whether they do or not; but we will tease them all the day long. They think they have got a great deal of power, and all of this world is theirs to give or retain. The devil thought he had all at his command when he wanted to hire Jesus to worship him. He had violated all rights or claims—so has Congress. We will go where we can find a home, and worship God in His own way, and enjoy our rights as free citizens; and this will not be long. Now, my daughter, I have spoken plainly to you, more so than I ever did before. Be wise, and you shall prosper in all things, and you shall lack for nothing that is good. Be true to the covenants that you have made, keep the company of those who are wise and keep close mouths. Solomon says, 'A wise head keeps a close mouth.' * * * Do not slight your friends, be kind, be merciful, be gentle, be sober, and show yourself approved of God and of your friends. Be kind to your dear mother, take burdens off her shoulders; be mild and pleasant to all. This is the way to get the good will even of a dog, for every spirit will beget its own likeness.

"Now, Helen, let me tell you one thing that I want you to do; take one of my large blank books and commence your life back as far as you can, and when I write my general history I can put yours in with it. I want William to do the same. Do not forget this—then you can put all the letters that I write you in their proper places, to be handed down to our children for them to read. * * *

"It will be three weeks tomorrow since I left my sweet home. O sweet home! it is a heaven to me.

"The Capitol stands on an eminence, like our temple. This building is a great deal larger than our temple will be. The stone of which it is built is a little whiter color than that of the temple. It is surrounded with a large park, decorated with trees of all kinds and flowers, with several pools of pure water, with fish in them. It looks like a paradise in point of decoration. O that we had such a place! we will when we build up a sure place. I want to see our Prophet here in the chair of state—then we would come to see him.

"Elder Hyde came here on Saturday, and we held a meeting yesterday. Elder Wight and myself preached, and it left a good impression on their minds. I think we shall leave here tomorrow for Delaware, and hold a conference. If you can get the means, come with your mother, but do nothing to hinder her coming; you shall have your chance in turn. Be wise, and when you get this do not fail to write me and direct to the city of New York. Be a good girl; May the Lord bless you and your dear mother and brethren. As ever your affectionate father.

"HEBER C. KIMBALL."

A letter commenced by my mother June 7, (the same day that father wrote the above,) describes the scenes that were transpiring in Nauvoo. She says:

"Nauvoo was never so lonesome since we lived here as it is now. I went to meeting last Sunday for the first time since conference. I should have turned and come home on foot if I had not been afraid it would make me sick. Neither Joseph, Hyrum, nor any of the Twelve were there, and you may be assured that I was glad when meeting was over. Brother Joseph Nobles is very kind to me; knowing that I am not able to walk, he has invited me to ride with his folks several times. Yesterday he took his wife and me down to Hibbard's after cherries. He took us to see Sarah (my father's wife), who has been quite sick. I urged her to come home with me, but she said she would rather wait till she felt better; I expect her this week.

"The weather continues cold and wet. Bishop Whitney called in today; said he'd been talking with Dr. Bernhisel—he thought the quorum had better meet and pray for the rain to be stayed, or we would all be sick.

"June 11th. Nauvoo was a scene of excitement last night. Some hundreds of the brethren turned out and burned the printing press of the opposite party. This was done by order of the city council. They had only published one paper (Nauvoo Expositor) which is considered a public nuisance. They have sworn vengeance, and no doubt they will have it.

"June 24th.

"My Dear Husband.—Since I commenced this letter varied and exciting indeed have been the scenes in this city. I would have sent this to you before this time, but I have been thrown into such confusion I know not what to write. Nor is this all; the mails do not come regularly, having been stopped by high water or the flood of mobocracy which pervades the country. I have received no letter by mail from you since you left. I know your anxiety to hear from us must be very great, as you will no doubt hear of our trouble by report. Nothing is to be heard of but mobs collecting on every side. The Laws and
landing, and a number of strange gentlemen came ashore, who seemed to have quite a curiosity to see the Prophet. He got out, and in his warm and genial way, gave each of them a cordial shake of the hand. As the carriage was about starting away, one of them came up and, after being introduced by President Smith, requested the privilege of riding. After going a few rods the carriage was stopped for him to get out. He wished to have it to say that he had rode with Joseph Smith, whom they styled the “American Mahomet.”

Our babe being very sick prevented my parents from going and I went with my brother. It was a lovely June morning, and animated with the lovely airs, played by William Pitt’s Brass Band, every heart was made glad, and everything looked bright and hopeful for the excursionists, as we started on the little steamer bound for Quincy.

We had a most enjoyable trip down, took dinner, with others, at the house of the widow of Dr. F. G. Williams and his son Ezra, who were old Kirtland friends. Joseph and his wife Emma, and a score of his old, as well as young, friends were made welcome by others in that city. But on our return trip a heavy thunder storm came up, and Judge Elias Higbee being taken very ill we were obliged to stop over night at Keokuk. The cabin was small and the judge being so sick the majority stayed on deck, where we sat all night; umbrellas being our only protection from the beating storm. The heat had been very excessive, and being thinly clad, many were made sick, and I was among that number. Judge Higbee continued to grow worse, and only lived a few days after his return home.

The Prophet, who was noted for his tender sympathies towards the afflicted, could not rest until he went around and informed himself of the condition of each one who had accompanied him to Quincy, and offer advice and some he administered to. The morning of the second day after our return, he called at our house. He recommended some medicine to be given me that night, and then turning to me said: “Tomorrow morning you take for your breakfast only a cup of coffee and a piece of dry bread, and you shall be well.” His counsel was strictly adhered to, and the result was precisely as he had predicted.

Before leaving us to go east my father gave to his children (six in number) their patriarchal blessing, brother William Clayton acting as scribe. Father was very anxious that mother should go with him and spend a little time with their relatives; but she could hardly make up her mind to leave home. She accompanied him as far as Quincy. He wrote three or four letters while on his way to Pittsburg, and a few extracts from their correspondence may be of interest to others beside myself. The following was written by my mother, and directed to Philadelphia, as he was to have been there, but unexpectedly he was detained in Pittsburg. This was dated ‘June 27th, 1843.’

“My dear companion:—I received your precious letter, and parcel sent by Brother Smith. * * Gladly do I retire from the busy cares of life to spend a few moments in talking to you in this silent way. * * If I could but see you for a few moments, how much easier I could unsom my feelings, but yet I am thankful that we have this privilege of conveying our thoughts to each other. I have read your letter over and over, and my eyes have been almost blinded with tears—the feelings expressed therein are worth more to me than worlds would be without them; for nothing could make me happy without your favor. It is one week last Sunday since I closed a letter to you. Brother Brigham then expected to start the next day. * * There are many changing scenes ** one moment our bosoms may beat high with anticipation, and the next be thrown into confusion. At present there is great excitement in the city. Brigham told me this morning that he did not much expect to go; said Joseph had sent word to him not to go any way until he saw him. I am thankful that you got away before the fuss. I feel as though you were more safe than you would be here. Oh that I could be with you! I sometimes feel as though I had been foolish and would never let another such an opportunity pass without going with you. * I should not wish to go, unless I could go with you clear to the seashore; but I need not talk about it now, for there is no telling where our lot will be cast next, things look rather gloomy here at present, but I believe good will come out of evil. I will not attempt to tell you about Joseph’s arrest, as Brother Hadlock, the bearer of this letter, can tell you all about it.*

“Since writing the above, I have had a visit from brother Parley P. Pratt and his wife. They are truly converted. It appears that Joseph has taught him the principle and told him his privilege, and even appointed one (a wife for him.) * * She has been to me for counsel. I told her I did not wish to advise in such matters. Sister Pratt told me that she had been railing against these things until within a few days past, she said the Lord had shown her that it was all right, and wants.
Parley to go ahead, says she will do all in her power to help him. * * They asked me many questions on principle. I told them I did not know much, I'd rather they would go to those that had authority to teach. Parley said he and Joseph were interrupted before he got what instruction he had wanted, and now he did not know when he should have an opportunity. * I told him that these were sacred things, and he had better not make a move until he got more instruction. * * Sarah Noon is here and sends her love to you. My daily prayer is that you may finish your mission with honor, and be returned to our embraces.

"* * I think you had better destroy this as soon as you can after reading it. I should not dare to send it by mail, but I trust it will go safe. If Brother Brigham should go I will write again by him. I am as ever,

"Your affectionate wife.

"VILATE KIMBALL."

This is another proof that the Prophet Joseph revealed the plural wife system.

The following I gather from the second letter written by my father from Pittsburg. The first was written to me, which has been published. This one was to my mother, and was dated July 15th. He wrote that he and brethren had been there a fortnight, waiting for President B. Young, who they were looking anxiously for. He continued to suffer much from his lungs, in consequence of the smoke from burning coal in that place; after having a very severe attack of influenza and cholera-morbos, which had reduced him so low that he was hardly able to sit up, and could only write a few lines at a time. He wrote, "The Saints have been very good and kind. The people here are mostly Dutch and Irish; but very few have come out to hear us preach, as Elder Page has whipt the sects so, in his preaching, they will not come out to hear. I do wish the elders would stop it and take a mild course, and preach the gospel as they have been commanded of the Lord, and advised by Brother Joseph and the Twelve. * I shall leave next week if Brigham comes. I want to go ahead and do what we can in order to get through before cold weather comes on. * * I have heard Brother Joseph is again clear from his enemies. I wish they could let him alone. * *"

"It seems sometimes as though I could not be absent from my friends and those I so dearly love, but this will not do. I must labor for my Father in order that he may provide a home not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens. * For this I am willing to suffer privation, and to wear myself out, and to lay down my life, should it be necessary to do so. My mind has been very fruitful in the things of God, most of the time since I left you in Quincy, till I was taken sick. My whole soul is bound up in the cause of Christ, and my prayer is daily that I may be a savior of men and a comfort to the human family; but I see, when I have done the best I can, that I am a poor imperfect creature. I wish that I had more wisdom, more light, more patience and more religion, and everything that is good and calculated to make my friends happy, both in time and in eternity. * O, that little babe, kiss him for me, and the rest of our dear children, and tell them to write me how they got along. * I want you to read this to Sarah and Sister Billings, who I hold as one of my bosom friends. A friend in these days is more precious than gold, and I esteem her as a mother in Israel, and she has my prayers and blessing. We are in a critical place but be of good cheer, my dear friends, for I esteem you as such in every sense of the word, and may the Lord bless you with peace forever and ever, amen."

Woman's Exponent, vol. 11, no. 8, 15 September 1882, pp. 57–58

The scenes in Nauvoo during the summer of 1843 were of an exciting nature, and continued on with but little cessation till the Prophet and Patriarch were murdered, in a boasted land of religious liberty, and their people forced by mob-law to seek safety among savages.

I remember the morning that Joseph and family left the city to visit his sister-in-law near Dixon, in Lee County, he called in as he was passing, to bid us good-by, and the first news that we heard was the unlawful arrest made by Missourians, intending to drag him off into that state, but their brutal conduct roused the indignation of the people at Dixon, and by a writ of habeas corpus, served by his friends, he was placed under the arm of the law. The news spread so rapidly, that a company of horsemen, numbering 175, started the same evening under the command of Generals Wm. Law and Charles C. Rich. The officers from Missouri had laid their plans to kidnap Joseph while on the journey, but his brethren guarded him too closely, and they