CHAPTER FIVE

Nauvoo, Missionary Widow

Memoirs, Fall 1841 to Spring 1846

[Arrival at Nauvoo, Fall 1841]

We put up with an acquaintance living near the grove, staid a few days, then hired a house for five dollars per month. In the best room was twenty bushels of corn which could not be removed for several days. I kept my goods packed, did the best I could with little room. It mattered not to me so long as I had accomplished my desires, and was safely moored in the City of Nauvoo. Our cows soon went dry and we had little to eat. We had no money to buy meat or butter. Two articles of food we had plenty, flour and maple sugar. I was constantly hungry for lack of variety. Mr. Pratt went into the country to gather corn on shares. I resolved to have something more to eat.

One day a woman came to my house with pork lard and butter. I decided at once on a trade. I had a large churn, she would buy it and give me a good price. I had more flour than we should need for several months, obtained from the sale of a cow. Fifty pounds of flour and my churn would purchase quite a quantity of lard, butter and pork. I should then be independent, able to entertain my friends. I made the purchase. I then resolved on having mince pies. I sold a set of german silver teaspoons for a bushel of apples, traded for beef in another way, and the grand result was I had it in my power to make a feast and invite my neighbors, who had lived poorly as I had, and for a greater length of time.

When fairly installed in my new home my next motive was to find who I had for neighbors. I called at the nearest house, and commenced inquiries. I soon found that the lady and my self had in childhood days been schoolmates in Lower Canada. Great was our suprise and joy! Though fifteen years had intervened, we both had a vivid remembrance of pleasant scenes enjoyed together in that far off country from which we
strayed, and the gospel had again brought us together. Mr. P. soon returned from the country with corn, and having learned of my ability to supply my own wants, seemed much amused, and gratified. He had all the while felt disheartened about living in the City, but as soon as he commenced work on the Temple, and receiving reasonable wages, having the company of faithful brethren, who were zealous in the cause, his hopes revived, and all his doubts and fears vanished like the morning dew. Never did I feel happier than when my husband was employed on that beautiful super structure, for $1.00 per day and board himself. We could live comfortably and hear the Prophet preach every Sabbath day. My heart rejoiced all the day long.

We bought a house and a lot of Lyman Wight. The soil was exceedingly fertile. It was cheering to watch the growth of vegetation on that soil. The husbandman labored not in vain. One year and a half passed pleasantly away. Our spiritual enjoyment was inspiring in a high degree.

[Addison’s Mission Call to the Pacific Islands, May 1843]

In 43 Mr. Pratt was called to go on a mission to the South Pacific Islands, ordained and blessed under the hands of Joseph Smith the prophet, together with Noah Rogers [, Benjamin F. Grouard,] and Knowlton Hanks, companions in his ministry. I had greatly desired that he might be sent to our kindred in the eastern states, but never had such a thought entered my mind that he would be sent to a foreign land. My four children to be schooled and clothed, and no money would be left with me. In those days nearly everything was trade; making it more difficult for a mother to be left to provide for herself and children. My heart felt weak at the first, but I determined to trust in the Lord and stand bravely up before the ills of life, and rejoice that my husband was counted worthy to preach the gospel.

The parting scene came [on 1 June 1843]. The two eldest daughters wept very sorely. We walked with him to the steamboat landing. He carried the youngest child in his arms. It was told us he would be absent three years. Little did we imagine such momentous changes could take place as we realized before the expiration of two years. When it was first announced to me that his mission was the South Pacifick Ocean, and for an absence of three years, a weeping spirit came upon me which lasted for three days. I then became calm and set about preparing his wardrobe for the event. He was often in a thoughtful serious mood. It was unfortunate at the last as he stepped on to the steamboat the children saw him take his handkerchief from his eyes. They knew he was wiping away his tears. It was too much for them. They commenced weeping. The second daughter was inconsolable, the more we tried to soothe her, the more
piteous were her complaints. She was sure her father would never return.

[Life in Nauvoo]

Time wore away our sorrows and we commenced the active duties of life. I was left in a poor house and very small. Mr. P. had purchased timber for a small frame building, it remained for me to get it put up and covered. I had property in the state of Indiana. I determined to try my credit with a stranger who had never seen me, to obtain lumber to build my house. I went to a man by the name of Ellison who owned a steam mill, and related to him the circumstances of the case. I wanted the lumber on credit, my prop. was 270 miles away; it was in good hands and was sure to come. Said I, “tis true I am a stranger, but you need not doubt a woman, as a general thing they are more punctual than men, but if you require security I will refer you to two responsible men.” He assured me he had no reluctance in giving me the lumber on my own reliability.

The first day of June 1843, was the day of his departure. The friends staid with us till night, went home and left us alone. Sadness took possession of our minds. It was not long till loud thunders began to roar. A terrible storm was at hand. A family living across the street had a leaky house, frail and uncertain. Soon they all come over for safety through the storm, thankful we were to see them come in. They talked comforting to us, sang hymns and the brother prayed with us, and staid till the storm was over.

By degrees we became reconciled to the separation. The first accident that happened after the departure of the elders, was: Frances the second daughter went across the way where they were laying a floor a deep cellar beneath. She fell through and struck on the bottom, on the hard ground. She was taken up almost lifeless, and brought home. The first thought I had was, “the devil thinks he has power now the head is gone.” I immediately resorted to cold water, bathed her, and sent for the elders. They administered to her, and she soon recovered. Next the eldest daughter was taken with a fever. We did not call a physician, but called on the Lord in faith, believing in anointing with oil and laying on of hands. She was soon well, and we went forward cheerfully in the duties of life. I commenced building a house. Disappointments crossed my path at almost every turn, which only made me the more determined. Soon after the frame was raised some brethren came from Indiana and brought me two yoke of oxen, a wagon, a two years old colt, and a cow. The latter I sold for a stove. The colt I broke to ride while I was building my house. He soon became gentle as a pet lamb, would follow me about like a house dog. I rode him nearly every day.
I had much business to perform in carrying my building forward. Men were continually disappointing me in doing the work. Then I must ride away to hire others. Father Cutler (Committee on the Temple) was accustomed to remark, “If all the sisters were enterprising like Sister Pratt we should not see so many ragged men about the streets.” In the midst of my business my children all were taken with the measles. Their father had not then left the coast of America. I wrote to him the intelligence that all our children were sick. That was the last he heard from us for three years. Their sickness was very severe. I watched alone with them by night and day. The youngest child three years old mourned for her father, complained that he “preached too long,” even before he had reached the scene of his labors. My prayers were incessant for the recovery of my sick children. The fourth day I saw favorable symptoms, and very soon they were strong and well. My house was commenced in Sept. The 15th of Nov. I moved into it, after having it neatly finished. I had a rich carpet which I brought from the state of N. York, one of my own make of which I was proud. My business as a seamstress enabled me to procure many articles of furniture, with which to adorn my rooms. After the house was finished I sold my horse to the miller, who had trusted me for lumber, received payment in breadstuff and groceries which made me very comfortable. Notwithstanding my success I was subject to severe fits of melancholy. I felt a loneliness indescribable! But as St. Paul said, “though cast down I was not in despair.” My belief in the gospel was a secret joy.

The ensuing fall there came a letter from brother Noah Rogers to his wife announcing the death of Knowlton Hanks, Mr. Pratt’s missionary companion. The same letter referred to one written by Mr. P. to his family, which had not been received. Every mail was watched, and with breathless anxiety I would wait for the return of the runner to the P.O. One morning I went to the room where my second daughter slept. She says “mother there are two letters at the Office for you, and the commencement of one is My dear Family.” I concluded it was a dream, however sent immediately, and found it even so. Great was our joy to receive the letter, although we mourned sorely over the sad news, that the noble young man had gone and was buried in the sea! Mr. Pratt endeavoring to console us by relating his happy state of mind in his latest hours, and the visions that were given him, one, he related as follows.

“I dreamed I went to the spirits in prison: it was an immense space; multitudes of people which no man could number; they looked like real life. I asked, “can these be spirits? I was assured they were. I looked east and west; at length I saw a stand, some one had been preaching, the people were dispersing from around it. I saw no children there. I looked to see if there were any persons I knew. I saw none. I learned they were to assemble in the afternoon, then I should see those I knew.” Again he
dreamed. "I heard the last trump sound; saw the multitudes which John
saw that no man could number, small and great, standing before God; I
saw no young children there." The method of burial relieved our minds in
regard to the sharks devouring the dead bodies thrown into the sea. Mr. P.
thus remarks. "the weight of sand attached to the corpse will carry it below
all ravenous fish; the density of salt at that depth will preserve the body
from putrefaction; and there it remain pure and entire, till the morning of
the resurrection, and then he will come forth!" We felt comforted.4

I paid the miller who trusted me for the lumber promptly, as I
agreed, thus securing his confidence so that I could go to him and get
credited for any thing he kept for sale, which often relieved my necessities. When I had done using the animal I broke to ride, I sold the same to
him, receiving in different payments necessaries for my family. In a cer­
tain time when my supplies were exhausted, I went to Mr. Ellison to solicit
means. He was very obliging; let me have groceries, and a due bill for
lumber, which I sold for money on my way home. The children had been
the greater part of the day with very little to eat. It was near dusk when I
returned. They were hovering over a low fire when they heard footsteps
approaching. They ran to meet me with joy, exclaiming, "oh Mother
where have you staid so long? we are cold and hungry!"

I showed them what I had brought, the gold piece with which I
could buy a barrel of flour. We could borrow some for our suppers, which
we did, made a cheerful fire, set the table with comparative luxuries and
with thankful hearts acknowledged the goodness of God. Another
instance of sudden joy I will relate. We had lived on in the usual way till
the barrel of flour was spent. I had debts standing out at a distance. I
began to be in want of flour, meat, and wood. The children were inquir­
ing, "what shall we do, mother?" I replied, "complain to the Lord." I
began to revolve in my mind what the nature of my complaint would be?
Should I tell the Lord that those who owed me were unfaithful, would not
pay me promptly for my labor? Just as I was on the point of commenc­ing
my prayer, "Chandler Rogers" drove to my door with a heavy load of
wood. A brother came from Carthage, with a hundred weight of flour,
and twenty-five pounds of pork. I withheld my prayer.

We had not time to utter our complaint to the Lord till deliverance
came. Frances the second daughter in her accustomed manner exclaimed:
"why mother, what a lucky woman you are!" I would here ask, who knows
how to appreciate the blessings of life but those who are sometimes strait­
tened? Let pinching hunger come how sweet is a morsel of the coarsest
bread! Thus was my life made up of a mixture of joys and sorrows.
Notwithstanding the appearances I kept up I sometimes felt very helpless
and inadequate to the burden that was laid upon me. I felt like an orphan
child, and thought every one ought to pity me. On the other hand, some
who were indebted to me seemed to think I ought to pity them, and forgive them their indebtedness. In the spring of 44, I took up a school in my own house. I was attended with great difficulty and confusion; being a crowded school in a small room. But it brought me in a little; though the people were very poor and unable to pay.

There were continual hostilities in Nauvoo from either one source or another. Brother Joseph Smith went with his wife to Dixon, an adjoining County to visit his wife’s relative. Officers from Missouri were lying in wait to kidnap and take him across the river, for which they were to receive a reward. They started with him, called at a publick house for the night. When he made signs to the landlord that he was a free mason, he was immediately taken out of their custody. The two men were arrested for assault and battery, brought to Nauvoo in chains. There was great excitement, when it was reported that the prophet was returning, bringing his enemies as prisoners. The people ran in the streets to meet him, the prisoners were greatly alarmed, for fear that violence would be done to them. They were assured that no harm should be done them.

Lawyer Dixon attended Mr. Smith on his way home, addressed a crowded assembly in his behalf, while the two prisoners were sitting by his side on the stand. After the exercises, . . . exciting in the extreme, Mr. Smith invited or rather conveyed the prisoners to his house, took off their shackles, seated them at his table, with his wife and mother, treated them as friends instead of enemies. He gave them their liberty. They went to Carthage, and cursed their bad luck in not getting their prey across the river and receiving their booty. So little did unmerited kindness humble their proud hearts. The mob still continued threatening, and soon it became necessary for the safety of the city to keep a standing army. The brethren came in from the country to render assistance in case the mob should make an attack on the town.

[The Martyrdom and Aftermath, June 1844]

It was eventually announced that the government of the state had taken up arms against the Citizens of Nauvoo: they had supposed they had only a ruthless mob to contend with. They then knew they had no foe to fight, when their arms were demanded, gave them up without resistance. Joseph Smith was then demanded, summoned to Carthage to be tried for treason. The governor pledged the faith of the state that he should have a fair and impartial trial. He at first seemed unwilling to go; but being urged by some who had more confidence in the governor’s promise, he consented. He was heard to say as he rode on the way, “I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, henceforth it will be said of me, he was murdered in cold blood.” There was great anxiety among the Saints when they knew
he had gone to Carthage. On the morning preceding the murder the Governor rode into Nauvoo with troops, made a speech to the people in which he railed them in a sarcastic manner for carrying arms.

While the governor was speaking the report of guns was heard from Carthage. He was in bold terms affirming that Gen. Smith's going to Carthage according to demand had saved the City from being harmed and the women and children from being put to the sword, and perishing by it. The moment the guns were heard he dismissed the assembly abruptly, jumped on his horse and rode away, as if fearing the people would divine the import and he would be in danger in spite of his troops. He continued his journey, not even stopping in Carthage to witness the bloody deed committed, not halting till he had gone twenty-five miles beyond the place. The brethren went with great speed to the spot, anticipating the tragedy. The citizens were greatly terrified supposing the exasperated Mormons would burn their town, but so intense was their sorrow, revenge found no place in their hearts. Dumb with anguish even to profound silence, they laid the dead bodies of the two noble martyrs in their wagon, all in their bloody clothes and drove solemnly towards the city where thousands were watching in breathless sorrow for their return.

Such consternation was never known, since the rocks were rent and the sun darkened, when Christ the Lamb was slain! I had previously had a presentment that some terrible calamity was at hand, but did not believe the men would be slain! Had the sun and moon both fallen from their orbits, and left the world in total darkness, it would not have betokened a more irretrievable desolation. I thought the church was ruined forever. I rushed into my garden, when the news was confirmed, and poured out my soul in such bitterness as I had never felt before. The inconceivable cruelty of our enemies! Oh, could they know what they had done. Would not their hard hearts relent! What now remained horrible for them to do!

This was the 28th [27th] of June 1844. At dusk a report came that a thousand dollars reward was offered for the head of the prophet, and the mob was at Warsaw coming across the river! The [Nauvoo] Legion was called out in the night. Such a tramping of horses was never heard before. The bass drum beat with astonishing loudness. Every blow seemed to strike on my heart, and did really inflict pain, so dreadful was my fear. It was a still night, and the moon was at the full. No season was ever more sublime. A night of death, it was, and everything conspired to make it awfully solemn. The noise of war was suddenly heard, the voices of the officers were heard calling the men together and coming in the distance made it fall on the heart like a funeral knell. The women were assembled in groups, weeping and praying. Some wishing terrible punishment on the murderers, others acknowledging the hand of God in the awful event.
I could feel no anger or resentment. I felt the deepest humility before God. I thought continually of his words, “Be still and know that I am God.” My children clung to me with great fear. They heard talk of hiding them in case the mob should come in. The question arose, where could we hide them. A deep cellar was suggested, a trap door, and carpet overspread. They shuddered at the thought of being concealed in such a place. We concluded to take our chances together, and trust in the Lord. I went to bed, but not to sleep. I could hear the men on parade. My whole system was in agitation. I arose in the morning with great prostration. I walked my room to and fro, and talked to the Christian world. “Ah.” said I, “you have accomplished your desires at last! Your influence has murdered the prophet! Like the Jews of old you gave your voice against him. From the first, you declared him an impostor.”

I continued my soliloquy upbraiding the sectarian churches. I had belonged to them, and well did I remember how they exclaimed against a man they had never seen; and condemned his doctrines, having never heard them only by idle report. I concluded by saying, “as your fathers did so do ye.” I awakened the children, told them to dress and we would go and see the poor dead men. It was the day appointed, and to appearance all the world was there. The Saints had assembled from the settlements abroad through the country. The coffins’ places were in a long hall, in the Mansion House, a door at each end. The multitude were required to pass through, looking at the corpses as they passed which occupied the time from early sunrise, till dusky evening. The features of Joseph S. looked natural, those of Hyrum were terribly mar’d and disfigured. My second daughter [Frances] trembled exceedingly at sight of him. I regretted having brought her there to witness the spectacle. The elder one grieved as we all did, but betrayed less excitement. The bodies were conveyed, whither we knew not.

My feelings continued so intensely agitated that the third day I was nearly blind; could not bear the light from the windows. Father Henderson, a good old man, came to comfort me. He reasoned a long time; said, it was an event in the economy of Heaven, that it would be overruled for the advancement of the cause of Christ, and further his belief was, that they would not sleep long, ere their resurrection would take place. The latter, though I did not fully endorse, awakened in me a feeling of inspiration, an animated hope that Gods great work would roll on, in spite of men and devils. I began gradually to be more resigned, and to contemplate future prospects, in regard to the progress of the church.

When the solemn event took place, the Twelve apostles were nearly all absent. They soon returned and we were all anxiety to know what they would say. Pres’t Brigham Young spake words which pierced my heart like a dagger. Said had I been here Joseph should not have gone to Carthage.
The bare idea that any one, or many had been in fault was terrible to me. I do not believe he intended it for reproof. It was all so ordered. Had "Joseph" given the command every man woman and child would have stood in his defense; even to the loss of their own lives. Afterwards brother Willard Richards rehearsed what transpired at Carthage Jail. Said everything to console the people. That it was to accomplish a purpose in the Almighty disposer of events: referred to many remarks of the prophet Joseph during his confinement, showing that he was aware of his approaching dissolution, of the hymns they sang in prison, and how calm he was. All this served to comfort us; every consoling word, was like water to a thirsty soul.

From that hour I watched for words of comfort, and drank them in, as I would an antidote to relieve pain. The enemies stood afar off and wondered, seemed waiting to see if the saints would seek revenge the wrongs done them. When they found it was not their design, they again began their aggressions. In the meantime the work on the Temple rolled on with astonishing rapidity. Means came in from every quarter. Everyone seemed inspired with renewed vigor and determination to have the Lord’s house completed, and their blessings received before being compelled to leave the place, which was soon anticipated after the tragedy. No measures were taken on the part of government to bring the murderers to punishment.

There was no lack of evidence in regard to the perpetrators of the bloody deed. I was intimately acquainted with one Miss Graham, a truthful amiable girl who was living with an aunt of hers in Warsaw at the time. She testified in Carthage Court, that the mobbers ate supper at the Hotel where she lived that night on their return from the scene of action, that she heard certain individuals calling them by name boast of their conquest, killing prisoners in jail. One says, “it was my rifle that did the deed.” Another, “it was mine,” etc. And thus they exulted in the commital of as blackhearted a crime as ever stained the annals of history. Was the testimony heeded by the judges of Illinois? It was not. The stain is on that state, and will remain till the great judge of all comes in power to avenge the blood of the innocent. Then Governor Ford will have a fearful account to give!

“It must needs be that offenses came, but woe to them by whom they come!” We all struggled hard to bear our great bereavement, and not suffer our lips to curse our enemies. Our hands and hearts were employed to hasten the completion of the Temple. The sisters even resolved to pay fifty cents each towards buying the nails and glass. By strict economy I obtained the amount. I started in good faith to go to the Temple office to bestow my offering. Suddenly as I was wending my way, a temptation came over me. I paused. I turned over in my mind, how many things I needed for family
use, and that money would relieve my present necessities. In an instant
more I resisted. Said I, “if I have no more than a crust of bread each day
for a week, I will pay this money into the treasury.”

I went forward with hasty steps, paid over the money and returned
feeling a secret satisfaction. The next morning as I was sitting near my
front door, a brother passed along and threw a silver dollar on my carpet. I
sprang to my feet to see who it was. Saw James Harman a southern brother
passing. At sight of me he said “I am going across the river to be gone sev­
eral days. Something may prevent my return; keep that in remembrance
of me.” This he said in a mirthful mood, but I felt seriously grateful. I wen
to the store and purchased the articles I very much needed. I thought how
soon the money I had given, was returned double to me. Bishop Miller was
exceedingly kind to me, not only to render aid in time of need, but to
speak comforting words. It was a cause of grief to me when I heard he had
become disaffected, and had withdrawn from the church.

[My Situation]

As my children grew older I felt the greater need of their father. It was
hard to provide their living, keep them at school, discipline their minds
take a course to keep them cheerful, and secure their obedience. Oh!
what a task for a poor mother left without means! To keep my spirits from
sinking under a weight of care. I was obliged to keep cheerful company.
This led to criticisms from some of my neighbors, not well versed in the
science of human nature. I conversed with them, endeavored to explain
to them the nature of my situation—left alone as I was with four children,
how liable I was to become despondent, that I needed every encour­
gement, their friendship and approbation, to enable me to endure—all
which they were ready to acknowledge, and to assure me of the unvarying
friendship which ever after was confirmed by acts of kindness.

One good friend I would not forget to mention, Mrs. Delany Parker,
my neighbor in Nauvoo. When she heard persons whom she knew did
not understand me, censuring me for slightly differing from them in
tastes and habits, she reproved them sharply, warned them not to harm a
hair of my head! For said she, “I heard brother Addison Pratt prophesy,
that those who showed kindness to his family should be blessed, and
those who dared to injure them the Lord should render unto them
according to their deserts.”

Another circumstance transpired in which I saw the mercy of God
manifested toward me in a peculiar manner. My brother-in-law J. Crosby
went on a mission to the states, returned with the small pox. I took my
four children and went to see him, not knowing the character of his dis­
ease. My two youngest children had not been vaccinated.
I went to his bedside. He told me I had better go out, as there was reason to fear his disease was contagious. The news spread rapidly that we had been exposed to small pox. The neighbors were all alarmed, dared not come to my house. In nine days from the time my third daughter [Lois] began to have a fever. I sent for the elders, to administer. They were afraid to come. I then declared in the name of the Lord, that the terrible disease should not come under my roof. “The devil,” said I, “shall not have power thus to afflict me!” I then laid hands on my child, and rebuked the fever. Eleven little pimples came out, which never filled. In a few days the fever was gone. I showed the child to one acquainted with that disease. He said it was an attack, that I had conquered it by faith. I thanked the Lord; while I realized what a determined will may accomplish with a firm trust in God.

I had myself been innoculated 17 years before. I did not fear in the least that I should take it. My brother-in-law expressed a desire that I would come and see him, as I was not afraid. I knew my neighbors would fear for me, so I dressed myself in disguise and went. My sister met me at the door and gave me a cordial. He was sitting in a chair clad in clothes dipped in oil. One solid scab covered him, not a natural look remaining. I thought of poor old Job, that it must have been the same disease, I believe that was the origin of the loathsome contagion. My sister took care of him through the whole and escaped unhurt, even as I did. To God we gave the glory.

I desire to make honorable mention of those who were my benefactors. Capt. O. M. Allen of the Nauvoo Legion kindly invited me to call on him whenever I needed assistance, which I did in several instances, and received immediate attention.

Brother Samuel Parish, a Canadian, often relieved me of a heavy burden. It was his custom to call in when he saw my woodpile growing low, in cold weather, and inquire where I expected to get my next wood. Assuring me that if I was not certain of being supplied in time, his team and boy would be at my service, and I must have no uneasiness. Faithful was he in every time of need, and always refused pay. At length there came a time when I had it in my power to remunerate him, and I did so, with a thankful heart. Other men there were who made promises to Mr. Pratt, previous to his leaving home who never fulfilled one iota of their promises; but were hard in their dealings with me, even refusing to pay their honest dues. No doubt they have died poor.

The son of my Canadian friend, Samuel Parish, was a boy fourteen, most obliging and generous. He was often called upon to chop wood at my door. Never did I know him frown, even if called after a hard day's work. Neither would he like some boys chop a scanty pile and run away, but would invariably leave more than I had reason to expect. Fifteen years
after a separation, caused by the expulsion of the church from Nauvoo, I went to the dwelling of Joel Parish, which was a large stone building; found him with a fine looking wife and child, prosperous and happy. I told him I always knew he would be blessed, because he was a faithful boy, willing to help those who needed his assistance.

But I have digressed, and must return to the work on the Temple. Notwithstanding the threats of the mob, the work steadily progressed. The working men slept within the wall, with their rifles at their heads at night.

[Last Days at Nauvoo]

The mobbers had sworn that the top stone should not be laid. When the time came the people were privately notified, to be on the ground at sunrise. With glad and anxious hearts, we all hurried to the spot. The top of the building was covered with men, while multitudes surrounded the walls below. Pres’t Brigham Young laid the top stone, and then began the loud hosanahs! Seven times to the top note of our voices, the men swinging their hats, did we all shout Hosanah to the Son of David! Blessed be the Lord our God. The whole heavens rang with sounds of joy. A band of mobbers [was] standing a few rods from the crowd, watching to take Brigham Young, when he came from the building. In this they did not succeed, for he walked in the centre of more than a hundred men. It was impossible for them to approach him.

Before the completion of the Temple, the mob again commenced their depredations upon the Saints living in the adjacent towns. In the summer of 1845 I went to Bear Creek a distance of twenty miles from Nauvoo. I was spending a few days with my much esteemed friends, Erastus and Ruhamah Derby. While there the mob burned the buildings of the people in Lima. The alarm was given and men went from Bear Creek to disperse the mauraders. Mrs. D. was greatly alarmed, could not compose herself to sleep after her husband left. There was no other dwelling within a half mile. She determined to sit up and watch while I went to bed and slept soundly. The men had left each of us a gun, which we were authorized to use if we should be molested; but neither of us knew enough to handle firearms, so we lent our guns to those who would go to the rescue of the invaded.

The succeeding night Sister D. was sleepy; I told her to retire, and I would watch. She seemed almost afraid to trust me, but I prevailed on her to take rest. When I found she was fast asleep, I crept to a couch and laid down. She awoke before morning, as if some spirit impressed her that I was not watching. Several days passed in suspense, and no news came. At length Mr. D. came home; said the Mormon’s houses were burned, and
the mob dispersed. The people were in tents and wagons, sick persons in
the damp and dew; having been taken by the mobbers from their beds,
and laid on the ground, exposed to the night air. They however, lived,
and fled to Nauvoo, where they were hospitably received, and rooms pro-
vided for them to live in.

In the autumn of 1845 the Saints entered into a treaty to leave
Nauvoo the ensuing spring. No pen can paint the anguish of my heart
when I heard the news. It fell on my ear like the funeral knell of all
departed joys. What could I do, thought I, with my little means, and my
helpless family in launching out into the howling wilderness. I had no
male relative to take charge of my affairs. My brother-in-law and family
were not prepared to go at the time, were struggling hard to make
preparations. I was almost in despair, when I reflected on the burden I
had to bear, and my companion on the opposite side of the globe! An
indescribable melancholy came over me at times, when I thought of my
devotion to that beautiful City! My mind wandered back to the poor
Jews, when they were compelled to leave the beloved city! Oh! how sor-
rowful I was! but the watchword was “go!” Like the pilgrim, “take your
stuff and travel on.”

I had yet some property remaining in Indiana. A house and lot in
the village of Pleasant Garden. I sent by letter and sold, gave a bond for a
deed, which I wrote out myself, according to my best judgement. A yoke
of cattle and wagon were sent me, which would ennoble me to launch
forth on the fearful, and more than dreaded journey! To others it did not
appear forbidding, women who had husband and sons, prospects of the
journey seemed romantic. We were going away from our enemies. Little
did we think how soon they would follow us.

Late in the fall I took a young lady boarder by the name of
Catharine Philips. She had come from Pittsburgh with a widowed mother.
She was a delicate girl, not able to do hard work, had no means to pay her
expenses. She could help me some; was affable, orderly and exceedingly
neat and clean in habits. It was a real comfort to have a companion in my
house who would keep every article in its proper place. When the church
left Nauvoo she went back to Pittsburgh to join her mother, who went
before her. We parted with regrets, and although she has since returned
to the church, I have never met her. The Temple was completed ere she
left Nauvoo, and she received blessings therein, which greatly rejoiced
her heart, lonely and desolate as she felt.

After very great suspense, I was called to the Temple, to receive my
blessings, where I encountered a grievous disappointment! Not in the
character of the blessings, but in not being permitted to remain through
the day, as I had anticipated. The house being crowded, the overseer
requested us to withdraw, and make room for others. I remonstrated, but
all in vain. I retired with a heavy heart. Afterwards I had frequent opportunities of attending the different exercises in the House and felt that all was made right. It was a glorious sight to go through the stately edifice, and examine the varied apartments; the architecture of which we all believed was dictated by the wisdom of God.