

*Lamonde & Viva
Carter Family*



Dedicated to Lamonde and Viva Carter:

"They are our inspiration.
We give them our eternal thanks."

Milo Devere Carter, October 27, 2001

Pedigree charts might not be genealogically accurate but represent how the household wishes to be represented. Data is accurate as of October 2001. Sentence construction and punctuation left as documented by the original source.

Publication date: October 2005

Table of Contents

Pedigree Chart	6
History of Zerah Pulsipher	8
Zera Pulsipher's Sermon	44
History of Mary Brown Pulsipher	46
History of William Pulsipher	60
History of Esther Chidester & William Pulsipher Family	77
Patriarchal Blessing of William Albert Beebe	92
Patriarchal Blessing of Louisa Beebe	96
History of Sarah Alice Beebe Clements Jones	100
History of Dominicus Carter	107
History of Dominicus Carter (A Veteran Gone)	112
History of Alma Miner & Eunice Pulsipher Carter Family	114
History of Eunice Pulsipher	120
Lamonde & Viva Family Timeline	128
A Brief History of the Lamonde Lial & Viva Jones Carter Family	129
A Brief History of Lamonde Lial Carter	131
Lamonde Lial Carter Experience Overseas January 1919	141
A Brief History of Viva Jones Carter	147
A Poem about the Christ Child	160
Viva Carter	162
Memories of Lamonde Carter	165
Lamonde Lial & Viva Jones Carter family pictures	187
Milo DeVere & Amy Ralphs Carter	242
Joseph Stirling & Simone Beatrice Hebert Carter	262
Wilburn Lamonde & Evelyn Bodle Jerome Carter	276
John Lial & Bonnie Shields Carter	318
Wenona Carter Hann Gray	346
Lucile Carter	358
Ferl Carter Humpherys & Keith Stratford Humpherys	360
Wilson Clive & Kathy Doak Carter	376
Marlene Carter Armstrong & Milton Conner Armstrong	408
Leta Carter Christie & James Victor Christie	422
Bernard Greg Carter	446
James Evan & Peggy Irene Keast Carter	448
Marvin Brail & Mari Jo Hixon Carter	480
Gary Arnold & Loretta Woolsey Carter	492

Pedigree Chart



History of Zerah Pulsipher

As written by himself and found in an old trunk where he kept his papers. Sentence construction and punctuation left as he wrote it.

I was born June 24, 1789, the name of my parents were John and Elizabeth Pulsipher, my grandfather whose name was David Pulsipher was supposed to be a descendent from Ireland. I have not much knowledge of his ancestors. He brought up a family in Connecticut New England. In the year 1769 he came to a new state called Vermont, went up the Connecticut River to Bel-



low Falls. Went five miles back to a place afterwards called Rockingham, an entire wilderness country, where seldom a blow had been struck by a white man. There he selected and obtained 500 acres of land and proficed or predicted things that would take place in years to come, which was the site for a meeting house, burying ground back of it and a town site where water power was erected.

He cleared some land, built a "Public House" or "Tavern". He helped establish a settlement and converted the

wilderness into a fruitful field. This is where I was born. But when the Revolutionary War commenced my father was very young and being away from home one day he heard that the British Army had destroyed some military stores at Concord, Hew Hampshire, and being fired with indignation he sought for a recruiting officer and enlisted for one campaign. When he returned home and informed his father of the circumstances, the old gentlemen told him that he was too young and that he would enlist and go with him. Accordingly he did, and they both went to Boston, Massachusetts. In the memorable Battle of Bunker Hill, the 17th of June 1775, there they stood side by side and fought with about 13 Americans against 3000 of the British for about two hours. When the enemy, after firing Charleston and wending around under the smoke, had nearly surrounded that wing of their own army, when they saw but a small gap to retreat through which was then continually plowing the ground with balls from the shipping. But while they were going out, my grandfather saw one of our men wounded and crawling away on his hands and knees. In the meantime a British soldier ran him through with a bayonet, being filled with indignation at such rank breach of the laws of all civilized nations he immediately stopped, amid scenes of death and carnage, loaded his gun and shot that man down before he left the ground and then obtained a safe retreat. I speak of this to let my posterity know that our ancestors were clothed with that steady unshaken determination in time of the most

imminent dangers that are incident to human life.

In a few weeks after this my grandfather died with cramp rheumatism in his breast, (no doubt heart ailment). My father served his time out and returned home and attended to the cares of a family, married Elizabeth Dutton and raised a family of seven sons and three daughters.

My oldest brother's name was Oliver, who raised a large family in the state of New York on Lake Ontario. The second was David, who raised a family, living with my father in Vermont, where he died. John also married, but had no children. Solomon married and died in the war of 1812, with England – without child. I am the next, have raised a large family. Elijah has raised a family. Arunah the seventh has a family. My oldest sister Elizabeth married and raised a family by a man named Lloyd (Lord) E. Archer. Polly, my second sister, married a man by the name of Dexter Newton, raised a family in the state of New Hampshire. My sister Sybbel, married a man by the name of Abram Newbury and lives in the State of Iowa.

My father was absolute in his family government, kind and affectionate to all his friends. His common practice was to make a feast once in a year and invite some of the poorest people that were in the town and seemed to take pleasure in their company. I lived with him twenty-five years and never knew him to turn a beggar away empty.

He lived to the age of seventy-eight and my mother to eighty-six.

But to return to my own history – when I was but a child I frequently had serious reflections but never prayed. When I was a small boy my father was taken sick for some time I was not much concerned, 'til I heard some of the neighbors say that Mr. Pulsipher must die. This put me to thinking that if my father should die that a large family of small children would be left without a head to the open winter subject to many disasters that were incident to human life. I could not bear the thought. An impression immediately came to me that I must go to the barn and there pray for his recovery. I turned and ran as fast as I could and when I got there I was about to bow down when something informed me that if I did I should die there and never return, which scared me so that I turned and ran back as fast as my legs would carry me. But my Father in Heaven took the will for the deed and restored my father to health.

Nothing of important nature happened for a number of years till I think I was about fourteen or fifteen years of age. When one evening as I was sitting by the fireside in my father's kitchen alone, a sudden influence overpowered my mind to such an extent that I lost sight of everything on earth for some time, I never knew how long. Suffice it to say, that it was necessary that more preparation should be made before I should be willing to pass the

Vale (sic) of Death. Though I could not be reconciled to souls left in Hell fire to all Eternity as I had been taught by the Sectarians, still there were some things that the Sects said that appeared reasonable, I have often heard my father say that the Signs of Christ's second coming was often seen and that he would come before many years should pass away. And if he did not live to see it, likely his children would.

However, when I was about twenty one I married a very agreeable companion, lived with her about one year when she died leaving one child which we named Harriet. After the death of my wife (Polly or Mary Randell) I had some anxiety about her state and condition, consequently in answer to my desires in a few weeks she came to me in vision and appearing natural looked pleasant as she ever did and sat by my side and assisted me in singing a hymn – beginning thus: “That glorious day is drawing nigh when Zions Light Shall Shine.” This she did with a seeming composure. This vision took away all the anxiety of my mind concerning her in as much as she seemed to enjoy herself well. This hymn which she introduced and sang with me applied to the great work of the Last Dispensation of the Fullness of Times. This transpired about ten years before Joseph Smith had discovered the first revelation of the work of the last days. My mind became calm as respecting her condition in the spirit world.

In the year 1814 I hired a farm at Bellow Falls on the Connecticut River and being alone gave my brother John the privilege to work it with me. In the fall of that season there were the most extraordinary Northern Lights that I had ever saw, it was the cause of many speculative notions among the people, but my father said it was the signs of the last days and of Christ's second coming. I regarded my father's remarks as specimens of good sense.

I soon wound up my business in that country and went to Pennsylvania, in Susquahannah (sic) County. A new country where there were much good timber. I built a mill, cleared a farm and married a wife by the name of Mary Brown. A very agreeable companion by whom I have a large family of kind children. I stayed in that country about eight years and labored very hard rafting on the Susquahannah (sic) River, and many times my life was much exposed but I stayed in that country about eight years and removed to Oneadago County in the state of New York. I then lost my only son by the fall of a tree which caused much grief to me in that place.

I had many agreeable friends and good society there. I bought a farm and built a mill. I also built a meeting house for the Baptist Church which I was then associated with. In the summer of 1831 I heard a Minister say that an ancient record or Golden Bible in Manchester near Palmyra which remark struck me like a shock of electricity at the same

time though it might be something that would give light to my mind upon principles that I had been thinking of for years and many times I had remarked that if the pure church with its gifts and graces was not on the earth, if so I had not found it. But I should be happy enough to find it in my day.

I embraced it accordingly in the fall of 1831 there was a Book of Mormon brought into town I succeeded in getting it I directly read it through twice gave it a thorough investigation and believe it was true and the winter following Jerod Carter came that way from a mission to Vermont or Lake George. As soon as he came into town I, with two Methodist Preachers went to see him after a reasonable introduction I questioned him upon the principles of the ancient gospel with all its gifts belonging to it. I asked him if he believed it, he answered in the affirmative. I asked him if he had ever laid hands on the sick and they had recovered. Yes, he said, he had in many instances.

He preached the following evening to a crowded congregation, held up the Book of Mormon and declared it to be a revelation from God. I could not gain-say anything he had said, he sat down and gave liberty for remarks, the congregation seemed to be in a maze not knowing what to think of what they had heard. I arose and said to the congregation that we had been hearing strange things and if true they were of the utmost importance to us. If not true

it was one of the greatest impositions and as the preacher had said that he had got his knowledge from heaven and was nothing but a man and I the same, that I had just as good a right to obtain that blessing as he, therefore I was determined to have that knowledge for myself which I considered it my privilege, from that time I make it a matter of fervent prayer.

I think about the seventh day as I was thrashing in my barn with door shut, all at once there seemed to be a ray of light from heaven which caused me to stop work for a short time, but soon began it again. Then in a few minutes another light came over my head which caused me to look up. I thought I saw the Angels with the Book of Mormon in their hands in the attitude of showing it to me and saying “this is the great revelation of the last days in which all things spoken of by the prophets must be fulfilled.” The vision was so open and plain that I began to rejoice exceedingly so that I walked the length of my barn crying “Glory Hall-la-lu-ya to the God and the Lamb forever.”

For some time it seemed a little difficult to keep my mind in a proper state of reasonable order, I was so filled with the joys of heaven. But when my mind became calm I called the church together, (Note: he was their minister) and informed them of what I had seen. I told them of my determination to join the Church of Latter-Day Saints, which I did and a large body of my church went with

me. I was ordained to the office of an Elder and went to preaching with considerable success at home and abroad. I had the privilege of baptizing Wilford Woodruff on the 31st of December, 1833, in Richland, New York.

At length there came one or two Elders there with enthusiastic spirits which led the church into diversion which caused me a journey of 325 miles to get council to settle difficulty. I remained in that part preaching in regions around and had the privilege of baptizing many into the kingdom till the spring of 1835, in which I gathered up the remnants of that church and went to Kirtland. There I assisted in the building of the Temple; in the winter of 1836 I received my first endowment in that house, with about 300 Elders.

I labored to support my family and in the fall of 1837, I went to Canada on a mission, raised a branch of 29 members. I returned January 29, 1838, to Kirtland. I was ordained to the Council of First Presidency of Seventies. (Note: I took a mission south of Susquahannah (sic) and Delaware Rivers, preached considerable, established a branch with some persecution. One day I stopped my carriage at the hitching post before a large house, where I saw a number of women looking out of the window. They were entire strangers too, as I had never seen them before. One woman met me at the door, called me brother, and said she had a vision she saw a Mormon Elder drive up to

the yard, observe the horse and carriage and person, and as soon as she saw me she knew I was the one. We called a meeting and I preached there that night.)

The season following there arose a great persecution, the saints were able to escape in the best manner they could. Joseph was carried away in a box nailed on an ox sled to save his life. Old father Joseph was taken out a window in the night and sent away horseback. After the most of the saints were gone to Missouri I remained in Kirtland with about four of the First Presidents of Seventies. We continued to hold our meetings in the Temple. Accordingly while we were at a meeting one Sunday, we took a notion to put our property together and remove in that way and when we had made that calculation we felt a great flow of the spirit of God, notwithstanding the great inconvenience we labored under for want of means. We lacked means to move ourselves and many poor that were yet remaining that had neither clothing nor teams to go with.

But when they heard that we were going together and would help one another they wanted to join us and get out of that Hell of persecution. Therefore, we could not neglect them for all there was against them was that they were poor and could not help themselves. We continued to receive them till we got between five and six hundred on our hands. According to our covenant we had got them to move or stay there with them so we found we had got a

job on our hands. We counceled (sic) together from time to time on the subject and came to the conclusion that we could not effect the purpose short of the marvelous power of God by the power of the Priesthood. Therefore, we concluded to best go into the Temple in the atic story and pray that our Father would open the way and give us means to gather with the saints in Missouri which was near a thousand miles away. Accordingly, one day while we were on our knees in prayer I saw a messenger apparently like an old man with white hair down to his shoulders. He was a very large man near seven feet high, dressed in a white robe down to his ankles. He looked on me then turned his eyes on the others and then to me again and spoke and said, "Be one and you shall have enough." This gave us great joy; we immediately advised the brothern to scatter and work for anything that they could get that would be useful in moving to a new country. Some went to making staves to sell on the Lake shore, among which I was one. I think it was in the month of March that I was at work in the woods about nine o'clock in the morning there appeared to be a mighty rattling of wagons at the south. I suppose it must be as much as a dozen wagons rattling on peddle stones, it continued to draw nearer till I discovered it to be in the air and as it drew near I heard the sound of a steamboat puff; it passed immediately over our heads and went on about one mile to Kirtland Temple, there it appeared in the form of a steamboat loaded with passengers. Old Elder Beamen who was the President of

the Elders, had anointed them a few months before but had been dead a short time, he was in the bow of the boat. He was swinging and singing and swinging his hat till it came in front of the Temple. It then divided in two parts, the one was black and the other white; the white went west and the black went north.

The explanation of the phenomenon we saw with much clearness. When within a few months from the time there was a division of the authorities of the church. A number of the Twelve and First Presidents of Seventies descended and led many after them but the pure in heart went west. But we observe while we were attending to our prayers in the Temple from time to time there was a curious circumstance transpired.

A Methodist meeting house stood a few rods from the Temple which took fire one night there was a brand of fire thrown into the Temple at a window but went out. Most of the people being very hostile, the mob laid the charge of burning the house to the Council of Seventies. There was no doubt but they fired it themselves hoping by that means to get a pretext (sic) for our destruction but we knew we were innocent and trusted in God. We continued our course steadily along and paid no attention to them. There was a universal determination that we should never leave that place in a company and they knew as well as we that the poor could not go out alone; therefore, they had a deep

plot laid for our destruction.

But we knew where our hope was grounded and kept our steady course preparing to go out in a company well organized. But as I related to the burning of that house, they raged to a great extent because most of them supposed that we had actually done it. But as the Lord dictated to the great leader of that mob who had once been a Mormon and well calculated to carry out his devilish designs – was held by the power of God so that he had a vision and saw those that fired the house and seemed to be greatly astonished for a while and then met with the mob and informed them that it was not the Council that burned the house and that he knew who it was but dared not tell on account of the law because he could prove only by vision, which they would not believe and still swore vengeance on us. But he swore by all the Gods that lived and said that he would have revenge on them if they lost a hair of our heads. He had a large store of goods and could swear and get drunk. He had some influence with them so that we were preserved by the hand of God.

We obtained money and clothing for the company and the 4th day of July this man that had led the mob invited me to take all our teams and company and camp in a clover field which was about one foot high. I thanked him and embraced the officer. The next day we all went out all in the order as we said we would in the beginning with

about 65 teams and seventy cows. Nothing transpired for some weeks until we got to Dutton and got out of money. The people would take nothing of us but money for our expenses and at a high price too. We went into council and prayed to God for money and provisions. Accordingly the Lord sent a Turn-Pike Jober after us to get us to do a job for him. We therefore agreed with him for a job of twelve hundred dollars which we did in good order with his acceptance. He then wanted us to do another job, it was then very dry and the wells so low that it was difficult to get the water for our animals in the dry part of the country if we should go on. But we inquired of the Lord for what was best and we were impressed to go on, not knowing what we should do for drink but the day following there fell such a flood of water that the low places in the country were full and we got along very well. When we got into Illinois a few of our company stopped and further on in Illinois, Joseph Young with others stopped. The remainder of us went on continually hearing reports that there was war in Missouri and if we went on we should be killed by the mob. But we went in good order, keeping guards all the time. When we arrived within five miles of Fat West, which was the Metropolis of the Church in Missouri, there Joseph and Hyrum met us, greatly pleased that we had arrived with so large a company. They conducted us on to Far West and we camped around the Temple cellar as they had it dug.

In the morning, the first of October, 1838, Joseph came to me and said he wished me to take company and go to Diemmon, Davies County, about 25 miles north which would take us two days and advised us to guard our wagons during the night, I informed him that his advise was good but we had not been without a guard since we left Kirtland. However, we went on to the place appointed and found a few brethren there surrounded by numerous mobs. Being greatly rejoiced to see us come and we were glad to get through for we had been on the road with a large company from the 5th of July to the 3rd of October. We suffered the perils of a hard journey for near one thousand miles among a hostile people, but the Lord had brought to try us to see what our faith was made of. We expected we had got home where we could locate our families and prepare to build Zion, therefore we sold our loose property for improvements, subject to free nation rights.

The people being much opposed to our faith decided to drive us out of the country and obtain their farms back again that we had paid for. To carry this out they began to burn their houses and then go to the Governor and swear that we had drove them out of their settlements and burned their buildings. Davies County was a beautiful place situated on Grand River. First rate land and plenty of good timber where we supposed there had been an ancient city of Nephites, as the hewn stone were already there in piles also the Mound or Alter built by Father Adam, where he

went to offer sacrifices when he was old. Leaning upon his staff, prophesying the most noted thing that should take place down to the latest generation, therefore it was called “adamondiamon” (sic).

There we stayed about a month, being continually annoyed by mobs and thieves stealing everything that they could lay their hands upon that belonged to the people of the church. In the time I was there I assisted to build sixteen houses and the longest that I lived in one was four days. I had a large family with an aged mother; I think I never slept many nights while I was there without my sword and pistols by my bed and frequently called by the sound of the Bugle to defend the people from, the mobs, yet all the while we expected to stay there and by faith and works retained our places.

Then one day there came two messengers from Far West and informed us that Joseph, with other of the authorities of the church at Far West were delivered into the hands of the mob and that they (the mob) had three thousand men and the word from Joseph to us was that they would be likely to come here soon and advised us to lay away our arms, go to work and submit to anything that they should say. This struck us with a great depression of spirit, not knowing how to comprehend the ways of God. We had expected to stay there, locate our families and preach the gospel, but we were disappointed and right affront us we

knew not and were left in a perfect state of suspense. But we knew nothing than to abide by the word of the Prophet. But in this conflict of feeling I walked away from the company where I had received the above information toward the grove and said in the anguish of my soul, “Lord what does all these things mean?” The answer to me was instantaneous, though in-expressed “Be still and know that I am God.” In a moment I was at rest and happy in my condition. I returned immediately back to the company that I had left and said to them, “Have no fear for God will provide a way for our escape.” So we trusted in Him but if we had not have received word from Joseph we should have been very likely to have sent hundreds of them to hell, cross lots, for there were about 130 of us well armed. There was but one place where they would be likely to cross the river in a line exactly in front of our cannons, well loaded with small slugs of iron. We had not only our houses, lands, wives, and children, but the House of God to fight for. But the Lord’s “Be still, and know that I am God” was with us. Therefore, we were quiet, bearing our afflictions that were laid upon us. We went to our Labors, soon after this. I, with other people, went across the river three miles to gather corn, when 800 of the mob were seen coming upon us; as they came up to the gate where we were at work they halted and sent a messenger to inform us that we were then prisoners. I happened to be one on a load the nearest to them, they directed their attention to me and said we must go with them. I observed to them

that we were there gathering for our families and cattle which they were in view of. They then said we might fill our wagons, get some boys to drive them home and go with them.

Accordingly we did. They went about a mile and halted. We were surrounded by a strong guard for some time and then discharged and went home to await their trip into town. We had not gone more than 50 or 100 rods before we heard a volley of guns fired. I would think from fifty to one hundred. The balls came there among us. We looked around and saw a company supposed to be one hundred men paraded a little to the south of the main camp. They also gave a second shot; we kept a sturdy walk as though nothing had happened, for they hurt none of us. We went home the same day into Diammon, took all arms from the people and then put strong guard around us.

In that time we were often insulted (sic) by scoundrels in the shape of men which brought us near a fight, but the commander stopped it however. He prowled around there for a number of days and then gave us ten days to get out of that place or the mob would be set loose upon us. This had been the case all the time but now we had nothing to defend ourselves with. Besides there were many poor people that had no teams and many widows that had nothing but small children.

I immediately got my horses shod and took my family, a widow and family, another family all to one lead and moved to Far West, then returned back after another family. This was among the last that went out while the mob was prowling about stealing all they could find but although I was alone the last night I lay down by the side of my horses and saved them and sent the next day and got the other family and carried them to Far West. This was the last of November; we were all destitute for grain or feed for our teams, our fields of corn were 20 miles off among the mobs as was also what few cattle we had but the most of our corn was destroyed before we could get it. We therefore, had hard living through the winter. After I had obtained a little meal for my family I went away up to the Platt Country with my team to get work for money to move out of the State in the spring as the edict of the Governor was that we should never raise any more crops in that state.

I obtained some money and returned to my family, but while I was gone I was obliged to stay at a mob tavern one night, alone, where they were very hostile. I did not like their appearances but I was obliged to stay there or run the risk of freezing on the great cold prairie, therefore, I had to watch as well as pray. But in the later part of the night I heard people in the lower part of the house in much commotion. I heard them saying they never saw such things before. They seemed to be much astonished at what they

saw in the heavens. I raised myself up in bed, and looked out and saw a very bright circle around the moon with a bright spot at the side of that nearly as big as the sun, then another apparent sun in the northwest with another in the southwest, which gave a very extraordinary appearance. This gave them such a fright that they could pay no more attention to me, so I went on in peace.

But I prepared to move to Illinois. I took my horse and rode to Richmond to get my gun that they took from me at Diammon in the war. I obtained it and prepared to move in March. I buried my mother there on a divide near Plum Creek. We succeeded in moving to Gurney; I found rents on houses so high that it would be hard for a poor man with a large family as I had to obtain a living and get anything ahead. Therefore I took my horse up the river to Lyma and found a forest of about 11 miles square and considerable game in it. I went into the timber with Brother Burgess. I lost one horse moving from Missouri, my son-in-law lost one too, and had to stop among strangers with my daughter who had given birth to a child on the prairie.

I borrowed another horse and went to Illinois with my family and then returned from there for the remainder. We went into Bear Creek timber and with one horse and our hands, built three homes, cleared 13 acres of land and put it into crops, but we had nothing to live on until the crops were ripe. Brother Burgess and boys were strong to work

out but I was not able to do so on account of the exposure that I had past. Therefore, I could not do a days work in a day. I knew not how to obtain food for my family. While hesitating upon these things, I dreamed that I was going to make boxes and measures and also dreamed how to make a frame to turn them in and dreamed that my women and children were making baskets and that I went to sell them. In the morning I went and found some excellent timber for that purpose and made the frame according to the pattern that I had seen and also found some suitable timber for baskets.

The women went to work according to their direction from me. We soon obtained a small load and went out into the settlement and sold them directly for every kind of provisions that we wanted to live upon and some money. In this way we got along until harvest.

This season one of our neighbors from Nauvoo came for help in sickness and informed us that there was not well ones enough to take care of the sick. I sent my daughter and sister there to help take care of the sick. I sent them and promised them that I would come to conference and see them. Accordingly, when the time came, I took my carriage and went up. Went first to the place where my daughter was, and found the house shut up, window curtains drawn. I knocked at the door, and a faint voice answered. I went in and found a large family and every

person laying prostate. My daughter was the last one that came down and she had been down about one week having the whole family to nurse night and day, she could not endure it. When I entered the house she heard my voice and she sprang from the bed and said, "Father you have come." I want to go home." I told her to get ready and I would go and look for my sister. I went where she was and found her and the family in the same situation. I put a bed into the carriage and went home the same day and nursed them three months before I could heal them.

I was thought that my daughter would die but I did not give her up, but I called to the bed one day to see her close her eyes in death. I saw her apparently breathing her last. At the instant the spirit of God came upon me. I said, "Mariah, do you want to live to raise a family, keep the commandments of God and do all you can to build up Zion?" She opened her eyes and said she did. I said to her, Then, you will live. The hour she sat up in bed and immediately got well, as did also my sister.

I would like to tell another little incident that happened. There was a man with a family come into the church, who lived about fifteen miles from me, who had a brother-in-law that was possessed with the Devil, and was chained in a tight room. Numbers had been there to administer to him, but to no effect. I went there to preach in the after part of the day. The man got loose and was breaking down

the ceiling. They had been in the habit of getting a very strong man to help on such occasions, and were about to send for him in a hurry. I desired them to let me see him before they did. They were afraid he would come and kill some of them. With much persuasion I got them to unlock the door of his room, but of all the rough language and profane swearing (sic), and threatening anyone who came in sight, I had never heard before. They said he was dangerous to encounter with, but I entreated him to let me open the door. I had full confidence that I could handle him, with the help that God would give me. I was satisfied that they did not understand my intention.

I looked through the crack of the door. When he caught my eye he bawled out “Old Pulsipher, I know you of old.” At that instant I burst the door open. He stood with a sharp stick in his hand drawn back ready to stab me. Although he was a stout man and full of violent passion, I closed in with him so quick that he did not know what was up till he lay on his back, and I holding him while they bound him again. The family seemed a little surprised, however, before I left next morning the man whose name was Samuel Newcomb wished me to come and stay with him one year. He would give me large wages for he said that I could handle the sick man with ease and he could leave his family and home with more safety. He was a man of considerable business and property to manage. I asked him if he wished to gather up to Kirtland with

the church. He said he would if he could sell his farm. He wanted \$1,611 for all. We arranged for him to go the next spring, and I took the whole care of the wild man. I recollect at one time the matter of his feeding, he flew into a rage all at once and broke loose. I was at work in the barn and a messenger came running for me, said the man was killing his mother. I rushed into the room, took him by the shoulders and shook him and said, "Sam what are you about?" He in a moment left his raging, dropped his head and became docile till he was bound again. Later on we counceled with old Father Smith and he advised us to get seven Elders of good report, and fast and pray till he was delivered. We consulted the family, who had not kept the word of wisdom, but they agreed to do it. We therefore, took the man, loosened his hands, administered to him in a room by ourselves, and I do not remember of him having a raving spell after that for six months. Then the Devil entered him again. We were called for the second time. The family had promised to keep the covenants but we found they had returned to the old practice of breaking the Word of Wisdom. We therefore sent a message to Father Smith, and he said if they would not keep the covenants we might go about our business and let them all go to Hell together.

I labored to support my family and in the fall of 1837 I went to Canada on a mission, raised a branch of 29 members, returned January 29, 1839, to Kirtland. I was

ordained to the Council of the First President of 70's.

After we had lived in this place near two years, Joseph requested the first Presidents of Seventies to come to Nauvoo; I being one of that number I immediately repaired to Nauvoo and located in its vicinity, made a farm, lived comfortably and assisted in building the Temple. But Missouri mobs were continually seeking the life of Brother Joseph. I think there had been some forty raisings (sic) against him without success.

These mobbers finally came to the conclusion that the law could not reach him but powder and ball could. Therefore, they organized a mob of about 200 men, put him in Carthage Jail with Dr. Richards, Hyrum Smith and John Taylor. The mobs came and broke the jail, shot Joseph and Hyrum and wounded John Taylor. (This being done it gave us a hard shock and caused much mourning) by shooting four balls into him. The fourth saved his life, striking his watch which was in his vest pocket. After Joseph had fell dead one the of ruffins made a move to take off his head but a singular light shown around him (Joseph) that struck the man with fear. They therefore, flew in every direction and disappeared. Our brothern went and brought them home and buried the dead and restored the wounded.

At this time the mob expected we should rise and give them battle. We thought best not to do it. We just kept still

and continued our work on the Temple, finished it and got our End. But at that time most of the 12 were absent on missions. Sidney Rigden, who aspired for the Presidency came and called the church together and presented his claim for the Presidency. But the 12 soon came home and appeared on the stand at the day appointed for choosing. Sidney made his plea. Brigham Young began to speak and at that time I sat with my back towards the stand as did many others. And when Brigham spoke he spoke with the voice of Joseph and we turned around to see Brigham speaking in Joseph's voice and behold Joseph's mantle had fallen on him. The people understood it in the same way. Brigham stood at the head of the Twelve therefore the Church turned to him.

Persecution continually waxed against the church. They thought it best to go to a more secluded land accordingly in January 1846. I had notice to be ready at three days notice to leave on account of so many attempts to destroy the church. At length I had the notice and started with good team the 2nd day of February, crossed the Mississippi River and went as far as Sugar Creek, till the cold weather broke.

There were about 500 of the heads of the church here. I went back once, gave my son orders to sell what property he could and take the family and follow as soon as the spring opened. We went on from Sugar Creek in the

Spring, but streams and tempests opposed our march till late in the season.

I frequently went forward to Pioneer the way and organized places for the poor to stop that was not able to go any farther. In May I took my team and went back to meet my family and found them in Lee County, with two teams, a few cows, and a few sheep. My sacrifice there was about two thousand dollars. We went on and crossed the Missouri River that season and established a place called Winter Quarters. That fall and winter, which was 1846 and 47, the church suffered exceedingly. When we got there we found so many sick and dying by exposure that I took my team and what help I could raise and drew timber four miles and built six houses. Then I was obliged to go down to Missouri for provisions , was gone about six weeks in winter, camping out, exposed to all the storms that is common in that season of the year.

I brought home what I could; when I got home I was so far exhausted by exposure that I could not walk one step without two crutches. I then sent my boys again, while I took care of the cattle that amounted to 18 head. Many times I went on my crutches to get on my horse, then rode all day to save my cattle from the Indians, who were continually killing them.

That winter was a sorrowful time for the church. Five

hundred of our young men were demanded by the General Government through influence of old Tom Benton, who was a noted mobber in the first Missouri persecutions, and was then in the Senate. This left the church with old men, children and many poor women, while their husbands were fighting the battles of the United States.

There were not well people enough to take care of the sick and dying. My boys continued to team through the winter till they both got sick. John was laid on the bed and was near the gate of death for a long time, when I was called in to see him breathe his last. He was taken with pneumonia what many people think to be certain signs of death. He looked very much like it to be sure. When I came in the doctor and my family stood around the bed. I called him and he opened his eyes. I said, "John you are not going to die now. I cannot spare you now, you must get well to help us move through the mountains." He immediately began to vomit a large quantity of the most filthy matter I ever saw come from any person's stomach, as black as almost as ink. From the hour he began to recover, and soon got able to drive a team.

In the spring the Church Leaders organized a company of 50 wagons and we started for Salt Lake. I was advised to take ten wagons and go ahead and assist in making roads, but such storms followed us as I never saw. The highest and driest land in the county was soaked with water so that

it was difficult to get along with a wagon. One morning I got on my horse and rode back a few miles to see how the company was getting along. I saw a man walking, with a rubber coat on. I asked him how they got along and he said "first rate" he put his hands in his pockets and they were full of water.

Parley P. and Orson Pratt and myself went forward, to look for location of the poor, and such as could not go on. We found a grove of timber and called it Garden Grove, a convenient place for a settlement. I then unloaded my wagon and delivered my load of flour and bacon and went back to look after my family. I met them not far from the Mississippi - 1847. One boy got his leg broke and one man broke his arm in my company, but I set them and they soon got well.

We arrived in the Valley about the 23rd of September, 1847, with all our stock except the sheep. Those we lost at Winter Quarters. We immediately prepared to build. I found grain scarce and hard to get. John Kneff was building a mill, the only one in the valley. I sold three cows to pay his workmen that I might get grain after he got his mill to running. I went to him for \$20 in grain but he said he could not let anyone have more than half that sum, and that as not half what I had paid for. This made me feel very disagreeable because I had a large family and three other families of my friends that had no way of helping

themselves and money would not buy it.

I thought on it one night and then come to the conclusion that I would build a mill and take a part of the toll of the grain that as in the Valley. Accordingly, I rallied my help, went onto the mill sight, dug a hole in the bank to live in through the winter about the first of December, and we commenced getting timber, without feed for our cattle and but little for ourselves. We continued our labor with about half rations upon all the different branches of the work till the first of March. By that time we got the first grist mill started and timber out for a sawmill. When done, I ground for one-sixteenth, while others ground for one-twelfth. From that time we had bread to eat with all our families. I have seen the hand of God in preserving ourselves and cattle while the snow was three feet deep in the canyon where we got the timber and some of the time more than one foot in the Valley. And we had not as much fodder as could be carried on one load, and when I looked upon the circumstance I could not comprehend it in any other way but the marvelous power of God in sustaining them.

1850 – This was hard season for many after we got our mill running we had enough but lived prudent on account of so many that had none. Indian meal would command \$5.00 per bushel but so many poor had none that I sold all I had to spare at \$1.00 per bushel, though I was offered

\$5.00 by those that were going to California, but their gold would not buy it of me when so many poor were starving. There were some informed me that they had not any bread in their houses for six weeks and came to me to buy bran but I sold none, but gave them that. This scarce time caused people to scratch life to raise grain, but the crickets were very trouble-some and destroyed many good crops in 1851. But in 1852 the gulls came and destroyed them according to the word of the Prophet.

We built a house 34 by 30 on the corner block 82 on Jordan street. The next season we build a large barn and made a farm over Jordan about two miles of which gave us a good chance to keep cattle, there was nothing then of a very extraordinary nature with the exception of Brother Brigham preached continually to bring the church to obedience, but they were growing rich and careless. Till about the time of the October Conference in 1856 when I understood Brother Brigham to say that the Lord would wait no longer. I think he did not define what chastement testimony that some uncommon event was near at hand, but I was not aware that I had become so dull and careless relative to my duty, till Brother Kimball called on me in public to awake to my duty. I began to call more fervently on the Lord. I soon saw the Brother Kimball was right and that I was holding a high and responsible station in the church as asleep with many others.

Brother Grant who was one of Brigham's counselors was authorized to preach repentance to the people and to a good effect. I with the associates of my Council went before Brother Brigham and informed him that if he knew of any others that would take our places better, magnify it for the interest of the Kingdom than we could, he was perfectly at liberty to do so, but he told us to go and magnify our callings ourselves. Brother Brigham gave some strong prophetic language relative to the United States of America. I think not far from this the President and Congress became very hostile to us and seemed to have design to brand us like themselves or destroy us. Therefore, they sent an army to bring us to or destroy us, but we thought it best to bring them in among us because we did not like their hostile spirit nor their habits. Therefore, we sent a few of young men to meet them which brought them to a stand for further consideration. In the spring following, all the north part of the Territory moved south till the army passed through to the quarters at Camp Floyd.

But previous to this the President and Congress saw their mistake in sending the army there. Notwithstanding, they had charged us with treason and many other offenses, they sent commissioners here, forgave all our sins against them and wished peace and tranquility. Accordingly we all moved back to our possessions peaceably. In the meantime we were rather destitute of clothing but speculators followed the army and brought more goods to the valley

than was ever brought before. So that the people were decently clothed. All this we considered direct from the hand of God to supply our wants. But evils have followed the army, such a herd of abominable characters have come in their wake, that lying, gambling, robbing, stealing, and murdering till it seemed as though they were determined to break up all law and order in the Territory.

They brought with them much liquor which still furthered them in their abomination, and many of our people who were weak joined with them in their wickedness, especially the rising generation who imitated their habits. This gave us some trouble to keep the church in order. Brother Brigham preached continually to bring the church to obedience, but they were now careless.

We had some trouble with the Indians, but nothing in consequence of our being driven out from the United States. I think all the wars we have had with the Indians have not as yet made us so much trouble as the army's sent from the United States.

I still continued my labors in town and on my farm what time I could get I had much labor too among the Seventies remaining councilor. I was frequently out four or five evenings a week besides day meetings.

In March of 1857, I married Martha Hughes, daughter

of James and Ann Picton Hughes. She bore me five children.

I discovered that with age that I had approached that it began to wear upon my constitution, I was advised by some to give up my presidency and let a younger man take it that invoked upon it. I therefore gave it with the privilege of remaining in the body of the Seventies or join the High Priests Quorum. I therefore have yet remained in the body of the Seventies, considering they were both embraced in the Melcezedic (sic) Priesthood. It was a matter of indifference with me.

However the Southern Mission that had been in action for some time had some influence with me, partly on account of its necessity and partly on account of some of my boys that were called there. Therefore, I said I did not know but that I would go there if the Presidency thought it best, but no sooner than they heard of it they sent me an order to go with my family. I therefore put myself in the way of selling my property. My boys heard of it and came to help me move to Dixie. Accordingly the fall of 1862 I removed to Shoal Creek, where my boys were keeping a herd for the southern people. I found it to be a very healthy section and I enjoyed myself very well, considering the obscurity (sic) of the place. We were a great distance from the abode of the white men, in the very midst of the roving red men.

I will not reflect back to the time our family meetings convened. The first was on February 1855. I called my children together at my house in Salt Lake at this meeting and said, I want to instruct you a little and give such advice which I hope you will remember. First get the spirit of the Lord and keep it, the most of you have the Priesthood and you will be likely to use it to govern your families and bring up your children.

“When a man has a number of good children he loves all of them. If the destroyer come to take one of them which will he give, most likely the one he cannot keep, of course. Which child can’t you keep by the prayer of faith and the authority of the Priesthood? Pray mighty to God let your thoughts be raised in prayer day and night, that you may have the spirit of the Lord be with you. Never speak till you know what you are going to say. Never whip a child in anger, be sure that the spirit of the Lord dictates you when you groom your children. Never let your girls go with men that you do not know for some men have the fever of seducing, therefore, beware who they go with. Some women think if their husbands get another wife they cannot love them any more but they are under great mistake for he can love one hundred as well as the sun can shine upon each of them in a clear day – if God requires you to get them. Such idle thoughts should be banished from their minds forever. Why is it so, because it is God’s

order, a man may love his wives just in proportion to their acts of kindness to him. I beg of you mothers to take care of your children while they are with you. I now will give you way to speak.” Then each child would bear their testimonies. These meetings were held regular once a year and recorded until his death.

He was instrumental in building the town of Hebron. There he died January 1, 1872, at the age of 84. This day closed another chapter in the Book of Life for one of God’s chosen and noble sons.

(Taken from a typewritten account from the book “Pulsipher Family History Book” as compiled by Nora Hall Lund.)

Zera Pulsipher's Sermon

by Wilford Woodruff

The first sermon that I ever heard in this Church was in 1833, by old father Zera Pulsipher, who died in the south, after having lived to be considerably over eighty years old. That sermon was what I had prayed for from my childhood. When I heard it I had a testimony for myself that it was true. I received it with every sentiment of my heart. He preached in a schoolhouse upon a farm that we owned in Oswego County, New York. He opened the door for any remarks to be made. The house was crowded. The first thing I knew I stood on top of a bench before the people, not knowing what I got up for. But I said to my neighbors and friends, "I want you to be careful what you say as touching these men (there were two of them) and their testimony, for they are servants of God, and they have testified unto us the truth-- principles that I have been looking for from my childhood.

I went forth and was baptized. I was ordained a teacher. I was always sorry that I was not a deacon first, for I had a desire to bear the priesthood in its various degrees, as far as I was worthy. I had a desire for years, not only to hear the gospel, but to have the privilege and power of preaching it to my fellow men. I was a miller by trade, and I spent many a midnight hour in the mill calling upon the Lord for light and truth, and praying that I might hear the gospel of Christ, and be able to teach it to my fellow men. I rejoiced in it when I did receive it.

MS 53:627 (1891).

History of Mary Brown Pulsipher

(Born March 2, 1799)
(As written by herself.)

My grandfather and grandmother Brown I knew little about; they died when my father was quite young. They had three sons; Joseph, John and Jonathan.

My grandfather and grandmother Fairchild I well remember. Grandmother died when I was four years old, in Connecticut. Grandfather then went to Pennsylvania and died there. I think they had five sons and two girls.



The names that I can remember are Samuel, Sherman, Stephen, Eunice, and Sarah. Grandfather's name was Stephen, and grandmother's name was Eunice.

My father, John Brown, born February 25, 1770. Their children were:

Juda Brown, born November 2, 1793

John Brown, born August 24, 1795

Eunice Brown, born March 2, 1799

Thirza Brown, born July 11, 1802

Sally Brown, born February 27, 1805

Catherine Brown, born August 13, 1808



John Brown

Loring G. Brown, born April 17, 1811

They were all born in Connecticut, but Catherine and Lorin. They were born in Pennsylvania.

My father moved from Connecticut to Pennsylvania when I was six years old. My father's home was a home for

the Methodist Preachers and all other preachers when they came. I joined the Methodist church when I was 13 years old. I lived in Pennsylvania until I was married in 1815 to Zerah Pulsipher. My oldest child was born May 30, 1816.

Mary Ann Pulsipher, born May 30, 1816, died July 14, 1916.

Almira Pulsipher, born September 8, 1817, married Horace Burgess, died March 8, 1868.

Nelson Pulsipher, born March 28, 1920, died May 7, 1824.

Mariah Pulsipher, born June 11, 1822, married William Burgess died 1893.

Sarah Pulsipher, born November 1824 married John Alger

died January 1909.

John Pulsipher, born July 17, 1827. First marriage: Rosell Huffaker, second marriage Esther Barnum, died August 9, 1891.

Charles Pulsipher, born April 20, 1830

Mary Ann Pulsipher, born November 20, 1833, married Thomas S. Terry, died September 17, 1913.

William Pulsipher, born January 21, 1836, married Esther Chidester, died March 12, 1880

Eliza Jane Pulsipher, born July 26, 1840, married Thomas S. Terry, died May 6, 1919.



Sarah Fairchild

Fidelia Pulsipher, born October 13, 1842, died January 8, 1846.

We lived in Pennsylvania seven years. Did a great deal of hard work there; then left and moved to New York State – in Onedago County. There we heard the gospel preached for the first time by the Latter Day Saints. We went forth and were baptized in the year 1832 by Jared Carter. He baptized 20 in the place. Then ordained my husband, Zera Pulsipher, and left him to preside over the church. He baptized more. We stayed there about two years, then moved 20 miles to Favius; lived with a Doctor Newcome

one and a half years. Then we all went to Kirtland, Ohio, together. Stayed there four years. Zera was ordained there one of the first Seven Presidents by the hands of Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

He helped build the Temple. Got his endowments in it, then we were driven from that place with the rest of the saints. We started in July (the 15th) with a large camp for Missouri. We all got there in the fall and went to Davies County. My husband was one of the Council that led the Camp. We stayed in that place one month; then we were driven from, there by the mob. Then we went to the Far West and stayed there through the winter. Then we had to go again. We started in March for Illinois. We stopped 25 miles from Nauvoo, in Bear Creek Woods.

The winter we were in the Far Western part of Missouri, we had to part with our good old Mother Pulsipher. She was sick one week, and then died. The day before she died, she lay looking up. I said, “Mother, what do you see”? She said, “Oh, don’t you see that light?” I looked, but could not see any. The next day she saw it again over her bed. She said, “That is a light to light me through the dark valley of death.” Then she fell asleep without a struggle or a groan. I think she was 85 years old.

We stayed in Bear Creek Woods nearly two years. Then the First Presidency had gotten out of prison and out of

Missouri. The Saints had begun to settle Nauvoo. They sent for us to move there. We went there and stayed, I think, five years. My youngest child, Fidelia, was born there. She was a very smart, promising child, but we could only keep her only four years and three months. We buried her there. We helped build the Temple there – got our endowments in it, then we started with the rest of Church west to find some place where we could live in peace. We were two years, not forty, in going to Salt Lake. We helped cultivate the bare desert and make it “blossom like the rose.” My husband was one of the City Council most of the time we were there.

Then we were called to go south three miles and help cultivate another barren desert. We lived 10 years in this place, Hebron. We have enjoyed great blessings, lived in peace, none to molest or make afraid, although we have had to part with some of our dear friends here. Almira, my daughter, died in March, 1868 and John’s wife Rosilla, and little boy, William Lewis, died. We lived here, enjoyed ourselves well with our children and grand children all around us until my husband was called away by death, in January 1872. He lived to a good age, and then went down to the grave like a shock of corn, fully ripe. I am spared yet. I hope to do a little good before I die.

I used to say when my children were small if I could live to see my children grow up and be honorable men and

women, it would be all I could ask for. I have lived to see them all settled with good families, all trying to do what good they can to build up the Kingdom of God. I feel very thankful and much pleased with my children. I hope they will live and do much good; be united and be agreeable, and try to help each other and carry out the council their father and mother have given them. I write this after I am 72 years old, for my children to look at. It is written very poorly. Perhaps you cannot read it. May God Bless You All.

By request I write a little more history and experiences. Eight years have passed away since I wrote the little sketches. I am still here. I will begin by my first experiences in the Methodist church. My parents taught me to be honest, industrious, and to keep the Sabbath Day. They were very strict Methodists. When I was about 13 years old I thought I ought to join the Methodist Church. It was the only church I knew much about. The preachers came every week to preach at father's house. I told him I wanted to join the church and he said I could. I did not know but they would call on me to relate a great experience when I was converted, but I could not have told them. All they did was to put my name on the class paper for six month's trial. When six months was out the preachers said, "Here is Sister May. She is a good, faithful, worthy Sister. I motion that she be taken in full fellowship." I was voted in. Perhaps one year passed – not a word was said about

baptism. I said to the preacher, “Do you (sic) baptism to be a duty for us to obey?” He said baptism was not a saving ordinance, just to answer a good conscience. I said, “I see by reading the New Testament, I consider it a duty – a command.” He said, “What say?” I said there was only one way that looked to be right – to be immersed and buried in the water. He said, “The Savior set the example and He was not immersed. He went out into the water and knelt down and had some water poured on his head.” He said he had seen it in history. He went to the water. He sang and prayed, then took me by the hand and led me to the water, saying, “Step in and kneel.” I did. He dipped a little water, said over the ceremony, and poured it on my head, while he stood on the bank – did not wet his feet. I thought it baptism was to answer a good conscience, I was not satisfied. It looked like mockery to me, but I had done my duty.

I write this to let my children see the darkness and ignorance the world was then in. Surely the Prophet could say darkness and sin had covered the earth, and gross darkness, the people. I rejoice that we live in a day that the true light and true gospel was shining.

I think I was in the Methodist church about 20 years before I heard the true gospel. We happened to see the Book of Mormon. We borrowed it, read it, but did not know anything more about it. We were very anxious to know more

about it. It was not long before a Mormon preacher came. We had a great many questions to ask. He told us how the Book was found and translated. He said baptism by immersion was the only right way. It was for the remission of sins. I thought that looked right. In a short time some were ready to be baptized. I wanted to be at the first opportunity, but Satan thought he would hinder it. Then the night before baptism, I was taken lame with rheumatism or something. I was so sick I could not get around much. As they were fixing to go, Brother Carter said to me, "Sister Pulsipher, if you will do your duty, you shall be healed." I took a cane and hobbled to the water and went in. It was a very cold day, but I came out well, left my cane, and went away rejoicing. I was very ignorant, I had not heard anything about being confirmed, or receiving the Holy Ghost. The next evening went to meeting and the six that were baptized were there. When he put his hands on my head, he said, "Sister Pulsipher, by the authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus, I lay my hands on your head to bless you and to confirm you a member of the Church of Jesus Christ. I say unto you – receive the Holy Ghost." He promised great blessings if I would be faithful. The spirit of the Lord was there. We sang, prayed, and praised God together. It was not long before the news went around that Brother and Sister Pulsipher were Mormons. Some would not believe it until they came to see us. We had plenty of visitors. Some came to try to convince us that it was all delusion. They thought

they could reclaim us, but went away disconsolate. Others came to inquire. They said if we had got something better, they wanted to know it. They would be baptized and go home rejoicing.

I will mention one that came to see me. My brother in law, Joseph (Joe) Chidester. He lived four miles from me; he was going to move away, but could not go without seeing me. I had belonged to the same church he did. He was a preacher. He said I was the last one he thought of as being led away with such hearsay and delusions, as he thought it was. "Well," I said, "If this is what the world calls hearsay, to worship my God," said I, "I know in whom I believe." He said, "I think in about six months you will see your error. I think Mormonism will all be down flat in that time." I said, "Joseph, I have not the least idea that it will. It was stand. But if it does come down I never could go to the Methodist or another church that I know of. It would be going right into darkness." He said, "I see I cannot convince you, but I have done my duty." He cried and bid me farewell. I said, "I thank you for the kind feelings you have for me. Do not worry about me." I never saw him after that. He moved away, lived a few years and died very suddenly with heart disease. He had an appointment to preach the day he was buried. His wife, my sister, died soon after. I think they have heard the gospel preached before this time. Zera and Joseph were great friends. He had not read the Book of Mormon nor heard a sermon

preached. He judged before he heard – like so many others. If they would hear and heed, without prejudice, there would not be half so many among hearsay, delusion, and false prophets.

Well, I began to gather with the church. Went to Kirtland, there had my blessings from the First Patriarch in this church, Father Joseph Smith. He said I should have my friends with me in this church, and that I would be the means of saving and redeeming them. I believe every word, but did not understand how it could come to pass. I never heard nor thought of being baptized for the dead. He said I had left all for the gospel, I should have a hundred fold in this world and in the world to come, life everlasting, with many more good blessings if I would be faithful.

I am almost 81 years old, have lived and enjoyed myself well with my children a long time; I expect the time will come when I must leave them. I have watched over them, tried to comfort them and instruct them right. I pray that they may live in peace, be united, and keep all the commandments of God. If riches increase, set not your hearts on them, but lay up treasures in Heaven. It is the only safe place that we can lay up riches.

I would like to have my children live near together to help and comfort one another. May Good bless you all.

Mary Brown Pulsipher
Hebron, March 1880.

(These are a few lines written on October 16, 1883 before Mary went to St. George to live a while).

I have been in Hebron from the beginning. I located with my boys as they were herding cattle at Shoal Creek when the main part of this country was a desert and sage plain. I have worked hard to make this a beautiful happy home. With the help of my boys, I built the first house out of the fort. Have lived in it about 15 years, and enjoyed myself wonderfully well in it. Have had much joy and comfort in it. Have seen the place grow and flourish, but the time draws near when I expect to leave it, perhaps never to return, but I leave it with the best of feelings. I never expect to find any place I like as well. If I should die away from here I want to be brought back and buried here with my friends that are waiting for me behind the veil.

I have been in this church 52 years; passed (sic) the persecutions with the saints, but never felt to complain, but that all would be well. I pray my Father in Heaven to bless Hebron, bless the people. May the Lord bless the land, the water, the cattle, and all; may it be a healthy delightful place. I bid you all farewell.

Farewell, dear Hebron, we love so well,

Farewell, dear Saints, that in it dwell
May you all be true, keep covenants well
That we may all in Glory dwell.

Mary B. Pulsipher

I, John, take the liberty to write a little in this book, as mother has passed away from mortal life.

She died on 7th May, 1886, in the midst of friends and about as near as mortals ever get. So I record a little more of her history in this book.

As she lived to such advanced age, her children well desired her to give up housekeeping and live with some of us. Then we would know if she needed anything and could help her so much better than if she was alone in her little house. So she did close her house and have a good time. She went to St. George and visited her daughters, Sarah and Eliza, and their children and friends for several months. She then returned to Hebron and had pleasant happy times with us at Hebron for about two years.

Truly we did have an enjoyable time talking of early life, incidents of history of Connecticut, and the U.S.A. and the restoration of the Gospel and the rise of the church in this age of the world.

When she died we buried her by the side of father in Hebron Cemetery. Here is some of mother's own loose papers that I will record in this book.

“March 2, 1879 – When I went to the Relief Society Meeting I expected to see 10 or 12 sisters and 3 or 4 of the brothers there – the Bishop told me he was going. When I opened the door, the first I saw was long tables loaded with pies, cakes, cheese and the comfort of life. I looked around and saw about every family in town seated there, about 90 per cent besides the babies. I was so surprised it was almost overcome me. I said, “What does this mean? I came to a meeting but it looks more like a feast.” I then took my seat. The Bishop then arose and said, “This is in honor of Mother Pulsipher. This is her 80th birthday. I then began to cry, I was so overcome. The food was then blessed and all enjoyed it to their fill until all had enough. I was then asked to preside over the meeting. After singing, I asked my oldest son, John, to open the meeting with prayer. Another hymn was sung, then I walked onto the stand and said, I don't know as I can say much, but I think these people can keep a secret for I knew nothing of this feast until I was right here and opened the door. I feel very unworthy to have so much honor and respect shown me. I thank you all. I ask my Heavenly Father to bless you all. I suppose I am the oldest person here – 80 years old today. I have been in the church over 47 years; have passed through persecutions, mobbings, and driving

with the saints since the days of Kirtland. I rejoice that I am worthy to have a name and place with these people.

I left all my friends but my own family. Father Smith, the first Patriarch in the Church, laid his hands on my head and blessed me. He said I should have many friends in this church, would stand on Mt. Zion, help save and redeem them. He said I had left all to obey the Gospel and that I should in this world have a hundred fold. That is fulfilling very fast. I have 56 grand children and 75 great grandchildren. So you see there is upwards to a hundred fold now and increasing at a wonderful rate. I beg you all, the sisters of the Relief Society, to be faithful, do all the good you can, be united, put your faith in God, and you need not have any fears.”

Mary Brown Pulsipher

History of William Pulsipher

(Born January 22, 1838)

Material furnished by his daughters Eunice Cropper and
Edna Taylor.

William Pulsipher was the ninth child of family of eleven children. He was born January 22, 1838, in Kirtland, Ohio. His father Zerah Pulsipher, was born June 24, 1789, in Rockingham, Windham, Vermont, son of John and Elizabeth Stowell Pulsipher. His mother, Mary Brown Pulsipher, was born March 2, 1799, in Kent, Litchfield County, Connecticut, the daughter of John Brown and Sara Fairchild Brown.



William was much loved and wanted by his family. But as a child, he grew up in the troubled times the Mormon people were living in. The histories of his parents and older sisters and brothers, recorded in the Pulsipher family book, give in detail the hardships the family endured. The move from Kirtland to Missouri, and then to Illinois, where on the 27th of June, 1844, the Prophet and his brother, Hyrum,

were shot and killed at Carthage Jail by a band of about 200 painted ruffians from Missouri and Illinois.

The enemies of the Mormons expected that with the death of their leader, the church would be desolved (sic) and the people scattered. They didn't realize, however, that this was God's Church and the time had come for it to be upon the earth and it couldn't be destroyed by wicked men. The "mantle" of Joseph fell on Brigham Young and the church grew. The persecutions became unbearable and these innocent people were driven from their homes again. The only thing left for them to do was to move still farther westward into the vast unknown, inhabited only by the roving red men and a few white trappers.

William was ten years old when this long journey across the plains started, so it made a lasting impression on him. He helped with the camp chore, and helped look after the stock. It might be interesting to acquaint the readers with a few of the facts concerning the trek.

Zerah Pulsipher, William's father, was a born leader and his ability was acknowledged to the extent that he was made Captain of the first division of 100 wagons. The first division consisted of 1229 souls, 397 wagons, 699 cows, 74 horses, 19 mules, 1279 oxen, 184 loose cattle, 411 sheep, 141 pigs, 605 chickens, 37 cats, 82 dogs, 3 goats, 10 geese, 2 hives of bees, 8 doves, and 1 crow.

This division left the Elk Horn River June 1, and arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, September 20, 1848. (Quote from the book “Journal History” at the Church Library in Salt Lake City.)

The Pulsipher family, by their united efforts, soon built themselves a comfortable home in this new land. William was very industrious and did his share to develop the land that crops could be grown. He took advantage of every opportunity for education and development in church activities.

It is recorded in the history of his brother-in-law, Thomas S. Terry, that when he was called on a mission in 1856, that he engaged William Pulsipher, who was then 18 years old, to look after his farm and families at Union Fort Cottonwood, while he was away. Family stories have it that during the fall of 1856, William was called with others to go back over the mountains to assist and take supplies to some of the struggling Saints who were making their laborious way to Salt Lake Valley. Before he got back home, the weather turned very cold and snow fell. Due to exposure in such weather, William became very ill and was sick for a long time and it seemed as if his time had come to leave this frail existence, but through the goodness of the Lord and the tender treatment of his family, he recovered.

It so happened that the Pulsipher family lived in the same block as the family of John M. and Mary Parker Chidester. An important member of this family was Esther, who was born May 18, 1846, in Montrose, Iowa. William was attracted to this lovely young lady and paid her special attention for two or three years. However, he hadn't approached the subject of marriage. When he was called to go South to the Dixie Cotton Mission, he felt that he needed a companion to go with him and help him make a home in his new land.

Esther was very young and did not care to leave her mother, thereby refused him. He pulled her onto his lap and said he would hold her until she said "yes". He finally told her that he would not go into polygamy if she would consent. He also promised her that her mother and family could soon come down there. They were both in love with each other and the parents approved of the match, so they were married by John Madison Chidester (her father) in the endowment house in Salt Lake City on the 27th October, 1861. He was 23 and she was but 15 years old.

The following is a copy of their marriage certificate found in the Family Bible:

CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE

This is to certify that

William Pulsipher of Salt Lake in the territory of
Utah

and

Esther Chidester of Salt Lake in the territory of Utah were by me united together in Holy Matrimony on the 27th day of October in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-One

In the presence of Levi Hancock and Mary Chidester by
John Madison Chidester.

Not much is known concerning their experiences on their trip south, but records show that their first child, William Zerah, was born in Washington, March 4, 1863.

William and Esther were not permitted to remain in this fast growing section of the country, but were called by Apostle Erastus Snow to go out in the wilds to Shoal Creek, to establish a home and help to look after the Church cattle. Here a quotation is taken from a newspaper article concerning Shoal Creek, written by a relative, Lamond Huntsman, Enterprise, in 1947, called "Blazers in the Deserts":

"Chief Moroni claimed the upper meadows his home. He camped near a spring, called Moroni Springs after him.

He gladly welcomed Father Zerah Pulsipher and his son William who joined him in the summer of 1864.” He goes on to tell how Chief Moroni and his little band had great confidence in their white friends and would ask them to look after their squaws and papooses and protect them from marauding Indians of other tribes.

As more people came into this locality to make homes, they moved from the creek up on to the bench where there was more room for a town. They called their little village “Hebron”.

William worked hard to provide a comfortable home for their fast growing family, and moved out of the covered wagon that had been their home for so long. This home was of logs, consisting of one big room, with a foundation laid for another room. This dwelling was used to hold Church, Sunday School, and all entertainments in until after 1869.

There children were born as follows: Besides Willie, who was born at Washington, there were Mary Esther, born November 20, 1864 at Shoal Creek, then John Madison, April 22, 1867, Eunice, 1869, Charles Henry, February 27, 1871 – died 1876; these were all born at Hebron.

In the fall of 1873 they moved to Clover Valley, Nevada, where Augustus C. was born October 21, 1873, and died

August 2, 1876.

Excitement was running high about this time because of the doings of a notorious outlaw, Ben Tasker and his gang. They would drive off horses and cattle belonging to the settlers and if a man happened to get in the way of their purpose they would not hesitate to shoot him down in cold blood.

Eunice tells an interesting experience her father, William, had with this outlaw. "Ben Tasker sent word to father he was going to kill him on sight and father had been riding to tend his cattle and horses all day. Father did not even know what Ben Tasker looked like. He changed horses for the third time and he was awful tired. If he had ridden home he would not have arrived until very late. Being close to Deep Springs and Ben Tasker's ranch, he decided to get acquainted. He rode to the door, threw the bridle over the hitching post and knocked on the door. A man father knew answered the door. When he saw father, he just trembled and said, 'Why William. What on earth are you doing here? Are you acquainted with Ben Tasker?' Father said, 'That is my business here.' So he led father into a long room where 35 men were sitting on either side. He went to the farther end and said 'Mr. Ben Tasker, allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. William Pulsipher.' Father took hold of his hand and said, 'Mr. Ben Tasker, I understand you are going to kill me on sight.' Ben said,

‘No’ he was his best friend. He ordered a good supper and fixed a good bed, and the man father knew slept with him. Father was so tired that as he struck the bed he was asleep. He had a nightmare, gave an unmerciful yell; awoke everyone in the house. The yell awoke father too, and he raised up and excused himself to his companion. He said he was so tired he could not help it, laid right back and went to sleep again. But Ben Tasker thought there was a posse outside that had come to destroy them all and thought father was giving them the signal to come. The man father was sleeping with said that when Ben Tasker went to wash for supper that night he took his belt and scabbard off and laid them on top of the cupboard and left them there and it was the first time he had even been known to do it. He was so nervous that father gave him his gun and scabbard and told him he was not in the habit of carrying them except when he was out on the range. Next morning, Ben gave him a good breakfast.”

On another occasion William and Esther were all ready to go to Panaca on a visit and to get currants and gooseberries to put up, when William noticed a man coming on a horse. It was a messenger with a telegram from Sheriff Jim Pearson and Pioche, Nevada, deputizing him to try and stop the Tasker bunch who were making their way to Dixie with a band of stolen horses. He told Esther they were going to Dixie to see her mother instead of Panaca. When Will got the other side of Diamond Valley, he saw

the dust of the men with the horses. Eunice tells it this way.

“Father jumped out of the buggy and told mother to drive and he would take one of the saddle horses that was on the side and let mother go into St. George alone while he went and took them alone. Father couldn’t get her to drive. She jumped out of the buggy and said, ‘I’ll not drive a step – it would mean you would just go to your death to try to get those horses away from those thieves without help.’ This made father angry and he jumped back into the buggy and he drove until they got past the forks of the road, where one road went to Middleton and the other went to St. George. The dust was out of sight, so mother said, ‘Now if you want to take both of the saddle horses and go into St. George and get help, I will drive the team.’ So father did that – got help and went to Middleton and caught the men and took them into St. George and locked them up until the next day when Jim Pearson came after them. Father told them that he would like to guard them until they got to Pioche, but one of them swore at him and said, ‘Bill Pulsipher, I have been to your house three times to kill you, and if I ever get loose again, I will surely kill you.’ He also said, ‘This is the second time you have arrested me, but it will be the last.’ After they got started, Jim Pearson rode a saddle horse to guard and told father to go on to Chadburn Ranch and order dinner, so father and mother went and had dinner waiting for them when

Jim Pearson and Mort Moore came and said some masked men raised up in the rocks at the Black Ridge, ordered the men out of the carriage and never unlocked the chains from their hands and feet, but just shot them and left them laying there at the side of the roads.”

The following incident was sent in by Laura A. Pulsipher, second wife of William’s son, Johnnie.

“Johnnie has told me so many times of the incidents of the killing of these men up by Diamond Valley and showed me the place many times were it all took place. Where they had the horses secluded and how Gus Hardey and his helper stayed way back while Grandfather Pulsipher took the two men. He shot the third man but he got away by running between the horses. He traced him by the blood to the River and assumed he drowned, but many years after, this man returned to St. George staying only for a day or so. Johnnie did not get to see him as he was at Enterprise.”

When ever cattle or horses were stolen Father Wm. Pulsipher was always sent after them as he always got the culprit without injury. He was known far and wide for his undaunted bravery, for his quick and unfailing shots. He was never known to aim at just any object.

There was a time in those early days when the Indians

were very unfriendly. One morning Will looked out and noticed eight Indians on the war path and they were painted and adorned with their feather head gear. Esther was very frightened. As they came up, one of them brustled up to Will, seemingly to make trouble. Although rather a small man, Will didn't intend to be bluffed by them, so he grabbed the intruder by the shoulder and jammed down on a rock. He got up and came back for more, but again Will pushed him down. Another came at him and he was treated the same way. They soon gave up and acknowledged that William was a "Heap strong man" They shook hands and called him the "Big Spirit" from then on.

On another occasion when they were living in the wagon before they got the house built, Esther stayed at camp one day, because she didn't feel well, instead of riding out on the range with her husband as she often did. Along about 10:00 in the morning she heard an Indian outside her wagon. With fear and trembling she pulled the bed clothes securely over her for protection. As he did not leave she at last gained courage enough to climb out of the wagon and went clear around the camp fire and sat down. This Indian just smiled and began talking to her, telling her the names of things and made her understand by motioning. He made a habit of coming back every day and teaching her the Indian language and customs.

The Indians were going out on the range and killing a

beef, and taking what they wanted and leaving the rest to waste. Will told them the Big Spirit did not like to see things wasted. They must come and ask for meat instead of wasting it that way. Once they went and killed another one and ate so much of it that it made them sick. They thought the Big Spirit was in them and they must sweat it out, so the other Indians put them in their tents and made a fire to sweat it out. When they were all sweaty they took them out and dipped three of them in a creek. Ed Hamblin happened along and saved two, but the three they dipped were killed instantly. They never bothered any more cattle on the range. They said Nigger Abe was the main leader and when they wanted beef they came and asked for it.

William was used to trading the Indians horses for pine nuts and buckskin, so the family always had one or two sacks full of pine nuts and could have them to eat anytime they wanted.

One time William and Jacob Hamblin were out riding and just at the mouth of a big canyon they saw five Indians on the war path. William had a gun called a needle gun. He could touch a lever or a spring and three long spears would come out, and he worked it so fast that it scared the Indians. They wanted to see the gun, but William told them he would show them and he told Jacob, 'I'll get this one and this one and that one with the gun and that one with my dagger, but you must get that one.' That was the first

gun of this type in that county, and it was quite a novelty to watch Will throw those long needles back and forth as he worked the lever. When he would not let them take the gun, they got scared and never bothered anymore.

Esther was the proud owner of the first sewing machine in that county. She could sew anything on it. She made pants for her husband out of buckskin. It seemed there was no “wearout” to those buckskin britches, though they weren’t so good when they got wet or dirty, but Esther was glad to replace them with new ones.

This machine was a “Hows”, it took nice stitches and never ripped, so she was so much in demand to make clothes for other people, even men’s suits. She was an exceptionally fast worker. Thus accomplishing more than most. Her earnings gradually amounted to about \$300.00. A \$2.50 gold piece was quite a novelty in those days, but they were in circulation, when ever Esther could see one she would trade silver to the owner of it. These she put in a special long box.

In 1875 William was called on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, now known as the Hawaiian Islands. He did not know what to do because he had loaned all his money out on interest. It was the wrong time of the year to sell his cattle and he was indeed blue and discouraged, until his wife brought forth her little secret box filled with the

gold pieces and asked him if there was enough. Imagine his surprise and joy to have his prayers answered in such a way so that he could take advantage of this great opportunity that had come to him.

It was rather hard to bid adieu to his loving companion, who was expecting a child and the five children. He knew much of the responsibility would fall on Willie, who was then 12 years old.

It was early in April 1875 when William left Hebron – destination the Sandwich Islands. While on the boat, a terrible storm arose on the Pacific. Four of the passengers were on the deck, drinking and playing cards and as the two missionaries passed, one of the men said he could whip any d___ Mormon on the boat. William took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and said he'd take them on one at a time. But they were fearful and said no more about it. As the waves dashed high and rocked the boat, the four men became alarmed and went to the captain for help. He soothed their fears by telling them two Mormon missionaries were with them and they would land safely.

William was seasick crossing the ocean; then when he got to Honolulu he did not get any better and could not eat their food, so they just put a little Kanaka man to take care of him. Finally, when he began to get a little better, he saw a coconut on a tree and asked this Kanaka if he

could have it if he would shoot it and the Kanaca told him “yes”. So, William shot it and after that he lived on coconuts and drank the milk and improved. When Brigham Young found that Elder Pulsipher was on a mission sick, he sent him his honorable release and said he could fill a mission home by donating to others, so he got home the night his little daughter, Minnie, was born, December 17, 1875. He was gone eight months.

After that two more children were added to the family. Sara Edna, born February 12, 1878 in St. George, and Anna Luella, born August 27th at Shoal Creek.

William and Ester had three homes – one in St. George, one in Hebron and one in Clover Valley, Nevada, a dairy, where they made butter and cheese in the summer. There were two big rock cellars – one had a spring in it to keep it cool for the butter and milk. The other was just to keep cheese in until it was cured for market. The floor of the kitchen was the roof of the cheese cellar. You come out of the kitchen into a big shed where the cheese factory stood. Another door led to the shed. Then there was a front door to lead out to the main road on the south and across the road was a big hay barn where the hired men slept.

William once had a claim on the biggest gold mine in Pioche, Nevada, but sold it to a company. It was called the “Raven and Ely mine” but they never did pay for the

claim. He also had a ranch at Beaver Dam where those Indians ate too much meat. He also had another place about 15 miles this side of St. George.

He was a very religious man and devoted much time and money to the Church. His excellent health came from strict observance of the Word of Wisdom. Though they raised grapes in abundance and always had grape juice in their cellar, he would not drink except as fresh juice. He did not partake of wine. His church affiliations were always upper most to him and living on the frontier as they did, his home was always open to meetings or church affairs. Nothing was more important to him than his faith in the principles and ordinances of the gospel.

He and Esther frequently traveled to Salt Lake City for the semi-annual conferences, spending a week there visiting, etc. They were regular attenders at stake conferences in St. George also, jolting along in the light wagon or buggy. Esther used to make the expression that "Dixie had the worst roads in the United States" nevertheless they were grateful that they were able to attend.

He was a financier of great ability in his day. His stocks and bonds were plentiful, making him one of the leaders in that of the state. He was also staunch advocator of education. A few years before he died he told his wife if anything should happen to him, she was not to give the children

money, but give them an education for no one could rob them of that as they could of the material things.

He was caught out on the range in a snow storm. Quite unusual in southern Utah. He contacted a severe cold which settled on his lungs, causing a fatal case of pneumonia. He passed away March 12, 1880, at the age of 42. He was buried in Hebron on the 15th of March by the side of this three children who had passed away in early childhood.

History of Esther Chidester & William Pulsipher Family

Esther Chidester daughter
of John Chidester and Mary
Josephine Parker.

Born: May 18 1846,
Montrose, Lee, Iowa,
the beginning of the
“Mormon Tail”

Died: November 24,
1914, Provo, UT

Married: (1) October
27, 1861 by her father

John M. Chidester in

the old endowment house, Salt Lake City, to Wil-
liam Pulsipher

William Pulsipher, Son of Zera Pulsipher and Mary
Brown.

Born: January 21, 1838 Kirtland, Lake, Ohio.

Died: March 12, 1880 in Hebron, UT



Esther Chidester

Children:

William Zera Pulsipher

Born: March 4, 1863 Washington, UT

Died: August 18, 1887, Provo UT

When his mother first moved to Provo, William remained in St. George to tend the property and to work on cattle ranches. After the property was sold he went to Provo and attended the Brigham Young Academy for a time. He died of Bright's disease.



William Pulsipher

Mary Esther Pulsipher
Born: November 20, 1864,
Shoal Creek, UT
Died: May 4, 1868

John Madison Pulsipher
Born: April 22, 1867, Hebron, UT
Died: March 1, 1941
Married: (1) Rowena Elizabeth Romney
(2) Laura Anderson

Eunice Pulsipher
Born: March 15, 1869 Hebron, UT
Died November 20, 1945
Married: Alma Miner Carter

Charles Henry Pulsipher
Born: February 27, 1872, Hebron, UT
Died: August 13, 1876

Augustus C. Pulsipher

Born: October 21 1873, Clover Valley, NV

Died: August 2 1876

Minnie Minurva Pulsipher

Born: December 17, 1875, Hebron, UT

Died: July 3, 1934

Married: (1) Albert Grafton Thomas

(2) Charles Thomas Westope (or Westrope)

Sarah Edna Pulsipher

Born: February 12, 1878, St. George UT

Died: November 18, 1961

Married: Jon Tranham Taylor

Anna Luella Pulsipher

Born: August 22, 1880, Hebron, UT

Died: February 22, 1959

Married: Edgar Lafayette Cropper

Two Indian Children were adopted and raised by the Pulsiphers:

Susan Pulsipher

Born: February 1860, bought at age 6 from Dud Leavitt

Amos Pulsipher

Born: 1871, bought when he was about 10 years old from Clint McLane. When grown Amos went East to study and the family lost track of him.

Esther's second marriage was on October 25, 1883, to John Chauncey Snow, a widower who had four children: John, Harriett, Warren and Ernest. Mr. Snow was a plasterer by trade and was 43 years of age when he and Esther were married in Salt Lake City by Elder Joseph F. Smith. John C. Snow was born June 28, 1840, Lima, Adams, IL. Died Jul 10, 1909, Provo, UT Son of James C. and Eliza Snow.

To Esther and John were born in Provo UT:

Mabel LaPrele Snow

Born September 10, 1884, Provo, UT

Married: John Leo Halliday

Myrtle Blanche Snow

Born: July 24, 1887

Died: October 2, 1945

Married: Charles Sumner Jr.

Arletta Estella Snow

Born: October 16, 1890

Died: September 30, 1971

Married: William Isaac Daw

Esther Chidester was a very young child when she crossed the plains with her family. She grew up during the hard, hungry pioneering years in Spanish Fork and Parley's

Park, Utah, and was living in Salt Lake City, a girl of 15 years, when a neighboring boy courted her. Small and winsome, she was mature for her years. Pioneer life had made her so.

William Pulsipher, eight years her senior, had been called by the prophet Brigham Young to go to Southern Utah as a missionary to explore and settle the country. He was reluctant to leave as a single man for he didn't know when he would be able to come back. Besides he was in love with Esther. He proposed marriage to her but she thought she was too young to leave her parents so far behind. Anyway, she wasn't quite ready to take on the responsibilities of married life in so primitive circumstances. William persisted, finally taking her on his knee and telling her that he would not let her go until she consented. He also promised that if she would say yes that he would never go into polygamy. At this, she capitulated and the young couple was married in the endowment House with Esther's father, John Madison Chidester (a former branch President of Spanish Fork) performing the ceremony.

For a time in Southern Utah their home was the covered wagon in which they had made the trip south. Esther cooked their meals on a camp fire. Often she would ride with her husband as he cared for the cattle they had accumulated; then again, she was left to her own devices at camp. These times were hard for her, and frightening, for

there was the ever-present threat of Indians who, although they were not war-like, were still a problem. They had no conception of the meaning of private property and would take anything they fancied.

Realizing her fear, William made a pact with the Chief that during his absence no Indian would molest the young woman, saying that she was afraid of them. He gave the Chief a pony and saddle to bind the bargain. Not many days later as Esther was working in the wagon she heard an Indian singing, "Wait For the Wagon and We'll all take a Ride." Frightened, she quickly covered herself with a blanket and lay still hoping that he would go away. As he continued to stay by the fire outside, Esther finally concluded that the best thing to do was to pretend that she was not frightened and see what would happen. She left the wagon and went to sit on the opposite side of the fire from the Indian. In a little bit the Indian got up and came to sit beside her and began telling her the Indian names of various objects.

When William returned the Indian said, "You say your squaw afraid. She no afraid, she brave." After that he came every day to converse with her and teach her his language. From this beginning Esther became fluent in the Ute, Piute, Navajo, Mexican and Spanish languages.

After they had built a cabin, probably in Hebron, Esther

had another experience that frightened her. William was away and she was alone with the children. A tribe of Indians surrounded the cabin. Some got up on the roof and beat tom-toms, damaged the roof and made wild noises. Esther got her pistol, loaded it and started for the door, intending to shoot if necessary. She was an excellent marksman and would not have missed her target. Suddenly the disturbance ceased and she felt sure that someone was approaching. Sure enough, William had been warned of impending trouble and had returned home. He grabbed the first brave he could reach and jounced him up and down on a pile of rocks, continuing until the brave begged for mercy. William's superior strength earned him the respect and love of the natives.

William was a shrewd business man and fearless in all his transactions. Soon, he owned ranches near Hebron, Clover Valley, and Beaver Dam, Nevada, but eventually sold them without realizing anything for them. There was a fine home in St. George where the family lived in the winter time, but the summers were spent on one of the ranches where they made butter and cheese for sale.

The first sewing machine in the country was a Howe which William bought for his wife. She became very proficient in its use and when her husband was away on business she would do sewing for others, making suits, hemming yards of ruffles. When paid for the work she

would exchange the money for \$2.50 gold pieces which she kept in a little box.

Esther and William loved to go to Salt Lake City for the conferences there, taking a week each way over “the worst roads in this country,” said Esther. Each night they made a bonfire and had a hot supper and the next morning there would be a hot breakfast. During conference they camped close to the tabernacle area.

A mid-wife tended Esther at the birth of each of her children. When the fourth one was to be born Esther had been sick for 36 hours. Her father-in-law, Zera Pulsipher, worried about her condition, covered her body by pulling her night clothes down over her feet, then taking her by the feet, stood her on her head, shaking her vigorously. Then he laid her down and said, “There, my girl, you will be all right.” It was not long until the baby was born.

A prevalent practice among the poor Indian tribes of Utah and Colorado was to sell their children, usually to traders along the old Spanish Trail. Normally the traders took these children to California or Mexico where they sold them into slavery. After the Mormons settled the area, many of the children were purchased by Mormon families who raised them and when they reached their majority, gave them a dower to begin life with. Sometimes the first one to obtain the child wouldn't be able to keep him

and would in turn be reimbursed for the purchase price by another family.

While the Pulsipher children were still small, William purchased a little six-year-old girl from a family that had not been able to care for her. Her hair was matted to her head, her clothes dirty and unkempt. The night that he brought little Susan home, Esther bathed her, cut her hair and cleaned her, then sat up during the night to make new clothes for the child. Little Susie was so happy about the new circumstance that she looked into Esther's face and said, "Are you going to be my new Mother? Please don't let anyone ever take me away!" As she grew up she became a good cook and her services were welcome everywhere. She remained in St. George when the family moved North.

In a like manner, Amos was obtained and raised by the Pulsiphers.

In the Spring of 1875 William was called on a mission to the Pacific Islands. He had a great deal of property but not much ready cash. The family did not consider that he wouldn't go. Esther got her cash box out and turned over the accumulated gold pieces for him to use. He was gone for a period of only eight months for he was sick most of the time and had to be released. In the meantime Esther took care of the many family interests. Her sister Eunice

had been widowed so Esther invited her to come and stay with her, for she was to give birth to another child soon and would need help. There was no one Esther trusted more than she did this older sister.

William arrived home December 16, 1875; the baby was born the next day.

Back home William quickly recovered his strength and soon was again riding the range. Along the old Spanish Trail bandits were as much a problem as were the Indians and they had hideouts in the wild southern mountains. Indians and outlaws alike respected this fearless man. One day when he and Jacob Hamblin were riding at the mouth of the big canyon they saw five Indians on the war path. William had a gun called a “needly” gun. You could touch a lever or spring and three long spears would come out, one on each side of the barrel and one straight out the center. William worked it so fast that it frightened the Indians. They wanted to examine it, but William said he would show it to them. To Jacob Hamblin he said, pointing to the Indians: “I’ll get this one and this one and that one with the gun and the next one with my dagger. You take care of the other one.” The Indians left and didn’t bother the men again.

William would trade horses to the Indians for pine nuts and buckskin. There were always plenty of nuts for the

family and Esther made clothes out of the buckskin.

Ben Tasker was a noted outlaw of the area. He and his gang had a hideaway in the southern mountains. From there they would steal anything they could get – from household goods to cattle and horses. William was a thorn in the side of the lawless gang. He was fearless in his pursuit of them and was instrumental in having a number of them arrested.

Once, when he and Esther had been out to obtain berries for canning, he saw a dust ahead and knew that the Tasker gang was driving the horses he had heard about having been stolen. He got down from the buggy and prepared to mount the saddle pony he always took with him, instructing his wife to drive home alone while he went after the thieves. Esther, realizing the danger he would be placing himself in, also dismounted from the buggy and refused to move a step until he came along. She knew it would be foolish for him to try to capture the desperadoes by himself.

As they neared St. George she finally said that she would drive on alone provided he would ride the pony into town and get help. This he did and the thieves were captured. One of the captured men swore that this would be the last time Bill Pulsipher would ever arrest him for he would kill him the first chance he got.

Ben Tasker felt the same way and sent word to William that he would be killed on sight. William didn't know what Tasker looked like so decided to find out. He had been riding the range one day. It was late. Bill was tired and found himself close to Deseret Springs (Mesquite) in an area known to be close to the Tasker ranch. He rode up to the ranch house, tethered his horse, then approached and knocked on the door. A man who was known to Bill, opened the door. In amazement, he said, "What are you doing here? Are you acquainted with Tasker?"

"That is my business here," said Bill. Leading him through the room filled with men, the man took Bill to the far end and said, "Mr. Ben Tasker, allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. William Pulsipher." Bill said, "Mr. Ben Tasker, I understand that you are going to kill me on sight." "Oh, no," said the wary Ben, "I wouldn't do that. You are my best friend. You keep my animals from being stolen."

A good supper was ordered and a bed made for the visitor. Tasker made it a point to place his gun and scabbard on the cupboard – the first time he had ever been known to be separated from them. William laid his own weapons beside them, saying that he was not in the habit of carrying them except out on the range.

The man who knew William slept with him that night. William was so tired that he was soon fast asleep. During the night he had a nightmare that caused him to utter a terrible yell. The household awakened and was nervous. Bill asked pardon and promptly fell asleep again but Tasker was sure there had been a posse outside and this was a prearranged signal. When morning came a good breakfast was served and Tasker took his visitor on a tour of the place, showing him the exceptional storage facilities.

There was one thing William was to regret. He had a difficult time realizing that his sons were growing up. Young William Jr. began keeping company with some young people of whom his father did not approve. William Sr. scolded and threatened and finally gave his son a whipping. Young William would not submit. He left home. The father's intolerance estranged the older boys so that they had gone on their own and were serving other men as cow hands and catching and breaking horses for sale. So it was that, when William succumbed to exposure, contracted pneumonia and died, neither of the boys was there to help Esther to assume the heavy burden of operating so vast a ranching business.

In 1882 Esther applied for a release from the Cotton Mission to which she had been called so many years ago. The two older boys had their own stock and could not help with the ranch, so all property was sold and Esther

moved her family to Provo, UT., where there would be better facility for educating the children. After she was settled there Willie and John took turns coming to Provo to attend school in the Winter time.

Esther bought a large lot in central Provo and ordered a home built. When she moved in with her four little girls, she found the home to be much to big so she turned it into a hotel. For a number of years it was known as the Pulsipher House and was a favorite boarding place for students at the Academy. It was later to be known as the Oxidental Hotel.

Willie came to attend school. Some of his southern friends, thinking to have a little fun, wrote to Dr. Karl G. Maeser and asked him to teach Willie to pray. In the morning assembly Dr. Maeser called on Willie to open with prayer. Willie, seeing no way to escape, arose and began by saying, "Oh, Lord, bless – bless – who?" A girl in the audience called out, "Bro. Maeser." Willie continued, "Brother Maeser, Amen." And sat down. He was asked to pray every morning for a week. He then told his mother that he could now pray with the best.

After her marriage to Mr. Snow, Esther sold the house in town and moved to Provo Bench where she had farm land surrounding a large house. The children grew up there and attended school, all receiving the fine education

their mother had planned for them. It was a great sorrow to her when Willie died so young. He had been her main support and they were very close to each other in those last years. She had won him back completely and they enjoyed being together.

Her home was the central interest of her children. She loved to have the children gather around the old organ and play and sing during the evening. When her sister Eunice was visiting they would enjoy singing the old songs together and reminiscing about their lives in Southern Utah, telling jokes, relating special instances, reliving their times good and bad. Her daughters had the highest regard for her and would care for her all her days. A wonderful wife and mother, and a worthy daughter. Her life's motto: Honesty is the best policy.

(reference: Histories written by her daughters Eunice P. Carter, Edna Pulsipher Taylor; in possession of Kenneth Cropper, Provo, UT.)

Patriarchal Blessing of William Albert Beebe

Number 77 – by John Smith, Patriarch, Nauvoo, Illinois,
Jan. 2nd, 1845.

A blessing by John Smith Patriarch, upon the head of William A. Beebe, son of John and Lydia (French) Beebe, born June 9th, 1813 in Greenville, Mass. Brother William, I lay my hands upon thy head and seal upon thee a Father's Blessing covenant, with the Holy Priesthood which was sealed upon the head of the Fathers; which will enable thee to be a Savior in the last days to save thy seed and living friends according to the lays of the Priesthood; the greatest part of thy mission is to the Lamanites, thou shalt be greatly blessed among them, baptize and lead more of them to Zion than other people; Thou shalt have the ministering of angels and they will show thee how to escape thine enemies, thou shalt be enabled to do all miracles which are necessary to forward thy work for the Lord hath said he will cut his work short in righteousness, therefore fear not for thou shalt lead many to Zion with much riches; thy posterity shall be numerous and shall be esteemed as the excellent of the earth, thy name shall be honorable to all generations; thy years shall be many even to enjoy all the blessings and glory of the Redeemer's kingdom, sit upon the earth in the last days, if they faith does not fail, I seal all these blessing upon thee and thy

posterity with eternal life; and thou art of the lineage of Joseph even so, Amen.

Given by William Smith, Patriarch, June 21st, 1845, Nauvoo, Illinois.

The patriarchal blessing of William A. Beebe, son of John and Lydia born Greenville, Mass. June 9th, 1813. I lay my hands upon your head to confer upon you a Patriarchal Blessing because thou hast desired an increase of knowledge and an improvement in the mechanical arts in the days of thy life and there are other blessings thou hast desired to obtain which are of a more exalted character and belong to the House of God for the Devil has sought much in times that are past to destroy thee by temptations in the way, yet, through the wisdom of God thou hast been preserved and by His grace forgiven of all thy sins, doubts, and fears the glory of Zion has been the aspirations of thine heart; yet thou hast been troubled about many things that did not belong to thee to understand for the time is more fully coming when thou shalt understand the will of God more perfectly and the glory of the third heavens shall be unfolded unto thee. Thou shall have a peculiar desire to examine every apartment of the temple when it is finished and understand the order of its arrangements and all the blessing that belong to the Endowment and for a particular purpose thou shalt be called upon to stand before the sanctuary of the Lord and there be administered

until and shall become a partaker of the blessings of the alter and thy companion with thee whose heart has desired thy salvation and who has prayed for thee many times in secret. She shalt not lose her crown, neither her place with thee for none other shall take her place, thy posterity shall be considered numerous upon the face of the earth and from the mountains and many of them shall be gathered as sheep that are scattered by a faithful shepherd and they shall be returned to Zion and join with their kindred and their blood for thou art one of the seed of Abraham and an Israelite; indeed a descendent of Joseph through the loins of Ephraim, though many of thy fathers have mingled with the house of Judah and by their apostasy lost the Priesthood in their day, but their blood has been gathered out and preserved in the stock of Israel and upon them has the Priesthood descended because of the Royal seed thou hast not seen fitness of the glory of Zion; neither lived out thine appointed time for angels have received charge concerning thee and by visions and dreams thou shalt be warned of marvelous events. The gifts of wisdom and knowledge are thine and the discerning of spirits and none shall have power to deceive thee by the cunning craft, for in a most marvelous manner has thou enjoyed the gift of the Spirit in times that are past and the wicked acts of men have been made known to thine understanding by which thou hast been delivered from their devices to destroy them, and if faithful and true, this conquest shall be thy common lot and for thy comfort thou shalt inherit greater wisdom

and understand greater mysteries even as Paul of old, thy voice shall also be heard by many and thy testimony shall be borne to thy father's house many of whom shall be a partaker with thee in all these blessings and because of the integrity of thine heart. Thou shalt understand greater wisdom and the blessings of the Holy Spirit with all the attendant power of the Holy Priesthood shall be upon thee, for by the highest authority in the church of that shalt never end, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Number 28 a Patriarch William Smith a June 21st, 1845
- Nauvoo, Illinois. The Patriarchal blessing of Louisa
N. Beebe, daughter of Philo and Louisa Newton, born
Berkshire Co., Mass. August 11, 1819.

Dear Sister, thou art also blessed with thy companion
with a father's blessing which is a blessing conferred by
Patriarchs and Prophets according to the order of God
from days of old by which authority the seed of the House
of Israel is sealed with the Holy Spirit of Promise, thou art
a daughter of Abraham and of the stock of they husband,
thine heart has desired to understand thy lineage and to
learn of thy progenitors from whom thou hast descended,
they are those of whom the Prophets wrote that should
succeed in the holy ministry and inherit by legal heirship
the Priesthood of Melchizedek for they were the sons of
God who were brought up and as witnesses stood in their
day and generation and proclaimed that God had not
forsaken the earth or forgotten his covenant people and
by the election of grace and that purpose of God that he
purposed in himself before the foundation of the world
thou art saved for the election hath obtained it to whom
more fully belongs the Holy Priesthood and to none
other people this being the purpose of God that none
other should minister before the alter but the promised
seed. Thy past life has been a marvel and a miracle unto
thee for thou hast been preserved from many dangers

and been raised from beds of sickness and in thy father's house. Thou has been distinguished as one of peculiar character and disposition. Many have pointed thee out not knowing thy name or descent but the aspirations of thy soul have made thee an heir of God and exalted thee above many of thy father's house. Thou shalt see after many days the fruits of thy labors and words that have been spoken in prudence and in power will bring with them their fruit and thou shalt be astonished when thou shalt behold a greater fulness of the gospel of Christ. Thy mind shall become strengthened and if thou wilt be prayerful the spirit of God will teach thee and great wisdom and knowledge shall be given thee and the hours of thy meditation shall be sweet for thou shalt behold an angel in the dark hours of the night and in a dream he shall appear dressed in white array and he shall be unto thee as the voice of Joseph, thy doubts and fears shall be removed, thou shalt behold him afar off beckoning for thee to come and the time shall come when thy desire shall be to depart and unto thy husband thou shalt prove a ministering angel and all the days of thy life shall suffice for thy torment, but in heaven pain and sorrow shall be known no more thy sins are forgiven thee and let thy heart be comforted for thou hast not seen all, neither has it entered into the heart what the Lord has prepared for thee and if thou art tempted and at any time cast down thy guardian angel which is appointed of God shall comfort thee and by a still small voice thou

shalt rest thy soul in sleep and waking hours and in the morning of the first resurrection thou shalt wake never to sleep again the sleep of death and the blessing of an eternal salvation, a crown that never fadeth away and a glory that is celestial. I seal upon thy head in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.