About this time I was brought into contact with other leading men. Of some of these I have pleasant memories and of others not so good. I recall my first impression of John C. Bennett. He was a small, broad-shouldered, sharp-eyed, rather good-looking man, but one who impressed both my mother and myself unfavourably. He used to be at Father's house a good deal, and often for meals. He was very particular about what he ate and how he wished it prepared. I remember a particular meal, when he came to the table one evening talking the tomato, a vegetable which had but lately come into general use, and which, it seemed to me, impressed the idea with that it possessed medicinal properties.

Mother was a woman of little faith and once when Mother was ill he attended her. I was sent along back with him to his office upon the hill, in order to bring some medicine to her. He was a rapid walker and kept me literally on the run. When I failed to keep up with him he would scold and fret. He seemed absorbed in his own thoughts and I had to run almost the whole distance without receiving any consideration or attention from him except a chiding for not keeping up. This caused me to form quite a dislike for him and to regard him as a very selfish and inconsiderate man, more wrapped up in himself than concerned about others far worse.

Mother would not take the medicine he provided her, for she mistrusted him intensely. And when I was aware of her feeling, she feared he might deal treacherously with her. Mother's intuition of how her character was extraordinary, and whom she disliked it was useless to trust.

While Doctor Bennett was boarding at our house every effort was made for his comfort, however. Mother would set a love of bread down in front of the wood fire until it was bread and would beasted a pleasing brown. Then she would slice that part off, thinly, and replace the loaf before the fire. In this manner she would get a goodly supply ready for his supper of browned bread and milk, prepared just as he liked it.

I had a little experience with this man which makes me remember him quite well. He extracted a tooth with a double tooth, using the old-time "turn-key" instrument. I came near bleeding to death after the operation, which took place at the Morley settlement, near a little town called Lima, a few miles above Quincy. Every effort to stop the hemorrhage seemed in vain for a while, but it was finally accomplished by applying a solution of saltpeter on leather shavings. I remember the part he played in the incident and his attitude toward it and toward me, and I thought then, and think now, that he proved himself a very unsympathetic personage.

A good many years after those occurrences, Doctor Bennett was brought forcibly to my mind one day when I happened to meet Father Schilling, the Catholic priest located at Nauvoo. It was an extremely hot day and the priest was on his way to cross the river. He was striding along easily, empty-handed, but behind him trudged a very small German boy carrying the priest's heavy hat. The lad was red-faced and sweating, almost fainting under the heat and the burden, but the priest would not hurry along faster—quite like my own experience with Doctor John C. Bennett.

The lack of consideration for smaller and weaker individuals was apparent in both.

One of the earliest contacts with Doctor Bennett I saw him many times as he rode with other officers of the Legion, but notwithstanding he made a fine appearance in that environment, my boyish heart refused to give him place. The thought has frequently occurred to me that it was quite possible that boyish preoccupation of what the man would prove to be, and what he would do when opportunity offered and circumstances tried him.

I know that he caused much trouble all the time he was in Nauvoo. He continued to talk at the time about his having to appear before the Council, along with Father and Francis M. Highbee; what occurred was published in the Times and Seasons. I recall, too, his departure from the city. I am still of the opinion I formed of him when I reached my majority, viz., that notwithstanding the fact that much of the good that turned out actually to scold him for not hurrying along faster—quite like my own experience with Doctor John C. Bennett.

After Bennett's departure from the city, the church was ordered to leave the city. I recall, too, his departure from the city. I am still of the opinion I formed of him when I reached my majority, viz., that notwithstanding the fact that much of the good that was done ever since the by-laws and ordinances of Nauvoo were partially to his ability to direct civic affairs, it was ambition which had brought him here to become a leader of the church and accept office therein, which stimulated and motivated most of his activity, and which finally led him into immorality and transgression resulting in his leaving the church in disgrace.

I have read his book, An Exposé of Mormonism, and was instrumental in having a copy placed in the library of the Illinois Historical Society, at Chicago. It may be of passing history here to state that my placing that book of Bennett's there, together with some others of like nature taken from my own library, was the means of preventing the writing and publishing of at least one other book directed against "Mormonism." A man named Deming, searching for material to put in such a book he was preparing, visited the library of the Historical Society mentioned, and there came across this Exposé of Bennett's. When he noticed my name inscribed therein as donor, he was greatly astonished, and said to Mr. Hagar, the librarian, that he would imagine putting a book of that character before the pulpit would have been one of the last things I would have done.

In relating the incident Mr. Hager said the man appeared to be greatly confused over it, and uncertain, as if he hardly knew what to make of it or how to proceed. I said, "Mr. Hagar, I am not a fool. I know well enough that that book and others like it are in existence, and I would not suppress a single portion of any evidence for or against the movement known as 'Mormonism.' Let the whole story be told, and every fact that can be found and prove brought to light. I am willing to let decision be made upon that basis. I am not afraid of the truth, nor of a book like that—for it is a pack of lies."

At all events, Mr. Deming never wrote his book and later saw a notice of his project was largely due to the fact that he had discovered that so far as the Reorganization was concerned the officers of the church were not afraid to let all testimony, from either friend or foe, be brought to the attention of the public.

But to go back. It was in June, 1860, shortly after I took my place at the head of the group called the Reorganization, that I received a letter from John C. Bennett. He was then located in Polk City, Iowa, a few miles north of Des Moines, where he had lived for some years, following the medical profession a while and then retiring. His letter was quite a lengthy one, telling me where he was and what he was doing. He gave me to understand that he was anxious, in the name of the faith which the church had left, to reach to the faith of the church and that he would like to cooperate with me in its affairs.

He stated that he had a large tract of land which he could devote to church enterprises, successfully as he thought, and that he was interested also in getting in touch with me concerning the projects he had in mind. He ended his epistle with a request that I attend a meeting of the brethren, and that I should be representative, that I enter into a correspondence with him about these matters, and added the strange suggestion that I let him know to what confidential and fictitious name and address he might send communications to me in order that they might be kept strictly private.

I immediately wrote him that any communication addressed to Joseph Smith, Box 60, Hancock County, Illinois, would reach me and be given proper and due consideration. I added that I had but one name and one address for the communications of either friend or foe. After my reply I did not hear from him again, but later saw a notice of his death in the papers. I never got over my early impressions of the man...
felt no more trust and confidence in him in 1842 than I felt in 1842 when first I became acquainted with him.

John E. Page

John E. Page was a member of the Quorum of the Twelve for whom I formed quite an attachment because of the kind and considerate ways he had with the boys he knew. I often went to visit at the house when he came in from his mis-

ions, and one clear impression I have of him is connected with a walk we took together. There had been a council at the house or office and Father sent me with Elder Page up to his house after some lecture or sermon. I do not remember what. On our way we passed the residence of John D. Lee and those of Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde.

As we turned the corner near the lat-
ter place, Brother Page quite surprised me by an outburst, as of deep feeling, saying, "Joseph, my boy, do you think it is right? Do you think it is just? You know what a fine house Elder Brigham Young has, what a big mansion Heber C. Kimball has, and what a cozy little place Elder Hyde has. And then just see what a poor little house they have built for me!"

His house was indeed a small affair, located on a sandy lot at the foot of the hill near the river for whom I belong-
ing to some men named Chase and Mel-


len. It did seem an insignificant abode, scarce a home. It was called two-stories for the upper part was little more than an attic, with a single window in either end and one at the back. There could not have been more than four rooms in the whole building, and I remember agreeing with him heartily, that it did seem an unbecoming provision to provide the homes of Elders Young, Kimball, and Hyde; having been built from public or church money going to all alike.

Of that I could not say, but he felt he had been unfairly treated, and while there did not appear to be much bitter-

ness in the way he spoke of it, I could see that he was hurt over it. My further acquaintance with Elder Page did not enable me to discover that his opinion in the matter changed. It may be that Elder Page's house was adequate for all his absolute needs, and I could only judge of the circumstances of the other brethren from their surroundings.

Only once after the break-up at Nau-

voo did I meet Elder Page, and that was at his home in the northern part of Illinois. There he lived with his family until his death, which occurred not long after the conference held at Amboy in 1869. I became acquainted with his widow. She later married a man by the name of William Eaton who was identi-

fied with the organization known as<br>Hedrickites or Church of Christ. It was<br>through his influence that the faction be-

came possessed of the tract of ground in<br>Independence known as the Temple Lot, in which he purchased after its lapse of<br>title may have been in boyish naivete, or<br>merely a foolish notion, but it seemed a real fact to me, and even now, old as I am, I can recollect the distaste which the touch of his hand on my head inspired in me. I had no just cause at the time to dislike Elder Kimball, al-

though of course I thought it a comfort later to be of such a nature that my confidence in the man was badly shaken. I may be wrong.

At the break-up in Nauvoo when many people were leaving the city and crossing the river preparatory to the trek west-

ward, there seemed to be a great short-

age of money. It was only with real effort that people could secure enough to sustain themselves from day to day. I presume the departing Saints were anxious to take as much cash with them as possible.

Among those that were thus put to rather hard necessity was my mother. She possessed a very fine cloth cloak made in circular style. Some time previous it had been sent from England as a gift to her, along with an equally handsome one for my father. I do not remember what had become of the one Father had, but Mother still had hers at the time of the poverty mentioned. She offered it for sale, thinking that since winter was approaching someone who was leaving for the West would have need of it, and that comfort later garment as that, and be willing and able to buy it from her.

Elder Eaton sent a note to her asking the price of the cloak and request-

ing her to send it to him for inspection. He stated that if it met his approval he would purchase it.

Mother did the cloak up in a bundle and gave it to the messenger, sending word to Elder Kimball that the price was fifteen dollars and that if he liked it advertised to keep it, she would be pleased to have him send her the amount asked. If it did not suit him, she asked that the garment be returned next day.

However, as it happened, he neither returned the money nor the cloak. What Mother sent to his house in search of information about the transaction she learned he had already moved away, had crossed the river to start west, and had taken the garment with him. She was in distress and trouble, and hardly knew what to do. Finally a messenger (whom my memory recalls as Mr. Amos Ke-

dall, not a member of the church, but one of the incoming new citizens), went across the river to try to locate Mr. Kim-
ball and ask him for the payment for the cloak, taking it for granted that he had taken the garment with him and wanted to retain it.

Instead of bringing back the money the messenger returned with the cloak, and a surly word from Mr. Kimball the effect he would think Sister Emma could afford to give him that gen-

eral. (To be continued.)
The Memoirs of President Joseph Smith (1832-1914)

Edited by his daughter
Mary Audentia Smith Anderson

Chapter 4 continued—

Mother was in no condition, either monastically or mentally, to bestow charity of that sort upon Elder Kimball, for in our close circumstances we were obliged to use every penny, and we were aware of nothing he had ever done to deserve at our hands that which would require such sacrifice and economy. I may add that as it developed even Mr. Kendall, for his kindness in assisting us at the time and his determined cleverness in recovering possession of the cloak, incurred the marked displeasure of Elder Kimball, who had suffered some annoyance therefrom.

Of Heber Kimball’s family, I knew some of the young men who were older than I. On one of my visits to Utah in later years I was well-pleased to renew a partial acquaintance with one of them whom I had known as a boy. In some way he was connected with a narrow gauge railway running to Garfield, one of the branches on Salt Lake, and he extended some very pleasant courtliness to me and my party, giving us free passage down to the lake that we might enjoy the bathing.

What became of the other sons of Elder Kimball I do not know. I remember that in the fall of 1845, and the spring and summer of 1846, some of these younger men were pretty wild blades there at Nauvoo. I know that William Kimball, William Cutter, and others were active in making preparations for the departure west and had something to do with the resistance made against the incoming of the lawless mob. I also know that a fine ‘clay-bank’ mare of Mother’s was required for the use of some of these youths as they made up the forces gotten together by Sheriff Jacob Backenstos. I was told William Cutter rode her in the fray which followed. After considerable scouting and raiding, I know that mare was returned to Mother in a badly used-up state.

Referring to those troublesome times, I remember hearing about the killing of Frank Worrall, but did not learn who were in the posse that killed him, nor has further knowledge of it come to me in later years. I saw a repeating rifle, made, I think, by a gunsmith in the shop of Lucien Woodworth (called the Pagan Prophet), that was called a fifteen-shooter. It was provided with three slides, each containing five charges. These slides moved in a slot at the breach of the gun and were fired the same as if they had been a part of the gun itself. They were held in place by some mechanism, and when fired were moved aside by the rising hammer, allowing the next charge to come into place. So, with one of these plates in position, the rifle had five charges for use in quick succession. It was rumored that about this time was killed with this rifle, but I never heard who carried it or who discharged it at the fatal mo.

One day I saw something like twenty-five or thirty young men, such as William Cutter and William Kimball whom I know, come charging down Main Street on their horses, and singing songs that had been made up about their going west. I remember distinctly that each of these songs had a theme centering about the words, “Ho! for California!” and that on that same day the first train ever to go out to the Pacific slope. I know other reasons for believing that the halt and the departure made at Salt Lake in the Rocky Mountains was an anticipation, and was determined by other considerations than just those which at first gave the barge from the State of Illinois.

George A. Smith

George Albert Smith was a cousin of my father, the son of John Smith who was brother to my grandfather Joseph. As I remember him he was large, solidly-built, not fat, but what the English would call stout. He was rather bored in complexion and had sandy hair—and a sandy beard when he wore one. His manners were very gentle, and he was active, good-natured, and a pleasant conversationalist. I liked him when I was a boy, and as a man I knew nothing of him to cause me to cherish personal dislike or ill-will toward him.

He visited Nauvoo in the fall of 1856, in company with Erastus Snow. They drove out to see me where I was living on the farm once owned by Father, some two and a half miles east of Nauvoo, on the Carthage road. They brought with them a copy of Fred Pierce’s book, The Route to Salt Lake City, which contained a detailed account of a trip from Liverpool to Salt Lake, sketches and portraits of individuals met on the way, descriptions and pictures of places visited—all being written and drawn by Mr. Pierce’s own literary and artistic hand. I well remembered the visit that gentleman had made to Nauvoo, and that while he was there he had begun pencil sketches of several of the family for the purpose of incorporating in his contemplated book.

So it was a copy of this work that was given to A. and his companion by those men—with a handsomely finished volume—and presented to me. It was con-

sidered quite valuable, and is still somewhere in existence, I believe.

On the occasion of their visit to my home we talked quite freely. They gave me a personal invitation to visit them when I came to Salt Lake City, telling me that if I could not come to see me, pleased to know I was there among them, for they really thought that I should be glad to meet them. I made marks with frankness, stating that I could not conscientiously go to Utah and take up an abode there as one of them, for a number of reasons, the principal one being that I did not believe as they believed, or, at least, as they were teaching.

“Well, you believe in the Bible and the Book of Mormon, do you not?” I was asked.

“I certainly believe in the Bible and the Book of Mormon,” I replied, “but not as you people interpret them. I could not go out there and make my home with you while you are teaching and practicing as you are.”

“I suppose you refer to polygamy?”

“Yes; I could not accept or countenance that doctrine,” I answered.

These men did not officially invite or request me to come to Salt Lake City, that is, in the sense that they acted in an official capacity as having been authorized by their president, Brigham Young, to extend such an invitation. What was said was simply the expression of their own desires and opinions, and a viewpoint entirely to direct request ever came to me from Brigham Young to come to Utah and unite myself with the fortunes of the church there. If he ever desired that I should come, he was too shrewd a man to allow himself to be put upon record as expressing such a wish or making such a request, though it was reported that he had publicly stated that I ought to come out there, unite with them, and be ordained under the hands of their apostles.

Charles C. Rich

I believe that Charles C. Rich was the youngest of the men belonging to the Quorum of Twelve at the time of Father’s death. He was a very pleasant man and I liked him well, although without a very extended acquaintance with him. In company with someone else I once made a visit at his house on Parley Street, the recollections of which, as well as of the man himself, are very pleasant.

After his departure from Nauvoo in the exodus to the West, I never met him again, although in 1880, as I recall, I was privileged to meet some of his children in Ogden. I was also permitted to preach in two or three places up in the Bear Lake country, not far from Soda Springs, Idaho, in which region he had done considerable work as an apostle, and at Montpelier as a man of business. Personally I knew nothing to the discredit of the man. If memory serves me
right concerning some things I heard while at San Bernardino. I believe he was associated with Amasa Lyman in helping quite a large number of the flee-
ing Saints to settle on the Santa Ana River, in the San Bernardino valley. After their arrangements were made they received a peremptory order from Brigham Young to leave the California region and return at once to Salt Lake City. Elders Lyman and Rich obeyed the mandate, but many of the Saints re-
fused to do so. They liked the valley, and remained there, numbers of them later becoming members of the Reorgan-
ized Church.

Amasa Lyman was another Apostle whom I knew. I heard a rumor circu-
lated about after Father’s death that Elder Lyman had been designated by Father as a Counselor, to take the place of Sidney Rigdon or of William Law, but from what happened after, I concluded this was a mistake.

Amasa Lyman was a frank, outspoken man, as I remember him. His talk seemed to indicate a certain freedom of belief which might be said to border on infidelity. He was impatient of restraint and had no particular use for dogma-
tism. In view of these characteristics it has ever been incomprehensible to me how he ever became subject to such domination as I have reason to believe governed him after Father’s death.

John Taylor

I also knew John Taylor, a tall, fine-
looking man of intelligence, sparsely built though not lean, quiet in demeanor, and with a straight, frank look out of his eyes in those days. I regarded him as an honest man when I was a boy, and one who was very friendly to me. For a time he was in charge of the Times and Seasons office.

He was one of the men who were with Father at his death. It is somewhat singular that of the four who were in the jail on that fateful day, three were struck by four balls each, and that the one who escaped, Willard Richards, was the largest, most corpulent one of the group.

I remember visiting John Taylor at his house as he lay recovering from the wounds received in Carthage jail, and was shown the watch he had carried in his pocket which had deflected the course and diminished the force of the bullet. Had the ball not struck exactly where it did, Elder Taylor would prob-
ably have lost his life, also.

I visited him frequently while he was recovering from his wounds, and was always made welcome by him. I do not remember much about his family except that his wife’s name was Leonora, for I had seen it with others in a signed statement in the Times and Seasons of October, 1842, wherein several of the people went on record in regard to what was called the spiritual wife doctrine.

I do not think I ever saw Elder John Taylor after the exodus of the church from the state of Illinois to the West.

Parley P. Pratt

Parley P. Pratt was a good-looking, portly man, as I recall him, with an ex-
cellent voice and good pulpit address. I heard him preach more than once, but remember him more particularly be-
cause of the hymns he wrote, printed in the Times and Seasons and in the Hymn-
book. He also published a pamphlet known as the Voice of Warning, well-
own and widely-read, where I read it, and have re-read it many times since.

Occasionally I used to meet Elder Pratt in Nauvoo when he came from his missions, but he was absent from the city a great deal. I have no recollection of ever meeting him after they went west. I knew his brother, Orson, better than I did Parley, perhaps because the former was connected with the city gov-
ernment and had a position as a teacher in the schools.

About the family of Parley P. Pratt I remember nothing.

Orson Pratt

Orson Pratt was a smaller man than his brother Parley—quick, alert, active, pleasant-mannered, and perhaps one of the bravest men that ever accepted Latter Day Saintism during the first years of the church’s existence. He be-
came a voluminous writer, and was an eloquent preacher whom I heard more or less frequently in Nauvoo. I remem-
ber meeting him occasionally and of call-
ing on him at his house, where I also met his wife, Sarah. Certain circum-
stances which occurred in later years fix these two prominently in my mem-
ory.

Orson Pratt once passed through-
Piano while I was living there, and was requested by the brother in charge dur-
ing my temporary absence from home, to occupy our pulpit. I believe he did attend services and spoke briefly to the Saints assembled there. However, not being home at the time of his visit I did not get to see him, and have no recollection of ever meeting him after he left Nauvoo until 1876, when I stopped at Salt Lake City on my return from a trip to California.

On that occasion I heard him preach on the subject of the nature of the earth, and I think the Seventeenth Ward meet-
ing house. He used as a text the proph-
et’s words about Zion to be built and established in the top of the mountains. In the discourse he referred to the Tem-
ple which had been ordered by the Lord to be built in the land of Zion, the State of Missouri. In connection with this prophecy he made one statement that seemed to me quite peculiar under the circumstances. In substance it was to the effect that many of those who then listened to him, living there in Utah, would not live to go back to Zion and build that Temple.

After the service I shook hands with Elder Pratt. He expressed his pleasure at seeing me and I mine at hearing him preach. I remarked that having been born near the beginning of the time included in “this generation” I might, under ordinary circumstances, live to see that Temple built. “Yes,” he admitted, adding with a smile, “but simply living at the time will not be the only qualifi-
cation required.”

“True,” I answered; “worthiness is more to be considered, and I intend to try to live in such a manner that I will be counted worthy to assist in the work, should I still be living then.”

The next day Cousin John Smith’s wife asked me what I thought about Elder Pratt’s sermon. There appeared to be something behind the question as she asked it, so I said, “Why do you ask?”

She replied that a number had asked her if she had heard me make comment upon it.

“Well, you may tell them you heard Cousin Joseph say that he believed Elder Orson Pratt’s natural inclination is to tell the truth, and that he would tell it if he were left alone without intimida-
tion or domination.”

Truly it has ever been a mystery to me how it came about that such a man as Elder Orson Pratt, of so brilliant a mind, with such love of humanity, and such willingness to defend what he believed to be right, could ever have submitted to such domination as I have reason to be-
lieve was exercised over him.

I believe I did not meet him again, after that visit of 1876 in Salt Lake City, in which I have just referred. However, a relation here of some circumstances connected with one of my later visits to Salt Lake City, might be of interest, since they have to do with my memories of the wife of Orson Pratt.

I was visiting in the home of a retired physician named Benedict, a man who had obeyed the gospel in New Jersey, had gone to Utah, and, perceiving the errors that had crept into the doctrines, had retained a nominal membership only with the church there. In conversation with him and his wife, I mentioned Elder Orson Pratt, then deceased, and asked them if they knew the woman who was his wife when he lived in Nauvoo, and whether or not she was still living.

They said, “Why, yes, she lives with us, really about two blocks from here, and we know her well.”

For certain reasons which I believed to be good, I was desirous of having a talk with Mrs. Pratt, whom I had known at Nauvoo. So I asked Doctor Benedict if he would go with me to call upon her. He consented to do so, and after lunch we repaired to the house and I was pre-
sent to the lady.

(To be continued.)
The Memoirs of President Joseph Smith
(1832-1894)
Edited by his daughter
Mary Aventia Smith Anderson

Chapter 4 continued—

In the chat which ensued I asked her if she remembered her husband's having received a copy of the New Inspired Translation of the Scriptures. She said she did; that he came home one day quite elated over the receipt of the book, but that there was nothing about it to indicate from whom it had come. She related how, right after supper, they had sat down together, he with the Inspired Version, and she with the King James, turning to such passages as he directed, and together they had examined it most thoroughly, reading and comparing it until a late hour. Finally at two o'clock in the morning, he laid the book aside with a sigh, and said:

"Sarah, these men have done their work honestly! This translation is just as it was left by the Prophet Joseph in 1833. I could quickly have detected it had they tampered with or altered what he wrote. I am delighted with it, and I thank God that I have received this copy!"

Mrs. Pratt then told me the pathetic sequel to his happiness. She said that the next Sunday as he preached to his congregation in the Ward meeting house, he told them about the book he had received, that he had carefully examined it, and wanted to testify that the Inspired Translation published by the Reorganized Church had been correctly done and was exactly as the Prophet Joseph had left it.

"As they went out of the meeting house Mrs. Pratt told her husband she feared he had made a mistake in thus mentioning the book publicly and praising it so highly, for she had a feeling he might have to take back what he had said, should President Young hear of it.

Sure enough! On the Tuesday following Elder Pratt received a summary notice to report forthwith at the President's office. He did so, and as he entered, President Young greeted him with: "Orson, where is that Inspired Translation?"

"At my house," he answered.

Then Brigham, pointing out the window, said, "You see that horse and buggy out there? You take it and go home and get that book at once, and bring it back here!"

Orson did as he was commanded, and returning, prefaced the book to Mr. Young, but that gentleman refused to touch it. Putting his hands behind his back, as if it were polluted, he said, snappishly, "Hand it to Bishop Preston there!"

Then he proceeded to give Elder Pratt a severe lecture, asking him how dared he go into the pulpit and defend that book as he had done on the Sunday before. He ordered him to go back onto that very stand, at the same place and before the same people, and retract everything he had said about it.

Elder Pratt demurred, saying, "But, Brother Young, I cannot do that; what was said is true, and the Translation is as the Prophet wrote it."

But Brigham would not listen to him, and seizing the temper, pointed his finger at him and said, "You take it back, sir! Do you hear me! You must take it back—and before those same people!"

So the next Sabbath, poor Elder Orson Pratt, the ablest defender of Mormonism that ever crossed the plains to the West, had to go upon the stand and publicly retract his words, repudiating all he had said about the book, and that, too, without being able to explain why he was doing so.

At the conclusion of this sorry narrative I expressed to Mrs. Pratt my regret that Elder Pratt had had such misfortune with the gift I had sent him, and stated that had I known he had been obliged to part with it, I should have been delighted to have sent him another copy. She seemed pleased, and told me it had not occurred to them that I had been the one who sent it; they had supposed it was some old friend.

"And that was just who it was, Sister Pratt," I assured her.

The latter part of my conversation with her revolved around the matters I had had particularly in mind when I sought the interview. I asked her, "Sis- ter Pratt, will you allow me to ask you some rather personal and delicate questions?"

"You may ask me any questions proper for a lady to hear and answer," she replied.

"Well then, in this instance I would use no language a lady should not hear and did not wish to ask any improper question or one she might not answer in the presence of such as myself; but I assure you, if I had told her I felt there were some which referred to my father and herself which could not be answered. I asked her to consider the circumstances in which I was placed. I was the one to whom the query was addressed; I was a member, though a young one, at the time of his death, and thought that I had understood, in part at least, the principles the church taught and believed. But following his death certain things were said about him, his teaching and practice, which were at variance with what I had known and believed about him and about the doctrines he, without being able to say, I was a person I wanted to know the truth about these matters, for I assured her I would much rather meet here in this life whatever of truth might be revealed to those things, even though it were adverse to what I believed to be his character, than to wait until after I had passed to the other side and seen and confirmed there the questions and compelled to alter my position should such revelation prove I had been in error.

She told me to proceed and the follow- ing conversation took place.

"Did you know my father in Nauvoo?"

"Yes, I knew him well."

"Were you acquainted with his general department in society, especially towards women?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever know him to be guilty of any impropriety in speech or conduct towards women in society or else- where?"

"No, sir, never. Your father was always a gentleman, and I never heard any language from him or saw any con- duct of his that was not proper and re- spectful."

"Did he ever visit you or at your house?"

"He did."

"Did he ever at such times or at any other time or place make improper over-tures to you, or proposals of an improper nature—begging your pardon for the apparent impropriety of the question?"

"To this Mrs. Pratt replied, quietly but firmly, "No, Joseph; your father never said an improper word to me in his life. He knew better."

"Sister Pratt, it has been frequently told that he behaved improperly in your presence, and I have been told that I dare not come to you and ask you about your relations with him, for fear you would tell me things which would be un- welcome to me."

"You need have no such fear," she re- pealed. "Your father was never guilty of an action or proposal of an improper nature in my house, towards me, or in my presence, at any time or place. There is no truth in the reports that have been circulated about him in this regard. He was always the Christian gentleman, and a noble man."

That I thanked Mrs. Pratt very warmly for her testimony in those mat- ters, in my regard, is my belief and sure. I had constantly heard it charged that my father had been guilty of improper con- duct toward Elder Pratt's wife, and I had long before made up my mind that if ever had an opportunity I would find out the truth from her. The result was very gratifying to me, especially as she had made her short, clear-cut statements freely, just as I have recorded, in the presence of Doctor Benedict.

It may be added that mingled with my pleasure was a degree of astonish- ment that such stories as had been told about her and her relations with Father should have gotten out and been so widely circulated and yet never met with a public refutation from her. How- ever, I expressed my appreciation of her
kind reception and her statements, and at the close of our interview, which lasted about an hour and a half, left her with good wishes.

Doctor Benedict and I passed from her presence into the street in a silence which was not broken until we had gone some distance. Then suddenly he stopped, pulled off his hat, looked all around carelessly, and raising his hand emphatically, said:

"My God! What damned liars these people are! Here for years I have been told that your father had Mrs. Pratt for one of his spiritual wives and was guilty of improper relations with her. Now I hear from her own lips, in unmistakable language, that it was not true. What liars! What liars!"

Not a great while after this, just how long I do not know, Mrs. Pratt passed "over the river." I was glad that before she died I had her testimony, and that it had proved, as had been proved many times before, that such charges made against my father were untrue.

In 1891, when, in the prosecution of the suit brought against the "Hedrick-iter" for possession of the Temple Lot in Independence, persons were put upon the witness stand in Salt Lake City in an effort to convict my father of having taught and practiced polygamy, the attempt signally failed, as was clearly stated in his decision on the case by Judge John P. Phillips, before whom the suit was tried. Throughout all these years, before and after that suit, I have conscientiously traced statements made by various individuals inciting my father in this wrongdoing, and in every instance I have failed to find evidence worthy to be called proof. It strikes me now, as it has for many, many years, that honorable men and women should absolve me from blame for pursuing the course I have taken, in steadfastly refusing to believe, simply because persons entangled in the evil meshes wished to involve him in their wrongdoing, that my father was a bad man and responsible for doctrines which he himself pronounced to be "false and corrupt."

Chapter V—Trials

The Nauvoo Mansion

Father's home in Nauvoo was generally overrun with visitors. There was scarcely a Sunday in ordinary weather that the house and yard were not crowded—the yard with teams and the house with callers. This made a great deal of confusion, and also a heavy burden of added toll for Mother and unaccustomed expense for Father. About 1842, a new and larger house was built for us. After it was finished and we had moved into it, some friends suggested that it should be expanded into a hotel, large enough to accommodate the usual crowds of visitors and an adequate force of domestic helpers as well.

Deciding to do this, Father proceeded to build quite an extensive addition running from the south wing toward the east. On the ground floor this included a large dining room and a suitable kitchen, with a basement below in which the cooking range was placed and a cellar for provisions. Over the dining room and kitchen was a series of beds, six single ones ranging along the north side and four double ones with connecting halls on the south side.

These rooms, with those already existing, made the house seem a very large one for that period and locality. In going back to it in after years, however, I found that it really was not large. The dining room, which was also used as a ballroom in those old days, was really quite small—barely large enough for four sets of dancers in the old-fashioned square dances—and the eating, like those above stairs, was low as compared to those of more modern buildings.

At any rate, it seemed spacious then, and a sign was put out giving it the dignified name of "The Nauvoo Mansion," a house destined to become quite famous and interesting in its day. Mother was to be installed as landlady, and soon made a trip to Saint Louis for the purpose of securing such furniture, curtains, bed linen, table napery, dishes, and utensils as were needed to properly equip and operate a hostelry of its kind.

Porter Rockwell

It was during her absence that Orrin Porter Rockwell, commonly called Porter Rockwell, arrived from Missouri. Shortly before that time an attempt had been made at Independence, Missouri, by some unknown enemy upon the life of ex-Governor Lilburn W. Boggs. Porter Rockwell was arrested for the crime, and charges made that Father had instigated or had been accessory to the attempted assassination. When Father was brought before the Court he sent word to Mr. Alexander W. Doniphan, an attorney of Daviess County, requesting him to see that Rockwell had a fair trial. Doniphan complied with his request, the trial was held, and Rockwell acquitted. Upon the advice of the attorney Rockwell left Missouri at once, was successful in getting across the river, and reached Nauvoo, as has been stated, during the absence of my mother in Saint Louis.

When she returned Mother found installed in the keeping-room of the hotel—that is to say, the main room where the guests assembled and where they were received upon arrival—a bar, with counter, shelves, bottles, glasses, and other paraphernalia customary for a fully-equipped tavern bar, and Porter Rockwell in charge as tender.

She was very much surprised and disturbed over this arrangement, but said nothing for a while. A few hours later, as I met her in the hall between the dining room and the front room, she asked me where Father was. I told her he was in the front room. She asked, "And where has he gone?" "Yes," I answered, "quite a number."

Then she told me to go and tell him she wished to see him. I obeyed, and returned with him to the hall where Mother awaited him. "Joseph," she asked, "What is the meaning of that bar in this house?"

He told her of Porter's arrival and that a place was being prepared for him just across the street, where he would run a barber shop with a bar in connection, explaining that the bar in the hotel was only a temporary arrangement until the building referred to could be finished and ready for occupancy.

There was no excitement or anger in Mother's voice nor in what she said as she replied, but there was a distinctness and earnestness I have never forgotten, and which had its effect upon Father as well.

"How does it look?" she asked, "for the spiritual head of a religious body to be keeping a hotel in which is a room fitted out as a liquor-selling establishment?"

He reminded her that all taverns had their bars at which liquor was sold or dispensed—which was true at that day—and again urged that it was only for a time and was being done for Porter's benefit, explaining that since Porter had been compelled to leave his own home and had, in a measure, been made a scapegoat for charges that had been made against the two of them, he felt obligated to help him.

Mother's reply came emphatically clear, though uttered quietly:

"Well, Joseph, the furniture and other goods I have purchased for the house will come, and you can have some other look out for yourself. As for me, I will take my children and go across to the old house and stay there, for I will not have them raised up under such conditions as this arrangement imposes upon us, nor have them mingle with the kind of men who frequent such a place. You are at liberty to make your choice; either that bar goes out of the house, or we will!"

It did not take Father long to make the choice, for he replied immediately, "Very well, Emma; I will have it removed and sold."—and he did. When it was established anywhere else or not, I do not know, but the building which was begun for Rockwell across the street was not finished. It may be of interest to state that it was upon this same frame building, intended for Porter Rockwell, that a platform was laid on the memorable 27th of June, 1844, from which Governor Thomas Ford addressed an assembled and excited populace on the occasion of Father's incarceration in Carthage jail, his speech almost coinciding in point of time with the cold-blooded murder twenty miles away.

The disagreement mentioned above is the only one I ever heard, or heard of, as occurring between my father and
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my mother. It has been charged by cer-

tain ones over age that she was a thorn in his side, oppos-
ging his policies, and leading him an ill
life. This is absolutely not true. I was
old enough at the time to know what was going on around me, and was closely
associated with my parents. In the
sleeping room I shared with my brothers
was never more than a door away from
where Mother slept. It was because of the great love and concern
Mother had for her children she never
wanted us far from her. In order that
to protect those who she thought should
be in her care in case of necessity. So, I am
sure that if there ever were angry words
between my parents I could tell them
myself. And it can truthfully state that noth-
ing of the kind ever occurred. Father
was a kindly man, and emphatically a
home-loving one, whose wife and chil-
dren were very dear to him and who was
in turn, loved and respected by them.

Hence it came about that the bar
which so was distasteful to Mother was
promptly removed from the Naunov
Mansion, and she became its first land-
lord.

I remember Porter Rockwell as a
shy, slightly-built man, very active and
diligent, of quiet demeanor, and a good
horseman. He must have gotten into some
distress with the 'parent' at some ex-
tent in the project of getting lumber out
of the woods of Wisconsin and rafting it
down the river to supply the needs of
Naunov, but of that I am not sure.

One incident connected with him
stands out clearly in memory. At some
time he was taken out to the woods by a
deserter named Frank Worrell who was killed,
down in the region near Bear Creek,
known as Green Plains. An attempt was
made to make Porter Rockwell respon-
sible for the crime, and a warrant was
issued for his arrest.

About the same time a company of
men came to Naunov for the purpose of
arresting Brigham Young on some charge
or other, and, just as a joke, a man
by the name of William Miller was
pointed out to them as the man they
sought. They arrested him and brought
him to the hotel until arrangements
could be completed to take him away.
While they were still there, a carriage
drove up to the door, a lad got out and
tripped by the guards and up the stairs.
She remained there a short while (the
carriage waiting), and then came down
the steps, passed through the cordon of
officers, entered the carriage, and was
driven rapidly away.

Imagine the chagrin of the officers
later when they learned that this "lady"
was Porter Rockwell, for whom they
also had a warrant. I was within
twenty feet of the carriage when it got
east, and stood near it when he got in
again; by some intuition or through
his work he gave me, I knew who it
was, although the officers were com-
pletely fooled.

Mr. Miller took Miller to Carthage under
the impression he was Brigham Young,
and again were very much disappointed
when they found out they had captured
only a representative instead of the lead-
ing man they had supposed him to be.
Mr. Miller was released, of course, and
returned to Naunov to laugh with the
others at the manner in which the offi-
cers had been outwitted in the two in-
stances—for Brigham Young was not
arrested and Porter Rockwell had disap-
peared.

As for the latter, I did not see much
more of him. The last time I remember
him was in the gloaming of a summer eve-
nig, possibly the summer of 1846. I
saw him coming down the street and
ran across our yard, climbed the fence,
and jumped down on the other side, close
by me, greeting him and extending my
hand. He shook it warmly, put an arm
affectionately across my shoulders, and
said, "Oh, Joseph, how glad I am to see
you! Joseph, you have killed the only friend
I have ever had!"

He wept like a boy. We spoke but lit-
tle for fear then an air of suspicion had
crept abroad in the city and whoever
was friendly to my mother or her family
I tried to protect, but to my astonishment he said,"Joseph, you had best go back.
I am glad you came to meet me, but it is
best that you are not seen with me. It
can do me no good and it may bring
harm to you."

It was with my heart in my throat and
my eyes dim with tears—as they are
now as I recall the incident after all the
years that have passed—that I climbed
back over the fence, to wonder, in my
boyish way, how it was possible for men
to be so wicked and cruel to good men.
I write this with no shame or any con-
sciousness of unfitness in thus express-
ing my friendship for the man. At that
time, I believe, he was free from wicked-
ness, although afterwards, through con-
ditions which surrounded him, and being
guided by the influence of baser passions
and unwise counsel, he became an out-
law from upright society, and his name
was synonymous for that which is evil.

Going back to the house I told my
mother whom I had seen, what he had
said, and how he had cried. I think I
did not see him again. He went west
with one of the emigrating companies,
became one of the most prominent of the
so-called Danites, and doubtless was an
instrument of injury to a great many
persons—as also were Bill Hickman, Lot
Huntington, and others of their kind.

But I am convinced that Porter Rock-
well was not a bad man until after the
death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, even
though he later became practically a
deserter. He was absolutely fearless,
and cared little about the amenities of
society. Out in the lawless West he
doubtless got among a very rough ele-
ment, and his death possibly occurred in
a row with others of his like, or in a
drunken slaying.

General Doniphan

In 1884, when in the city of Richmond,
Missouri, on a matter of church business,
I learned that General A. W. Doniphan
was living there. In company with my
brother, Alexander, after obtaining per-
mission to do so, I called upon him at the
hotel where he was boarding. We
told him we were the sons of Joseph
Smith, the Prophet, and had come to pay
our respects to one who had befriended
our father. The distinguished gentle-
man was at that time, I think, over sev-
enty years of age—a tall, handsome,
and splendidly-built man.

We had quite a long visit with him,
in the course of which I asked him if he
had been pretty well acquainted with
the Saints during their occupation in
Jackson, Daviess, and Caldwell Counties.
He said he had been, and that to his
knowledge not a member of that church
had ever been arrested for crime or pro-
secuted for misdemeanor during his stay
in those Counties, with the exception of
the false charges made against Porter
Rockwell. Coming from a man who had
been a lawyer and very active in his
profession throughout that region, this
statement seemed a fair tribute to the
uprightness and good citizenship of the
Saints living there.

Asked about Porter Rockwell, he
smiled and said he had known him quite
well, for the young man had lived in
the same town with him. He said he
had been employed as an attorney for
Rockwell when the latter was tried for
the alleged attempted assassination of
ex-Governor Boggs, and went on to re-
late some of the incidents connected
with the case. When asked if he thought
Rockwell guilty of the crime as charged,
he answered, emphatically,

"No, indeed! There was not one scin-
tilia of evidence to connect him with it
in any way, or to prove he ever had
knowledge of it. The only thing they
got against him was that he was a mem-
ber of the Latter Day Saints Church, or,
as stated by the prosecution, a 'Mor-
mon.' He was honorably acquitted, and
I took him home with me for supper.
Afterward we had a talk, and I advised
him to leave the State at once and to
get to his friends in Illinois as soon as
he could, for feeling there still ran high.

"At first he objected to this procedure,
saying he had done no wrong, had been
raised in the town, it was his home, he
belonged there, and saw no reason why
he should leave. But I counselled him
to go. I told him that Mr. Smith, the
President of his church, had sent word
to me to see that he had a fair trial, and
which I had done, and now he was fully
acquitted, and I thought it best for him
to leave and that at once, not staying
even another night, for I felt if he did '