<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Age</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Smith</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emma Smith</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Julia Smith</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Smith Ju'</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phoebe Wheeler</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alvira Coles</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Desdemonia Fulmer</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elender M. Patriadge</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enuel D. Partridge</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lovine Walker</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ephraim Potter</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don C Smith d[j]d</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frederick G, W. Smith</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander Smith</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson Law</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Susannah White</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel [unclear name]</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[another list has:]

1842
Nauvoo February 6th

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Austin Cowls</td>
<td>[Cowles]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irene Cowls</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesley Cowls</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phobe Cowls</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Artha Milikin</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucy Milikin</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucy Smith</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lovina Smith</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Nauvoo Stake
Ward census 1842
LR 3102 27; Access No. 217341-ARCH (1985927) [LR = Local Church Unit Record]
14 October 2004

[1842 Nauvoo Census; Feb. 1842]

LR 3102 27, fld 1:

Returns of the visit to the brethren and
Sisters in Wards second first Block fifth by
J.(?) A. Stratton Priest and
James Holt Teacher on Saturday Feb
the 12 and Wednesday the 16 A. D. 1842.

three columns:
Names of those belonging to the Church over Eight; Names of those under Eight; and Names of those Diseased [Deceased] since the persecutions [persecutions] in Missouri

... Lois Walker

... John Walker
Lyda Walker [Lydia]
Wm. Walker
Lorin Walker
Catherine Walker
Leucy Walker [Lucy]
Edwin Walker
Henery Walker [Henry]
Jain Walker [Jane]
Lyda Walker [Lydia]
John Walker
Mary Walker

1 Ward
totle [total] 31 = 16 = 10
David Wood Decon [Deacon]
George Gates
### Family Group Record

#### Download GEDCOM

**Husband's Name**  
John WALKER (AFN:1C9Z-H9)  
- **Born:** 20 Jun 1794  
- **Place:** Peacham, Caledonia, Vermont  
- **Died:** 18 Oct 1869  
- **Place:** Farmington, Davis, Utah  
- **Married:** 18 Apr 1819  
- **Place:** Peacham, Caledonia, Vermont  
- **Father:** Simeon WALKER (AFN:4NX8-W5)  
- **Mother:** Mary MINER (AFN:4NX8-XB)

#### Wife's Name  
Lydia HOLMES (AFN:1C9Z-JG)  
- **Born:** 18 Apr 1800  
- **Place:** Falmouth, Cumberland, Maine  
- **Died:** 18 Jan 1842  
- **Place:** Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois  
- **Buried:** Jan 1842  
- **Place:** Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois  
- **Married:** 18 Apr 1819  
- **Place:** Peacham, Caledonia, Vermont  
- **Father:** William HOLMES (AFN:4NX8-ZH)  
- **Mother:** Lydia ADAMS (AFN:4NX9-0M)

#### Children

1. **Sex Name**  
- **M** William WALKER (AFN:10Z6-CHT)  
  - **Born:** Abt 1822  
  - **Place:** <Peacham, Caledonia, Vermont>

2. **Sex Name**  
- **M** Lorin WALKER (AFN:10Z6-CJ2)  
  - **Born:** Abt 1824  
  - **Place:** <Peacham, Caledonia, Vermont>

3. **Sex Name**  
- **F** Catharine WALKER (AFN:10Z6-CK8)  
  - **Born:** Abt 1828  
  - **Place:** <Peacham, Caledonia, Vermont>

4. **Sex Name**  
- **F** Lydia WALKER (AFN:10Z6-CLG)  
  - **Born:** Abt 1833  
  - **Place:** <Peacham, Caledonia, Vermont>  
  - **Died:** Abt 1841  
  - **Place:** Nauvoo, Hancock, Il

5. **Sex Name**  
- **F** Mary Eleicta WALKER (AFN:1CB1-VF)  
  - **Born:** 11 Feb 1840  
  - **Place:** Greenbush, Adams, Illinois  
  - **Died:** 19 Dec 1904  
  - **Place:** Spencer, Bannock, Idaho  
  - **Buried:** 22 Dec 1904  
  - **Place:** Chesterfield, Bannock, Idaho

6. **Sex Name**  
- **M** John WALKER (AFN:3FNF-DW)  
  - **Born:** 11 Mar 1837  
  - **Place:** Oswego, Oswego, New York  
  - **Died:** 9 Mar 1889  
  - **Place:** Tulare, , Ca

---

**http://www.familysearch.org/Eng/Search/AF/family_group_record.asp?familyid=27013**  
**10/8/2004**
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>7. Sex Name</th>
<th>Pedigree</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M Edwin WALKER (AFN:3FNF-87)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born: 15 Apr 1828</td>
<td>Place: Cabot, Caledonia, Vermont</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died: 26 May 1964</td>
<td>Place:</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>8. Sex Name</th>
<th>Pedigree</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F Lucy WALKER (AFN:3FNF-72)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born: 30 Apr 1826</td>
<td>Place: Peacham, Caledonia, Vermont</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died: 31 Aug 1887</td>
<td>Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buried: Oct 1910</td>
<td>Place: Salt Lake City Cemetery, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>9. Sex Name</th>
<th>Pedigree</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M Henry WALKER (AFN:3FNF-9D)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born: 18 May 1830</td>
<td>Place: Peacham, Caledonia, Vermont</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died: 6 Feb 1866</td>
<td>Place: Woodbridge, , Ca</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>10. Sex Name</th>
<th>Pedigree</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F Catherine WALKER (AFN:1CB1-M7)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born: 20 May 1824</td>
<td>Place: Peacham, Caledonia, Vermont</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died: 11 Aug 1885</td>
<td>Place: Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buried:</td>
<td>Place: Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>11. Sex Name</th>
<th>Pedigree</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M Lorin WALKER (AFN:3FNF-6V)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born: 25 Jul 1822</td>
<td>Place: Peacham, Caledonia, Vermont</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died: 26 Sep 1907</td>
<td>Place: Rockland, Power, Idaho</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buried: 26 Sep 1907</td>
<td>Place: Rockland, Power, Idaho</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>12. Sex Name</th>
<th>Pedigree</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F Jane WALKER (AFN:3FNF-BK)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born: 2 Aug 1832</td>
<td>Place: Peacham, Caledonia, Vermont</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died: 23 Mar 1912</td>
<td>Place: Farmington, Davis, Utah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buried: 27 Mar 1912</td>
<td>Place: Farmington, Davis, Utah</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>13. Sex Name</th>
<th>Pedigree</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M William Holmes WALKER (AFN:8ZCJ-80)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born: 28 Aug 1820</td>
<td>Place: Peacham, Caledonia, Vermont</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died: 9 Jan 1908</td>
<td>Place: Lewisville, Jefferson, Idaho</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buried: 12 Jan 1908</td>
<td>Place: Lewisville, Jefferson, Idaho</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>14. Sex Name</th>
<th>Pedigree</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F Lydia WALKER (AFN:3FNF-CQ)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born: 12 Sep 1834</td>
<td>Place: Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence, New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died: 12 Aug 1843</td>
<td>Place: Nauvoo, Hancock, Il</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

© 1999-2002 by Intellectual Reserve, Inc. All rights reserved. English approval: 3/1999
Use of this site constitutes your acceptance of these Conditions of Use (last updated: 3/22/1999).
Privacy Policy (last updated: 10/12/2001) 26 http://www.familysearch.org v2.5.0

A brief Biographical Sketch of the Life & Labors of Lucy Walker Kimball Smith.

[p. 10:] In the year 1842 President Joseph Smith Sought an interview with me, and said: "I have a message for you. I have been commanded of God to take another wife, and you are the woman." My astonishment knew no bounds. This announcement was indeed a thunderbolt to me. He asked me if I believed him to be a Prophet of God. "Most assuredly I do I replied." He fully explained to me the principle of plural or celestial marriage. Said this principle was again to be restored for the benefit of the human family. That it

[p. 11:] would prove an everlasting blessing to my father's house. and form a chain that could never be broken, worlds without end. What have you to say? he asked. "Nothing." How could I speak, or what could I say?" He said "If you will pray sincerely for light and understanding in relation thereto, you shall receive a testimony of the correctness of this principle. I thought I prayed sincerely, but was unwilling to consider the matter favorably that I fear I did not pray—in faith for light. Groos [Gross] darkness instead of light took possession of my mind. I was tempted and tortured beyond endurance untill life was not undesirable. Oh that the gavle would kindly receive me that I might find rest on the bosom of my dear mother. Why — Why should I be chosen from among thy daughters, Father. I am only a child in years and experience. No mother to council [counsel]; no father near to tell what to do, in this trying hour. Oh let this bitter cup pass. And thus I prayed in the agony of my soul.

The Prophet discerned my sorrow. He saw how unhappy I was, and sought an opportunity of again speaking to me on this subject, and said: "Although I cannot under existing circumstances, acknowledge you as my wife the time is near when we will go beyond the — Rocky Mountains and there you will be acknowledged and honored as — my wife." He also said, this principle will yet be believed in and practiced by the righteous. I have no flattering words to offer. it is a command of God to you. I will give you untill tomorrow to decide this matter. If you reject this message the gate will be
closed forever against you."

... 

[p. 12:]
... 
My room
became filled with a holy influence

... 

As I descended the stairs, Prest. Smith opened the
door below, took me by the hand and said: "Thank God,
you have the testimony. I too, have prayed." he led me to a
chair, placed his hands upon my head, and blessed me with
every blessing my heart could possibly desire. On the first day
of May, 1843, I consented to become the wife of the Prophet
Joseph Smith. and was Sealed to him for time and all
eternity, at his own house by Elder Wm Clayton, on whom
he conferred that authority.

MS 3142
3 May 2004

[typed copy]
Statement of Mrs. L. W. Kimball

[p. 4:]
In the year 1842 President Joseph Smith sought an interview with me and said; "I have a
message for you. I have been commanded of God to take another wife and you are the
woman." My astonishment knew no bounds. This announcement was indeed a thunderbolt
to me. He asked me if I believed him to be a prophet of God. "Most assuredly I do," I
replied. He fully explained to me the principle of plural or celestial marriage. Said this
principle was again to be restored for the benefit of the human family. That it would prove
an everlasting blessing to my father's house and form a chain that could never be broken,
worlds without end. "What have you to say?" he asked. "Nothing." How could I speak or
what could I say? He said, "If you will pray sincerely for light and understanding in
relation thereto,

[p. 5:]
you shall receive a testimony of the correctness of this principle." I thought I prayed
sincerely but was so unwilling to consider the matter favorable that I fear I did not ask in
faith for light. Gross Darkness instead of light took possession of my mind. I was tempted
and tortured beyond endurance until life was not desirable. Oh that the gave would kindly
receive me, that I might find rest on the bosom of my dead mother. Why should I be chosen
from among thy daughters, Father, I am only a child in years and experience. No mother to
counsel; no father near to tell what to do in this trying hour. Oh, let this bitter cup pass.
And thus I prayed in the agony of my soul. The Prophet discerned my sorrow. He saw how unhappy I was and sought an opportunity of again speaking to me on this subject and said, "Although I cannot under existing circumstances acknowledge you as my wife, the time is near when we will go beyond the Rocky Mountains and then you will be acknowledged and honored as my wife." He also said, This principle will yet be believed in and practised by the righteous. I have no flattering words to offer. It is a command of God to you. I will give you until tomorrow to decide this matter. If you reject this message the gate will be closed forever against you."...

lighted up by a heavenly influence...

As I descended the stairs, President Smith opened the door below, took me by the hand and said, "Thank God, you have the testimony. I too have prayed." He led me to a chair, placed his hands upon my head and blessed me with every blessing my heart could possibly desire.

The first day of May, 1843, I consented to become the Prophet's wife, and was sealed to him for time and all eternity at his own house by Elder Wm. Clayton.

MS 4942; Access No: 203028-ARCH (750389)
Lucy Walker Kimball, 1826-1910
Autobiographical sketch [n.d.]
3 May 2004

[typed copy]
A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE
AND LABORS OF LUCY WALKER KIMBALL SMITH.

[p. 9:] In the year 1842, President Joseph Smith sought an interview with me, and said: "I have a message for you. I have been commanded of God to take another wife, and you are the woman." My astonishment knew no bounds. This announcement was indeed a thunderbolt to me. He asked me if I believed him to be a Prophet of God. "Most assuredly I do I replied," He fully explained to me the principle of plural or celestial marriage. Said this principle was again to be restored for the benefit of the human family. That it would prove an everlasting blessing to my father's house, and form a chain that could never be broken, worlds without end. What have you to say?" he said. "If you will pray sincerely for light and understanding in relation thereto, you shall receive a testimony of the cor-

[p. 10:] rectness of this principle. I thought I prayed sincerely, but was so unwilling to consider the matter favorable that I fear I did not ask in faith for light. Gross darkness instead of light took possession of my mind. I was tempted and tortured beyond endurance until life was undesirable. Oh that the gave would kindly receive me that I might find rest on the bosom of my dear mother. - Why should I be chosen from among thy daughters, Father. I am only
a child in years and experience. No mother to counsel; no father near to tell what to do, in this trying hour. Oh let this bitter cup pass. And thus I prayed in the agony of my soul.

The Prophet discerned my sorrow. He saw how unhappy I was and sought an opportunity of again speaking to me on this subject, and said: "Although I cannot under existing circumstances, acknowledge you as my wife, the time is near, when we will go beyond the Rocky Mountains and there you will be acknowledged and honored as my wife." He also said, this principle will yet be believed in and practiced by the righteous. I have flattering words to offer, it is a command of God to you. I will give you until tomorrow to decide this matter. If you reject this message the gate will be closed forever against you."

[p. 11:]
my room became filled with a holt [holy] influence

As I descended the stairs, Prest. Smith opened the door below, took me by the hand and said: "Thank God, you have the testimony. I too have prayed." He led me to a chair, placed his hands upon my head, and blessed me with every blessing my heart could possibly desire. On the first day of May, 1843, I consented to become the wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and was sealed to him for time and all eternity, at his own home by Elder Wm. Clayton, on whom he conferred the authority.
The following extracts of the testimony of Lucy Walker Kimball come from The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Complaint, Vs. The Church of Christ at Independence; Richard Hill, Trustee, . . . Respondents, In Equity, Complainant's Abstract of Pleading and Evidence (Lamoni, Iowa: Herald Publishing House and Bindery, 1893).

[p. 371]
448-49 The doctrine of polygamy was taught to me personally in Nauvoo, and I was married to the Prophet Joseph Smith. William Clayton performed the ceremony, and I accepted it as a special commandment from God. The marriage was performed on the 1st day of May, 1843. The only witness to the ceremony was Eliza Partridge.

(p. 450)
notes — Lucy married May 1, 1843
26 Q: - You may state if there was any one present, and if so, who they were, when that ceremony was performed?
... [plaintiff objects]
A: - Well there was Miss Eliza Partridge. She was the only witness we had to the ceremony.

(p. 452):
Lucy Kimball —
322 Q: - Now where did the ceremony take place ...
323 Q: - Well where was it? A: - It was in our home.

[p. 372]
456 After my mother's death I lived in the house of Joseph Smith. My mother died in January 1842.

[p. 373]
459 The Lawrence girls were married to the prophet too. The Partridge girls were married to him also.

[p. 374]
461 It was the 1st day of May, 1843, when I married him. Elder William Clayton performed the ceremony. Emma Smith was not present, and she did not consent to the marriage; she did not know anything about it at all. No, sir, she did not know anything about my marriage to her husband.

463 He introduced me as his wife to Heber C. Kimball and Brigham Young; they are both dead.
(p. 464) notes – introduced as a wife of Joseph Smith to:
1. Heber C. Kimball
2. Brigham Young
3. Hyrum Smith

[p. 378] 480 . . . the system of plural marriage was taught to me very privately. He and I were alone when he taught me . . .

(p. 485) notes – Lucy saw a record of her marriage at Winter Quarters. This was in 1847.
807 Q:– What kind of journal was it in, – that you read an account of that wedding? A: – It was a journal that he kept to keep the records of the church in.
808 [Q]:– Was it in one of Clayton’s private journals? A:– It was in one that he kept the records of such transactions.
809 Q:– Well was it a church journal or a private one of his own? A; I can’t say.
811 Q:– How did you happen to read it? A; – Well I knew it was in existence and I went and asked the privilege [privilege] was given me, and I done so.
812 Q:– Then they had a journal record of those marriages? A; – They did at any rate I saw mine there.
Lucy Walker Kimball in Temple Lot Case, Tuesday March 22, 1892

The following extracts of the testimony of Lucy Walker Kimball come from The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Complaint, Vs. The Church of Christ at Independence; Richard Hill, Trustee . . . Respondents. In Equity. Complainant's Abstract of Pleading and Evidence (Lamoni, Iowa: Herald Publishing House and Bindery, 1893).

(p. 450) [see below proofed]
notes – Lucy married May 1, 1843
26 Q:- You may state if there was any one present, and if so, who they were, when that ceremony was performed?
... [counsel for the plaintiff objects]
A:- Well there was Miss Eliza Partridge. She was the only witness we had to the ceremony.

28 Q:- State who it was taught you that principle in '42[?] A:- It was President Joseph Smith.

(p. 462): PROOFED
Lucy Kimball –
322 Q:- Now where did the ceremony take place ...
323 Q: - Well where was it? A; - It was in our old home.

(p. 449) PROOFED
21 Q:- You know that of your own knowledge? A;- Yes sir, it was taught to me personally, and I was married to the prophet Joseph Smith.

23 Q:- Who performed the ceremony when you were married to Joseph Smith?
... [counsel for the plaintiff objects]
A:- Elder William Clayton, and I accepted it as a special commandment from God.

(p. 450) PROOFED
25 . . . A; - It was the first day of May 1843.

26 . . . Well there was Miss Eliza Partridge. She was the only witness we had to the ceremony.

[p. 372] DID NOT PROOF
456 After my mother's death I lived in the house of Joseph Smith. My mother died in January 1842.

[p. 373] DID NOT PROOF
459 The Lawrence girls were married to the prophet too.
The Partridge girls were married to him also.

[p. 374] DID NOT PROOF
461 It was the 1st day of May, 1843, when I married him.
Elder William Clayton performed the ceremony.
Emma Smith was not present, and she did not consent to the marriage; she did not know anything about it at all. No, sir, she did not know anything about my marriage to her husband.

DID NOT PROOF
463 He introduced me as his wife to Heber C. Kimball and Brigham Young; they are both dead.

(p. 464)
notes – introduced as a wife of Joseph Smith to:
1. Heber C. Kimball
2. Brigham Young
3. Hyrum Smith

[p. 378] DID NOT PROOF
480 . . . the system of plural marriage was taught to me very privately.
He and I were alone when he taught me . . .

(p. 485) PROOFED
notes – Lucy saw a record of her marriage at Winter Quarters.
This was in 1847.

807 Q:- What kind of journal was it in, - that you read an account of that wedding? A; - It was a journal that he kept to keep the records of the church in.
808 [Q):- Was it in one of Clayton's private journals? A;- It was in one that he kept the records of such transactions.
809 Q:- It was a journal in which he kept a record of these secret marriages? A;- Yes sir, that was the kind of a journal that it was in.
810 Q:- Well was it a church journal or a private one of his own? A; I can't say.
811 Q:- How did you happen to read it? A; - Well I knew it was in existence and I went and asked the privilege [privilege] of reading it, and the privilege [privilege] was given me, and I done so.
812 Q:- Then they had a journal record of these marriages? A; - They did at any rate I saw mine there.
wives, Mary Elizabeth Rollins Lightner, asserted that she had told members of the Reorganized Church about both Joseph's polygamy and the births of children, although she did not mention David's name. Brigham Young had married Mary Elizabeth Rollins Lightner to Joseph Smith in 1842. She stated that she knew Joseph had six wives, for she had been acquainted with some of them since childhood. "I know he had three children," she asserted, "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." Amasa Mason Lyman, because of his long association with the church and his interest in the Smith family, and because of his independent thought in the face of Mormon conformity, found David a fascinating acquaintance and fostered their friendship. Lyman had joined the Mormons in 1832, had subsequently carried out fifteen missions, and had served as counselor to Joseph Smith and apostle to Brigham Young. He had played an important role in founding the San Bernardino colony in the 1850s and had returned to Utah by 1857. His curious mind eventually had led him to embrace spiritualism, to accept free-thought liberalism, and to align himself with critics of Brigham Young's policies in the Great Basin. Young and the First Presidency had dropped him from the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, but not from membership, early in May 1867 for his spiritualist activities. For almost two years he then retreated from the church. By August 1869 Lyman had become acquainted with the Godbeites. When David had gone to Utah in 1869, Amasa Lyman was becoming excited about the opposition movement, and such association finally led to his excommunication on May 12, 1870.

David and Alexander Smith had greeted Amasa Lyman as a valuable aid in their opposition to the Utah church, and Lyman viewed the Smith brothers in the same light. Both parties were willing to cooperate with each other in their mutual goal of bringing down Brighamism. It was Lyman, perhaps who prompted the wealthy Walker brothers to donate $162, a considerable sum in the 1860s, to Alexander "to be used for the good of the cause." David encouraged Lyman to communicate with Joseph in Plano, even though the conservative Joseph found Lyman's ideas too liberal.

Probably urged on by Amasa Lyman and given names and information by him, David began to seek out and interview his father's former wives. He reported none of this furtive activity to his mother or his brothers. In 1879 Judge D. H. Morris reported that David had found and interviewed Joseph Smith's plural wife Lucy Walker Kimball:

During the conversation I had with Lucy Kimball... she told me that David Smith, the youngest son of Joseph Smith by his wife Emma, came to Utah for the purpose of inquiring as to the rumor of his father being a polygamist and he visited her at Provo and asked her the question direct if she was a plural wife of his father, Joseph Smith the prophet. She told him she was and gave him all the details pertaining to the marriage as well as the names and addresses of the men who married her and the two witnesses, all of whom were living in Salt Lake City at that time. She told me that these people afterwards told her that David Smith visited each of them and they confirmed [her] statement.

Since he was careful enough to follow each lead given him by Lucy Walker, he likely approached other wives of his father who were in and around Salt Lake City. Only six months earlier David had written his mother that some of the old acquaintances they had known had "brought shame upon themselves" by embracing polygamy but that the headway made by the Reorganized Church had given the Smiths a reputation for integrity. "Thank God there is no such disgrace attached to our family," he wrote, "I am confident that others' vices had not touched them. Now he was looking again at the evidence." Sadly, both David and his mother knew who had established plural marriage, but they could not bring themselves to broach the painful subject with each other, with Joseph, or with Alexander. Among the second generation of Smiths since the founding of the Mormon church, the secret of polygamy estranged them from one another, as it had once estranged their parents.

David had kept another secret from Joseph III as well. On his frequent trips to Michigan, he had found a friend with whom he dared raise his suspicions about his father's polygamy: Sherman I. Smith, brother of the man with whom David had worked on the church hymnal. Sherman and Norman Smith were two of ten children born to Thomas and Emmaline Smith in Bainbridge, Ohio. Norman in 1853 and Sherman in 1857. Norman and his new wife had moved to Hopkins, Michigan, in 1859, where Edmund C. Briggs baptized him and David confirmed him on July 4, 1868. Norman was eleven years older than David and apparently resisted the temptation to put too much stock in the prophet's polygamy. Not so his brother, Sherman, who was seven years David's senior. Sherman had been baptized by his father in July 1868. Four days later, on July 8, Briggs ordained Sherman an elder, and David undoubtedly assisted at this ordination. In September 1868 David asked Joseph if Sherman might be his missionary companion when he rhymed, "Could you extend my mission / to old Ohio state / Sherman with your permission / Might go with me for mate." In early 1869 David sent Sherman's letter on to the Herald. Sherman had assured "Dear Bro. David" of his faith:
UTAH PIONEER BIOGRAPHIES

Loaned by
The Utah State Historical Society
for typing

VOLUME 17
"K"

Typed by
The Genealogical Society
Salt Lake City, Utah
1947

DATE MICROFILM
MARCH 25, 1987
ITEM ON ROLL
CAMERA NO. 12
CATALOGUE NO.
STATEMENT OF MRS. L. W. KIMBALL - A BRIEF BUT INTENSELY INTERESTING SKETCH OF HER EXPERIENCE WRITTEN BY HERSELF - HER MARRIAGE WITH JOSEPH SMITH THE PROPHET - HER SUBSEQUENT MARRIAGE TO HEBER C. KIMBALL - BARES A LARGE FAMILY - HER TESTIMONY CONCERNING MRS. VILATE KIMBALL.

A STRONG TESTIMONY BORNE BY HER.

Copied for the Federal Writers Project by Elvera Manful, Ogden, Utah.

Weber County, January 1940 from a copy borrowed from Mrs. Kimball's niece Mrs. Lydia Rogerson 140 West 22nd Street, Ogden, Utah. (probably this was originally published in the Women's Exponent or some other church publication. Check in Werners Brigham Young, which quotes the Account DLW.)
STATEMENT OF MRS. L. W. KIMBALL - A BRIEF BUT INTENSELY INTERESTING SKETCH OF HER EXPERIENCE WRITTEN BY HERSELF - HER MARRIAGE WITH JOSEPH SMITH THE PROPHET - HER SUBSEQUENT MARRIAGE TO HEBER C. KIMBALL - BEARS A LARGE FAMILY - HER TESTIMONY CONCERNING MRS. VILATE KIMBALL. A STRONG TESTIMONY BORNE BY HER.

We will here give place to a very interesting and important contribution kindly furnished for these pages by Mrs. Lucy Walker Kimball, as follows:

Lucy Walker Kimball was born April 30th 1826, town of Peacham, Caledonia County, Vermont. Was the daughter of John Walker and Lydia Holmes. Her father was born June 20th 1794, town of Woodbury, Conn. Her mother was born April 18th, 1800. Father was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ in 1832, mother two years later. They left Vermont in 1834 for the West. Founded a small branch of the Church in Ogdensburg, New York; some of Brother Kimball’s first converts, preparing also to go West. My father was induced to remain with this branch until 1837. During the year 1835, the children who were eight years and upwards were baptized by Elder Abraham Palmer. They were full of faith, having been taught to pray by their parents, and received the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, and the signs followed them. Some spoke in tongues, others prophesied; again others had the gift of faith to heal the sick, etc. One
of this little band prophesied that before we reached our de-
tination we would be surrounded by armed mobs with blackened
faces, and would need much faith in God to endure the many
persecutions and trials before us, and that some of our number
would lay down their lives; other would see their brethren shot
down before their very eyes. This was verified at the whole-
sale slaughter at Haun's Mill.

Notwithstanding all this we did not falter in our faith,
but started on our perilous journey trusting in God. We
passed through Kirtland just after the Saints had left for the
West. When we arrived in Caldwell County we were surrounded
by a mob of about forty persons with blackened faces.
They hooted and yelled and looked more like demons than human
beings. It was early one December morning when this occurred.
They ordered my poor, delicate mother out into the deep snow,
searched our wagons, took from us our arms and ammunitions,
pointed their guns at us children to intimidate us, and cursed
and swore in a most frightful manner. One of the neighboring
women came and intruded her hateful presence into our camp,
urging them to shoot, "shoot them down", she cried, "they should
not be allowed to live". The question may be asked, how did
we feel under these circumstances? I can speak for one, I did
not tremble, I did not fear them. They looked to me as in-
significant and I felt to trust in one, (although but a child)
who held our destinies in His hands.
We continued our journey until we came to a settlement on Shoal Creek, five miles distant from Haun's Mill; my father and other of the brethren went to the mill to hold council with brother Joseph Young and others, as to what course was best to take under the circumstances. They were in a blacksmith shop when a mob appeared in sight, formed in line and commenced firing, without giving any warning whatever, upon men, women and children. The first ball fired by the enemy lodged in my father's right arm. He returned the shot, but found it impossible to reload. He then ran down the bank of a creek, and just before him one of the brethren in ascending the opposite bank was shot down. He stepped under some lumber leaning against the bank, which afforded very little, if any, protection, but, in answer to prayer, their eyes were blinded, and although they looked directly at him, yet apparently did not see him, passed on, declaring with an oath that not another Mormon was to be seen. He remained there until all was silent, then ventured forth to witness the dreadful scene of the massacre.

In the shop lay the lifeless son of Warren Smith with his brains beaten out with the breech of a gun, and another of the same family with the high thigh torn away, and apparently mortally wounded. A little further on an aged man, Father McBride lay weltering in his gore. It was not enough to shoot him down but the murderers had found an old scythe with which they had mangled that venerable head in a most horrible and sickening manner. A young woman was also found behind a huge log
where she had fallen in a fainting condition with a wound in one of her hands, several bullet holes through her clothing and a volley had lodged in the leg. If a man had on a good coat or a pair of boots, they were stripped from their bodies in a most brutal and inhuman manner, while the victims were in the agonies of death. My father aided in the dressing of the wounds of those worse off than himself and to bury the dead as best he could with his left hand. His own arm was not cared for or scarcely thought of, in the midst of the terrible suffering of others, until it was in danger of mortifying. Besides, the country was in such a state of excitement he had to hide from place to place, and came near losing his arm. Two weeks later he rejoined his family, pale and emaciated. My brother William had gone in search, having learned that his life had been spared, but was wounded. These two weeks were full of the keenest anxiety.

On the night of this fearful slaughter, a young man came running through the woods and deep snow, bare headed, telling us that an armed mob had surrounded those at the mill, and were murdering men, women and children, and would soon be upon us. This news caused a regular stampede in our little company, as some of our company had gone to the mill. Some of the women took their little ones in their arms, while others clung to their clothes: a loaf of bread and a blanket or two, were carried by other members of the family, and all rushed deeper into the snow and adjacent timber. Mother plead in vain for all to remain in camp, as there would be no possible safety in such a flight. The cries of the famishing children would
betray them, besides they would have no fire, as this too, would attract the attention of the mob. My mother, and Sister Davis, whose husband had died enroute, and whose loss was deeply mourned by all, remained in camp, called their children togetheher, prayed with them, soothed their fears and assured them that the same God whose watchcare had been over us during the journey thus far, was our friend still and would protect us. We went to bed feeling that we were safe, and God was our friend, but when the morning dawned and I looked into my mother's pale face, I was positive she had not closed her eyes, and felt, child as I was, almost guilty that I had suffered myself to be lulled to sleep by her magic words of comfort, while she had kept a vigilant watch during that fearful night of keenest anxiety. Those who left camp returned exhausted and almost famished.

Early next morning a fine looking young officer rode into camp, and said he had come as a friend to save us from the fate of those at the mill. Refurred to the dreadful scene with words of sympathy and regret. Said he was forced to join the military to save his own life, but had done, and would do, all in his power to save the oppressed. If we would follow him he would lead us to a place of safety, to a friendly neighborhood where we would find shelter from the cold storms of the winter. We followed him, and here was where my father found us. James Flanagan the young missionary who died with smallpox in England in 1848 was one of our company. He was an exemplary young man; in fact, an exceptional young man. His zeal for the cause of
truth was unexcelled.

We left the state of Missouri in 1838; went with the Saints to Quincy, Illinois, and to Nauvoo in 1841.

My father performed two missions to the Eastern States; emigrated with the church in 1846 to Council Bluffs; was appointed President of a branch of the church in that locality. In 1850 came to Utah and settled in Farmington, Davis Co., where after many years of suffering, caused by hardships he had endured, he passed away, October 18th, 1869, aged 73 years, 5 months and 8 days. Thus ended the life of one whose great grandfather came from Scotland and was one of the first settlers in Connecticut. His grandfather, Jos. Walker was born in Connecticut, town of Woodbury. His wife's name was Elizabeth. They had five sons and several daughters. The son's names were as follows: Joseph, Simeon, Caleb, Timothy and Rueben. The names of the daughters I do not know. He subsequently moved to Peacham, Caledonia County, Vermont. He was over 95 years of age.

His wife died at 90. His father, Simeon Walker, was born in Connecticut, town of Woodbury, and served faithfully his country in the time of the Revolutionary War, in which he was severely wounded by a cannon ball, in the thigh, which caused lameness during life. I fancy I see him now as he comes down the hill from Peacham bowed with the infirmity of age and hardship, leaning on his staff. He takes me on his knee and tells me the story of the war; how he became lame, how bravely they fought for freedom, for liberty, "liberty or death", the watchword.

My grandfather was one of the first settlers in Peacham.
There they were compelled to stand guard to prevent being kid-
napped by the Tories. After the Tories were subdued, he made
a farm, married Mary, a daughter of Rueben and Beulah Miner,
and had a family of nine children, namely, Solomon, Simeon,
Abel, John, Charles, Ruth, Clarinda, Mary and Elizabeth.
William Holmes, my grandfather on my mother's side, was born
January 10th 1700, in Kingston, Plymouth County, Massachusetts;
Lydia Adams, his wife was born Sametown, county and state.

Lydia Holmes, my mother, was an only daughter, almost an
idol in the home where there were seven sons. There was a
great grief in the hearts of her family and friends when she
received the gospel and came West. Their sorrow knew no bounds
when they received news of her death, which occurred January
18th, 1842, at Nauvoo, Hancock county, Illinois. I will state
however, that my father and second brother Lorin, came to
Nauvoo in the spring of 1840, to attend conference to secure a
home. At this conference, Orson Hyle was called to go to
Jerusalem. Father concluded to leave Lorin with the prophet
until harvest, with the understanding that he then should re-
turn and help him through harvesting; but when this time came,
the Prophet told him to write to father to hire someone in his
stead, and at his expense as he could not part with him. In
the spring of '41 father took his family to Nauvoo. My brother
met us with an invitation to dinner, which was gladly accepted
and were introduced to the Prophet and his wife Emma, and the
dear children who in after years I learned to love as my own
brothers, and Julia, an adopted daughter, as my sister. During
the summer mother was taken with chills and fever. At length one after another of the children were attacked with the same disease until all were in a helpless condition. Mother was invited to spend a few days at the Prophet's house, they thinking a change would benefit her but she could not be content away from her afflicted family. At her earnest solicitation they sent her home to her family by placing a bed in a sleigh, as the summer had passed and it was now good sleighing, covered her closely with blankets, and, beside sent many comforts to those at home, as they had often done during her stay.

My mother lingered until '42, then passed away, calling her children around her bed she bore a faithful testimony as to her convictions that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, and that through him the Gospel of the Son of God had been restored in its fullness, whereby we might return into the presence of the Father; exhorted her children to never depart from the truth, but to live so that she might meet them in that world where there would be no more sorrow, nor more suffering, nor more tears of anguish at pronouncing the sad word goodbye. She then closed her eyes and her sweet spirit passed away, leaving a beautiful smile on her dear face. It did not seem to us that it was possible that she was dead, but only in a sweet sleep. When at length we were forced to believe she would never speak to us again we were in the depths of despair. Ten motherless children, and such a mother. The youngest was not yet two years old. What were we to do? My father's health seemed to give way under this heavy affliction. The Prophet
came to our rescue. He said, "If you remain here brother Walker, you will soon follow your wife. You must have a change of scene, a change of climate. You have just such a family as I could love. My house shall be their house. I will adopt them as my own. For the present I would advise you to sell your effects, place the little ones with some kind friends, and the four eldest shall come to my house and be received and treated as my own children, and if I find the others are not content, or not treated right, I will bring them home and keep them until you return." I wrung my hands in the agony of despair at the thought of being broken up as a family, and being separated from loved ones. But said the Prophet, "My home shall be your home, eternally yours." I understood him not. However my father sought to comfort us by saying two years would soon pass by, then with renewed health he hoped to return and make us a home where we might be together again. Soon after he left, my sister Lydia, age 8 years and 11 months, was attacked with brain fever. We had visited her several times and found that all that was done did not relieve her sufferings, and when we told the Prophet how very sick she was he told the boys to put a bed in the carriage and he went with them. Told the family that they must excuse him, but he was under the greatest obligation to look after her welfare and had come to take her to his home where he could see to her himself. He took her in his arms from the carriage and baptized her in the Mississippi River; but in a few days she too passed away. Everything that
could be done was done. But she was to join her dear mother in the spirit world, and we were left more lonely than before. Here allow me to say that our own Mother and Father could scarcely have done more or manifested greater solicitude for her recovery than did the Prophet and his wife, Emma. They watched with us by her bedside and when all was over accompanied us to her last resting place beside her mother. One after another were brought home until all the younger members of the family were there except the baby. Judge Adams and wife, of Springfield, Ill., came to Nauvoo and desired one of the girls to live with them. We reluctantly consented for sister Jane to return with them, where she had a pleasant home until after their death, when she returned to Nauvoo. My brother William married Miss Olive Hovey Farr, in the fall of 1843. They boarded at the mansion six months, then went to housekeeping and took the children with them. I thought it too great a task for his wife to assume so great a responsibility. The Prophet and his wife introduced us as their daughters. Every privilege was accorded us in the home. Every privilege within reach was ours. He often referred to brother Lorin as his "Edwin". He was indeed his confidential and trusted friend. He was ever by his side; arm in arm they walked and discussed freely various subjects. He was with him when he was arrested at Dixon by Wilson and Reynolds, who were determined to take him down the River into Missouri, but were foiled in this attempt. It was in the case
of "Uncles Billy" Rogers as he was familiarly called, made him- 
selves conspicuous in this defense; declared with an oath that 
they would not come there and kidnap a man and take him away in 
that manner. Said he would be d---d if Smith should not have 
their play. They were forced to take him through the State by 
the way of Nauvoo. Bro. Lorin hurried on home, brought his 
favorite horse Charley, and met him on foot, weary and covered 
with dust. He warmly embraced him, mounted his horse and rode 
into Nauvoo. As they drew near the city, the people turned 
out on mass to greet him. Bro. Lorin went with him to Spring-
field to attend his trial, and had the exquisite pleasure of 
seeing him acquitted.

At the time he crossed the river and was actively making 
arrangements to go beyond the Rocky Mountains, he said, "I have 
the promise of life for five years, if I listen to the voice 
of the spirit". But when Emma and some of his brethren be-
sought him to return, he said, "If my life is worth nothing to 
you it is worth nothing to me". He well knew it was in the 
programme that he must sacrifice his life for the principles 
God had revealed through him. Death had no terrors for him, 
although life was dear, I have often heard him say he expect-
ed to seal his testimony with his blood. He anticipated 
great joy in meeting his parents and friends beyond the grave. 
He believed that as soon as the spirit left the body we were 
shaking hands with and greeting our friends.

He often referred to the feelings that should exist be-
husband and wives, that they, his wives, should be his bosom companions, the nearest and dearest objects on earth in every sense of the word. He said men must beware how they treat their wives. They were given them for a holy purpose that the myriads of spirits waiting for tabernacles might have pure healthy bodies. He also said many would awake in the morning of the resurrection sadly disappointed; for they, by transgression would have neither wives or children, for they surely would be taken from them, and given to those who should prove themselves worthy. Again he said, a woman would have her choice; this was a privilege that could not be denied her.

In the year 1842, President Joseph Smith sought an interview with me, and said, "I have a message for you. I have been commanded of God to take another wife, and you are the woman." My astonishment knew no bounds. This announcement was indeed a thunderbolt to me. He asked me if I believed him to be the Prophet of God. "Most assuredly I do," I replied. He fully explained to me the principle of plural or celestial marriage. Said this principle was again to be restored for the benefit of the human family. That it would prove an everlasting blessing to my father's house, and form a chain that could never be broken, worlds without end. "What have you to say" he asked. "Nothing." How could I speak or what could I say?" He said, "If you will pray sincerely for light and understanding in relation thereto, you shall receive a testimony of the correctness of this principle. I thought I prayed sincerely,
but was so unwilling to consider the matter favorably that I fear I did not ask in faith for light. Gross darkness instead of light took possession of my mind. I was tempted and tortured beyond endurance until life was not desirable. Oh that the grave would kindly receive me, that I might find rest on the bosom of my dear mother. Why should I be chosen from among Thy daughters, Father, I am only a child in years and experience. No mother to counsel; no father near to tell me what to do in these trying hours. Oh let this bitter cup pass. And thus I prayed in the agony of my soul.

The Prophet discerned my sorrow. He saw how unhappy I was, and sought an opportunity of again speaking to me on that subject, and said, "Although I can not under existing circumstances, acknowledge you as my wife, the time is near when we will go beyond the Rocky Mountains and then you will be acknowledged and honored as my wife." He also said this principle will yet be believed in and practised by the righteous. I have no flattering words to offer. It is a command of God to you. I will give you until tomorrow to decide this matter. If you reject this message the gate will be closed forever against you."

This aroused every drop of Scotch in my veins. For a few moments I stood fearless before him, and looked him in the eye. I felt at this moment that I was called to place myself upon the altar a living sacrifice—perhaps to brook the world in disgrace and incur the displeasure and contempt of my youthful
companions; all my dreams of happiness blown to the four winds. This was too much, for as yet no shadow had crossed my path, aside from the death of my dear mother. The future to me had been one bright cloudless day. I had been speechless, but at last found utterance and said: "Although you are a Prophet of God you could not induce me to take a step of so great importance, unless I knew that God approved my course. I would rather die. I have tried to pray but received no comfort, no light, "and emphatically forbid him speaking again to me on this subject. Every feeling of my soul revolted against it. Said I, "The same God who has sent this message is the same being I have worshipped from my early childhood and He must manifest his will to me." He walked across the room, returned and stood before me with the most beautiful expression of countenance, and said, "God Almighty bless you. You shall have a manifestation of the will of God concerning you; a testimony that you can never deny. I will tell you what it shall be. It shall be that joy and peace that you never knew."

O how earnestly I prayed for these words to be fulfilled. It was near dawn after another cloudless night when my room was lighted up by a heavenly influence. To me it was, in comparison like the brilliant sun bursting through the darkest cloud. My soul was filled with a calm, sweet peace that "I never knew." Supreme happiness took possession of me, and I received a powerful and irresistible testimony of the truth of plural marriage, which has been like an anchor to the soul through all the trials of life. I felt that I must go out into the morning air and give vent to the joy and gratitude that filled
my soul. As I descended the stairs, Pres. Smith, opened the
doors below, took me by the hand and said: "Thank God, you have
the testimony. I too have prayed." He led me to a chair, placed
his hands upon my head, and blessed me with every blessing my
heart could possibly desire.

The first day of May, 1843, I consented to become the
Prophet's wife, and was sealed to him for time and all eternity,
at his own house by Elder Wm. Clayton.

To-day I have but one regret, which is, that I have not
been a more worthy representative of the principle of plural
marriage, and that I have not lived a more perfect life. I
can also state that Emma Smith was present and did consent to
Eliza and Emily Partridge, also Maria and Sarah Lawrence being
sealed to her husband. This I had from the Prophet's own
mouth; also the testimony of her own niece, Hyrum Smith's eldest
daughter, (my brother Lorin's wife), as well as that of the
young ladies named themselves, with whom I was on most intimate
terms, and was glad that they too, had accepted that order of
marriage. Instead of a feeling of jealousy, it was a source
of comfort to us. We were as sisters to each other.

In this I acted in accordance with the will of God. Not
for any worldly aggrandizement; not for the gratification of
the flesh. How can it be said we accepted this principle for
any lustful desires? Preposterous. This would be utterly im-
possible. But, as I said before, we accepted it to obey a
command of God, to establish a principle that would benefit the
human family and emancipate them from their degradation into which they, through their wicked customs, had fallen.

In all this God had in view a road marked out for me that I knew not: to struggle against the tide of opposition, prejudice and tradition, to aid in establishing a principle that would exalt mankind and bring them back into his presence. A tie had been formed that will bring me into the highest and most glorious destiny, if I continue to walk in the regeneration, which is the grand object of my life.

No one can possibly feel more deeply to regret than I do, the course taken by the sons of President Smith, knowing that they have been misinformed; that it is through prejudice, through yielding to popular opinion that they have been misled. They might heir their father's priesthood, if they would take proper steps, and honor the principles revealed through them. Thus they might be called to occupy prominent positions in this dispensation, to aid in forwarding the great work of redemption and to seek to bring every honest soul of every nation to a knowledge of the Gospel of the Son of God. O, that they had eyes to see and ears to hear the sound of the Gospel, and walk in the footsteps of their illustrious father, knowing as I do that he was the grandest personage that has stood upon the earth since the days of our Saviour. O, that God would in his boundless mercy, His matchless charity, withdraw the curtain and let but one ray from his magnificent countenance shine upon them, that like Saul of Tarsus, they might turn to God and become
his apostles in every deed. That they might also accept the
many testimonies given by those whose lives have been pure
and spotless who have sought to aid in establishing eternal
principles that will exalt the human race in the presence of
God. How gladly we would have them in our midst, did they
walk in the spirit of their Father.

They seem surprised that there was no issue from asserted
plural marriages with their father. Could they but realize
the hazardous life he lived, after that revelation was given,
they would comprehend the reason. He was harassed and hounded
and lived in constant fear of being betrayed by those who
ought to have been true to him.

Since 1845 I have been the wife of President Heber C.
Kimball, by whom I have had nine children, five sons and four
daughters, who have lived in the same house with other members
of his family; have loved them as dearly as my own sisters,
until it became necessary, as our children began to grow up
around us, to have separate homes. Every mother had her own
mode of government, and as children grow in years, it is more
pleasant to have them under the immediate dictation of their
own mother. I can truthfully state however, that there is
less room for jealousy where wives live under the same roof.
They become interested in each other's welfare; they love each
other's children, beside, in my experience, I find the child-
ren themselves love each other as dearly as the children of
one mother. In sickness it has been a pleasure to minister
to those in need of assistance. I will say here, too, that it is a grand school. You learn self control, self denial, it brings out the nobler traits of our fallen natures, and teaches us to study and subdue self, while we become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of each other. There is a grand opportunity to improve ourselves, and the lessons learned in a few years, are worth the experience of a lifetime, for this reason, that you are better prepared to make a home happy, you can easily avoid many unpleasant features of domestic life that through inexperience you otherwise are unprepared to meet.

The study of human nature is a grand study. I can only speak for myself in this regard. When I separated from others and went to a home with my own children, I placed many little safeguards around our house that experience had suggested, and my children grew into their teens without having heard an unkind word between their father and mother. When the father was there everything was done necessary to his comfort. To make our home a pleasant one, was the chief object of life. When absent I knew he was in good company and where he had a right to be. I stood in no fear from his associations with others, because I knew their purity of life. It is needless for me to say anything in regard to the life and character of President H. C. Kimball. He lived in the hearts of the people called Latter-Day Saints, and his acts and works are known abroad.

As time passed on he seemed to appreciate more than ever his wives and growing children. His last words to me were that
he had been agreeably appreciative of my course of life; had appreciated my example as a wife and as a mother; that none had excelled me in their home life. Wherever my lot had been cast, there he had found a place of rest and peace. "Let me thank you kindly," he said, "for every kind word, for every kind act of your life, and when I am gone, which will not be but a short time, you shall be blessed and find friends." He went on to say that if he never spoke to me again, I might rest assured that I had his most sanguine good feelings; his unbounded love and esteem. "What can you tell Joseph when you meet him? Can you not say that I have been kind to you as it was possible to be under the circumstances? I know you can and am confident you will be as a mediator between me and Joseph, and never enjoy any blessing you would not wish Heber to share."

These words were more precious to me than gold, as they were his last, with the addition of "I leave my peace and blessing with you. May the peace of Heber ever abide in your habitation."

I do not pen these facts thinking that others did not share equally in his esteem; as every woman craves her own niche in her husband's affections.

Heber C. Kimball was a whole-souled son of God, and was as capable of loving more than one woman as God himself is capable of loving all his creations.

Sister Vilate Murray Kimball, first wife of Heber Chase Kimball, was one of the noble woman of the earth. She was
dearly beloved by his wives and children, as well as by all who intimately know her. Too little has been said of her exemplary life. She was as a ministering angel to those in distress, every ready to aid those who had not been so fortunate as herself in regards to the comforts of life. She never seemed so happy as while seeking to make others happy. Every year it was her custom to invite all the family to dinner at her table, and insisted that it was her privilege to wait upon them and make them happy and comfortable. In her sickness she expressed regret that she would no longer have the pleasure of seeing the family together as she had been in the habit of doing. On one occasion when one of her old time associates was urging her to come often, as she had done in former years, she answered, "you must excuse me as our family has grown so large that by the time I visit them all, I want to begin the rounds again." This shows the good feelings she cherished towards her husband's many wives and children. To much can not be said in praise of her example. In her demise, Zion lost one of her noblest daughters.

Very sincerely, your sister in the gospel,

Lucy W. Kimball.

The above from the pen of Mrs. Kimball is written in an entertaining style. Her statements are all unequivocally straightforward and will convey to the reader the impression that she speaks of circumstances and facts wherein she was an actor.
The writer was well and familiarly acquainted with her in the Nauvoo days, when she was Miss Lucy Walker, a blooming and vivacious young lady of fifteen or sixteen summers. She possessed a character above reproach and has ever been universally esteemed as an upright person, whose veracity has never been questioned upon any matter. With the relationship concerning which she speaks, between herself and President Joseph Smith, deceased, the writer became familiar during the residence of the Saints at Nauvoo and of course previous to the death of the Prophet. He then knew that the marriage existed between them, by a variety of circumstances not necessary to mention here. If it were possible for a doubt ever to have existed, Mrs. Kimball's statement herein made, after the lapse of so many years - during which time the Prophet's mortal remains have reposed in the grave - would most effectively remove such doubts. We give it here to establish a fact - persistently controverted by some - in the history of the remarkable man who brought forth a faith which had indelibly marked the nineteenth century with a new religious era destined to revolutionize the opinions of the mortal world, before mankind can be made to see that Gospel eye to eye and travel together the straight and narrow path which alone leads to eternal life hereafter. It is true that the restoration has already engraved upon the theories of many renowned theologians numberless ideas and views which they have gleaned from the doctrines given through him and from the sermons and writings
of the various elders who have been advocating his doctrines. And there is one marked feature in all of this. These theologians, as much as possible, reproduce these doctrines as being new with them, to make the world believe they possess a genius of mind fruitful in the organization of new ideas, far in advance of the age which has no brain but theirs had been powerful enough to grasp. Also it would be too great a bending of the dignity of those learned divines to confess they found such ideas among the doctrines of a people which the combined efforts of the world can not vanquish with argument, and hence persecution and defamatory subterfuges become the prolific missiles hurled against them by a union of the religious brotherhoods.
We will here give place to a very interesting and important contribution kindly furnished for these pages by Mrs. Lucy Walker Kimball, as follows:

Lucy Walker Kimball was born April 30th 1826, town of Peacham, Caledonia County, Vermont. Was the daughter of John Walker and Lydia Holmes. Her father was born June 20th 1794, town of Woodbury, Conn. Her mother was born April 18th, 1800. Father was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ in 1832, mother two years later. They left Vermont in 1854 for the West. Found a small branch of the Church in Ogdensburg, New York; some of brother Kimball's first converts, preparing also to go West. By father was induced to remain with this branch until 1837. During the year 1835, the children who were eight years and upwards were baptized by Elder Abraham Palmer. They were full of faith, having been taught to pray by their parents, and received the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, and the signs followed them. Some spoke in tongues, others prophesied; again others had the gift of faith to heal the sick, etc. One of this little band prophesied that before we reached our destination we would be surrounded by armed mobs with blackened faces, and would need much faith in God to endure the many persecutions and trials before us, and that some of our number would lay down their lives; other would see their brethren shot down before their very eyes. This was verified at the wholesale slaughter at Haun's Mill.

Notwithstanding all this we did not falter in our faith, but started on our perilous journey trusting in God. We passed through Kirtland just after the Saints had left for the West. When we arrived in Caldwell County we were surrounded by a mob of about forty persons with blackened faces. They hooted and yelled and looked more like demons than human beings. It was early one December morning when this occurred. They ordered my poor, delicate mother out into the deep snow, searched our wagons, took from us our arms and ammunitions, pointed their guns at us children to intimidate us, and cursed and swore in a most frightful manner. One of the neighboring women came and intruded her hateful presence into our camp, urging them to shoot, "shoot them down", she cried, "they should not be allowed to live". The question may be asked, how did we feel under these circumstances? I can speak for one, I did not tremble, I did not fear them. They looked to me too insignificant and I felt to trust in one, (although but a child) who held our destinies in His hands.

We continued our journey until we came to a settlement on Shoal Creek, five miles distant from Haun's Mill; my father and other of the brethren went to the mill to hold council with brother Joseph Young and others, as to what course was best to take under the circumstances. They were in a blacksmith shop when a mob appeared in sight, formed in line and commenced firing, without giving any warning whatever, upon men, women and children. The first ball fired by the enemy lodged in my father's right arm. He returned the shot, but found it impossible to reload. He then ran down the bank of a creek, and just before him one of the brethren in ascending the opposite bank was shot down. He stepped under some lumber leaning against the bank, which afforded very little, if any, protection, but, in answer to prayer, their eyes were blinded, and although they looked directly at him, yet apparently did not see him, passed on, declaring with an oath that not another Mormon was to be seen. He remained there until all was silent,
then ventured forth to witness the dreadful scene of the massacre.

In the shop lay the lifeless son of Warren Smith with his brain beaten out with the breach of a gun, and another of the same family with the high thigh torn away, and apparently mortally wounded. A little further on an aged man, Father McBride lay weltering in his gore. It was not enough to shoot him down but the murderers had found an old scythe with which they had mangled that venerable head in a most horrible and sickening manner. A young woman was also found behind a huge log, where she had fallen in a fainting condition with a wound in one of her hands, several bullet holes through her clothing and a volley had lodged in the log. If a man had on a good coat or a pair of boots, they were stripped from their bodies in a most brutal and inhuman manner, while the victims were in the agonies of death. My father aided in the dressing of the wounds of those worse off than himself and to bury the dead as best he could with his left hand. His own arm was not cared for or scarcely thought of, in the midst of the terrible suffering of others, until it was in danger of mortifying. Besides, the country was in such a state of excitement he had to hide from place to place, and sceen near losing his arm. Two weeks later he rejoined his family, pale and emaciated. My brother William had gone in search, having learned that his life had been spared, but was wounded. These two weeks were full of the keenest anxiety.

On the night of this fearful slaughter, a young man came running through the woods and deep snow, bare headed, telling us that an armed mob had surrounded those at the mill, and were murdering men, women and children, and would soon be upon us. This news caused a regular stampede in our little company, as some of our company had gone to the mill. Some of the women took their little ones in their arms, while others clung to their clothes; a loaf of bread and a blanket or two, were carried by other members of the family, and all rushed deeper into the snow and adjacent timber. Mother pleaded in vain for all to remain in camp, as there would be no possible safety in such a flight. The cries of the famishing children would betray them, besides they would have no fire, as this too, would attract the attention of the mob. My mother, and Sister Davis, whose husband had died enroute, and whose loss was deeply mourned by all, remained in camp, called their children together, prayed with them, soothed their fears, and assured them that the same God whose watchcare had been over us during the journey thus far, was our friend still and would protect us. We went to bed feeling that we were safe, and God was our friend, but when the morning dawned and I looked into my mother's pale face, I was positive she had not closed her eyes, and felt, child as I was, almost guilty that I had suffered myself to be lulled to sleep by her magic words of comfort, while she had kept a vigilant watch during that fearful night of keenest anxiety. Those who left camp returned exhausted and almost famished.

Early next morning a fine looking young officer rode into camp, and said he had come as a friend to save us from the fate of those at the mill. Referred to the dreadful scene with words of sympathy and regret. Said he was forced to join the military to save his own life, but had done, and would do, all in his power to save the oppressed. If we would follow him he would lead us to a place of safety, to a friendly neighborhood where we would find shelter from the cold storms of the winter. We followed him, and here was where my father found us. James Flanagan the young missionary who died with smallpox in England in 1848 was one of our company. He was an exemplary young man; in fact, an exceptional young man. His zeal for the cause of truth was unexcelled.
We left the State of Missouri in 1836; went with the Saints to Quincy, Illinois, and to Nauvoo in 1841.

My father performed two missions to the Eastern States; emigrated with the church in 1846 to Council Bluffs; was appointed President of a branch of the Church in that locality. In 1850 came to Utah and settled in Farmington, Davis Co., where after many years of suffering, caused by hardships they had endured, he passed away, October 18th, 1869, aged 75 years, 5 months and 8 days. Thus ended the life of one whose great grandfather came from Scotland and was one of the first settlers in Connecticut. His grandfather, Jos. Walker was born in Connecticut, town of Woodbury. His wife's name was Elizabith. They had five sons and several daughters. The son's names were as follows: Joseph, Simeon, Caleb, Timothy and Husham. The names of the daughters I do not know. He subsequently moved to Peashan, Caledonia County, Vermont. He was over 95 years of age. His wife died at 90. His Father, Simeon Walker, was born in Connecticut, town of Woodbury, and served faithfully his country in the time of the Revolutionary War, in which he was severely wounded by a cannon, in the thigh, which caused lameness during life. I fancy I see him now as he comes down the hill from Peashan bowed with the infirmity of age and hardship, leaning on his staff. He takes me on his knee and tells me the story of the war; how he became lame, how bravely they fought for freedom, for liberty, "liberty or death", the watchword. My grandfather was one of the first settlers in Peashan. There they were compelled to stand guard to prevent being kidnapped by the Tories. After the Tories were subdued, he made a farm, married Mary, a daughter of Ebenezer and Beulah Miner, and had a family of nine children, namely, Solomon, Simeon, Abel, John, Charles, Ruth, Clarinda, Mary and Elizabith.

William Holmes, my grandfather on my Mother's side, was born January 15th. 1700, in Kingston, Plymouth County, Massachusetts; Lydia Adams, his wife, was born same town, county and state.

Lydia Holmes, my mother, was an only daughter, almost an idol in the home where there were seven sons. There was a great grief in the hearts of my family and friends when she received news of her death, which occurred January 15th, 1842, at Nauvoo, Hancock county, Illinois. I will state here however, that my father and second brother Lorin, came to Nauvoo in the spring of 1840, to attend conference to secure a home. At this conference, Orson Hyde was called to go to Jerusalem. Father concluded to leave Lorin with the Prophet until harvest, with the understanding that he then should return and help him through harvesting; but when this time came, the Prophet told him to write to Father to hire someone in his stead, and at his expense as he could not part with him. In the Spring of '41 Father took his family to Nauvoo. My brother met us with an invitation to dinner, which was gladly accepted and were introduced to the Prophet and his wife Emma, and the dear children who in after years I learned to love as my own brothers, and Julia, an adopted daughter, as my sister. During the summer Mother was taken with chills and fever. At length one after another of the children were attacked with the same disease until all were in a helpless condition. Mother was invited to spend a few days at the Prophet's house, they thinking a change would benefit her. But she could not be content away from her afflicted family. At her earnest solicitation they sent her home to her family by placing a bed in a sleigh, as the summer had passed and it was now good sleighing, covered her closely with blankets, and, besides sent many comforts to those at home, as they had often done during
her stay.

My mother lingered until '42, then passed away, calling her children around her bed she bore a faithful testimony as to her convictions that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, and that through him the Gospel of the Son of God had been restored in its fullness, whereby we might return into the presence of the Father; exhorted her children to never depart from the truth, but to live so that she might meet them in that world where there would be no more sorrow, nor more suffering, nor more tears of anguish at pronouncing the sad word goodbye. She then closed her eyes and her sweet spirit passed away, leaving a beautiful smile on her dear face. It did not seem to us that it was possible that she was dead, but only in a sweet sleep. When at length we were forced to believe she would never speak to us again we were in the depths of despair. Ten motherless children, and such a Mother. The youngest was not yet two years old. What were we to do? My Father's health seemed to give way under this heavy affliction. The Prophet came to our rescue. He said, "If you remain here brother Walker, you will soon follow your wife. You must have a change of scenery, a change of climate. You have just such a family as I could love. My house shall be their house. I will adopt them as my own. For the present I would advise you to sell your effects, place the little ones with some kind friends, and the four eldest shall come to my house and be received and treated as my own children, and if I find the others are not content, or not treated right, I will bring them home and keep them until you return." I wrung my hands in the agony of despair at the thought of being broken up as a family, and being separated from the loved ones. But said the Prophet, "My home shall be your home, eternally yours." I understood him not. How ever my father sought to comfort us by saying two years would soon pass by, then with renewed health he hoped to return and make us a home where we might be together again. Soon after he left, my sister Lydia, age 8 years and 11 months, was attacked with brain fever. We had visited her several times and found that all that was done did not relieve her sufferings, and when we told the Prophet how very sick she was he told the boys to put a bed in the carriage and he went with them. Told the family that they must excuse him, but he was under the greatest obligation to look after her welfare and had come to take her to his home where he could see her herself. He took her in his arms from the carriage and baptized her in the Mississippi River; but in a few days she too passed away. Everything that could be done was done. But she was to join her dear mother in the spirit world, and we were left more lonely than before. Here allow me to say that our own Mother and Father could scarcely have done more or manifested greater solicitude for her recovery than did the Prophet and his wife, Emma. They watched with us by her bedside and when all was over accompanied us to her last resting place beside her mother. One after another were brought home until all the younger members of the family were there except the baby, Judge Adams and wife, of Springfield, Ill., came to Nauvoo and desired one of the girls to live with them. We reluctantly consented for sister Jane to return with them, where she had a pleasant home until after their death, when she returned to Nauvoo. My brother William married Miss Olive Nauvy Farr, in the fall of 1844. They boarded at the mansion six months, then went to housekeeping and took the children with them. I thought it too great a task for his wife to assume so great a responsibility. The Prophet and his wife introduced us as their daughters. Every privilege was accorded us in the home. Every privilege within reach was ours. He often referred to brother Lorin as his "Edwin". He was indeed his
confidential and trusted friend. He was ever by his side; arm in arm they walked and discussed freely various subjects. He was with him when he was arrested at Dixon by Wilson and Reynolds, who were determined to take him down the River into Missouri, but were foiled in this attempt. It was in the case of "Uncles Billy" Rogers as he was familiarly called, made himself conspicuous in this defense; declared with an oath that they would not come there and kidnap a man and take him away in that manner. Said he would be d--- if Smith should not have fair play. They were forced to take him through the State by the way of Nauvoo. Bro. Lorin hurried on home, brought his favorite horse Charley, and met him on foot, weary and covered with dust. He warmly embraced him, mounted his horse and rode into Nauvoo. As they drew near the City, the people turned out en masse to greet him. Bro. Lorin went with him to Springfield to attend his trial, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing him acquitted.

At the time he crossed the river and was actively making arrangements to go beyond the Rocky Mountains, he said, "I have the promise of life for five years, if I listen to the voice of the spirit." But when Emma and some of his brethren besought him to return, he said, "If my life is worth nothing to you it is worth nothing to me." He well knew it was in the programme that he must sacrifice his life for the principles God had revealed through him. Death had no terrors for him, although life was dear. I have often heard him say he expected to seal his testimony with his blood. He anticipated great joy in meeting his parents and friends beyond the grave, he believed that as soon as the spirit left the body we were shaking hands with and greeting our friends.

He often referred to the feelings that should exist between husband and wives, that they, his wives, should be his bosom companions, the nearest and dearest objects on earth in every sense of the word. He said men must beware how they treat their wives. They were given them for a holy purpose that the myriads of spirits waiting for tabernacles might have pure healthy bodies. He also said many would awake in the morning of the resurrection sadly disappointed; for they, by transgression would have neither wives or children, for they surely would be taken from them, and given to those who should prove themselves worthy. Again he said, a woman would have her choice; this was a privilege that could not be denied her.

In the year 1842, President Joseph Smith sought an interview with me, and said, "I have a message for you. I have been commanded of God to take another wife, and you are the woman." My astonishment knew no bounds. This announcement was indeed a thunderbolt to me. He asked me if I believed him to be the Prophet of God. "Most assuredly I do," I replied. He fully explained to me the principle of plural or celestial marriage. Said this principle was again to be restored for the benefit of the human family. That it would prove an everlasting blessing to my father's house, and form a chain that could never be broken, worlds without end. "What have you to say?" he asked. "Nothing." How could I speak or what could I say? He said, "If you will pray sincerely for light and understanding in relation thereto, you shall receive a testimony of the correctness of this principle. I thought I prayed sincerely, but was so unwilling to consider the matter favorably that I fear I did not ask in faith for light. Gross darkness instead of light took possession of my mind. I was tempted and tortured beyond endurance until life was not desirable. Oh that the grave would kindly receive me, that I might find rest on the bosom of my dear mother. Why should I be chosen from among Thy daughters, Father, I am only a child in years and experience. No mother to counsel; no father
near to tell me what to do in these trying hours. Oh let this bitter cup pass. And thus I prayed in the agony of my soul.

The Prophet discerned my sorrow. He saw how unhappy I was, and sought an opportunity of again speaking to me on that subject, and said, "Although I can not under existing circumstances, acknowledge you as my wife, the time is near when we will go beyond the Rocky Mountains and then you will be acknowledged and honored as my wife." He also said this principle will yet be believed in and practised by the righteous. I have no flattering words to offer. It is a command of God to you. I will give you until tomorrow to decide this matter. If you reject this message the gate will be closed forever against you.

This aroused every drop of Scotch in my veins. For a few moments I stood fearless before him, and looked him in the eye. I felt at this moment that I was called to place myself upon the altar a living sacrifice — perhaps to brook the world in disgrace and incur the displeasure and contempt of my youthful companions; all my dreams of happiness blown to the four winds. This was too much, for as yet no shadow had crossed my path, aside from the death of my dear mother. The future to me had been one bright cloudless day. I had been speechless, but at last found utterance and said: "Although you are a Prophet of God you could not induce me to take a step of so great importance, unless I knew that God approved my course. I would rather die. I have tried to pray but received no comfort, no light." and emphatically forbid him speaking again to me on this subject. Every feeling of my soul revolted against it. Said I, "The same God who has sent this message is the same being I have worshipped from my early childhood and He must manifest His will to me." He walked across the room, returned and stood before me with the most beautiful expression of countenance, and said, "God Almighty bless you. You shall have a manifestation of the will of God concerning you; a testimony that you can never deny. I will tell you what it shall be. It shall be that joy and peace that you never knew."

Oh how earnestly I prayed for these words to be fulfilled. It was near dawn after another sleepless night when my room was lighted up by a heavenly influence. To me it was, in comparison, like the brilliant sun bursting through the darkest cloud. My soul was filled with a calm, sweet peace that "I never knew." Supreme happiness took possession of me, and I received a powerful and irresistible testimony of the truth of plural marriage, which has been like an anchor to the soul through all the trials of life. I felt that I must go out into the morning air and give vent to the joy and gratitude that filled my soul. As I descended the stairs, Pres. Smith, opened the door below, took me by the hand and said: "Thank God, you have the testimony. I too have prayed." He led me to a chair, placed his hands upon my head, and blessed me with every blessing my heart could possibly desire.

The first day of May, 1843, I consented to become the Prophet's wife, and was sealed to him for time and all eternity, at his own house by Elder Wm. Clayton.

To-day I have but one regret, which is that I have not been a more worthy representative of the principle of plural marriage, and that I have not lived a more perfect life. I can also state that Emma Smith was present and did consent to Eliza and Emily Partridge, also Maria and
Sarah Lawrence being sealed to her husband. This I had from the Prophet's own mouth; also the testimony of her own niece, Hyrum Smith's oldest daughter, (my brother Lorin's wife), as well as that of the young ladies named themselves, with whom I was on most intimate terms, and was glad that they too, had accepted that order of marriage. Instead of a feeling of jealousy, it was a source of comfort to us. We were as sisters to each other.

In this I acted in accordance with the will of God. Not for any worldly aggrandizement; not for the gratification of the flesh. How can it be said we accepted this principle for any lustful desires? Preposterous. This would be utterly impossible. But, as I said before, we accepted it to obey a command of God, to establish a principle that would benefit the human family and emancipate them from their degradation into which they, through their wicked customs, had fallen.

In all this God had in view a road marked out for me that I knew not; to struggle against the tide of opposition, prejudice and tradition, to aid in establishing a principle that would exalt mankind and bring them back into his presence. A tie had been formed that will bring me into the highest and most glorious destiny, if I continue to walk in the regeneration, which is the grand object of my life.

No one can possibly feel more deeply to regret than I do, the course taken by the sons of President Smith, knowing that they have been misinformed; that it is through prejudice, through yielding to popular opinion that they have been misled. They might have their father's priesthood, if they would take proper steps, and honor the principles revealed through them. Thus they might be called to occupy prominent positions in this dispensation, to aid in forwarding the great work of redemption and to seek to bring every honest soul of every nation to a knowledge of the Gospel of the Son of God. O, that they had eyes to see and ears to hear the sound of the Gospel, and walk in the footsteps of their illustrious father, knowing as I do that he was the grandest personage that has stood upon the earth since the days of our Saviour. O, that God would in his boundless mercy, His matchless charity, withdraw the curtain and let but one ray from his magnificent countenance shine upon them, that like Saul of Tarsus, they might turn to God and become his apostles in every land. That they might also accept the many testimonies given by those whose lives have been pure and spotless who have sought to aid in establishing eternal principles that will exalt the human race in the presence of God. How gladly we would have them in our midst, did they walk in the spirit of their Father.

They seem surprised that there was no issue from asserted plural marriages with their father. Could they but realize the hazardous life he lived, after that revelation was given, they would comprehend the reason. He was harassed and hounded and lived in constant fear of being betrayed by those who ought to have been true to him.

Since 1845 I have been the wife of President Heber C. Kimball, by whom I have had nine children, five sons and four daughters, who have lived in the same house with other members of his family; have loved them as dearly as my own sisters, until it became necessary, as our children began to grow up around us, to have separate homes. Every mother had her own mode of government, and as children grow in years, it is more pleasant to have them under the immediate dictation of their own mother. I can truthfully state however, that there is less room for jealousy where wives
live under the same roof. They become interested in each other's welfare; they love each other's children, beside, in my experience, I find the children themselves love each other as dearly as the children of one mother. In sickness it has been a pleasure to minister to those in need of assistance. I will say here, too, that it is a grand school. You learn self control, self denial, it brings out the noble traits of our fallen natures, and teaches us to study and subdue self, while we become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of each other. There is a grand opportunity to improve ourselves, and the lessons learned in a few years, are worth the experience of a lifetime, for this reason, that you are better prepared to make a home happy, you can easily avoid many unpleasant features of domestic life that through inexperience you otherwise are unprepared to meet.

The study of human nature is a grand study. I can only speak for myself in this regard. When I separated from others and went to a home with my own children, I placed many little safeguards around our house that experience had suggested, and my children grew into their teens without having heard an unkind word between their father and mother. When the father was there everything was done necessary to his comfort. To make our home a pleasant one, was the chief object of life. When absent I knew he was in good company and where he had a right to be. I stood in no fear from his associations with others, because I knew their purity of life. It is needless for me to say anything in regard to the life and character of President, H. C. Kimball. He lived in the hearts of the people called Latter-Day Saints, and his acts and works are known abroad.

As time passed on he seemed to appreciate more than ever his wives and growing children. His last words to me were that he had been agreeably appreciative of my course of life; had appreciated my example as a wife and as a mother; that none had excelled me in their home life. Wherever my lot had been cast, there he had found a place of rest and peace. "Let me thank you kindly," he said, "for every kind word, for every kind act of your life, and when I am gone, which will not be but a short time, you shall be blessed and find friends." He went on to say that if he never spoke to me again, I might rest assured that I had his most sanguine good feelings; his unbounded love and esteem. "What can you tell Joseph when you meet him? Can not you say that I have been kind to you as it was possible to be under the circumstances? I know you can and an confident you will be as a mediator between me and Joseph, and never enjoy any blessing you would not wish Heber to share."

These words were more precious to me than gold, as they were his last, with the addition of "I leave my peace and blessing with you. May the peace of Heber ever abide in your habitation."

I do not pen these facts thinking that others did not share equally in his esteem; as every woman craves her own niche in her husband's affections.

Heber C. Kimball was a whole-souled son of God, and was as capable of loving more than one woman as God himself is capable of loving all his creations.

Sister Vilate Murray Kimball, first wife of Heber Chase Kimball, was one of the noble woman of the earth. She was dearly beloved by his wives and children, as well as by all who intimately knew her. Too little has
been said of her exemplary life. She was as a ministering angel to those in distress, ready to aid those who had not been so fortunate as herself in regards to the comforts of life. She never seemed so happy as while seeking to make others happy. Every year it was her custom to invite all the family to dinner at her table, and insisted that it was her privilege to wait upon them and make them happy and comfortable. In her last sickness she expressed regret that she would no longer have the pleasure of seeing the family together as she had been in the habit of doing. On one occasion when one of her old time associates was urging her to come often, as she had done in former years, she answered, "you must excuse me as our family has grown so large that by the time I visit them all, I want to begin the rounds again." This shows the good feelings she cherished towards her husbands many wives and children. To much can not be said in praise of her example. In her demise, Zion lost one of her noblest daughters.

Very sincerely, your Sister in the Gospel,

Lucy W. Kimball.

The above from the pen of Mrs. Kimball is written in an entertaining style. Her statements are all unequivocally straightforward and will convey to the reader the impression that she speaks of circumstances and facts wherein she was an actor. The writer was well and familiarly acquainted with her in the Nauvoo days, when she was Miss Lucy Walker, a blooming and vivacious young lady of fifteen or sixteen summers. She possessed a character above reproach and has ever been universally esteemed as an upright person, whose veracity has never been questioned upon any matter. With the relationship concerning which she speaks, between herself and President Joseph Smith, deceased, the writer became familiar during the residence of the Saints at Nauvoo and of course previous to the death of the Prophet. He then knew that the marriage existed between them, by a variety of circumstances not necessary to mention here. If it were possible for a doubt ever to have existed, Mrs. Kimball's statement herein made, after the lapse of so many years - during which time the Prophet's mortal remains have reposed in the grave - would most effectively remove such doubts. We give it here to establish a fact - persistently controverted by some - in the history of the remarkable man who brought forth a faith which had indubitably marked the nineteenth century with a new religious era destined to revolutionize the opinions of the mortal world, before mankind can be made to see that Gospel eye to eye and travel together the straight and narrow path which alone leads to eternal life hereafter. It is true that the restoration of the fullness of the Gospel, through the agency of this remarkable man, has already engraved upon the theories of many renowned theologians numberings ideas and views which they have gleaned from the doctrines given through him and from the sermons and writings of the various elders who have been prominent in advocating his doctrines. And there is one marked feature in all of this. These theologians, as much as possible, reproduce these doctrines as being new with them, to make the world believe they possess a genius of mind fruitful in the organization of new ideas, far in advance of the age which has no brain but theirs had been powerful enough to grasp. Also it would be too great a bending of the dignity of those learned divines to confess they found such grand ideas among the doctrines of a people which the combined efforts of the world cannot vanquish with argument, and hence persecution and defamatory subterfuges become the prolific missiles hurled against them by a union of the religious brotherhoods.
Lucy Walker Kimball in Temple Lot Case

RLDS Archives, March 21-22, 1991

(p. 450)
notes — Lucy married May 1, 1843
26 Q: - You may state if there was any one present, and if so, who they were, when that ceremony
was performed?
... [plaintiff objects]
A: - Well there was Miss Eliza Partridge. She was the only witness we had to the ceremony.

(p. 452):
Lucy Kimball —
322 Q: - Now where did the ceremony take place ... 
323 Q: - Well where was it? A: - It was in our home.

(p. 464)
notes — introduced as a wife of Joseph Smith to:
1. Heber C. Kimball
2. Brigham Young
3. Hyrum Smith

(p. 485)
notes — Lucy saw a record of her marriage at Winter Quarters.
This was in 1847.
807 Q: - What kind of journal was it in, - that you read an account of that wedding? A: - It was a
journal that he kept to keep the records of the church in.
808 [Q]:- Was it in one of Clayton's private journals? A: - It was in one that he kept the records of
such transactions.
809 Q: - Well was it a church journal or a private one of his own? A; I can't say.
811 Q: - How did you happen to read it? A; - Well I knew it was in existence and I went and
asked the privilege [privilege] was given me, and I done so.
812 Q: - Then they had a journal record of those marriages? A; - They did at any rate I saw mine
there.
RLDS Archives, March 21-22, 1991

(p. 462)
Lucy Kimball -

322 Q: Now where did the ceremony take place ...
323 Q: Well where was it? A:- It was in our home.

(p. 464)
notes - introduced as a wife of Joseph Smith to:
1. Heber C. Kimball
2. Brigham Young
3. Hyrum Smith

(p. 485)
notes - Lucy saw a record of her marriage at Winter Quarters. This was in 1847.
807 Q:- What kind of a journal was it in. - that you read an account of that wedding? A:- It was a journal that he kept to keep the records of the church in.
808 (Q):- Was it in one of Clayton's private journals? A:- It was in one that he kept the records of such transactions.
809 Q:- Well was it a church journal or a private one of his own? A: I can't say.
811 Q:- How did you happen to read it? A:- Well I knew it was in existence and I went and asked the privilege of reading it and the privilege was given me, and I done so.
812 Q:- Then they had a journal record of those marriages? A:- They did at any rate I saw mine there.

(p. 450)
notes - Lucy married May 1, 1843
26 Q: You may state if there was any one present, and if so, who they were, when that ceremony was performed?
... [plaintiff objects]
A:- Well there was Miss Eliza Partridge. She was the only witness we had to the ceremony.
pretend to attend to a damned thing; I do not preach very much, a little sometimes.

No, sir, I did not say that I did not preach a damned bit. I am an elder and a high priest here in the church in Utah.

LUCY W. KIMBALL, of lawful age, being produced, sworn, and examined on the part of the Defendants, testified as follows:

I reside in Logan at present; my former home was Salt Lake. Logan is in Cache county, in Utah Territory. Before moving to Salt Lake City I was in Nauvoo; came from Nauvoo to Provo, and then to Salt Lake City. I was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at Nauvoo; moved there in 1841, came away in 1846. The doctrine of polygamy was taught to me personally in Nauvoo, and I was married to the Prophet Joseph Smith. William Clayton performed the ceremony, and I accepted it as a special commandment from God.

The marriage was performed on the 1st day of May, 1843. The only witness to the ceremony was Eliza Partridge.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

I was born in Vermont in 1829; became a member of the church when I was nine years old, in Ogdenburg, New York. I was born the 20th day of April; my father's name was John Walker. I united with the church in 1835. The first time I ever saw Joseph Smith was in the spring of 1841. I do not remember the month when I first came to Nauvoo and saw him for the first time.

Q.—And you never at any time saw Joseph Smith until 1841?
A.—I did not see him before that time.

Q.—And yet you swear that he received a revelation on polygamy in 1831, and you swear that you did not see him until 1841, is that what you swear to, Mrs. Kimball?
A.—Yes, sir, that is what I say, and all I know is what he said. I never saw any such a revelation during his lifetime. I will correct that. I saw that revelation at our house in Nauvoo, in 1842; it was in writing; I mean it was not written to present to the church. It was written later than that. Of course it was written when I saw it in 1842; that is, it was in manuscript. Of course I am sure it was the same as the plural marriage, just as positive of that as anything else I have sworn to; there is no doubt about it all. Well, now I would not be positive as to just the time,—that is, as to the express time, but I know that it was not written. It was not presented to the High Council for their acceptance until I think, 1843.

Q.—Do you not know, Mrs. Kimball, that you have not a scrap of writing anywhere, and you never saw a scrap of writing of the proceedings of the High Council, or any meeting of the High Council before the death of Joseph Smith, showing that this revelation on polygamy was ever presented to them? Do not you know that you have no such a document as that?
A.—I can send you the testimony of those who were present. The record of the High Council was not published before the world.

If I can find a record of the proceedings of the High Council in 1843, or 1844, between this date and the first day of next September, I promise you that I will send it to the Commissioner who is taking my testimony; I mean the record showing that this alleged revelation was presented to them for their adoption. The statement of the proceedings of the High Council as they were written down at the time, which shows that this revelation was presented to them for their adoption. If I cannot do that, of course you do not want an affidavit.

I understand exactly what you want, but I am not sure that there is any such document in existence. I cannot say that I have it, but I will make search for it, and if I can find it, I will send it to you with pleasure. I think the record is in the Times and Seasons.

The paper that I am thinking of, or the record, is a printed affidavit, that I refer to now, and as far as being positive that I have the proceedings of that High Council in book form, I could not say.

The affidavit I refer to, is that of Leonard Soby. The affidavit which you hand me is the one to which I referred. The paper that contains the affidavit of Leonard Soby which you now hand me was published January 21, 1866. I have not the affidavit of Leonard Soby made in 1843, or 1844.

I will say that after I return to my home if I can find the original minutes of the High Council held in Nauvoo, I will send them to the Commissioner who is now taking my testimony. I think I have in my possession some of the records of the High Council prior to 1844. It is in printed form, as a matter of course; it is in the Times and Seasons and in the Millennial Star. These are the books of the church that I referred to as containing the minutes of the High Council; they are not the same thing about the High Council, and when I refer to the church records I refer to what is in the Times and Seasons, and in the Millennial Star.

I was never in Jackson county, Missouri, nor in Far West, Missouri. I do not believe I went to Nauvoo before my fifteenth birthday.

My birthday would have been the 30th of April, but I do not remember whose house we lived in first after we got there. After my mother's death I lived in the house of Joseph Smith. My mother died in January, 1842. I was in Nauvoo about a year before my mother died. My mother and I lived in our own house until after that I lived with the Prophet's family, from that time up to the date of his martyrdom.

I spent most of the time with Don Carlos Smith's widow, after the death of Don Carlos.

I made my home in the Nauvoo Mansion; that is, after we moved in the Mansion. I do not know that there was any numbers on the rooms at all.

I do not know that I was acknowledged as a member of the family. I do not remember how many rooms there were in the Mansion; could not tell you whether there were a dozen or fifteen, or only six. My recollection is there were four in the front part of the house, and a large dining room and two chambers. I do not know how many rooms there were in the house.

I lived in the same part of the house the family did; took my meals in the same place, roomed there in the same house. We had our own private rooms. I roomed with my sister. My sister and I both went there about the same time. I stayed there until my oldest brother married; he married in 1843, in the fall of 1843. I think it was in August. After he got married I went and stayed with my brother; my sister remained there.

Q.—Then what you stated a while ago that you had lived with Joseph Smith from the time of the death of your mother up to the time of his death, is not true?

A.—I did not live under the same roof. We always considered it as the family, for my brother always lived there up to the time that he married, and lived there until some time afterwards, and that is how I had the privilege of going and staying with them,—with my brother's family.

From the time that my mother died up to the time that my oldest brother was married, my sister, brother, and myself lived in the house of Joseph Smith.

Besides Joseph Smith's family, that is, his wife, Emma, and her children, there were two of Bishop Partridge's daughters there; they stayed there all the time; that was their home. I am not sure that they stayed there until his death, nor am I positive whether they lived there constantly or not after my brother was married.

The prophet's family in addition to himself and his wife, Emma, and their children, consisted of myself, my sister, and my brother, and two of Bishop Partridge's daughters. I had two brothers there.

And before 1842, and the time he died, the Lawrence sisters were there, a part of the time at least. Two of them were there the same time I was.

Joseph Smith kept a hotel at that time; neither myself, my sister, nor the Lawrence girls were employed there for any purpose; that was our home.

We did not move into the Mansion House until the fall of 1843, November I think; before that we lived in what was called the Prophet's House, or the Prophet's Home; that was quite a large house, that was not a hotel building.

The Lawrence girls were married to the prophet, too? I was not at their weddings.

Weddings were not performed publicly in those days. (I think I was present when I was married to him.) The Partridge girls were married to him also. I cannot say whether we were all married to him in 1842 or not. I have no recollection about it.

I was not there when they were married to him; I know that they
were married simply from hearsay; I cannot tell which one married him first. It was the 1st day of May, 1843, when I married him. I do not know what time Emily D. P. Young married him; I do not know anything about their affairs. My sister was there at the Mansion when I was married, but she was not present; she knew nothing about it. Elder William Clayton performed the ceremony.

462 Emma Smith was not present, and she did not consent to the marriage; she did not know anything about it at all.

Q.- You attended the funeral as Joseph Smith's wife, did you?

A.- It was not known or acknowledged that I was his wife; I did not attend the funeral as his wife, of course I did not; and if the records of my testimony show that I stated that I attended the funeral as his wife, it is a mistake, for I did not say any such thing, nor did I intend to, for it is not true. I did not appear there as his wife, no, sir.

I never went by the name of Lucy W. Smith; I went by the name of Lucy W. Walker; and the Lawrence girls went by their maiden names. I was known here in Salt Lake City as Lucy W. Smith; this time never came for me to be known as Lucy W. Smith, until we came to Salt Lake City.

I was married to Heber C. Kimball in 1845, in Nauvoo; do not think I can tell you the exact date. I was married in the Temple; Brigham Young performed the marriage ceremony.

I decline to answer the question who I married before I married Heber C. Kimball, or how many times I married. I never asked Mr. Kimball how many wives he had at the time I married him. I do not know how many he had besides myself after I married him. I never asked him whether he had more wives than me or not.

There was not any love in the union between myself and Kimball; and it is my business entirely whether there was any courtship or not. It was the principle of plural marriage that we were trying to establish, a great and glorious true principle, and if we had established it, it would have been for the benefit of the whole human race, and the race will say so yet.

Yes, sir, and the day will come when you will doff your hat to the plural wife system. Yes, sir, I know that. Well, you will need to apologize to me for what you have been saying.

I am proud of my associations in that regard and have nothing to fear or be ashamed of either in this world or in the world to come.

That principle is as sacred, as holy, and as divine as God himself, and you will see the day when you will acknowledge it.

Q.- Well, then, if that principle is as true and as holy as God himself, how is it that the church went back on it and said that the Lord did not command it at all.

A.- Well, the church will see the day when it will apologize for that. Yes, sir, I did consent to the Manifesto with the rest of the church to President Woodruff, much to my regret, but I am not going to acknowledge it again; the time will sure come for that principle to rule.
I have nine children by my marriage with Kimball. I am as proud to know that I practiced polygamy as I am to know that I was the wife of Heber C. Kimball, and he was as noble a man as ever stood on the earth.

Sarah Lawrence also married Heber C. Kimball; I do not know whether she married him before I did or not; I made no inquiries, for it had nothing to do with me at all. Yes, sir, Joseph Smith taught me the principles of polygamy in 1842, at the old house where we lived, before the Mansion House was built over it.

Q. Was there anybody present when he taught you that?
A. Well, sir, that is my business, and you have no right to pry into it; no, sir, you have not; that is another question I decline to answer. It is my business what he said, and none of yours.

He said that the principle was to be established, and the time was near when it would be established.

I shall not say a thing about what he taught me about polygamy, for that is my business, and not yours. I decline to tell you anything about that, because it is my business, and because you are asking these questions simply for the purpose of worrying me.

I do not think that I merely an assumption of mine, but this is all sacred to me, and for that reason I decline to tell you anything about it.

President Woodruff asked me to come here, and I supposed all you wanted to know was if Joseph Smith had more wives than one; what he taught me is what I will not tell you. I testified that I was his wife, and that is the truth, and I know that I am to be eternally his wife.

Well, it is none of your business if we had twelve children, and it is none of your business if we did not have any. I do not consider you Joseph Smith to be my own because of the fact that I married his father.

He told me himself that his father had no more wives than one, and he knew at the time he said that, that he was telling a falsehood.

I heard him say in his lectures at Logan, that the question was not whether his father had more wives than one, but the question was, Was it right to have more wives than one. I used to read the church papers in 1842, occasionally.

I recall hearing about the John C. Bennett secret wife system, when I was living in Nauvoo. I heard of his scandalous doings. I think he was a wicked man, because he acted in a corrupt manner, as I understood it. I cannot say it was because he had more wives than one. I do not know anything about his affairs.

I knew all the persons who signed the certificate published in the Times and Seasons on the 1st of October, 1842, as follows:

We, the undersigned members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and residents of the city of Nauvoo, persons of families, do hereby certify and declare that we know of no other rule or system of marriage than the one published from the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and we give this certificate to show that Dr. J. C. Bennett's "secret wife system," is a creature of his own making, as we know of no such society in this place nor never did.

That is in the Times and Seasons that was identified by President Wilford Woodruff while on the witness stand yesterday. That is signed by President Wilford Woodruff, and thirteen other prominent members of the church. I also knew all the ladies, most of them personally, who signed the certificate published in the Times and Seasons, October I, 1842, as follows:

We, the undersigned members of the Ladies' Relief Society, and married females, do certify and declare that we know of no system of marriage being practiced in this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, save that contained in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and we give this certificate to the public to show that J. C. Bennett's "secret wife system," is a disclosure of his own making.

This certificate is signed by Emma Smith, wife of Joseph Smith, and forty-nine, other ladies who were prominent members of the church at that time. Emma Smith was President of the Woman's Relief Society. Elizabeth Ann Whitney, the wife of Bishop Whitney, was a counselor to the President, Sarah M. Cleveland was another counselor, and also Eliza R. Snow, was the other counselor, Eliza Woodruff, wife of President Wilford Woodruff. I do not know whether that certificate was true October I, 1842, or not. I do not know anything about the facts. I do not know that there was any system of plural marriage practiced in Nauvoo up to that time. The quotation from the Times and Seasons, that was identified by President Wilford Woodruff, on the stand yesterday, is as follows:

The Saints of the last days have witnessed the outrages and incursions of so many apostates that nothing but truth has any effect on them. In the present instance, after the sham quotations of Sidney and his abode, from the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants, to shirk off, under the "divine splendor" of "spiritual polygamy," which is brought into the account so graciously as if the law of the land allowed a man a plurality of wives, in England, and like the tax collector's recitation, but because he wanted "to go to Pittsburgh and live," the law of the land and the rules of the church do not allow men to have more than one wife alive at once, but if any man's wife dies, he has a right to marry another, and to be sealed to both for eternity; to the living and the dead: there is no law of God or man against it. This is all the "spiritual wife system" that we were tolerated in the church, and they know it.

This quotation is from the Times and Seasons, dated November 15, 1844, page 715, and is in the same book that was identified yesterday by President Wilford Woodruff. I have heard of that before, but I do not recollect of ever reading it or hearing it read by our people here in Salt Lake. That does not refer to the plural marriage system that I was taught. I never heard that the system of marriage was changed. I was never taught that by anybody of authority in the church. I never knew the system that I was taught to be held out in the
489 church paper as a doctrine of the church at any time before the death of Joseph Smith, because it was not published as a doctrine of the church.

I never knew of it being preached from the stand or pulpit any place prior to the death of Joseph Smith; I am quite sure it was not. I never heard it preached either privately or publicly to any number of persons before the death of Joseph Smith; the only thing that I say about it, was, that the system of plural marriage was taught to me personally.

He and I were alone when he taught me, and I do not think it is necessary for me to tell what he said. I do not think it is necessary for me to tell anything about it at all. I do not want the mocking and scoffing world to know what it was at all, and I would not tell what was said if I thought it was necessary, and I do not think it is necessary.

I never made any protest against the doctrine of polygamy, and I did not enter into any agreement not to say anything about it. I do not disclose what was said to me, because it is not my business to go around and publish to scoffers any of my private affairs, and all your efforts will be in vain, because you cannot get it out of me. Yes, sir. I took an oath this morning to tell nothing but the truth, and I will tell everything excepting that which pertains to my private affairs, and I do not consider it necessary for a woman to publish her private affairs to the world. I consider that ladies are privileged in that respect.

I do not know that plural marriage is a private affair that ladies only are interested in, but I consider it as the word of God to me, and something that is to be held sacred and faithfully obeyed, and it is a private affair so far as it relates to me.

I do not know that there is a private affair that the church here in Salt Lake does not have anything to do with; I am speaking for myself and do not pretend to speak for the church.

This teaching of plural marriage or polygamy, to me was a private affair, taught to me very privately, and I do not propose to tell what was said to me; do not think I could tell just what was said, in the exact language.

I would not say on oath that I could not tell; I will not say anything about it. I do not know whether I was taught anything contrary to the Book of Doctrine and Covenants or not.

Yes, sir. I recall the statements of the members of the church at Nauvoo, both males and females, that was read from page 715 of the Times and Seasons. There being no such a practice tolerated in the church as plural marriage, and from the same book of date October, 1844, as an editorial by Apostle John Taylor (he afterwards became the President of the church out here in Utah), it is as follows:

For the remuneration of an "old man in Israel," and the giver of Elder Malachi {note: from the meaning of the Pacific Ocean, we became a hearty welcome, they are gunning.}

490 I have no certificate of my marriage with Joseph Smith; it does not matter whether I have or not; I do not believe I have; I never had a certificate.

I said a while ago that I did have, but I did not know then what you meant by certificate.

It is my business whether I received my endowments in Kirland; that is something that I will not tell you anything about, and I do not think I ought to be asked any questions whether I received endowments in Nauvoo in 1846.

I never received them before that; they were not administered before that; they did not give endowments before 1846.

491 I was the wife of one of the counselors of Brigham Young. I was present when the revelation on polygamy was presented to the church here in Utah, in 1852, the time it was presented for adoption by Brigham Young, as a part of the law of the church.

I voted on its adoption, and I have been sustaining the preaching and practicing of polygamy ever since. It has been a part of my faith. We have been talking it publicly and privately from that time up to the time of the manifesto.

You will not find out from me whether I have been sealed to anyone either for time or eternity, either publicly or privately, since I was sealed to Heber C. Kimball, that is nobody's business but my own, but I would not be very apt to marry again with the large family of children I have.

The contract when I married Mr. Kimball was that I should be his wife for time, and time only, and the contract on the part of Mr. Kimball was that he would take care of me during my lifetime, and in the resurrection would surrender me, my children, to Joseph Smith. That is what I call marrying by proxy, and men have been crushed who have refused to do such things. That was the kind of an agreement I had with Mr. Kimball.

494 I decline to answer whether I had any children while I was sealed to Joseph Smith, I have six children since I was married to Heber C. Kimball, six of my own, by Joseph Smith.

Q. These children of Heber C. Kimball's and yours,—these nine,—you consider Joseph Smith's children?

A. —I suppose that will be all right in the resurrection and in eternity; I do not trouble myself about that.

495 MARY ANN WEST, of lawful age, being produced, sworn, and examined on the part of the Defendants, testified as follows:—

I live in Ogden City, Utah Territory; before moving to Ogden I lived in St. Louis. I lived in Nauvoo before going to St. Louis. Ogden is in Weber county, Utah Territory. I moved to Nauvoo in 1843, April I think it was; remained there until after the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith.

I was married to William Smith—by Brigham Young; there was nobody but William Smith and myself present at the time of the
Thus at the time that Bishop Whitney sealed his daughter to Joseph Smith, he received a promise of eternal life that extended to all his “house” and to his children “from generation to generation.”

Lucy Walker depicted her increasing involvement with Joseph Smith as part of a process by which her family gradually became incorporated into his own. The first contact between her family and Joseph Smith occurred when her father John and brother Loren visited Nauvoo as recent converts:

My father and brother called on the Prophet, in the course of conversation who said, “Why not leave this boy with me until you return with your family.” He consented with the understanding that he would return and help him through harvesting. But when the time came the Prophet told him to write to father, to hire someone in his stead, and at his expense, as he could not part with him. In the Spring of ’41 father took his family to Nauvoo. My brother met us with an invitation to dinner, which we gladly accepted and were introduced to the Prophet and his wife Emma and the dear children who in after years I learned to love as my own brothers and Julia, an adopted daughter, as my sister. During the summer mother was taken very sick with chills and fever. At length one after another was attacked with the same disease until all were in a helpless condition. Mother was urged to spend a few days at the Prophet’s house. They believed a change would benefit her. But she could not be content away from her afflicted family. At her earnest solicitation they sent her home to her family. ... Mother lingered until Jan. ’42 then passed away.

... Ten motherless children! and such a mother! ...

My father’s health seemed to give way under this heavy affliction. The Prophet came to the rescue. He said, “If you remain here, Brother Walker, you will soon follow your wife. You must have a change of scene, a change of climate. You have just such a family as I could love. My house shall be their home. For the present I would advise you to sell your effects, place the little ones with kind friends and the four eldest shall come to my house and be received and treated as my own children, and if I find the little ones, they are not treated right, I will bring them home and keep them until you return.” I rung my hands in the agony of despair at the thought of being broken up as a family and being separated from the little ones. But said the prophet, “My home shall be your home, eternally yours.” I understood him not.
Soon after her father left, her sister Lydia became ill with brain fever.

When we told the Prophet how very sick Lydia was, he told the boys to put a bed in the carriage, and he went with them and said to the family in charge, "You must excuse me, but I am under the greatest obligation to look to her welfare and have come to take her home with me where I can look after her myself. All that loving hearts and willing hands could do was done, but a few days only she lingered, then joined her dear mother in the spirit world, and we were left more lonely than before. Here let me say that our own father and mother could scarcely have manifested greater solicitude for her recovery than did the Prophet and his wife Emma. One after another the children were brought home until all the younger except the baby was there. (Judge Adams and wife of Springfield Illinois, they took great fancy to sister Jane and begged us to let them take her to their beautiful home as they had no little children.) The prophet and his wife introduced us to their sons and daughters. Every privilege was accorded us in the home, every pleasure within reach was ours. He often referred to Brother Loren as his "Edwine." He was indeed his confidential and trusted friend. He was ever by his side, arm in arm they walked and conversed freely on various subjects of interest.

As this complex chain of events was drawing the family of John Walker ever more into the domestic sphere of Joseph Smith, he asked Lucy to become his plural wife.

In the year 1842 President Joseph Smith sought an interview with me, and said, "I have a message for you. I have been commanded of God to take another wife, and you are the woman." My astonishment knew no bounds. This announcement was indeed a thunderbolt to me. He asked me if I believed him to be a prophet of God. "Most assuredly I do," I replied. He fully explained to me the principle of plural or celestial marriage, said this principle was again to be restored for the benefit of the human family, that it would prove an everlasting blessing to my father's house, and form a chain that could never be broken worlds without end. (Kimball, Lucy Walker, ms b)

While Joseph Smith's marriage proposal to Lucy is subject to various interpretations, from the perspective of Mormon ideology it might be seen as an attempt to bind together eternally two families who emotionally were becoming a unity. Ties of amity had already been forged. Through the enactment of the matrimonial sealing, a "chain that would never be broken worlds without end" would now link the family of John Walker to that of Joseph Smith. The assurance that this action "would prove an everlasting blessing to my father's house"
Tuesday March 22, 1892 I learned last night that Sister John W. Woolley at Centerville is very sick. Pres. Joseph F Smith purposed going to see her this Morning. He requested me to accompany Sister Lucy Walker Kimball to the investigation at the Templeton Hotel as a witness, she having been one of the Prophet Joseph (p. 198) Smiths Wives while he lived. I went with her at 9:45 a.m. She gave her testimony and stood a severe cross examination until 12 o'clock when she was excused from further attendance and received her fees $6.50. I accompanied her to Pres. Woodruffs Office on the way she explained to me the manner in which the Prophet Joseph first made Known to her the principle of Celestial Marriage and their subsequent feelings before she was sealed to him and the Manner she received the testimony of its truth & of her conviction. While at Pres Woodruff's Office, Pres Jos. F. Smith returned from Centerville and reported that Sister Julia Ensign Woolley wife of Bro. John W Woolley died this Morning at 6 O'clock and the funeral is to be on Thursday next at 2 p.m. At Bro Smiths request I telephoned to Bro. Samuel W Woolley at Grantsville and Pres. Abram Hatch at Heber City and telegraphed to Bro Hiram S Woolley at Paris Idaho & E. D. Woolley at Kanab. Busy on Fund business: I called on Leonard and gave him a Wardrobe which was Sophias and she does not need it. - Prest Christopher Layton called to see me and reported that my Nephew John H Nuttall who resides in his Stake sends his best regards to me. Bro L. says John is living his religion pays a good tithing - is taking good care of his wife & family at home (p. 199) also of his wife & children who are in Mexico so that she is perfectly satisfied with his conduct towards her. I was
looking after her welfare and had come to take her to his own house where he could see to her himself. He took her in his arm from the carriage and baptized her in the Mississippi River; but in a few days she too passed away. Everything that could be done was done. But she was to join her dear mother in the spirit world, and we were left more lonely than before. Here allow me to say that our own father and mother could scarcely have done more or manifested greater solicitude for her recovery than did the Prophet and his wife Emma. They watched with us by her bedside and when all was over accompanied us to her last resting place beside her mother. One after another were brought home until all the younger members of the family were there except the baby. Judge Adams and wife, of Springfield, Illinois, came to Nauvoo and desired one of the girls to live with them. We reluctantly consented for sister Jane to return with them, where she had a pleasant home until after their death, when she returned to Nauvoo. My brother William married Miss Olive Howey Farr in the fall of 1843. They boarded at the Mansion six months, then went to housekeeping and took the children with him. I begged the privilege of going with him! I thought it too great a task for his wife to assume so great a responsibility. The Prophet and his wife introduced us as their sons and daughters. Every privilege was accorded us in the home. Every pleasure within reach was ours. He often referred to Bro. Lorin as his "Edwin." He was indeed his confidential and trusted friend. He was ever by his side; arm in arm they walked and conversed freely on various subjects. He was with him when he was arrested at Dixon by Wilson and Reynolds, who were determined to take him down the river into Missouri, but were foiled in this attempt. It was in this case "Uncle Billy" Rogers as he was familiarly called, made himself conspicuous in his defense; declared with an oath, that they could not come there and kidnap a man and take him away in that manner. Said he would be d——d if Smith should not have fair play. They were forced to take him through the state by way of Nauvoo. Bro. Lorin hurried on home, brought his favorite horse, Charley, and met him on foot, weary and covered with dust. He warmly embraced him, mounted his horse, and rode into Nauvoo. As they drew near the city the people turned out en masse to greet him. Bro. Lorin went with him to Springfield to attend his trial, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing him acquitted.

At the time he crossed the river and was actively making arrangements to go beyond the Rocky Mountains, he said, "I have the promise of life for five years, if I listen to the voice of the spirit." But when Emma and some of his brethren besought him to return, he said, "If my life is worth nothing to you it is worth nothing to me." He well knew it was in the programme that he must sacrifice his life for the principles God has revealed through him. Death had no terrors for him, although life was dear. I had often heard him say he expected to seal his testimony with his blood. He anticipated great joy in meeting his parents and friends beyond the grave. He believed that as soon as the spirit left the body we were shaking with and greeting our friends.

He often referred to the feelings that should exist between husbands and wives, that they, his wives, should be his bosom companions, the nearest and dearest objects on earth in every sense of the word. He said men must beware how they treat their wives. They were given them for a holy purpose that the myriads of spirits waiting for tabernacles might have pure and healthy bodies. He also said many would awake in the morning of the resurrection sadly disappointed; for they, by transgression, would have neither wives nor children, for they surely would be taken from them, and given to those who should prove themselves worthy. Again he said, a woman would have her choice; this was a privilege that could not be denied her.

In the year of 1842 President Joseph Smith sought an interview with me, and said; "I have a message for you. I have been commanded of God to take another wife, and you are the woman." My astonishment knew no bounds. This announcement
was indeed a thunderbolt to me. He asked me if I believe him to be a prophet of God. "Most assuredly I do," I replied. He fully explained to me the principle of plural or celestial marriage. Said this principle was again to be restored for the benefit of the human family. That it would prove an everlasting blessing to my father's house, and form a chain that could never be broken, worlds without end. "What have you to say?" he asked. "Nothing. How could I speak, or what could I say?" He said, "If you will pray sincerely for light and understanding in relation thereto, you shall receive a testimony of the correctness of this principle." I thought I prayed sincerely, but was no unwilling to consider the matter favorably that I fear I did not ask in faith for light. Cross darkness instead of light took possession of my mind. I was tempted and tortured beyond endurance until life was not desirable. Oh that the grave would kindly receive me, that I might find rest on the bosom of my dear mother. Why should I be chosen from among Thy daughters, Father, I am only a child in years and experience. No mother to counsel; no father near to tell me what to do in this trying hour. Oh, let this bitter cup pass. And thus I prayed in the agony of my soul.

The Prophet discerned my sorrow. He saw how unhappy I was, and sought an opportunity of again speaking to me on this subject, and said: "Although I cannot, under existing circumstances acknowledge you as my wife, the time is near when we will go beyond the Rocky Mountains and then you will be acknowledged and honored as my wife." He also said, "this principle will yet be believed in and practised by the righteous. I have no flattering words to offer. It is a command of God to you. I will give you until tomorrow to decide this matter. If you reject this message the gate will be closed forever against you."

This aroused every drop of Scotch in my veins. For a few moments I stood fearless before him, and looked him in the eye. I felt at this moment that I was called to place myself upon the altar a living sacrifice—perhaps to brook the world in disgrace and incur the displeasure and contempt of my youthful companion; all my dreams of happiness blown to the four winds. This was too much, for as yet no shadow has crossed my path, aside from the death of my dear mother. The future to me has been one bright, cloudless day. I had been speechless, but at last found utterance and said: "Although you are a prophet of God you could not induce me to take a step of so great importance, unless I knew that God approved my course, I would rather die. I have tried to pray but received no comfort, no light," and emphatically forbid him speaking again to me on this subject. Every feeling of my soul revolted against it. Said I, "The same God who has sent this message is the Being I have worshipped from my early childhood and He must manifest His will to me."

He walked across the room, returned and stood before me with the most beautiful expression of countenance, and said: "God Almighty bless you. You shall have a manifestation of the will of God concerning you; a testimony that you can never deny. I will tell what it will be. It shall be that joy and peace that you never knew."

Oh, how earnestly I prayed for these words to be fulfilled. It was near dawn after another sleepless night when my room was lighted up by a heavenly influence. To me it was, in comparison, like the brilliant sun shining through the darkest cloud. The words of the Prophet was indeed fulfilled. My soul was filled with a calm, sweet peace that "I never knew." Supreme happiness took possession of me, and I received a powerful and irresistible testimony of the truth of plural marriage, which has been like an anchor to the soul through all the trials of life. I felt that I must go out into the morning air and give vent to the joy and gratitude that filled my soul. As I descended the stairs,Pres. Smith opened the door below, took me by the hand and said: "Thank God, you have the testimony, I too, have prayed." He led me to a chair, placed his hands upon my head, and blessed me with every blessing my heart could possibly desire.

The first day of May, 1843, I consented to become the Prophet's wife, and
mont, Oct. 21, 1842, and raised principally at Pomfret, near Fredericksburg, Chautauqua Co., New York. She joined the Church in 1832 and moved to Kirtland, Ohio, in 1833. From that time she shared in the persecutions raging against the Saints until 1846, when she removed to Nauvoo, where she was married to the Prophet Joseph Smith in August, 1843. The ceremony was performed by Elder William Clayton at the house of Almira's sister, Mrs. Delina D. Sherman. Patriarch Hyrum Smith was present and remarked at the time to Sister Almira, "The Lord has revealed the principle of plural marriage to me, and I know for myself that it is true. I will have you for a sister, and you shall be blessed." After the Prophet was killed, and when the Church was leaving Nauvoo, Sister

massacre a young man came running across the prairie to the little camp of immigrants and told them what had happened at the Mill, adding that the mob would soon also attack them. Upon hearing this, some of the women picked up their babies and tried to wade through the deep snow, towards the neighboring woods, but after suffering almost beyond description from cold and exposure they were obliged to return to the wagons and trust in God for protection. The next morning early, a young officer, with a pleasant, open face, came riding into the camp and told the travelers that the mob was coming down to destroy them, but if they would consent to follow him, he would lead them to a place of safety. At first they were not inclined to believe him, but finally concluded to follow him and risk

[Affidavit of Lucy W. Kimball]

Territory of Utah
County of Salt Lake S.S.

Be it remembered that on this ninth day of August, A. D. 1869 personally appeared before me James Jack, a Notary Public in and for said County, Lucy W. Kimball who was by me sworn in due form of law, and on her oath saith, that on the first day of May A. D. 1843, in the City of Nauvoo County of Hancock, State of Illinois, She was married or Sealed for time and all eternity to the Prophet Joseph Smith, by William Clayton, a High Priest in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, in the presence of Eliza Maria Partridge.

Subscribed and sworn to by the
said Lucy W. Kimball the day and year first above written

Lucy W. Kimball

James Jack
Notary Public

(Joseph F. Smith Collection, Affidavit Book 1:66, LDS archives; typed copy)
Mormon

He has
he could
sing his
Through
save his
my found
family.
Quincy,
early
her took
January
air. My
came to
follow
ily as I
For the
ith some
ived and
treated,
her
prophet's
age
was
all was
So the
and told
1 to look
himself,
but she
all the
William,
live
and died
wer with
in winter,
three
separated
ith, she
ohn, were
ers, and
ake City.
thar, two
was about
her never
time she
unty. But
d to work
care of
dried. At
or flour
ch yeast.
of yeast
every morning. Her home was well kept. We each had our little duties to perform and there was no quarreling about it. Peace and love were in our home. Mother tried to instill in our minds the Golden Rule. To do unto others as we would like to be done by, and to tell the truth no matter what happened. She always said it was better to suffer wrong than to do wrong.

We lived in Farmington until I was about eleven years old. The boys took up some land in West Weber. My oldest brother married and took a home in Farmington, and mother with the rest of the family moved to West Weber where they made a new home. I have seen my mother sit and sew all night by candle light to finish some garment for her children to wear the next day. By the way all the candles used were made by mother. She passed through many trials. The children were all grown and married but one when mother died. This had been her life desire, to live and raise her children. The first child she lost, met his death by trying to save his fellow workman from drowning. This was a very hard blow to my mother. He was her main support at that time but she was always full of faith and courage and endurance. Her life was one long sacrifice.

Mother took pride in keeping the commandments of her God. She never, never murmured at the chastisements of his rod. She consolved herself in poverty and trouble when it came when it came, and wealth to her like poverty she worshipped God the same. She died in full faith of a glorious Resurrection, she passed away in Brigham City, August 31, 1885.

----- By Anna R. Moyes.

Camp "O" - Daughters of the Pioneers.

Lucy Walker

(Statement of Mrs. L. W. Kimball: A brief but intensely interesting sketch of her experience written by herself. Her marriage with Joseph the Prophet, her subsequent marriage to Heber C. Kimball, rearing a large family, her testimony concerning Mrs. Wilate Kimball, a strong testimony borne by her.)

Lucy Walker Kimball was born April 30, 1826, town of Peacham, Caledonia Co., Vermont. Was the daughter of John Walker and Lydia Holmes. Her father was born June 20, 1794, town of Woodbury*, Conn. Her mother was born April 13, 1800. Father was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ in 1832; mother, two years later. They left Vermont in 1834 for the west. Found a small branch of the Church in Ogdenburg, New York; some of Bro. Kimball's first converts, preparing also to go west. My father was induced to remain with this branch until 1837. During the year 1835 the children who were eight years and upwards were baptized by Elder Abraham Palmer. They were full of faith, having been taught to pray by their parents and received the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, and the signs followed them. Some spoke in tongues, other prophesied; again others had the gift to heal the sick, etc. One of this little band prophesied that before we reached our destination we would be surrounded by armed mobs with blackened faces, and would need much faith in God to endure the many persecutions and trials before us, and that some of our number would lay down their lives; others would see their brethren shot down before their very eyes. This was verified at the wholesale slaughter at Haun's Mill.

*In this sketch, Woodbury, Conn., was thought to be the birthplace of John Walker by his children. The public and church records stated that John Walker was born at Peacham, Vermont, which was confirmed by John Walker, himself when living.

- 13 -
Notwithstanding all this, we did not falter in our faith, but started on our perilous journey trusting in God. We passed through Kirtland just after the Saints had left for the far west. When we arrived in Caldwell County we were surrounded by a mob of about forty persons with blackened faces. They looted and yelled and looked more like demons than human beings. It was early one December morning when this occurred. They ordered my poor mother out into the deep snow, searching our wagons, took from us our arms and ammunition, pointed their guns at us children to intimidate us, and cursed and swore in a most frightful manner. One of the neighboring women had intruded her hateful presence into our camp, urging them to shoot. "Shoot them down," she cried, "they should not be allowed to live!" The question may be asked, how did we feel under these circumstances? I can speak for one, I did not tremble— I did not fear them. They looked to me too insignificant and I felt to trust in One, (although but a child) who held our destinies in His own hand.

We continued our journey until we came to a settlement on Shoal creek, five miles distant from Haun's Hill; my father and another of the brethren went to the mill to hold council with Bro. Joseph Young and others, as to what course was best to pursue under the circumstances. They were in a blacksmith shop when a mob appeared in sight, formed in line and commenced firing, without giving any warning whatever, upon men, women and children. The first ball fired by the enemy lodged in my father's right arm. He returned the shot but found it impossible to reload. He then ran down the bank of the creek, and just before him one of the brethren in ascending the opposite bank, was shot down. He stepped under some lumber leaning against the bank, which afforded very little if any protection, but in answer to prayer, their eyes were blinded, and although they looked directly at him, yet apparently did not see him, passed on, declaring with an oath that not another Mormon was to be seen. He remained there until all was silent, then ventured forth to witness the dreadful scene of the massacre.

In the shop lay the lifeless body of the son of Warren Smith with his brain beaten with the breech of a gun, and another of the same family with his thigh torn entirely away, and apparently mortally wounded. A little further on an aged man, Father McBride, laying wretcher in his gore. It was not enough to shoot him down but the murderers had found an old scythe with which they had mangled that venerable head in a most horrible and sickening manner. A young woman was also found behind a huge log, where she had fallen in a fainting condition with a wound in one of her hands, several bullet holes through her clothing and a volley had lodged in the leg. If a man had on a good coat or a pair of good boots they were stripped from their bodies in a most brutal and inhuman manner, while the victims were in the agonies of death. My father aided in dressing the wounds of those worse off than himself and to bury the dead as best he could with his left hand. His own arm was not cared for or scarcely thought of, in the midst of the terrible sufferings of others, until it was in danger of mortifying. Besides, the country was in such a state of excitement he had to hide from place to place, and came near losing his arm. Two weeks later he rejoined his family, pale and emaciated. My brother William had gone in search, having learned that his life had been spared, but was wounded. These two weeks were full of the keenest anxiety.

On the night of this fearful slaughter, a young man came running through the woods and deep snow, bare headed, telling us that an armed mob had surrounded those at the mill, and were murdering men, women and children, and would soon be upon us. This news caused a regular stampede in our little company, as some of our company had gone to the mill. Some of the women took their little ones in their arms, while others clung to their clothes; a loaf of bread and a blanket or two, were carried by older members of the family, and all rushed deeper into the snow and adjacent timber. Mother plead in vain for all to remain in camp, as
there would be no possible safety in such a flight. The cries of the famishing children would betray them, besides they could have no fire, as this too would attract the attention of the mob. My mother and sister Davis (whose husband had died en route, and whose loss was deeply mourned by all), remained in camp, called their children together, prayed with them, soothed their fears, and assured them that the same God whose care had been over us during our journey thus far, was our friend still and would protect us. We went to bed feeling that we were safe, and God was our friend; but when the morning dawned and I looked into my mother's pale face, I was positive she had not closed her eyes, and felt, child as I was, almost guilty that I had suffered myself to be lulled by her magic words of comfort, while she had kept a vigilant watch during the fearful night of keenest anxiety. Those who left camp returned exhausted and almost famished.

Early next morning a fine looking young officer rode into camp, and said he had come as a friend to save us from the fate of those at the mill. Referred to the dreadful scene with words of sympathy and regret. Said he was forced to join the military to save his own life, but had done and would do all in his power to save the oppressed. If we would follow him he would lead us to a place of safety, to a friendly neighborhood, where we would find shelter from the cold storms of winter. We followed him, and here was where my father found us. James Planagan, the young missionary who died with smallpox in England in 1846 was one of our company. He was an exemplary young man; in fact an exception among men. His zeal for the cause of truth was unexcelled.

We left the State of Missouri in 1838; went with the Saints to Quincy, Illinois, and to Nauvoo in 1841.

My father performed two missions to the Eastern States, emigrated with the Church in 1846 to Council Bluffs; was appointed president of a branch of the Church in that locality. In 1850, came to Utah and settled in Farmington, Davis Co., where after many years of suffering, caused by the hardship he had endured, he passed away, Oct. 18, 1869, aged 75 years, 5 months and 8 days. Thus ended the life of one whose great grandfather came from Scotland and was one of the first settlers in Connecticut. His grandfather, Jos. Walker, was born in Connecticut, town of Woodbury. His wife's name was Elizabeth. They had five sons and several daughters. The sons' names were as follows: Joseph, Simeon, Caleb, Timothy, and Reuben. The names of the daughters I do not know. He subsequently moved to Peacham, Caledonia County, Vermont. He was over 95 years of age. His wife died at 90. His father Simeon Walker, was born in Connecticut, town of Woodbury, and served faithfully his country in the revolutionary war, in which he was severely wounded by a cannon ball, in the thigh, which produced lameness during life. I fancy I see him now as he comes down the hill from Peacham bowed with the infirmity of age and hardship, leaning on his staff. He takes me on his knee and tells me the story of the war; how he became lame, how bravely they fought for freedom, for liberty; "Liberty or death!" was the watchword. My grandfather was one of the first settlers in Peacham. There they were compelled to stand guard to prevent being kidnapped by the Tories. After the Tories were subdued he made a farm, married Mary, a daughter of Reuben and Beulah Miner, and had a family of nine children, namely, Solomon, Simeon, Abel, John, Charles, Burch, Clarinda, Mary and Elizabeth.

William Holmes, my grandfather on my mother's side, was born Jan. 15, 1770,

*The name of great-grandfather of John Walker was found to be Captain Timothy Walker, who was baptized June 18, 1693 in Woodbury, Conn. Scotland by tradition mentioned as his birthplace, but the search of public records and deeds proved that Timothy Walker was a great-grandson of Robert Walker who came from England. Timothy's grandfather was one of the first settlers in Woodbury, Conn.
in Kinston, Plymouth County, Massachusetts; Lydia Adams, his wife, was born in the same town, county, state.

Lydia Holmes, my mother, was an only daughter, almost an idol in the home where there were seven sons. There was a great grief in the hearts of her family and friends when she received the gospel and came west. Their sorrow knew no bounds when they received news of her death, which occurred Jan. 18, 1842 at Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois. I will state here, however, that my father and second brother, Lorin, came to Nauvoo in the spring of 1840, to attend conference and secure a home. At this conference Orson Hyde was called to go to Jerusalem. Father concluded to leave Lorin with the Prophet until harvest, with the understanding that he then should return and help him through harvesting; but when the time came, the Prophet told him to write to father to hire some one in his stead, and at his expenses, as he could not act with him. In the spring of 1841 father took his family to Nauvoo. My brother met us with an invitation to dinner, which we gladly accepted and were introduced to the Prophet and his wife Emma, and the dear children who in after years I learned to love as my own sister, and Julia, an adopted daughter, as my sister. During the summer months mother was taken with chills and fever. At length one after another of the children were attacked with the same disease until we all were in a helpless condition. Mother was invited to spend a few days at the Prophet's house, they thinking a change would benefit her. But she could not be content away from her afflicted family. At her earnest solicitation they sent her home to her family by placing a bed in a sleigh, as the summer had passed and it was now good sleighing; covered her closely with blankets and beside, sent many comforts to those at home, as they had often done during her stay.

My mother lingered until Jan.'42, then passed away. Calling her children around her she bore a faithful testimony as to her convictions that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, and that through him the Gospel of the Son of God had been restored in its fulness, whereby we might return into the presence of the Father; exhorted her children to never depart from the truth, but to live so that she might meet them in that world where there would be no more sorrow, no more suffering, no more tears of anguish at pronouncing the sad word goodbye. She then closed her eyes and her sweet spirit passed away with renewed health he hoped to return and make us a us if it was possible she was dead, but only in a sweet sleep. When at length we were forced to believe she would never speak to us again we were in the depth of despair. Ten motherless children! And such a mother! The youngest was not yet two years old. What were we to do? My father's health seemed to give way under this heavy affliction. The Prophet came to our rescue. He said: "If you remain here, Brother Walker, you will soon follow your wife. You must have a change of scene, a change of climate. You have just such a family as I could love. My house shall be your home. I will adopt them as my own. For the present I would advise you to sell your effects, place the little ones with some kind friends, and the four eldest shall come to my house and be received and treated as my own children, and if I find the others are not content or not treated right, I will bring them home and keep them until you return." I wrung my hands in the agony of despair at the thought of being broken up as a family, and being separated from the loved ones. But said the Prophet, "My home shall be your home, eternally yours." I understood him not. However, my father sought to comfort us by saying two years would soon pass away, then with renewed health he hoped to return and make us a home where we might be together again. Soon after he left, my sister Lydia aged 8 years and 11 months, was attacked with brain fever. We had visited her several times and found that all was that was done did not relieve her sufferings, and when we told the Prophet how very sick she was he told the boys to put a bed in the carriage and he went with them. Told the family that they must excuse him, but he was under the greatest obligation to look after his wife.
born in the home

1842 at the

Although there is no

After conferring with the brethren, but none in the

dinner was served by Emma, the others who were present. Mother was a change for the family, bed in a rented house as they lived.

children of Smith, born in the south and moving to Ohio, had become a prominent figure. He was a man of the people, with a heart for the poor and the humble. Dr. Smith was one of those who lived a simple life, yet he was able to bring joy and comfort to those around him.

The members of the family were there except the baby. Judge Adams and wife, of Springfield, Illinois, came to Nauvoo and desired one of the girls to live with them. We reluctantly consented for sister Jane to return with them, when she had a pleasant home until after their death, when she returned to Nauvoo. My brother William married Miss Olive Hovey Farr in the fall of 1843. They boarded at the Mansion six months, then went to housekeeping and took the children with him. I begged the privilege of going with him! It thought it too great a task for his wife to assume so great a responsibility. The Prophet and his wife introduced us as their sons and daughters. Every privilege was accorded us in the home. Every pleasure within reach was ours. He often referred to Bro. Lorin as his "Edwin." He was indeed his confidential and trusted friend. He was ever by his side; arm in arm they walked and conversed freely on various subjects. He was with him when he was arrested at Dixon by Wilson and Reynolds, who were determined to take him down the river into Missouri, but were foiled in this attempt. It was in this case "Uncle Billy" Rogers as he was familiarly called, made himself conspicuous in his defense; declared with an oath, that they could not come there and kidnap a man and take him away in that manner. Said he would be deuced if Smith should not have fair play. They were forced to take him through the state by way of Nauvoo. Bro. Lorin hurried on home, brought his favorite horse, Charley, and met him on foot, weary and covered with dust. He warmly embraced him, mounted his horse, and rode into Nauvoo. As they drew near the city the people turned out en masse to greet him. Bro. Lorin went with him to Springfield to attend his trial, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing him acquitted.

At the time he crossed the river and was actively making arrangements to go beyond the Rocky Mountains, he said, "I have the promise of life for five years, if I listen to the voice of the spirit." But when Emma and some of his brethren besought him to return, he said, "If my life is worth nothing to you it is worth nothing to me." He well knew it was in the programme that he must sacrifice his life for the principles God has revealed through him. Death had no terrors for him, although life was dear. I had often heard him say he expected to seal his testimony with his blood. He anticipated great joy in meeting his parents and friends beyond the grave. He believed that as soon as the spirit left the body we were shaking with and greeting our friends.

He often referred to the feelings that should exist between husbands and wives, that they, his wives, should be his bosom companions, the nearest and dearest objects on earth in every sense of the word. He said men must beware how they treat their wives. They were given them for a holy purpose that the myriads of spirits waiting for tabernacles might have pure and healthy bodies. He also said many would awake in the morning of the resurrection sadly disappointed; for they, by transgression, would have neither wives nor children, for they surely would be taken from them, and given to those who should prove themselves worthy. Again he said, a woman would have her choice; this was a privilege that could not be denied her.

In the year of 1842 President Joseph Smith sought an interview with me, and said; "I have a message for you. I have been commanded of God to take another wife, and you are the woman." My astonishment knew no bounds. This announcement
was indeed a thunderbolt to me. He asked me if I believe him to be a prophet of God. "Most assuredly I do," I replied. He fully explained to me the principle of plural or celestial marriage. Said this principle was again to be restored for the benefit of the human family. That it would prove an everlasting blessing to my father's house, and form a chain that could never be broken, worlds without end. "What have you to say?" he asked. "Nothing. How could I speak, or what could I say?" He said, "If you will pray sincerely for light and understanding in relation thereto, you shall receive a testimony of the correctness of this principle." I thought I prayed sincerely, but was no unwilling to consider the matter favorably that I fear I did not ask in faith for light. Gross darkness instead of light took possession of my mind. I was tempted and tortured beyond endurance until life was not desirable. Oh that the grave would kindly receive me, that I might find rest on the bosom of my dear mother. Why should I be chosen from among Thy daughters, Father, I am only a child in years and experience. No mother to counsel; no father near to tell me what to do in this trying hour. Oh, let this bitter cup pass. And thus I prayed in the agony of my soul.

The Prophet discerned my sorrow. He saw how unhappy I was, and sought an opportunity of again speaking to me on this subject, and said: "Although I cannot, under existing circumstances acknowledge you as my wife, the time is near when we will go beyond the Rocky Mountains and then you will be acknowledged and honored as my wife." He also said, "this principle will yet be believed in and practised by the righteous. I have no flattering words to offer. It is a command of God to you. I will give you until tomorrow to decide this matter. If you reject this message the gate will be closed forever against you."

This aroused every drop of Scotch in my veins. For a few moments I stood fearless before him, and looked him in the eye. I felt at that moment that I was called to place myself upon the altar a living sacrifice—perhaps to brook the world in disgrace and incur the displeasure and contempt of my youthful companion; all my dreams of happiness blown to the four winds. This was too much, for as yet no shadow has crossed my path, aside from the death of my dear mother. The future to me has been one bright, cloudless day. I had been speechless, but at last found utterance and said: "Although you are a prophet of God you could not induce me to take a step of so great importance, unless I knew that God approved my course. I would rather die. I have tried to pray but received no comfort, no light," and emphatically forbid him speaking again to me on this subject. Every feeling of my soul revolted against it. Said I, "The same God who has sent this message is the Being I have worshipped from my early childhood and He must manifest His will to me." He walked across the room, returned and stood before me with the most beautiful expression of countenance, and said: "God Almighty bless you. You shall have a manifestation of the will of God concerning you; a testimony that you can never deny. I will tell what it will be. It shall be that joy and peace that you never knew."

Oh, how earnestly I prayed for these words to be fulfilled. It was near dawn after another sleepless night when my room was lighted up by a heavenly influence. To me it was, in comparison, like the brilliant sun shining through the darkest cloud. The words of the Prophet was indeed fulfilled. My soul was filled with a calm, sweet peace that "I never knew." Supreme happiness took possession of me, and I received a powerful and irresistible testimony of the truth of plural marriage, which has been given me as an anchor to the soul through all the trials of life. I felt that I must go out into the morning air and give vent to the joy and gratitude that filled my soul. As I descended the stairs, Pres. Smith opened the door below, took me by the hand and said: "Thank God, you have the testimony, I too, have prayed." He led me to a chair, placed his hands upon my head, and blessed me with every blessing my heart could possibly desire.

The first day of May, 1843, I consented to become the Prophet's wife, and
was sealed to him for time and all eternity, at his own house by Elder Wm. Clayton.

Today I have but one regret, which is that I have not been a more worthy representative of the principle of plural marriage, and that I have not lived a more perfect life. I can also state that Emma Smith was present and did consent to Eliza and Emily Partridge, also Maria and Sarah Lawrence being sealed to her husband. This I had from the Prophet's own mouth; also the testimony of her niece, Hyrum Smith's eldest daughter (my brother Lorin's wife), as well as that of the young ladies named themselves, with whom I was in most intimate terms, and was glad that they, too, had accepted that order of marriage. Instead of a feeling of jealousy, it was a source of comfort to me. We were as sisters to each other. In this I acted in accordance with the will of God. Not for any wordly aggrandizement; not for the gratification of the flesh. How can it be said we accepted this principle for any lustful desires? Preposterous! This would be utterly impossible. But, as I said before, we accepted it to obey a command of God, to establish a principle that would benefit the human family and emancipate them from the degradation into which they, through their wicked customs, had fallen.

In all this God had in view a road marked out for me that I knew not; to struggle against the tide of opposition, prejudice and tradition; to aid in establishing a principle that would exalt mankind and bring them back into His presence. A tie has been formed that will guide me to the highest and most glorious destiny, if I continue to walk in the regeneration, which is the grand object of my life.

No one can possibly feel more deeply to regret than I do, the course taken by the sons of President Joseph Smith, knowing that they have been misinformed; that is through prejudice, through yielding to popular opinion that they have been misled. They might hear their father's priesthood, if they would take proper steps, and honor the principles revealed through him. Thus they might be called to occupy prominent positions in this dispensation, to aid in forwarding the great work of redemption and to seek to bring every honest soul of every nation to a knowledge of the Gospel of the Son of God. O, that they had eyes to see and ears to hear the sound of the Gospel, and walk in the footsteps of their illustrious father, knowing as I do that he was the grandest personage that has stood upon the earth since the days of our Savior. O, that God would in his boundless mercy, His matchless charity, withdraw the curtain and let but one ray from His magnificent countenance shine upon them, that like Saul of Tarsus, they might turn to God and become His apostles in every deed. That they might also accept the many testimonies given by those whose lives have been pure and spotless, who have sought to aid in establishing eternal principles that will exalt the human race in the presence of God. How gladly we would have been in our midst, did they walk in the spirit of their father.

They seem surprised that there was no issue from asserted plural marriages with their father. Could they but realize the hazardous life he lived, after that revelation was given, they would comprehend the reason. He was harassed and bounded and lived in constant fear of being betrayed by those who ought to have been true to him.

Since 1845, I have been the wife of President Heber C. Kimball, by whom I have had nine children, five sons and four daughters; have lived in the same house with other members of his family; have loved them as dearly as my own sisters, until it became necessary, as our children began to grow up around us, to have separate homes. Every mother has her own mode of government, and as children grow in years, it is more pleasant to have them under the immediate dictation of their own mother. I can truthfully state, however, that there is less room for jealousy where wives live under the same roof. They become inter-
ested in each other's welfare; they love each other's children; beside, in my experience, I find the children themselves love each other as dearly as the children of one another. In sickness, it has been a pleasure to minister to those in need of assistance. I will say here, too, that it is a grand school. You learn self control, self denial; it brings out the nobler traits of our fallen natures, and teaches us to study and subdue self, while we become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of each other. There is a grand opportunity to improve ourselves and the lessons learned in a few years, are worth the experience of a lifetime, for this reason, that you are better prepared to make a home happy. You can easily avoid many unpleasant features of domestic life that through inexperience you otherwise are unprepared to meet.

The study of human nature is a grand study. I can only speak for myself in this regard. When I separated from others and went to a home with my own children I placed many little safeguards around our home that experience had suggested, and my children grew into their teens without having heard an unkind word between their father and mother. When the father was there everything was done necessary for his comfort. To make our home a pleasant one was the chief object of life. When absent I knew he was in good company and where he had a right to be. I stood in no fear from his associations with others, because I knew their purity of life. It is needless for me to say anything in regard to the life and character of Pres. H. C. Kimball. He lives in the hearts of the people called Latter-day Saints and his acts and works are known abroad.

As time passed on he seemed to appreciate more than ever his wives and growing children. His last words to me were that he had been agreeably disappointed in my course of life; had appreciated my example as a wife and as a mother; that none had excelled me in the home life. Wherever my lot had been cast, there he had found a place of peace and rest. "Let me now thank you kindly," he said, "for every kind word, for every kind act of your life, and when I am gone, which will not be but a short time, you shall be blessed and find friends." He went on to say that if he never spoke to me again, I might rest assured that I had his most sanguine good feelings; his unbounded love and esteem. "What can you tell Joseph when you meet him? Cannot you say that I have been kind to you as it was possible to be under the circumstances? I know you can, and am confident you will be as a mediator between me and Joseph, and never enjoy any blessing you would not wish Heber to share."

These words were more precious to me than gold, as they were his last, with the addition of "I leave my peace and blessing with you. May the peace of Heber ever abide in your habitation."

I do not pen these facts thinking that others did not share equally in his esteem; as every woman carves her own niches in her husband's affections. Heber C. Kimball was a noble whole-souled son of God, and was as capable of loving more than one woman as God Himself in capable of loving all his creations.

Sister Vilate Murray, first wife of Heber Chase Kimball, we one of the noblest women of earth. She was dearly beloved by his wives and children, as well as by all who intimately knew her. Too little has been said of her in her exemplar life. She was as a ministering angel to those in distress, every ready to aid those who had not been so fortunate as herself regard to the comforts of life. She never seemed so happy as while seeking to help others. Every year it was her custom to invite all the family to dine at her table, and insisted that it was her privilege to wait upon and make them happy and comfortable. In her last sickness she expressed her regret that she could no longer have the pleasure of seeing the family together as she had been in the habit of doing. On one occasion when one of her old time associates was urging her to come often, as she had done in former years, she answered, "You must excuse me, as our own family has grown so large that by the time I visit them all, I want to begin the rounds
again." This shows the good feelings she cherished towards her husband's many wives and children. Too much cannot be said in praise to her example. In her demise, Zion lost one of her noblest daughters.

Very sincerely, your Sister in the Gospel,
Lucy W. Kimball.

Reminiscences of Jane Walker

I well remembered when I was a little girl my father was moving from Vermont to Nauvoo with his family of ten children and my mother a brave delicate woman. When we arrived near Haun's mill they heard of the trouble at the mill. The company stopped to go and assist the brethrens and sisters. It was at the time Brother Joseph Young, President Young's brother, came to father telling him that he had tried everywhere to get a wagon and team to go three hundred miles back after his family. His family was in danger of having their home burned. Father unloaded one of the wagons, let my older brother William go drive the team. Brother Joseph blessed him and told him that he would be saved in the kingdom of God and wear a crown of glory. While they were gone, the brethren went to help the saints at Haun's mill. My father was shot through his right arm. He could not do anything to help for the bullets were flying like hail stones. Father started up the bed of a dry creek with another brother and a voice spoke, "You are the safest here." He looked around in the direction from which the voice came and saw a small hole in the bank with a plank standing in front of it. He stepped behind the plank, and had hardly gotten in when the other brother was shot. The mob was all around hunting and swearing what they would do if they found D____ mormons. Father could see them plain and he prayed earnestly that the Lord would blind their eyes so that they might not see him. It grew dark and father came out and went to help bury the dead. He was so weak from the loss of blood. He was three days and nights with only the wild berries from the wood for food. After the massacre, a young man came to camp to tell the women to flee to the woods, and that all had been killed at the mill. He said that they would share the same fate if they did not go. Some ran with their children, but mother told us that the Lord could protect us just as well in our wagons as He could in the woods. After praying to the Lord to keep us from harm she put us in bed. We slept all night, but I think that my mother did not sleep for she looked so pale and care worn in the morning. We started on our journey again and camped that night. The next morning there was a mob surrounding our camp. They searched our wagons, took the guns and ammunition and threatened to kill every one little or big. A woman came with the mob. I can see her now. She was standing with one knee on a chair. She looked at us and said, "I would like to see every one killed big and small." I thought, "What a wicked woman you are." They finally ordered us to move on. We were just ready to eat breakfast so we had to go without. The mob followed until noon. We had to face rain and sleet so they did not enjoy the ride. They ordered us off the main road and said if we were seen again they would kill everyone. We camped in the woods that night and could not make a fire for fear of being seen. We had to make the beds on the ground with nothing but the canopy of heaven to shelter us. We went to bed cold and hungry. In the morning when we raised out of bed, the snow fell on our faces. We at last arrived in Nauvoo. We all took ague fever and quite a number died. The Prophet Joseph Smith went to all blessing them and giving words of comfort. The four oldest of our family went with the Prophet Joseph Smith. They were William, Lorin, Catherine and Lucy. Lucy afterwards married the Prophet in May 1843. We all were sick with
The Second Edition
of
Ancestry and Descendants
of
JOHN WALKER
1794-1869
of Vermont and Utah, descendant of Robert Walker, an emigrant of 1632 from England to Boston, Mass.

Descendants of John Walker compiled by
Rodney Wilson Walker

Ancestry of John Walker compiled by
Noel C Stevenson

GEnealogical Department
Church of Jesus Christ
Of Latter-day Saints

Published by
John Walker Family Organization
1985
Statement of Mrs. L. W. Kimball; a brief but intensely interesting sketch of her experience written by herself. Her marriage with Joseph the Prophet, her subsequent marriage to Heber C. Kimball rearing a large family, her testimony concerning Mrs. Vilate Kimball, a strong testimony borne by her.

In the year of 1842 President Joseph Smith sought an interview with me, and said: "I have a message for you, I have been commanded of God to take another wife, and you are the woman." My astonishment knew no bounds. This announcement was indeed a thunderbolt to me. He asked me if I believed him to be a prophet of God. "Most assuredly I do," I replied. He fully explained to me the principle of plural or celestial marriage. Said this principle was again to be restored for the benefit of the human family. That it would prove an everlasting blessing to my father's house, and form a chain that would never be broken, worlds without end. "What have you to say?" he asked. "Nothing." How could I speak, or what could I say? He said, "If you will pray sincerely for light and understanding in relation thereto, you shall receive a testimony of the correctness of this principle. I thought I prayed sincerely, but was so unwilling to consider the matter favorable that I fear I did not ask in faith for light. Cross darkness instead of light took possession of my mind. I was tempted and tortured beyond endurance until life was not desirable. O that the grave would kindly receive me, that I might find rest on the bosom of my dear mother. Why should I be chosen from among thy daughters, Father, I am only a child in years, in experience. No mother to counsel; no father near to tell me what to do in this trying hour. Oh, let this bitter cup pass, And thus I prayed in agony of my soul.

The Prophet discerned my sorrow. He saw how unhappy I was, and sought an opportunity of again speaking to me on this subject, and said: "Although I cannot, under existing circumstances, acknowledge you as my wife, the time is near when we will go beyond the Rocky Mountains and then you will be acknowledged and honored as my wife." He also said, "This principle will yet be believed in and practiced by the righteous. I have no flat ring words to offer. It is a command of God to you. I will give you until tomorrow to decide this matter, If you reject this message the gate will be closed forever against you."

This aroused every drop of Scotch in my veins. For a few moments I stood fearless before him, and looked him in the eye. I felt at this moment that I was called to place myself upon the altar a living sacrifice—perhaps to brook the world in disgrace and incur the displeasure and contempt of my youthful companions; all my dreams of happiness blown to the four winds. This was too much, for as yet no shadow had crossed by path, aside from the death of my dear mother. The future to me had been one bright, cloudless day. I had been speechless, but at last found utterance and said: "Although you are a prophet of God you could not induce me to take a step of so great importance, unless I knew that God approved my course. I would rather die. I have tried to pray but received no comfort, no light," and emphatically forbid him to speak again to me on this subject. Every feeling of my soul revolted against it. Said I, "The same God who has sent this message is the Being I have worshipped from my early childhood, and He must manifest his will to me." "You shall have a manifestation of the will of God concerning you; a testimony that you can never deny. I will tell you what it shall be. It shall be that joy and peace that you never knew."

Oh, how earnestly I prayed for these words to be fulfilled. It was near dawn after another sleepless night when my room was lighted by a heavenly influence. To me, it was, in comparison, like the brilliant sun bursting through the darkest cloud. The words of the Prophet were indeed fulfilled. My soul was filled with a calm, sweet peace that "I never knew." Supreme happiness took possession of me, and I received a powerful and irresistible testimony of the truth of plural marriage,
which has been like an anchor to the soul through all the trials of life. I felt
that I must go out into the morning air and give vent to the joy and gratitude that
filled my soul. As I descended the stairs, President Smith opened the door below,
took me by the hand and said: "Thank God, you have the testimony. I too have prayed." He led me to a chair, placed his hands upon my head, and blessed me with every blessing my heart could possibly desire.

The first day of May, 1843, I consented to become the Prophet's wife, and was sealed to him for time and all eternity at his own house by Elder William Clayton. Today I have but one regret, which is that I have not been a more worthy representa
tive of the principle of plural marriage, and that I have not lived a more perfect life. I can also state that Emma Smith was present and did consent to Eliza and Emily Partridge, also Maria and Sarah Lawrence being sealed to her husband. This I had from the Prophet's own mouth; also the testimony of her niece, Hyrum Smith's eldest daughter (my brother Lorin's wife), as well as that of the young ladies named themselves: with whom I was on most intimate terms, and was glad that they too had accepted that order of marriage. Instead of feeling of jealously, it was a source of comfort to me. We were as sisters to each other.

In this I acted in accordance with the will of God. Not for any worldly aggrandizement; not for the gratifications of the flesh. How can it be said we accepted this principle for any lustful desire? Preposterous! This would be utterly impossible. But, as I said before, we accepted it to obey a command of God, to establish a principle that would benefit the human family and emancipate them from the degradation into which they, through their wicked customs had fallen.

In all this God had in view a road marked out for me that I knew not; to struggle against the tide of opposition, prejudice and tradition; to aid in establishing a principle that would exalt mankind and bring them back into his presence. A tie has been formed that will guide me to the highest and most glorious destiny if I continue to walk in the regeneration, which is the grand object of my life.

No one can possibly feel more deeply to regret than I do, the course taken by the sons of President Joseph Smith, knowing that they have been misinformed; that it is through prejudice, through yielding to popular opinion that they have been misled. They might heir their father's priesthood if they would take proper steps, and honor the principles revealed through him. Thus they might be called to occupy prominent positions in this dispensation, to aid in forwarding the great work of redemption and to seek to bring every honest soul of every nation to a knowledge of the Gospel of the Son of God. O, that they had eyes to see and ears to hear the sound of the Gospel, and walk in the footsteps of their illustrious father, knowing as I do that he was the grandest personage that has stood upon the earth since the days of our Savior. O, that God would in His boundless mercy, His matchless charity, withdraw the curtain and let but one ray from His magnificent countenance shine upon them, that like Saul of Tarsus, they might turn to God and become his apostles in every deed. That they might also accept the many testimonies given by those whose lives have been pure and spotless, who have sought to aid in establishing eternal principles that will exalt the human race in the presence of God. How gladly we would have them in our midst, did they walk in the spirit of their father.

They seem surprised that there was no issue from asserted plural marriages with their father. Could they but realize the hazardous life he lived, after that revelation was given, they would comprehend the reason. He was harassed and hounded and lived in constant fear of being betrayed by those who ought to have been true to him.
Since 1845 I have been the wife of President Heber C. Kimball, by whom I have had nine children, five sons and four daughters; have lived in the same house with other members of his family; have loved them as dearly as my own sisters, until it became necessary as our children began to grow up around us, to have separate homes. Every mother has her own mode of government, and as children grow in years, it is more pleasant to have them under the immediate dictation of their own mother. I can truthfully state, however, that there is less room for jealousy where wives live under the same roof. They become interested in each other's welfare; they love each other's children; besides, in my experience I find the children themselves love each other as dearly as the children of one mother. In sickness it has been a pleasure to minister to those in need of assistance. I will say here too that it is a grand school. You learn self control, self denial; it brings out the nobler traits of our fallen natures, and teaches us to study and subdue self while we become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of each other. There is a grand opportunity to improve ourselves and the lessons learned in a few years are worth the experience of a lifetime, for this reason, that you are better prepared to make a happy home. You can easily avoid many unpleasant features of domestic life that through inexperience you other-wise are unprepared to meet.

Ancestry and Descendants of John Walker, Walker and Stevenson.
upon the same in order that we might clearly understand the principle. And on the same day (July 22nd, 1843) he sealed my wife, formerly Martha Jane Knowlton, to me: and when I heard the revelation on celestial marriage read on the stand in Salt Lake City in 1852, I recognized it, as the same as that repeated to me by Brother Hyrum Smith. Not long after this I was present when Brother David Pulipher and wife were sealed by Brother Hyrum Smith, the martyred Patriarch, according to the law of celestial marriage. And, besides the foregoing, there was quite enough came within the compass of my observation to have fully satisfied my mind that plural marriage was practiced in the city of Nauvoo.

(Signed)

HOWARD CURRY.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of June, A. D. 1852.

[Seal]

JAMES JACE.

"Notary Public for Salt Lake County, Utah."

MERCY R. THOMPSON'S TESTIMONY.

"SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 31, 1888.

"A. M. Messenger:

"DEAR BROTHER—Having noticed in the Deseret News an enquiry for testimony concerning the revelation on plural marriage, and having read the testimony of Brother Grover, it came to my mind that perhaps it would be right for me to add my testimony to his on the subject of Brother Hyrum reading it to the High Council. I well remember the circumstances. I remember he told me he had read it to the brethren in his office. He put it into my hands and left it with me for several days. I had been sealed to him by Brother Joseph a few weeks previously, and was well acquainted with almost every member of the High Council, and know Brother Grover's testimony to be correct. Now if this testimony would be of any use to such as are weak in the faith or tempted to doubt, I should be very thankful. Please make use of this in any way you think best, as well as the copy of the letter addressed to Joseph Smith, at Lamoni. Your Sister in the Gospel.

MERCY R. THOMPSON.

"SALT LAKE CITY, Sept. 5, 1884.

"Mr. Joseph Smith, Lamoni, Ill."

"Dear Sir—After having asked my Father in heaven to aid me, I sit down to write a few lines as dictated by the Holy Spirit.

"After reading the correspondence between you and L. O. Littlefield I concluded it was the duty of some one to bear a testimony which could not be disputed. Finding from your letters to Littlefield that no one of your father's friends had performed this duty while you were here, I now will begin at once and tell you my experience.

"My beloved husband, R. R. Thompson, your father's private secretary to the end of his mortal life, died August 27th, 1841. I presume you will remember him. Nearly two years after his death your father told me that my husband had appeared to him several times, telling him that he did not wish me to live such a lonely life, and wished him to request your uncle Hyrum to have me sealed to him for time. Hyrum communicated this to his wife (my sister who, by request, opened the subject to me, when everything within me rose in opposition to such a step, but when your father called and explained the subject to me, I dared not refuse to obey the counsel, lest peradventure I should be found fighting against God; and especially when he told me the last time my husband appeared to him he came with such power that it made him tremble. He then enjoined of the Lord what he should do; the answer was, 'Go and do as your servant hath required.' He then took an opportunity of communicating this to your uncle Hyrum who told me that the Holy Spirit rested upon him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. The time was appointed, with the consent of all parties, and your father sealed me to your uncle Hyrum for time, in my sister's room, with a covenant to deliver me up in the morning of the resurrection to Robert Blake Thompson, with whatever offspring should be the re-sult of that union, at the same time counselling your uncle to build a room for me and move me over as soon as convenient, which he did, and I remained there as a wife the same as my sister to the day of his death. All this I am ready to testify in the presence of God, angels and men.

MERCY R. THOMPSON.

LEWIS W. KIMBALL'S TESTIMONY.

"When the Prophet Joseph Smith first mentioned the principle of plural marriage to me I became very indignant, and told him emphatically that I did not wish him ever to mention it to me again, as my feelings and education revolted against any thing of such a nature. He conversed with me, however, to pray to the Lord for light and understanding in relation thereto, and promised me if I would do so sincerely, I should receive a testimony of the correctness of the principle. At length I concluded to follow this advice, and the consequence was that the Prophet's promise unto me was fulfilled in the very letter. Before praying I felt gloomy and
downcast; in fact, I was so entirely given up
to despair that I felt tired of life; but after I
had poured out my heart's contents before
God, I at once became calm and composed:
a feeling of happiness took possession of me,
and at the same time I received a powerful
and irresistible testimony of the truth of
plural marriage, which testimony has abided
with me ever since. Shortly afterwards I
consented to become the Prophet's wife, and
was married to him May 1, 1843, Elder Will-
iam Clayton officiating. I am also able to
testify that Emma Smith, the Prophet's first
wife, gave her consent to the marriage of at
least four other girls to her husband, and
that she was well aware that he associated
with them as wives within the meaning of
all that word implies. This is proven by the
fact that she herself, on several occasions,
kept guard at the door to prevent disinter-
erested persons from intruding, when those
ladies were in the house.

LUCY W. KIMBALL.

ORSON PRATT'S TESTIMONY.

"At a meeting held in Plano, Illi-
nois, Sept. 12, 1878, Apostle Orson
Pratt explained the circumstances
connected with the coming forth of the
revelation on plural marriage.
He refuted the statement and belief
of those present that Brigham Young
was the author of that revelation;
showed that Joseph Smith, the
Prophet, had not only commenced
the practice of that principle him-
self, and further taught it to others,
before President Young and the
Twelve had returned from their mis-
sions in Europe, in 1841, but that
Joseph actually received revelation
upon that principle as early as 1831.
He said, 'Lyman Johnson, who was
very familiar with Joseph at this
early date, Joseph living at his
father's house, and who was also
very intimate with me, we having
traveled on several missions together,
told me himself that Joseph had made
known to him as early as 1831, that
plural marriage was a correct prin-
ciple. Joseph declared to Lyman
that God had revealed it to him, but
that the time had not come to teach
or practice it in the Church, but that
the time would come.' To this state-
ment Elder Pratt bore his testimony.
He cited several instances of Joseph
having had wives sealed to him, one
at least as early as April 5, 1843,
which was some time prior to the
return of the Twelve from England.
Referred to his own trial in regard
to this matter in Nauvoo, and said it
was because he got his information
from a wicked source, from those
disaffected, but as soon as he learned
the truth he was satisfied."

LYMAN O. LITTLEFIELD'S TESTIMONY.

"The doctrine of celestial marriage, I
have the best of reasons for be-
lieving, was understood and believed
by him (Joseph Smith, the Prophet)
away back in the days when he
lived in Kirtland, when he and the
Saints, in their poverty, were toil-
ing to erect that sacred edifice (the
Kirt-
land Temple), wherein you (referring
to Joseph Smith, the son of the
Prophet) now falsify him, seeking,
by your unsupported declarations,
to nullify his most sacred doctrines.

Even then, as I believe, he was in-
structed of the Lord respecting the
sacred ordinance of plural marriage;
but he was not required to reveal it
to the Church until some time dur-
ing the residence of the Saints at
Nauvoo, where he received a reve-
al-
tion from the Lord setting forth in
detail the results to be obtained by
keeping inviolate all the laws con-

ected with this sacred condition of
things. And in consequence of the
prejudices of the Saints and the tule
of persecution which he well knew
he would have to encounter from the
outside world, wherein his life would
be endangered, he delayed, as long
as possible, to make this principle
known, except to a few of the most
faithful and humble of the Saints."

For further information the reader
is referred to Elder L. O. Littlefield's
correspondence with Joseph Smith,
of the reorganized church, published
in the "Mill. Star," Vol. 45, pages 389,
443, 561, etc.

ALLEN J. STOUT'S TESTIMONY.

"At a meeting held at Rockville,
Washington Co., Utah, Dec. 25, 1885,
Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 19, p.197

[p.197] Lydia Holmes, my mother, was an only daughter, almost an idol in the home where there were seven sons. There was a great grief in the hearts of her family and friends when she received the gospel and came west. Their sorrow knew no bounds when they received news of her death, which occurred Jan. 18, 1842, at Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois. I will state here, however, that my father and second brother, Lorin, came to Nauvoo in the spring of 1840, to attend conference and secure a home. At this conference Orson Hyde was called to go to Jerusalem.

Father concluded to leave Lorin with the Prophet until harvest, with the understanding that he then should return and help him through harvesting, but when the time came, the Prophet told him to write to Father to hire someone in his stead, and at his expense, as he could not part with him.

In the spring of '41 Father took his family to Nauvoo. My brother met us with an invitation to dinner, which we gladly accepted and were introduced to the Prophet and his wife, Emma and the dear children who in after years I learned to love as my own brothers, and Julia, an adopted daughter, as my sister.

Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 19, p.197

During the summer Mother was taken with chills and fever. At length one after another of the children were attacked with the same disease until all were in a helpless condition. Mother was invited to spend a few days at the Prophet's house, they thinking a change would benefit her. But she could not be content away from her afflicted family. At her earnest solicitation they sent her home to her family by placing a bed in a sleigh, as the summer had passed and it was now good sleighing, covered her closely with blankets, sent many comforts to those at home, as they had often done during her stay.

Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 19, p.197

My mother lingered until January 1842 then passed away. Calling her children around her bed she bore a faithful testimony as to her convictions that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, and that through him the Gospel of the Son of God has been restored in its fullness, whereby we might return into the presence of the Father; exhorted her children to never depart from the truth, but to live so that she might meet them in that world where there would be no more sorrow, no more suffering, no more tears of anguish at pronouncing the sad word goodbye. She then closed her eyes and her sweet spirit passed away.

Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 19, p.197

Ten motherless children. And such a mother. The youngest was not yet two years old. What were we to do? My father's health seemed to give way under this heavy affliction. The Prophet came to our rescue. He said: "If you remain here, Brother Walker, you will soon follow your wife. You must have a change of scene, a change of climate. You have just such a family as I could love. My house shall be their home. I will adopt them as my own. For the present I would advise you to sell your effects, place the little ones with some kind friends and the four [p.188] eldest shall come to my house and be received and treated as my own children, and if I find the others are not content or not treated right I will bring them home and keep them until you return." I wrung my hands in the agony of despair at the thought of being broken up as a family, and being separated from the loved ones. But said the Prophet, "My home shall be your home, eternally yours," I understood him not. However, my father sought to comfort us by saying two years would soon pass away, then with renewed health he hoped to return and make us a home where we might be together again. Soon after he left, my sister, Lydia aged 8 years 11 months, was attacked with brain fever.
We had visited her several times and found all that was done did not relieve her sufferings, and when we told the Prophet how very sick she was he told the boys to put a bed in the carriage and he went with them. Told the family that they must excuse him, but he was under the greatest obligation to look after her welfare and had come to take her to his own house where he could see to her himself. He took her in his arms from the carriage and baptized her in the Mississippi River, but in a few days she too passed away. Everything that could be done was done. But she was to join her dear mother in the spirit world, and we were left more lonely than before. Here allow me to say that our own father and mother could scarcely have done more or manifested greater solicitude for her recovery than did the Prophet and his wife, Emma. They watched with us by her bedside and when all was over accompanied us to her last resting place beside her mother. One after another were brought home until all the younger members of the family were there except the baby. Judge Adams and wife, of Springfield, Ill., came to Nauvoo and desired one of the girls to live with them. We reluctantly consented for sister Jane to return with them, where she had a pleasant home until after their death, when she returned to Nauvoo. My brother, William, married Miss Olive Hovey Farr, in the fall of 1843. They boarded at the Mansion six months, then went to housekeeping and took the children with him. I begged the privilege of going with them. I thought it too great a task for his wife to assume so great a responsibility. The Prophet and his wife introduced us as their sons and daughters. Every privilege was accorded us in the home. Every pleasure within reach was ours. He often referred to Bro. Lorin as his Edwin. He was indeed his confidential and trusted friend. He was ever by his side, arm in arm they walked and conversed freely on various subjects. He was with him when he was arrested at Dixon by Wilson and Reynolds, who were determined to take him down the river into Missouri, but were foiled in this attempt. It was in this case Uncle Billy Rogers as he was familiarly called made himself conspicuous in his defense, declared with an oath, that they could not come there and kidnap a man and take him [p.199] away in that manner. Said he would be d—d if Smith should not have fair play. They were forced to take him through the state by way of Nauvoo. Bro. Lorin hurried on home, brought his favorite horse, Charley, and met him on foot, weary and covered with dust. He warmly embraced him, mounted his horse, and rode into Nauvoo. As they drew near the city the people turned en masse to greet him. Bro. Lorin went with him to Springfield to attend his trial, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing him freed.

Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 19, p.199

At the time he crossed the river and was actively making arrangements to go beyond the Rocky Mountains, he said, "I have the promise of life for five years, if I listen to the voice of the spirit." But when Emma and some of his brethren besought him to return, he said, "If my life is worth nothing to you it is worth nothing to me." He well knew it was in the programme that he must sacrifice his life for the principles God had revealed through him. Death had no terrors for him, although life was dear. I had often heard him say he expected to seal his testimony with his blood. He anticipated great joy in meeting his parents and friends beyond the grave. He believed that as soon as the spirit left the body we were shaking hands with and greeting our friends.

Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 19, p.199

He often referred to the feelings that should exist between husbands and wives, that they should be bosom companions, the nearest and dearest objects on earth in every sense of the word. He said men must beware how they treat their wives. They were given them for a holy purpose that the myriads of spirits waiting for tabernacles might have pure and healthy bodies. He also said many would awake in the morning of the resurrection sadly disappointed; for they, by
transgression, would have neither wives nor children, for they surely would be taken from them and given to those who should prove themselves worthy. Again he said, a woman would have her choice; this was a privilege that could not be denied her.

Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 19, p.199
Since 1845, I have been the wife of President Heber C. Kimball, by whom I have had nine children, five sons and four daughters, have lived in the same house with other members of his family, have loved them as dearly as my own sisters, until it became necessary, as our children began to grow up around us, to have separate homes. Every mother has her own mode of government, and as children grow in years, it is more pleasant to have them under the immediate dictation of their own mother. I can truthfully state, however, that there is less room for jealousy where wives live under the same roof. They became interested in each other's welfare; they love each other's children; beside, in my experience, I find the children themselves love each other as dearly as the children of one mother. In sickness it has been a pleasure to minister to those in need of assistance. I will say here, (p.200) too, that it is a grand school. You learn self control, self denial, it brings out the nobler traits of our fallen natures, and teaches us to study and subdue self, while we become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of each other. There is a grand opportunity to improve ourselves and the lessons learned in a few years, are worth the experience of a lifetime, for this reason, you are better prepared to make a home happy. You can easily avoid many unpleasant features of domestic life that through inexperience you otherwise are unprepared to meet.

Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 19, p.200
The study of human nature is a grand study. I can only speak for myself in this regard. When I separated from others and went to a home with my children I placed many little safeguards around our home that experience had suggested, and my children grew into their teens without having heard an unkind word between their father and mother. When the father was there everything was done necessary for his comfort. To make our home pleasant one was the chief object of life. When absent I knew he was in good company and where he had a right to be. I stood in no fear from his associations with others, because I knew their purity of life. It is needless for me to say anything in regard to the life and character of President Heber C. Kimball. He lives in the hearts of the people called Latter-day Saints, and his acts and works are known abroad.

Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 19, p.200
As time passed on he seemed to appreciate more than ever his wives and growing children. His last words to me were that he had been agreeably impressed with my course of life; had appreciated my example as a wife and as a mother; that none had excelled me in the home life. Wherever my lot had been cast, there he had found a place of peace and rest. "Let me now thank you kindly," he said, "for every kind word, for every kind act of your life, and when I am gone, which will not be but a short time, you will be blessed and find friends." He went on to say that if he never spoke to me again, I might rest assured that I had his most sanguine good feelings; his unbounded love and esteem.

\[D.U.K.\ History\ Files\]

Printed from the Pioneer Heritage Library\textsuperscript{34} in the LDS Family History Suite\textsuperscript{35} © 1996 Infobase, Inc. Provo, Utah. All rights reserved.
became shadowed and embittered by the workings of that evil doctrine, insomuch that he had at last been led to curse his own father roundly. We called on the brother as requested, and were well treated.

The combine experience of these two—Elizabeth Yearsley who had been forced into the hated position of a polygamous wife until hope, faith, and courage had died within her breast and whose heart was filled with anguish, indignation, and remorse almost unbearable, and David Wright whose boyhood and young manhood had been blighted and cursed by a forced contact with the evils of polygamy as demonstrated in his father’s house—served but to increase, were such an increase possible, by antagonism to the principle. These incidents were but two of many which have been related to me, laying bare the miseries engendered by what my father declared was “an evil and corrupt doctrine.”

It was at my father’s office and the store that I used to see many of the leading men of the church, as they came for purposes of consultation on business connected with church work or their private affairs. I knew the members of the Quorum of Twelve personally, as I met them frequently at my father’s place of business or heard them preach from the stand on their visits home. When first I met each I do not remember, but it was likely soon after our settlement at Commerce, for it seems as I look back that I had always known them. Those whom I like best among them were John E. Page and Charles C. Rich.

Our house was a convenient place of fathering and way always more or less crowded with those who came from a distance and those employed in household affairs within its precincts. My memory here brings back the advent into our home of the young man, Loren Walker. His father came to Nauvoo about the time of his wife’s death, bringing his family of children with him. There were the sons William, Loren, Edwin, and Henry, and the daughters, Catharine and Lucy. Loren was engaged by my father as personal attendant, to look after his clothes, horses, military equipments, and at request, to attend him in his rides and journeys. He continued in this capacity until my father’s death.

He was a trusty young man, and one so peculiarly alert that the quietest call of his name, at the foot of the stairway which led to the room where he slept or outside of the house near his window, would bring immediate response. He and I were bedfellows, and he exercised a friendly watchcare over me when not busy with other duties. His sister Lucy was employed by Mother as a maid, working for her board and going to school. She was a few years older than I, and used to marshal us children to and from school as would an elder sister.

In what employment Mr. Walker engaged I do not remember, but his eldest son, William, a strong and hearty man, used to work about the premises and upon the various buildings being erected, and so continued, according to my knowledge, until a little while after my father’s death. After the arrangement of the Nauvoo Mansion as a hostelry and its opening for business, William Walker married Olive Farr. She was, I think, a sister of Loren Farr, a prominent elder in the church then and subsequently. She had a sister, Diantha, a very beautiful woman, with whom Chauncey
Higbee, son of Judge Elias Higbee and brother of Francis, became enamored. It appeared that she did not favor him, and after the break-up and the exodus west, she became a polygamous wife of Amasa Lyman—according to Dame Rumor.

Before Father's death William Walker and his wife, Olive, boarded at the Mansion House, and he did teaming work with an outfit Father procured for him. I remember that one day he delivered a load of wood at the Mansion and came into the house afterward. While thus away from them, one of the horses shook his bridle off and the team started to move away. Finding themselves free from the accustomed restraint they became frightened and began to run. Just below the barn they made a little turn and one, becoming entangled in the lines, fell and struck her head on a stub in the road, which caused her death.

William then made clam upon Mother for the value of the mare upon the hypothesis that the accident had happened when he was hauling wood to the house for her benefit. Mother could not see the justice of this reasoning and declined to pay, but offered to assist him to what extent she was able, in the purchase of another. He became offended over the matter and took his wife and established a home elsewhere.

Just a few days before my father's death, Loren Walker married Lovina, the oldest daughter of my Uncle Hyrum. They were closely associated with the fortunes of our family for many years.

I have referred previously to Father's acquirement of a quarter section of land two miles and a half east of Nauvoo. It was on what was called the Carthage road, leading out of the city from Parley Street. He installed on this farm an American-born man by the name of Cornelius P. Lott. Soon after the organization of the Nauvoo Legion Father announced that the first man who would provide himself with a pair of epaulets should be appointed captain of his personal body guard.

On the morning when the guard of sixty men reported for drill, this old man Lott came in and, in a very quiet, unostentatious manner, called Father to one side and showed him a pair of epaulets, which had been his to wear in some company elsewhere. They were made of fine material and had tinsel tassels springing out of a base shaped like a segment of a circle, which, fastened to the shoulder allowed them to fall over the edge. He seemed rather shamefaced about them, declaring he did not wish to be captain and was not qualified to act in that capacity. Father insisted that he should take the office and retain it for a time at least. This he did, but did not wear the epaulets very long and kindly gave the gaudy trifles to me. I kept them for many years until at last, through the ravages of time, they became tarnished and frayed, the silk separated from the metal, and they were not interesting or even respectable relics and went the usual way of such things.

This Cornelius P. Lott and family occupied the farm east of town until the break-up occurred. I became well acquainted with them all—his older son John, the daughters Melissa, Mary, Martha, and Alzina, and the little son, Peter. It was always pleasant to visit their place where everything was interesting to me and
everybody busy and kind. The old gentleman was a very strong man of sturdy build and medium height. He had a fine, very high-pitched voice which my memory connects with the following circumstance.

I was in the store where Father and a number of brethren were chatting in a friendly way, and was listening with boyish attention to what was going on. I was standing not far from the front door when Farmer Lott came in carrying in his hand his blacksnake whip. Hardly had he entered when Father said in a jolly tone:

"Here! I have thrown down pretty nearly everybody about the place except Brother Lott, and I believe I can throw him down, too!"

The old man stopped, swung his whip under his left arm and said, in his high, piping voice, "Well, my boy, if you'll take it catch-as-catch-can you can't throw old man Lott!"

So they all immediately piled out of the house into the open place west of the store where there was space to wrestle. They ran together several times, but the best Father could do was to get the old man down to his knees. I remember just how Father was dressed that day. He had on a white flannel coat and vest, and some soft gray trousers.

He gave up his efforts to throw the sturdy old fellow and much good-natured banter at his expense was indulged in as he gave up the struggle. In the midst of the jibes I heard the old man pipe out again, "I told you, my boy, that you couldn't throw old man Lott!"

Elder Lott's daughter, Melissa, was a tall, fine-looking woman with dark complexion, dark hair and eyes. She was a good singer, quite celebrated in a local way. I have heard her sing at parties and receptions in private homes, on the stage where theatrical performances were given, and on the political rostrum when William Henry Harrison was running for president.

One of the campaign ditties of the day, I remember, was written to the tune of "Old Rosin the Bow," and had words which insisted: "The lad that I give my fair hand to, Must vote for Old Tippecanoe."

Melissa Lott was one of the women to whom it was alleged my father was married. If this were true it certainly was not known to any of Father's family at the time he was living or after, and it is equally certain she never lived with him as his wife. She married Ira Willis, whom I knew well, a man-of-all-work about the premises where we lived. He was a pleasant-faced, soft-voiced, hardworking man who had come, I think from Yankee land. He used to get up early in the mornings, build the fires, and get the house warm. He always kept the wood-pile and wood-box supplied with fuel ready for use.

I used to watch him build the fire in the outside kitchen. He would rake open the ashes with which he had covered the brands in the fireplace the night before, put fresh fuel upon them, fan them into flame, and hang a teakettle on the cranehook over the blaze.

One cold morning after those proceedings I went outdoors to get some wood. As I picked up the axe at the wood-pile I
George D. Smith, An Intimate Chronicle; The Journals of William Clayton, p.107

[June 1, 1843. Thursday.] This day I have been at President Joseph's office all day, preparing papers for the settlement of the Lawrence business with Brothers Whiting and Richards...Evening Joseph rode in the carriage with Flora [Woodworth]. He let Lorin Walker 37(1) have a knowledge of some things.
Endnotes

1 (Popup)
Lorin Walker was the brother of Joseph Smith's plural wife, Lucy Walker.
Friday, 12.--This forenoon it appeared still more evident that the whole course of proceedings by Governor Carlin and others was illegal. After some consultation with Brother William Law, Emma concluded to dispatch a messenger with a letter to Lawyer Powers, of Keokuk, to request him to go to Burlington, Iowa Territory, and there see the governor of Iowa, and endeavor to ascertain whether Governor Reynolds had made any requisition on him for myself and Rockwell. William Walker proceeded to cross the river on my horse, "Joe Duncan," in sight of a number of persons—one chief design in this movement was to draw the attention of the sheriffs and public from all idea that I was on the Nauvoo side of the river.
I had sent a request to Emma to come to see me, and she concluded to start in the carriage, but while it was preparing, it attracted the attention of the sheriff who kept a close watch of all movements. To avoid suspicion, Emma walked to Sister Durphy's and waited the arrival of the carriage which passed of down the river with William Clayton and Lorin Walker, with raised curtains, receiving Emma by the way, without any discovery by the sheriff, when about four miles down the river, the carriage turned on the prairie and passing around the city, turned into the timber opposite Wiggan's farm, when Emma alighted and walked to Brother Sayers', and the carriage returned. I was in good spirits, although somewhat addicted in body, and was much rejoiced to meet my dear wife once more.
George D. Smith, An Intimate Chronicle; The Journals of William Clayton, p.114

[August 11, 1843. Friday ] A.M. To the Temple office. P.M. President Joseph came to my house and I went home with him [p.115] and took dinner with him. In our conversation about Judge [James] Adams Joseph made this remark "No man can put forth his hand to steady the ark but God and his servant Joseph."48(1) By the ark I understood him to mean this work and that no man could dictate and govern it but Jehovah and he whom God had appointed viz. his servant Joseph...Judge Adams died about 10 o'clock P.M. None of his family are here having only been sent for a few days and they are at Springfield. It is truly affliction to see the sickness which exists through the city and the loss of this man seems very grievous. He attended the polls on Monday last and was elected Probate Judge for this County but he is gone to receive his reward in the other world. Joseph told me to day that [William?] "Walker" had been speaking to him concerning my having taken M[argent] away from A[aron] and intimated that I had done wrong.49(2) I told him to be quiet and say no more about it. He also told me Emma was considerably displeased with it but says she will soon get over it. In the agony of mind which I have endured on this subject I said I was sorry I had done it, at which Joseph told me not to say so. I finally asked him if I had done wrong in what I had done. He answered no you have a right to get all you can.
Endnotes

1 (Popup)
According to the Old Testament, no one was permitted to touch the Ark of the Covenant, the vessel containing the Ten Commandments, except the Levite priests. When Uzza tried to steady the Ark as King David moved it, God became enraged and struck him dead (1 Chr. 13:7-10; 15:1-3).

2 (Popup)
William Walker, who was married to Aaron Farr's sister, Olive, was naturally concerned about his brother-in-law Aaron's happiness. Ironically, Walker became Clayton's brother-in-law when Clayton married Aaron Farr's sister, Diantha, on January 9, 1845.
Valeen Tippets Avery and Linda King Newell, BYU Studies, Vol. 19, No. 3, p.379
Lewis probably assisted Emma with the tangled legal matters she faced at the time. Two days before her marriage to Lewis, she deeded the Mansion House to Lorin Walker, who deeded it back on the same day. It was obviously an attempt to clear title. When Sarah Kimball charged that Emma had executed a marriage contract which secured to her all the property, the charge may have been true. But Sarah misunderstood the purpose. Lewis had a marriage contract with Mary Ann Douglas which relieved her of any responsibility for his debts. It would be in character for Lewis to provide the same security for Emma. It would also be in character for some Mormons to misunderstand it. Letters written within weeks of Emma’s marriage indicate the mood then prevalent among the Church leadership. John S. Fullmer advised Brigham Young:

Book Reviews; BYU Studies Vol. 33, No. 2, pg 342
I have several impressions after reading these two volumes. The first is a more immediate sense of the personality of Joseph Smith (although Jesse’s earlier volume, The Personal Writings of Joseph Smith, 6(2) gets one even closer to him). The Prophet’s energy appears in statements like this from an August 1842 letter to Emma: "Let Lorain [Lorin Walker] and brother [William] Clayton come along and bring all the writings and papers, books and histories, for we shall want a scribe in order that we may pour upon the world the truth like the Lava of Mount Vesuvius" (2:431). His love and sensitivity are apparent in his tributes to friends and family, such as: "Alvin my oldest brother, I remember well the pangs of sorrow that swelled my youthful bosom and almost burst my tender heart, when he died. He was the oldest, and the noblest of my fathers family. He was one of the noblest of the sons of men" (2:440).

Printed from the LDS Collectors Library ‘97
©1996 Infobase, Inc. All Rights Reserved.
9/29/98 — Page 1 — 7:13:17 AM
Endnotes

1 (Popup)
Deeds, Emma Smith to Lorrin Walker, Lorrin Walker to Emma Smith, 21 December 1847, RLDS.

2 (Popup)
Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.37
We will here give place to a very interesting and important contribution kindly furnished for these pages by Mrs. Lucy Walker Kimball, as follows:

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.37 - Pg.38

Lucy Walker Kimball was born April 30, 1826, town of Peacham, Caledonia County, Vermont. She was the daughter of John Walker and Lydia Holmes. Her father was born June 20, 1794, town of Woodbury, Connecticut. Her mother was born April 18, 1800, married April 18, 1819. Father was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ in 1832; mother, two years later. They left Vermont in 1834 for the west. They found a small branch of the Church in Ogdensburg, New York, some of Brother Kimball's first converts, preparing also to go west. My father was induced to remain with this branch until 1837. During the year 1835, the children who were eight years and upwards were baptized by Elder Abraham Palmer. They were full of faith, having been taught to pray by their parents, and received the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, and the signs followed them. Some spake in tongues, others prophesied; again others had the gift of faith to heal the sick, etc. One of this little band prophesied that before we reached our destination we would be surrounded by armed mobs with blackened faces, and would need much faith in God to endure the many persecutions and trials before us, and that some of our number would lay down their lives; others would see their brethren shot down before their very eyes. This was verified at the wholesale slaughter at Haun's Mill.
Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.44

Here allow me to say that our own father and mother could scarcely have done more or manifested greater solicitude for her recovery than did the Prophet and his wife Emma. They watched with us by her bedside and when all was over, accompanied us to her last resting place beside her mother. One after another were brought home until all the younger members of the family were there except the baby. Judge Adams and wife, of Springfield, Illinois, came to Nauvoo and desired one of the girls to live with them. We reluctantly consented for sister Jane to return with them, where she had a pleasant home until after their death, when she returned to Nauvoo.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.44 - Pg.45

My brother William married Miss Olive Hovey Farr, in the fall of 1843. They boarded at the mansion six months, then went to housekeeping and took the children with him. I begged the privilege of going with them! I thought it too great a task for his wife to assume so great a responsibility. The Prophet and his wife introduced us as their sons and daughters. Every privilege was accorded us in the home. Every pleasure within reach was ours. He often referred to Brother Lorin as his "Edwin." He was indeed his confidential and trusted friend. He was ever by his side; arm in arm they walked and conversed freely on various subjects. He was with him when he was arrested at Dixon by Wilson and Reynolds, who were determined to take him down the river into Missouri, but were foiled in this attempt. It was in this case "Uncle Billy" Rogers as he was familiarly called, made himself conspicuous in his defense, declared, with an oath, that they could not come there and kidnap a man and take him away in that manner. He said he would be d----d if Smith should not have fair play. They were forced to take him through the state by way of Nauvoo. Brother Lorin hurried on home, brought his favorite horse Charley, and met him on foot, weary and covered with dust. He warmly embraced him, mounted his horse, and rode into Nauvoo. As they drew near the city, the people turned out en mass to greet him. Brother Lorin went with him to Springfield to attend his trial, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing him acquitted.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.45

At the time he crossed the river and was actively making arrangements to go beyond the Rocky Mountains, he said, "I have the promise of life for five years, if I listen to the voice of the spirit." But when Emma and some of his brethren besought him to return, he said, "If my life is worth nothing to you, it is worth nothing to me." He well knew it was in the program that he must sacrifice his life for the principles God had revealed through him. Death had no terrors for him, although life was dear. I have often heard him say he expected to seal his testimony with his blood. He anticipated great joy in meeting his parents and friends beyond the grave. He believed that as soon as the spirit left the body, we were shaking hands with and greeting our friends.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.45 - Pg.46

He often referred to the feelings that should exist between husband and wives, that they, his wives, should be his bosom companions, the nearest and dearest objects on earth in every sense of the word. He said men must beware how they treat their wives. They were given them for a holy purpose that the myriads of spirits waiting for tabernacles might have pure and healthy bodies. He also said many would awake in the morning of the resurrection sadly disappointed; for they, by transgression, would have neither wives nor children, for they surely would be taken from them, and given to those who should prove themselves worthy. Again he said, a woman would
have her choice; this was a privilege that could not be denied her.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.46 - Pg.47

In the year 1842, President Joseph Smith sought an interview with me, and said: "I have a message for you. I have been commanded of God to take another wife, and you are the woman." My astonishment knew no bounds. This announcement was indeed a thunderbolt to me. He asked me if I believed him to be a prophet of God. "Most assuredly I do," I replied. He fully explained to me the principle of plural or celestial marriage. He said this principle was again to be restored for the benefit of the human family, that it would prove an everlasting blessing to my father's house, and form a chain that could never be broken, worlds without end. "What have you to say?" he asked. "Nothing." How could I speak, or what could I say? He said, "If you will pray sincerely for light and understanding in relation thereto, you shall receive a testimony of the correctness of this principle. I thought I prayed sincerely, but was so unwilling to consider the matter favorably that I fear I did not ask in faith for light. Gross darkness instead of light took possession of my mind. I was tempted and tortured beyond endurance until life was not desirable. Oh that the grave would kindly receive me, that I might find rest on the bosom of my dear mother. Why should I be chosen from among thy daughters, Father, I am only a child in years and experience, no mother to counsel, no father near to tell me what to do in this trying hour. Oh, let this bitter cup pass. And thus I prayed in the agony of my soul.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.47

The Prophet discerned my sorrow. He saw how unhappy I was, and sought an opportunity of again speaking to me on this subject, and said: "Although I cannot, under existing circumstances, acknowledge you as my wife, the time is near when we will go beyond the Rocky Mountains and then you will be acknowledged and honored as my wife." He also said, "This principle will yet be believed in and practiced by the righteous. I have no flattering words to offer. It is a command of God to you. I will give you until tomorrow to decide this matter. If you reject this message the gate will be closed forever against you."

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.47 - Pg.48

This aroused every drop of Scotch in my veins. For a few moments I stood fearless before him, and looked him in the eye. I felt at this moment that I was called to place myself upon the altar a living sacrifice—perhaps to brook the world in disgrace and incur the displeasure and contempt of my youthful companions; all my dreams of happiness blown to the four winds. This was too much, for as yet no shadow had crossed my path, aside from the death of my dear mother. The future to me had been one bright, cloudless day. I had been speechless, but at last found utterance and said: "Although you are a prophet of God you could not induce me to take a step of so great importance, unless I knew that God approved my course. I would rather die. I have tried to pray but received no comfort, no light, and emphatically forbid him speaking again to me on this subject. Every feeling of my soul revolted against it. Said I, "The same God who has sent this message is the Being I have worshipped from my early childhood and He must manifest His will to me." He walked across the room, returned and stood before me with the most beautiful expression of countenance, and said: "God Almighty bless you. You shall have a manifestation of the will of God concerning you; a testimony that you can never deny. I will tell you what it shall be. It shall be that joy and peace that you never knew."

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.48
Oh, how earnestly I prayed for these words to be fulfilled. It was near dawn after another sleepless night when my room was lighted up by a heavenly influence. To me it was, in comparison, like the brilliant sun bursting through the darkest cloud. The words of the Prophet were indeed fulfilled. My soul was filled with a calm, sweet peace that "I never knew." Supreme happiness took possession of me, and I received a powerful and irresistible testimony of the truth of plural marriage, which has been like an anchor to the soul through all the trials of life. I felt that I must go out into the morning air and give vent to the joy and gratitude that filled my soul. As I descended the stairs, President Smith opened the door below, took me by the hand and said:

"Thank God, you have the testimony. I too have prayed." He led me to a chair, placed his hands upon my head, and blessed me with every blessing my heart could possibly desire.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.48

The first day of May, 1843, I consented to become the Prophet's wife, and was sealed to him for time and all eternity, at his own house by Elder William Clayton.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.48 - Pg.49

Today I have but one regret, which is that I have not been a more worthy representative of the principle of plural marriage, and that I have not lived a more perfect life. I can also state that Emma Smith was present and did consent to Eliza and Emily Partridge, also Maria and Sarah Lawrence being sealed to her husband. This I had from the Prophet's own mouth; also the testimony of her niece, Hyrum Smith's eldest daughter, (my brother Lorin's wife), as well as that of the young ladies named themselves, with whom I was on most intimate terms, and was glad that they, too, had accepted that order of marriage. Instead of a feeling of jealousy, it was a source of comfort to me. We were as sisters to each other.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.49

In this I acted in accordance with the will of God, not for any worldly aggrandizement, not for the gratification of the flesh. How can it be said we accepted this principle for any lustful desires? Preposterous! This would be utterly impossible. But, as I said before, we accepted it to obey a command of God, to establish a principle that would benefit the human family and emancipate them from the degradation into which they, through their wicked customs, had fallen.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.49

In all this, God had in view a road marked out for me that I knew not, to struggle against the tide of opposition, prejudice and tradition, to aid in establishing a principle that would exalt mankind and bring them back into His presence. A tie has been formed that will guide me to the highest and most glorious destiny, if I continue to walk in the regeneration, which is the grand object of my life.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.49 - Pg.50

No one can possibly feel more deeply to regret than I do, the course taken by the sons of President Joseph Smith, knowing that they have been misinformed; that it is through prejudice, through yielding to popular opinion that they have been misled. They might heir their father's priesthood, if they would take proper steps and honor the principles revealed through him. Thus they might be called to occupy prominent positions in this dispensation, to aid in forwarding the great work of redemption and to seek to bring every honest soul of every nation to a knowledge of the gospel of the Son of God. O, that they had eyes to see and ears to hear the sound of the
gospel, and walk in the footsteps of their illustrious father, knowing as I do that he was the grandest personage that has stood upon the earth since the days of our Savior. O, that God would in His boundless mercy, His matchless charity, withdraw the curtain and let but one ray from His magnificent countenance shine upon them, that like Saul of Tarsus, they might turn to God and become his apostles in very deed. That they might also accept the many testimonies given by those whose lives have been pure and spotless, who have sought to aid in establishing eternal principles that will exalt the human race in the presence of God. How gladly we would have them in our midst, did they walk in the spirit of their father.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.50
They seem surprised that there was no issue from asserted plural marriages with their father. Could they but realize the hazardous life he lived, after that revelation was given, they would comprehend the reason. He was harassed and hounded and lived in constant fear of being betrayed by those who ought to have been true to him.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg. 50
Since 1845, I have been the wife of President Heber C. Kimball, by whom I have had nine children, five sons and four daughters, have lived in the same house with other members of his family, have loved them as dearly as my own sisters, until it became necessary, as our children began to grow up around us, to have separate homes. Every mother has her own mode of government, and as children grow in years, it is more pleasant to have them under the immediate dictation of their own mother. I can truthfully state, however, that there is less room for jealousy where wives live under the same roof. They become interested in each other's welfare; they love each other's children. Besides, in my experience, I find the children themselves love each other as dearly as the children of one mother. In sickness, it has been a pleasure to minister to those in need of assistance.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg. 50 - Pg. 51
I will say here, too, that it is a grand school. You learn self control, self denial; it brings out the nobler traits of our fallen natures, and teaches us to study and subdue self, while we become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of each other. There is a grand opportunity to improve ourselves, and the lessons learned in a few years, are worth the experience of a lifetime, for this reason, that you are better prepared to make a home happy. You can easily avoid many unpleasant features of domestic life that through inexperience you otherwise are unprepared to meet.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg. 51
The study of human nature is a grand study. I can only speak for myself in this regard. When I separated from others and went to a home with my own children, I placed many little safeguards around our home that experience had suggested, and my children grew into their teens without having heard an unkind word between their father and mother. When the father was there, everything was done necessary for his comfort. To make our home a pleasant one was the chief object of life. When absent I knew he was in good company and where he had a right to be. I stood in no fear from his associations with others, because I knew their purity of life. It is needless for me to say anything in regard to the life and character of President Heber C. Kimball. He lives in the hearts of the people called Latter-day Saints, and his acts and works are known abroad.
Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.51

As time passed on he seemed to appreciate more than ever his wives and growing children. His last words to me were that he had been agreeably disappointed in my course of life, had appreciated my example as a wife and as a mother, that none had excelled me in the home life. Wherever my lot had been cast, there he had found a place of peace and rest. "Let me now thank you kindly," he said, "for every kind word, for every kind act of your life, and when I am gone, which will not be but a short time, you shall be blessed and find friends." He went on to say that if he never spoke to me again, I might rest assured that I had his most sanguine good feelings, his unbounded love and esteem. "What can you tell Joseph when you meet him? Cannot you say that I have been kind to you as it was possible to be under the circumstances? I know you can, and am confident you will be as a mediator between me and Joseph, and never enjoy any blessing you would not wish Heber to share."

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.51 - Pg.52

These words were more precious to me than gold, as they were his last, with the addition of "I leave my peace and blessing with you. May the peace of Heber ever abide in your habitation."

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.52

I do not pen these facts thinking that others did not share equally in his esteem, as every woman carves her own niche in her husband's affections.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.52

Heber C. Kimball was a noble whole-souled son of God, and was as capable of loving more than one woman as God Himself is capable of loving all his creations.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.52

Sister Vilate Murrey Kimball, first wife of Heber Chase Kimball, was one of the noble women of earth. She was dearly beloved by his wives and children, as well as by all who intimately knew her. Too little has been said of her exemplary life. She was as a ministering angel to those in distress, ever ready to aid those who had not been so fortunate as herself in regard to the comforts of life. She never seemed so happy as while seeking to make others happy. Every year it was her custom to invite all the family to dine at her table, and insisted that it was her privilege to wait upon and make them happy and comfortable. In her last sickness, she expressed her regret that she could no longer have the pleasure of seeing the family together as she had been in the habit of doing. On one occasion when one of her old time associates was urging her to come often, as she had done in her former years, she answered, "You must excuse me, as our own family has grown so large that by the time I visit them all, I want to begin the rounds again." This shows the good feelings she cherished towards her husband's many wives and children. Too much cannot be said in praise of her example. In her demise, Zion lost one of her noblest daughters.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.52

Very sincerely, your sister in the gospel,

Lucy W. Kimball.

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.52 - Pg.53 - Pg.54
The above from the pen of Mrs. Kimball is written in an entertaining style. Her statements are all unequivocally straightforward and will convey to the reader the impression that she speaks of circumstances and facts wherein she was an actor. The writer was well and familiarly acquainted with her in the Nauvoo days, when she was Miss Lucy Walker, a blooming and vivacious young lady of fifteen or sixteen summers. She possessed a character above reproach and has ever been universally esteemed as an upright person, whose veracity has never been questioned upon any matter. With the relationship concerning which she speaks, between herself and President Joseph Smith, deceased, the writer became familiar during the residence of the Saints at Nauvoo and of course previous to the death of the Prophet. He then knew that a marriage existed between them, by a variety of circumstances not necessary to be enumerated here. If it were possible for a doubt ever to have existed, Mrs. Kimball's statement herein made, after the lapse of so many years—during which time the Prophet's mortal remains have reposed in the grave—would most effectually remove such doubts. We give it here to establish a fact—persistently controverted by some—in the history of the remarkable man who brought forth a faith which has indelibly marked the nineteenth century with a new religious era destined to revolutionize the opinions of the moral world, before mankind can be made to see the gospel eye to eye and travel together the straight and narrow path which alone leads to eternal life hereafter.

It is true that the restoration of the fullness of the gospel, through the agency of this remarkable man, has already engrafted upon the theories of many renowned theologians numberless ideas and views which they have gleaned from the doctrines given through him and from the sermons and writings of the various elders who have been prominent in advocating his doctrines. And there is one marked feature in all this. These theologians, as much as possible, reproduce these doctrines as being new with them, to make the world believe they possess a genius of mind fruitful in the origination of new ideas, far in advance of the age, which no brain but theirs has been powerful enough to grasp. Also, it would be too great a bending of the dignity of those learned divines to confess they found such grand ideas among the doctrines of a people which the combined efforts of the world cannot vanquish with argument, and hence persecution and defamatory subterfuges become the prolific missiles hurled against them by a union of the religious brotherhoods.
Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888)
Lyman Omer Littlefield, 1819-
Autobiography (1819-1848)
Source: Lyman Omer Littlefield, Reminiscences of Latter-day Saints (Logan, Utah: The Utah
Journal Co., 1888)

REMINISCENCES OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Chapter II

Lyman Littlefield Reminiscences (1888), Pg.26

Lyman Omer Littlefield, who has undertaken in this little volume to give publicity to many
incidents connected with the experience of the Saints, is the second son of Waldo Littlefield and
Mercy Higgins. His grandfather, Josiah Littlefield, fought through the war of 1812, for which
service he drew a pension during the latter years of his life. He is a native of the state of New
York, township of Verona, Oneida County, and first breathed the vital spark of life November 22,
1819. Counting up the years, it is easily determined that he is now nearing the "three score and
ten," which so frequently fixes the limit of human life.
OATH OF LUCY WALKER SMITH,
WIFE OF JOSEPH SMITH, JR.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
State of Utah,
County of Salt Lake.

LUCY WALKER SMITH, being first duly
sworn, saith:

I was a plural wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and was
married to him at Nauvoo in the State of Illinois, on the first
day of May, 1843, by Elder William Clayton. The Prophet was
then living with his first wife, Emma Smith, and I knew that
she gave her consent to the marriage of at least four women to
her husband as plural wives, and that she was well aware that he
associated and cohabited with them as wives. The names of
those women were, Eliza and Emily Partridge, and Maria and
Sarah Lawrence, all of whom knew that I too was his wife.

When the Prophet Joseph Smith first mentioned the principle
of plural marriage to me I felt indignant and so expressed my-
self to him, because my feelings and education were averse to
anything of that nature. But he assured me that this doctrine
had been revealed to him of the Lord, and that I was entitled
to receive a testimony of its divine origin for myself. He
counseled me to pray to the Lord, which I did, and thereupon,
received from Him a powerful and irresistible testimony of the
truthfulness and divinity of plural marriage, which testimony has
abided with me ever since.

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 24th day of October, 1852.

James Jack
Notary Public.
WAS JOSEPH SMITH, JR. A POLYGAMIST?

That he was a vigorous denier by the "Josephite" branch of the Mormon church. The "Brighamites" steadfastly maintained that he was. Joseph Smith, Seer of the "Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," and son of the founder of Mormonism, warmly contends that his father never had but one wife. But here's proof that proves.

Read the affidavit of Lucy Walker Smith on other side of this Leaflet.

CONFIRMATORY

The testimony of Edd. William Clayton confirms the above. He was "Temple recorder and private clerk of Joseph Smith, Jr., the Mormon Prophet." He had the care of the records, books, papers, etc. He was the confidential, right-hand man of the Mormon law.

He says: "On the 27th of April, 1841, the Prophet Joseph Smith married me to Margaret Moon for time and eternity at the residence of Eld. Heber C. Kimball.

"ON THE FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1841, I OPFICINATED IN THE OFFICE OF AN ELDER BY MARRYING LUCY WALKER TO THE PROPHET, JOSEPH, AT HIS OWN RESIDENCE.

"During this period the Prophet Joseph took several other wives, and amongst the number I well remember Emily Partridge, Sarah Ann Whitmer of Latter Day Saints, and Flora Woodworth. These all I acknowledge to be, or were lawfully wedded wives according to the Celestial order."

-MORMON PORTRAITS, Page 96.

Let the Josephite Elders hold and their editors rage. Here is a SWORN STATEMENT by the "Brigham" and the testimony of the "Prophet's" who performed the ceremony. Neither one of them could have been mistaken about this to which they testify. That they would deliberately and wilfully purvey themselves is not even to be, cannot be, entertained a moment as a thought. If any proposition on earth can be established, that Joseph Smith, Jr., had a plurality of wives in the one. The testimony of the minister and bride cannot be denied.

SWORN TESTIMONY

"I hereby certify that Hyrum Smith did, in his office, read to me a certain written document, which he said was a revelation from God, he said that he was with Joseph when it was received. He afterwards gave me the document to read, and I took it to my house, and read it, and showed it to my wife, and returned it the next day. The revelation (so called) authorized certain men to have more wives than one at a time. This work in the world and in the world to come. It said this was the LAW and commanded Joseph to enter into the LAW. And also that he should administer to others. Several other items were in the revelation, supporting the above doctrines." WM. LAW.

STATE OF ILLINOIS

I, Robert D. Foster, County Judge of Rock County, certify that the above certificate was sworn to before me, as true in substance, this fourth day of May, A. D. 1844.

Robert D. Foster, J. P.

Our second witness is a married woman and testifies to the same facts as her husband, WM. LAW.

"I certify that I read the revelation referred to in the above affidavit of my husband, it sustained in strong terms the doctrine of more wives than one at a time in this world, and in the next, is authorized some to have to the number of ten, and set forth that those wives who would not allow their husbands to have more wives than one should be under condemnation before God." Jane Law.

Sworn and subscribed before me this fourth day of May, A. D. 1844.

Robert D. Foster, J. P.

SWORN TESTIMONY

"We, Ebenzer Robinson and Angeline Robinson, husband and wife, hereby certify that in the fall of 1843 Hyrum Smith, brother of Joseph Smith, came to our house at Nauvoo, Illinois, and taught us the doctrine of Polygamy. And I, the said Ebenzer Robinson, hereby further state that he gave me special instruction how I could manage the matter so as not to have it known to the public. He also told us that while he had heretofore opposed the doctrine, he was wrong and his brother Joseph was right, referring to his teaching it.

Ebenzer Robinson.

Angeline E. Robinson.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of December, 1873. J. M. Naible.

[Signature] 1873. December 26th.

Twelve years later Mr. Robinson testifies again more elaborately, but still under oath.

"To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that in the latter part of November or in December, 1843, Hyrum Smith (brother of Joseph Smith, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints) came to my house in Nauvoo, Illinois, and taught me the doctrine of spiritual wives or Polygamy.

He said he heard the voice of the Lord give the revelation on Spiritual Wives (polygamy) to his brother Joseph, and that while he had heretofore opposed the doctrine, he was wrong, and his brother Joseph was right all the time.

"He told me to make a selection of some young woman and I would send her to me, and take her to my house, and if she should have an heir, to give out word that she had a husband who had gone on a mission to a foreign country. He seemed to disappear when I declined to do so." [Handwritten note: 370, 371. E. Robinson.

DAViS CITY, IOWA.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public in and for Decatur County, Iowa, this 25th day of October, A. D. 1855.

[Signature] 1855.

E. R. Garley,

Notary Public.

We know where the originals of these two last statements are.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SWORD OF LABAN

A monthly sheet wholly devoted to the suppression of Mormonism. The only paper in the world devoted to battling the issue.

Address R. B. Neal, Editor, Pikesville, Ky., $1.00 per year.
OATH OF LUCY WALKER SMITH,
WIFE OF JOSEPH SMITH, JR.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

State of Utah
County of Salt Lake.

LUCY WALKER SMITH, being first duly
sworn, says:

I was a plural wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and was
married to him at Nauvoo in the State of Illinois, on the first
day of May, 1843, by Elder William Clayton. The Prophet was
then living with his first wife, Emma Smith, and I know that
she gave her consent to the marriage of at least four women to
her husband as plural wives, and that she was well aware that he
associated and cohabited with them as wives. The names of
those women were, Eliza and Emily Partridge, and Naria and
Sarah Lawrence, all of whom knew that I too was his wife.

When the Prophet Joseph Smith first mentioned the principle
of plural marriage to me I felt indignant and so expressed my-
self to him, because my feelings and education were averse to
anything of that nature. But he assured me that this doctrine
had been revealed to him of the Lord, and that I was entitled
to receive a testimony of its divine origin for myself. He
counseled me to pray to the Lord, which I did, and thereupon
received from Him a powerful and irresistible testimony of the
truthfulness and divinity of plural marriage, which testimony has
abided with me ever since.

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 28th day of October, 1902.

[Signature]
Notary Public.

Send 10 cents for 18 two page leaflets and a copy of Cowdery's Defense a tract
that retails for one dime.

Address R. B. Neal, Pikeville, Ky.
that the Lord would open the way, and I should have women sealed to me as wives. This conversation was prolonged, I think one hour or more, in which he told me men important things.

I solemnly declare before God and holy angels, and as I hope to come forth in the morning of the resurrection, that the above statement is true.

Territory of Utah, 44
Box Elder County.

Personally came before me J. C. Wright, Clerk of the
County and Probate Courts in and for the County and Terri-
tory aforesaid, Lorenzo Snow, and who being duly sworn de-
poses and says that the foregoing statement by him subscribed
is true of his own certain knowledge.

Witness my hand and seal of Court, at my office in Brigham
City, Box Elder County, Utah Territory, this 28th day of Au-
gust, A.D. 1869.

[Seal.]

J. C. Wright, Clerk.

AFFIDAVIT OF LUCY WALKER

United States of America,
State of Utah.
County of Salt Lake.

Lucy Walker Smith Kimball, being first duly sworn, says:

I was a plural wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and was
married for time and eternity to him in Nauvoo, State of Illinois, on
the first day of May, 1843, by Elder William Clayton. The
Prophet was then living with his first wife, Emma Smith, and
I know that she gave her consent, to the marriage of at least
four women to her husband as plural wives, and she was well
aware that he associated and cohabited with them as wives.
The names of these women are Eliza and Emily Partridge, and
Maria and Sarah Lawrence, all of whom knew that I too was
his wife.

When the Prophet Joseph Smith mentioned the principle
of plural marriage to me I felt indignant, and so expressed my-
self to him, because my feelings and education were averse to
anything of that nature. But he assured me that this doc-

time had been revealed to him of the Lord, and that I was en-
titled to receive a testimony of its divine origin for myself. He
consoled me to pray to the Lord, which I did, and thereupon
received from Him a powerful and irresistible testimony of the
truthfulness and divinity of plural marriage, which testimony
has abided with me ever since.

On the 8th day of February, 1846, I was married for time
to President Heber C. Kimball, and bore to him nine children.
And in this connection allow me to say to his everlasting credit
that during the whole of my married life with him he never
failed to regard me as the wife for eternity of his devoted friend,
the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Lucy Walker Smith Kimball.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 17th day of De-
cember, 1902.
James Jack, Notary Public.

AFFIDAVIT OF CATHERINE PHILLIPS SMITH

United States of America,
State of Utah.
County of Salt Lake.

Catherine Phillips Smith, being first sworn, says:

I am the daughter of Thomas Denner and Sarah Godshall
Phillips, and was born in Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania,

*Some time during the month of September four members of the
Reorganized Church called on Catherine Phillips Smith at her home in
East Jordan, with the object in view of having her deny her testimony
regarding her marriage to the Patriarch Hyrum Smith, which she reso-
nutely refused to do.

In a statement given on September 24th, two days before her death,
she said: "They tried to get me to tell a lie and deny that I was mar-
rried to the Patriarch Hyrum Smith; but I would not do it. I never have
lied and will not now; my affidavit is true. They asked me if my mother
knew of my marriage, and I told them that the Patriarch asked my
mother if she was willing for him to marry her daughter, and she said
he could ask the daughter, and she could do as she pleased. I told them
that the Prophet Joseph sealed me to the Patriarch Hyrum Smith as his wife
for time and all eternity, and they tried to get me to deny it, and I
would not do it, for it is true. I told them the truth. They annoyed me
very much, and I finally told them to leave my house and never enter it
again."
AFFIDAVIT OF LUCY WALKER SMITH.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
State of Utah,
County of Salt Lake.

Lucy Walker Smith Kimball, being first duly sworn, says:
I was a plural wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and was married for time and eternity in Nauvoo, State of Illinois, on the first day of May, 1843, by Elder William Clayton. [See his affidavit, Chapter IV.] The Prophet was then living with his first wife, Emma Smith, and I know that she gave her consent to the marriage of at least four women to her husband as plural wives, and she was well aware that he associated and cohabited with them as wives. The names of these women are Eliza and Emily Partridge, and Maria and Sarah Lawrence, all of whom knew that I too was his wife.

When the Prophet Joseph Smith mentioned the principle of plural marriage to me I felt indignant, and so expressed myself to him, because my feelings and education were averse to anything of that nature. But he assured me that this doctrine had been revealed to him of the Lord, and that I was entitled to receive a testimony of its divine origin for myself. He counseled me to pray to the Lord, which I did, and thereupon received from Him a powerful and irresistible testimony of the truthfulness and divinity of plural marriage, which testimony has abided with me ever since.

On the 8th day of February, 1845, I was married for time to President Heber C. Kimball, and bore to him nine children. And in this connection allow me to say to his everlasting credit that during the whole of my married life with him he never failed to regard me as the wife for eternity of his devoted friend, the Prophet Joseph Smith.

LUCY WALKER SMITH KIMBALL.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 17th day of December, 1902.

JAMES JACK, Notary Public.

(Seal.)

(10)
REMINISCENCES

OF

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF MUCH INDIVIDUAL SUFFERING
ENDURED FOR RELIGIOUS CONSCIENCE.

BY LYMAN OMER LITTLEFIELD,

Author of "The Martyrs."

LOGAN, UTAH:
THE UTAH JOURNAL Co., PRINTERS.
OCTOBER, 1888.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
LIBRARY-ARCHIVES
KIDS ADIY2201 - E0X 105
64551
fort us by saying two years would soon pass away, then with renewed health he hoped to return and make us a home where we might be together again. Soon after he left, my sister Lydia, aged 8 years and 11 months, was attacked with brain fever. We had visited her several times and found that all that was done did not relieve her sufferings, and when we told the Prophet how very sick she was he told the boys to put a bed in the carriage and he went with them. Told the family that they must excuse him, but he was under the greatest obligation to look after her welfare and had come to take her to his own house where he could see to her himself. He took her in his arms from the carriage and baptized her in the Mississippi River; but in a few days she too passed away. Everything that could be done was done. But she was to join her dear mother in the spirit world, and we were left more lonely than before. Here allow me to say that our own father and mother could scarcely have done more or manifested greater solicitude for her recovery than did the Prophet and his wife Emma. They watched with us by her bedside and when all was over accompanied us to her last resting place beside her mother. One after another were brought home until all the younger members of the family were there except the baby. Judge Adams and wife, of Springfield, Ill., came to Nauvoo and desired one of the girls to live with them. We reluctantly consented for sister Jane to return with them, where she had a pleasant home until after their death, when she returned to Nauvoo. My brother William married Miss Olive Hovey Farr, in the fall of 1843. They boarded at the Mansion six months, then went to housekeeping and took the children with him. They begged the privilege of going with them! I thought it too great a task for his wife to assume so great a responsibility. The Prophet and his wife introduced us as their sons and daughters. Every privilege was accorded us in the home. Every pleasure within reach was ours. He often referred to Bro. Lorin as his "Edwin." He was indeed his confidential and trusted friend. He was ever by his side; arm in arm they walked and conversed freely on various subjects. He was with him when he was arrested at Dixon by Wilson and Reynolds, who were determined to take him down the river into Missouri, but were foiled in this attempt. It was in this case "Uncle Billy" Rogers as he was familiarly called, made himself conspicuous in his defense; declared, with an oath, that they could not come there and kidnap a man and take him away in that manner. Said he would be d—if Smith shoul'd not have fair play. They were forced to take him through the state by way of Nauvoo. Bro. Lorin hurried on home, brought his favorite horse Charley, and met him on foot, weary and covered with dust. He warmly embraced him, mounted his horse, and rode into Nauvoo. As they drew near the city the people turned out en masse to greet him. Bro. Lorin went with him to Springfield to attend his trial, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing him acquitted.

At the time he crossed the river and was actively making arrangements to go beyond the Rocky Mountains, he said, "I have the promise of life for five years, if I listen to the voice of the spirit." But when Emma and some of his brethren besought him to return, he said, "If my life is worth nothing to you it is worth nothing to me." He well knew it was in the program that he must sacrifice his life for the principles God had revealed through him. Death had no terror for him, although life was dear. I have often heard him say he expected to seal his testimony with his blood. He anticipated great joy in meeting his parents and friends beyond the grave. He believed that as soon as the spirit left the body we were shaking hands with and greeting our friends.

He often referred to the feelings that should exist between husband and wives, that they, his wives, should be his bosom companions, the nearest and dearest objects
on earth in every sense of the word. He said men must beware how they treat their wives. They were given them for a holy purpose that the myriads of spirits waiting for tabernacles might have pure and healthy bodies. He also said many would awake in the morning of the resurrection sadly disappointed; for they, by transgression, would have neither wives nor children, for they surely would be taken from them, and given to those who should prove themselves worthy. Again he said, a woman would have her choice; this was a privilege that could not be denied her.

In the year 1842 President Joseph Smith sought an interview with me, and said: "I have a message for you. I have been commanded of God to take another wife, and you are the woman." My astonishment knew no bounds. This announcement was indeed a thunderbolt to me. He asked me if I believed him to be a prophet of God. "Most assuredly I do," I replied. He fully explained to me the principle of plural or celestial marriage. Said this principle was again to be restored for the benefit of the human family. That it would prove an everlasting blessing to my father's house, and form a chain that could never be broken, worlds without end. "What have you to say?" he asked, "Nothing," How could I speak, or what could I say?" He said, "If you will pray sincerely for light and understanding in relation thereto, you shall receive a testimony of the correctness of this principle. I thought I prayed sincerely, but was so unwilling to consider the matter favorably that I fear I did not ask in faith for light. Gross darkness instead of light took possession of my mind. I was tempted and tortured beyond endurance until life was not desirable. Oh that the grave would kindly receive me, that I might find rest on the bosom of my dear mother. Why should I be chosen from among Thy daughters, Father, I am only a child in years and experience. No mother to counsel; no fath-

er near to tell me what to do in this trying hour. Oh, let this bitter cup pass. And thus I prayed in the agony of my soul.

The Prophet discerned my sorrow. He saw how unhappy I was, and sought an opportunity of again speaking to me on this subject, and said: "Although I cannot, under existing circumstances, acknowledge you as my wife, the time is near when we will go beyond the Rocky Mountains and then you will be acknowledged and honored as my wife." He also said, "this principle will yet be believed in and practised by the righteous. I have no flattering words to offer. It is a command of God to you. I will give you until to-morrow to decide this matter. If you reject this message the gate will be closed forever against you."

This aroused every drop of Scotch in my veins. For a few moments I stood fearless before him, and looked him in the eye. I felt at this moment that I was called to place myself upon the altar a living sacrifice—perhaps to book the world in disgrace and incur the displeasure and contempt of my youthful companions; all my dreams of happiness blown to the four winds. This was too much, for as yet no shadow had crossed my path, aside from the death of my dear mother. The future to me had been one bright, cloudless day. I had been speechless, but at last found utterance and said: "Although you are a prophet of God you could not induce me to take a step of so great importance, unless I knew that God approved my course. I would rather die. I have tried to pray but received no comfort, no light," and emphatically forbid him speaking again to me on this subject. Every feeling of my soul revolted against it. I said I, "The same God who has sent this message is the Being I have worshipped from my early childhood and He must manifest His will to me." He walked across the room, returned and stood before me with the most beautiful expression of countenance, and said: "God Al-
magnificent blessing. You shall have a manifestation of the will of God concerning you; a testimony that you can never deny. I will tell you what it shall be. It shall be that joy and peace that you never knew."

Oh, how earnestly I prayed for these words to be fulfilled. It was near dawn after another sleepless night when my room was lighted up by a heavenly influence. To me it was, in comparison, like the brilliant sun bursting through the darkest cloud. The words of the Prophet were indeed fulfilled. My soul was filled with a calm, sweet peace that I never knew. Supreme happiness took possession of me, and I received a powerful and irresistible testimony of the truth of plural marriage, which has been like an anchor to the soul through all the trials of life. I felt that I must go out into the morning air and give vent to the joy and gratitude that filled my soul. As I descended the stairs, Pres. Smith opened the door below, took me by the hand and said: "Thank God, you have the testimony. I too, have prayed." He led me to a chair, placed his hands upon my head, and blessed me with every blessing my heart could possibly desire.

The first day of May, 1843, I consented to become the Prophet's wife, and was sealed to him for time and all eternity, at his own house by Elder Wm. Clayton.

To-day I have but one regret, which is that I have not been a more worthy representative of the principle of plural marriage, and that I have not lived a more perfect life. I can also state that Emma Smith was present and did consent to Eliza and Emily Partridge, also Maria and Sarah Lawrence being sealed to her husband. This I had from the Prophet's own mouth; also the testimony of her niece, Hyrum Smith's oldest daughter, (my brother Lorin's wife), as well as that of the young ladies named themselves, with whom I was on most intimate terms, and was glad that they, too, had accepted that order of marriage. Instead of a feeling of jealousy,
Tarsus, they might turn to God and become his apostles in very deed. That they might also accept the many testimonies given by those whose lives have been pure and spotless, who have sought to aid in establishing eternal principles that will exalt the human race in the presence of God. How gladly we would have them in our midst, did they walk in the spirit of their father.

They seem surprised that there was no issue from asserted plural marriages with their father. Could they but realize the hazardous life he lived, after that revelation was given, they would comprehend the reason. He was harassed and hounded and lived in constant fear of being betrayed by those who ought to have been true to him.

Since 1845, I have been the wife of President Heber C. Kimball, by whom I have had nine children, five sons and four daughters; have lived in the same house with other members of his family; have loved them as dearly as my own sisters, until it became necessary, as our children began to grow up around us, to have separate homes. Every mother has her own mode of government, and as children grow in years, it is more pleasant to have them under the immediate dictates of their own mother. I can truthfully state, however, that there is less room for jealousy where wives live under the same roof. They become interested in each other's welfare; they love each other's children; besides, in my experience, I find the children themselves love each other as dearly as the children of one mother.

In sickness, it has been a pleasure to minister to those in need of assistance. I will say here, too, that it is a grand school. You learn self-control, self-denial; it brings out the nobler traits of our fallen natures, and teaches us to study and subdue self, while we become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of each other. There is a grand opportunity to improve ourselves, and the lessons learned in a few years, are worth the experience of a lifetime, for this reason, that you are better prepared to make a home happy. You can easily avoid many unpleasant features of domestic life that through inexperience you otherwise are unprepared to meet.

The study of human nature is a grand study. I can only speak for myself in this regard. When I separated from others and went to a home with my own children I placed many little safeguards around our home that experience had suggested, and my children grew into their teens without having heard an unkind word between their father and mother. When the father was there everything was done necessary for his comfort. To make our home a pleasant one, was the chief object of life. When absent I knew he was in good company and where he had a right to be. I stood in no fear from his associations with others, because I knew their purity of life. It is needless for me to say anything in regard to the life and character of President H. C. Kimball. He lives in the hearts of the people called Latter-day Saints, and his acts and works are known afar.

As time passed on he seemed to appreciate more than ever his wife and growing children. His last words to me were that he had been agreeably disappointed in my course of life; had appreciated my example as a wife and as a mother; that none had excelled me in the home life. Wherever my lot had been cast, there he had found a place of peace and rest. "Let me now thank you kindly," he said, "for every kind word, for every kind act of your life, and when I am gone, which will not be but a short time, you shall be blessed and find friends." He went on to say that if he never spoke to me again, I might rest assured that I had his most sanguine good feelings; his unbounded love and esteem. "What can you tell Joseph when you meet him? Cannot you say that I have been kind to you as it was possible to be under the circumstances?" I know you can, and am confident you will be as a mediator between me and Joseph, and never enjoy any blessing you would not wish Heber to share."

These words were more precious to me than gold, as
they were his last, with the addition of "I leave my peace and blessing with you. May the peace of Heber ever abide in your habitation."

I do not pen these facts thinking that others did not share equally in his esteem; as every woman earns her own niche in her husband's affections. Heber C. Kimball was a noble whole-souled son of God, and was as capable of loving more than one woman as God Himself is capable of loving all his creations.

Sister Vilate Murray Kimball, first wife of Heber Chaee Kimball, was one of the noble women of earth. She was dearly beloved by his wives and children, as well as by all who intimately knew her. Too little has been said of her exemplary life. She was as a ministering angel to those in distress, ever ready to aid those who had not been so fortunate as herself in regard to the comforts of life. She never seemed so happy as while seeking to make others happy. Every year it was her custom to invite all the family to dine at her table, and insisted that it was her privilege to wait upon and make them happy and comfortable. In her last sickness she expressed her regret that she could no longer have the pleasure of seeing the family together as she had been in the habit of doing. On one occasion when one of her old time associates was urging her to come often, as she had done in former years, she answered, "You must excuse me, as our own family has grown so large that by the time I visit them all, I want to begin the round again." This shows the good feelings she cherished towards her husband's many wives and children. Too much cannot be said in praise of her example. In her demise, Zion lost one of her noblest daughters.

Very sincerely, your Sister in the Gospel,
Lucy W. Kimball.