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The Memoirs of President Joseph Smith

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Edited by his daughter, Mary Audentia Smith Anderson



Dedication

To my mother, Emma Hale, whom my father, Joseph Smith, married on January 18, 1827, and who was his only wife, I dedicate these memories.

To her care I was committed after the death of my father, together with my brothers, Frederick Granger Williams, Alexander Hale, and David Hyrum, and my adopted sister, Julia Murdock, who shared her motherly solicitude and untiring energy.

I acknowledge with gratitude to my heavenly Father that to the precept and example of my father's humble wife I owe the love for right and the hatred for wrong which have characterized my life. She early impressed upon my mind the conviction that under Divine Providence only truth and right would live and that error and wrong must perish.

Upon those teachings I have tried to build the foundation and rear the structure of my life's services to God, ever bearing in mind the nobility of that character to which she

pointed, by precept and example, as the best and the highest that through effort could be attained by man.

JOSEPH SMITH

May 22, 1911.

Introduction

Not having any definite recollection of the place where I may have lived in a pre-existent world nor any definite conception of my surroundings at the time of residence there or of those with whom I may have been there associated, it is not likely that I shall attempt to write in these "Memoirs" anything that does not appertain to this world.

The advocates of the doctrine of pre-existence of man frequently suggest that those transitory glimpses of things apparently seen at some far-off time in the past but which could not have happened in the experiences of the flesh upon earth are almost conclusive evidences that individuals have lived prior to the advent into this life. Such flashes of unrelated memory have come to me as to others, but they have not yet proved of sufficient importance to warrant me in setting down here any of the misty things so classed as recollections of another far-off world.

Notwithstanding what may have been said about spirits having a great desire for embodiment in the flesh and seeking opportunities to accept such tabernacles upon the earth, I have no hesitancy in stating that if I had an existence in a pre-earth period and if I were there consulted as to the time when, place where, and company with whom my earth-life should begin, I have not the faintest recollection of such existence or consultation. I do not care to deny the doctrine, but simply state at the beginning that the memories here set down have reference only to my present sojourn in the flesh.

Whatever may have been the conditions in a pre-existent state and whoever may have been my associates there, superior or otherwise, or whatever may have been their degree of intelligence, is not determined, so far as anything convincing to my judgment is concerned; nor is there, to my knowledge, a sufficient amount of authentic revelation of those matters upon which to base such a conviction. However, I have no hesitancy in saying that whatever and whoever they were I have no reason to find any particular fault with the place or the persons to which I was allotted upon entrance into this world.

My ancestors in the flesh, on the sides of both my parents, were stalwart men and women of sturdy pioneer stock. They were not deficient in powers of brain or body, so far as their struggle for a successful existence was concerned, and I feel I owe to them a greater debt than I can ever repay for the heritage they left of faithful devotion to the spirit of freedom, of integrity and nobility of purpose and character, and of intelligent acceptance of the burdens and responsibilities of this life. For generations back, so far as I have been

able to trace them and discover, these characteristics have shone out as qualities of the families involved.

It may be true that my father was not a schooled man when he began his public career, and it is unnecessary to claim that my mother was early a learned woman; but it is safe to assert that excellent common sense and the faculty of acquiring knowledge were possessed by both in more than an ordinary degree.

From one side I inherited an eager desire for information, and if I have not acquired it, the fault cannot be traced to my immediate progenitors. With this desire I also inherited a spirit of independence of thought and action, and a strong opposition to undue influence exerted by those who, I had reason to believe, had only selfish ends in view.

From my mother I inherited an intense hatred of oppression--of any kind, but more especially the kind displayed by the strong against the weak--and a hatred of arrogance, haughtiness, and that peculiar quality which some people exhibit when they appear to say, "Stand aside; I am holier than thou." With this attribute inherited from my mother, I also received a strong and active repugnance to untruthfulness in either man or woman. To me my mother was ever the embodiment of truthfulness, for she hated intensely any lie, whether spoken or acted, and refused steadfastly to submit to any proposition which was opposite to the truth.

The man who, at the expiration of more than three-quarters of a century of life, undertakes to recall the things of his past has a difficult task before him, for it must follow that what he sees through the mists of memory gathered about earlier experiences to a greater or lesser extent will be colored by reflections and knowledges which years have brought into being, and will be set down in the light of that enlarged vision and comprehension. If perchance this light be faulty he may err in the conclusions he has reached as to the meaning of things long ago said or done, by which his life has been more or less affected.

It is with this acknowledgement then, and without desire to deal with the mysterious or to make claim to a life greatly differing from the ordinary, that the following pages of memories are written.

Chapter I—Early Trails

Ohio

I was born in the early morning of November 6, 1832, in the little town of Kirtland, Geauga (now Lake) County, Ohio. My mother, with her small family, was living in an upper room in the northwest corner of a store occupied by Newell K. Whitney. The comforts were meager and makeshift, but the life which my parents had been compelled to live, constantly harassed by vexatious persecutions and moving about from place to place on what was then the frontier of the westward march of civilization, had inured

them to hardships and strengthened their powers of resistance against apparently overwhelming difficulties, and had taught them the value of a constant and consistent reliance upon the all-wise goodness and never-failing power of God.

My earliest recollections of men, things, and events, therefore, begin at Kirtland. I do not remember the erection of the dwelling house which was built for us nor our removal into it from the store building where I was born, but I do remember some people and incidents of a slightly later period. Among the individuals are Samuel Brannan, Ebenezer Robinson, and Vienna Jacques, the latter an eccentric woman probably even then a young "old maid." Brannan and Robinson were young men and were either inmates of Father's house or frequent visitors therein.

I remember I was promised a little wagon, to be built by a wagon-maker living not far from our house, up on the hillside. The name of Alexander Badham is connected in some way with the memory. I remember that I became impatient for the possession of the wagon and one day slipped away from the house and went to the shop. Peering into it through a crack in the upright siding I saw the wagon, nicely painted red and awaiting the finishing touches before it was to be delivered. I must have received the wagon, but, strange to say, I have no recollections of ever having used it.

The house we then occupied stood on the west side of the street which runs from the Temple down to the Chagrin River and was not very far from the ford across this little stream. Memory has a picture of my going down to the creek with a number of other boys who engaged in fishing for the small edible fish the stream afforded. Seeing their success I, too, wanted to fish. My mother, to gratify me, procured a little pole and attached a thread thereto, with a bent pin for a hook, and away I marched to the creek. I threw my hook without bait into the water and the little fishes gathered to it as it fell. By some strange chance one became fastened to it and was drawn to the shore. In great excitement I dropped the pole and gathering the fish in my hands rushed to the house with it, shouting, "I've got one! I've got one!"

Whether or not the fish was cooked for my delectation or whatever became of it, I have not the remotest remembrance. It was of the variety known as horned chub, about six inches long, round and attractive. I have seen such fishes in the same stream in later years, as well as elsewhere.

Of the stirring events which may have taken place at Kirtland I have not a very extended memory. I do remember visiting what was known as the church farm, occupied at that time by a brother named Harvey Strong. Whether or not I visited there with my father more than once I cannot say. Upon one visit a goose was caught, a string tied about its feet, and the fowl suspended from a beam in the barn. The farmer took it by the head and

cut its throat with his knife, holding the creature while it bled. I suppose it was taken to the house to furnish a dinner for the family and possibly others, but of this, memory saith nothing further.

Missouri

My memories of the journey from Kirtland to Missouri in the spring of 1838 are confused. I can remember that across the center of the covered wagon in which we rode there was a division made by fastening up blankets, and that Father and someone else occupied the back part of the wagon by turns. I remember we reached a river, which I now suppose was the Wabash in Indiana, and that the roads running through the low lands were of the kind known as corduroy. Some who had been riding in the wagons walked over these roads, and I also did so, for a ways, stepping carefully over the rigid poles holding to the hand of my mother.

My adopted sister, Julia, was one of the companions of this journey, and my brother, Frederick, born in June, 1836, was another. Who was the driver or who had charge otherwise I do not remember.

While I can remember some things which happened at Far West the fall I was six years old, the incidents of the journey thither and of settlement there seem very obscure. I seem to see a two-story frame building standing broadside to an open space like a square, and some excitement going on outside. I remember Father starting away from the house and our white dog, Major, jumping from an upper window to a platform below to follow him off.

I remember this dog particularly from the fact that upon one occasion (after he had been fighting and had had his ears chewed until they were sore), the baby was set down by him as he lay upon the floor. The baby pulled his ears, which hurt him so that he growled fiercely. Father punished him severely for this, boxing his ears soundly. This treatment resulted in his never afterwards lying quietly when a child was placed near him. He would spring to his feet immediately and go away, evidently never forgetting the punishment he had received for growling at the baby.

I suppose the excitement to which I have referred was attendant upon some of the operations of the mob against the Saints and the Saints' preparations for resistance or flight, just which I cannot say.

I remember vividly the morning my father came to visit his family after the arrest that took place in the fall of 1838. When he was brought to the house by an armed guard I ran out of the gate to greet him, but was roughly pushed away from his side by a sword in the hand of the guard and not allowed to go near him. My mother, also, was not permitted to approach him and had to receive his farewell by word of lip only. The guard did not permit him to pass into the house nor her to pass out, either because he feared an attempt would be made to rescue his prisoner or because of some brutal instinct in his own breast. Who shall say?

I remember that later I visited the jail at Liberty when my father and others whose names have passed into history were confined in that period of imprisonment which followed Doniphan's refusal to execute the order of Generals Lucas and Clark to "march the prisoners to the public square and there shoot them to death!" There were present in that prison several men, among them Uncle Hyrum Smith, Caleb Baldwin, Lyman Wight, Alexander MacRae, Sidney Rigdon, and a singer whom memory seems to indicate was Erastus Snow. He sang two ditties or ballads characteristic of the times, which made an impression upon me. One was called "The Massacre at the River Raisin,," and referred to the butchering of Americans by Indians in Michigan in 1813, during the war upon the northwest borders. The other was a parody called "Mobbers of Missouri," sung to the tune of "Hunters of Kentucky." I am of the opinion the man was only a visitor in the jail at the time. He was quite a singer and I very fond of music, so I well remember this circumstance of his singing to entertain those in the jail, the time I was left by my mother to spend the night there with my father.

There is a memory of accompanying my mother on another visit to the jail, and it was upon the occasion of one or the other of these visits that my father with another, laid hands upon my head and blessed me, as his eldest son, to the blessings which had come down to him through the blessings of his progenitors. It could not be expected that I, a child of but six years, should remember the phraseology used by Father upon that occasion but the circumstance itself was indelibly fastened upon my memory. While I was not entitled to any claim of being extraordinarily bright and intelligent as a child, yet I was by no means extremely dull. What I saw I usually understood, and what I heard, if it made an impression upon me at all, I remembered fairly well, together with the circumstances attending. Dates my memory has never held tenaciously, however, except some which have been singled out by circumstances which made them more or less remarkable to me.

Who accompanied my mother in the carriage ride to the jail I do not fully recollect, but seem to remember that one of them was an officer. What office he may have held I do not know, but presume it was sheriff or deputy sheriff. At all events, my mother carried a permit to visit her husband in the jail.

My memory of thus visiting the jail in which Father and others were confined is confirmed by the statements of history wherein it appears that my father and his companions were placed in Liberty jail December 1, 1838; that on the 8th of that month the wives of Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon visited the jail and remained overnight, and that on the 20th of December Joseph Smith's wife again visited him. In a list of the visitors to the jail in the month of January following, the names of Mrs. Emma Smith and one John Daley appear as having been there on the 21st of the month. On two of these occasions I was with my mother, according to my memory. The history states that on one occasion Emma Smith remained in the jail two days and that the wives of Caleb Baldwin and Reynolds Cahoon were with her at that time.

There comes to mind a circumstance which occurred about this time which was attended by some degree of mystery. It was my habit to take a nap in the afternoons upon a bed or couch in the bedroom. The house had two rooms, one the living or "keeping" room and the other a bedroom. Into this latter the door leading from the keeping room opened inwardly, opposite a window in the end of the building. My mother was washing in the larger room and I, lying upon the bed in the chamber, was awakened by someone coming through the door and across the room past me. It was a man apparently from thirty-five to forty-five years of age, sparely built, wearing dark clothing somewhat shabby, and having on his head a rather tall-crowned hat, napless, as was the custom of the time. He passed to the window and turned to come back toward the door, saying as he did so, "We will all have to go to the land of Voree."

Reaching the door he turned again and came back toward the window. As he turned at the window the second time to again pass by the bed he repeated what he had said before, "We will all have to go to the land of Voree."

Whatever construction may be put upon these words by those who might wish to localize them in support of the claim made by James J. Strang who established himself years later near Burlington, Wisconsin, at a place called Voree (where he died in 1856), I have never held it as anything more than a statement meant to cover the entire region of country north of Missouri.

When the man returned to the door the second time he passed out, as I supposed, into the room where my mother was. I called to her and asked her who the man was. She wanted to know to what man I referred. I told her about the man I had seen in the room and repeated what he had said. She had not seen him, nor did either of us see him after, though we went at once to the door to look for him. He was fairly tall, being a little over medium height, and had a clean-shaven face. I relate the circumstance because it impressed me at the time and because it is a mystery that has never since been solved.

Another little incident clings to memory. Times were hard and we had little to eat except that which was raised directly from the soil or gathered from the hunt. One day all we had to eat for dinner was corn bread made from meal with only the addition of salt and water, and seasoned as we ate with New Orleans molasses. There was with us that day a man of whom I remember little more than his appearance but whom I have sometimes thought was Lyman Wight. The conversation which took place between my mother and this man, evidently an elder in the church, was cheerful in spite of the circumstances, and I remember his gay remark, "Why, with a chunk of corn bread like that in my hand I could go out of doors and stand at the corner of the house in the northwest wind and eat myself into a sweat!" However, we all did eat of it, and I cannot now recollect that we were any the worse for such meager fare, although I still can remember the taste of the New Orleans molasses.

There is another memory of an evening after dark, when there came to the house a youth, hardly more than a boy, who had been hurt in some way. He was taken upstairs very

quietly and a charge given that if any inquiry were made about such a person nothing should be said to indicate he was in the house. He had been wounded in one of the skirmishes which occurred between the Saints and their oppressors, and was to be kept in safety until his wound healed; it was feared if the mobbers followed and discovered him they would demand that he be turned over to them.

I did not know at the time who this young man was, but some years afterwards I heard something about my Uncle Arthur Milliken (husband of Grandmother Smith's youngest daughter, Lucy,) having been in one of those fights. I questioned him about it and he told me the story of his being wounded and escaping to our house. He was a drummer, beating a snare drum, and in one of the encounters, possibly the one at Shoal Creek, a bullet had passed through both his legs above the knees, one in front and the other back of the thigh bone.

There is a faint memory, too, of hearing about the wounding of David Patten. I remember going with someone to the house where he lay. While not permitted to enter the house, I looked in at the door and saw him lying on his bed, and heard some talk about his wound, as if it were in the body, and of its being cleansed with a silk handkerchief, either by drawing through the wound or being used in some other manner.

One day while playing in front of the house in Far West I saw a strange cavalcade approaching. I waited until it came pretty near and then ran into the yard for safety. Soon the whole procession stopped in front of the house. It really was one of the most singular teams I have ever seen hitched together. It was what is known as a "spike" or three-horse team, only in this case there were not three horses. The animal in the lead, regularly harnessed, was a flea-bitten gray mare, hitched to the tongue of the wagon by a singletree. The animal upon the off side of the tongue was an ox called a stag, harnessed with an ordinary harness only the collar was turned with the big end up and the bridle was without a bit. The animal on the near side was a small brown mule, also harnessed with a regular harness but bearing in addition a saddle, astride of which was a Negro fully six feet tall and broad in proportion. He wore a tattered hat on his kinky head, was without coat or vest, but had on shirt and pants of the conventional pattern common to the locality, made, evidently, of homespun stuff and very well worn.

The Negro was singing as he rode, the whites of his eyes and his white teeth shining prominently in the light. The team was hitched to an old-fashioned Pennsylvania-made wagon, the box of which, called a stick box, was high in front and high at the back but swept down curvingly toward the center. It was loaded with watermelons which the Negro driver was bringing to town to sell. When he stopped his team in front of the house and descended from his mule I could see from his good-natured face and rollicking manner that he would not hurt me, so I went out and curiously examined his outfit. He was very jolly as he tried to sell his wares and it was not long until his wagon was surrounded and the melons disappearing in ready sales, the prices being cheap.

I have never forgotten the looks of that team. I saw it at intervals during the season, coming into town with melons and other produce for sale. I have seen other quaint teams and old-fashioned wagons but never anything so picturesque as that one. It was in striking contrast to one I saw in 1876 in Jack's Valley, a few miles east of Carson City, Nevada, freighting mining machinery to Silver City, eighty miles up the valley. The outfit consisted of a huge wagon, the hind wheels of which were so large that, standing on the ground beside them, I was barely able to reach the tops with my fingers. Two ordinary two-horse wagons were used as trailers--that is, the tongues had been shortened and fastened by a clevis each to the hind axle of the wagon before it.

The team which drew this outfit of wagons was composed of eighteen mules, large and small, driven by a man riding the near wheeler. He had a long line stretched over the heads of the intervening teams with which to guide and govern the lead team. The team next in front of the wheelers was a pair of small mules. They were called a swing team--that is, their heads were free and they formed a kind of fulcrum to prevent the whole group from sweeping around corners too quickly. It was quite amusing and instructive to watch this team swinging the corners as they went through the little town of Mottsville, near the home of Brother Slayton with whom I was sojourning. I think the driver told me that he had twenty tons of freight on the three wagons. I know that at the time this seemed to me a tremendous load. That was in the good old times when freighting by team was the custom of the country.

The pictures of these strange teams in contrast remain with me still.

Illinois

Of the exodus from Missouri before reaching the Mississippi at Quincy I have one recollection which is definite and clear. That is of our arrival at a log farmhouse at the side of the road, along in the afternoon. As the team stopped it was assailed by a pack of dogs, but the farmer, coming to the door, told us not to fear for they would not hurt anyone. In answer to our inquiry as to whether he could keep us overnight he said, "Certainly," and bade us enter.

Mother and we children went in, leaving someone, whom I seem to remember as Jonathan Holman, to care for the team. This team was composed of two large black horses, one called Charlie and the other Jim. Jim must have perished somewhere on the road or soon after our arrival at Nauvoo, but Charlie survived and was used by Father as a riding horse.

The farmhouse was what was called a double log house--that is, it had two large rooms built separately but connected by a large open space closed up on one side and roofed over like the house. In this space were stored grain, produce, different kinds of harness, saddles, implements, and other things pertaining to farm life in Missouri.

The farmer was a sturdy man and gave us a hearty welcome. The weather was cold, but there was a great fire in one end of the living room and we were soon very comfortable.

We had supper and afterwards beds were made, some on the bedstead and some on the floor, which we were permitted to occupy. We slept cozily in the warmth of that big fire as it gradually waned to a bed of coals.

We had an early start next morning, but of other incidents connected with the long journey of crossing the State I have little memory until we reached the river. The weather had become extremely cold and the river was frozen over, so that we crossed upon the ice. Charlie, the more intelligent animal of the team, was hitched to the tongue of the wagon and the driver, walking behind him, held the end of the tongue in his hand, guiding the horse across. This was considered the safest way to make the crossing for it was feared the ice might not be strong enough to bear the weight of the double team and the loaded wagon.

Carrying in her arms my brothers, Frederick and Alexander (the latter born the preceding June), with my sister, Julia, and myself holding onto her dress at either side, my mother walked across the frozen river and reached the Illinois shore in safety. This, then, was the manner of our passing out of the jurisdiction of a hostile State into the friendlier shelter of the State of Illinois, early in 1839.

From the history called "Recollections of the Pioneers of Lee County (Illinois)" is taken the following extract concerning that hazardous journey of my mother from Far West to Quincy:

"After making such arrangements for the safety of herself and children as she could, Mrs. Smith left the home from which she had been driven and turned her steps toward Illinois. The winter shut in early and when the fleeing pilgrims reached the Mississippi River it was frozen over, and Mrs. Smith, weary, sad, and heart-broken, crossed the mighty river to Quincy, Illinois, on foot, carrying her two youngest children, with the oldest boy and little girl clinging to her dress.

"She found a hospitable welcome at the home of a family by the name of Cleveland, where she remained during the long winter, sad, but trusting, and in faithful expectancy waiting for her husband's relief and delivery from bonds. When at last he was free, she welcomed him with a wife's rapture, and was ready to begin again the life of devotion to his happiness as she had ever been."

Quincy

My first recollection concerned with events after we crossed the Mississippi River begins at the home of the man, George Cleveland, some three or four miles out from Quincy--in a northeasterly direction I believe, though of that I cannot be certain. My mother and her children and a part or all of the family of Elder Sidney Rigdon made up a part of the household there.

Elder Rigdon had two sons, Sidney and John Wickliffe, and a daughter by the name of Lucy. Whether he and the boys were there or not I cannot now call to recollection from

any incident connecting them with events at the time; but a circumstance in which Lucy and my adopted sister figured leaves the clear impression that Mrs. Rigdon and the daughter were there. One day Julia came in and began teasing for something which Mother did not think proper to grant just then; I think it was for something to eat. Mother told her to wait; but the child, too impatient to do so, threw herself down upon her back on the floor and with a very good imitation of weeping began pounding her heels and bumping her head on the floor, accompanying the tattoo with a series of screams.

Mother stepped quickly to her, caught the young miss by the shoulder and straightened her to her feet with the sharp command, "Stop that! If you want anything, ask for it, but don't try any of that nonsense if you can't have it right away. You just can't come Lucy Rigdon on me!"

The childish tactics my sister attempted at that time were indeed almost a daily occurrence with Mrs. Rigdon's Lucy, who ruled her mother through inspiring a fear that she would injure herself by bumping her head on the floor in that fashion. Mother's Julia, however, never tried the experiment on Mother again; it did not work.

Mr. Cleveland's farm was an excellent play place for us boys. Leading out from the pasture was a railroad cut and part of the grade of one of the projected but abandoned roads through the State--remains of the railway excitement that had raged to some extent in 1837. There were no rails, ties, or other material occupying the grade and it was smooth and level, making an excellent play ground. A fence ran across, with a pair of bars in the center over the roadbed, from which point of vantage we could see quite a long ways over the grade toward the city. It was quite a bit of fun to steal away from the house into the pasture, go down to the bars, and passing them race along the level grade toward the town until we could see into it. We did not dare to go into the settlement, for while it was not forbidden we seemed instinctively to fear we would not be permitted to return if the people there should see us.

One of the homes nearest to the Cleveland residence was a small one on the top of a gently rising hill. It was occupied by Dimick Huntington, his wife, and children--Allen, Lot, and Fannie. Mrs. Huntington was a tall, spare woman, bright-eyed, shrewd, and withal good-natured. I think Fannie was the oldest of the children and Allen next in age. He must have been two or three years older than I, for he was allowed to take his father's rifle and go out into the pasture and brush to look for rabbits. Mr. Cleveland had a son about my age and with the Huntington children we used to form quite a little band of players, ranging the farm at will.

Discipline

Mother made no objection to our visiting the Huntington children until she learned by some means that Allen was in the habit of taking his father's gun out with him when we were over there. Being fearful some accident might happen by which some of us might lose our lives or be crippled, she bade us stay away from the Huntington house,

explaining as she did so that she did not think Allen with his rifle a safe companion for little children.

The game was fascinating, however, and I soon wandered over to the Huntington home again. Returning rather late, I was questioned by Mother, and had to admit that I had been out with the boys among the hazel brush, hunting for rabbits, and that Allen had carried the rifle. Thereupon, with the aid of a ready hazel switch, she promptly administered punishment.

But the end was not yet. The next morning she said to Frederick and me--her command being upon me especially, since I was the older--"Joseph, I will not say you must not go to Mrs. Huntington's today, but I will say that if you do go I shall punish you when you return. It is a dangerous thing to play with Allen when he carries the rifle, and I am not going to be responsible for any harm that may come. So just remember what I tell you."

Again, either forgetful or neglectful of the mandate, I ventured into the forbidden region and spent a portion of the day with the Huntington boys in the hazel brush after rabbits, staying late enough in the afternoon to see the little animals at play on the hillside and to hear the crack of the rifle.

When I returned home Mother had company at supper and nothing was said to me about my visit to the Huntingtons; hence I went to bed thinking it had escaped my mother's notice and that I was safe from punishment. However, after the guests departed, I discovered my error, for Mother found me and I received the punishment she had promised, applied vigorously enough to make me feel sorry I had undressed as I went to bed!

When morning came Mother repeated her charge, saying, "I will not say you shall not go to play with the Huntington boys while their mother allows Allen to take his father's gun with him to play; but if you do go, I will punish you; and I shall punish you harder and harder until you stop."

Once more the allure of the pastime seemed stronger than my mother's counsel and her efforts to deter me, and again I went to the Huntington's and spent the day with the boys and their rifle. When I returned my mother punished me with such decidedly increased severity that I--well, comment is needless! I did not go again, for I found that my mother was indeed a woman of her word.

Whether or not George Cleveland and his wife were members of the church at the time we sojourned with them and before Father and Uncle Hyrum reached us there I do not know. It is certain they received the refugees from Missouri with kindly welcome and, so far as Mother and her children were concerned, gave them excellent care. I remember him as a middle-sized man, with a kind face and soft, even voice. I do not remember hearing him speak harshly or exhibit any temper or impatience. His wife was a fine-looking woman, approaching middle age, and well qualified for the cares and labors of a farmer's wife.

The winter passed away and Mother heard from Father at intervals more or less extended, until April 22, 1839, when he and Uncle Hyrum reached Quincy and their waiting families after an escape from the unlawful custody of men who conducted them about from one county to another on an unsigned mittimus.

Commerce

I recall but few incidents of the journey from Quincy to Commerce in Hancock County, some fifty miles up the river. I do remember that we stopped on the way at what I now believe was the Morley settlement near Lima. The record shows that Father and his family left Quincy, May 9, arrived at Commerce the following day, and moved into a log house which is yet standing. This was known as the Hugh White residence and it was from Mr. White that Father purchased it and the farm..

It could not have been long after this that Grandfather Joseph Smith and Grandmother Lucy Smith reached the place and were for a time located nearby. In fact, I remember two places where Grandfather and Grandmother lived. One was a small log house on the west side of the frame attachment to the block house built originally for purposes of safety as well as dwelling--for Indians were still occupying the districts east and west of the Mississippi. The other was but a few rods away, across the main street, and was a double house with a half story above. My memory of dates is so imperfect that I cannot now say just when they occupied these homes. I do remember that he died while they were living in the double log house on the east side of Main Street, on the northwest corner of the block in which the Nauvoo House stands and across Water Street, south, from the Nauvoo Mansion.

With him at the time of his passing were Grandmother and their daughters Sophronia and Lucy, the latter of whom in the summer preceding had become the wife of Arthur Milliken. An incident connected with the event fixes the memory of these in my mind. I was in the habit of running in and out of their place as I did my own home, and was there when the folks were absorbed in grief over his passing. Aunt Lucy found fault with me because I was tearless, and upbraided me, saying I was too hard-hearted to cry. I resented this and denied the accusation. When she asked me if I didn't feel bad about Grandfather's dying I said, "Yes, I do feel bad, for I will miss my grandfather; but you have said he is better off, his sufferings ended, and that he is in heaven where he will have no more pain and trouble. So why should I cry about that? I can't; and I don't see how anyone can!"

It was my first acquaintance with death that I can remember. It was a good many years after that when Grandmother died, and then also, a man grown, I could shed no tears.

Another instance fixes in memory the residence of Grandfather. It occurred one Sunday when the folks were at meeting on the hillside. The house was entered and two dollars, a pair of spectacles, and a Bible were stolen. A young man by the name of Allred, some seventeen or eighteen years old, and a boy some younger were convicted of this theft and Allred paid the penalty by breaking stone upon the road, a ball and chain attached to one

of his legs. The burden of our Sunday school teacher's admonishments to his class for some time thereafter was in regard to the wickedness of stealing, holding up as a warning the fate of this young man. I knew Allred quite well and believe that he behaved himself afterwards. He removed in the fall or winter of 1846-7 when "the exodus" took place.

We were comfortably located in our log house. I recall there was a spring nearby from which we obtained our drinking water. It issued out from under the hillside on the bank of the river, not far from a large oak tree which stood for many years after the city was evacuated by the Saints.

The Hugh White farm was a veritable plantation. There were the usual adjuncts of a log smoke house and a log stable, besides the double log house referred to in which Grandfather Smith had lived. Between our house and the water there was on the bank of the river a small log building consisting of one room with a cellar underneath. It had evidently been occupied by someone dependent for work upon the family that had lived in the main building. Not far from the latter and yet within the bounds of the farm there was quite an area of land which was shallow in soil, and covered a loose lime stone formation. Though a veritable swamp this land remained for some years as pasturage for our cows.

When Father came to Quincy from his imprisonment in Missouri he brought with him a fine saddle horse--a dark chestnut sorrel stallion, named Medley, which he had obtained from the men who guarded them at the time of their escape. From circumstances which I remember in connection therewith I have reason to believe it had been purchased at a good figure. Whether or not Uncle Hyrum had also secured a horse I cannot now say, but I remember that after the passage of some time, two men came to the house to see Father, one of whom was named John Brassfield. I understood at the time that these men had come for the purpose of collecting the amount of the bribe for which they had allowed the prisoners to escape. I cannot fix this date in memory other than to say it was after the erection of what was called the Red Brick Store, located in the west end of the block on which our house stood.

I remember hearing at the time that the amount of money to be paid these men was eight hundred dollars, and that the horse Father had used was to be replaced by another. I remember the cream-colored or "clay-bank" horse which Father purchased from one Amos Davis for the purpose of turning over to those men from Missouri. They were closeted with Father and one or two others for the afternoon and part of the evening, and departed the next day.

This house into which we moved on reaching Commerce was located about three-quarters of a mile down the river from Commerce Landing, a point where a number of houses, warehouses, and stores had been built. Standing close upon the bank of the river, which at this point ran almost due east, our little house occupied a very handsome site, and was the central habitation of a farm of one hundred and thirty-five acres, purchased, as I have stated, from the "river man" named Hugh White.

The times were busy ones. The winter had not proved, for all its afflictions, too severe for the many Saints who came into the place to secure locations and to build shelters for their families. A period of great activity ensued, and history shows that among the buildings erected at the settlement called Commerce there were three frame houses, one of stone, and two of blocks. This town was located at a point on the river known as Upper Landing, for the reason that at low water in the river the landings further down became impracticable for use.

A little way below Commerce began what was known as the Des Moines Rapids, or "lower rapids." They extended down the river for a distance of twelve miles and ended at Keokuk on the Iowa side. Halfway down from this upper landing stood the residence of Doctor Isaac Galland, a two-story house in excellent condition. A little over a quarter of a mile farther down was the group of houses on the Hugh White farm, among them the one which had become our home. About the same distance still farther down, and east of our home, was the farm of Davidson Hibbard.

I do not remember the names of many of these settlers nor very much of the details of the influx of the Saints, the laying out of the city, and the bustle and confusion attendant thereupon. There existed among the people a community of interest of such a character that with the excellent natural resources of the place, timber in plenty, and friendly help at hand, there was little real suffering. Outside of those afflictions which resulted from the privations to which they had been subjected during the persecutions in Missouri and those they had encountered in their flight from that State in the inclement weather of winter and early spring, those who reached Hancock County were fairly comfortable and happy.

Spring soon brought its ever-recurring hope and promise and, being by nature industrious and by necessity compelled to seek support from the soil, a great deal was done by the settlers that first summer toward making themselves self-sustaining.

In the fall an organization of branch, or stake, or central place of gathering was effected. William Marks was made President and members of a High Council were appointed. Father made arrangements to visit Washington, the capital of the United States, for he, Sidney Rigdon, Elias Higbee, and others were commissioned by a conference of the people to present to Congress the matter of the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri, lay before that body their claims for indemnity, and ask for redress of wrong and remuneration for losses sustained by individuals in the persecutions they had suffered under the exterminating order of Governor Lilburn W. Boggs.

Malaria

It was during Father's absence on this matter of business that the severest trial of the season was put upon my mother. The breaking up of the ground, the exhalations from the swamp, the insufficient supply of good water, and the privations usual to pioneering resulted in an epidemic of malarial fever which took the forms of chills, chill-fever, and ague. Many were ill. I remember that Mother filled her house with the sick who were

brought to her from near and far, giving them shelter, treatment, and nursing care. When the house over-flowed she stretched out in the yard east of the house the tent which had served us as a shelter on our journey to Nauvoo.

There were days during this time when our house was thus made into a hospital that there was no one to carry water to the fever-burned patients but myself--then about seven years old. I used to trudge up and down the hill between the house and the spring, carrying a small bucket and making the trip frequently in order that the water might be cool for those who drank of it.

There was among the patients a young fellow by the name of John Huntington, son of Father Huntington who married the widow of Edward Partridge--the Bishop who had died of a broken heart through the persecutions in Missouri. The Huntington family had raised that summer, among other things, some long-necked gourds, sometimes called calabashes. From one of these John had fashioned a drinking cup with a handle, but of course did not bring it with him when he was conveyed, ill, to Mother's "hospital." In the paroxysms of his chills he would lie with his head and body covered, shivering from head to foot. As I brought water to his bedside and offered it to him he snarled out, "Why don't you put the handle in?"

Not understanding, I thought he was out of his head, and since he was such a big, strong fellow, I was a little afraid of him. I called to Mother, busy preparing food and other attentions for the sick. She came and asked what he wanted. When he said he wanted a drink she answered, "Well, Joseph is here with the water; why don't you drink?" At this he again mumbled something about putting the handle in.

Mother took hold of the bed cover and turned it down so she could see his face, and said, "Why, John! What is the matter with you?" He looked a bit sheepish and said, "Oh, I just forgot. I thought I was at home," and then told us about the gourd-dipper. He had bored a hole through the end of the handle in such a way that when they brought him water they would just lift the edge of his cover slightly and push the handle of the gourd in to him. This he would place in his mouth and drink, without having to be uncovered in his chills. It was a plausible contrivance and the explanation proved he was in his right mind. We thought his ingenious expedient a good one; the gourd was secured and often used thereafter.

This same John Huntington went west at the general migration of those who followed Brigham Young, but after a time he became disgusted with what he saw and heard there. He returned to northern New York where he had been raised and from whence his family had come first to Missouri and then to Illinois. I met him in Nauvoo on this return journey to the east. He was dressed in rather rough clothing, having tramped with an occasional lift nearly the entire distance from Utah. He had nothing but the clothes he wore, a cup made from a coconut shell which hung to the strap with which he was belted, and a common butcher knife. He had one dollar in money, I believe, in addition to the above-named possessions.

He went to Watertown, New York, met some of his family, and remained there during the rest of his life. He was a man of ingenuity; had invented a system of stencils which, with other notions, he used to sell. Together with some teaching of penmanship these sales afforded him such income as he needed. I corresponded with him for quite a number of years. He married at Watertown but I never heard anything about his family after his death.

Mother had ten or twelve patients that fall, for whom she cared principally by the labor of her own hands, although we children including our sister Julia, who was quite small for her age, tried to help her as best we could. She managed to keep well herself, and to live through the strenuous trial. In the language of the Scripture, "not one was lost," nor did she or her children suffer—a gratifying result chiefly attributable to her wise care and excellent administration of affairs.

Whether at that time or later I cannot say, but there came from the East—New York, I think—an allopathic doctor by the name of John M. Bernhisel. He was old enough to be gray and partially bald, a bachelor, an excellent and skillful physician, and very successful in treating the malarial diseases which were then quite prevalent. The flat lying between the main street and the river a few blocks north of us was quite swampy, and there were other places similar. The people who settled in such localities or along the river were subject to swamp-fever, chill-fever, or fever-and-ague. While proving serious in some cases, the affliction could usually be overcome by proper care and an obedience to the directions of a physician in regard to diet. Often, however, it lingered quite a long while before completely eradicated.

I have a distinct recollection of having chill-fever. I also remember the remedies I took for it, among them some pills called Sappington's Pills. They were evidently made of wood-fibers covered with a coating which was bitter to the taste. A treatment curious enough to provoke a smile now was in use at that time. These "cleansing" pills were given, and a short time before the next chill was due the patient was required to take a remedy called Dover's Powders. This was followed by drinking a strong concoction of what was called "store tea." Looking back at it now it seems that, when faith failed, people resorted to many strange remedies—things which would now be considered futile if not absolutely dangerous to the life of the patient.

Two instances in my experience with this disease come to mind. One occurred after Father's death. I was slowly recovering from an attack of the fever and wanted something or other. There was no one about the house but Mother, so I called her. When she failed to answer, I seemed to get frantic, and got right out of bed. I was not strong enough to stand, however. My head whirled and I fell to the floor, calling out loudly as I did so.

Mother hurried to me, helped me back into bed, and told me I should not be so foolish, explaining that she had her work to do in addition to waiting on me, and that if she couldn't come at once I should be patient and remember that she would do what she could for me just as soon as she could. The lesson was a good one and I took it to heart.

In two or three days I seemed to be well enough to go out into the yard. It was a fine, sunny day in the fall. A new fence had been built across the lot, extending down towards the stable and dividing the garden from the dooryard. It was an ordinary post-and-board fence, with a board nailed on the top, flat-wise. I mounted this fence and undertook to walk this flat board. As might be expected I fell, struck a pile of rails that were stacked against the fence, and rolled to the ground. Getting to my feet I started to the house, but before I could reach it I began shaking from head to foot with a severe attack of ague. Some time elapsed after that before I again reached a state of convalescence.

At another and considerably later time, I had an attack which hung on persistently, in spite of all the remedies administered to relieve me. A couple of men "from off the river" came along, one of whom gave the name of Joseph Smith, a clerk on the steamer Tempest. They asked for a horse and buggy to convey them up to the hill portion of the city. Though we were keeping a hotel we did not run a livery, but we did have a mare called Cleopatra. She had been used by some of the young men during the trouble of '46, and had lately been ill. We had no buggy of our own, but there was one in the barn which belonged to a transient traveler.

At the earnest importunities of these men, who said they just wished to go up to the hill and back, and relying on their promise that they would drive the convalescent mare carefully and return her at noon, I obeyed Mother's direction, harnessed Cleopatra, and hitched her to the buggy. The young men drove away, but when noon arrived, they did not! In the afternoon I saw the mare hitched in front of a grocery-saloon kept by an Englishman named Hanna. It was located on the west side of Main Street, on the second block north of the Mansion House.

Not feeling well myself, I sent Wesley Knight, an assistant we had about the hotel and stable, to see about the animal. Presently he returned with the report that the men would be down in a few minutes. For some reason I felt mistrustful, so took a stroll up toward the saloon. Just before I reached it those two men, accompanied by another, came out, jumped into the buggy, put whip to the mare, and raced down the hill. As they passed me I shook my fist at them and shouted that they could just send the horse back, for it wouldn't be safe or healthy for them to bring her back! I was furiously angry! Just closing my fifteenth year and being a rather lusty fellow for my age, I fancy they were inclined to view my threat with respect, for they did indeed send the animal back by someone else and never even returned to pay for her use.

I got this benefit out of the incident, however: my anger and indignation were so great I found myself entirely relieved of my attack of ague! The reader may think these statements very curious, but nevertheless they are true; a jar received in a fall from a fence brought on one siege of chill-fever, and getting extremely angry had the surprising effect of curing me of another!

These are all quite trivial incidents, but they have in a sense left an impression upon my life. The gradual disappearance of wild soil, the cultivation of gardens and fields, and

clearing the swamps of brush finally resulted in establishing on a firmer basis the health of the inhabitants of Nauvoo.

Bits of Memory

Bits of memory about some of our neighbors in those early days come to view. Hugh White, from whom Father purchased the farm, had married a daughter of Davidson Hibbard who lived but a little farther down the river. At the time we moved in, however, his family was broken up through the desertion of his wife. She became the wife of someone else, lived in the South a while, and then came back to Nauvoo after abandoning her second husband. She may have contracted other alliances, one of which I think was with Porter Rockwell, but she finally married a man by the name of Tilton, with whom she was living at the time of her death. She was quite a beautiful woman; lived for a time in the house built by Orson Hyde and later farther down Main Street in a frame building remodeled by a brother from Saint Louis, by the name of Shaw. Her given name was Emmeline, and when she died after her successive ventures in the matrimonial market—lonely, unfortunate, and unhappy—she left an adopted daughter who became quite an estimable citizen of the place.

Davidson Hibbard was a very kindly man whose family consisted of his wife, a son William, and the three daughters, Elvira, Emmeline, and Lovina. Elvira became the wife of Doctor Weld, a physician of the old or allopathic school and the first one I remember as being a practitioner in the place. Afterwards Elvira left Doctor Weld and became the wife of Amos Davis. Again she changed her partner and married Putnam Yates. Deserting him she took up her fortunes with a fourth man by the name of Peter (or Pierre) Helm, with whom she lived until her death.

Mr. Hibbard's youngest daughter married Milton M. Morrill, a relative of the Honorable Morrill of Maine—of tariff memory, if my recollections are correct. She was a woman of good character, maintained an excellent reputation, and was one of the leading ladies of Nauvoo. She may be living now, in the city or its vicinity, with sons and daughters. Her husband, when she married him, was a young lawyer from the East, who pitched his legal fortunes at Nauvoo and became one of the leading lawyers and politicians of the County, on the Democratic side of the political fence. He was sent to the Legislature once, but finally became too fond of his cups, wasted his wife's patrimony as well as his own earnings, and died a drunkard.

Besides his widow he left two sons, Ernest and Milton, and a daughter—a very pretty young woman. The oldest son, I believe, escaped the snares of intoxication under which his father had gone down. I have lost track of the younger one, but recall an occasion when, visiting a place of resort with Mr. Morrill on a matter of business connected with a suit before me as Justice of the Peace, I saw the boy sitting at a table playing cards with a companion, glasses of whiskey standing about on the table. As we passed Mr. Morrill said, "Why, Milton, what are you doing here? I thought you were at work."

The lad looked up, shame-faced, but answered nothing. As we passed out, Mr. Morrill expressed regret at finding his son in such a place and in such employment. I suggested, "What could you expect, Mr. Morrill, from the example you have set the boy?" And with a sigh he answered, "Yes, Joseph; I know it."

Mr. Morrill became identified with a good many events and occurrences connected with our family after my mother's second marriage, as will appear later on. In passing I may say that the example set in the community by Mr. Morrill was one of the things that made me a temperance lecturer. He was a man of brilliant intellect, an excellent lawyer, and a good pleader at the bar and before a jury, although he became a bit unscrupulous about the methods he employed in his practice before the courts. I will not say that those methods were dishonest in the strict sense of the term but rather that they were in a measure "tricks of the trade" which to me seemed unjustifiable. Intoxicating liquors often turn otherwise excellent men into questionable paths.

Farmer Hibbard was among the first acquaintances we made upon moving to the Hugh White farm. Soon after we came Mother purchased a cow from him and it became largely my task to look after it. I well remember the appearance of this cow and her disposition, which was very erratic. She was very hard to milk and, becoming tired with my efforts to do so, would break away from me and run back home to Mr. Hibbard's place. Once I chased her back twice before I succeeded in getting her milked, after which we tied her up at milking time. We retained her for many years, notwithstanding the frequent trouble she gave us in various ways.

The acquaintance early formed with Mr. Hibbard and his family continued pleasantly through the years. He was often called Deaf Hibbard, because of the apparent difficulty of his hearing. The illness which finally ended his life lasted for several months and those in attendance upon him became somewhat worn and weary. I was requested to visit him and wait upon him, as he had inquired at times for me and said he would like to see me.

One day I sat by his side outdoors, as he lay on a mattress in the shade of the house to escape the heat indoors. He seemed to be asleep and I read as I watched with him. Suddenly he turned and said, "Come here, Joseph."

I went over close to him and he asked, in a low voice, "Is there anyone near?" I said, "No, Mr. Hibbard," speaking in the loud tone I had been in the habit of using when addressing him.

Very soberly he said, "Joseph, I can hear you very well. When there is no one near you needn't speak so loud to me. When somebody is about, then speak loud."

I sat by his side for an hour in easy conversation carried on in ordinary tones. He told me much of his life, assured me of his regard and interest in me, and said he hoped I would live to be a good and useful man. I did not ask him for an explanation concerning his supposed deafness, for I thought I understood it. His wife was an arrant scold, and he had evidently quite early concluded it was better to go through life with the reputation of

being a deaf man than to be worried by her scolding. I had been present on occasions when she was storming, and had noticed the quiet demeanor of the man, as if he did not hear her. I concluded he had been shamming for a good many years. I never betrayed his confidence, either by failing to address him loudly when others were present or forgetting to address him quietly when we were alone.

His son William grew up a wild, rollicking young man, full of frolic and fun, but given to drink. Many a time I saw him going home from town, racing his horse to keep ahead of the marshal. Several times I remember he was arrested and fined, until his father's patience and kindness were severely tried. During the gold excitement in California in '49 and '50 he left Nauvoo for the gold mines. He succeeded in getting through to California, but there, unfortunately and evidently in a drunken frolic, he stole a horse. Under the regulations of the mining country at that time such an act was considered a grave crime and punishable by death.

The usual vigilante court was summoned, he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to die. The court gave him his choice between hanging or being shot. He chose the latter, sold his head to a rising young doctor for a quart of whiskey, which he promptly drank and in the stupor that followed paid the penalty adjudged against him.

He left a wife and son in Nauvoo. The wife married secondly, Isaac Saunders. The son, William by name, grew up in the community, kept away from the dram-shop, studied law, and achieved the reputation of a good citizen. He married the daughter of Bryant Whitfield, for a long time constable in Nauvoo, and died in middle life, having maintained his integrity and honor as a man to the last.

Chapter 2—School Days

Miss Durfee

The first teacher with whom I recollect studying was Miss Julia Durfee, daughter of a church member by the name of Jabez Durfee. She and her sister Servilla were employed by my mother, the former as a seamstress and the latter as a maid-of-all-work. Not having enough work in the sewing line to occupy all of Miss Durfee's time and attention Mother thought it prudent to have her assist in our education, and my sister Julia and I were placed under her care for this purpose. Thus our earliest instruction was received in the home.

There was no public school in Nauvoo at the time nor until after the city was incorporated. Even then I think several more years elapsed before the public school system of the state became so far perfected that there were established schools of that sort. At all events, it was Miss Durfee who, for a stipend, taught us in our home the fundamentals of what education we were afterwards able to acquire.

Miss Wheeler

The arrangement with Miss Durfee evidently did not continue long, for what reason I do not know, and my next recollection of lessons takes in a school held in the little log building on the riverbank, under the big walnut tree. This school was taught by a Miss (or Mrs.) Wheeler, who afterwards, I believe, became a Mrs. Olney. So many Saints had moved in during the fall of 1839 and the summer of 1840 that it became impracticable to continue the plan of teaching children in their homes.

Ever a friend to education, Father, counseled with his neighbors—Uncle Hyrum, who had a number of children, Peter Hawes, Father Huntington, Hyrum Clark, Theodore Turley, the Fordhams, John Brackenbury (stepson of Jabez Durfee before-mentioned, son of Mrs. Durfee by her first husband), and perhaps others—and they joined in the employment of Miss Wheeler as a teacher for the whole group of children.

The little log house was fitted with the necessary seats, writing-table, and fireplace for heating—and we had our first real school. The floor was made of heavy planks sawed from oak timber by what was known as the whip-saw method. The seats were formed of the outside cuts called slabs, made of convenient size, with holes bored in the ends into which were inserted legs of such length as to raise the various seats to the proper heights for the children of differing ages.

The writing-table was a wide oak board, perhaps two or two and a half inches thick, laid on large pins driven into holes bored in the logs forming the south wall of the house. It was placed in front of a window made of two small sashes placed end to end and filled with what my memory seems to indicate as panes of glass seven by nine inches in dimension. This window and a similar one in the north side furnished the light. There was a trap door in the floor leading into a cellar hole formerly used for storing vegetables. This trap door and the cellar were utilized by a number of the older boys for play purposes.

It was here, under these conditions, that I learned the art of combining letters into words, to read after a fashion, and to write in a still more primitive manner. The copy-books we used were of the ordinary foolscap paper of the time; our pens were made from the quills of the goose—wild and tame—and our ink was home-made, sometimes by boning maple bark, sometimes from the indigo bag, and sometimes from what were called ink balls—a kind of excrescence growing on oak trees. The copy-books were kept by the teacher and used by the classes only at certain hours of the day, so arranged as to accommodate all who took lessons in writing. The system employed was that known as the pot-hook system. How many pupils learned to write well under the torture of that system I would not try to say, but I am quite free to confess that in my case it failed utterly.

In this school under the care of Miss Wheeler—and I have no recollection of any other teacher there—a certain amount of progress was made in the rudiments of education and in the sports which occupied the outdoor time of the children of the neighborhood. Before the school closed Uncle Jimmie Allred had moved into the town and built on the northeast corner of the block immediately north of the one on which our house stood. He had a grandson named Jack—at least that is the only name we knew for him. I remember

him [Jack Allred] particularly for the reason that he became quite a terror to a number of the younger boys, being an aggressive fellow, always ready for rough sport, frequently angry, and quite furious with his fists.

His connection with the school was productive of some odd scenes which stand out in memory. Very frequently tardy, he would enter in a cross mood and give saucy answers to the teacher. In those days "Assistant Birch" was not banished from the schoolroom, and the switch, Miss Wheeler's thimble, her knuckles, or a ruler were apparently necessary concomitants of our early education. On one occasion when Jack was tardy he had anticipated punishment by fortifying himself with an extra sack or something heavy stuffed under his jacket. Unexpectedly to him, however, the teacher stood him up near the fire, at the time pretty hot, where he soon became very uncomfortable. We surmised that the teacher, suspecting his preparations against punishment, had purposely placed him where he would get a good roasting or sweating. At all events, by the time she was ready to apply the switch poor Jack had had quite a plenty of the heat and was glad to have the program changed.

The older boys of the school formed a sort of secret organization which used to furnish them a good deal of fun, as fun was rated among us. The charter members of this order had been initiated without special ceremonies, but the opportunities offered by this cellar under the schoolhouse later inspired some more elaborate initiations. For a time Jack had not been taken into membership for the boys feared he might make trouble when things did not go to please him. However, he insisted upon joining and a committee, of which I was one, fixed up a special initiation for his benefit. The plan was to lead him into the schoolhouse blindfolded, take up the trap door, and four boys hold a sheet over the opening into the cellar. Then as he approached the spot, another boy, armed with a pillow borrowed surreptitiously from some mother's supply, was to strike him down into the hole. We would clap the door shut and then all engage in a wild Indian dance and hullabaloo over his head!

It all worked well up to a certain point, perhaps quite as well as some of the more elaborate initiations into other secret orders of modern days. Jack was eager to become a member and submitted tamely to being blindfolded. He was led into the room, up to the trap door, hit with the pillow, and pitched headlong into the sheet stretched over the hole—all as per schedule. Alas! he was either taller than we calculated or the blow was harder than intended, or perhaps the boys held the sheet too loosely. At any rate, Jack got a terrific blow upon his head as it struck against one of the beams which supported the floor and caught the edges of the trap door when the latter was closed.

Of course we popped the door shut, not knowing of the injury, and the hullabaloo began according to program; but soon cries of rage and genuine pain issued from the cellar. The door was raised, Jack dragged out, and his injury discovered. Efforts were made to soothe his anger and patch up a truce, but it was not accomplished without some difficulty. Finally, through offering to make him a principal performer in an evening entertainment to be given in the schoolroom, he was pacified. He was a very versatile lad and, while older than some of us, was very agile, quite an acrobat in fact, and a contortionist. Among

his accomplishments was one of twisting his face into most grotesque shapes, laughing or crying at will, or with crossed legs walk upon his knees like a cripple. So an act was fixed up for him, to include these and similar stunts, and when the night came, with his face hidden behind a mask of dough, he took a very successful part in the comedy portion of our entertainment. So far we had made amends and he had forgiven us, but the accident which had happened to him put a stop to the society and no other initiations were held.

Mr. Corey

How long that school continued I cannot say. My next memory is concerned with one kept by Howard S. Corey in a house across the street, on the block in which Brother William Marks lived, opposite to the residence of Elder John Snider. The building was one-story and the school, held in a large room, was well attended. Uncle Hyrum's children John and Jerusha, Elder Snider's John, two of Elder Marks' boys, two of the Hawes' children, and numbers from other families furnished quite a band of scholars.

The teacher, an elder in the church, was a married man whose wife assisted him at times in his duties as teacher. He had lost his left hand in some way but had an artificial one made of cork or other light substance, on which he always wore a glove. He was tan and slender, lightly built but quite active. When or how he came into the life of the Saints I do not know, but I do recall an accident which happened to him and which I witnessed from a position near our front gate. Father came out to mount his horse at the hitching post. In a playful manner he took hold of Elder Corey and suggested throwing him down. As he spoke he gave the young man's leg a little knock with his foot, to unbalance him. It was an apparently light blow, but it upset him, or would have, had not Father caught him as he fell.

Then it was discovered that the playful kick had broken the leg. Father carried him into the house, called the doctor, and had the bone properly set. Mother was installed as nurse and he was given the best of care until his injury healed. I still remember Father's great remorse over the incident and how he not only took care of the unfortunate man and paid the physician's bills, but saw to it that the teacher lost nothing financially by his enforced absence from the school. I am inclined to think Mrs. Corey kept us going until her husband returned to the schoolroom.

One circumstance connected with the school I remember quite vividly for the reason that it illustrated a fair sense of justice on the part of Teacher Corey. Jack Allred and I lived not far apart and were frequently together. Jack occasionally was tardy, as has been mentioned before, and upon one of these occasions I was with him when we should have been in school. It had rained during the noon recess, quite a little shower, and we had taken shelter somewhere until the rain was over. Then we struck out for the schoolhouse. When we came in, the teacher was busy and we went directly to our seats. When he was at liberty he called us to him and asked why we were tardy.

Jack took upon himself the office of spokesman and, instead of giving the real explanation, replied that it had rained when we started to school, was terribly muddy, and for every step we took forward we slipped two backward!

With a serious face the teacher asked, "How did you ever manage to get here at all, if that were the case?"

And Jack pertly answered, "Why, we just turned around and walked the other way!"

I said nothing. I had no excuse to offer, though I did not think Jack's a good one. Neither did the teacher. He promptly ordered us to go to the swamp nearby and each cut a stick with which to be punished. We obeyed. I selected a stick which I thought about right for the purpose of whipping a boy, but Jack hunted around until he found a small, tender shoot of the first year's growth, very limber, but of good length. When we returned to the schoolhouse and handed the sticks to the teacher, he quietly looked them over, and sized us up, as well. Then to our surprise he took the stick I had cut and whipped Jack with it, and used Jack's on me!

I got off pretty easy that time but poor Jack got a good trouncing. After school he proposed to thrash me, but I kept out of his way and tried to give him no further occasion to seek revenge upon me.

This must have been about 1841. Many years afterwards, in 1889, when visiting at the house of Brother Thomas Gammon in Provo, Utah, Elder Corey came to call on me. In the presence of Brother Gammon, Elder R. J. Anthony, a nephew of Judge Dusenbury, and a man whose name I do not now recall but who was counselor to one of the officers of the branch or ward, we conversed of old times. In an interchange of memories I mentioned this circumstance of the law of compensation which had resulted in my favor. He laughed heartily over the incident and remarked that I had an excellent memory of old times. I answered that events of a certain character which made an impression upon me at the time of occurrence were not easily forgotten.

School days under the care of Teacher Corey were very pleasant and marked not only by his ability and kindness, but by the good fellowship which existed between the scholars. Mrs. Corey, I may add, was the one who at Grandmother Smith's dictation wrote the manuscript for the book, Joseph Smith and His Progenitors.

A Teacher With a Penknife

I have a memory of a school which from present recollections must have been held in 1841 also, in a little brick building on the south side of Water Street, directly opposite to Uncle Hyrum's house and immediately west of the house of Peter Hawes. Uncle Hyrum's children, one of Uncle Don Carlos', William Marks', the Hawes', and at least one of Sidney Rigdon's were the attendants I recall. I am not sure who was the teacher, but memory pictures him as a medium-sized man. It may possibly have been Elder Corey, but I hardly think so, for what I seem to remember of this teacher was that he had a

watchful, suspicious sort of nature, and was in the habit of thumping the children's heads with his penknife. He carried this article in his hands almost constantly, whirling it between his fingers when not using it for making or mending pens or for the stimulating exercise I have just mentioned—of which I have personal memory!

Among Uncle Hyrum's children who came to this school was a small one whose mother used to call at some time in the afternoon to bring him a cup of milk which he would go outside to drink. It was in the term of this school that Uncle Hyrum's son Hyrum died. He was a bright, cheerful, pleasant, manly little lad of seven, playful and uncomplaining, and a universal favorite with all of us. He was not sick long. I notice Grandmother Smith records his death as occurring in September, 1841. It caused a great deal of mourning among us.

This school was not largely attended nor, as I think, did it continue through the winter. It probably closed when the big room in the store was made ready for use instead.

Another school recalled was held for a time in a little building back of the store of Israel Clapp. Memory suggests that either this school did not last long or my attendance was interrupted in some way. I remember a number of the children, however, among them a daughter of John A. Forgues, who later moved with her father into western Iowa. They settled at Little Sioux where, so far as I know, she may still be living. She came to the last reunion I attended at Dow City, some six years ago. Her father identified himself for a while with the Gladden Bishop movement but subsequently united with the Reorganized Church. He was quite a writer, though making a living as a local legal advocate, magistrate, or notary public. He was a man of quite firm convictions but not altogether wise in expressing them, and did not make friends readily. I have no disposition from my memory of him to think or say that he did not desire that which was good, whatever may have been the mistakes he made. His connection with Mr. Gladden Bishop was ruinous to both his material and his spiritual well-being. He died several years ago, near Little Sioux.

Mr. Thompson

The next school with which I remember being identified was kept by a man named Thompson, upon the hill a block or so north of Parley Street. One thing particularly remembered is that the teacher, while quite a pleasant man, was unfortunate in having the lower part of one side of his face paralyzed. He had no control over the muscles and when speaking his cheek would blow out, greatly impairing his speech and distorting his features. This was especially true when he became excited.

He had two sons attending the school and it was said their mother was an Indian. Of this I do not know, but I remember quite well that the boys were very dark-complexioned, slender striplings, with coal-black hair, long locks of which hung down on either side of their faces in a fashion then called soap locks. While the back of the head was quite closely shorn, these soap locks hung well down the side and were cut squarely across at the bottom.

I had not become much acquainted with the boys or noticed them much until one day, rushing out of the schoolhouse. I jostled against one of them rather roughly. He shouted, "You better look wild, running against a body that way!" I stopped short, took a good look at him, and retorted, "I'm sure I couldn't look any wilder than you do!"

Afterwards I became better acquainted with them and we were good friends. They were good boys and bright pupils, and we got along nicely together.

Many years later I fell into the company of the younger one, then a professor in a college at Galesburg, Illinois. He was, I think, a member of the Presbyterian Church, well-respected, and a successful instructor. He told me his father had been dead several years.

As I consider it, I admit the possibility of this school having been held before the one I attended back of Israel Clapp's store, for I recall that the log house stood in an open glade surrounded by timber and brush. Later that locality was more thickly settled, and Elder Clapp's store was on the main street. I believe, too, that the children who attended Mr. Thompson's school were smaller, as a rule, than those who went to the other.

Mr. Cole

The next one that comes to mind was held in the frame house built on the northwest corner of the block on which we were living. This house was occupied for a time by Elder W. W. Phelps, but vacated when he moved into his own home on the opposite side of Water Street, not far from the residence of William Law.

I think this school was taught by a man named Cole. I believe it did not continue long in the frame building for the reason that the number of attendants outgrew the accommodations. An incident occurred while the school was held there, however, which comes to mind. One afternoon, at the rush of the children from the building, one of the Lytle boys was pushed off the front step by someone, and fell on his face across a small pile of rails near the step. The bridge of his nose was broken in this accident, which quite permanently disfigured him.

The school was then evidently removed to the upper room of the Brick Store, over the storeroom itself. At the rear was Father's office, in which Willard Richards, William Clayton, and, subsequently, James Whitehead acted as clerks and secretaries.

The attendance here was quite large and the teacher, Mr. Cole, was assisted by his daughter, Delia, or Adelia. We found it difficult to account for Mr. Cole's manner. Sometimes he was a very strict disciplinarian and at other times was very lax; sometimes he was gay and indulgent and at other times was quite cross. At such latter times his daughter would appear to have been crying. She was such a favorite with us boys that this caused us considerable worry and wonder.

One day the school was dismissed in the early afternoon for the stated reason that the teacher was sick. Before it convened again some of the larger pupils told us they had discovered that Teacher Cole had been drinking and that his frequent spells of somberness and severity and his daughter's tearfulness were results of his overindulgence.

Several incidents occurred while Teacher Cole was in charge of the school which are fixed particularly upon my memory. A number of accidents had occurred upon the ice at the river and Father had instructed us boys not to go there or out upon the ice without asking permission of him or of Mother. Father and Mother were very strict in matters of family discipline or command, and worked always in harmony concerning them. What Father said Mother acceded to; and when Mother gave commands, Father did not interfere with them. So we kept off the ice obediently until one day when the teacher directed another boy and myself to take the water pail to the river and bring it back full of water.

We obeyed, and had we taken the water back to the school directly after dipping it from the hole in the ice it might have been construed that I had not broken my father's command. But —the ice was smooth, the opportunity attractive, and so we two had a little sliding before we returned with the water to the schoolhouse.

There are usually some busybodies and telltales in every school and someone must have reported to Father that I had been upon the ice. When called before him I made excuse that the teacher had sent me, but it was not considered good. I was told my first duty was to obey my parents and that I should have told the teacher I had been forbidden to go upon the river. Whatever may have entered into the spirit of the judgment passed upon me I do not know; at all events, I was severely punished. At the time it seemed to be one of those chastisements which a boy cannot account for. I thought my father was unnecessarily severe and his judgment in the matter faulty. However, it had this wholesome effect upon me; ever afterward, when commanded by my father to do or not to do a thing I never presumed to take choice or privilege about it just because someone else asked or told me to do differently. As I approached manhood and reached a period of more mature reflection I absolved my father from blame in the matter.

Another incident was this. Difficulty had arisen between John Brackenbury, my almost constant playfellow, and my cousin, John Smith. In the scuffle which ensued my cousin got the worst of it, upon which he proposed, in true boyish style, to get even with Brackenbury.

When coming out of school in the afternoon he was ready at the door with a piece of brick which he threw, striking Brackenbury on the head. The blow did not knock the boy down but did daze him so he could not pursue his assailant until the latter was quite out of reach. Just how the boyish feud was patched up I do not remember, but I am inclined to think my cousin kept out of the way and was careful not to offer further affront to Brackenbury until the latter's resentment had cooled down.

Another memory has to do with an incident somewhat more striking since it brought faculties into play that had not been tried up to that time. Brother William Marks' two younger boys, William and Llewellyn, attended the school with the rest of us. William was a sober, steady, good boy, rather spare in build. Llewellyn was larger and heavier, although the younger, was often irritable, and sometimes inclined to be vicious. A few days before the occurrence which I will relate, Llewellyn and my brother, Frederick, had engaged in a game of barn ball, played against the east wall of our house. In some way the former had become displeased, and in anger had struck Frederick, who was much smaller than he, with a ball club. The blow knocked the lad down and Llewellyn disappeared as fast as he could.

As we were not in the habit of telling tales out of school the matter passed without further developments at the time. The next week, however, while at play at a game of ball in the street near the store in which the school was kept, Llewellyn became dissatisfied with some part of the play and would neither continue with the game nor get out of the way and let the rest of us play without interruption. When the ball came my way in the course of the game, by some means I failed to catch it, and it struck Llewellyn smartly. His anger immediately turned against me for not stopping the missile.

It was summertime, a little shower had fallen and here and there were small puddles of water. The ball fell into one of these and rolled to a standstill. Llewellyn picked it up, threw it violently at me, and started to run. I caught it and returned it in the direction he was running, with considerable strength and accuracy. It struck him on the hip, leaving a muddy splash on his pants. I had thrown the ball good-naturedly enough, but constant practice and exercise in throwing the fine finger-stones which were to be found on the bank of the river in abundance, vying with my friends to see who could skip them the farthest, had so strengthened and trained my muscles that the ball landed on him with some emphasis. Though it was simply a yarn ball, soft when dry, its bath in the mud puddle had made it quite soggy and heavy, and the blow stung him sharply. He turned and ran to make an attack on me, calling out as he did so, "Here's going to be a fight!"

There was not much difference in our heights though he was the heavier in build. I would not run from him and did not feel very much inclined to avoid the encounter, for I was indignant at his overbearing manner and the way he had treated my brother a few days before. So I stood my ground, recalling faintly as I did so having heard some men discussing fisticuffing say that the stomach was one of the best points to attack. Being sufficiently cool to take notice of what I was doing I remembered this particular statement, and while catching Llewellyn's blows on my left arm and shoulder kept trying to land mine upon the middle part of his body.

Unfortunately for the issue one of his blows got by my guard and struck me full in the face. The blood started from my nose and the sight of the crimson stream maddened me so that my next attack was indeed a vicious one. I lunged at him fiercely, striking him upon the head in such a way as to cut a gash in his scalp, all the while delivering blows amidships which punished him badly.

Some of the school children ran into the house—the affair occurred at the noon intermission—and told the teacher what was going on. Just when the blood was flowing freely from the two of us we heard the rap of the ruler on the door-casing which called us all into the schoolroom. We also heard the voice of the teacher telling us to "stop that, and go to the river and wash your faces!"

We obeyed but we were still boiling angry. I remember telling Llewellyn that if he ever interfered with me or mine again I would hurt him a good deal worse than I had just done. We went into the house scowling at each other and the teacher told us to take our seats and that he would attend to us later. At recess Llewellyn went home and it was nearly two weeks before he returned.

The next day after the fight Teacher Cole called me to him and told me he had considered the matter and decided that as a penalty I must ask pardon of the school for breaking the rules against fighting during school hours. In those days school children were considered to be under the supervision of the teacher from the time they left home in the morning until they returned at night, a period including the noon hour. A further condition he sought to impose upon me was that I was also to ask pardon of Llewellyn for hurting him as I had.

I told the teacher I was quite waling to apologize to the school for having broken the rules but that I would never ask pardon of Llewellyn Marks, for he was an overbearing boy, ugly to children smaller than himself, had struck my brother with a club the week before, and finally that I was in no wise to blame for the attack he had made upon me. I added further that if he ever interfered with me or my brothers again, without cause, I would hurt him worse than I had, and that I had told him so and would surely do it. To this rather heated statement of my feelings the teacher replied that if I would not ask Llewellyn's pardon he would have to punish me.

Instructions which our father had given to us boys in reference to our conduct among our young comrades were to the effect that we were never to be the aggressors in any trouble, were to mind our own business generally, and be thoughtful, considerate, and honorable in play, observing closely the rules of all games. We were to impose upon no one, avoid quarreling or calling ugly names, and to behave ourselves properly on all occasions as we had been taught. However, we were told that if we ever got into trouble among our friends and playmates we should take care of ourselves and not come to him whining, complaining, or finding fault. To offset this, we were told that if ever we were imposed upon by men or those older or larger than ourselves we could then inform our father, though he did not wish to be annoyed by stories brought home from school about what took place there or on the playground which were simply of a boyish nature. With this counsel Mother had agreed in the main, though expressing her wish that we should not engage in fighting.

In harmony with such instructions neither Frederick nor I had said a word to either parent about our troubles with Llewellyn Marks. When Teacher Cole demanded an apology from me to my fellow combatant and I refused to give it, and he followed with his threat

to punish me, I simply told him that up to that time I had not said anything to my father about the matter and did not intend to do so unless he, the teacher, proceeded to punish me for not apologizing to the boy whom I considered to be in the wrong in our conflict, in which case I would tell the whole story to my folks, how it all began, and all about it.

Llewellyn was not at school at the time of this conference with the teacher, and so, whatever may have been in the latter's mind as to what he intended ultimately to do in the matter, the controversy was ended by the teacher's saying he would wait until Llewellyn returned before adjusting the affair. At the end of two weeks Llewellyn returned, but I heard nothing further about having to offer him an apology. Probably the teacher thought it wise not to punish me under the circumstances and have the trouble brought to my father's attention, for he well knew my father's sense of justice would condemn such a course on his part. It may be, too, that his own sense of fairness indicated that I should not be punished for not apologizing where apology was not justly due.

I believe that was the last term that Teacher Cole taught the school. Whether he quit to engage in other business or was dismissed for irregular habits we children were not allowed to know, but a rumor was circulated among the older ones that his leaving was due to the increasing habit of drinking which so frequently incapacitated him for his duties. We took an affectionate farewell of Miss Delia, whom we all liked, but parted from the teacher himself without regret.

Mr. Monroe

According to my recollections the next teacher in the same schoolroom was James Madison Monroe, who came from the East. He was a brother of Widow Clawson, mother of Hiram B. Clawson who afterwards became a son-in-law of Brigham Young. Hiram and his brother John were quite young men and the former, especially, an excellent scholar. John was somewhat erratic, fun-loving, full of mischief, often neglectful of his books, and frequently got himself and others into trouble, thus coming under the displeasure of his teacher and the discipline of "Assistant Birch." After a time nearly all the mischief in the school was, rightly or wrongly, laid to John Clawson.

At this time a number of young men attended the school, among whom I recall Loren Walker, Eugene Snider, and Henry Coltrin. There were also several young ladies and a large concourse of young and still younger boys and girls. Among those of my own age and size I remember Richard and Thomas, sons of William Law; the sons of W. W. Phelps; the two Marks' boys; the Hawes' boys, and Henry Anderson. The last-named was the lad who was killed in the fight between the mob and the "new citizens" which occurred after the "exodus," at the blacksmith shop on the east side of town, not far from Beach's tavern. The same cannon ball, fired by the mob, which killed young Henry also killed his father. I remember young Anderson well from the fact that at a school entertainment one Friday afternoon, by a secret arrangement with the teacher he came into the room disguised as an old man, and delivered a touching piece which we used to read in the old English Reader. It began:

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;

His days are dwindling to the shortest span—

O give relief, and Heaven will bless your store."

He delivered this poem in excellent form and made an impression upon the scholars present which brought tears and which I remember to this day. Though I have read the poem many times since I have never read it nor heard it read so effectively as it was presented then.

Oliver Boardman Huntington, one of the sons of Elder William Huntington, was a pupil at this school. He boarded at our house and between him and myself there sprang up a pleasant friendship in spite of the fact he was several years the elder.

Mr. Monroe was a thorough teacher, a man of fine attainments and noble disposition. He was one who took a great deal of personal interest in his pupils. Under his instruction the Friday afternoon of each week was devoted to literary exercises, such as recitations, declamations, readings, debates, and the old-fashioned "spell-down" style of studying the art of spelling.

Some of the older scholars and young men—the Clawsons, Kimballs, Hibbards, Cutlers, and a number of others—were quite proficient in the histrionic art, and entertainments of that character were encouraged and frequently enjoyed by the school. In these efforts Hiram B. Clawson was a leader, and perhaps the best of the dramatic players. He afterwards became associated with a theater in Salt Lake City which he managed for a great many years. Though I knew him well up to the time he left Nauvoo I have never met him in any of my several visits to the West. I understood that his brother John died not many years after they left Illinois.

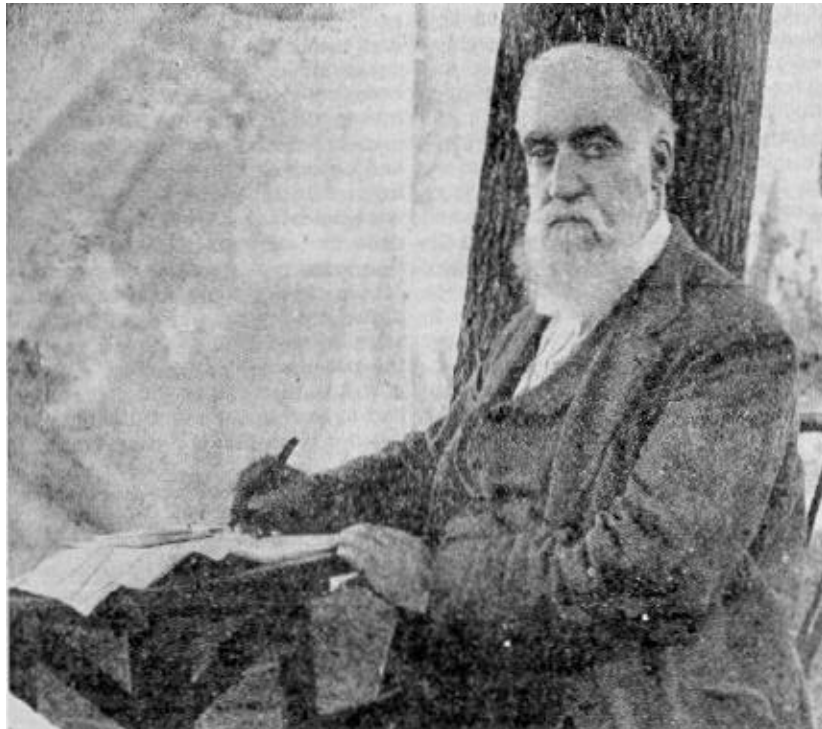
There also attended this school the children of the Widow Sherman. Their names were Susan, Alma, and Seth. All these individuals are brought to mind by events which occurred afterwards and may be related later on.

There was a great accession in numbers of scholars in the fall and Teacher Monroe organized spelling classes which were known by numerals. I had been spelling in Class Number One when because of sickness I had to be away from school for a time. When I returned and the call was made for Class Number One to line up, I started from my seat to take my place as before. Teacher Monroe stopped me and said I did not belong in that class any more for he had reorganized it while I was gone. I asked why I had been excluded, and he replied it was because I was too small. I asked him if spelling went by size, and he answered, "Well, no—not exactly, but I have arranged that class for the larger pupils."

I was persistent and said, "Teacher, you know I can spell as well as Loren Walker, Henry Coltrin"—and I named several others; "I don't think it is fair to keep me out because I am smaller if I can spell as well."

He finally conceded that if I would get a Walker's Dictionary and study it I might spell with the larger class and I was jubilant. I knew right where I could get one for I had seen it in Father's library—a small book some four by five inches square, and perhaps an inch and a quarter thick.

Thus I was again enrolled in Class Number One. Perhaps the second or third Friday thereafter, when the class was ranged up to spell down there were several who seemed to be pretty evenly



President Joseph Smith as he appeared at the Maysville, Missouri reunion. W. H. Worden who furnishes the picture, believes it was taken about forty years ago.

matched. After exhausting the words in the spelling book Teacher Monroe gave out some from the dictionary, and still made no impression upon the number standing together. At last he gave out the word "cholagogue," before which they went down—one, two, three or more—until a good many had tried and missed. It came to me and I spelled it correctly.

Surprised, Teacher Monroe blurted out, "Why! Where did you ever find that word?"

"Why, on the end of Robinson's Row, in an advertisement of an ague cure," I replied.

Sure enough, the advertisement was indeed there, in plain sight, and the word printed in large letters easily to be seen by any who passed up or down Main Street and took the pains to notice it. Mr. Monroe asked how many of them had ever seen it, and scarcely one could remember whether he had or not. The teacher took advantage of the incident to call the attention of the school to the value of using their eyes and taking better notice of what they saw.

My memory was ever excellent so far as the studies of geography, history, and spelling were concerned, but not so serviceable in the study of arithmetic. The intricacies of figures bewildered me. I could commit to memory the Sunday school lessons and lengthy declamations, had something of a taste for phrases, and could spell any word I ever saw to read it. I stood fairly well in most studies, and after this episode in the spelling class I gained favor with the teacher who interested himself in my welfare and advancement.

For the purpose of assisting me, he and I entered into a personal correspondence, in which I wrote him a letter each week and received a reply. This continued during the latter part of the existence of this school and was not broken up until Mr. Monroe, with others, left the state of Illinois. I formed a strong attachment for him and he certainly did me great good.

Under his instruction and by the aid and personal example of Oliver B. Huntington, I made some progress in the study of elocution. It became our habit to read to each other from the standard books in use and other works, and in the late summer and fall we would go to a small grotto where a little stream ran out of the hills over a fall, across the road, and into the river, and there in the shade, one in the valley and one on top of the hill, we would converse together, in an effort to acquire accuracy of speech and to strengthen our voices. I owe much indeed to the friendship shown me at this period of my boyhood days by James M. Monroe and Oliver B. Huntington. It may be well in passing to note here that Teacher Monroe went to Utah with the emigration west, stayed for a while, and in attempting to get away was killed on the plains somewhere east of the Territory then known as Deseret. His alleged slayer was a man named Howard Egan who had lived a while at Nauvoo, running a blacksmith and wagon-making shop on the hillside west of the Temple, not far from the home of Bishop Edward Hunter.

Oliver B. Huntington left Nauvoo, presumably in company with his younger brother, John, going to Watertown, New York, where he subsequently married a lady by the name of Neal. A circumstance in connection with his residence in Watertown comes to mind which was interesting in its passing and may be of interest here and how.

Spiritism

It will be remembered by those familiar with that phase of current history that about 1848 what was known as spirit-rapping was introduced by the Fox sisters in western New

York, from whence it spread practically all over the nation. It reached Illinois about 1850, when together with pencil-writing and other forms of spirit manifestation it began to be practiced in Hancock County, cropping out in the family of James Chadsey who lived on a farm in Sonora Township adjoining my father's land. I was working upon Father's farm at the time and in visiting the Chadsey home became acquainted with this spirit-writing business, Mrs. Chadsey being the medium.

My nearest neighbor was a man by the name of James Richardson, an early church convert from England. With his wife he lived on a small piece of land across the highway from ours. He had refused to go west at the time of the "break-up," and had turned agnostic. As these manifestations progressed on the Chadsey farm he showed an intense interest in the phenomena and finally became an ardent spiritist, so-called. He and I spent many an evening discussing the various phases of the subject and together used frequently to attend the seances held by Mrs. Chadsey. We procured certain works on spiritism which we read and discussed together. Occasionally we would experience a species of occult manifestation between us, but nothing happened which could be construed as immediately confirming by actual evidence the reality or truth of the theories advanced by those believers.

Our investigations had intermittently extended over a period of two or three years when a communication was received by Mrs. Chadsey purporting to come from this old-time friend, Oliver B. Huntington. The communication stated distinctly that he had died of cholera at Watertown, New York, giving the date of death, and expressing pleasure at thus being able to communicate with the living. It was signed plainly in the very handwriting of the man himself, which I readily recognized, for I had been in correspondence with him and knew it perfectly.

My friend Richardson and I had reached the point in our investigations and observances of the seances where we had decided to make a test as to the genuineness of the messages received by Mrs. Chadsey, and this communication seemed to afford us an opportunity. Without delay I wrote to Mrs. Huntington at Watertown, telling her that I had heard that Oliver was dead, giving the date and place, mentioning the disease which had borne him off, and asking her for a reply.

Owing to the fact that mails were then carried across country by stage and across lakes by boats, it was a full month before I received an answer. It came in the form of a letter from Mrs. Huntington's brother, who stated that his sister with her husband Oliver and their family had left Watertown some months before to go to Utah, and that at the last account he had received Oliver was living and well, and had not, to the writer's knowledge, even been ill. He added that he had forwarded my letter to them and they would doubtless answer it upon receipt. In due course of time I did receive a letter from Oliver himself, dated at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, and confirming the statement that he was perfectly well and hearty.

This incident closed the investigations of my friend Richardson and myself into the current phenomena of spiritualism. He became extremely skeptical and I utterly disgusted

with the so-called spirit manifestations as displayed by those declared to be mediums. I had seen table-tipping and had witnessed several times the pencil-writing performances, but came to the conclusion that, so far, my experience had proved there was absolutely no good in it or in any part of it. I had read Andrew Jackson Davis' Nature's Divine Revelation, and his Great Harmonia as far as the third volume, and had discovered some very good reasons, or so I considered them, to discard as evidence much of that which was presented. I had no desire to study further what seemed to me so unreliable and mystic a "science" as spiritualism at that time presented. Thenceforward I let it alone, regarding it as a matter of mental speculation unworthy the attention and investigation of an honest man who was not actually willing to be humbugged—a result which I certainly did not wish to invite.

In 1885, on the occasion of my second visit to Utah, I was privileged to meet Oliver B. Huntington in his home at Springville, some fifty or sixty miles south of Salt Lake City. There I conversed freely with him as an old acquaintance and friend. He was then living with his third wife, his first and second having each in turn refused to remain with him when he attempted polygamy. I did not meet his first wife who was, I was told, a most estimable woman. Neither did I see the second one, a nurse of considerable local standing.

A Fight

A circumstance connected with the school held in the store building made an indelible impression upon my mind, both because of the incident itself and because of the men involved. The school was held in the upper room of the building, which stood with its end to the north, on the south side of Water Street. Directly opposite, on the north side, stood the store of William and Wilson Law. On the corner of the block opposite, west of William Law's house and adjoining his store, there was a sort of feed yard into which teams could be driven and fed while their owners were trading. Ephraim Potter, a clerk in that store, used to board at our house and I knew him quite well.

One noon I was sent on an errand to the store and there heard a conversation between Wilson Law and a brother in the church by the name of Uriah Chittenden H. Nickerson. They were discussing a tree which Nickerson had cut on a certain island on the Iowa side of the river, on which both he and the Law brothers owned land. Wilson Law accused Nickerson of stealing his timber, claiming that the tree cut had been on his land, that Nickerson knew it was, and that he proposed making Nickerson trouble over it.

Brother Nickerson replied that at the time he cut the tree he believed it to be on his own land, and still thought so, but not wishing to have trouble, suggested they get a surveyor, have the land surveyed, and if it were found the timber belonged to Law he would pay for it. They would get two brethren to appraise the wood and he would pay the amount decided upon as its value.

Law seemed not to agree to this proposal and Nickerson told him that if he preferred it that way he could take the timber, and pay him, Nickerson, for hewing it. He even added that if Law were still not satisfied, Law could take the tree and Nickerson would say nothing further about it, as he did not think it seemly to have contention between brethren over such a matter.

None of this seemed to suit Wilson Law and he threatened to prosecute Nickerson for stealing the timber. Just then the school bell rang and I ran across the street and up into the schoolroom. There were three windows in the north end of the building and my seat was at the western one. Soon I heard a commotion outside and looking out saw a number of men pouring out of the store, perhaps six or eight of them, and passing through a gate into the yard. Among these were Uncle Hyrum, Wilson Law, Potter, Nickerson, and some others whose names I do not now recall. Wilson Law was stripping off his coat and vest as he came, which he handed to Uncle Hyrum to hold.

I was curious to know what it all meant as I saw Wilson take off his cravat also, and roll up his sleeves. He was talking pretty loud, and though I could not distinguish his words I gathered that he was angry with Nickerson about the timber. I wondered why my Uncle Hyrum was holding Law's clothing for him, but soon discovered, for I saw Wilson Law strike twice at Nickerson, apparently with the intention of giving him a great thrashing. After the second blow Nickerson sprang forward. Using Law pretty roughly he would evidently have administered a severe beating had it not been for the fact that, seeing the way the conflict was turning, Uncle Hyrum and others interfered and drew the men apart.

I remember how excited I was and how ashamed I felt that my uncle had lowered his dignity by mixing in the quarrel between the two men. Wilson Law was a man of business and reputed wealth, while Nickerson was poor and hard-working. It seemed those surrounding the two men had taken sides with Law and were quite willing to see Nickerson punished, but when they saw it was likely that Nickerson would do what punishing was done in the melee they were then quite ready to separate the men and stop the fighting.

I heard Nickerson say, "And so this is your Christianity, brethren! When you thought I could be whipped you were willing to witness it, but when you found I could take care of myself you were ready to keep us apart!"

Whether or not a church suit followed this disturbance I do not know, but I confess that my opinion of my Uncle Hyrum received a decided blow and my regard for him was sadly damaged. I had thought him so upright and just that I had expected him to take the part of the humbler brother. What I had overheard between the two men in the store and Nickerson's statement that he was willing to do what was right and whatever any two of his brethren would decide was just in the matter, had made me feel that an advantage had been taken of him—doubtless because he was a poor man. Of course I may have erred in this conclusion or as to their motives, but I heard afterwards that when the survey was made the poorer brother was justified, for the tree was found to have been on his own land.

I met this U. C. H. Nickerson a good many years after, when he used to come down from Wisconsin to attend our Northern Illinois District Conferences. Once I conversed with him in reference to this trouble, which he remembered distinctly. One thing is certain: "Chit" Nickerson, as he was familiarly called, retained his faith in Joseph Smith as a Prophet of God, in the Angel's message, in the validity of the Book of Mormon, and in the integrity of the church instituted by the Prophet under Divine direction. He died in that faith, whatever may have been his wanderings before reaching the goal of the grave.

Mr. Kelsey

The next school I attended before the Saints left Illinois was conducted in the Seventy's Hall. The teacher was Eli B. Kelsey, who afterward became quite a noted elder in the economies of that faction of the church which was under the rule of Brigham Young.

I attended this school more than one term—probably in the fall of 1844 and the summer of 1845. The hall was located on Parley Street, the main thoroughfare extending between what was known as "the hill" and the ferry at Isaac Galland's estate. Among my schoolmates here were Henry Coolidge, Sidney and Wickliffe Rigdon, Edwin and Thomas Stafford, Joseph, Brigham, and Vilate Young, some the children of Heber C. Kimball, the children of David Yearsley (one of whom was named Elizabeth), Mary Tuttle, Titus Billings, and Edward and Lydia Partridge.

It was a good-sized school and there was considerable rivalry in the spelling classes. Usually Mary Tuttle, Henry Coolidge, and I would spell the rest down, and take turns in "leaving off head" to again spell our way up.

On the closing day of one term, when the class came to spell down the teacher announced the rule that but one trial at a word would be given each pupil, and that if the word were missed opportunity to spell it would pass at once to the next in line. The class had narrowed down to the three of us—Mary, Henry, and I. After a number of words went the rounds, Teacher Kelsey gave a word to Mary which she missed. He suggested that she try it again, and again she missed it. Without waiting for him to say "Next," I promptly spelled the word correctly. He reproved me for being too eager, at which reprimand I called his attention to the fact that he himself had broken his own rules as stated at the beginning, and in giving Mary a second trial he had acted unfairly to all the rest of us.

He commented that, being a lady, she should be given a second opportunity. To this I demurred upon the ground that no such favoritism should be shown in such a contest. Mary was in tears, and some confusion seemed imminent.

A number of spectators were present, and I proposed leaving to them the question as to whether or not I had been within my rights. To this Teacher Kelsey would not agree and undertook to adjust the matter by saying he would divide the prize between us three. I

objected to that plan, stating that I did not care especially for the prize and certainly did not want it if it were not rightfully mine and fairly won, adding that he could dispose of it as he pleased. General feeling among the children had been that Mary was a favorite of the teacher's, and this incident showed that it was useless for us to contend against her.

Though I cannot fix the date in memory, I remember well the day when Sidney and Wickliffe Rigdon came to the school to say good-bye—the day before the family left for Pittsburgh at "the separation." It was at this school, also, that the teacher instituted a system of police regulation among the children for the purpose of preventing truancy. He appointed various ones as special police, the duties to last one week. During one week of my services in this capacity I had trouble with one of the Stafford boys who became very angry in play at recess and proposed to leave the grounds. I prevented his doing so but it was at the expense of a personal encounter between us. The result was the abandonment of the system, for the teacher thought his instructions were being construed too strictly and enforced too vigorously, and he was fearful further unfriendly conflicts would ensue.

An incident of a rather laughable character comes to memory as being connected with this school. Joseph A. Young, son of Brigham Young, was something of a fop as a boy. He was rather vain of his good looks, his white complexion, and curly hair which was inclined to the red in color. One day he came to school all nicely dressed up, and brought with him a vial of cinnamon essence or oil. With this he dabbed his handkerchief in order that a nice fragrance might attend his walk. Of course we were all duly impressed and anxious to have some. We asked him to share with us, which he declined to do, and kept dabbing it at intervals on his hair and clothes as fast as the air and sun would combine to cause it to lose its power. The former, at least was quite well saturated with it after a while, and we were quite envious as a consequence. This brought us no benefit, for he didn't share his treasure with us.

However, we were consoled next day when our comrade came to school, for his hair had been so badly burned with the essence that it had broken off wherever rubbed a little, and looked worse than if he had haggled it to pieces with the shears! So we had our laugh, but it was a laugh with him and not at him, for Joseph A. was a good-natured fellow and appreciated any joke, even when on himself.

A part of the education we received in the school kept in the Seventy's Hall had reference to our conduct and manners. We were taught how to stand properly, how to walk, how to enter a room either public or private, the art of being polite in company, and other useful things calculated to enable us to be at ease and carry ourselves with a degree of grace in the presence of others. We were taught to reverence age, to take off our hats and bow to elderly people when met, to avoid being boisterous in demeanor or harsh or loud in voice, and, in general, to behave ourselves properly at all times. We were expected to be kind to our associates, to avoid imposing upon those weaker and younger, to go to church and to conduct ourselves in a respectable manner while there, and to engage in no unnecessary affairs on Sunday, the rest day. We were expected to enter the schoolroom quietly, to take off our hats and hang them in places provided, to greet the teacher with a courteous bow, and to proceed at once to our seats. If called upon to hand a book to anyone, we were

shown how to properly approach the person and how to present the article in a graceful manner. All these and a variety of other instructions respecting conduct were made a part of our daily practice and formed a definite part of our education at the time.

The Rigdon boys left Nauvoo, as I have said, before the term closed, and I never saw either of them again until in the fall of 1905 I met John Wickliffe in Salt Lake City. He had separated from his family and had joined the church in Utah. I learned that his brother Sidney died quiet [quite] a number of years ago.

Mr. Tripp

My impression now is that the school just described was the last I attended before the breaking up at Nauvoo. However, it may have been in the summer of 1847 that I attended one kept in a building erected and occupied by Lucien Woodworth, otherwise known as the "pagan prophet"—a gunsmith by trade. That school was taught by a Mr. Tripp, a fair, blue-eyed man with curly hair and a very pleasant and affable manner. Here I remember we came in contact with some rather rough and undesirable boys who belonged to the Bruce and Allen families. There were five of the Bruce boys and three or four of the Allens. They had an ally of their own stamp, one Arthur Foster, son of a neighbor who lived in the house where Uncle Samuel Smith had lived and died. Of these boys Tom Bruce and John Allen were the ring-leaders.

Near the school lived a family of new citizens named Kent, and not far below, another by the name of Elliott. These were quite good people who came in with the influx into the city of those who came to buy property cheaply from out-going Saints. There were two girls in the Elliott family and a small, partially-crippled boy in the Kent family. The latter was named Geoffrey, and between him and my brother, Frederick, there sprang up quite a friendship. Frederick was tall for his age and slender, very kindly in disposition, and especially tender and considerate of those who were weak or afflicted, or in any trouble with the boys.

Frederick got into the habit of carrying little Geoffrey Kent home from school on his back, which he could easily do as Geoffrey was very small and light. These rough Bruce boys and their little band took a notion to torment the little fellows and would run up behind Frederick as he was carrying Geoffrey, jostle against them to make them stagger or fall, or jump upon Geoffrey's back to frighten and annoy. Two or three times they had thus thrown the boys down, and once had hurt Geoffrey enough to make him cry.

I remonstrated with them; told them they ought not to do that for one or both of the little boys might get hurt. I asked them, politely enough, to refrain from annoying the children further. One of the older ones pertly told me to go to the devil. Tom Bruce and John Allen were about my age and size and Arthur Foster was a trifle smaller. These rowdies laughed at me when I told them they must quit bothering the boys or I would make them,

and taunted me by saying they would do as they pleased and I couldn't help myself. To this I simply answered, "Well, we will see."

In the afternoon when school was out my brother picked Geoffrey up on his back as usual and the two started down the street, full of glee and jollity. They had gone but a little ways when one of these rowdy boys, which one I do not now remember, ran and jumped upon Geoffrey's back, very nearly throwing him off and frightening him to crying. This act aroused my indignation and I turned to the crowd of youngsters and told them that the next one who did that would get hurt.

It had rained in the morning and we had gone to school under the shelter of a large umbrella which I was carrying in my hand. It was still quite wet and heavy from the early shower. The boys held a consultation, the leaders urging Arthur Foster to make another leap at the boys, and promising him to keep me from interfering. So Arthur skipped up behind the boys and sprang upon their backs. He had no sooner reached the ground afterward than I struck him full across the back with the heavy, wet umbrella, just as I held it, folded up, in my hand. It was an old-fashioned one with heavy wooden staff, ribs of whalebone, and spreading wires of steel.

Arthur howled with pain, and I turned to the crowd of boys and told them that if anyone else wanted to try that game now was his opportunity, but that if any one of them did dare to touch either of the little boys he would be served as I had served Arthur. That was the end of the row, for apparently none cared to run the risk of being struck similarly.

Arthur threatened to tell his mother and I rather expected he would, but if he did my own mother did not hear of it, for a little while afterward, having occasion to use the umbrella, she found the stock broken and the wires bent. Showing it to me she asked if I knew how it got in that condition, and I replied, "It probably happened when I struck Arthur Foster with it, the day it rained."

"Well, you must have struck him pretty hard to break it like this," she commented. I told her I did; that I hit him just as hard as I could. When she asked why, I told her the whole story. She thought I should not have struck Arthur, but I told her I just couldn't help it; that the little fellows could not defend themselves, and that I had felt bound to do what I could to protect them after giving their tormentors fair warning.

The lads were not disturbed again and the balance of the school term passed off pleasantly, according to my recollections.

Home Study

There was an old Irishman who taught school in the Seventy's Hall for a term or two, I think about 1847. I was lamentably deficient in arithmetic; had worn out copy after copy of Ray's Arithmetic in my various attempts to master its difficulties, but would promptly

be turned back at the beginning of each term. I seemed to balk at "vulgar fractions," and did not succeed in getting beyond the merest rudiments of this most necessary branch of education.

I was desirous of mending in this particular, as my mother was engaged in keeping the hotel and I knew in order to be of help to her I should have some business qualifications, among them a working knowledge of figures. Mother encouraged me to attend this Irishman's school. Accordingly I went up, asked for an interview, and was told to come back at the noon hour.

At the appointed time I called upon the aged man and told him that I wanted to enter his school. He looked at me a bit, handed me a book opened at a certain piece of reading, and asked me to read it for him. Taking the book I did as requested, whereupon he remarked, "Young man, I can do nothing for you; a boy who can read like that can better teach me than I him."

I tried to explain that it was arithmetic I needed but failed to prevail upon him to take me as a pupil. Thus it happened that the term of school under Mr. Tripp was really the end of my boyhood schooldays.

It is but fair to add, however, that during the summer and fall of 1846, while the Mansion was being occupied by renters (first by William Marks and then by Van Tuyl), Doctor John M. Bernhisel boarded with us in the Hugh White house. He had considerable leisure at his disposal and agreed to help me in the study of grammar. He consented to hear my recitations provided I would secure two copies of the book used, Brown's Grammar. This I did and during that season I studied with him, the arrangement proving [proved] to be a very pleasing and profitable one for me. It largely laid the foundation for what usefulness I have been able to exercise in the conduct of literary affairs afterward imposed upon me.

Note: I am missing several chapters

New Source: <http://rnsmith.com/wpsmith/oh004.html>

Visit to Utah 1893

Among the many former acquaintances whom I met casually in Salt Lake City as I visited places of interest in company with Brother Reinsimar, Brother Hudson, or my cousin John Smith, was William Clayton. He gave me the impression that he had somewhat lowered his standards of life and conduct, perhaps through drink or disappointment. This impression was confirmed by the testimony of others. We only passed an ordinary greeting upon the street.

I also met Bishop Edward Hunter at whose house in Nauvoo I remember once meeting my father when he was avoiding arrest. Three or four others were with Edward Hunter when I met him on the street near the Deseret News office. When assured that I remembered him, he turned to those near, and, with a curious check in his voice, remarked -- evidently intended for my hearing:

"If we had listened to Sister Emma we wouldn't have gotten into this mess."

"Better be careful, Bishop, about what you say," remarked one standing near.

To which Bishop Hunter, with some force, replied, "I know what I am saying, sir; Sister Emma Smith was a noble, good woman, and things would have been very different for us all if she had been listened to."

I did not see Bishop Hunter after this episode.

My memorandum shows that on Sunday morning, December 10, I attended a preaching service in the seventeenth ward meeting house and heard a sermon from Elder Orson Pratt on the subject of "Zion." Of this sermon and the incidents following I have already written. I should have been pleased with a longer interview with the speaker, and a frank exchange of thoughts and impressions, but no cordiality in this respect seemed to be shown me by any of the leading men of the Mormon church at that time. I had obtained none of their public buildings in which to present my views. Several times I was asked why I did not apply for the use of the tabernacle, to which I replied that since their public buildings had been denied to other men in the ministry of our church, such denial was virtually a denial to me. Besides this, President Brigham Young had made the assertion that when I got ready to come to them on their terms and accept their ministrations, I would receive a welcome, but not before or otherwise. And I certainly felt that such a time would never come!

Sandy

Living at Sandy, a few miles south of Salt Lake City, was a sturdy English brother of the Reorganization, by name of William P. Smith. He was water master of the district in which he lived, and his duty was to keep watch and ward over the water used for

irrigation purposes on the farms and gardens of the community. He was to see that the means of water distribution, flumes and water ditches, were kept in repair and untampered with, and that no one entitled to water should use more than his proper and proportionate share. Though somewhat rough in his ways, he was considered a just man, very positive and determined, fearless and uncompromising, and unmoved by either the threats of those who did not like him or the importunities of those who were his friends.

Anxious to have my message delivered in his locality, he secured from Bishop Rawlins use of the ward house at Union Fort, for an evening's discourse. Though the night proved to be quite cold and intensely dark, the house was filled with seemingly interested hearers, the few being "Josephites," so called, and the many, "Brighamites." A number of things about the building proved of interest to me. Over the front door, on the inside, was the following stanza:

Brigham lives,
The kingdom grows;
The stone is rolling,
Mind your toes.

Above the windows on the west side was painted a large group of children's faces, under the words: "Our children; Utah's best crop." On the east side were frescoed pictures representing some bee-hives, and a scene in which young women were driving cows down from the mountains, the legend attached reading: "Utah: the land flowing with milk and honey."

Against the wall behind the pulpit was a full-sized bust portrait of President Young, and on either side, in smaller proportions, his counselors. This is as I remember it, though I am not absolutely sure of the identity of all. However a number of verses of significant meaning on various parts of the walls were evidently intended for the encouragement of the attendants. I was somewhat curious as to just how they might be applied to the situation presented by my appearance and presence there, and doubtless some of my hearers wondered how that jingling rhyme over the door, about Brigham being alive and commanding his people to "mind their toes," might affect me!

I was treated courteously by Bishop Rawlins and others. Though I could see evidence of strong feelings of opposition against me and the position I had taken, I was not interrupted during the service, nor did I see any disposition to be rude or to question me in an antagonistic manner. On the other hand, I tried to be considerate in my speech, called no hard names, indulged in no invective, and, I am sure, used no language which was offensive. I had considerable freedom in my discourse, the thoughts and ideas coming clearly and being easily delivered in a distinct voice.

What I tried to present was the wonderful growth of the church during the fourteen years the prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum had been its leaders, the unfortunate scattering which followed the assassination at Carthage, and the dispersion of the elements of which

the church body had been composed. I asked what had become of those many communicants, which according to the statement made by Joseph Smith in the chapter he furnished I. Daniel Rupp, of Pennsylvania, for inclusion in his History of the Denominations of the United States, numbered at that time one hundred and fifty thousand.

This led to a brief discussion of the different associations which, after the death of the prophet, gathered together under the various men who laid claim to the mantle of leadership. I included in the survey the following of William Smith, James J. Strang, James Colin Brewster, Gladden Bishop, Sidney Rigdon, Alpheus Cutler, Charles B. Thompson (Baneemy), and others, not omitting Brigham Young. The reader will be able to trace the course of my thought for the purpose of that sermon.

Brother Reinsimar and I had come to the meeting with Brother William P. Smith and his family in their wagon, and we planned to return with them. The night was pitch dark, but I had noted the spot where their team was tied, and began stumbling towards it, along with others. All at once, a loud voice said (evidently referring to my statement that somebody was responsible for the loss of the one hundred and thirty thousand or more who had fallen away from the faith altogether after the tragedy of 1844):

"He wants to know what became of them. I can tell him."

"Well, then, sir, you are the very man I have been looking for," I replied, "What did become of them?"

The same loud voice promptly spoke out of the darkness, "They apostatized; that's what became of them!" This sally was greeted by some laughter among the people all around the area who were gathering to their teams and vehicles, but it gave me my cue.

"Yes, indeed they did apostatize," I said, "and will you now please tell what doctrine it was that made them apostatize?"

This question brought an increase of laughter, and several roared out, "He's got you now; answer that if you can!" But the voice in the darkness was silent, not essaying to reply, and as we drove out of hearing we heard faint echoes of chuckles.

Brother William P. Smith had a son (Thomas Smith) who had secured a small farm in the valley a few miles from his father's place, which he was improving for a home. The adhesion of the family to the faith of the Reorganized church had embittered some of their neighbors, and a few days after this meeting of mine, this son, Thomas by name, was killed, being shot from ambush while he was at work on his farm. Though it might have been suspected who committed this cowardly deed, no positive clue to the murderer was found, if, indeed, any real attempt to locate him was ever made by the police authorities or the county officers.

The body was discovered and brought to his father's house, and I was called upon to preach the funeral sermon. There, in the dooryard, as best I could under the sad circumstances, I spoke to a large concourse of people. In my discourse I denounced murder and unlawful violence in no uncertain terms, though I felt under the necessity of doing so in such a way as to create sadness and regret rather than resentment. I seem to remember one inmate of Brother Smith's family which was present, a crippled Sister Wheeler--patient, kind-spirited "Aunt Lucy."

I recall that I had been somewhat surprised when I first entered Brother Smith's home to notice, hanging on the walls of the big living-room, a number of guns and pistols, primed, and loaded, ready for use in self-defense at a moment's need. He explained that he had, in the past, received various threats of violence from ill-advised persons whose enmity he had aroused and who desired to have him removed from his position with the water company. That sentiment, however, had, to some extent, passed away before my visit, though the firearms still held silent guard on the wall.

Since the General Conference of this last spring (1913), I have had an interview with Hyrum Smith, one of the sons of this Elder William P. Smith. He was quite a young man at the time of the death of his brother Thomas, but remembers the incident clearly. He told me his father was still holding the office of a water master in his community.

Notes of Travel

I cannot give a more fitting close to what I have written about my visit to Utah than to reproduce from published notes of travel found in Heralds of that period as follows:

Although "unheralded and unannounced," our entry into Salt Lake City was made in a almost regal style, for there was but one other passenger over the line, and we literally had the whole train to ourselves. During the ride in from Ogden, contending emotions born of the circumstances of our life, its conditions, service, and the occasion of our present visit to these mountain fastnesses, came struggling up for recognition and prominence, and the question "How will we be received?" constantly recurred.

Everywhere were visible evidences of the thrift energy and industry of this people we were about to visit, whose faithful devotion to their leaders and what they believed were a true principles had brought them to these plains and hills. We remembered that they held many articles of faith and belief in common with us. Some were relatives, and others were acquaintances who were once friends-- were they so still? We were on an errand antagonistic to the genius of their institutions and their social bond--what could we expect from them? These thoughts and many more of a similar nature occupied us as we passed successively Farmington, Kaysville, Centerville and Wood's Cross--scattered hamlets lying to the left against the foothills, above them towering the everlasting mountains, some already whitening with the snows of early winter.

The ride of forty miles seemed short, and soon we found ourselves in the strange city of a strange people, and domiciled at the home of Brother Reinsimar. There we had leisure to

think and determine our course. For a number of days we visited places and people in the city, all the while endeavoring to discover a solution or our puzzle, "What shall we do? What stand shall we take?"

Some received us cheerfully and pleasantly, among whom were our relatives--Uncle Hyrum's sons, John and Joseph Fielding Smith; Uncle Samuel's son, Samuel H. B. Smith; and a son of Cousin George A. Smith, John Henry by name. We met many who still hope for the ultimate triumph of the work of the last days, but are now at a loss which way to turn for expected progress and guidance. We met some who were cordial and friendly, but are sincerely impressed with the idea that it was a bad thing for us to be fighting against a work begun by our father and uncle. They met us frankly on this ground, and to them we grant the need of honesty and sincerity, and agreed to differ in peace. We did not ask any of our relatives to compromise themselves by exertions on our behalf, nor did they do so, though we acknowledge our indebtedness to them for kindnesses shown in accompanying us about the city, and introducing us to many of their friends and brethren. A like courtesy was shown us by our own Brother P. H. Reinsimar.

We visited the temple grounds, where work was just closing up for the winter season. The walls are now twenty or more feet above the water table, and seem in a fair way of going up. We also were permitted to go through the tabernacle, being escorted by Professor Thomas, who explained its points of interest. The ceiling had been festooned earlier for some festive occasion, and the ever green boughs yet remained, making it seem like an inverted forest of miniature trees. We heard a few notes of the organ, said to be one of the finest in the world, but could only guess as to its power. We inscribed our names in the visitors' book, in which we saw the names of General U. S. Grant, General W. T. Sherman, Don Pedro, and others of similar, and less, note.

In company with Brother Robert Warnock we visited Camp Douglas, "went over Jordan" and returned. By invitation of Superintendent H. C. Kimball, of the Utah Western railroad, Cousin John Smith, wife and daughter, Brother Reinsimar and the writer, took an early morning ride over that road to Lake Point, where we breakfasted, and spent a few pleasant hours in examining the lake and its surroundings. We returned to the city by two p. m., with an excellent opinion of Mr. Kimball's kindness, courtesy and hospitality, and a better conception of what the "salt, salt sea" might be like. We were told that the water of that lake is much denser and saltier than that of ocean, it being found, by a late analysis, to contain twenty-one per centum of salt.

The particles of "sand" thrown up by the action of the waves are round and appear to be hollow. When turned into water some will float on the surface, and even those that sink show still a rounded, hollow appearance. It was suggested that they were of lime formation and probably shells of some minute living organisms, which, dying, leave their houses behind them to help fill up the lake. The waters of this lake have risen some fifteen feet, but fear of their rising high enough to submerge the city vanishes with the information that at the further extremity the land lies so low that a further rise of a few feet would send the waters over the barrier in that direction, and give them outlet across

the plains to the south and west. This fact is known to the dwellers there, hence their indifference to the suppositious "drowning out" which some have feared for them.

This trip to the lake was the only courtesy of a public nature offered us during our stay, and for it our thanks are tendered to Mr. Kimball, an enterprising, energetic officer of a new railroad in a new and growing country.

On Sunday, December 3, we spoke twice in the Liberal Institute, morning and afternoon, both times to large and attentive audiences. There we met a number of the oldtime Saints, who kindly remembered us "for your father's sake. We loved him, and wish to shake hands with you because of that love." Naturally we were pleased to learn their love and regard for him was still cherished, but it was a trifle embarrassing to be made so pointedly to feel that we had no merit of our own entitling us to recognition and affection. However, a few did seem to grant even this, and so we cannot complain.

On Wednesday night we again spoke in the Institute, and on the following night in Bishop Rawlins' ward meeting house near Union Fort, privileged for which was obtained from him at the request of Brother William P. Smith, our brother in charge of Union branch, of that place. The house was warmed and lighted, a very comfortable place in which to speak, and though large, was well filled with an attentive audience. Many of them at first seemed to expect us to be harsh and denunciatory, but their fears in this regard were soon banished, and a good feeling prevailed at the last.

We had a most excellent overnight visit at the home of Brother Smith, meeting the band of Saints under his charges and others from adjoining places. We hereby extend our thanks to Bishop Rawlins for the use of the meeting house in his ward, the more readily because it shows a more liberal spirit than has heretofore characterized many officials in Utah when in various places our elders have sought opportunity to present our views.

On the next day, in company with Brother Reinsimar, we returned to Salt Lake City, where we spoke again in the institute that night, which made the fourth service held there. Brother Thomas Hudson, in charge of our local branch, presided at the meetings, and on two occasions Brother Jason W. Briggs, who arrived in the city during our stay, led in prayer. We met the Saints in prayer, testimony and business meeting, in the home of Brother Joseph Clark, where their meetings have been held for some time past, and preached to them on one occasion in the same place. We found them an earnest band seeking diligently after the truth. We formed some new acquaintances which have proved most pleasant....

New Source: http://www.saintswithouthalos.com/Reprints/js_lott.htm

Cornelius P. Lott

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

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

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

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

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

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

So they all immediately piled out of the house into the open place west of the store where there was space to wrestle. They ran together several times, but the best Father could do was to get the old man down to his knees.

I remember just how Father was dressed that day. He had on a white flannel coat and vest, and some soft gray trousers.

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

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

New Source: <http://www.lamonistake.org/libertyhalljsiii.html>

Joseph Smith III: A Biography

By Alma R. Blair

Joseph Smith III was born November 6, 1832, in Kirtland, Ohio, and died in Independence, Missouri, on December 10, 1914. Fifty-four of his eighty-two years were spent as the President and Prophet of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. His life was quiet and uneventful when seen from one perspective, but was filled with activity and decision when seen from another. He did not have to face the possibility of arrest and violent death as his father did. Yet his responsibilities demanded that he act with wisdom and courage. Joseph possessed these qualities in unusual measure. He was a man of uncommon good sense, and with tact born of his early experiences in life and a native humanity. He cultivated the Christian grace of charity and frequently smoothed difficult situations by his example of tolerance, kindness, and forgiveness.

He was a gentleman, in the 19th Century meaning of that word: considerate of others' feelings and desires, unwilling to engage in actions, conversations, or thoughts that might be seen as coarse or indelicate, and anxious that all might have a fair chance in life but assured that it is the individual who makes his world and not the world that makes the person. Marked by an honesty that insists that the truth be made known to all, he was equally concerned that individuals not be hurt unnecessarily by rumor or fact. He was human enough to make mistakes and he did not always see clearly. Nevertheless, he was humble enough to know he was human and tried to be open to new insights. Joseph's greatest talents were his patience, optimism, and spiritual concern. His mind was logical, even legalistic. While he was not a scholar, he was interested in many subjects. Joseph did not consider himself to be an orator, but he was a capable public speaker. His writings are frequented by imprecisions and euphemisms even though his style is cleaner than that of most of his contemporaries and the content of his articles and editorials is usually of more interest than theirs.

The Restoration movement was deep within his being. Just as certainly, he molded the character of the Reorganization. Joseph was its Prophet not only in name and not only in those revelations that became part of the Doctrine and Covenants, but also in the direction he gave it through his day to day administration, in the opinions he gave on various subjects, and in the force of his personality and example. He felt the burden of leadership to be heavy at times, but he bore it with grace, and dignity, and faith.

It is almost impossible now to conceive of what the Reorganized Church might have been without this son of the martyr who directed its course for so long. It is possible it might not have survived without him. Certainly it would have been different.

To those Saints who formed the nucleus of what later came to be called the Reorganized Church it was almost inevitable that "Little" or "Young" Joseph would someday take his place as the leader of their movement. They had organized themselves in 1852 in Wisconsin out of dissatisfaction with the leadership and doctrines of men like James

Strang, Brigham Young, and William Smith. They were particularly disturbed by the doctrine of celestial marriage (polygamy) and were convinced that authoritative leadership could only come through "the seed of the prophet." For eight years they cherished the beliefs that the oldest son of the martyr would mature to his responsibilities as the Spirit of God worked upon him. They preached the gospel as they understood it, gathered into the fold as many of the "lost sheep" as they could, and sent two communications to "Young Joseph" in the form of tracts, which he did not even read! In 1857, they authorized two emissaries, Samuel Gurley and Edmund Briggs, to visit him in Nauvoo and carry a message from their conference that they were expecting him to take his rightful position as their leader.

What was clear to this small group of Saints was not clear to Joseph. At this time, he felt no necessity to connect himself with his father's work and was resentful of Edmund Briggs' manner. Briggs, he wrote in later recollection:

"vehemently urged the matter upon me, and announced the culmination of the message in tones of thunder, and almost dictatorily directed me to accept the message and do as directed therein or reject it at my peril. I met his vehemence indignantly, and almost turned these messengers out of doors."

After the ire of both was calmed Joseph promised to give them an answer the next day. His response was guarded. He indicated he would not go to the Salt Lake City, apparently having decided this when Erastus Snow and his cousin George A. Smith visited him in Nauvoo a few weeks before. He then promised Briggs and Gurley he would give their position careful thought. It was two and one-half years before he accepted the responsibility and presented himself to the April 6, 1860, Amboy, Illinois, conference for ordination as the President of the High Priesthood. During those years he had investigated several groups, studied the movement begun by his father more diligently than ever before, and had had several spiritual experiences that convinced him of his course of action.

Little is known about Joseph III's life before his father was killed and not much more after that until he became President. He had been trained in the gospel along with other youths in Nauvoo. At home he had lived in its atmosphere, of course. We do not know the specifics of those experiences, however, and after the martyr's death Emma seems not to have given detailed instructions to her children. Emma had been unwilling to join Brigham Young, James Strang, or her brother-in-law, William Smith. She could not conscientiously tell her young son to join any of those early groups and she understood, as Edmund Briggs did not, that her mature son was not the kind of person to be forced.

Despite, or perhaps because of, Emma's reluctance to give her children a more formal education in the Restoration story she obviously nurtured the early fires of their belief. "I believed that my father was called of God to do a work; and . . . I was satisfied that that work was true," Joseph wrote of his indecision. "I was prepared to do what God required of me, if he would make it known to me what it was." Even though he felt his knowledge of specific doctrines and administrative procedures was inadequate, the years between 1857 and 1860 had supplied the answers to many questions in his mind.

The general outlines of his character had been set before 1857, of course, and we can only surmise some of the factors in that process. The death of his father when he was 11 1/2 was a serious blow but not completely debilitating. In addition to those subconsciously remembered experiences, young Joseph had many conscious recollections of those early times. These, aided by his mother's accounts of her dead husband, seem to have given him a strong sense of morality and an inner vision of what it was to be a good man. One suspects the son's idealized image of his father was unusually strong and quite important in his later attempts to clear his father's name of what young Joseph considered to be the scandal of polygamy. After Emma married Major Lewis C. Bidamon in 1847, to help support her and her family, the boy was capable of profiting from the better qualities of his step-father while rejecting his obvious faults.

Also, he noted, "by contact with those who were at enmity with the church and with Father during his lifetime I had early learned the necessity for the repression of my feelings, and it had become more or less habitual with me that no matter how deeply I was feeling or how greatly suffering I did not allow my emotions to appear upon the surface." This self-control was to be tested many times in the future. It is probable that the years immediately following his father's murder determined his attitude toward women. The romantic view he held was common to the time but unusually well-developed in him and played an important part in his personal life and even official actions. Emma and her five children, Julia Murdock Smith (an adopted daughter), Joseph, Frederick Granger, Alexander Hale, and David Hyrum, were almost isolated in Nauvoo from 1845 on. There was real danger, they believed, and someone did attempt to set fire to their home in 1845. As the oldest male, Joseph felt he should protect his mother. He knew her as a woman of integrity and compassion. In later years, he spoke of women as having an innate sense of morality, a fineness of character, which ought to be preserved and protected. With the trauma of 1844, and the closeness he felt for his mother, it may be more than coincidence that his first wife's name was Emmeline and she was called "Emma" by her friends.

Joseph engaged in several economic enterprises before taking full-time responsibility as editor of the Saints' Herald in 1866. He helped his mother run the hotel business in the Mansion House and then became a clerk in a family store in his teens. He was not adept at bargaining and this combined with the poor economic conditions on the "flat" of Nauvoo spelled failure for the business. Joseph and Frederick farmed land east of Nauvoo beginning about 1852, and Joseph continued this after he was married in 1856. The farming operation was moderately successful until a series of wet years and recurring cycles of army worms severely limited production. From 1858 until 1866, Joseph served as Justice of the Peace in Nauvoo (He later also served in Plano, Illinois). In 1861, he was connected with the law firm of Morrill and Risse. The income from these several activities was not large but adequate for his small family. Joseph was proud of his legal reputation and training despite the low opinion many 19th Century Americans had of lawyers. No stranger to oppression, he championed the cause of the new German immigrants to Nauvoo who had little knowledge of American customs. They helped reelect him as Justice of the Peace over the opposition of some citizens incensed when he

joined the "Mormon" Reorganized church. He felt his legal experience gave him invaluable training in separating hearsay from factual evidence.

So went these early years. The most obvious change in his life was his marriage to Miss Emmeline Griswold, October 22, 1856. Even then there was no immediate breaking of the ties with his own family. He and his wife lived on the farm two and one-half miles east of town for a time, stayed in the Mansion House when Emmeline was ill, then moved into the Homestead. Five children were born to them: Emma, Carrie, Zaide, Evelyn, and Joseph. The latter two died in infancy. Joseph had married Emmeline before he decided to take up his father's work in the church, promising her he would never teach or practice polygamy, but insisting he must be free to take leadership responsibility if he later chose to do so. She agreed, and they were married over the objections of her family. Emmeline proved a good wife who never objected to his role as President of the Reorganization even when he had to be away from home for long periods. Shortly before her death in 1869, she surprised Joseph by being baptized by his brother David.

Left with small children to care for, and after praying about the problem, Joseph married Bertha Madison late in 1869. For almost 27 years, until her death in 1896, she was a strong support to him in his work. Of their nine children, Blossom and Kenneth died as babies, two, David Carlos and Bertha, died in their youth, and Frederick and Israel became Presidents of the Reorganization after their father died. Their other children, Hale, Mary Audentia and Lucy served the church in various ways.

In January 1898, two years after the death of his second wife, Joseph married Ada Rachel Clark. Three sons were born to them, Richard Clark, Reginald Archer and yet another Prophet of the Reorganization, William Wallace. Joseph's family life is one of the main elements of his Memoirs. That he loved his wives and children is clearly evident. In speaking of his marriage to Ada Clark, he said:

" . . . I married this, my third companion, for the purpose of keeping my home intact and preserving that domestic environment which has ever been essential to my happiness." It is likely that if he had not felt himself called to the mission of the church, he would have been content to live a quiet, unassuming and unknown life enjoying his family. He amassed no wealth and avoided speculative schemes. Nor was he ambitious. He demanded no rank or special privilege. Politics, except in matters relating to the church, were of but slight interest to him. As an alderman in Nauvoo for one year he missed as many meetings of the city council as he attended. He gave a few speeches on public issues. In Nauvoo he spoke impromptu supporting enlistments in the Union Army. Another speech near Lamoni, Iowa, on economic conditions was reported by the Leon press as having "too much of the old Grange" in it for their taste. Although he privately informed James A. Garfield he would vote for him, as the leader of the church President Smith avoided publicly supporting particular candidates. He wanted no "bloc voting" by the Saints as had been done in Nauvoo. Individual Saints were, of course, free to vote and run for office, but he felt they ought to avoid becoming "party men."

The one area outside the church Joseph III made a public contribution was in the temperance movement. His opposition to liquor may have been planted by his mother who, it will be remembered, refused to have a bar in the Mansion House during the martyr's lifetime. Major Bidamon, Joseph's stepfather, confirmed the boy's antipathy by his drinking habits. Liquor was a moral question that the Saints ought to be interested in and he felt free as the President to support the temperance movement. Consequently, he gave many temperance speeches over the years and became a leading figure on the subject in Iowa.

Once he had made his decision to continue his father's work all other considerations became secondary, however. As devoted as he was to his family his first concern was with the promulgation of the gospel. The primary factor in leading Joseph to accept the prophetic role was his experiences with the Holy Spirit. Whenever he was asked about his authority to preside he stressed two points: he had been directed by God to this duty, and he had been properly voted upon by the people and ordained. Others in the church emphasized his lineage as a descendant and the eldest son of the martyr, that he had been set aside by his father by the laying on of hands in the Liberty jail, or that various scriptures and prophecies pointed to him. While Joseph did not decry these other arguments he pointed out that scriptures are susceptible to differing interpretations and carefully noted that although he recalled his father placing his hands on his head for a blessing he did not remember the detailed content of that blessing and could not say exactly what it was for. In a letter to Charles Malmstram of Springville, Utah, he wrote:

"I claim to be a prophet, because I believe myself called of God in such a way as to give me a work to do in the world, for the benefit of my brothers in Christ, and those who will obey the truth. I have had revelations by dream, vision, and by inspiration, and by the voice of the Spirit, and by prophecy."

Numerous times throughout his life Joseph heard audible voices, felt a presence beside him, and experienced dreams and visions. The earliest reference I have found of this is in a letter by his cousin, George A. Smith, who mentioned after his 1856 visit to Nauvoo that Joseph said he had had a vision of some sort but did not give the details of it to his visitors. These unusual manifestations were not necessarily more important or valid than other means the Spirit might use, he believed, but were supportive of his faith. The extent of his reliance upon the Spirit of God may be measured by his statement that he was willing to give the leadership of the church to another if the Spirit indicated this or the people voted it.

If the Holy Spirit was primary for the prophet, he felt it must be supported by knowledge. His editorials favored the Sunday School movement for children, he pressed for the building of Graceland College, and advocated education for the ministry:

"Having waited in vain for someone to take up the subject . . . we wish to bring the subject once more before the saints. It is believed by some that we are not to take steps toward education, because God can qualify His ministry for their labors, and if He fails to do it, then they are excused, and nothing is required of them. We consider this objection as fallacious, and only another excuse for indolence in the ministry.

"We hold that by a proper system of education man would not only be made wiser, but much better, for in proportion as he advanced in wisdom, his capacity for good and noble actions would be increased, and so religion acquire a clearer and more steadfast hold upon him. . . (Education) need not to detract from the office work of the Spirit in qualifying those sent as laborers. . . neither do we wish to be understood as hinting in the remotest degree to a state of things within our knowledge should take the place of the Spirit in declaring the word, but we do wish to be understood that God requires at our hands the acquisition of knowledge, and for this cause he has opened up new fields for our investigations. . ."

One of the important factors in Joseph III's success as a prophet and leader was his blending of spiritual awareness and thought. He did not count himself to be infallible in spiritual matters or an intellectual genius. His faith was that God would not let him go too far astray if he prayed with humility and deliberated with honesty. Perhaps this was the most precious gift he brought with him to the church in 1860.

In later years he was respected as a wise and loving father, as well as prophet to the church. Almost all pictures we see show him as an aged, kindly patriarch. When he first came to his Presidency all this was not certain, however. He was an unknown quantity and was received with mixed emotions. The small group that waited for him for eight years was overjoyed at the fulfillment of their dream: the son of the martyr was with them. Yet they had been through other periods of elation. They remembered how their hopes had been crushed before when Strang, Brigham Young and William Smith had turned to celestial marriage. They were fearful of centralized authority that they thought might turn into "priestcraft" as it did with Charles B. Thompson who almost stripped them of their earthly goods.

"I have been so often disappointed that I (have) become fearful and unbelieving, and with a determination to be very inquisitive, for I have learned from experience that it is a very easy thing to be deceived.

". . . we have been wandering long in darkness, and following false prophets until I have become tiresome and weary."

These words of William Marks in the 1850's are indicative of the feelings of many in 1860 as "Little Joseph" became their President. They could not stand another betrayal of their hopes. "Was he a true Prophet?" they wondered and waited for the answer.

It was this climate of joy and suspicion that the 27 year old son of the martyr gave his opening statement and pledged himself "to promulgate no doctrine that shall not be approved by you or the code of good morals." The real answer would come in the years ahead, they knew. Joseph understood their suspicions and moved slowly in the first years of his ministry. Some felt he moved too slowly and questioned whether they had gotten a prophet or merely a president. An immediate, and persistent, demand upon him was to name a place to begin a gathering of members in a central area in response to their call to build Zion. He resisted this siren call until the 1870's. The first priority, he declared, was to become Saints in character and learn to live in peace with their neighbors. If they could do that they could live with each other when the time came to gather.

Another indication of the Saints' temper may be found in the first revelation given to the church by Joseph in 1861 and its "sequel" in 1894. These two sections, 114 and 122, deal with who should have responsibility, for interpreting and administering the tithing. The first revelation gave authority to the church's Quorum of Twelve Apostles in association with the Bishopric, admonishing them to execute it "for the purposes of the church, and not as a weapon of power in the hands of one man for the oppression of others, nor for purposes of self-aggrandizement by anyone, be he whomsoever he may be." The later section stated that the Twelve had been given this responsibility in 1861, since "the one whom I had called to preside over the church, had not yet approved himself unto the scattered flock," and so "those who had been made to suffer might have assurance that I would not suffer that he whom I had called should betray the confidence of the faithful, nor squander the moneys of the treasury for purposes of self."

The fears of most Reorganized Saints melted as they became acquainted with their new leader. Charles Derry, who had been uncertain whether to join the church, described Joseph in their first meeting in 1862:

"His appearance was more like that of a farmer than a church president. . . as quick as he heard my name, his right hand struck out and grasped my hand as though he had met an old friend. . . I felt at home in his presence; in fact, not many could feel otherwise. There was that noble but plain and meekly bearing, without affectation, that wins at once the confidence and esteem of all lovers of true nobility. There was no toadyism in his make-up; but there was a free, open, and independent air in all his words and ways, that is always characteristic of God's noblemen; and I love him."

Derry was also impressed with the way Joseph handled a recalcitrant man at the conference:

"Then (Joseph) arose, not in anger; he spoke, but uttered no threat; he did not even sharply rebuke him, but in a mild, patient, yet firm manner said, 'Let us exorcise this spirit.' Then he called upon the assembly to unite with him in prayer. That prayer was full of love and meekness. . ."

Such experiences, with the prophet setting the example, gave force to his editorials and sermons. This 1863 report of a talk is typical:

"Brother Joseph Smith exhorted the committee to try certain men on problems, to exercise charity and love one toward another, and not make a man an offender for a word. . . Another thing should be avoided by the Elders, and that is preaching so hard against the various denominations, or otherwise pulling down the doctrine of the various sects instead of building up our own. . . if we are injured, say nothing at the time, but think of it and consider whether it is worthy of our notice, and let us try and forgive them and let us examine ourselves..."

Joseph did not consider himself immune from such advice. In one instance, Joseph had written a letter saying there was no bigger mule than a certain brother when he thought he was right. This had become public and the brother demanded satisfaction. Joseph replied,

"I did not use the word 'bigger mule,' or 'mulish,' with an intention to disparage your goodness, or to convey the idea that you were unnecessar(ily) willful and doggedly obstinate but I see now, how it would sound being repeated by another, and must give offense or wound, and I am sincerely sorry, and ask pardon of you. . . if the remark was repeated in public will you do me the favor, to have this letter read before the same persons, as nearly as practicable, that any wrong I did you may be made right. I acknowledge speaking hastily and foolishly; and am reproofed for it. I accept the reproof and hereby apologize, asking forgiveness. I hope that you will pardon me and will so right me."

From the beginning of his ministry, he refused to expel individuals from the church for what seemed to some of the brethren to be major faults. He patiently took criticism, and answered the same questions by the same persons with amazing tolerance. His patience was not without limits, however, and his wit could be sharp. After having gotten a brother in the church out of one difficulty after another over a period of some years he finally wrote in exasperation:

"I am growing weary of complaints about your slips of the tongue and pen. I wish your pen was crippled in both legs and short in the arms, then you would not use it so continuously."

Freedom of expression was a right jealously guarded by this first generation of Reorganized Saints and they were not only moved by the passion common to all Americans to "speak their mind." They were convinced it was a religious duty to tell the truth as they knew it. With their varying backgrounds in the different Mormon movements and other religious thought of the day it was difficult to get agreement as to what the truth about a particular doctrine or administrative procedure was. Joseph was asked his opinion on a multitude of diverse topics and had to respond in such a way as to preserve his integrity and the freedom of expression of others who might disagree with him, and develop an essential unity of the church, as well as trying to determine the truth or the best procedure. Some examples will illustrate the questions and how he handled them:

"Brother Joseph Lampert: . . . the fact of an elder's using tobacco, especially if to an excess, is a strong objection to his being chosen to preside; but if otherwise qualified, and evidently blessed of the Spirit it might be overlooked, or passed by. It is no more fatal to his usefulness than to use tea or coffee, or both; to feed his horses corn, &c. I am seriously opposed to the use of Tobacco, as I think it especially disgusting.

"I do not consider it wrong to baptize a person who may have been practicing as a Clairvoyant if they made the proper confession of belief in God and Christ. . . The case has never been considered by the General Church Authorities whether Clairvoyance were

proper as a mode of revelation or not. . . Clairvoyance is, more or less, mixed up with mysticism, secrecy and deceit, though I am fully persuaded, that if one is. . . baptized and receives the spirit of the Gospel, they will, sooner or later, abandon the profession. It is a serious question, how far the church may interfere with the means of a livelihood these madcap days."

"Sister J. Krahl: . . . I return to you the paper sent me containing the account of miraculous healing by Richard Miller; with my thanks for its perusal. I see no reason to complain, or find fault if it be true; which I sincerely hope. But on the contrary, I feel to thank God, and hope they may increase in number. I believe that before long many will thus be chosen of God, and may he bless the healers every one."

"Bro. Hyrum L. Holt: . . . Some of the questions you ask respecting the Millennial, no man can answer except by speculation; and no real vitality to the salvation of a Saint attaches to them, as a knowledge thereof simply be an accession of Knowledge, and in this respect only beneficial."

"To T. W. Smith. . . The rule adopted by the Reorganization presupposed that valid priesthood was held by those ordained in father's day; and a resolution more recently adopted, provides that as baptisms by any faction of the church conferred nothing, they took nothing away. My own conviction is that as Eld(er) Rigdon held valid priesthood; and that whenever he acted in good faith toward God, persons baptized by him were legally baptized. It follows, that persons might possibly be legally ordained by him. . . It cannot be denied successfully, but what even many of those at Salt Lake hold legal priesthood. Israel in transgression but still Israel."

Not all agreed with his ideas or decisions, of course. More important issues (and some not so important) became matters for the General Conference of the church to decide. In these conferences President Smith tried to stand above partisanship. At times the decisions were not to his liking. He was a firm believer, however, in the right of the church members to decide themselves what was right and wrong. On the other hand, after the church had taken a stand all official representatives of the church, including elders in the mission field, had an obligation to publicly support that position, he believed.

It was a dilemma he was to face over and over. In the early days of his leadership there were many open questions and few decisions. Divergent views on tithing, plurality of gods, baptism for the dead, salvation, ordination of Negroes, as well as administrative questions were freely expressed. As time went on the areas of certainty became fewer. It was a natural thing, and desirable in many ways. Joseph III was instrumental in helping the Saints come to a "unity of mind." Still, it was a trend that would dampen the ardor of some and lead them to leave the church which no longer gave them complete freedom to speak their mind in peace.

"Joseph might well say, to the non-believer or to those not in official positions, Your views and opinions are your own; I would not control nor coerce them if I could. You are entitled to them, and to express them, just as much as I have to hold and express mine."

He believed this in an abstract, and very real way. One of the criticisms leveled at him was that he failed to silence some free, and perhaps heretical, thinkers soon enough. He was reluctant to act, both because he wanted to preserve a sense of openness in the church and because he always hoped for the best: "I regard (him) as a man of integrity, though I deem him now in error," he defended one brother to his attacker. "Times may make it all even. I pray to this end."

As editor of the Saints' Herald he had to make hard decisions. There was not always enough time to "make it all even." When the Board of Publications refused to publish certain articles submitted by the President of the Quorum of Twelve, Jason Briggs, Joseph tried to explain to him why it had to be:

"I assume no right to dictate, but have supposed from the action of all the conferences since 1852, that if a matter was decided by the plain teaching of the books it was settled for all members of the Church. If this is not correct, nothing is gained by organization, for the word alone means nothing. However, I am a man for free speech and free inquiry, bowbeit, he who mistakes belief for liberty will have a hard row to hoe." This statement, made in 1877, points out the stringencies imposed on individuals as a social organism matures.

For the leader, for Joseph III, this social fact is couched in terms of the good of the whole he is responsible for as pitted against the will of the individual whom he is also responsible for. He had fought to preserve the rights of the individual for 17 years, and he continued to do so, but necessity of office made uncompromising demands. It is equally important to note that the Reorganization continued a tradition, translated into practice on all levels, that dissent was a legitimate activity in the church. Joseph Smith III was partially responsible for that fact even as he was partially responsible for the restraints placed upon dissent.

At the time the Reorganization was involved in defining its beliefs and its practices to itself, trying to discover what its internal dimensions were, it also had to define and explain its character to those outside the church. In large measure this was a negative process. Most non-Latter Day Saints saw no reason to distinguish among the diverse Mormon factions but lumped them into one category. All Latter Day Saint factions lumped each other into the category of "apostates." Although the Reorganization had to deal with some of the other factional groups its main concern was to distinguish itself from the Utah Latter Day Saints. In practice this usually meant trying to convince the gentile world that the R.L.D.S. were loyal, law-abiding Americans who did not believe in the "infamous" doctrine of polygamy.

Two corollaries were also of importance in this attempt to differentiate the groups. The Reorganized church envisioned the Utah church members as being in bondage under a system of "priestcraft." That idea was common among many Americans, of course. The second corollary, that Joseph Smith the martyr had not been responsible for the introduction of polygamy and temple rites, was not shared by many. It was a particular contribution of Joseph Smith III. Even in the early Reorganization the idea was

commonly accepted that the martyr had introduced celestial marriage into the church, bringing it to disaster.

Like most Americans, Joseph III and the R.L.D.S. had a very limited view of mid-19th Century conditions in Utah and the true relations between it and the United States. It is only now that historians are beginning to sort out the pieces of that jigsaw. To Joseph, events like the Mountain Meadows Massacre were evidence of the spirit of rebellion fostered by wicked men. The stories he heard most often were those of dissidents and it was almost impossible for him to get a balanced picture. Because of experiences he had had in Nauvoo it was easy for him to believe the stories had at least a grain of truth in them.

Against the image promulgated by the leaders of the Utah church that polygamy was a blessing, the R.L.D.S. could place stories of dissention, women fleeing, or even committing suicide. More importantly, Joseph III's concept of mortality clearly defined polygamy as a social and religious evil. He never fully understood that the theological base upon which polygamy was built was also its emotional base. Instead, he saw it as the product of illicit desires of men with the women being caught in a trap that went against their finer natures. His antipathy to the doctrine was also emotional, so much so he found it difficult to eat in the presence of the plural wives of Joseph Fielding Smith when visiting in Salt Lake in 1876.

This antipathy was not the only factor leading him to the conclusion that his father had been innocent of teaching or practicing plural marriage. Against the claims of Utah Saints and some of his closest associates in the Reorganization he pitted an array of evidence and logic. He questioned many persons who it was said knew his father had participated in the doctrine. Some of these could not give first-hand evidence, which he demanded. Sometimes Joseph's account of an interview differs from that of the persons interviewed and the historian faces an almost insurmountable problem of which account is the more objective. There is no doubt that Joseph placed heavy reliance upon his mother's testimony, that of his uncle, William Smith, and others from Nauvoo who denied his father was responsible. To this, Joseph added his own experience and felt he was old enough then he was a boy in Nauvoo to have known it if his father had had more than one wife. It was his nature to believe the best about individuals and he believed he knew the kind of man his father was. On the other hand, Joseph consistently maintained that if his father was responsible for the doctrine it still was a false one. It was more than a personal issue for him. In 1879, he wrote to Zenas Gurley, Jr.:

"I am not positive nor sure that (my father) was innocent; and as I have no means of deciding, not accepting evidence that seems clear and conclusive to you and others, I am content to take my chances of defending the gospel upon the hypothesis that he was not the human author of that polygamic revelation. . . You must remember that Bro. Sheen. . . and others in the early days of the Reorganization took the ground that Joseph Smith was the author of polygamy, and defended the church and the truth from that standpoint. With very few exceptions I stood alone in my opinion on the point."

By 1879, he no longer stood alone. He had won his battle and convinced the majority of Reorganites he was right. This reinterpretation of the past involved a complete revision of the apologetics of the church and provided a self-image that could also be used to differentiate the Utah and Reorganization churches in the minds of outsiders. Joseph was quite pleased with this "vindication" of his father and rightfully considered it a major achievement.

If the Reorganization's interpretation of the Utah Latter Day Saints was prejudiced, it must be admitted the opposite was also true. Neither group took kindly to being called "apostate," to mention one of the milder terms used. If the Utah church resented Joseph's attempts to have a Reorganized Saint appointed governor of the Territory of Utah he felt unhappy about being called a Spiritualist and "pettifogging lawyer." Among the mitigating factors in this battle of words and sometimes acts was the tie of kinship.

Joseph III became quite friendly with John Henry Smith and several others of the family. Although the relations between Joseph Smith III and Joseph F. Smith, his first cousin, were never close and sometimes tense, perhaps, there was a desire by each of them to maintain contact. Joseph III definitely wanted the respect of his cousin as is indicated in a long letter he wrote March 2, 1901. Joseph III was trying to correct a misunderstanding of a speech he had given in Chicago in 1882 and which had once again come to the surface in Utah. The Chicago Times had, he claimed, falsely reported him as maligning the virtue of Mormon women. Admitting he had opposed polygamy Joseph III said he had always tried to:

"do it in irreproachable language and with due respect to those who believed in it and practiced it. . . I have always spoken of the authorities of the church in Utah, using the titles which the church itself conferred upon them, and have never allowed myself to do otherwise. . . I hope you will accept this direct statement from me and give me credit for it; for though we may differ widely in our religious contention, it is unnecessary to use vile language or to misrepresent each other. I have tried to avoid both of those errors." It was this same sense of honesty and an inner demand that fair play prevail that led him to turn down a writing assignment for the Salt Lake Tribune in 1889:

"I was asked by Goodwin and Nelson to write letters to the Tribune discussing my work there, and the manner in which I had been received in different places. This I declined to do, stating I had come for the purpose of doing the people good if I could, that I had found some commendable things about them while they, the editors, were managing their paper from a different angle, treating the Mormon Church as if there were nothing good in it whatsoever."

It was typical of him and illustrates something of his flexibility for he had learned much from his several visits to Utah in the 1870's and 1880's.

In the final analysis it may be impossible to adequately judge those who are men but who also bear the title and responsibility of "Prophet." In his last years Joseph III became blind but he retained his inner vision to the end. Blessed with family and friends he

completed his Memoirs and died a few weeks later in Independence, Missouri. He had brought the Saints back home, he felt, and Zion was being established.

His revelations, seventeen of which were included in the Doctrine and Covenants, were largely concerned with administrative matters as the church took form. His opinions, even on personal affairs, were eagerly sought. Another person in his place with a less tolerant and charitable character might have destroyed the incipient movement. He was a prophet, indeed, to those who knew him best.

All prophets are lonely at times. The nature of the Reorganized church's view of revelation requires that the Prophet be challenged even as he challenges the Saints. Joseph III could not, and did not want to, escape those moments when the members investigated his offerings as they forged their destiny.

" . . . one day, I recall," he wrote of the conference of 1909, "I found myself in a situation where I was more completely at a loss to determine my course of action than at any previous time for many years. . . I could not possibly know what would be the fate of the revelation I had submitted to the quorums; I dared not even speculate on its reception or whether or not it would be approved. I dared not be afraid of its rejection, and I dared not be overconfident or exultant. It seemed as if my fate, my honorable standing among my church associates, hung in some balance. . ."

He need not have worried. Even had that revelation been turned down it would not have mattered. For a prophet cannot be judged by his wise advice, by the changes he makes in people's interpretation of the past, the structures of organization he erects, or even by his formal revelations. Ultimately prophets must be judged on how well they speak the gospel, and the gospel is the good news of God's love. All his life Joseph Smith III spoke and lived that message. It was his best gift to the church and its most enduring legacy.