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## SHORT SKETCH OF SEYMOUR BRUNSON, SR

I cannot give any particulars respecting him during his early days, but I am informed that he served in the U.S. army during the war of 1813. Soon after the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, my father became a member thereof, being baptized by Solomon Hancock...sometime between the 15th and 20th day of January, 1831, and was confirmed and ordained an Elder on the 21st of the same month under the hands of Elder John Whitmer. After his ordination as an Elder, he preached the first principles of the Gospel through Ohio, Virginia, and other States, and established several branches of the church.

I moved with my father from Ohio in the year 1834, and we spent the fall of 1834 and the early part of 1835 in the town of Bloomfield, OH. . . . from Bloomfield to the town of Tompkins, state of IL. . . . arrived in Missouri in the spring of 1837, and settled down some four miles south of the city of Far West.

In the year 1838 we moved in the city of Far West, and in the fall of that year, my father took an active part in the troubles that arose between the Mormons and their neighbors in Missouri. On the 16th of October he went with his company and paid a visit to the famous Mormon hater, William Cope, of Grindstone Fork, situated on Grand River, and northeast from Far West. The company arriving in disguise, the old gentleman took them to be of the mob fraternity and hailed them as such, most cordially prepared for them an excellent supper and loaned them two guns, at the same time taking my father aside and informing him that when a good opportunity offered, he just "laid out" a Mormon. While the company was there, they managed to take the lock of the old man's

only remaining gun, leaving him without any very available means to "lay" another Mormon "out."

During the occupation of Far West by Generals Lucas and Clark, great exertions were made to destroy his [Seymour's] life. Once, indeed, he was in the hands of Captain Bogard, but was not recognized, and there being a slight snow on the ground, he managed to make his escape by turning the heels of his shoes forward. His exertions to release the brethren from imprisonment were unceasing, and after the saints were expelled from Missouri, he carried intelligence to and from the prisoners at the hazard of his life. . . . I was very young during the troubles of Missouri, but one or two circumstances are still vivid in my mind. At the Battle of Crooked River several brethren were killed. [*He then tells about the battle from his own knowledge and that in the History of the Joseph Smith, October 25, 1838.*] Living in the midst of such scenes as are portrayed in the foregoing extract was sufficient to leave upon my mind, though quite young, an indelible impression.

I well remember seeing the militia marching to meet the enemy while they were marching towards, and at a short distance from Far West and expecting to see a fight. I with several others got up on an old log building in order to have a proper view. No action took place at this time, but shortly after the city of Far West fell into the hands of the mob and the saints were expelled therefrom.

Before leaving entirely the affairs of Missouri, I will just mention one circumstance respecting my father which may serve as a mirror to reflect the generosity of his soul, which trait of character, I pray may be enstamped

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Seymour Brunson was born 1 Dec 1798 in Orwell, VT to Reuben Brunson and Sally Clark. He married Harriet Matilda Gould from NY about 1823. They became the parents of seven children between the years of 1825 and 1839, namely: Reuben, Lewis, Lucretia, Joseph, Jerusha, Seymour, and William Morgan. He died 10 Jun 1840 in Nauvoo, IL. He was a Lieut. Col. of the Illinois Militia and was buried with military honors in Nauvoo. Harriet traveled to Utah with the Saints and died 31 Jul 1879 in Fillmore, UT, where she is buried. The above excerpt is told by his son, Lewis Brunson, submitted by Darlinda Gorley, Hyrum, UT.

upon all who bear his name. During the persecutions of the saints at Far West and but a short time prior to their expulsion, he had his stock driven up, and killing them all except, probably one cow, he divided them amongst the brethren, without any recompense, plainly manifesting that he realized his interests to be identified with theirs.

I will here relate an incident which happened to my father and others while on their way to Illinois. After getting considerably on their way, game was very scarce and being entirely destitute of food, they built a fire, and kneeling down, besought the Lord to open up their way that they might not perish with hunger. They arose from their knees, and set out, but had gone but a short distance when two deer started up before them one of which they shot and returned to the camp fire they had just left, and richly feasted. . . .

After arriving at IL, my father sent for his family and we moved from Missouri and settled at Quincy, IL. We lived in this place a few months and then moved into Nauvoo. The city of Nauvoo was then but a very small

settlement, consisting of a few log cabins and not many inhabitants, it having been settled but a short time. At a general conference of the Church held at Commerce (afterwards Nauvoo), Hancock Co., IL, 5 October 1839...my father was chosen a member of the High Council, which office he filled with honor until the day of his death.

In the month of July 1840, my father having occasion to get up in the night to drive some cattle out of his lot, caught cold which brought on a severe sickness, which ultimately resulted in death. . . . Joseph Smith had previously had him removed to his house thinking the change might prove beneficial to my father's health, but he still continued to decline, and when Joseph understood that my father would rather go than stay, he and others visited him and bidding him goodbye, remarked "Brother Brunson, since it is your desire to go, we shall not hold you by faith any longer." My father then called his family together, and after asking my mother if all the children were present, he bid us a last farewell, and shortly after his spirit winged its flight from its earthly tenement to take its place amongst the spirits of the just.



*Harriet Matilda Gould Brunson and her son, Lewis Brunson  
photos by Dawnell Griffin, Spanish Fork, UT.*