

Written for this Paper.

NAUVOO TO THE WEST.

ST. GEORGE, Washington Co., Utah,
June 26, 1894.

In continuation of my record as published in the *News* I will say that on June 27th, 1844, while on picket duty on one of the main streets of Macedonia, word came that Joseph and Hyrum had been murdered at Carthage. This we could scarcely believe to be true, though at the hour specified we heard the firing of guns from that direction; it being only a few miles distant. The report was confirmed soon after.

On the 29th my father and family, with the Saints generally, visited Nauvoo and passed through the room in the Mansion house where the bodies of the Prophet and Patriarch lay, while thousands viewed them. My eyes were dry and it seemed to me they would burn out of my head, but no tears relieved me. After the burial ceremonies were over we returned to Macedonia. Many threats were made, and much talk of murdering all the Smith relatives. During the summer we removed to Nauvoo and with the assistance of many friends we built a room or two adjoining my brother George A. Smith's house. My father administered hundreds of patriarchal blessings, having been ordained a Patriarch by Joseph and Hyrum before they were murdered.

On Nov. 12th, 1844, while we were sitting around the fire, just after breakfast, my father and brother George A. walked across the room and placed their hands upon my head and ordained me an Elder in the Church, sealing the Melchisedec Priesthood upon me, with an excellent blessing, promising, if I would be faithful and follow the whispering of the Holy Spirit that I should never lack. I was directed to go to the house of Brother David Smith and administer to him, his wife and sister, as they were all very sick with the chills and fever (commonly called "the shakes"). Father and brother had been sent for, but as they were called to meet with the council, could not go. They said to me if I would go I should see the power of God made manifest. In my own heart I made a covenant that I would go and do what I could, and if the Lord would give me utterance, and show me His power, I would promise to do all that was required of me.

On my way, two blocks distant, I asked an elderly gentleman who was hoeing in his garden to accompany me. The manner in which he threw his hoe from his hands made me tremble and feel sorry that I had asked him to accompany me. Upon entering the door of the house we saw Sister Lucy lying upon a bed near the passage, shaking so hard that I could hear her teeth chatter and could see the bed shake. I remarked to her that father and brother had sent us to administer to them. I took a bottle of consecrated oil and anointed her head. When I asked the brother to seal the same and bless her, his reply was: "I cannot do it, I never did such a thing in my life."

A whisper in my ear seemed to say: "Ha! ha! I've got you now; you cannot say anything, for you do not know anything." I stood with open mouth about a minute. Recovering slightly I said, partially aloud, "Get behind me Satan," and sealed the anointing upon her, and commanded her to cease shaking and

arise and be made whole. I felt no lack of words and knew I spoke with power. As I said "Amen," the brother sprang from the door and returned to his hoe.

Brother David lay upon a bed in one corner and his wife Phebe upon another. She whispered, "Bless me." She was shaking harder, if possible, than Sister Lucy had done. I never came so near saying "I cannot," during my life since. The voice in my ear, with that sarcastic "Ha! ha!" said: "You can do no more, you are a fool and can do nothing." At this stage life and light seemed to enter me. I took the oil and anointed her head and sealed it upon her and commanded her to cease shaking and be made whole. From that moment she ceased shaking.

Upon glancing around I discovered Sister Lucy dressed and building a fire to cook some food. I turned to Brother David. He reached my hand and placed it upon his head. It seemed to me that no man could shake as he did. That voice said, "You need not try him for you cannot stop him." I took the oil in my hand and said, "Satan, close thy mouth." I gave Brother David a spoon full of oil and I fairly poured the oil over his head and anointed his neck and shoulders and sealed the same, commanding him in the authority of the Holy Priesthood to cease shaking and be made whole, and telling the adversary, in the name of the Lord, to leave the house.

How long I wrestled I know not, but I know that most of the afternoon had slipped away and the shadows of evening were gathering around. The family were healed and I know it was by the power of God. From that day to this I have never had a doubt. To the Almighty be all the honor.

Nov. 17th, 1844, was my 16th birthday. I accompanied my brother George A. to the Seventies' hall, where I was ordained a Seventy under the hands of Zera Pulsipher and Levi W. Hancock, and was united with the twelfth quorum, with Hyrum Dayton senior president. On July 9, 1845, I was married by my father to Augusta B. Cleveland, daughter of John Cleveland and Sarah Marietta Kingsly Cleveland. She was born at Cincinnati, Hamilton Co., Ohio, Dec. 7th, 1828. The afternoon we spent at a reunion of the Smith family held at the Mansion house, Nauvoo. At this dinner were several of the Twelve Apostles who blessed us and pronounced many good wishes in our ears, as also did they large assembly present.

My father built some additional rooms, a frame barn, stable, and carriage house. I worked in the Nauvoo House store as a clerk, receiving and dealing out provisions to the workmen most of the winter; also with Wm. H. McClerry, husband of the Prophet Joseph's sister, Sophronia, getting out wagon timber, he being a wagon maker. I also made a couple of trips to Quincy, fifty miles, with team and bought iron for ironing off wagons. In the early winter of 1846 myself and wife received our blessings in the Nauvoo Temple. As I was not born in the Church I was sealed to my father and mother.

In February, 1846, my father and family loaded our three wagons, and crossed the Mississippi river on the 9th and 10th. We camped with others on the bank. During the night a fire broke out in the roof of the Temple, but it

was extinguished before much damage was done. My father and brother Geo. A. left a comfortable home with twenty-four rooms, well finished and furnished, unsold; with barn, stable, carriage house, yard, etc., all well finished, and started for the West in search of some location where we might worship God and live in peace.

The weather was cold and stormy; the people were gathering on Sugar creek, a few miles from the river and waiting for the weather to moderate, and the organization of our company to travel. Although my individual journal contains the daily details of camp, and the general movements, reiterating our days of snow, rain, mud and hard work to make roads, bridge streams, and doubling teams with weak ones at that, and camping for days to put up log houses, etc., for the settlers; through Iowa, for which we received corn and hay for our teams, and other provisions, would be too voluminous for your paper, so perforce, I shall be content to mention only a few items en route.

The spring of 1846 was cold and the grass grew slowly. Our teams improved as the grass did. In April, at one of the forks of Grand river, a large farm was surveyed and fenced, where such as were unable to travel were located for the present. This was called "Garden Grove." A bridge was also built over Grand river. It was finished by the 30th of April, 1846. Samuel Bent was placed to preside at this place.

At a place called Pisgah (said to be 90 miles from Council Bluffs) another farm was laid off, fenced, ploughed and much of it planted. Father William Huntington was called to preside at this place. A bridge also was built over this fork of Grand river.

On the 20th of June, 1846, we reached Council Bluffs, which according to our reckoning was 327 miles from Nauvoo; 200 miles of this through a wild country; making our own roads and bridges. In July, 1846, the Mormon battalion were enlisted from the various camps of the Saints and started for Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri river under the command of Colonel Allen, by counsel of the Presidency. This left much for the few men left to do and, we united and helped each other to move from camp to camp by doubling teams and going a few miles at a time. The carpenters were building a flat boat with which to ferry our wagons across the Missouri river. This boat had cost camp over \$300 up to that time.

On the 25th of July, a fearful thunder storm and hurricane passed over the camp, scarcely leaving a tent standing. Wagons were driven forty or fifty yards down the hill, and left with the tongue driven three or four feet into the bank. Nearly every thing in camp had become thoroughly drenched; stock was scattered and lost, and many head were never seen afterwards by their owners.

August 5, 1846, we commenced crossing the river and moving out to a big spring on the prairie. We continued going back and forth until we had got our family together and formed into line at what was called Cutler's park. On the 13th Apostle Parley P. Pratt arrived, bringing letters from the battalion. President Brigham Young and council decided that the people were to locate in that vicinity for the winter. On the 27th word was received of the sudden death of Colonel Allen, in command of the Mormon battalion.