

ings of loneliness came over me. sorrow filled my bosom; it would have been a relief to me could I have been alone and wept. The counsel to the Elders out on missions was to stop preaching for the time unless invited, and return home. I did so and found my father living on his own little farm sixteen miles south of Nauvoo.

In the autumn of 1845, mobs began to burn out the Saints, driving men, women and children from their homes. My father was obliged to pack up and move into Nauvoo for safety. I have seen the heavens lit up at night by the flames burning some poor brother's dwelling. In October of this year a general Conference was held in the Nauvoo Temple, lasting three days, when it was decided that the Church leave and go to a country "where God Himself was the sole proprietor of the elements." This motion was made by George A. Smith, and a sea of hands went up in its favor.

As soon as the Conference adjourned the whole Church began in earnest to make preparations to leave the county the people not knowing where to go, neither did they care much, only that it might be where they could worship God without being mobbed for it or for believing the Book of Mormon to be a record brought forth by the inspiration of the Almighty.

The Book of Mormon as a divinely inspired record seems a big hugbear to this generation. When the Elders brought the Book of Mormon to the county where I lived in 1836, proving its authenticity by the Bible and showing that it had come forth in fulfillment of prophecy as found in holy writ, and that it was a history of a people who inhabited this continent, of whom the Americans are a remnant, my father sent to Kirtland, Ohio, 200 miles away, for a copy. This was before he joined the Church. After reading it I remember hearing him say that no man in and of himself could write such a book. Polly, my eldest sister, then a young woman, read the book, and she too believed it and said it made plain to her passages of Scripture that were not plain to her before. Well do I remember the first time I ever saw a Lamanite. I could not take my eyes away from him, he calling to mind the Book of Mormon, the history of his race as I then verily believed it to be and do yet.

Returning to my story, on the 7th of February, 1846, giving endowments in the Temple ceased. That day over 600 went through, so I was told. On the morning of the 9th the Temple was discovered to be on fire. Fortunately it was put out before much damage was done. Since then I heard that a man living near Warsaw by the name of Agnos, or some such name, was offered \$500 to burn the Mormon Temple. In the afternoon of the 9th of February, in company with my father and Elder George A. Smith's family, I bade good bye to our beautiful city and Temple. Crossing the Mississippi river, we made our way to the place of general rendezvous on Sugar Creek, six or eight miles west of Nauvoo. There the Saints remained in camp for several days. My father and some of the brethren put up a coal-pit to burn charcoal so as to have it for shoeing horses. While in camp there fell a deep snow, making the surround-

ings look dark and gloomy, after which it turned severely cold, freezing the Mississippi river so that the Saints crossed over on ice.

On the 17th of February the people began to be organized into companies of hundreds, of fifties and tens. My father was captain of ten. The following are the names of his men: Jacob Bigler, captain; George A. Smith, Father John Smith, John L. Smith, Thomas Callister, Albert Carrington, John D. Clark, Jesse B. Martin, John Harvey and myself (Henry W. Bigler). The following was the outfit: Five wagons, nine horses, two yoke of oxen, one thousand pounds of flour, twelve bushels of corn-meal, two bushels of parched corn-meal, three hundred and fifty pounds of crackers or sea biscuits, one hundred and fifty pounds of meat, two bushels of seed corn, two bushels of wheat, three bushels of buckwheat, two sets of plows, two spades, two hoes, one iron wedge, five augers, fifty pounds of soap, one hundred papers of smoking tobacco for Indians, three rifles, three muskets, two kegs of powder, one hundred pounds of lead besides an assortment garden seeds of various kinds.

On March 1st at 2 p. m. camp broke and a general move was made. The afternoon was warm, melting the snow in a very little while. The road became muddy and mired and all cut up with more than five hundred wagons. On the moving of the 3rd the camp was called together when President Young addressed the brethren and cautioned them to be careful and not crowd upon each other with their wagons while driving and gave instructions to the pioneers in regard to their duty and likewise to the guard that they bring up the rear and see that nothing was lost or left behind.

Late in June we reached Council Bluffs and on the 16th of July I volunteered, with 500 brethren, to serve one year in the Mexican war. That same day we marched eight miles to the Missouri river, where there was a French trading post. There Colonel Allen issued to his men provisions, camp kettles, knives, forks, spoons, plates, coffee, sugar and blankets. On the 21st of July, at 12 o'clock, we took up the line of march for Fort Leavenworth, the men keeping time to the tune of "The girl I left behind me." It was a solemn time, leaving families, friends, near and dear relatives, in an Indian country, without house or home, perhaps never to see them again in this life. I bade my parents good-bye and did not see them again for nine years.

At Fort Leavenworth we received our tents, arms and accoutrements as United States infantry. As we approached the garrison a great many came out to meet Colonel Allen and his Mormon battalion, of whom he seemed to be proud. Notwithstanding we were ragged and dusty yet we heard it remarked that the colonel had a noble looking lot of men. They were wonderfully taken up with our martial music, especially with one young drummer, Jesse Earl, who was a perfect Duzette. On the 13th of March captains of companies took up the line of march for California by way of Santa Fe. The colonel, remaining behind to complete his outfit, died suddenly. The battalion had become

much attached to him and his death was deeply mourned by his men.

H. W. BIGLER.

### A WINTER MONTH.

Observer Salisbury, in his official monthly bulletin to the government, says in his review and comparison:

"March, 1894, in Utah, was essentially a winter month. Although its temperature was not notably severe it averaged somewhat below the normal. As is usual in March there were several raw, blustery days, but, contrary to the old saying, the month both came in and went out pleasantly. A decided cold spell lasted from the 5th to the 8th. The warmest day was the 29th, at most stations.

"Vegetation did not advance much in March, and the spring may fairly be called a backward one. Considerable snow fell, although the monthly precipitation was below the normal, and judging from all reports, the amount of snow lying in the mountains is sufficient for a good irrigating supply for the ensuing season.

"On the whole Utah was especially fortunate in escaping the severe storms and frosts at the close of March, which were so devastating in the eastern and southern states."

### TO THE WOMEN OF UTAH.

Now is the time to plant out mulberry trees and cuttings, and it is important that this should be done as the starting point of the silk industry, and also that the trees and cuttings should be of the very best quality, and put in at the proper season of the year. The interest awakened during the World's Fair work must not be suffered to die out again, but the fact kept before the people that this climate and the soil of Utah are specially well adapted to silk culture, and that it can be made a remunerative industry in the homes of the people if they will persevere in the work, which is light and easy, much more so than many other occupations; women and children can perform the labor and make it profitable if they set about it with a determination to succeed. The mulberry trees do well raised in brush planted in rows and each row out every year, so the young tender leaves could be picked easily even by the children.

ZINA D. H. YOUNG.

### UTAH MILITIA UNIFORMS.

The question of providing uniforms for the various companies of the Utah militia was discussed at a meeting. Governor West explained that the matter would be referred to General Ottinger and Lieutenant Lassiter. He stated, however, that the goods must be according to the United States Standard which was thoroughly understood by Lieutenant Lassiter. Of course, the Governor and his staff explained that they were in favor of home manufactured goods and had already recommended that preference be given to Utah mills, but as between the latter they felt they could make no discrimination and would not. All who wished to enter the field of competition were invited to do so.