this place is of a reddish color, and the mountains look somewhat greener than they have for some time.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.259

31st. Passed through some mountains in a round about way, they look solemn in their grandeur, rising one above another, and their verdure of many colored hues and rocks of various shades looked beautiful to me; if I had the materials and time I should paint some of them. One of the curiosities of this place is a spring of tar. The people get it for their wagons. The weather cold but pleasant. Passed a mail station, also a field of grain. It looked nice, but I should not like to live there. There were some singular looking rocks, very large, they appeared like huge blocks of clay, sprinkled full of pebbles, and inclined to be a red color. The earth in many places looked like a burnt brick—near is a large cave in the rock, it has a singular appearance. It is called the cascade. Some fruit was brought in at famine prices—apples eleven cents apiece.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.259

September 1st. Passed through Echo Canyon. The scenery is beautiful to behold, such rocks I never saw. Saw a few houses and potato patches, also a mail station which looks comfortable. I think from the appearance of things, Uncle Samuel feeds his men and animals pretty well. I feel weak today, from not having proper food (we have been on short rations for seven or eight days) and breathing in so much alkali dust. Camped near the town of Weber. Came over a narrow road on the side of a mountain. It looked dangerous. Came to W. Kimball's Ranch, he is rich in cattle and sheep.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.259 - Pg.260

September 3rd. Rained last night for the first time since we left the Platte River. I hope it has laid the dust. I think it is the fourth rain we have had on our journey so far.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg.260

14th. Camped at a station in dust enough to smother one.
Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 260

15th. Arrived in Salt Lake City on Emigration Square. All well—went through some of the streets; there were some beautiful houses, orchards, and shade trees.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 260

17th. Started south to Beaver County. My brother, Henry Rollins, whom I had not seen for twenty years, with his wife Eveline, met us, and conveyed us in his mule team south. Stopped at an old friend’s, in Springville, had a nice time—heard from a good many old friends. Had plenty of fruit to eat. We traveled through a fine country. Saw some boiling springs, and some large cold springs, so deep no bottom has been discovered, and they are full of fish. We arrived in Minersville September 20th, 1863, and found my dear mother and sister Phebe, all well and glad to see us. We were thankful to find a home and friends, after an arduous journey of one thousand miles in an ox team—besides our trip on steamer from Stillwater, Minnesota, to St. Louis, then up the Missouri to Omaha.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 260

Mary Rollins Lightner, after 95 years, 8 months, 8 days of toil, sorrow and joy, passed away, December 17, 1913. Her husband died, August 19, 1885.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 260

They were the parents of ten children, three of them now (June 1926), living. Elizabeth Turley, Los Angeles, California; Charles W. Lightner, Ogden, Utah; Mary R. Rollins, Minersville, Utah.

Mary Lightner Autobiography, UG&HM 17 (1926), Pg. 260

Her descendants now living total 119 persons: 24 grandchildren, 76 great-grandchildren, 15 great-great-grandchildren, 1 great, great, great-grandson, 9 years old.

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU, Pg. 260

Source: Mary Elizabeth Lightner, Address at Brigham Young University, April 14, 1905, typescript, BYU.

TESTIMONY OF MARY ELIZABETH LIGHTNER
Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU, Pg. 1

Well, my young brethren, I can say I never was more surprised in my life than to be called upon to speak to you young men who are called upon to go into the mission field to preach the gospel to the nations of the earth. It is true I have been in the Church from its beginning. Just six months after it was organized, I joined it. I have been acquainted with all of those who were first members of this Church, with all of those who saw the plates and handled them, with even those who saw the angel Moroni who came to them. I am well acquainted with every one of them and I have known them from the time that they came to Ohio until their death; and I am the only living witness who was at the first meeting that the Prophet [Joseph Smith] held in Kirtland.

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU, Pg. 1

The Smith family was driven from New York, and a small church had been organized. Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, and Ziba Peterson were members. Well, I being anxious, though young, to learn about the plates from those who knew all about it, my mother and I went up to the Smith family the next night after they came to Kirtland. As I went in, there were two or three others present. They were all there, from the old gentleman and his wife to all the sons and daughters. As we stood there talking to them, Joseph and Martin Harris came in. Joseph looked around very solemnly. It was the first time some of them had ever seen him.

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU, Pg. 1

He stood some moments. He looked over the congregation as if to pierce every heart. He said, "Do you know who has been in your midst?" One of the Smiths said an angel of the Lord. Martin Harris said, "It was our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." Joseph put his hand down on Martin and said: "God revealed that to you. Brethren and sisters, the Spirit of God has been here. The Savior has been in your midst this night and I want you to remember it. There is a veil over your eyes for you could not endure to look upon Him. You must be fed with milk, not with strong meat. I want you to remember this as if it were the last thing that escaped my lips. He has given all
of you to me and has sealed you up to everlasting life that where he is, you may be also. And if you are tempted of Satan say, 'Get behind me, Satan.'"

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU, Pg.1

These words are figured upon my brain and I never took my eye off his countenance. Then he knelt down and prayed. I have never heard anything like it before or since. I felt that he was talking to the Lord and that power rested down upon the congregation. Every soul felt it. The spirit rested upon us in every fiber of our bodies, and we received a sermon from the lips of the representative of God.

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU, Pg.1 - Pg.2

Much has come and gone from me through the powers and vicissitudes of this Church. I have been in almost every mob. I have been driven about and told I would be shot and had a gun pointed at me, but I stayed with the Church until it was driven from Nauvoo. The words of the Prophet that had been revealed to him always have been with me from the beginning to the end of the gospel. Every principle that has been given in the Church by the prophet is true. I know whereon I stand, I know what I believe, I know what I know and I know what I testify to you is the living truth. As I expect to meet it at the bar of the eternal Jehovah, it is true. And when you stand before the bar you will know. He preached polygamy and he not only preached it, but he practiced it. I am a living witness to it. It was given to him before he gave it to the Church. An angel came to him and the last time he came with a drawn sword in his hand and told Joseph if he did not go into that principle, he would slay him. Joseph said he talked to him soberly about it, and told him it was an abomination and quoted scripture to him. He said in the Book of Mormon it was an abomination in the eyes of the Lord, and they were to adhere to these things except the Lord speak. I am the first being that the revelation [D&C 132] was given to him for and I was one thousand miles away in Missouri, for we went up to Jackson County in 1841 [1831].

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU, Pg.2

I was there in all the tribulations and trials. I have been in the houses that have been stoned. The rocks have been thrown criss-cross in every direction. I have seen the brethren shot and ruined for life. I saw the first martyr dead and a more heavenly corpse I never saw or expect to see on the face of the earth. His face was so happy. I have seen our bishop tarred and feathered in the streets of Missouri. They took off his shirt and covered him with tar and then took a pillow and turned the feathers over him. I looked at him and thought if ever man was counted worthy to be a martyr, he was. His life proved it for he lived an upright and honorable life and was beloved by the prophet while he lived and after he died the prophet honored him. Two of his sisters were Joseph's wives. Emma took them by the hand and gave them to Joseph.

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU, Pg.2

I asked him if Emma knew about me, and he said, "Emma thinks the world of you." I was not sealed to him until I had a witness. I had been dreaming for a number of years I was his wife. I thought I was a great sinner. I prayed to God to take it from me for I felt it was a sin; but when Joseph sent for me he told me all of these things. "Well," said I, "don't you think it was an angel of the devil that told you these things?" Said he, "No, it was an angel of God. God Almighty showed me the difference between an angel of light and Satan's angels. The angel came to me three times between the years of 1834 and 1842 and said I was to obey that principle or he would slay me. "But," said he, "they called me a false and fallen prophet but I am more in favor with my God this
day than I ever was in all my life before. I know that I shall be saved in the Kingdom of God. I have the oath of God upon it and God cannot lie; all that he gives me I shall take with me for I have that authority and that power conferred upon me."

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU, Pg.2

Well, I talked with him for a long time and finally I told him I would never be sealed to him until I had a witness. Said he, "You shall have a witness." Said I, "If God told you that, why does he not tell me?" He asked me if I was going to be a traitor. "I have never told a mortal and shall never tell a mortal I had such a talk from a married man," said I. "Well," said he, "pray earnestly for the angel said to me you should have a witness." Well, Brigham Young was with me. He said if I had a witness he wanted to know it. "Why should I tell you?" said I. "Well," said he, "I want to know for myself." Said he, "Do you know what Joseph said? Since we left the office the angel appeared to him and told him he was well pleased with him and that you should have a witness."

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU, Pg.2

I made it a subject of prayer and I worried about it because I did not dare to speak to a living being except Brigham Young. I went out and got between three haystacks where no one could see me. As I knelt down I thought, why not pray as Moses did? He prayed with his hands raised. When his hands were raised, Israel was victorious, but when they were not raised, the Philistines were victorious. I lifted my hands and I have heard Joseph say the angels covered their faces. I knelt down and if ever a poor mortal prayed, I did. A few nights after that an angel of the Lord came to me and if ever a thrill went through a mortal, it went through me. I gazed upon the clothes and figure but the eyes were like lightning. They pierced me from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. I was frightened almost to death for a moment. I tried to waken my aunt, but I could not. The angel leaned over me and the light was very great, although it was night. When my aunt woke up she said she had seen a figure in white robes pass from our bed to my mother's bed and pass out of the window.

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU, Pg.2 - Pg.3

Joseph came up the next Sabbath. He said, "Have you had a witness yet?" "No." "Well," said he, "the angel expressly told me you should have." Said I, "I have not had a witness, but I have seen something I have never seen before. I saw an angel and I was frightened almost to death. I did not speak." He studied a while and put his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands. He looked up and said, "How could you have been such a coward?" Said I, "I was weak." "Did you think to say, 'Father, help me?'" "No." "Well, if you had just said that, your mouth would have been opened for that was an angel of the living God. He came to you with more knowledge, intelligence, and light than I have ever dared to reveal." I said, "If that was an angel of light, why did he not speak to me?" "You covered your face and for this reason the angel was insulted." Said I, "Will it ever come again?" He thought a moment and then said, "No, not the same one, but if you are faithful you shall see greater things than that." And then he gave me three signs of what would take place in my own family, although my husband was far away from me at the time. Every work came true. I went forward and was sealed to him. Brigham Young performed the sealing, and Heber C. Kimball the blessing. I know he had six wives and I have known some of them from childhood up. I knew he had three children. They told me. I think two are living today but they are not known as his children as they go by other names.
Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU. Pg.3

These are things I can testify to as the living truth, and I have told it to the Josephites. There is a great deal said about this church and the Josephites. I never knew of Joseph appointing him to be the prophet. I have never known him to say it, and I have known the boy ever since he was twelve years of age. I heard Joseph say this: "I have rolled this kingdom off of my shoulders onto the shoulders of the Twelve and they can carry out this work and build up His kingdom." Said he, "I am tired. I have been mobbed, I have suffered so much from outsiders and from my own family. Some of the brethren think they can carry out this work better than I can, far better. I have asked the Lord to take me away. I have to seal my testimony to this generation with my blood. I have to do it for this work will never progress until I am gone for the testimony is of no force until the testator is dead. People little know who I am when they talk about me, and they never will know until they see me weighed in the balance in the Kingdom of God. Then they will know who I am, and see me as I am. I dare not tell them and they do not know me." These words were spoken with such power that they penetrated the heart of every soul that believed on him.

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU. Pg.3

Now about these Josephites—I have not a word to say about Joseph. He is doing a great work in the first principles. He does not believe in endowments; he does not believe in some other things; and he does not recognize this Church as the true church. But we have one criterion to go by. Joseph said, "The servant cannot be greater than the Master. If they persecute me they will persecute you." Has his son Joseph ever been persecuted? Have they been whipped and murdered in cold blood? They can go into the world as members of the re-organized church. They do not believe the right one took Joseph's place.

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU. Pg.3

But let me tell you this gospel is going to spread, and you young men who are going on missions, give your hearts to God, for He said, "Young man, give me thy heart." And if you do give Him your hearts and pray to the heavens above the spirit of God and the Holy Ghost will rest upon you. If the great soul that rules in heaven and on earth, and the inspiration of the spirit comes down and rests in your bosom you will be able to speak the light to the people and you will gain a great reward. Just speaking of yourself in your own strength the spirit is withdrawn. You will have no power that will reach the heart. It may tickle the ear, but you must have the power of the Almighty. You must have the angels to be your companions and rest upon you. Let them be your guide in health and trouble. May you ever drink of the waters of intelligence that flows from the throne of God. God Almighty will guide you and direct you and you will walk in the paths of truth and you will receive your reward as His servants for the good deeds you have done on this earth.

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU. Pg.3 - Pg.4

This is my testimony and I hope and pray you will believe me for I have received it from the servant's heart, and when that servant comes he will own his people if they are faithful and humble. A trying hour and darkest hours are in the future before us and it is only those who are humble, contrite and honest before God and endure to the end who shall receive the blessings. Faith will be trampled down and there will be punishments come upon those who are not honest. These are things I tell you and they are true and you will see that they are if you live long enough. All I have said to you about the future will come to pass just as sure as the sun shines in the heavens. May God bless you and let you be on the alert to receive the words of light that are
given to you by His servants. You will all be tried by darkness and the powers of darkness will come to you, but put your trust in your Heavenly Father, let Him be your guide and support for He is the everlasting light, worlds without end.

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU, Pg. 4

I hope you will excuse me for being a little agitated but it is a terrible tax for me to come and get up to speak. But I want you to remember what I have said, that it is my testimony, as long as you live. I want to say to you as I said before that Joseph said if I was faithful, I should see greater things than the angel. Since then I have seen other persons, three came together and stood before me just as the sun went down -- Joseph, Hyrum and Heber C. Kimball. It was prophesied that I should see Joseph before I died. Still, I was not thinking about that. I was thinking about a sermon I had heard. All at once I looked up and they stood before me. Joseph stood in the middle in a circle like the new moon and he stood with his arms over their shoulders. They bowed to me about a dozen times or more. I pinched myself to be sure I was awake, and I looked around the room to see where I had placed things. I thought I would shake hands with them. They saw my confusion and understood it and they laughed, and I thought Brother Kimball would almost kill himself laughing. I had no fear. As I went to shake hands with them, they bowed, smiled and began to fade. They went like the sun sinks behind a mountain or a cloud. It gave me more courage and hope than I ever had before.

Mary Lightner 1905 Address, typescript, BYU, Pg. 4

[Sister Lightner stated that she had ten children; seven of them were boys and she had raised three of them to manhood. She has one daughter in the Church. Being asked concerning her husband, Sister Lightner said: "My husband did not belong to the Church. I begged him and pled with him to join but he would not. He said he did not believe in it, though he thought a great deal of Joseph. He sacrificed his property rather than testify against Joseph, Hyrum and George A. Smith. After he said this, I went forward and was sealed to Joseph for eternity."]

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888)
At Wasatch Stake MIA Conference, remarks of Sister and President Joseph F. Smith: "Sister Smith bore a very strong testimony to the divinity of the principle of plural marriage. Pres. Smith endorsed it. He said it was taken away from the people—like the law of consecration—because the saints rejected it, and neither would be restored until there is a people prepared to live them. Anyone should beware that casts slurs upon the birth of those born under this covenant. Also that men who will not appreciate their wives and children and provide for them will lose them."

268. Statement by Mary E. Lightner; BYU Spec Coll Ms 1132; Copied from a xerox copy of a negative copy of the original; Feb 8, 1902.

I was sealed to Joseph Smith the Prophet by commandment, in the Spring of 1831. The Savior appeared and commanded him to seal me up to everlasting life, gave me to Joseph to be with him in his Kingdom even as he is in the Father's Kingdom. In 1834 he was commanded to take me for a wife, I was a thousand miles from him, he got afraid. The angel came to him three times the last time with a drawn Sword and threatened his life. I did not believe, if God told him. So, why did he not come and tell me. [p. 21] The angel told him I should have a witness, and an angel came to me, it went through me like lightning, I was afraid. Joseph said he came with [unreadable word] more Revelation and Knowledge than Joseph ever dare reveal. Brigham Young sealed me to him, for time and all eternity. Joseph said I was his, before I came here. He said all the Devils in Hell should never get me from him. I was Sealed to him in the Masonic Hall over the Old brick Store, by Brigham Young in Feb 1842, and then again in the Nauvoo Temple by Heber C. Kimball [p. 3] reconfirmed in St. George Temple and the Manti Temple [unreadable word] and Salt Lake Temple after I came to Utah.

/s/ Mary E. Lightner
Feb 8th, 1902
Witness: Mary R. Rollins
Minersville, Beaver Co., Utah

269. Letter to Pres. Joseph F. Smith from George H. Brimhall; original in-coming correspondence, Joseph F. Smith Papers, Church Archives; April 21, 1902.

Headnote:

President's Office
Brigham Young Academy
and
Church Normal Training School

Benjamin Cluff Jr.
President.

Provo City, Utah,

Pres. Joseph F. Smith,
THE
LIFE & TESTIMONY
OF
MARY LIGHTNER
I was born in the town of Lima, Livingston County, State of New York, April 9, 1818. My father, John D. Rollins, came from one of the New England States; I think it was Vermont. My mother, Kekiah Keturah Van Benthuyzen, was born in Albany, State of New York, May 16, 1796. She married my father in 1814 or 1815. Three children were the fruit of this marriage, James Henry, myself and sister Caroline, the youngest. When Caroline was six months old, my father was shipwrecked on Lake Ontario during a terrible storm. Only one person was saved out of all the passengers and crew.

When I was ten years old, we moved to Kirtland, Ohio, and lived in a house belonging to Algernon Sidney Gilbert, mother's sister's husband. We remained there two years, when we heard of the plates of the Book of Mormon, being found by Joseph Smith. Soon the news was confirmed by the appearance of Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, and Ziba Peterson, with the glorious news of the restoration of the Gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith. They bore a powerful testimony, by the Holy Spirit, of the truth of the great work they were engaged in; and which they were commissioned by the Father to present to all the world.

Quite a number of the residents of Kirtland accepted baptism. Mother and myself also, in the month of October, 1830. A branch of the Church was organized, and Father Morley was ordained as Elder to preside over it. He owned a large farm, about a mile from Kirtland, and some three or four families went there to live, and meetings were held there. A good spirit and one of union prevailed among the brethren for some time. After Oliver Cowdery and his brethren left there for Missouri on their mission to the Lamanites, a wrong spirit crept into our midst, and a few were led away by it. About this time, John Whitmer came and brought a Book of Mormon. There was a meeting that evening, and we learned that Brother Morley had the Book in his possession—the only one in that part of the country. I went to his house just before the meeting was to commence, and asked to see the Book; Brother Morley put it in my hand, as I looked at it, I felt such a desire to read it, that I could not refrain from asking him to let me take it home and read it, while he attended meeting. He said it would be too late for me to take it back after meeting, and another thing, he had hardly had time to read a chapter in it himself, and but few of the brethren had even seen it, but I plead so earnestly for it, he finally said, "child, if you will bring this book home before breakfast tomorrow morning, you may take it." He admonished me to be very careful, and see that no harm came to it. If any person in this world was ever perfectly happy in the possession of any coveted treasure I was when I had permission to read that wonderful book. Uncle and Aunt were Methodists, so when I got into the house, I exclaimed, "Oh, Uncle, I have got the 'Golden Bible'!" Well, there was consternation in the house for a few moments, and I was severely reprimanded for being so presumptuous as to ask such a favor, when Brother Morley had not read it himself. However, we all took turns reading it until very late in the night—as soon as it was light enough to see, I was up and learned the first verse in the book. When I reached Brother Morley's they had been up for only a little while. When I handed him the book, he remarked, "I guess you did not read much in it." I showed him how far we had read. He was surprised, and said, "I don't believe you can tell me one word of it." I then repeated the first verse, also the outlines of the history of Nephi. He gazed at me in surprise, and said, "child, take this book home and finish it, I can wait." Before or about the time I finished the last chapter, the Prophet Joseph Smith arrived in Kirtland, and moved into a part of Newel K. Whitney's house, (Uncle
Algernon's partner in the Mercantile Business), while wait- 
ing for his goods to be put in order. Brother Whitney brought the Prophet Joseph to our house and introduced him to the older ones of the family, (I was not in at the time.) In looking around he saw the Book of Mormon on the shelf, and asked how that book came to be there. He said, "I sent that book to Brother Morley." Uncle told him how his niece had obtained it. He asked, "Where is your niece?" I was sent for; when he saw me he looked at me so earnestly, I felt almost afraid. After a moment or two he came and put his hands on my head and gave me a great blessing, the first I ever received, and made me a present of the book, and said he would give Brother Morley another. He came in time to rebuke the evil spirits, and set the Church in order. We all felt that he was a man of God, for he spoke with power, and as one having authority in very deed.

In the fall of 1831, in company with Bishop Partridge, Father Morley, W. W. Phelps, Cyrus Daniels and their famil- ies, mother and myself, my brother Henry and sister Caro-line, under the guardianship of Algernon S. Gilbert, left Kirtland for Independence, Jackson County, Missouri. Soon, quite a number of the saints settled in Independence. Uncle Gilbert opened a store of dry goods, and groceries; while his partner, Newel K. Whitney, kept one in Kirt- land, where they had one for several years before the Gospel came to them.

A two story printing office was also erected; alto-gether, the saints were in a prosperous condition, both temporally and spiritually. Oliver Cowdery, John Whitmer and Thomas B. Marsh often spoke in tongues in addressing the people on the Sabbath day, and I wanted to understand what they said; so I made it a subject of prayer, that the Lord would give me to understand what was the meaning of their words; for they seemed to speak with great power. One evening the Brethren came to Uncle's house to converse upon the Revelations that had not been printed as yet, but few had looked upon them, for they were in large sheets, not folded. They spoke of them with such reverence, as coming from the Lord; they felt to rejoice that they were counted worthy to be the means of publishing them for the benefit of the whole world. While talking they were filled with the spirit and spoke in tongues. I was called upon to interpret it. I felt the spirit of it in a mom- ent.

Terrible were the threats against our people, we were too much united to suit the inhabitants of Missouri, and they did not believe in our religion, or our way of doing business; then we did not believe in slavery, and they feared us on that account, though we were counseled to have nothing to say to the slaves whatever, but to mind our own business. Soon a mob began to collect in the town and set fire to the grain, and hay stacks in the yard of Bishop Partridge. All were destroyed. Then they began to stone the houses, breaking the doors and windows. One night, a great many got together and stoned our house, part of which was hewed logs, the front was brick. After breaking all the windows, they commenced to tear off the roof of the brick part amidst awful oaths and howls that were terrible to hear; all of a sudden they left and all was quiet. Soon after, I saw Bishop Partridge tarred and feathered, also brother Charles Allen. From that time our troubles commenced in earnest. But just before those troubles began, I went to work for Peter Whitmer, who was a tailor by trade, and just married. He was crowded with work, and Liburn W. Boggs offered him a room in his house, as he had just been elected Lieutenant Governor, and wanted Peter to make him a suit for his inauguration ceremonies. Peter did make them, and I stitched the collars and faced
the coat. Mr. Boggs often came in to note the progress of
the work. As I was considered a good seamstress, he hired
me to make his fine, ruffled bosom shirts, also to assist
his wife in her sewing. I worked for them some weeks; dur-
ing that time, they tried to induce me to leave the Church
and live with them; they would educate me, and do for me
as if I were their daughter. As they had but one little
girl about two years old, and two sons, the eldest near
my own age, nearly 14 years old, but their persuasions
were of no avail with me.

The mob renewed their efforts again by tearing down
the printing office, a two story building, and driving
Brother Phelps family out of the lower part of the house
and putting their things in the street. They brought out
some large sheets of paper, and said, "Here are the Mor-
mon Commandments." My sister Caroline and myself were
in a corner of a fence watching them; when they spoke of the
commandments I was determined to have some of them. Sis-
ter said if I went to get any of them she would go too,
but said "they will kill us."
While their backs were
turned, prying out the gable end of the house, we went,
and got our arms full, and were turning away, when some
of the mob saw us and called on us to stop, but we ran
as fast as we could. Two of them started after us. See-
ing a gap in a fence, we entered into a large cornfield,
laid the papers on the ground, and hid them with our per-
sons. The corn was from five to six feet high, and very
thick; they hunted around considerable, and came very near
us but did not find us. After we satisfied ourselves that
they had given up the search for us, we tried to find our
way out of the field, the corn was so high we could not
see where to go, looking up I saw trees that had been
girdled to kill them. Soon we came to an old log stable
which looked as though it had not been used for years.

Sister Phelps and children were carrying in brush and pil-
ing it up at one side of the barn to lay her beds on. She
asked me what I had--I told her. She then took them from
us, which made us feel very bad. They got them bound in
small books and sent me one, which I prized very highly.
I saw the first hay and grain stacks on fire, in Bishop
Partridge's lot, and other property destroyed. Uncle Gil-
bert's store was broken open, and some of the goods strewn
on the public square; then the few families living in town
went to the Temple block, where the Bishop and his first
counselor, John Corrill, lived, for mutual protection;
while the Brethren were hiding in the woods, their food
being carried to them in the night. Some of our brethren
were tied to trees and whipped until the blood run down
their bodies. After enduring all manner of grievances we
were driven from the county. While we were camped on the
banks of the Missouri River waiting to be ferried over,
they found there was not money enough to take all over.
One or two families must be left behind, and the fear was
that if left, they would be killed. So, some of the bre-
thren by the name of Higbee thought they would try and
catch some fish, perhaps the ferryman would take them,
they put out their lines in the evening; it rained all
night and most of the next day, when they took in their
lines they found two or three small fish, and a catfish
that weighed 14 pounds. On opening it, what was their
astonishment to find three bright silver half dollars, just
the amount needed to pay for taking their team over the
river. This was considered a miracle, and caused
great rejoicing among us. At length we settled in Clay
County, where my mother married Mr. John M. Burt, a wid-
ower with two children, his wife having died with Cholera
at St. Louis in 1831. I stayed with Uncle Gilbert most of
the time until Zion's camp came up in 1834. Many of the
brethren stopped with us, including the Prophet Joseph,
his brothers, Hyrum and William; and Jesse Smith, their
cousin, also Luke and Lyman E. Johnson. When the cholera
broke out among the camp, Uncle Gilbert, (who was prepar-
ing to go on a mission) was among the first to die, then
Jesse Smith. There were five who died at Uncle's, and nine
at a neighbor's by the name of Burgett, this was in the
month of June. The dead were rolled in blankets and con-
signed to the grave, as the people were so frightened they
would do nothing for us, and our brethren were bowed down
with sorrow for the loss of their friends, and almost des-
paired of seeing an end of the plague. But the Lord saw
fit to heal the most of those who had come up in the camp,
and there were not many deaths after the Prophet Joseph
had administered to them. Uncle died on the 29th of June,
1834; shortly after, the camp left for their homes in Kirt-
land.

I commenced teaching a few children in spelling, reading
and writing. I did not understand much about grammar,
I had commenced its study with Sabrina Phelps, Oliver
Cowdery, John Whitmer, and two or three others, in Jackson
County, but was stopped by the mob, but I was well versed
in geography. I continued teaching for two years, and met
with good success. In 1835 on the eleventh of August, I
married to Mr. Adam Lightner of Liberty, Clay County,
Mo.

Shortly after this, our people moved to Far West,
Caldwell County, and soon had a flourishing town, and a
settlement all around of farms, etc. The brethren per-
suaded Mr. Lightner to go there and keep a store for their
accommodation, as the Church was not able; for the most of
them had been stripped of all they had. He concluded to
go and build a log house for his store, and leave me in
Liberty until it was completed. We soon left for Far West,
my husband furnishing the supplies for the brethren until
they could harvest their crops. It was customary among
the Missourians to credit the farmers a year. Mr. Light-
nner followed the rule, for he knew they could not pay until
they could earn the money. In the meantime, on the 18th of
June, 1835, a son was born to us, we named him Miles Henry.
In the latter part of '37 we moved to Milford, a small
town about ten miles distant from Far West, to start a
branch of the store in that place for my brother, James H.
Rollins, to take charge of. Soon rumors of trouble began
to circulate among the people in the outer settlements
and we deemed it prudent to go back to Far West. Accord-
ingly, we left the store in the care of Mr. Slade, and
most of our housekeeping articles, expecting to send for
them in a few days, which we were not able to do for two
or three weeks, then we found all of our provisions gone,
our carpets ruined, etc. Then the mob gathered in great
numbers, threatening our people, driving off stock, and com-
mitting other depredations too numerous to mention. When
our grievances became almost unbearable, the brethren de-
termined to try and defend themselves. As there was but
little powder in the place, they decided, as Mr. Lightner
was not a Mormon, to send him to Liberty for a keg of
powder; Homer Duncan accompanied him. They got the powder,
and brought 20 yards of carpet, rolled the keg in it, put
it in a barrel and filled the barrel with beans; on return-
ing their wagon was twice searched by ten men, who thrust
their bayonets into the barrel, but did not touch the
powder. If they had found it two men would have been
killed. Both knew their lives hung on a thread as it were,
and looked for death every moment. But the Lord willed
otherwise, and they arrived home safe to the joy of the
brethren. After a while, teams were sent out into the
settlements to collect all the provisions they could. A
number of teams went; two men were appointed to take their
guns and guard each wagon. Mr. Lightner and George A.
Smith were guards for one wagon. Plenty of provisions were
brought in, and taken to Sidney Rigdon's, and other places
But our people were soon to hear the heart-rending news of a battle between our brethren and the mob at Crooked River, in which Brothers David W. Patten, Patrick O'Banion and Gideon Carter were killed. It was about this time that seventeen men and boys were massacred by a mob at Hauns' Mill, and their bodies buried in a well. This news was heart-rending, for all felt to mourn for the loss of the slain. Oh, what a time that was! For in the midst of sorrow, news came that the militia (besides the hundreds of the mob), were marching to destroy our city and its inhabitants. A part of the bloodthirsty mob camped near the city and placed a cannon in the middle of the road, intending to blow up the place. Then they sent in a flag of truce, demanding an interview with John Cleimson and wife, and Adam Lightner and wife. We went a short distance to meet them. We saw a number of the brethren standing around the place of meeting, well armed. As we approached, General Clark shook hands with the two men, being old acquaintances, and remarked that Governor Boggs had given him an order for our safe removal before they destroyed the place. I asked my sister-in-law what we should do about it. She replied, we will do as you say; I was surprised at her answer, as she was the mother of four or five children, and I had but one. So I asked the General if he would let all the Mormon women and children go out? He said, "No," - "Will you let my mother's family go out?" He said, "The Governor's orders were that no one but our two families should go--but all were to be destroyed." "Then, if that is the case, I refuse to go, for where they die, I will die, for I am a full-blooded Mormon, and I am not ashamed to own it." "Oh," said he, "You are infatuated, your Prophet will be killed with the rest." Said I, "If you kill him today, God will raise up another tomorrow." "But think of your husband and child." I then said that he could go, and take the child with him, if he wanted to, but I would suffer with the rest. Just then a man kneeling down by some brush, jumped up and stepping between the General and myself, said, "Hold on, General," then turned to me and said, "Sister Lightner, God Almighty bless you, I thank my God for one soul that is ready to die for her religion; not a hair of your head shall be harmed, for I will wade to my knees in blood in your behalf." "So will I," said Brother Hyrum Smith, and others. The first speaker was Brother Heber C. Kimball, with whom I was not acquainted at the time. Then the General pleaded with my husband, but it was of no avail. The next morning the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum were given into the hands of the mob, and the militia. A few days after, my husband's brother came from Lexington for us to go to his home, forty miles distant. As we found our people were not to be massacred, we concluded to go with him for a time. Accordingly, Cleimson's family and ourselves took a change of clothes and were ready to go, when we found a posse was hunting for my brother Henry (who had not been married long). So we got him in the back end of the wagon, and covered him with a feather bed, his wife sitting beside him to uncover him for air when no one of the mob was by. We passed through troops of five hundred men, one half on the right of the wagon and the other on the left. They did not molest us, as we feared they would. We had a negro driver, and Mr. Lightner's brother, who was well known, walked beside the team. I do not know what would have been my brother's fate had they seen him. We soon left Far West behind and reached Lexington in safety, though we had a hard time in crossing the Missouri River at that place, large cakes of ice would almost upset the boat, and we were in great danger of drowning. The ferryman said that he never came so near going to the bottom before. The officers found where we were, and came and took Henry and put him in Richmond jail, with Joseph, Hyrum and other brethren; where they were treated like brutes, and threatened to be shot every day or two. What their sufferings were was only known to God and themselves. But General Doniphan was disposed to favor the brethren as much as he possibly could. About
this time we decided to go to Louisville, Kentucky. We rode day and night until we reached there. We took a change of clothes for myself and babe, a shirt for Mr. Lightner, (we had left our goods in Far West) took a quilt for a wrap, and that was all we had. We expected to find an uncle of my husband's there, with whom we could stay for awhile, as we had but little means; but in this we were disappointed, for he had moved to Pennsylvania. We rented a house of four small rooms for six months, and gave a gold watch that cost two hundred dollars in New York City for the rent. We bought a second hand bed and bedsprings, and two chairs, a kettle and skillet, 3 or 4 plates and cups, and commenced housekeeping. Our money soon gave out and no work could be got that Mr. Lightner could do, as he was a cabinet maker by trade. What to do we did not know. Then I went from shop to shop to get work, many refused because I had no recommendation. At last I told a kind looking man that we were strangers and were destitute. He said he would give me two fine shirts to make, and if they suited, he would give me all the work that I could do. I finished them and carried them home; he was delighted with them and did up a lot more for me to take home. I asked him if he would pay me for what I had done. He offered me 30 cents for the two shirts. He said that was all he paid other women, and though my work was better, yet, he could give no more. A dollar was the common price for a fine shirt, and to get only fifteen cents for one; I thought it was hard. I told him that I could do no more at that price, and left him. I spent the money for some cornmeal and molasses. We lived on that for days. I then painted some pictures of flowers. and as good luck was on my side, I sold them for just enough to live on for awhile. One day Mr. Lightner was down at the wharf and met Francis Hagbee, who told him that our people were in Illinois at a place called Commerce, and that my brother Henry was in Alton, Illinois; so we sold what little we had and started for St. Louis with just enough money to take us there, hoping to get work of some kind so we could live. Our boat proved to be an old affair and we had to stop for repairs nearly every day, sometimes for hours at a time. I improved the time in giving painting lessons to a lady on board, to the amount of six dollars, which paid our passage to Alton. We met a member of the Church there whom we had befriended in Far West; he was keeping a boarding house but had a good many empty rooms. We asked permission to leave our trunk with him over night, which he readily gave. We then walked a mile, up hill all the way, and found Henry and wife living in a small house with two other families. Oh, how glad we were to meet with friends once more, and get a square meal of victuals with wheat bread, for we had lived so long on corn meal that both husband and child were ill. Next day we went for the trunk; the man charged us our last half dollar for letting the trunk stay in an empty room over night. We did not know what to do; our boy was very sick and we almost gave up hope that he would recover, for neither we nor either of the other families had a cent to procure medicine with. Finally, a doctor's wife, hearing of our distress, kindly gave us medicine that checked the disease, for which she would take no pay. As soon as my husband was able to be around so as to take care of our boy, I went from house to house and procured a number of scholars for lessons in painting. We went to board with a private family at four dollars a week for both of us. I continued teaching until I had sixty dollars, besides paying board. I felt quite rich. Although in poor health, yet I traveled through the hot sun to different houses some a good distance from others, to get means to go to Montrose, where I might find my mother, for I was near to be confined the second time. So we took passage to Montrose (which was opposite Nauvo,
I thought these were hard sayings and felt to doubt them. But the sequel proved them true. Before leaving Nauvoo, on the 4th of July there was a general parade of the Legion; about noon Emma came to me to borrow my dining table, as the officers were to dine with her, and the Prophet Joseph came also, he said the Lord commanded him to baptize us that day. Emma asked, "Why is this? They have always been good members in the Church, and another thing, dinner will be ready soon and you certainly won't go in those clothes?" "No," he told us, and he wanted us to be ready by the time he was, for he would not wait for dinner; as we lived on the bank of the river, we were soon ready. Brother Henry and wife, Aunt Gilbert and myself were baptized and confirmed. The Prophet Joseph tried hard to get Mr. Lightner to go into the water, but he said he did not feel worthy, but would, some other time. Joseph said to me that he never would be baptized, unless it was a few moments before he died."

*To Whom It May Concern:  
February 5, 1968

I was greatly interested in the life story of Mary Lightner as written in the Utah Genealogical Magazine years ago, and have subscribed to all the numbers of that Magazine that have been published. One of the items that drew my particular attention was the prophecy of the Prophet Joseph Smith made to Sister Lightner, in which the Prophet said that if Mr. Lightner was ever baptized it would be a few minutes before his death. In traveling through Beaver some twenty years ago, I decided to go to Minersville, Utah, where the Lightners settled after coming to Utah from their places of residence in the East. The purpose for going to Minersville was to learn about the Lightners and especially about whether Mr. Lightner ever accepted the gospel and was baptized. Members of the family at that place informed me that when Mr. Lightner was on his death bed, he mumbled something incoherently which the family present did not understand, but immediately after they heard him say: I guess it is too late. Apparently he remembered the prophecy made by the Prophet Joseph that if he was ever baptized it would be a few minutes before his death. This incident illustrates the greatness of Joseph the choice Seer.

Signed:

N. B. Lundwall

It was with sorrowful feelings that I went to Pontusuc to live, but by my taking in sewing we made out to live, and that was all. A lady called on me and asked me if we had a cow. I said, "No." She said if I would let her have my bedstead she would give me a cow and two pigs. I gladly accepted her offer, and slept on the floor until we could nail up a substitute. In a short time George was taken sick and died. I was alone with little that time. My husband had gone to a neighbor's for assistance. An old lady helped me dress him, and Mr. Lightner had to make the coffin, as he was the only carpenter in the place. The two men that dug the grave, and a little girl, were all that went to help bury my darling. I felt that the Prophet's words were beginning to be fulfilled. We then moved to a more commodious house. In 1843, my third son, Florentine Matthias was born. When he was two months old, I commenced teaching a few children in spelling and reading. I had not taught long before I took a severe cold that caused inflammation of the bowels. I was so low that my life was despaired of by two physicians. Mother was sent for. She brought some consecrated oil with which I was anointed. I felt better, and persuaded her to fix quilts in a chair and let me try to sit up to have the bed made, for it had not been made for over two weeks, but she was afraid to try it, as the doctor said I could not live three days, but I pleaded so hard they granted my request; by fixing quilts and pillows in a large rocking chair, tipped back as nearly like a bed as they could, then lifting me in a sheet, I was placed on it. Mother was so afraid it would make me worse she put on my stockings and slippers and wrapped me up in quilts while she made my bed more comfortable. I was - the second story of the house, in a large room; there were two more rooms on the same floor, and a hall. While lying there a heavy storm came up and our house was struck by lightning, and all of us badly shocked; the door casing was torn out and struck mother on the
shoulder and bruised her terribly. All were senseless for some time. There were seven of us in the family at the time. I was the first to come to my senses, and I found myself across the foot of the bed, my head on one side of the foot post of the bed and limbs on the other. As I looked around and saw the family on the floor, I thought they were all dead. I called for Mr. Lightner, who had gone into the next room; not getting any answer, I arose and went through the hall to find him on the floor as rigid as a corpse. The window in the hall had been torn out and the water was pouring in, in torrents. I took a small bucket and would dip up the water and pour it over him as fast as I could, but it did not do him any good. Soon the Doctor and two or three of the neighbors came in. They had seen the lightning strike the house and they could see no one moving, they concluded that we were killed, but when the saw me they were frightened. The Doctor got a quilt and wrapped it around me and carried me to a neighbor's. This was about 4 o'clock, June 6th, and it was nine at night before they could bring Mr. Lightner to the use of his limbs. He said he suffered more in being treated to live than he would in dying, but I who had been torn over in bed for two weeks by the sheets (for I was so swollen and inflamed in my bowels, I could not bear to have them handle me) was entirely cured, and dressed myself and went about my duties. However, for two years, when a storm came up, I was very sick while it lasted. Our house was torn to pieces, the lightning run from the roof to the ground in seven different places. People came from a distance to see it, and wondered that we were not all killed. A few days after this, I went out to milk my cow; when about half done, she stepped over the bucket and fell down dead. This was a great trial to us, for my long sickness had used up our means. We were obliged to leave the house and move into one close by. All of us came down with the chills and fever;
dying. Mr. Lightner told him my dream; soon they brought him in, he administered to me and I got up and walked to the fire, alone. In two weeks I was able to take care of my children. But just previous to this last sickness, the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, were taken to Carthage jail and men around Pontucuc formed a company to go to Carthage; they said to protect the Smiths, but I thought otherwise; also to go against Nauvoo if demanded. I was called to make a flag for this company; I refused, for I felt so low spirited I could hardly keep from weeping all day. I could not account for these awful feelings. But there was no one that knew how to make the flag but me, and I was compelled to make it or suffer the consequence, for I was the only Mormon in the place. In the afternoon of this same day this company started for Carthage.

The mob of men from Pontucuc, who had compelled me to make a flag, and who were bent upon the destruction of the Prophet Joseph Smith, as was already referred to in the last entry of my journal, returned in the night. As soon as we were up in the morning eight or ten men came to the door and called us to come to the door; when we came, they told us that the Smiths were killed. They said if we attempted to go to the funeral we should be shot; I said, "You can shoot me here if you want to," but an old man spoke up and said that if I stayed at home I should not be hurt, unless the Mormons came against them; then I would be the first one to be killed; and Mr. Lightner, too, unless he joined their side. We were obliged to remain three months; when they thought I would not live to get there they let us go. But when Mr. Lightner went back for our things he had to give the most of them to pay rent and doctor bills, even some of my clothes were taken for debts. In fact, we were robbed of many things. But I felt thankful to be away from there with my life. Soon after I got well, the temple was ready for giving endowments. When spring opened, we went aboard the "War Eagle" bound for Galena; but before we started, Brigham Young sent word back from Winter Quarters for me to come on and the Lord would bless me. I was destitute of clothes for myself and children, and not a dollar to call my own, how could I go? And to add to my distress, I was watched night and day. Someone had betrayed me. After reaching Galena we did make out to get work and thought we should do pretty well, vain hope. The last week in June, 1847, I was washing and got a needle in my wrist. My hand was drawn up to my breast and the pain was excruciating. I went to four different doctors, but could get no help, neither could I sleep, only when I was perfectly exhausted, and then only for a moment or two. It was September before I could sew on anything. On the ninth of February I had a son born, we named him John Horace Gilbert. In about six weeks I was able to take in sewing for a tailor; I made forty pairs of pants at forty to fifty cents a pair, for which I received pay out of a store, no money. As Mr. Lightner could get no work, it seemed impossible for us to live and pay rent. At length a Mr. Houghton, editor of the Galena Gazette, learned of our circumstances and offered us fifty dollars a month, and our passage free, if we would go to St. Croix Falls and oversee a hotel in which he was interested. We gladly availed ourselves of this offer, considering it a blessing from God.

We found a man in charge, who was a good cook. We engaged him to remain with us. We had about fifty boarders. We did well the first month, but during the next month, Mr. Lightner was taken sick with brain fever and my babe with chills and fever. I had my hands full for two weeks. I never undressed. I was on my feet all day and most of the night. When Mr. Lightner got so he could sit up a few moments, I began to hope our troubles were
over, but vain were my hopes, for my feet began to swell, and turned purple. I could not put them to the floor. The doctors said one of them was mortified, and I must have it amputated or lose my life. I thought of the Prophet Joseph's prophecies, when he said if I went away from the saints I would suffer great tribulation and lose my children, and would make property on the right hand, and lose it on the left; and when I got very poor, and almost worn out, I should go back to the Church. I prayed earnestly for the Lord to spare me my limb, and the answer to my prayer another physician said he thought he could save it if I would let him try. After some days working over it, the pain ceased and the swelling gradually subsided, until I could walk on it once more. Oh, how thankful I felt to my Heavenly Father that my foot was saved and I could work for the maintenance of my family, (for Mr. Lightner was still in poor health and the house needed a mistress). As soon as we gained strength we moved into a more convenient house. In the meantime, Aunt Gilbert came up from Nauvoo to live with us, and she proved a great help to us, for we were away from all our family relations. No one of our faith was near us, with whom we could converse on "Mormonism." We were getting along nicely and were prospering in worldly affairs, for all of our provisions were furnished us by the company, and we could save our salary for future use. But on the twentieth day of September, at twelve o'clock, day time, a stranger, purporting to be a physician from Quincy, Ill., came to the house and wanted to sell us medicine. He had a root, he said, which would cure any kind of a cold, bleeding at the lungs, and liver complaint. We did not want to buy any, but he gave us a piece of root for Aunt, as she had the liver complaint, he ate some of it (or pretended to) and said it would do us all good. So Mr. Lightner, Aunt and myself tasted it, and gave a little to two of my sons who came in at that moment, and tasted it also. In a few moments we were all taken violent ill; at three o'clock my two boys (one ten years and six months, the other three years and six months old) were dead. We thought Aunt was also dead; all three were laid out and covered with a sheet. While Mr. Lightner and myself were not expected to live from one moment to another. Two physicians were in attendance, and gave us no hope that we should recover, and it really seemed as though their predictions would come true. But about nine o'clock in the evening Aunt came to life, but had convulsions for two weeks. It took two or three men to hold her while the convulsions lasted. The doctors were surprised at her condition, for they and ten men had pronounced her dead five hours before she came to life again. In the meantime, Mr. Lightner and myself were getting some better. So the whole town turned out to see justice done to the man who gave us the poison. They put a rope around his neck, and raised the window at the front of my bed for me to see them hang him. He was an elderly man, with a pleasing countenance, but when they wanted me to look my last on him I begged them to desist from their purpose and try him by due course of law. Nothing but my deep sorrow and the fear that I, too, would soon join my children in the spirit land, caused them to desist from their purpose for the time being, so they confined him in a building they thought secure. But he had a friend in the place who assisted him to escape in the night. There was a light fall of snow and they traced him for two or three days without finding him. The next spring, a gentleman named Leach opened an office for land entry, the first of the kind in that part of the country at our house. He had learned of our trouble, and being a resident of the state of Illinois and having business in Quincy, he discovered that the quack doctor was in Quincy, in a hospital, in a bad condition. Both of his feet were frozen till the flesh dropped off from the bones. He told Mr. Leach that he got lost in the woods after making his escape from jail, and would have died if some friendly Indians had
(Mary Lightner was 87 years of age when she delivered this speech.)

"Well, my young brethren, I can say I never was more surprised in my life than to be called upon to speak to you young men who are called upon to go into mission field to preach the gospel to the nations of the earth. It is true I have been in the church from its beginning. Just six months after it was organized I joined it. I have been acquainted with all of those who were first members of this church, with all of those who saw the plates and handled them. I am well acquainted with every one of them and I have known them from the time that they came to Ohio until their death, and I am the only living witness who was at the first meeting that the Prophet held in Kirtland.

The Smith family were driven from New York, and a small church had been organized. Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, and Ziba Peterson were members. Well, I being anxious, though young, to learn about the plates from those who knew all about it, my mother and I went up to the Smith family, from the old gentleman and his wife to all the sons and daughters. As we stood there talking to them, Joseph and Martin Harris came in. Joseph looked around very solemnly. It was the first time some of them have ever seen him. Said he, "There are enough here to hold a little meeting." They got a board and put it across two chairs to make seats. Martin Harris sat on a little box at Joseph's feet. They sang and prayed. Joseph got up and began to speak to us.

As he began to speak very solemnly and very earnestly all at once his countenance changed and he stood mute. Those who looked at him that day said there was a search light within him, over every part of his body. I never saw anything like it on the earth. I could not take my eyes off him. He got so white that anyone who saw him would have thought he was transparent. I remember I thought I could almost see the cheek bones through the flesh. I have been through many changes since, but that is photographed on my mind. I shall remember it and see it in my mind's eye as long as I remain upon the earth. He stood some moments. He looked over the congregation as if to pierce every heart, and said, "Do you know who has been in your midst?" One of the Smith's said an angel of the Lord. Martin Harris said, "It was our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ". Joseph put his hand down on Martin and said, "God revealed that you". Brothers and Sisters, the Spirit of God has been here. The Savior has been in your midst this night and I want you to remember it. There is a veil over your eyes, you could not endure to look upon Him. You must be fed with milk, not with strong meat. I want you to remember this as if it were the last thing that escapes my lips. He has given all of you to me and has sealed you up to everlasting life that where He is there you may be also. And if you are tempted of Satan, say, 'Get behind me, Satan'."

These words are figured upon my brain and I never took my eyes off his countenance. Then he knelt down and prayed. I have never heard anything like it before or since. I felt that he was talking to the Lord and that power rested down upon the congregation. Every soul felt it. The spirit rested upon us in every fiber of our bodies, and we received a sermon from the lips of the representative of God.
Much has come to and gone from me through the power and vicissitudes of this Church. I have been in almost every mob. I have been driven about and told I would be shot and had a gun pointed at me, but I stayed with the Church until it was driven from Nauvoo.

The words of the Prophet that had been revealed to him have always been with me from the beginning to the end of the Gospel. Every principle that has been given in the Church by the Prophet is true I know whereon I stand, I know what I believe, I know what I know and I know what I testify to you is the living truth. As I expect to meet it at the bar of the eternal Jehovah it is true. And when you stand before His bar you will know.

He preached polygamy and he not only preached it, but he practiced it. I am a living witness to it. It was given to him before he gave it to the Church. An angel came to him and the last time he came with a drawn sword in his hand and told Joseph if he did not go into that principle he would slay him. Joseph said he talked to him soberly about it, and told him it was an abomination and quoted scripture to him. He said in the Book of Mormon it was an abomination in the eyes of the Lord, and they were to adhere to these things except the Lord speak.

I am the first being that the revelation was given to from him and I was one thousand miles away in Missouri, for he went up to Jackson County in '41. I was there in all the tribulations and trials. I have been in houses that have been stoned. The rocks have been thrown criss-cross in every direction; I have seen the brethren shot and ruined for life. I saw the first martyr dead and a more heavenly corpse I never saw or expect to see on the face of the earth. His face was so happy. I have seen our Bishop tarred and feathered, in the streets of Missouri.

They took off his shirt and covered him with tar and then took a pillow and turned the feathers over him. I looked at him and I thought if ever man was counted worthy to be a martyr he was. His life proved it for he lived an upright honorable life and was beloved by the Prophet while he lived and after he died the Prophet honored him. Two of his sisters were Joseph's wives. Emma took them by the hand and gave them to Joseph.

I asked him if Emma knew about me and he said, "Emma thinks the world of you". I was not sealed to him until I had a witness. I had been dreaming for a number of years I was his wife. I thought I was a great sinner. I prayed to God to take it from me for I felt it was a sin, but when Joseph sent for me he told me all of these things. "Well", said I, "Don't you think it was an angel of the Devil that told you these things?" Said he, "No, it was an angel of God. God Almighty showed me the difference between an angel of Light and Satan's angels. The angel came to me three times between the years of '34 and '42 and said I was to obey that principle or he would slay me. "But," said he, "they call me a false and fallen prophet, but I am more in favor with my God this day than I ever was in all my life before. I know that I shall be saved in the Kingdom of God. I have the oath of God upon me and God cannot lie. All that He gives me I shall take with me, for I have that authority and that power conferred upon me."

Well, I talked with him for a long time and finally I told him I would never be sealed to him until I had a witness. Said he, "You shall have a witness". Said I, "If God told you that, why does he not tell me?" He asked me if I was going to be a traitor. "I have never told a mortal and shall never tell a mortal I had such a talk with a married man," said I.
"Well", said he, "pray earnestly, for the angel said to me you should have a witness". Well, Brigham Young was with me. He said if I had a witness he wanted to know it. "Why should I tell you?" said I. "Well, said he, "I want to know for myself." Said he, "Do you know what Joseph said? Since we left the office the angel appeared to him and told him he was well pleased with him and that you should have a witness".

I made it a subject of prayer and I worried about it because I did not dare to speak to a living being except Brigham Young. I went out and got between three haystacks where no one could see me. As I knelt down I thought, "Why not pray as Moses did? He prayed with his hands raised. When his hands were raised, Israel was victorious but when they were not raised the Philistines were victorious." I lifted my hands and I have heard Joseph say the angels covered their faces. I knelt down and if ever a poor mortal prayed, I did. A few nights after that an angel of the Lord came to me and if ever a thrill went through a mortal, it went through me. I gazed upon the clothes and figure but the eyes were like lightning. They pierced me from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. I was frightened almost to death for a moment. I tried to raken my Aunt but I could not. The angel leaned over me and the light was very great although it was night. When my Aunt woke up she said she had seen a figure in white robes pass from our bed to my mother's bed and pass out of the window.

Joseph came up the next Sabbath. He said, "Have you had a witness yet?" "No," said he, "the angel expressly told me you should have". Said I, "I have not had a witness, but I have seen something I have never seen before. I saw an angel, and I was frightened almost to death. I did not speak". He studied a while and put his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands. He looked up and said, "How could you have been such a coward?" Said I, "I was weak". "Did you think to say, 'Father, help me?" "No". "Well, if you had just said that your mouth would have been opened for that was the angel of the living God. He came to you with more knowledge, intelligence and light than I ever dared to reveal!". I said, "If that was an angel of light, why did he not speak to me?" "You covered your face and for this reason the angel was insulted". Said I, "Will it ever come again?" He thought for a moment and then said, "No, not now. I am not able to speak to you. If you are faithful you shall see greater things than that."

And then he gave me three signs of what would take place in my own family. Although my husband was far away from me at the time, every word came true. I went forward and was sealed to him. Brigham Young performed the sealing and Heber C. Kimball the blessing.

I knew he had six wives and I have known some of them from childhood up. I know he had three children. They told me. I think two of them are living today, they are not known as his children as they go by other names.

These things I can testify to as the living truth and I have told it to the Josephites. There is a great deal said about this Church and the Josephites. I never knew of Joseph appointing him (his son) to be the Prophet. I have never known him to say it, and I have known the boy ever since he was twelve years of age. I heard Joseph say this, "I have rolled this kingdom off of my shoulders onto the shoulders of the Twelve so they can carry out this work and build up His Kingdom." Said he, "I am tired. I have been robbed, I have suffered so much, from outsiders and from my own family. Some of the brethren think they can carry this work on better than I can, far better. I have asked the Lord to take me away. I have to
seal my testimony to this generation with my blood. I have to do it, for this work will never progress until I am gone for the testimony is of no force until the testa

tor is dead. People little know who I am when they talk about me, and they never will know until they see me weighed in the balance in the Kingdom of God. Then they will know who I am and see me as I am. I dare not tell them and they do not know me." These words were spoken with such power that they penetrated the heart of every soul that believed on him.

Now about these Josephites--I have not a word to say about Joseph. He is doing a good work in the first principles. He does not believe in endowments; he does not believe in some other things; and he does not recognize this Church as the true Church. But we have no criterion to go by. Joseph said, "The servant cannot be greater than the Master. If they persecute me they will persecute you." Has his son Joseph ever been persecuted? Have they been whipped and murdered in cold blood? They can go into the world as members of the re-organized church. They do not believe the right one took Joseph's place. But let me tell you this Gospel is going to spread and you young men who are going on missions give your hearts to God, for He said, "Young man, give me thy heart", and if you do give Him your hearts and pray to the heavens above the Spirit of God and the Holy Ghost will rest upon you. If the great Soul that rules in heaven and on earth, and the inspiration of the spirit comes down and rests in your bosoms you will be able to speak the light to the people and you will gain a great reward. Just speaking of yourself in your own strength the Spirit is withdrawn. You will have no power that will reach the heart. It may tickle the ear, but you must have the power of the Almighty. You must have the angels to be your companions and rest upon you. Let them be your guide in health and trouble. May you ever drink of the waters of intelligence that flows from the throne of God. God Almighty will guide you and direct you and you will walk in the paths of Truth and you will receive your reward as His servants for the good deeds you have done on this earth.

This is my testimony and I hope and pray you will believe me for I have received it from the servants heart and when that servant comes he will own his people if they are faithful and humble.

A trying hour and the dark at hours are in the future before us and it is only those who are humble, contrite, and honest before God and endure to the end who shall receive the blessings. Faith will be trampled down and there will be destructions to come upon those who are not honest. These are things I tell you and they are true and you will see that they are if you live long enough. All I have said to you about the future will come to pass just as sure as the sun shines in the heavens. May God bless you and let you be on the alert to receive the words of light that are given to you by his servants.

You will be tried by darkness and the powers of darkness will come to you, but put your trust in your Heavenly Father, let his be your guide and support for he is everlasting light, worlds without ends.

I hope you will excuse me for being a little agitated but it is a terrible tax for me to come and get up to speak. But I want you to remember what I have said, that it is my testimony, as long as you live. I want to say to you as I said before that Joseph said if I was faithful I would see greater things than the Angel. Since then, I have seen other persons. Three came together and stood
before me just as the sun went down -- Joseph, Hyrum, and Heber C. Kimball. It was prophesied that I should see Joseph before I died. Still I had not been thinking about that. I was thinking about a sermon I had heard. All at once I stood up and they stood before me. Joseph stood in the middle of the circle, like the new moon, and stood with his arms over their shoulders. They bowed to me about a dozen times or more. I pinched myself to be sure I was awake, and looked around the room to see where I had placed things. I thought I would shake hands with them. They saw my confusion and understood it and they laughed. I thought Brother Kimball would almost kill himself laughing. I had no fear. As I went to shake hands with them they bowed, smiled and began to fade. They went like the sun sinks behind a mountain or cloud. It gave me more courage and hope than I ever had before.

Sadie Preston, Stenographer.

Original signed copy in the Lundwall Rare Manuscript Collection Item #743 Microfilm Roll #3.
that, I was thinking about him and they stood before me. Joseph stood in the middle in a circle like the new moon and he stood with his arms over their shoulders. They bowed to me about a dozen times or more. I pinched to be sure I was awake, and I looked around the room to see where I had placed things. I thought I would shake hands with them. They saw my confusion and understood it and they laughed, and I thought Brother Kimball would kill himself laughing. I had no fear. As I went to shake hands with them they bowed, smiled, and began to fade. They went like a cloud behind a mountain. It gave me more courage and hope than I ever had before.

Sister Lightner stated that she had ten children, seven of them were boys and she had raised three of them to manhood. She has one daughter in the Church.

Mary E. P. Lightner

Sadie Preston - Stenographer.

Being asked concerning her husband Sister Lightner said, 'My husband did not belong to the Church. I begged and pled with him to join but he would not. He said he did not believe in it though he thought a great deal of Joseph. He sacrificed his property rather than testify against Joseph, Hyrum, and Geo. A. Smith. After he said this I went forward and was sealed to Joseph for Eternity.'

In her daughter and grand daughter have heard her tell this and much more ever since I can remember. — Mary R. Rollins

Elni E. Barrett.
Testimony of Mary Elizabeth Rollins Lightner Smith:

I was sealed to Joseph Smith the Prophet by commandment, in the Spring of 1831. The Savior appeared & commanded him to seal me up to everlasting Life, gave me to Joseph to be with him in his Kingdom even as he is in the Fathers Kingdom in 1834 commanded to take me for a wife, I was a thousand miles from him, he got afraid. the angel came to him three times the last time with a drawn Sword and threatned his life.

I did not believe, if God told him. So, why did he not come and tell me.

(2nd page) The angel told him I should have a witness, and an angel came to me, it went through me like Lightning. I was afraid. Joseph with said he came \(\text{(unreadable word)}\) more Revelation and knowledge than Joseph ever dare reveal. Brigham Young Sealed me to him, for time & all Eternity.

Joseph said I was his, before I came here. he said all the Devils in Hell should never get me from him I was Sealed to him in the Masonic Hall over the Old brick Store, by Brigham Young. and then again in the Nauvo Temple by Heber C. Kimball (page 3) reconfirmed in St. George Temple and the Manti Temple (unreadable word(s)?) and Salt Lake Temple after I came to Utah.

\(/s/\) Mary E. Lightner
Feb 8th 1902

witness
Mary R. Rollins
Minersville
Beaver Co
Utah

Copied from xerox copy of a negative copy of the original at BYU Special Collections, Manuscript 1132.
Reads as the original with mistakes retained without the use of sic.
The Patron’s Order Blank

In the development of the activities of the Genealogical Society of Utah there has evolved what is known as “The Patron’s Order Blank,” which enables an interested person to proceed with his work of gathering Genealogical Information and doing the incident Temple Ordinance work, without the necessity of consulting other people, either a family as such, or an organization; or fitting into an elaborate plan of gathering and tabulating genealogical data and extensive pedigrees, before Temple work is actually begun.

This does not mean that the importance of Family and Surname Organizations is in any way lessened, but rather that the spirit of such organization work is fostered through the individual initiative.

The plan provides that the individual sends to this office for one of these order blanks (or he may secure it from a stake or ward committee) and fills it out properly with the information called for. It is then returned to the Genealogical Society of Utah.

The Society will then give him a preliminary report of the activities that are going on in behalf of the surname in which he is interested and make recommendations to him as to how to proceed with his work.

The suggestions that are made to the patron will inform him that his work will combine with all other work done in the library; that it will be orderly arranged; that all names gathered for him will be placed on Temple Sheets; that he need not have this work in a Temple book of his own, for it will be tabulated in the library, but that when it is tabulated he may have the work recorded in his temple book, at his own expense, if he so desires; that he may start with a small amount and add to it as he can, and other instruction along this line that will enable him to proceed in an orderly manner.

It is earnestly recommended that every person interested in Temple work have one of these order blanks, properly filled out, on file in the Genealogical Society of Utah and become acquainted with the present possibilities of carrying on this important work for the dead.

The preliminary report is furnished free, and a request for an order blank will be promptly attended to.

THE

UTAH GENEALOGICAL

AND HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

JULY, 1926

Mary Elizabeth Rollins Lightner

Note: The writer of this vivid and interesting autobiography was one of the earliest converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Living in Kirtland at the time the first missionaries visited that place, Oct., 1830, she and her parents were soon baptized. She became intimate with the parents of the Prophet Joseph Smith as well as with the Prophet, his brother Hyrum, the Patriarch, and with all the early saints. Her recital of those scenes of joy, of sorrow, of moans and of constant movings and drivings is one of the most detailed descriptions ever presented. She fills in the large gaps necessarily left by many historians who give space to causes and effects rather than giving intimate pictures of daily domestic difficulties. She was a heroine in her own right, and to the last she bore her shining testimony of the truth of the Gospel and the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

I was born in the town of Lima, Livingston County, State of New York, April 9, 1818. My father, John D. Rollins, came from one of the New England States; I think it was Vermont. My mother, Keziah Keturah Van Benthuysen, was born in Albany, State of New York, May 16, 1796. She married my father in 1814 or 1815. Three children were the fruit of this marriage, James Henry, myself and sister Caroline, the youngest. When Caroline was six months old, my father was shipwrecked on Lake Ontario during a terrible storm. Only one person was saved out of all the passengers and crew.

When I was ten years old, we moved to Kirtland, Ohio, and lived in a house belonging to Algrenin Sidney Gilbert, mother’s sister’s husband. We remained there two years, when we heard of the plates of the Book of Mormon, being found by Joseph Smith. Soon the news was confirmed by the appearance of Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, and Ziba Peterson, with the glorious news of the restoration of the Gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith. They bore a powerful testimony, by the Holy Spirit, of the truth of the great work they were engaged in; and which they were commissioned by the Father to present to all the world.

Quite a number of the residents of Kirtland accepted baptism, mother and myself also, in the month of October, 1830. A branch
of the Church was organized, and Father Morley was ordained an Elder to preside over it. He owned a large farm, about a mile from Kirtland, and some three or four families went there to live, and meetings were held there. A good spirit prevailed among the brethren for some time.

After Oliver Cowdery and his brethren left there for Missouri on their mission to the Lamanites, a wrong spirit crept into our midst, and a few were led away by it. About this time, John Whitmer came and brought a Book of Mormon. There was a meeting that evening, and we learned that Brother Morley had the Book in his possession—the only one in that part of the country. I went to his house just before the meeting, and asked to see the Book; Brother Morley put it in my hand, as I looked at it, I felt such a desire to read it, that I could not refrain from asking him to let me take it home and read it, while he attended meeting. He said it would be too late for me to take it back after meeting, and another thing, he had hardly had time to read a chapter in it himself, but few of the brethren had even seen it, but I plead so earnestly for it, he finally said, "child, if you will bring this book home before breakfast tomorrow morning, you may take it." He admonished me to be very careful, and see that no harm came to it. If any person in this world was ever perfectly happy in the possession of any coveted treasure I was when I had permission to read that wonderful book. Uncle and Aunt were Methodists, so when I got into the house, I exclaimed, "Oh, Uncle, I have got the Golden Bible!" Well, there was consternation in the house for a few moments, and I was severely reprimanded for being so presumptuous as to ask such a favor, when Brother Morley had not read it himself. However, we all took turns reading it until very late in the night—so soon as it was light enough to see, I was up and learned the first verse in the book. When I reached Brother Morley's they had been up for only a little while. When I handed him the book, he remarked, "I guess you did not read much in it." I showed him how far we had read. He was surprised, and said, "I don't believe you can tell me one word of it." I then repeated the first verse, also the outlines of the history of Nephi. He gazed at me in surprise, and said, "child, take this book home and finish it, I can wait." Before or about the time I finished the last chapter, the Prophet Joseph Smith arrived in Kirtland, and moved into a part of Newel K. Whitney's house, (Uncle Algonor's partner in the Mercantile Business), while waiting for his goods to be put in order. Brother Whitney brought the Prophet Joseph to our house and introduced him to the older ones of the family (I was not in at the time.) In looking around he saw the Book of Mormon on the shelf, and asked how that book came to be there. He said, "I sent that book to Brother Morley." Uncle told him how his niece had obtained it. He asked, "Where is your niece?" I was sent for; when he saw me he looked at me so earnestly, I felt almost afraid. After a moment or two he came and put his hands on my head and gave me a great blessing, the first I ever received, and made me a present of the book, and said he would give Brother Morley another. He came in time to rebuke the evil spirits, and set the Church in order. We all felt that he was a man of God, for he spoke with power, and as having authority in very deed.

In the fall of 1831, in company with Bishop Partridge, Father Morley, W. W. Phelps, Cyrus Daniels and their families, mother and myself, my brother Henry and sister Caroline, under the guardianship of Algonor S. Gilbert, left Kirtland for Independence, Jackson County, Missouri. Soon, quite a number of the saints settled in Independence. Uncle Gilbert opened a store of dry goods, and groceries; while his partner, Newel K. Whitney, kept one in Kirtland, where they had one for several years before the Gospel came to them.

A two story printing office was also erected; altogether, the saints were in a prosperous condition, both temporally and spiritually. Oliver Cowdery, John Whitmer and Thomas B. Marsh often spoke in tongues, addressing the people on the Sabbath day, and I wanted to understand what they said; so I made it a subject of prayer, that the Lord would give me to understand what was the meaning of their words; for they seemed to speak with great power. One evening, the Brethren came to Uncle's house to converse upon the Revelations that had not been printed as yet, but few had looked upon them, for they were in large sheets, not folded. They spoke of them with such reverence, as coming from the Lord; so I began to rejoice, I thought they were counted worthy to be the means of publishing them for the benefit of the whole world. While talking they were filled with the spirit and spoke in tongues. I was called upon to interpret it. I felt the spirit of it in a moment. Terrible were the threats against our people, we were too much united to suit the inhabitants of Missouri, and they did not believe in our religion, or our way of doing business; then we did not believe in slavery, and they feared us. On one account, though we were counselled to have nothing to say to the slaves whatever, but to mind our own business. Soon a mob began to collect in the town and set fire to the grain, and hay stacks in the yard of Bishop Partridge. All were destroyed. Then they began to stone the houses, breaking the doors and windows. One night, a great many got together and stoned our house, part of which was hewed logs, the front was brick. After breaking all the windows, they
other property destroyed. Uncle Gilbert's store was broken open, and some of the goods strewn on the public square; then the few families living in town went to the Temple block, where the Bishop and his first counselor, John Corrill, lived, for mutual protection; while the Brethren were hiding in the woods, their food being carried to them in the night. Some of our brethren were tied to trees and whipped until the blood ran down their bodies.

After enduring all manner of grievances we were driven from the county. While we were camped on the banks of the Missouri River waiting to be ferried over, they found there was not money enough to take all over. One or two families must be left behind, and the fear was that if left, they would be killed. So, some of the brethren by the name of Higbee thought they would try and catch some fish, perhaps the ferryman would take them, they put out their lines in the evening; it rained all night and most of the next day, when they took in their lines they found two or three small fish, and a catfish that weighed 14 pounds. On opening it, what was their astonishment to find three bright silver half dollars, just the amount needed to pay for taking their team over the river. This was considered a miracle, and caused great rejoicing among us.

At length we settled in Clay County, where my mother married Mr. John M. Burt, a widower with two children, his wife having died with Cholera at St. Louis in 1831. I stayed with Uncle Gilbert most of the time until Zion's camp came up in 1834. Many of the brethren stopped with us, including the Prophet Joseph, his brothers, Hyrum and William; and Jesse Smith, their cousin, also Luke and Lyman E. Johnson. When the cholera broke out among the camp, Uncle Gilbert, (who was preparing to go on a mission) was among the first to die, then Jesse Smith. There were five who died at Uncle's, and nine at a neighbor's by the name of Burgett, this was in the month of June. The dead were rolled in blankets and consigned to the grave, as the people were so frightened they would do nothing for us, and our brethren were bowed down with sorrow for the loss of their friends, and almost despaired of seeing an end of the plague. But the Lord saw fit to heal the most of those who had come up in the camp, and there were not many deaths after the Prophet Joseph had administered to them. Uncle died on the 25th of June, 1834; shortly after, the camp left for their homes in Kirtland.

I commenced teaching a few children in spelling, reading, and writing. I did not understand much about grammar, I had commenced its study with Sabrina Phelps, Oliver Cowdery, John Whitney, and two or three others, in Jackson County, but was stopped by the mob, but I was well versed in geography. I continued teaching for two years, and met with good success. In 1835 on the eleventh of August, I was married to Mr. Adam Lightner of Liberty, Clay County, Mo.
Shortly after this, our people moved to Far West, Caldwell County, and soon had a flourishing town, and a settlement all around of farms, etc. The brethren persuaded Mr. Lightner to go there and keep a store for their accommodation, as the Church was not able; for the most of them had been stripped of all they had. He concluded to go and build a log house for his store, and leave me in Liberty until it was completed. We soon left for Far West, my husband furnishing the supplies for the brethren until they could harvest their crops. It was customary among the Missourians to credit the farmers a year. Mr. Lightner followed the rule, for he knew they could not pay until they could earn the money. In the meantime, on the 18th of June, 1836, a son was born to us, we named him Miles Henry. In the latter part of '37 we moved to Milford, a small town about ten miles distant from Far West, to start a store in that place from my brother, James H. Rollins, to take charge of. Soon rumors of trouble began to circulate among the people in the outer settlements and we deemed it prudent to go back to Far West. Accordingly, we left the store in the care of Mr. Slade, and most of our housekeeping articles, expecting to send for them in a few days, which were not able to do for two or three weeks, then we found all of our provisions gone, our carpets ruined, etc. Then the mob gathered in great numbers, threatening our people, driving off stock, and committing other depredations too numerous to mention. When our grievances became almost unbearable, the brethren determined to try and defend themselves. As there was but little powder in the place, they decided, as Mr. Lightner was a Mormon, to send him to Liberty for a keg of powder; Homer Duncan accompanied him. They got the powder, and brought 20 yards of carpet, rolled the keg in it, put it in a barrel and filled the barrel with beans; on returning their wagon was twice fired upon by ten men, who thrust their bayonets into the barrel, but did not touch the powder. If they had found it two men would have been killed. Both knew their lives hung on a thread as it were, and looked for death with every moment. But the Lord willed otherwise, and they arrived home safe to the joy of the brethren. After a while, teams were sent out into the settlements to collect all the provisions they could. A number of teams went; two men were appointed to take their guns and guard each wagon. Mr. Lightner and George A. Smith were guards for one wagon. Plenty of provisions were brought in, and taken to Sidney Rigdon's, and other places. But our people were soon to hear the heart-rending news of a battle between our brethren and the mob at Chaffee. In which Brothers David W. Patton, Patrick O'Banion and Gideon Carter were killed. It was about this time that seventeen men and boys were massacred by a mob at Hauns' Mill, and their bodies buried in a well. This news was heart-rending, for all felt to mourn for the loss of the slain. Oh, what a time that was! For in the midst of sorrow, news came that the militia (besides the hundreds of the mob), were marching to destroy our city and its inhabitants. A part of the bloodthirsty mob camped near the city and placed a cannon in the middle of the road, intending to blow up the place. Then they sent in a flag of truce, demanding an interview with John Clemmon and wife, and Adam Lightner and wife. We went a short distance to meet them. We saw a number of the brethren standing around the place of meeting, well armed. As we approached, General Clark shook hands with the two men, being old acquaintances, and remarked that Governor Boggs had given him an order for our safe removal before they destroyed the place. I asked my sister-in-law what we should do about it. She replied, we will do as you say; I was surprised at her answer, as she was the mother of four or five children, and I had but one. So I asked the General if he would let all the Mormon women and children go out? He said, "No," "Will you let my mother's family go out?" He said, "The Governor's orders were that no one but our two families should go—but all were to be destroyed." "Then, if that is the case, I refuse to go, for where they die, I will die, for I am a full blooded Mormon, and I am not ashamed to own it." "Oh," said he, "You are not satisfied, your Prophet will be killed with the rest." Said I, "If you kill him today, God will raise up another tomorrow." "But think of your husband and child," I then said that he could go, and take the child with him, if he wanted to, but I would suffer with the rest. Just then a man kneeling down by some brush, jumped up and stepping between the General and myself, said, "Hold on, General," then turned to me and said, "Sister Lightner, Almighty bless you, I thank my God for one soul that is ready to die for her religion; not a hair of your head shall be harmed, for I will wade to my knees in blood in your behalf." "So will I," said Brother Hyrum Smith, and others. The first speaker was Brother Heber C. Kimball, with whom I was not acquainted at the time. Then the General pleaded with my husband, but it was of no avail. The next morning the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum were given into the hands of the mob milita. A few days after, my brother came from out my home, forty miles distant. As we found our people were not to be massacred, we concluded to go home for a time. Accordingly, Clemmon's family and ourselves took a change of clothes and were ready to go, when we saw a possum was hunting for my Brother Henry (who had not been married long). So we got him in the back end of the wagon, and covered him with a feather bed, his wife sitting beside him to uncover him for air
when no one of the mob was by. We passed through Clark’s troops of five hundred men, one half on the right of the wagon and the other on the left. They did not molest us, as we feared they would. We had a negro driver, and Mr. Lightner’s brother, who was well known, walked beside the team. I do not know what would have been my brother’s fate had they seen him. We soon left Far West behind and reached Lexington in safety, though we had a hard time in crossing the Missouri River at that place, large cakes of ice would almost upset the boat, and we were in great danger of drowning. The ferryman said that he never came so near going to the bottom before. The officers found where we were, and came and took Henry and put him in Richmond jail, with Joseph, Hyrum and other brethren; where they were treated like brutes, and threatened to be shot every day or two. What their sufferings were was only known to God and themselves. But General Doniphan was disposed to favor the brethren as much as he possibly could. About this time we decided to go to Louisville, Kentucky. We rode day and night until we reached there. We took a change of clothes for myself and babe, a shirt for Mr. Lightner, (we had left our goods in Far West) took a quilt for a wrap, and that was all we had. We expected to find an uncle of my husband’s there, with whom we could stay for awhile, as we had but little means; but in this we were disappointed, for he had moved to Pennsylvania. We rented a house of four small rooms for six months, and gave a gold watch that cost two hundred dollars in New York City for the rent. We bought a second hand bed and bedstead and two chairs, a table and skillet, 3 or 4 plates and cups, and commenced housekeeping. Our money soon gave out and no work could be got that Mr. Lightner could do, as he was a cabinet maker by trade. What to do we did not know. Then I went from shop to shop to get work, many refused because I had no recommendation. At last I told a kind looking man that we were strangers and were destitute. He said he would give me two fine shirts to make, and if they suited, he would give me all the work that I could do. I finished them and carried them home; he was delighted with them and did up a lot more for me to take home. I asked him if he would pay me for what I had done. He offered me 30 cents for the two shirts. He said that was all he paid other women, and though my work was better, yet, he could give no more. A dollar was the common price for a fine shirt, and to get only fifteen cents for one; I thought it hard. I told him that I could do no more at that price, and left him. I spent the money for some cornmeal and molasses. We lived on that for days. I then painted some pictures of flowers, and as good luck was on my side, I sold them for just enough to live on for awhile. One day Mr. Lightner was down at the wharf and met Francis Hibbee, who told him that our people were in Illinois at a place called Commerce and that my brother Henry was in Alton, Illinois; so we sold what little we had and started for St. Louis with just enough money to take us there, hoping to get work of some kind so we could live. Our boat proved to be an old affair and we had to stop for repairs nearly every day, sometimes for hours at a time. I improved the time in giving painting lessons to a lady on board, to the amount of six dollars, which paid our passage to Alton. We met a member of the Church there whom we had befriended in Far West; he was keeping a boarding house but had a good many empty rooms. We asked permission to leave our trunk with him over night, which he readily gave. We then walked a mile, up hill all the way, and found Henry and wife living in a small house with two other families. Oh, how glad we were to meet with friends once more, and get a square meal of victuals with wheat bread, for we had lived so long on corn meal that both husband and child were ill. Next day we went for the trunk; the man charged us our last half dollar for letting the trunk stay in an empty room over night. We did not know what to do; our boy was very sick and we almost gave up hope that he would recover, for neither we nor either of the other families had a cent to procure medicine with. Finally, a doctor’s wife, hearing of our distress, kindly gave us medicine that checked the disease, for which she would take no pay. As soon as my husband was able to be around so as to take care of our boy, I went from house to house and procured a number of scholars for lessons in painting. We went to board with a private family at four dollars a week for both of us. I continued teaching until I had sixty dollars, besides paying board. I felt quite rich. Although in poor health, yet I traveled through the hot sun to different houses, some a good distance from others, to get means to go to Montrose, where I might find my mother, for I was near to be confined the second time. So we took deck passage to Montrose (which was opposite Nauvoo, across the Mississippi River) and found Mr. Burt had moved ten miles from there, onto what was called the half bred tract. We hired a team and went there, we found them living in a small log hut, only one room in it. We were joyfully received, and on October 13th, my daughter Caroline Kezia was born. When she was three weeks old we moved to Farmington, ten miles from the half breed tract, situated on the Des Moines River. Mother lent us a bed, knives and forks. Gave us a few quarts of flour (for she had but little herself) and some other necessities, while an Irishman gave us a bushel of potatoes and some squash. We commenced housekeeping in two rooms, one Mr. Lightner used for a shop, as there was no one there that could make
while the tears ran down his cheeks, he prophesied that if we attempted to leave the Church we would have plenty of sorrow; for we would make property on the right hand, and lose it on the left, we would have sickness on sickness, and lose our children, and that I would have to work harder than I ever dreamed of; and, "At last when you are worn out, and almost ready to die, you will get back to the Church." I thought these were hard sayings and felt to doubt them. But the sequel proved them true. Before leaving Nauvoo, on the 4th of July there was a general parade of the Legion; about noon Emma came to me to borrow my dining table, as the officers were to dine with her, and the Prophet Joseph came also, he said the Lord commanded him to baptize us that day. Emma asked, "Why is this? They have always been good members in the Church, and another thing, dinner will be ready soon and you certainly won't go in those clothes!" No, he said, and we wanted us to be ready by the time he was, for he would not wait for dinner; as we lived on the bank of the river, we were soon ready. Brother Henry and wife, Aunt Gilbert and myself were baptized and confirmed. The Prophet Joseph tried hard to get Mr. Lightner to go into the water, but he said he did not feel worthy, but would, some other time. Joseph said to me that he never would be baptized, unless it was a few moments before he died. It was with sorrowful feelings that I left the Prophet; he was so kind to us, and we gladly hailed the opportunity. So in January, we, Mr. Burt, myself and two children, crossed the Mississippi River on the ice. It was late in the evening, and we did not dare to take our team. So we walked across the river and up the hill near the Temple where he lived. Next morning the ice was all broken up, and it was days before he could get his team across. On the 23rd of March I was-committed to prison, and called, we called him George Algermon. Mr. Lightner had settled up his business in Farmington, paid his debts by giving up all his tools, etc., which left us poor indeed, but as some of the brethren owed us nearly two thousand dollars, we thought we could get some of them to help us, but those that owed us the most, took the benefit of the Bankrupt law and refused to pay us. One man offered to let us have a barrel of pork and a coffee pot, if we would give him back his note of five hundred dollars, which we held. We did this and was very thankful for it; but not for long, for when we opened the barrel we found the meat sour and full of weevils. My husband could get no work, and I commenced teaching painting to Julia Murdock Smith, to Steven Mark's daughter, and to Sarah Ann Whitney. I also procured a lot a block below the Prophet Joseph Smith's mansion; but as we could get no more work in Nauvoo, Mr. Lightner found a job cutting cord wood, 15 miles up the river, at a place called Pontiac. He got a little log room with a floor made of logs split in two, and very rough. The Prophet Joseph, on learning that we were going to leave there, felt very sad, and
thoughts of leaving my little children in the condition we were in, seemed more than I could bear. I thought of all that the Prophet Joseph had told me, and felt in my heart that it was all true. I prayed for help to get well, but the Doctor coming in, said there was no hope for me. But I dreamed that an angel came to me and said if I would go to Nauvoo and call for a Brother Cutler, that worked on the temple, to administer to me, I should be healed. But we could get no team to go. I was in despair; however, my brother was impressed to send for me, he felt that something was wrong, so he sent a boy with an ox team after me. I was so glad, that for a few moments I felt new life. But the people said I would not get a mile from town when he would have to bring back my dead body. But I said I wanted to be buried in Nauvoo, and pleaded with them to take me there, dead or alive. So after fixing a bed in the wagon, they placed me on it; the neighbors bid me goodbye as they supposed for the last time, (they were not of our faith). We went a mile and stopped the team; they thought me dying, all the children were crying. I had my senses and motioned for them to go on. We went a few miles further, stopped at a house and asked to stay all night. The woman was willing when she saw me. She said I would die before morning, and she did not want me to die in her house. Mr. Lightner told her that I would certainly die if I was left in the open wagon all night. She finally let us in. She made us as comfortable as she could and fixed me some light food; after drinking some tea, I felt better and had a good night’s rest; but she was glad when we left, for she thought I would not see Nauvoo. After traveling a few miles further, we finally reached Nauvoo. They still thought me dying. Mr. Lightner asked Brother Burt if there was an old man by the name of Cutler working on the temple. He said “Yes.” Mr. Lightner told him my dream; soon they brought him, he administered to me and I got up and walked to the fire, alone. In two weeks I was able to take care of my children. But just previous to this last sickness, the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, were taken to Carthage jail and men around Pontius formed a company to go to Carthage; they said to protect the Smiths, but I thought otherwise; also to go against Nauvoo if demanded. I was called to make a flag for this company; I refused, for I felt so low spirited I could hardly keep from weeping all day. I could not account for these awful feelings. But there was no one that knew how to make the flag but me, and I was compelled to make it or suffer the consequence. For I was the only Mormon in the place. In the afternoon of this same day this company started for Carthage.

(To be continued)
Mary Elizabeth Rollins Lightner

(Conclusion)

The mob of men from Pontusuc, who had compelled me to make a flag, and who were bent upon the destruction of the Prophet Joseph Smith, as was already referred to in the last entry of my journal, returned in the night. As soon as we were up in the morning eight or ten men came to the door and asked us to come to the door; when we came, they told us that the Smiths were killed. They said if we attempted to go to the funeral we should be shot; I said, "You can shoot me if you want to," but an old man spoke up and said that if I stayed at home I should not be hurt, unless the Mormons came against them; then I would be the first one to be killed; and Mr. Lightner, too, unless he joined their side. We were obliged to remain three months; when they thought I would not live to get there they let us go. But when Mr. Lightner went back for our things he had to give the most of them to pay rent and doctor bills, even some of my clothes were taken for debts. In fact, we were robbed of many things. But I felt thankful to be away from there with my life. Soon after I got well, the temple was ready for giving endowments. When spring opened, we went aboard the "War Eagle" bound for Galena; but before we started, Brigham Young sent word back from Winter Quarters for me to come on and the Lord would bless me. I was destitute of clothes for myself and children, and not a dollar to call my own, how could I go? And to add to my distress, I was watched day and night. Someone had betrayed me. After reaching Galena we did make out to get work and thought we should do pretty well, vain hope. The last week in June, 1847, I was washing and got a needle in my wrist, close to the pulse, which broke off, leaving half of it in my wrist. My hand was drawn up to my breast and the pain was excruciating. I went to four different doctors, but could get no help, neither could I sleep, only when I was perfectly exhausted, and then only for a moment or two. It was September before I could sew on anything. On the ninth of February I had a severe cold, we named him John Horace Gilbert. In about six weeks I was able to take in sewing for a tailor; I made forty pairs of pants at forty to fifty cents a pair, of which I received pay out of a store, no money. As Mr. Lightner could get no work, we asked for us to live and pay rent. At length a Mr. Houghton, editor of the Galena Gazette, learned of our circumstances and offered us fifty dollars a month, and our passage free, if we would go to St. Croix Falls

and oversee a hotel in which he was interested. We gladly availed ourselves of this offer, considering it a blessing from God.

We found a man in charge, who was a good cook. We engaged him to remain with us. We had about fifty boarders. We did well the first month, but during the next month, Mr. Lightner was taken sick with a fever, and my babe with chills and fever. I had my hands full for two weeks. I never undressed. I was on my feet all day and most of the night. When Mr. Lightner got so he could sit up a few moments, I began to hope our troubles were over, but vain were my hopes, for my feet began to swell and turned purple. I could not put them to the floor. The doctors said one of them was mortified, and I must have it amputated or lose my life. I thought of the Prophet Joseph’s prophecies, when he said if he went away from the saints I would suffer great tribulation and lose my children, and would make property on the right hand, and lose it on the left; and when I got very poor, and almost worn out, I should go back to the Church. I prayed earnestly for the Lord to spare me my limb, and in answer to my prayer another physician said he thought he could save it if I would let him try. After some days working over it, the pain ceased and the swelling gradually subsided, until I could walk on it once more. Oh, how thankful I felt to my Heavenly Father that my foot was saved and I could work for the maintenance of my family, (for Mr. Lightner was still in poor health and the house needed a mistress). As soon as we gained strength we moved into a more convenient house. In the meantime Aunt Gilbert came up from Nauvoo to live with us, and she proved a great help to us, for we were away from all our family relations. No one of our family was near us, with whom we could converse on "Mormonism." We were getting along nicely and were prospering in worldly affairs, for all of our provisions were furnished us by the company, and we could save our salary for future use. But on the twentieth day of September, at twelve o’clock, day time, a stranger, purporting to be a physician from Quincy Ill., came to the house and wanted to sell us medicine. He had a root, he said, which would cure any kind of a cold, bleeding at the lungs, and live complaint. We did not want to buy any, but he gave us a piece of root for Aunt, as she had the liver complaint, he ate some of it (or pretended to) and said it would do us all good. So Mr. Lightner, Aunt and myself tasted it, and gave a little to two of my children at that moment, and tasted it also. In a few moments we were all taken very sick, instantly Ill; three o’clock my two boys, (one ten years and six months, the other three years and six months old) were dead. We thought Aunt was also dead; all three were laid out and covered with a sheet. While Mr. Lightner and myself were not expected to live from
one moment to another. Two physicians were in attendance, and
gave us no hope that we should recover, and it really seemed as
though their predictions would come true. But about nine o'clock
in the evening Aunt came to life, but had convulsions for two
weeks. It took too or three men to hold her while the convulsions
lasted. The doctors were surprised at her condition, for they and
ten men had pronounced her dead five hours before she came to
life again. In the meantime, Mr. Lightner and myself were getting
some better. So the whole town turned out to see justice done to
the man who gave us the poison. They put a rope around his
neck, and raised the window at the front of my bed for me to see
them hang him. He was an elderly man, with a pleasing coun-
tenance, but when they wanted me to look my last on him I begged
them to desist in their purpose and try him by due course of
law. Nothing but my deep sorrow and the fear that I, too, would
soon join my children in the spirit land, caused them to desist
from their purpose for the time being, so they confined him in
a building they thought secure. But he had a friend in the place
who assisted him to escape in the night. There was a light fall
of snow and they traced him for two or three days without finding
him. The next spring, a gentleman named Leach opened an
office for land entry, the first of the kind in that part of the coun-
try at our house. He had learned of our trouble, and being a
resident of the State of Illinois and having business in Quincy,
he discovered that the quack doctor was in Quincy, in a hospital,
in a very bad condition. Some of his feet were frozen till the
flesh dropped off from the bones. He told Mr. Leach that he got
lost in the woods after making his escape from jail, and would have
died if some friendly Indians had not found him and taken care of
him until spring; then he was taken aboard the first boat that went
down the river in the spring, where he reached his home, to
be a sufferer all his days. Mr. Leach said the man had escaped
the vengeance of man, but had not escaped the vengeance of God.

The next fall we moved forty miles down the river to Still-
water, a town situated on the Wisconsin side of the lake. On the 3rd of April my daughter
Elizabeth was born. The snow was two feet deep on the level.
An Indian woman attended her. As soon as I was able to travel,
my husband bought a small farm of sixty-five acres, opposite
Stillwater; part of it was heavy timber, the rest under cultivation.
We built a four room house, and as it was not finished, and our
resources about gone, we concluded to move; but in the meantime,
Mr. Lightner bought a horse and cow. In a week the horse was
found dead in the stable. We hired a man to drive the cow for
us about seven miles. He drove her so fast that she died the
next morning. It seemed as though everything worked against
us. And as winter was coming, we concluded to accept an offer
we had of keeping a three story hotel for three hundred dollars
a year, and everything furnished. We were glad to get into a
warm house, for the winters were severe in that country. The
work was very hard on us, but the last of March we went back to
our home, and on the 9th of April, (my own birthday) my daughter
Mary was born. We stayed at home that season, then went to
Willow River and kept a boarding house for a Mr. Meurs two years.
Then I was called to go to Farmington, Iowa, to attend the death
bed of my only sister. My baby boy was only four weeks old, and
my health very poor. I went by steamboat to Keokuk, and from
there by stage. I stayed five weeks when she left me for a
better state of existence. She left four children; two boys and
two girls. She died strong in the faith of "Mormonism," so
called; for that, I was truly thankful. I returned home, taking
the oldest girl with me, and left the others with friends till I
could send for them, as I was not able to care for them at that
time. The next year we moved to Marine, on the Minnesota side
of the lake, and rented a hotel at five hundred dollars a year.
After a few years we purchased a two story house and large lot.
Then we built a five story hotel, for business was increasing
at such a rate that the house we were in would not accommodate
the traveling public. Besides, we had nearly forty regular board-
ers. Of course, we went in debt. But dollars to get it
completed and furnished for occupancy. We were doing well and
would soon have been out of debt; in the meantime we had
mortgaged the whole of the property for the thousand dollars,
expecting we could pay it in a few months; but after a while, We lost the whole of our property, which
we had labored to obtain by many years of self denial and hard
work. We finally decided to leave a place where the misfortune had
followed us on every hand. We went to Hannibal, Missouri, and
stayed a year; writing for letters of information from my brother,
who had gone to Utah and Illinois; and also for letters of
information from the people there. We had to leave on the 28th of October, 1862, my son Adam was born, being our tenth child. At
last the long delayed letter arrived, informing us there was a
large company of men and men being sent from Utah to Omaha
to meet immigrants from England, and that one would be sent for
us. Oh, how glad we were, it seemed too good to be true. We
soon disposed of what little we possessed after all our moving around and many mishaps.

On May 25, 1863, we embarked on board the steamer "Canada" for St. Louis, and took up our quarters on the lower deck. All was neat and clean and we slept on our baggage. On the 26th we commenced taking on wheat, until the boat was heavily freighted. We had no chance to cook. Charles and Adam were very sick with the measles, and no chance to make them comfortable. We came to Rock Island Bridge, which is a dangerous place for boats to go through. At the draw of the R. R. Bridge, a number of vessels lay ruined nearby. Many of our passengers were badly frightened, for we attempted the passage five times before we succeeded in getting through. On the 28th, seventeen horses were taken on the lower deck, which made the atmosphere very impure. In the evening, five or six soldiers came aboard with foul company. Brute beasts in the form of men fill the place, and the scene is almost intolerable. On the 29th, we are lying at Montrose unloading grain. Nauvoo lies on the opposite side of the river and looks deserted enough. One corner of that once beautiful temple, alone remained, a monument of former beauty and grandeur. It was raining hard or I should have crossed the river to see it. But as I looked at it from this point, and thought what it once was, blossoming forth in beauty, with a population of seventeen thousand inhabitants, I felt to mourn over its present desolation. I thought, "Can it be that I shall see the place no more? Where once the Prophet stood and moved the hearts of the people to worship God according to the new and everlasting covenant, which had been revealed through him to the people in this generation, and where he gave himself a martyr for the cause he taught." One of our passengers has just saved a man from drowning, he was singing for the third time, when rescued. My oldest boy, John, was quite sick, and throat very sore; the other children better, but cross. On a Saturday we arrived in St. Louis; it was raining hard. We went aboard the steamer, "Fanny Ogden," for St. Joseph. We were to have a stove to cook by, laid in a supply of provisions, and fancied we should be half way comfortable, but it proved the reverse. We were transferred to the upper deck until the storing of Government supplies was completed, then five hundred mules and horses were taken aboard; consequently we had to remain on the upper deck all the way from St. Louis to Omaha—wind and rain for company; nothing but bread and dried beef to eat, as the deck hands had stolen our vegetables. A soldier was put on board for home, who had lost his leg in battle; another very sick. We sat near a long box for two or three days, that contained a corpse. Our progress was slow, half the time on sand bars.

MARY ELIZABETH ROLLINS LIGHTNER.

We met a steamer coming down, saying the rebels were gathering in great numbers and would fire on us. We had a cannon and soldiers on board for our protection; for myself I felt no fear. The captain has built a breastwork of sacks of grain and tobacco boxes. All hands prepared for action. June 3rd all was excitement, and a sharp lookout was kept, looking for the enemy every moment. At Lexington the town was almost destroyed by cannon. Houses, partly demolished; it was here my husband's brother, a Unionist, was killed. We passed a gloomy night, some on trunks doubled up any way to get a few moment's rest, but strange to relate, not a shot was fired at us, although in a rebel community. We passed Liberty landing and Independence; things remain about as they were twenty years ago.

We stopped at Kansas City; plenty of Mexicans were there, loading teams for Mexico. On June 6th, we arrived at St. Joseph, all tolerably well, considering that we had not had a chance to change our clothes or undress since leaving Minnesota. We found the river banks lined with Sioux Indians, who were being removed from Minnesota by the Government, for their massacre of the whites.

June 7th, we laid all day at this place; in the evening the Indians had a pow wow dance. We then boarded the "Emile" for Omaha—some saints came aboard at the same time, bound for Utah. I felt to rejoice, for I had not seen the face of a member of the Church for over 18 years. Monday we landed at Omaha in a heavy rain storm; rode to Florence, six miles, without a cover from the rain, and stopped at a cabin, wet through. We had no fire and no chance to make one, so laid down in damp bed clothes; next night had the cholera and was sick three or four days, and my babe had bowel complaint very bad. Thursday some immigrants arrived with the small pox. Two are dead and ten more sick. One of the number spent the evening with us; we shook hands with them; they said nothing about the disease; the next day they sent for the hills, where tents were provided for them. On Saturday seven hundred persons from England arrived here enroute for Salt Lake. This is the gathering place for those who intend crossing the plains. Today, saints from Africa and Denmark arrived here. Their tents were scattered over the hills, and when the camp fires were lit up at night the scene was beautiful to behold. It makes me think how the children of Israel must have looked in the days of Moses, when journeying in the wilderness; also to see some hundred mules in an enclosure, all sleek and fat—looks like prosperity indeed. The train of five hundred teams from Salt Lake are hourly looked for. Three deaths occurred in the Danish camp, and some three or four weddings. June 15th, the children have picked three dollars
worth of wild strawberries, that helped us considerable. On the
20th my sister's husband, Edwin Brigham arrived to take us out
to the valley. We were glad to see him. Sunday fixed all day
for a march in the morning. We started; Monday night we
camped out, and such a night—thunder, lightning and wind, but
we slept, or rather stayed in our wagons, did not get very wet, but
felt rather stiff—we cooked our breakfast, milked the cow, dried
our things, and were ready for another day's tramp. One company
of 30 or 60 wagons is ahead of us, and a good many behind
us. It is quite amusing to see a corral formed and the cattle
driven into the center of the corral of wagons to keep them safe.
Each man yoking his own, all done in the best order. We had
a good man for captain of our company. I don't think we could
have got a better one. We have meetings every evening. July
3rd, passed a very hot day, up with the dawn, cook breakfast with
buffalo marmalade for fuel—do up our work and travel sixteen miles,
hard wind most of the time. Camped for the night. One wagon upset in a mud
hole, no one hurt.
July 4th. All Well. Caught up with the company ahead, John
R. Murdock, captain; had a dance in the evening. Travelled well
the next day, saw a variety of beautiful flowers.
10th. Nothing of interest has occurred, the weather very
hot. Had another dance, we are on a large prairie, saw a buffalo
herd, and passed through a dog village. Cunning little fellows,
dodging in and out of their burrows. Nothing of moment has
occurred for four or five days. The prairie is one vast desert
as far as game is concerned, except now and then a rabbit or sage
hen. One of the brethren killed an antelope and gave me a nice
piece. Friday, camped at Pawnee Springs, the water boils up
from a great depth, there are four of them, but I am told that
a few weeks ago there, were but two. The flowers are very pretty
and of all colors.
18th. All well, warm when the sun is out, but chilly under
a cloud.
22nd. Had a thunder shower, no sickness as yet.
23rd. One man sick—at noon, a babe belonging to some of
the saints from Australia, died very suddenly. We have had a
hard time today, traveling through sand hills, had to double teams.
24th. Mr. Lightner quite unwell.
25th. Very hot; traveled through a great deal of sand, saw
plenty of pricky pear, it does very well to look at, but not good
to handle or walk over. Three Indians came into camp, driving
two yoke of oxen, which our captain traded for, as they belonged
to the company ahead of us and will be given to their owners.
One of our wagons broke down, which delayed us three hours.

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27th. He is better, but babe very sick with canker and bowel
complaint.
28th. Morning quite foggy, passed some natural curiosities,
one called the court house, from its resemblance to that edifice,
also a large rock formed like a church steeple and called the
chimney. This part of the country is the most barren and desolate
that I ever saw. Nothing to relieve the eye but sky and sand and
hills, expected to see some buffalo but am disappointed.
29th. Passed a small government train from the fort, often
meet a few persons passing along in this dreary place, as though
they were in the States.
30th. Passed a trading post, three tents and a few trees,
which did my eyes good, after so much sand and barren soil.
31st. It has blown sand and dust, enough to choke one, all
day. Passed two deserted stations, and four graves of immigrants.
August 1st. Among the hills and rocks most of the day, and
dust and thick smoke. Tired out when camped for the night,
travelled to the telegraph station; it consists of two
log houses, outbuildings and a good well of water which was
worth a great deal to us. Nothing but hills and sage brush to be
seen. No grass save patches along the river. Camped in dust
as if in the middle of the street in the States. Baked a shortcake,
fried some bacon and had tea for supper after dark. Tired almost
to death—lost the children's pet rabbit today.
2nd. A train of government wagons and soldiers passed
us to settle some difficulty with the Indians and gold seekers.
Our train stopped this afternoon to fix wagons and do our
washing, the young folks danced and played until twelve at night—
we always have prayers in the evening.
3rd. Saw some returned Californians, who spoke well of the
Mormons in the Valley. We lost one of our cows from drinking
alkali water. Saw six more dead.
4th. Lost an ox. More sick from the cause. A child fell
out of a wagon and the wheels passed over both limbs, but was
not much hurt. Passed sixteen dead cattle, from the other train.
This is a heavy loss.
8th. Came to the telegraph station, quite a little place. Saw
a large freight train, had coffee, bread, and thickened milk for
dinner. We fixed up and passed through the aforesaid train; all
well.
10th. Came to another station, crossed the Platte River
Bridge, which is a good structure. Camped on a large hill, more
dead cattle. The prospects look gloomy enough. Elizabeth crazy
all night with the tooth ache—been so for two days.
11th. The eleventh of August, the anniversary of our mar-
riage—twenty-five years of joys and sorrow have passed over my
head since then. Years never to be forgotten. Came to what is
MARY ELIZABETH ROLLINS LIGHTNER

Green River Sunday evening, it is a beautiful stream of water, and plenty of trees on its banks. Two trains are close behind us, which makes us hurry to keep the front place, for the roads are so dusty we can hardly see our front teams. Stopped at a station where our men were required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States government, our wagons were searched for powder, etc. I have not much to say for the past week, as I have been very sick all the time, was administered to by Brothers Storck and Martin—and was helped immediately. We saw a stage pass twice yesterday, and more travel today—which makes it look more like being in the land of the living. Snow all around in the mountains, only think of it; snow near, and yet almost smothered with dust. A stage passed with two of our missionaries, one was Brigham Young, Jr. Arrived at Fort Bridger, a nice place, good and substantial building. It looks comfortable. The days warm, the nights cold. Last evening we bought some onions and potatoes, which were quite a treat. They did us good, as we were getting the canker bad, from so long a diet of salt pork, but I trust our journey is nearly over. The earth at this place is of a reddish color, and the mountains look somewhat greener than they have for some time.

31st. Passed through some mountains in a round about way, they look solemn in their grandeur; rising one above another, and their verdure of many colored hues and rocks of various shades looked beautiful to me; if I had the materials and time I should paint some of them. One of the curiosities of this place is a spring of tar. The people get it for their wagons. The weather cold but pleasant. Passed a mail station, also a field of grain. It looked nice, but I should not like to live there. There were some singular looking rocks, very large, they appear like huge blocks of clay, sprinkled full of pebbles, and inclined to be a red color. The earth in many places looked like burnt brick—near is a large cave in the rock, it has a singular appearance. It is called the cascade. Some fruit was brought in at famine prices—apples eleven cents apiece.

September 1st. Passed through Echo Canyon. The scenery is beautiful to behold, such rocks I never saw. Saw a few houses and potato patches, also a mail station which looks comfortable. I think from the appearance of things, Uncle Samuel feeds his men and animals pretty well. I feel weak today, from not having proper food (we have been on short rations for seven or eight days) and breathing in so much alkaline dust. Came over the town of Weber. Came over a narrow road on the side of a mountain. It looked dangerous. Came to W. Kimball’s Ranch, he is rich in cattle and sheep.

September 3rd. Fained last night for the first time since
we left the Platte River. I hope it has laid the dust. I think it is the fourth rain we have had in our journey so far.

14th. Camped at a station in dust enough to smother one.
15th. Arrived in Salt Lake City on Emigration Square. All well—went through some of the streets; there were some beautiful houses, orchards, and shade trees.

17th. Started south to Beaver County. My brother, Henry Rollins, whom I had not seen for twenty years, with his wife Eveline, met us, and conveyed us in his mule team south. Stopped at an old friend’s, in Springville, had a nice time—heard from a good many old friends. Had plenty of fruit to eat. We traveled through a fine country. Saw some boiling springs, and some large cold springs, so deep no bottom has been discovered, and they are full of fish. We arrived in Minersville September 20th, 1863, and found my dear mother and sister Phoebe, all well and glad to see us. We were thankful to find a home and friends, after an arduous journey of one thousand miles in an ox team—besides our trip on steamer from Stillwater, Minnesota, to St. Louis, then up the Missouri to Omaha.

Mary Rollins Lightner, after 96 years, 8 months, 8 days of toil, sorrow and joy, passed away, December 17, 1913. Her husband died, August 19, 1885.

They were parents of ten children, three of them now (June, 1926), living. Elizabeth Turley, Los Angeles, Cal.; Charles W. Lightner, Ogden, Utah; Mary R. Rollins, Minersville, Utah.

Her descendants now living total 119 persons: 24 grand children, 76 great grand children, 15 great great grand children, 1 great, great, great grandson, 9 years old.

"It is unquestionably true that the first man was a tiller of the soil. Even while he lived in the care-free Garden of Eden, Adam’s occupation was to tend the garden and dress it. When, through his fall from grace, he was cast out of the garden, his occupation was prescribed for him; the ground was cursed for his sake—in toil should he eat of it all the days of his life. And from Adam’s day to ours, men have fought the thistle and the thorn; in the sweat of their brow have they eaten bread; the ground has yielded up its strength only to careful labor.

—Surname Book and Racial History.

Lesson Department

LESSON FORTY

First Week in November

SUBJECT: THE DIVISION OF ISRAEL INTO TWO KINGDOMS
TIME, ABOUT 950 B.C.

References:
1. "Antiquities of the Jews."
2. 1st Kings and 2nd Chronicles.
3. "History of the People of Israel, Volume III." Renan.

Objective: "Man by his overbearing attitude defeats his own purpose."

Text: Succeeding Solomon on the Israelitish throne was his son, Rehoboam, a man meagerly fitted for the position due to his limited intelligence and obstinate disposition. Israel was groaning under the bondage of taxation, rendered excessive through the building of Solomon’s temple and the demands of the luxurious court. The king was forty-one years of age when he came to the throne, but he was surrounded by a group of young men who thought to enjoy themselves under the new reign. The old servants of Solomon advised Rehoboam to make concessions by lowering the taxes. Unwisely Rehoboam responded favorably to the advice of the young men. He raised the taxes of the people. Said he, "My little finger shall be thicker than my father’s loins and now wherein my father did lade you with a heavy yoke, I will add to your yoke; my father hath chastized you with whips, I will chastize you with scorpions."

Jeroboam had in the meantime hurried back from Egypt and was renewing his intrigues among the tribes of Israel. The result was that ten and a half of the tribes followed Jeroboam, the former servant of Solomon, into Samaria to become his subjects, while Judah and half of the tribe of Benjamin remained with Rehoboam. Thus Israel was divided into two kingdoms, the one at the north being designated the "Kingdom of Israel," while the one at the south became known as the "Kingdom of Judah," or the "Kingdom of David."

This division proved destructive to Israel. All material gains made under David and Solomon were lost and continued warfare between the two kingdoms marked the reigns of Rehoboam and Jeroboam. The Ammonites, Egyptians and Assyrians in turn
Dream of Mary Lightner

I thought I found myself in a skiff, without an oar, or anything to propel it along with - out at sea. The water appeared very smooth. I sat in the center of the boat, with my elbows on my knees, and my face on my hands, which was concealed by a long Swiss bonnet - I raised by eyes, and saw a wave that reached almost to the sky, coming towards me; I seemed to be in a state of despair. I spoke aloud and said - I may as well go to the bottom as anywhere else. Immediately, a hand was laid upon my left shoulder, and in looking down, I saw the limbs of a man incased [sic] in linen, and the skirt of a coat of the same material. I did not look up to see who it was, nor did I care to know; He spoke, his voice was low and sweet; he said, "What are you doing here?" I replied, "I don't know," He asked, "Where did you come from?" I replied, "Over there,'. nodding my head to the left. He then asked, "Where were you going?" I replied, "I do not know. I have got nobody to steer my boat." He then said, "What 3 cities are there on your left?" I replied, "Don't you know? They are the Josephites Harbor, the Godbeite Harbor, and the Brighamite Harbor." They seemed to be cities built on a half circle and the inside of the circle was water. He asked, "Which is the best?" Said I, "They all say theirs is the best. Which do you think is the best? I don't know!" "Well," said he, "Let us go and see immediately." The boat turned of its own accord and went into the Josephites Harbor. Said my guide, "What do you think of this city?" I replied it looked well enough. "And this sheet of water." I answered, "it is a beautiful sheet of water." He then put his two large fingers under my bonnet and touched my eyes saying, "Look deeper." I did so and exclaimed, "Oh, they said the largest ships in the world could be anchor [sic] here but the smallest fishing craft would get fast in the mire, for it is all slime and mud under the surface." I felt that he smiled. "Now," said he, "Let us look at the other Harbor." The boat turned of its own accord and moved into the Godbeite Circle. "What do you think of this sheet of water." I replied, "It is not as good looking as the other." "What do you think of the city built on the half circle?" "Oh, it looks well enough." He touched my eyes again saying, "Look deeper." I did so exclaiming, "They say that the largest ships in the world could anchor here, but if they once get in, they can never get out for it is boiling with quick sand, and will drag them to the bottom." I thought he smiled. "Now," said he, "Let us take a look at the Brighamite Harbor." The boat moved as before. "How do you like the looks of the city, and water?" Said I, "It is the ugliest [sic] sheet of water I ever saw." He pointed to the water and said, "I want you to look at the wall that city is built on." He again touched my eyes with his two large fingers. When I could see in the water as well as on land, he pointed to a large white rock, which was very beautiful. He said, "look on up," When I [did] I saw above the white rock a layer of sand, gravel, and forest leaves, looking as though fallen from the trees in the fall of the year; above that, a grey and speckled rock, but not like any grey rock I ever saw (I cannot describe the colour). Then a layer of sand and coarse gravel, then a layer of black earth a foot thick; so black and greasy looking that I thought if I were to take it in my hand, I could squeeze ink out of it. Above this appeared a
dazzling white rock, purer than anything I ever saw. I saw it growing larger and larger. "Now," said I, "What is the meaning of all this?"

He replied, "The first white rock stands for Joseph the Prophet, the sand and gravel of a dark colour, the trouble that came on the church after Joseph was taken away. The speckled rock stands for Brigham's rule. The gravel, sand and black earth, oh that is the trouble that is to come on the church after Brigham is taken away. And the pure white rock, the next spiritual leader." Said I, "What makes Brigham's rocks grow toward the top?" He said, "Because he is of the earth. Earthly you know; that the kingdom of God is firstly spiritual, secondly temporal, thirdly spiritual. Joseph Smith was a spiritual dispensation, to usher in the gospel in its fulness. Brigham was called to build up a temporal kingdom." I said, "Who is to stand for the pure white rock?" He said, "You look deeper." He again touched my eyes, and I saw clear down to the days of Adam; a large white rock standing for him, one for Enoch and for Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Christ. After Christ, grey rocks. My guide said, "The black rocks represented the time when the priesthood was taken from the earth." I again asked him concerning the pure white, that was on top. He did not answer. Then I looked up for the first time to see him and he was gone, leaving me in the boat, close to the white rock. I never looked up to see who the personage was and I did not seem to care about him. I awoke and lo it was a dream but a vivid one. The wall of rocks from Adam was as straight as the side of a house. I forgot to state that I said to the guide before he left me, that truly all the navies in the world could ride at anchor here in perfect safety.

[The small 68 page booklet included this account of Mary Elizabeth's dream, was included at the end on page 66-68. There was not any citation references that would indicate the origin or authenticity of this account. The "Life History" and BYU "Testimony" included in the pamphlet appears to be the same as the versions of these stories published in Our Pioneer Heritage and Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine (1926). It would appear that this account of the dream is as authentic account as these other sanitized accounts. A holographic account of Mary Elizabeth's Autobiography, is located in the Utah Hisorical Society. Lightner, Mary Elizabeth. Autobiography, holograph, USHS. There are different typescript versions, some fuller than the holograph. See also the version whose author is given as Elsie Barrett, Huntington Library. The British variant of "grey" and "colour" in here included without the indicating 'sic'.]
MARY ELIZABETH ROLLINS LIGHTNER

Remarks
14 April 1905 - E. Y. U

MARY ELIZABETH ROLLINS
Born: 9 April 1818 -
Lima, Livingston, New York
Daughter of: JOHN PORTER ROLLINS -
KEZIAH KETURAH VAN BENTHUYSEN

Married: 11 August 1835 -
Liberty, Clay, Missouri to:
ADAM LIGHTNER
April 14, 1905 - B.Y.U.

Remarks by
SISTER MARY E. LIGHTNER
who was sealed to
JOSEPH SMITH in 1842.
She is 87 years of age.

Well, my young brethren I can say I never was more surprised in my life than to be called upon to speak to you young men who are called upon to go into the mission field to preach the Gospel to the nations of the earth. It is true I have been in the Church from its beginning. Just six months after it was organized I joined it. I have been acquainted with all of those who were first members of the church, with all those who saw the plates and handled them. I am well acquainted with every one of them and I have known them from the time that they came to Ohio until their death and I am the only living witness who was at the first meeting that the Prophet held in Kirtland. The Smith family were driven from New York, and a small Church had been organized. Oliver Cowdrey, Peter Whitmer, and Ziba Peterson were members. Well, I being anxious, though young, to learn about the plates from those who knew all about it, my mother and I went up to the Smith family, the next night after they came to Kirtland.

As I went in there were two or three others present. They were all there, the whole Smith family, from the old gentleman and his wife to all the sons and daughters. As we stood there talking to them Joseph and Martin Harris came in. Joseph looked around very solemnly. It was the first time some of them had ever seen him. Said he, "There are enough here to hold a little meeting." They got a board and put it across two chairs to make seats. Martin Harris sat on a little box at Joseph's feet. They sang and prayed. Joseph got up and began to speak to us. As he began to speak very solemnly and very earnestly all at once his countenance changed and he stood mute. Those who looked at him that day said there
was a search light within him, over every part of his body. I never saw anything like it on the earth. I could not take my eyes off him. He got so white that anyone who saw him would have thought he was transparent. I remember I thought I could almost see the bones through the flesh. I have been through many changes since, but that is photographed on my brain. I shall remember it and see in my mind’s eye as long as I remain upon the earth.

He stood some moments. He looked over the congregation as if to pierce every heart. Said, "Do you know who has been in your midst?"

One of the Smiths said an angel of the Lord. Martin Harris said, "It was our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." Joseph put his hand down on Martin and said: "God revealed that to you. Brothers and Sisters, the spirit of God has been here. The Savior has been in your midst this night and I want you to remember it. There is a vail over your eyes for you could not endure to look upon Him. You must be fed with milk, not with strong meat. I want you to remember this as if it were the last thing that escaped my lips. He has given all of you to me and has sealed you up to everlasting life that where He is you may be also. And if you are tempted of Satan say, 'Get behind me Satan.'"

These words are fixed upon my brain and I never took my eye off his countenance. Then he knelt down and prayed. I have never heard anything like it before or since. I felt that he was talking to the Lord and that power rested down upon the congregation. Every soul felt it. The spirit rested down upon us in every fiber of our bodies, and we received a sermon from the lips of the representative of God.

Much has come and gone from me through the powers and vicissitudes of this Church. I have been in almost every mob. I have been driven about and told I would be shot and had a gun pointed at me, but I stayed
with the Church until it was driven from Nauvoo. The words of the Prophet that had been revealed to him always have been with me from the beginning to the end of the Gospel. Every principle that has been given in the Church by the Prophet is true. I know whereon I stand, I know what I believe, I know what I know and I know that what I testify to you is the living truth. As I expect to meet it at the bar of the eternal Jehovah, it is true. And when you stand before the bar you will know. He preached polygamy and he not only preached it but he practiced it. I am a living witness to it. It was given to him before he gave it to the Church. An Angel came to him and the last time he came with a drawn sword in his hand and told Joseph if he did not go into that principle he would slay him. Joseph said he talked to him soberly about it, and told him it was an abomination and quoted scripture to him. He said in the Book of Mormon it was an abomination in the eyes of the Lord, and they were to adhere to these things except the Lord spake. I am the first being that the revelation was given to him for and I was one thousand miles away in Missouri, for we went to Jackson County in '31.

I was there in all the tribulations and trials. I have been in the houses that have been stoned. The rocks have been thrown criss-cross in every direction. I have seen the Brethren shot and ruined for life. I saw the first martyr dead and a more heavenly corpse - so happy. I have seen our Bishop tarred and feathered in the streets of Missouri. They took off his shirt and covered him with tar, and then took a pillow and turned the feathers over him. I looked at him and thought if ever a man was counted worthy to be a martyr, he was. His life proved it for he lived an upright and honorable life and was beloved by the Prophet while he lived and after he died the Prophet honored him. Two of his sisters were Joseph's wives. Emma took them by the hand and gave them to Joseph.
I asked him if Emma knew about me, and he said, "Emma thinks the world of you." I was not sealed to him until I had a witness. I had been dreaming for a number of years I was his wife. I thought I was a great sinner. I prayed to God to take it from me for I felt it was a sin; but when Joseph sent for me he told me all of these things. "Well," said I, "don't you think it was an angel of the Devil that told you these things?" Said he, "No. It was an angel of God. God almighty showed me the difference between an angel of Light and Satan's angels. The angel came to me three times between the years of '34 and '42 and said I was to obey that principle or he would slay me." "But", said he, "They called me a false and fallen prophet but I am more in favor with my God this day than I ever was in all my life before. I know that I shall be saved in the Kingdom of God. I have the oath of God upon it and God cannot lie; all that he gives me I shall take with me, for I have that authority and that power conferred upon me."

Well, I talked with him for a long time and finally I told him I would never be sealed to him until I had a witness. Said he, "You shall have a witness." Said I, "If God told you that, why does he not tell me?" He asked me if I was going to be a traitor. "I have never told a mortal and shall never tell a mortal I had such a talk from a married man," said I.

'Well,' said he, 'pray earnestly, for the angel said to me you should have a witness.' Well, Brigham Young was with me. He said if I had a witness he wanted to know it. 'Why should I tell you?' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'I want to know for myself.' Said he, 'do you know what Joseph said? Since we left the office the angel appeared to him and told him he was well pleased with him and that you should have a witness.' I made it a subject of prayer and I worried about it because I did not dare to speak to a living being except Brigham Young. I went out and got between three hay-stacks where no one could see me. As I knelt down I thought why not pray as Moses
did? He prayed with his hands raised. When his hands were raised Israel
was victorious. I lifted my hands and I have heard Joseph say the angels
covered their faces. I knelt down and if ever a poor mortal prayed I did.
A few nights after that an angel of the Lord came to me and if ever a thrill
grewd through a mortal it went through me. I gazed upon the clothes and
figure but the eyes were like lightning. They pierced me from the crown of
my head to the soles of my feet. I was frightened to death for a moment. I
tried to waken my Aunt but I could not. The angel leaned over me and the
light was very great although it was night. When my aunt woke up she said
she had seen a figure in white robes pass from our bed to my mother's bed
and pass out of the window. Joseph came up the next Sabbath. He said,
'Have you had a witness yet?' 'No' 'Well,' said he, 'the angel expressly
told me you should have.' Said I, 'I have not had a witness, but I have
seen something I have never seen before. I was frightened almost to death.
I did not speak.' He studied awhile and put his elbows on his knees and
his face in his hands. He looked up and said, 'How could you have been such
a coward?' Said I, 'I was weak.' 'Did you think to say Father help me?'
'No.' 'Well, if you had just said that your mouth would have been opened
for that was an angel of the living God. He came to you with more knowledge,
intelligence, and light than I have ever dared to reveal.' I said, 'If that
was an angel of light, why did he not speak to me?' 'You covered your
face and for this reason the angel was insulted.' Said I, 'Will it ever
come again?'

He thought a moment and then said, 'No. Not the same one, but if you
are faithful you shall see greater things than that. And then he gave me
three signs of what would take place in my own family, although my husband
was far away from me at that time. Every word came true. I went forward
and was sealed to him. Brigham Young performed the sealing, and Heber C.
Kimball the blessing. I knew he had six wives and I have known some of
them from childhood up. I know he had three children. They told me. I
think two are living today, but they are not known as his children as they
go by other names.

These are things I can testify to as the living truth, and I have
told it to the Josephites. There is a great deal said about this church
and the Josephites. I never knew of Joseph appointing him to be the prophet.
I have never known him to say it, and I have known the boy ever since he
was twelve years old. I heard Joseph say this: 'I have rolled this
Kingdom off my shoulders on to the shoulders of the Twelve and they can
carry out this work and build up His Kingdom.' Said he, 'I am tired. I
have been mobbed, I have suffered so much, from outsiders and from my own
family. Some of the brethren think they can carry out this work better
than I can, far better. I have asked the Lord to take me away. I have to
seal my testimony to this generation with my blood. I have to do it for
this work will never progress until I am gone, for the testimony is no force
until the testator is dead. People little know who I am when they talk
about me, and they will never know until they see me weighed in the balance
in the Kingdom of God. Then they will know who I am, and see me as I am.
I dare not tell them and they do not know me.' These words were spoken
with such power that they penetrated the heart of every soul that believed
on him.

Now about these Josephites -- I have not a word to say about Joseph.
He is doing a good work in the first Principles. He does not believe in
endowments; he does not believe in some other things; and he does not
recognize this Church as the true Church. But we have one criterion to go
by. Joseph said, 'The servant cannot be greater than the Master. If they
persecute me, they will persecute you.' Has his son Joseph ever been perse-
cutied? Have they been whipped and murdered in cold blood? They do not believe the right one took Joseph's place. But let me tell you this Gospel is going to spread, and you young men who are going on missions give your hearts to God, for He said, "Young man, give me thy heart." And if you do give Him your hearts and pray to the heavens above the spirit of God and the Holy Ghost will rest upon you. If the great soul that rules in heaven and on earth, and the inspiration of the spirit comes down and rests in your bosoms you will be able to speak the light to the people and you will gain a great reward. Just speaking of yourself in your own strength the spirit is withdrawn. You will have no power that will reach the heart. It may tickle the ear, but you must have the power of the Almighty. You must have the angels to be your companions and rest upon you. Let them be your guide in health and trouble. May you ever drink of the waters of intelligence that flow from the throne of God. God almighty will guide you and direct you and you will walk in the paths of truth and you will receive your reward as His servants for the good deeds you have done on this earth. This is my testimony and I hope and pray you will believe me for I have received it from the servant's heart, and when that servant comes he will own his people if they are faithful and humble.

A trying hour and darkest hours are in the future before us and it is only those who are humble, contrite, and honest before God and endure to the end who shall receive the blessings. Faith will be trampled down and there will be detractions come upon those who are not honest. These are things I tell you and they are true and you will see that they are if you live long enough. All I have said to you about the future will come to pass just as sure as the sun shines in the heavens. May God bless you and let you be on the alert to receive the words of Light that are given to you by His servants. You will all be tried by darkness and the powers of darkness will come to you, but put your trust in your heavenly Father, let him
be your guide and support for He is the everlasting light worlds without ends.

I hope you will excuse me for being a little agitated but it is a terrible tax for me to come and get up to speak. But I want you to remember what I have said, that it is my testimony, as long as you live. I want to say to you as I said before that Joseph said if I was faithful I should see greater things than the angel. Since then I have seen other persons. Three came together and stood before me just as the sun went down - Joseph, Hyrum, and Heber C. Kimball. It was prophesied that I should see Joseph before I died. Still I was not thinking about that. I was thinking about a sermon I had heard. All at once I looked up and they stood before me. Joseph stood in the middle in a circle like a new moon, and he stood with his arms on their shoulders. They bowed to me about a dozen times or more. I pinched myself to be sure I was awake, and I looked around the room to see where I had placed things. I thought I would shake hands with them. They saw my confusion and understood it and they laughed, and I thought Brother Kimball would almost kill himself laughing. I had no fear. As I went to shake hands with them they bowed, smiled and began to fade. They went like the sun sinks behind a mountain or cloud. It gave me more courage and hope than I ever had before.

Sister Lightner stated that she had ten children; seven of them were boys and she had raised three of them to manhood. She has one daughter in the Church.

Being asked concerning her husband Sister Lightner said: 'My husband did not belong to the Church. I begged him and pled with him to join but he would not. He said he did not believe in it, though he thought a great deal of Joseph. He sacrificed his property rather than testify against Joseph, Hyrum, and George A. Smith. After he said this I went forward and was sealed to Joseph for Eternity.'

Mary E. Lightner

We, her daughter and grand-daughter have heard her tell these things ever since we can remember.

---Elsie E. Barrett - Mary R.L.C. Rollins