

said I was a fool and they would shoot me then and there. I replied, "You can shoot me if you like, as you are the strongest party, but I should not think there would be much honor or bravery in killing a ten year old lad." They then wished to know if I was not afraid to talk so. I replied "No, I have done no one any harm; why should I fear?" They then rode off cursing fearfully, after which I retired to the mossy dell and upon my knees thanked Father for preserving me and removing from me every sensation of fear and trembling which had troubled me at the time I entered the copse. Here I found the efficacy of my early teaching to ask of my Father in heaven and He would give abundantly.

During those days of toil and care, as the Saints could not get their corn ground, the brethren worked with a will and built a horse mill, or corn cracker, where we could get a fair sample of coarse corn meal. In October we were compelled by the mob to leave Daviess county and gathered in and around Far West, Caldwell county, Missouri.

Being of an age to see and hear unmolested a great deal that passed I may say I was not always asleep or idle. As the mobbing and drivings of the Saints and their inhuman treatment by Missouri mobocrats has been told by many eye witnesses and older persons than myself, I need only say we reached Quincy, Illinois, in February, 1839. After a few days of rest my father succeeded in renting a small place of a Mr. McMahon at Green Plains, six miles from Warsaw, and put in a crop.

In July we removed to Commerce, afterwards called Nauvoo. Our first location there was in a log stable belonging to a widow White, some blocks east of what was known as the Temple block. This hovel was made of a small class of crooked poles, between which I often crept instead of raising the quilt hung over the doorway; this part of Commerce at that time was thickly covered with blackberry bushes mixed with oak and hazel brush. Our family were all sick with chills and fever (familiarily known as the shakes) except my mother.

From this Mormon home by brother George A. started as an Apostle on his mission to England, he having to be lifted into the wagon, as he was too weak to walk. This was in September, 1839. Before leaving he placed in my hand his last quarter of a dollar with a request to get mother some tea.

The next day the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum visited us and administered to us all, father being delirious from the effects of the fever. Their words comforted us greatly, as they said in the name of the Lord you all shall be well again. Upon leaving the hovel Joseph placed his slippers upon my father's feet and sprang upon his horse from the doorway and rode home barefoot. The next day Joseph removed father to his own house and nursed him until he recovered.

In October, 1839, my father was called to preside over the Saints in Iowa, and with the assistance of my cousin, Elias Smith, we removed to uncle Asahel Smith's in Nashville, Iowa, where we resided some weeks, after which we moved to Ambrosia, six miles, known as the Avery or Hawley settlement. Under the direction of Joseph the Prophet a town was laid out and

called Zarahemla, situated one mile from the river, west of Nauvoo. There we built a log cabin and dug a well forty-five feet deep to water, and walled it with rock; previous to this we had to draw all the water used three-quarters of a mile from a spring in the lone tree bluff southwest of our house, by placing a barrel on a drag made of the fork of a tree. We also fenced in a few acres of the prairie with a post and rail fence and ploughed and put in seed corn. Joseph often visited us here, as officers were seeking to kidnap and take him to Missouri. He used to call me and say, "Johnnie, now watch, and if any strangers come, you whistle to me so I can slip into the corn field, and when they are gone give me the signal and then I'll return to the house." We built another cabin adjoining, one and one-half stories high, and a small frame barn. Near by, upon lots laid off, several persons built cabins and became our near neighbors, among whom were A. O. Smoot, Isaac Clark, Dr. Alphonso Young, Rufus Fisher, John Daley, Thomas R. King, Peter Robinson, Pierce Hawley, Joseph Meecham, Lewis Abbott, Aunt Mary Smith (widow of father's brother Silas, who died in Pike county, Illinois,) and her two boys Silas S. and Jesse N., boys of about my own age. We did the principal part of the farming.

In 1841, while living here, my brother George A. returned from his mission to England, and married Bathsheba W. Bigler and resided near us. Father was sustained as president of the branches in Iowa. In 1842, the Stake organizations in Iowa were discontinued and father presided at Zarahemla and the Saints were counselled to gather in and around Nauvoo. In the fall we moved to Nauvoo and lived in a log house of Joseph's across the street south from the White House, and across the street west from the new Mansion being built. Father was called to preside at Ramus, afterwards known as Macedonia, twenty-five miles east from Nauvoo. He exchanged his place in Zarahemla, Iowa, for a residence in Ramus and moved there in the winter. During the winter I attended school taught by Manley W. Green, and seldom missed a word or lesson. In 1843, I commenced to learn the cabinet trade. Being large of my age, I was also enrolled in the Macedonia troop of the Nauvoo Legion, with Almon W. Babbitt captain. I attended exercises, generally under the direction of First Lieutenant Hardin Yager, and went to night schools, working days in the cabinet shop.

In 1844, during the increase of troubles and mobocracy in Hancock county, Illinois, orders were issued for the Macedonia troop of the Nauvoo Legion to march to Nauvoo. The troops being assembled and the dispatches read, Captain Babbitt made the following speech, as near as my memory serves; "My men, I love you, but I will not go, and will say that not one of you who start for Nauvoo will ever reach that place alive." My father, president of the branch, stepped in front of the company, and in a clear, distinct voice said, "Every man of you that goes at the call of the Prophet shall go and return safely and not a hair of your heads shall be lost; and I bless you in the name of the Lord."

The troop, seventy-five in number, quickly voted for Lieut. Yager to take

command, and in one hour we were on the march. For some days previous the rain had been falling in torrents; creeks and sloughs were overflowing and the roads were ankle deep in mud. Some six or eight of our party were mounted on horses, the balance trailing behind the baggage wagons, holding our arms and ammunition above our heads, as we were often waist deep in water.

About five miles on our way, we encountered a band of mounted men with red flags flying. They were twice our number, and had gathered around a log house, some fifty yards to the left of the road. They rode around the house several times and fired at us as they made the circle; the bullets whistling through the air and some of them plowing up the ground before reaching our line. Captain Yager placed our men in file at three paces space, directing each man to load well, but hold fire until we could see them wink; just as we were nearly opposite them they took fright and broke into a run across the prairie toward Carthage.

We reached Nauvoo about daylight, and encamped in front of Foster's big brick house near the Temple. Our camp equipage was placed by the side of a log which reached halfway across the street. While I was guarding the baggage Joseph the Prophet rode up to the log, reached his hand to me and inquired after uncle and aunt. He held me by the hand and pulled me forward until I was obliged to step upon the log. When turning his horse sideways he drew me step by step to near the end of the log, when seeing that each foot left marks upon the bark he asked me what was the matter with my feet. I replied the prairie grass had cut my shoes to pieces and wounded my feet, but they would soon be all right. I noticed the hand he raised to his face was wet, and looking up I saw his cheeks covered with tears. He placed his hand on my head and said, "God bless you; God bless you, my dear boy," and asked if others of the company were in the same plight. I replied that a number of them were. Turning his face toward Mr. Lathrop as the latter came to the door of his store, the Prophet said, "Let these men have some shoes." Lathrop said, "I have no shoes." Joseph's quick reply was, "Let them have boots, then."

Joseph then turned to me and said, "Johnnie, the troops will be disbanded and return home. I shall go to Carthage for trial, under the protection of the governor." Then leaning towards me, with one hand on my head, he said, "Have no fears, for you shall yet see Israel triumph and in peace." This was the last time I saw and spoke with Joseph the Prophet while living, and the sensation and impression made upon me will never be forgotten. On June 20th, 1844, the troops disbanded and we marched home, numbers of my brethren as well as myself being very thankful for the protection our boots afforded to our wounded feet.

JOHN LYMAN SMITH.

SAINTS ON THE GILA.

THATCHER, Graham C.,

Arizona, May 3, 1894.

On the 12th of April last I finished my labors in Sonora, and in company with Elder James W. Ray left Oaxaca, with a light conveyance bound for