

Old Nauvoo Days Recalled

Early Days in Illinois as Remembered by One Who Was in the Missouri Exodus

By SOLOMON J. SALISBURY

This interesting story is told by a son of Catherine Smith Salisbury, she having been a sister of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. The account as published in this installment is from a privately published booklet by the author. He is now in his eighty-ninth year, lives at Burnside, in Hancock County, Illinois, and is still hale and strong with mental faculties unimpaired. The article was written when he was in his eighty-sixth year.

I WAS BORN September 18, 1835, in Kirtland, Lake County, Ohio. The third child of Wilkins J. Salisbury, and Catherine Smith, his wife. Soon after I was born we had to leave Ohio and go to Missouri. Shortly after our arrival, the mob spirit arose, and our family, with all the rest, were driven from the State, my brother, Alvin, who was born in a covered wagon on June 7, 1838, included. There were about one hundred and twenty-five families in the caravan, guarded by Missouri cavalry. We crossed the Mississippi River at Quincy; then from there our family moved to Plymouth, Hancock County, in the fall of 1838, what month I do not remember. I was only three years old at that time.

LETTER POSTAGE 25 CENTS—COLLECT

We lived there till I was nine years old. Plymouth at that time had only twelve or fifteen families, they being mostly hunters and trappers settled along the creek. There was at that time a post office and grocery store kept by a man by the name of King. The mail came twice a week. When it arrived, nearly every man and boy was there to meet it. It cost then twenty-five cents, not prepaid, to mail a little missive, and it sometimes remained in the office a week before we could get twenty-five cents. The money in circulation was, 6¼c, called a picayune; 12½c, called a bit; 16¾c, called a shilling; 25c, called a quarter; and the 50c piece, and very little of any in circulation.

The people didn't farm much. Some wheat, corn, and buckwheat were sown and

planted, and there was a water mill on Brunson Creek, run by a man by the name of Gates. They had neither screen nor bolt. The grain was ground, bran and all, together. Very little wheat was sown at that time. It had to be reaped by hand with sickles, tramped by horses on the ground, and cleaned by the wind. There were no fanning mills, hence, the most of the bread was of corn or buckwheat.

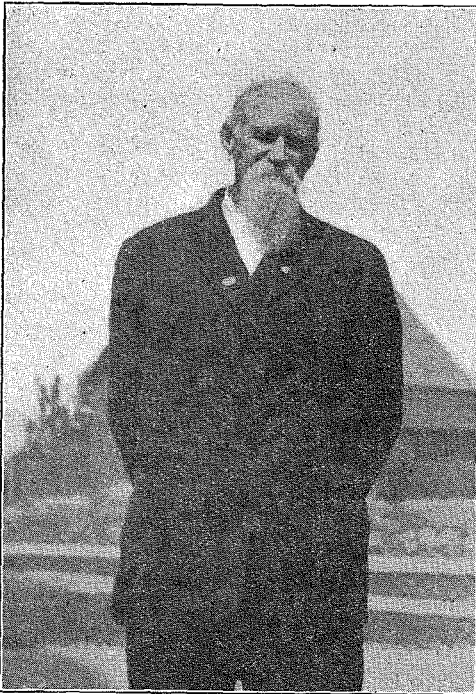
When I was seven or eight years old, I started to school in a log schoolhouse, to a man by the name of Williams. The next teacher I went to was Bryant Petterson, one time lawyer in Carthage. His mother I still remember in kindness (God bless her! She was a mother indeed), when we had only corn bread and bacon, gave us buttermilk to drink with our dinners. Most of the children of about my age went to school. Their parents were trappers and hunters, and lived in log cabins. One night I went home with a boy and girl about my age. They lived about a mile and a half from town, on the creek. When we got there it was dark. They lived in a log house with only the bare ground for a floor.

NO DINNERS CAN EXCEL THAT ONE

This was the fall of the year, the time when the good women grated the corn to make meal. After grating and sifting the meal they mixed it with lard and water, then, raking the coals out, placed the cake on the hearth and covered with ashes, after which they placed the coals back on the ashes. It was the next morning that the woman at this house was going through the same proceedings. We watched with hun-

gry eyes. In a short time she took the cake from the coals, bounced it on the hearth, and then brushed off the ashes with her apron. For supper we had fruit, venison, buttermilk, and honey, and all the things that go with them. Since then I have eaten many wonderful dinners, but none of them do I remember like that one. I remember that, late in the evening, the man of the house came home with a deer he had killed.

In the fall and winter of 1843 the mob spirit began to rage. Then, when on June 27, 1844, the Smiths were killed, the mob spirit seemed to run riot. Many times I remember when we got up in the morning



ELDER SOLOMON J. SALISBURY

The author is here shown in front of the Kirtland Temple, while on a trip East a few years ago.

we would find written notices giving us twenty-four hours to leave the country, or they would burn or kill the outfit. Finally the pressure got so great we concluded to go. They were burning and mobbing the Mormons, as they called us, all over the

country. In July or August of 1844, we moved from Plymouth. We crossed the Illinois River at Beardstown—ferried across on a flatboat, one team at a time. They had a cable fastened on each side of the river and pulled the boat across, assisted by a man on either side of the boat, using poles.

OUTCASTS IN LAND OF LIBERTY

After we crossed, we went about seven or eight miles on the Beardstown road and stopped with a man by the name of Wagner, an old pioneer. Right on the Great American Bottom, father built a log cabin and started a blacksmith shop. He was a blacksmith, and made wagons, harness, and tools.

We soon found that we could not rest here in peace. In a short time it was noised around that my mother, God bless her memory, was a sister to the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith. What few settlers there were began notifying us that we better be moving along. They refused to let father do their work. We were very poor, and all depended on father's work. They starved us out. Now where were we to go—outcasts that could find no rest in this land of liberty because we were different from others?

From there we concluded to go back across the river to Nauvoo. So we took the back trail across the river, down through Carthage, and landed in Nauvoo some time in the summer of 1845. I remember in crossing the prairie in 1843, 1844, and 1845, there were no inhabitants.

The winter of 1845 and 1846 was a hard winter on us. No work to be had, father went to Saint Louis and got work and sent us money. It was a very cold winter. The ice was three and a half or four feet thick in February. In the spring of 1846, the most of the church in Nauvoo, with Brigham Young, crossed over on the ice. About 1,500 of them had been picking corn all fall to secure money to go west.

REJECTED BRIGHAM YOUNG—OUTLAWED

We lived in a brick house called the Marks House. The house is still standing there. I visited it several times during the last year. It is on Water Street, not over two or three rods from the river, and I saw, day after day, Brigham and his followers

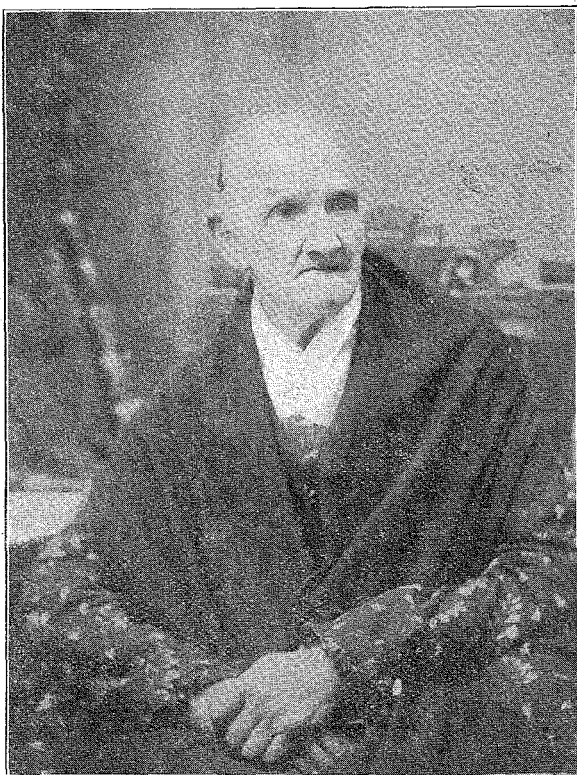
cross the river till the most of them had crossed into Iowa, where they remained until the spring of 1847. Father came home in March, 1846. All who did not accept the rule of Brigham Young were outlawed. Our family did not accept; hence, we had again to emigrate. Father, with another man, bought an old flatboat to try their luck on the waters. They had no luck, so they loaded what little they had; and the two families and a woman and two children started down the river. The woman would not go with the church, but wanted to be landed at Keokuk. We started for Saint Louis. How far we got I will tell you later on. We made Keokuk Landing without any trouble, and let the woman and two children off. She had some folks living not far from the landing. If I remember right, there were only a Government blockhouse and trading post where Main Street is. Where the bridge crosses was a cliff of rock in 1846. If any of you critics want to dispute that, let me hear from you.

SCOW TRIP ENDS SUDDENLY

After we had landed the woman and two children, we proceeded on our way. The next landing was at Alexandria, Missouri. The next was a forced landing. At that time steamboats burned wood, and there were wood yards every now and then, where they stopped to take on wood. One of these yards was below Alexandria a few miles. As we rounded Fox Island we saw just in front of us a steamboat leaving the yards. We were so close we could not get out of the way. They hit us. We were close to the landing, so before our boat sank, we got to it. It was pay day, and there were a lot of woodchoppers at the landing. They waded into the water and helped pull us to shore. Right there the Saint Louis trip ended. Father and Mr. Kelie, the other man with us, held a council of war, and decided to fix the boat and continue the journey, but mother and Mrs. Kelie said they

had "had their last ride on that scow," so that ended the discussion.

The man who owned the yard was named Clook. Father and Kelie hired out to him to cut cordwood. That was, if I remember right, about the first of April, 1846. They



CATHERINE SALISBURY

Sister of Joseph Smith the Martyr, mother of the author of this article. She was a charter member of the church in 1830 and rejected the claims of Brigham Young at Nauvoo. She was able to attend to her household duties till within twenty-four hours of her death in 1900, over eighty-six years of age.

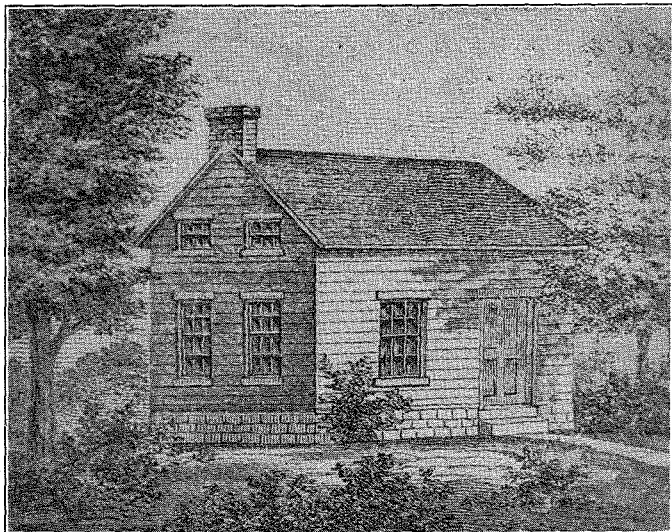
moved across a slough on Fox Island. They cut wood till about the last of the month of July or the first of August. Then the entire outfit took down with the old shaking ague. Father and mother moved to Alexandria.

NO MONEY, NO FRIENDS

There were five children at the time. It seemed that the change did no good. We

got worse right along. Mother finally got down, and then the city authorities hired a colored lady to take care of us, as we were helpless to take care of ourselves. The doctor's name was Boone, a young man of promising worth. My sister Emily died here in 1847. She was born in Plymouth in 1844, March 25. We buried her in the river bottom many years ago. I think she will be found on the great resurrection morning. The doctor told father that if we wanted to

but was not able to do much. A kind neighbor loaned us a stove and we got some straw to lie on. We had no covers. There was a man by the name of Case that ran the ferryboat. They ran it with horse power. I got a job on the ferry, driving the horses, at twenty-five cents a day. That was a little help, with what father could earn. Before I leave the subject too far, Mrs. Kelie died on Fox Island. Her husband and son went east to their folks. That was the last I ever heard of them.



JOSEPH SMITH HOUSE AT FAR WEST

The Saints gathered rapidly into this rich farming section, some sixty miles north of Jackson County, and soon had a city of about three thousand persons.

live we must get out of there. Father moved across to Warsaw and rented an old house on the bluff below the city. Then he hired a drayman to haul what little stuff we had down to the landing. Through all this mother had kept a cow. When the drayman had delivered all the goods at the landing and we were ready to start across, an officer took an attachment on the entire stock, and we crossed over with what we had on our backs. We did not even have a change of garments.

We occupied the house that father had rented without a cent of money or a friend in the world, so far as we knew. Father had got so he could work some at his trade,

from there we moved to Webster in Hancock County. That was in the fall of 1847. Father went to work at the blacksmithing trade again. We lived there several years and moved again to McDonough County. After living here a number of years, we moved back to Warsaw, in Hancock County.

I remained in McDonough County with a married sister, and worked on the farm. While there I saw the first threshing machine, called a chaff piler. It was nothing but a cylinder run by horses. No separator; straw, wheat, and chaff came out together. Two men stood at the back of the machine and raked the straw up in a pile, and the grain and chaff into another. It had to be

FIRST THRESHING MACHINE

Father had a friend of boyhood days living in McDonough County. He wrote to him and told him to come and move us out there. In a short time he came with two teams. He got there in the evening and had to stay all night. His name was Donk Alexander. When he drove into the yard, father said, "Donk, what did you bring two teams for? All I've got are the wife and children." When he found out how destitute we were, he cried.

He moved us to McDonough County, and

cleaned by the wind, as there were no fanning mills.

GRAIN CRADLE THEN NEW

About this time some inventive genius invented the grain cradle, such as we see in very few places now. The grass was cut with scythes, raked into windrows by hand, cocked, and allowed to remain to cure before being stacked. Many a hard day's work have I done mowing and cradling in those good old times.

Near this time, father moved back to Webster and remained there till his death. I was twelve years old when we first moved to Webster. It was a Mormon town, the first settlers being Mormons. They were driven out of there in 1846, and when we moved there it was a town of very few inhabitants. The houses were made of logs, with the exception of three brick and one frame. There were twenty or thirty empty houses, and we moved into one of them.

REJECTED BECAUSE OF RELIGION

There I remained till I married. There I received the most ill treatment; there I was called a Mormon, boycotted, abused, slandered. I received no invitations to parties of any kind. There were no young folks that I would invite me to their parties or have anything to do with me. I was an outcast. One circumstance I give to illustrate: I hired out to work for a farmer that summer about three miles out of town. Sunday mornings I went to town. There lived a farmer on the road I traveled, who had two girls about my age, one younger, one a little older. They went to Sunday school, too, and I happened to get along there about the time they started. One morning when I came along they had gone. They did not wait for me as usual. When the

school was dismissed we started home, and I asked the older one what was the reason they did not wait for me. She said she did not want to tell me. I said, "Have I misused you in any manner?" She assured me that I had not, yet she didn't tell what I wanted to know. I insisted on her telling me; then the younger one said their father forbade their going with me. I wanted to know why. Then the older one commenced crying. "Father says you are a Mormon and he does not want anything to do with you." That ended my going to Sunday school. She was, I thought, as handsome as an artist's dream.

Many years have passed and gone since that happened, yet now in my eighty-sixth year, I feel that is one of the wounds that has never healed. Twenty years after that,



FAR WEST, MISSOURI

From this region in Missouri the Saints were driven out in 1838-39 and moved to Illinois. The author was in the exodus—three years of age.

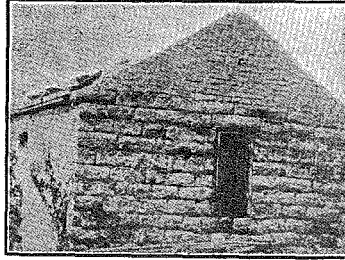
I met the younger sister. She said her father was unjust.

I have only told this to show some of the things I had to contend with. All along the pathway of life I had to bear the reproach of Mormonism. It was my birthright, and now in my old age, my prayer is, "Lord, forgive them." I am getting near the end. I can begin to see the lights on

the other shore. I think to endure the end.

THIRTEEN DOLLARS A MONTH

Father died in Webster, Hancock County, October 28, 1853, and was buried in Webster. I was about seventeen or eighteen years old. Then hard times began in earnest. My brother Alvin and I were the only dependence. Work was scarce and wages were low. I worked one summer for a man by the name of Kious in McDonough County for thirteen dollars a month. This man lived eight or ten miles from Webster and I walked home every Saturday night and back to work on Sunday night for four months. I never lost a day of work. My time was out the first of July. The next morning, after walking half the night to get home, I entered the harvest field to do my first cradling, to make a hand for a farmer by the name of Anthony Duffy. He the winter before had furnished us wheat to take to mill, on credit, God bless his memory; without his help we would have suffered. I, with another boy about my age,



LIBERTY JAIL IN 1838

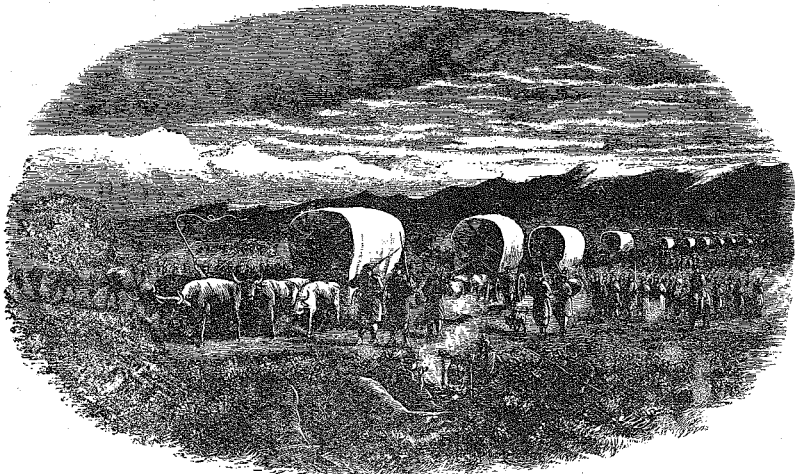
Joseph Smith and other church leaders were imprisoned here while the Saints were being driven out of Missouri.

cradled fifty acres of heavy fall wheat.

Our family lived in rented houses all this time. I bought a lot that fall of a man by the name of John Fordham. He sold it to me on credit. After a while I paid him for it. I took a long time to get fifteen dollars then. We then moved one of the log houses that was empty at this time, on to our lot. All the men of the town turned out and helped us move it. This was the first home we could call

home, that I can remember of. After this we did some better. My brothers, Alvin, Don C., and myself got work to do. We then got along without so much hunger and want. I worked one summer for a man by the name of Kious, in Hire Township, McDonough County. He gave me the magnificent sum of thirteen dollars a month. I have cradled all day for one dollar a day; threshed for fifty cents a day; split rails for thirty-five cents a hundred; chopped wood for fifty cents a day; and thought I was lucky to get work.

We lived at Webster the most of the time.



A CARAVAN OF SAINTS

“There were about one hundred and twenty-five families in the caravan, guarded by Missouri Cavalry.”

I worked a number of years for farmers in McDonough County. It has been a good many years since then. I worked for a good many men. Some of their names are as follows: Kious; two brothers, Hager and Hicks Nelson, Stookey, Lions, Banks, Hunt, and a great many I can't remember. Every one that I can remember is now dead.

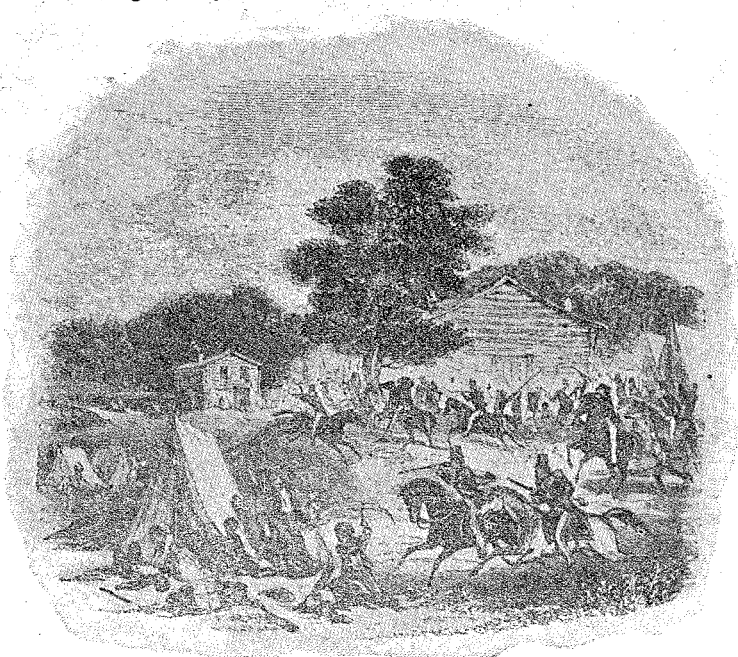
A RICH MAN'S POSSESSIONS

The summer I worked for Kious, old man Die was killed; murdered by his wife and a man by the name of Burrows, who got away. They sent the woman to prison. He was a very wealthy man and very old. It took a week to sell his personal property at public sale. My brother, Alvin, worked there at the time of the sale. I worked for this man Kious at the same time. Forget how many years ago it has been. At his sale I saw wooden moldboard plows with iron shares. Saw cattle seven and eight years old, steers, and hogs four and five years old, as large as yearling steers. He would gather in seventy-five or one hundred head of hogs from the range, and fatten them. If the price, when fat, did not suit him, he would turn them out again and let them run.

After working for this one and that one for several years, we concluded we would rent a farm and try it ourselves. We rented our first farm from a man by the name of Eckles. Gave as rent one third in the crib, one third of the wheat, and he took his share from the machine. My share of the corn I sold to a man by the name of Henry McElvains, for twenty cents a bushel, hauled to Tennessee railroad station, McDonough County, Illinois.

PREJUDICE STILL STRONG

Now, don't think the people had forgotten who we were, for they had not. Where we worked there lived some of the men that belonged to the McDonough troops, that helped guard the jail when the Smiths were killed, ordered out by Governor Ford, but discharged before the Smiths were killed. He worked in haying, harvesting, and threshing when the men would often curse old Joe Smith, which made it very unpleasant, don't you think. Indeed it did. At that time I have worked for men that their



HAUN'S MILL MASSACRE

The same spirit persisted in Illinois. "Where were we to go—outcasts that could find no rest in this land of liberty because we were different from others."

wives would not let me eat dinners in their houses; had to go home to eat, but worked on and took their abuse. Sometimes I got mad, but that did not help the matter any. They would say a Mormon stole a yoke of cattle or a horse over there and then fled to Nauvoo, then they were safe. I never could find the man that lost the horse or cattle. Either he lived over in the next town or had moved away. I tried several times to locate one man that would say he had cattle or horses stolen. We had to put

up with the abuse. We had to work or starve. When it got too hot to stand any longer we would go back to Webster and try it there. Still we didn't get much peace

there. I remember one time while there some better treatment than before, but we did not remain there long.

(To be continued.)



SAINT LOUIS IN 1838

A steamer of this type put an end to a scow expedition upon which the Salisburys had embarked.

If You Only Think You Can

(By an unknown)

Well, pal, you're up against it,
 I can see it in your eye;
 You think there's no use livin'
 And you ain't agoin' to try.
 But I'm goin' to tell you, pardner,
 (For I think you're in my clan)
 That you're all right—you'll win the fight
 If you only think you can.

No doubt the clouds look darker
 Than they have for quite a while,
 But behind, the sun is shinin'
 With the same old grateful smile;

And it seems he's just a laughin'
 At the foolishness of man;
 He just shines on in endless dawn
 Because he thinks he can.

Take my advice, old timer,
 And keep the same old pace,
 For life's worth one more struggle
 And you're fitter for the race
 Than if you hadn't listened
 To your part in God's great plan,
 Just hit 'er hard—you win, old pard,
 If you only think you can.

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PART II

VOTED FOR LINCOLN—HAD TO MOVE

I CONCLUDED to get married. I married a girl by the name of Eliza Swisher, February 19, 1856. Moved to a farm owned by a man by the name of John Eckles, in McDonough County, Illinois. I lived on his farm several years, then moved on to a farm belonging to a man by the name of Hicks. Was living on this farm when Abraham Lincoln ran for President, in 1860. He said if we voted for Lincoln we would have to hunt another farm. I voted for Lincoln and therefore had to move. That was in 1860. I moved to Pilot Grove Township, Hancock County, Illinois, that fall. Have lived here ever since and am living here now in the year of 1921.

Then the war of the Rebellion commenced. Trouble everywhere spread about. War and rumors of war were about all the news we heard. The President's first call was for 75,000 men for six months or during the war. How little he understood the job he had tackled then, or did anyone else. Then came another call for men, another, and yet the war went on. Then came the draft and yet the end came not. Costing millions of dollars, thousands of lives, bringing want and suffering to many homes, lasting four years. My brother, Don C. Salisbury, enlisted in the Sixteenth Illinois Infantry, what company I do not remember, and received an honorable discharge. My brother, Alvin, enlisted also, but was not sworn into service, but was honorably discharged.

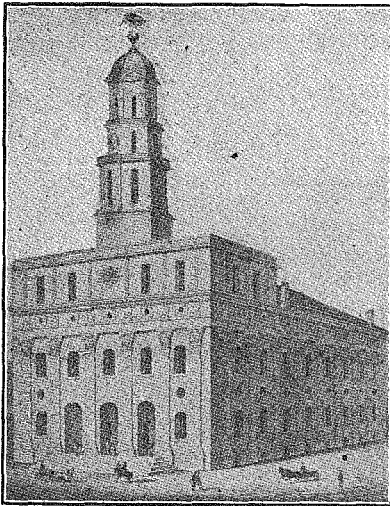
Mother, Alvin, and Fred moved into Mc-

Donough County, where Alvin married. Lived there several years and finally moved to Fountain Green Township, Hancock County. There he lived until he was killed by a man by the name of Duff, in a presidential campaign, a good many years ago. I think it was the Garfield campaign, but am not sure. His family moved to Kansas a while after he was killed. Fred and mother continued to live in Fountain Green Township. Fred then married his first wife who lived only about a year. Then he married again, Josephine Brewer, by whom he had six children, four boys and two girls.

HEALTH FAILED

Now I will take my history up again. My first wife died of consumption, February 17, 1865, leaving three small children, one girl and two boys, with me a poor helpless man. What to do I did not know. I lived with my father-in-law and hired their aunt to take care of them. I did the best I could and that was poor enough. Up till now I rented my father-in-law's farm. About this time I bought of Henry Pennock, forty acres of land north and east of the Oak Grove schoolhouse, in what they call Shake Rag, in Pilot Grove Township, for \$150. I cleared about ten acres. Sold it to A. J. Dorothy for \$550. Then I bought forty acres from Thomas Nickelson for \$850, just across the line in Fountain Green Township; traded this for eighty acres back in Pilot Grove Township and gave \$300 difference. Built a house on this. I lived on this place three or four years. Sold forty acres for \$1,600. Traded the other forty acres

for another forty acres and got \$300 difference. I then bought eighty acres, making one hundred and twenty acres.



NAUVOO TEMPLE

“The church bought the land and builded a city and temple that cost several million dollars.”

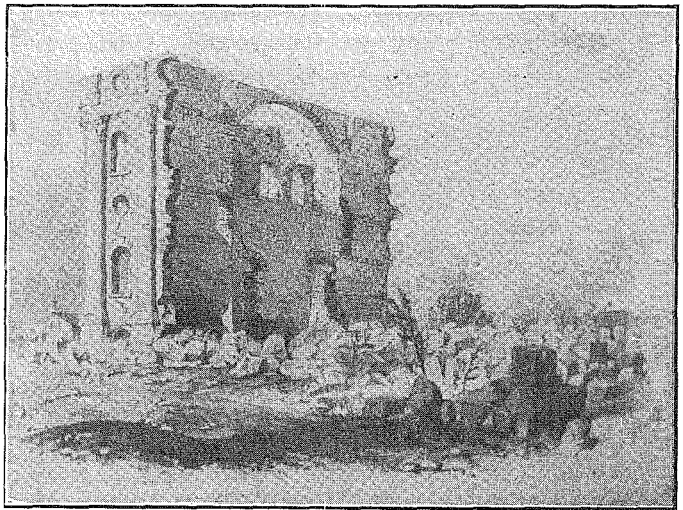
I then married Margaret Swisher, sister of my first wife, September 17, 1865. She was twenty years old and I was thirty years old, ten years older than she. I followed farming but did not make much headway, as far as getting rich was concerned. Had a hard time to make a living. My health began to fail me along in 1871 and 1872. The most of the time I was not able to work. With a large family and doctor bills I became discouraged because I was not able to do anything. In the spring election of 1872 the people of Pilot Grove Township elected me tax collector. I was not able to work and they knew it would help me make a living. For their kindness I was grateful.

SINGULAR VISITATION

About that time along in October I became confined to my bed. Most of my nights were sleepless. Trouble of body and mind was not conducive to sleep. One night along about October 20, 1872, about 12 or 1 o'clock, I had a singular visitation. There appeared to be some one in the room. It did not seem to be strange to me. I thought one of my neighbors had come to see me. He said, “You are sick in body and mind. Would you like to get well? Would you like to live?” I said, “Indeed I would.” “What do you want to live for?” I was about thirty-seven years old and the desire for life was strong. I said, “I would like to live to raise my family.” I was very poor at that time and the thought of leaving my family of helpless children on the mercies of the world was my greatest trouble. My visitor said, “Is that all you want to live for?” “No,” I said, “I would like to do some good in the world. I think I never have.” He said, “If you want to live, send for Joseph Smith and he will tell you what to do when he comes.”

BAPTIZED AND HEALTH RETURNED

I studied; what could he tell me; turned to ask the man, and he was gone. I sent



RUINS OF NAUVOO TEMPLE

This once beautiful temple finally was burned, and for a time stood in this manner, a monument to the wrath of persecuting mobs.

for Joseph Smith; he lived at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois. He came the next day, got there in the evening; administered to me, laid his hands on me, and prayed for me. The next morning, the 23d day of Oc-



H. C. KIMBALL HOUSE
IN NAUVOO

*The Saints built substantially,
evidently expecting to stay.*

tober, 1872, they loaded me on a bed, in a wagon, hauled me two miles to the creek, baptized and confirmed me a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

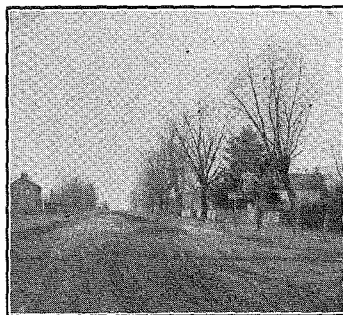
I soon got so I could get around and attend to my business. For twenty-five years I never took a dose of medicine. The fun commenced in earnest now. I was the first convert baptized in Pilot Grove Township since they had driven the Mormons out. Oh, horror! they could not stand for that! the man baptized, S. J. Salisbury, was our tax collector. He would steal all the tax money, they said. They would not let me collect them. I could not give the bond to end the matter.

About the first of December I got a letter from Joseph Smith to make arrangements for meetings December 10, 11, and 12, at nights, and he would be there to preach. When the time arrived he came and preached at the Oak Grove schoolhouse. The crowd was there in numbers so large that they could have filled two or three such houses. After he left Joseph R. Lambert continued to preach at the schoolhouse. Then John H. Lake and several others. The excitement seemed to die down. I gave the bond and collected the taxes. I did not steal any of the money. The next year was

elected again. We continued to hold meetings. Now and then some would unite with us till we got enough members to form a branch. Brother Lake preached a good deal. With others he kept the light shining.

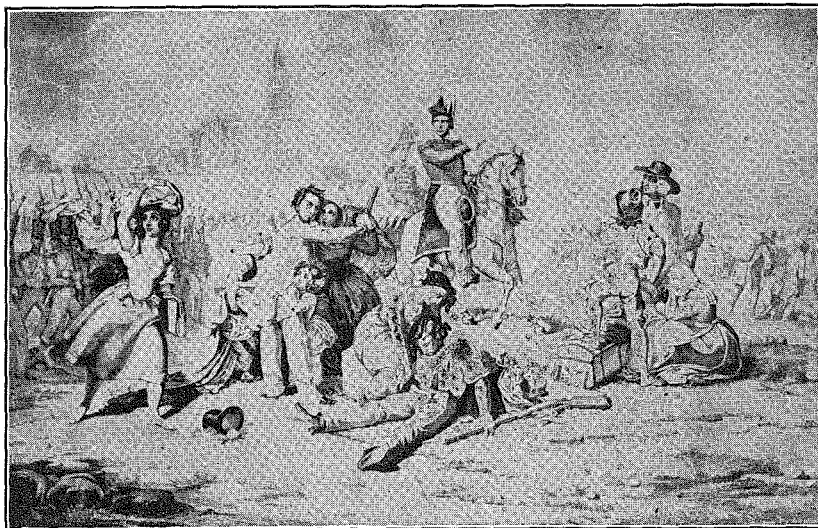
EARLY FAILURE, THEN SUCCESS AS PREACHER

About this time I was called by revelation and ordained a priest; ordained by John H. Lake, July 13, 1873. A branch was organized and I was chosen to preside. We numbered about twenty-five then. We continued to increase in number until we had a large branch called the Pilot Grove Branch of the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints. Then at a prayer meeting held one Sunday in 1874 I was called by John H. Lake, through the gift of tongues, and ordained an elder. I then commenced preaching. The fun commenced again. The first time I tried to preach was like Saint John preaching at Ænon, near Salem. Because of so much water the whole land of Judea and Jerusalem came out and were baptized of John in Jordan. The people came out to hear me, but were not baptized by me. In fact, I made a complete failure. Kept trying until I got to be a fair preacher. I have followed it for nearly fifty years. I commenced to preach anywhere I could get a



A STREET IN NAUVOO
*Nauvoo of to-day is a peaceful
village of wide streets and an air
of comfortable complacency.*

place to preach; at home a good deal. I preached at Webster, five miles southeast of where I lived. There is where I spent my boyhood days. Many of the old settlers, men and women, came to hear me, astonished to think that the wild, reckless boy



EXPULSION FROM NAUVOO

"I lived at Nauvoo the spring that Brigham Young and his followers crossed the river on the ice in February, 1846, leaving houses, lands, and household goods—robbed of all they had."

had become a preacher. Old men that had heard Uncle Joseph and Hyrum Smith preach said I preached the same gospel they did. I preached a good many times there. Preached funeral sermons by request, for members of their churches. I preached at a pleasure resort called Visnue Springs one summer, in McDonough County, Illinois. Also at a place called Hill Grove, near there, at Wade schoolhouse; a town called Tennessee; another town called Colchester; Joe Duncan schoolhouse; and with Brother Lake at Bushnell. All these places are in McDonough County, Illinois. I preached in Kewanee, in Kendall County, Illinois; I think it was the name of the county. I preached in many places in Hancock County, Illinois. I have converted and baptized a good many men and women; have blessed many little children. Administered to the sick and many were healed. Have married a good many couples. Never kept any account of my labors. I think I will get recompense in the great future, don't you? I have preached in Eagle schoolhouse, in Fountain Green Township a great many times; also preached at La Harpe, Hancock County, Illinois. I have preached at

Elvaston, Basco, and private houses and a number of schoolhouses, one whole summer. Preached funerals, helped bury the dead, and administered to the sick.

I went to Mount Sterling to preach a funeral sermon. I have baptized converts in the Mississippi River, above Hamilton. Have baptized a good many converts in the County of Hancock and State of Illinois. For a good many years I was presiding elder over the Nauvoo and String Prairie Districts of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I preached in Keokuk, Montrose, Fort Madison, Burlington, Lamoni, and up through northwestern Iowa, several times. I have seen the sick healed many times by the laying on of hands and anointing with oil. I have heard the gift of tongues interpreted, prophecies that came to pass, and every promise God made fulfilled. I have seen the signs follow the believer where the believer obeys and keeps the law God promised. Has any man a right to say not? I have found a church with apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers. I will now conclude my history. I am too old for active service, still I desire that all men

might be saved in the great future, when all humanity will be judged by this gospel: "By this they stand or fall."

(To be continued.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Appearing under the picture of Catherine Salisbury in last month's issue, was the statement that she was a charter member of the church. While she was a member of the early church, baptized in June, 1830, she was not one of the six charter members of April 6, 1830.

With What Measure Ye Mete

(Continued from page 196.)

did not work. Bert got down to examine and found that the reel was broken. In a fit of anger, unusual for Bert Hogan, he started for the farm of his borrowing neighbor. Seth, however, did not consider himself to blame for the broken machine. It was his fifteen-year-old son who had been using it, not he. Besides a stick, left in the field in the spring, had broken the reel—really if anything was to blame it was the stick, Graham had reasoned.

Bert went home dejected, but the neighborhood had been concentrating their injuries against Seth ever since. Even Si Tucker, the careful one, was objecting to rust which had accumulated on certain tools loaned to Graham.

Now these men were average fellows. They had good will toward each other as had been proven by their kindly ministrations to Hogan and others in the time of trouble. They had, however, reached the point where they did not care to be trampled upon longer.

So when Tom Richards and Ferd Stanton called at the Graham home that circus morning and found the family sleeping, they rolled the car out carefully so as not to disturb their neighbor and asked no more permission than he had begged of them so many times. The assembling of the eight of them was accomplished beyond the curve without undue attention and by five o'clock the men were off, arriving in Redding in time to watch the unloading of the circus trains.

Seth himself walked with elastic step about his chores the morning of that cir-

cus day. This was the time he was to move out in grandeur, the envy of his neighbors. Imagine, then, his surprise, when arrayed in his best, as was also his family, who had nodded and waved at the gay, whizzing neighbors on their way for the holiday, he pushed back the carriage house door and gazed into an empty building. It was gone! Gone! He stared with unbelieving eyes. His family, too, ran in dismay to see for themselves the emptiness. They stooped down and examined the driveway. There were the tracks where it had gone. All the way out to the highway they could trace it. Thieves! Thieves! Such a thing had been unheard of before in Prairie View community.

The passing neighbors on the highway paused to question and sympathize. Out of their generous hearts they moved over the lunches and took the babies on their laps and made room for a Graham or two, until all the family except Seth himself found means of transportation to the wonderful circus. He had not the heart to go. Too many hundreds of dollars were tied up in that machine. He would trace it to its destination if it took the rest of his lifetime.

Phone calls about the neighborhood brought no response, for the community was forsaken. Even a call for the sheriff brought no result, for even he had hied himself off to the circus. Fuming, fretting, raging, Seth rode his pony into a near-by village and now home again, but the day brought not the least clew whatever. At two o'clock he set about to scramble himself some eggs for a lunch, pushed back the unwashed dishes of an unkempt breakfast table, and fed himself. The day was anything but happy. His car! His new car! All his savings of the last three years gone! Why, he might better have purchased some implements for the farm or a team, or some of the things his wife had been wanting for so long! But he must not let himself think he had been extravagant. God wants those who serve him to have the best of the things of this life. Seth was sure of that.

Four o'clock. Five o'clock. Oh, but the day was long! Five-thirty! The neighbors should begin to return now. Ah, yes, there was the telephone breaking the silence. Some one was at home in some farmhouse.

Old Nauvoo Days Recalled

The Faith as Delivered to the Latter Day Saints

By SOLOMON J. SALISBURY

I WILL tell you why the Mormons became so unpopular. When Joseph Smith asked in his prayer, "Which one of the churches shall I join," the messenger said, "Join none of them, for their creeds are all an abomination in my sight." That set all the ministers against him. Then they began to howl and are howling yet. It's the truth that hurts. Now and then I read where one of them is called from one church to another. They let on that the Lord called them. I noticed that more money called them.

I believe that when Joseph Smith objected to a hireling ministry and said they should preach without salaries it raised another howl. Their craft was in danger. He said they had no authority to preach anyway.

The Mormons were driven from Ohio because they were eastern people and what few settlers were along the lakes were hunters and trappers. They did not like the religion of the Mormons, nor the Mormons, and they made it necessary to emigrate. They left their houses and temple and real estate worth thousands of dollars, for which they never received any compensation—the first robbery.

Then they went to Missouri, entered land and built houses and towns, spending thousands of dollars. They were robbed of all these, losing all they had again—second robbery.

They then came to Illinois. Bought land at Webster. Built houses. They were driven out of there, losing all they had, land, houses, and goods, everything they had except what they could carry on their backs—third robbery.

Settled in Plymouth and driven out of there, losing all they had—fourth robbery.

REMEMBERS SMITH ASSASSINATION

I lived at Plymouth when the Smiths were killed, June 27, 1844. I was nine years old, and can well remember what went on. My father had fled to save his life. A

man with a two-horse buggy came for mother. There were five of us children and mother left us with a neighbor named Husbands. That family was composed of the father, mother, two girls, and a boy, whose ages ranged from 16 to 21.

Sometime in the night, they packed what clothing they could carry on their backs and left on foot for Nauvoo, leaving house, land and furniture. Like the rest of us, lost all they had.

The greatest robbery took place at Nauvoo. The church bought the land and builded a city and temple that cost several million dollars.

Now I want to examine some of the stories told about the Mormons that caused their expulsion from the county. One I have often heard was concerning the robbery of the Gentiles. They said the Prophet would have a revelation that a certain man had a herd of cattle, that the Lord needed them, and then some of the Mormons would go and demand them. If the owner was not willing to give up his cattle the Mormons took them anyway. Now I lived in Plymouth from my third to my ninth year.

Every year at holidays, Joseph Smith sent for mother and the children to spend the holidays at Nauvoo. And mother and the children crossed the prairie every year from 1839 to 1843 from Plymouth to Carthage, thence to Nauvoo. There was not a farm nor a house, nor did any human live between these towns. I also crossed the prairie many times between Webster and Nauvoo. Again in 1847 and 1848 there was not a farm nor house from the timber at Crooked Creek to Nauvoo. Now then tell me where they got the cattle that the Prophet sent them after. There was not a cow nor steer on the prairie from Plymouth to Carthage nor from Crooked Creek to Nauvoo. There was not one that I ever saw.

Now let me tell you what expelled the Mormons from the county—religion and



OLD NAUVOO

From a painting by David H. Smith. The view is from below the city. The unfinished building in the center is the Nauvoo House. Since the dam has been constructed at Keokuk, the water has a higher level here.

politics—so-called Christians and political demagogues.

I lived at Nauvoo the spring that Brigham Young and his followers crossed the river on the ice in February, 1846, leaving houses, lands, and household goods—robbed of all they had. Talk about their robbing the Gentiles! They never recovered anything left behind that I ever heard of.

SLAVERY THE MISSOURI ISSUE

Now I want to examine the Spalding story. That story is to the effect that Sidney Rigdon, who had one time worked in a printing office, stole the Spalding manuscript, that he and Joseph Smith took this manuscript and brought forth the Book of Mormon. In Mather's Making of Illinois, page 165 will be found a denial of this story for upon comparison of the Spalding manuscript and the Book of Mormon, that theory had to be abandoned. The Spalding manuscript is in possession of the Oberlin Ohio College. Anyone can readily compare the two.

The main reason for the expulsion of the Mormons from Missouri was their meddling with slavery. The church members were from the east and opposed slavery. They were admonished by the leaders not to meddle with slavery, but they did and the trouble commenced. At that time there was little respect for law, and Boggs was

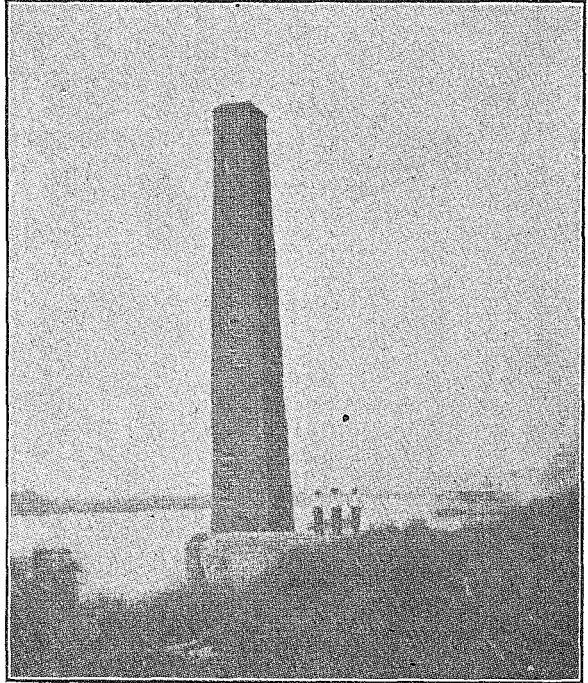


CARTHAGE JAIL: WHERE THE MARTYRS WERE SHOT

"I lived at Plymouth when the Smiths were killed, June 27, 1844. I was nine years old. Can well remember what went on."

governor, and he declared they should go or he would kill every one of them, and go we did out of the State in 1838, and jumped into the fire by coming to Illinois. The killing of the Smiths seemed to enrage the mob worse, and we were all expelled from the State.

The killing of one Worrell by the Mormons has been mentioned in reviews of this history. Beckenstos had been elected sheriff of Hancock County. He was not a member of the church, but was elected by the Mormon vote. Hence there was considerable resistance to his authority. If I remember rightly, Worrell was at that time captain of the Carthage Greys, a military company. The sheriff had gone to Warsaw to serve some papers when some difficulty arose between Worrell and the sheriff, and Worrell undertook to arrest the sheriff. The sheriff, being in a two-horse buggy, refused to be arrested by the captain and fled a few miles out of Warsaw. The Carthage-Nauvoo road forked where it struck the prairie. The sheriff had placed a deputy in the prairie grass at this point. The captain and his posse were crowding the sheriff. When the sheriff got to where his man was concealed, he turned and commanded the captain



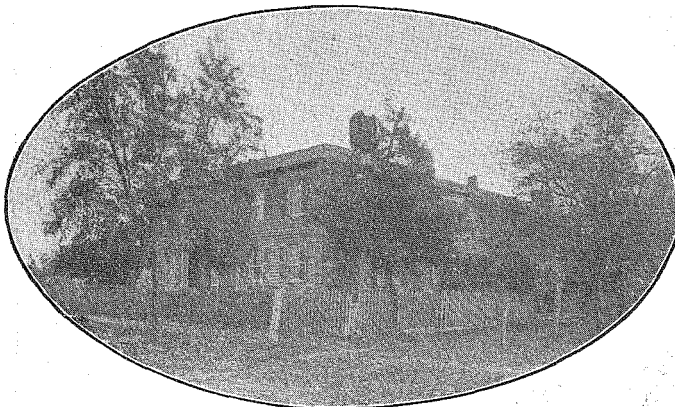
OLD CHIMNEY NEAR NAUVOO

to halt. Worrell was in advance of his men. He did not halt, the sheriff ordered his deputy to shoot, and Worrell fell dead from his horse before his men came up. Nothing was ever done with the sheriff that I ever heard of. Beckenstos afterward went to

Texas and died there. He never belonged to the church. I have heard the man's name who killed Worrell and have seen him many times. I have written this from hearsay, but have heard it talked about many times.

NO VICTIMS FOUND TO JUSTIFY TALES

There is one more story I would like to refer to. That is in regard to the trial of the supposed murderers of the Smiths. A goodly number were indicted by the grand jury



OLD MANSION HOUSE

The place in Nauvoo where the Martyrs lay in state following the Carthage tragedy.

and a few of them tried. What a farce! I have no doubt the jury was composed of men who helped to kill the Smiths.

It was said they could not get a Mormon from Nauvoo to try him for any crime. What, my readers, do you think would have been his chances for life or property? Some of them had had experience and a trial of such justice and for their own safety thereafter refused to give themselves up. There are very few living who know the conditions of those times. There was no protection for a Mormon in this county.

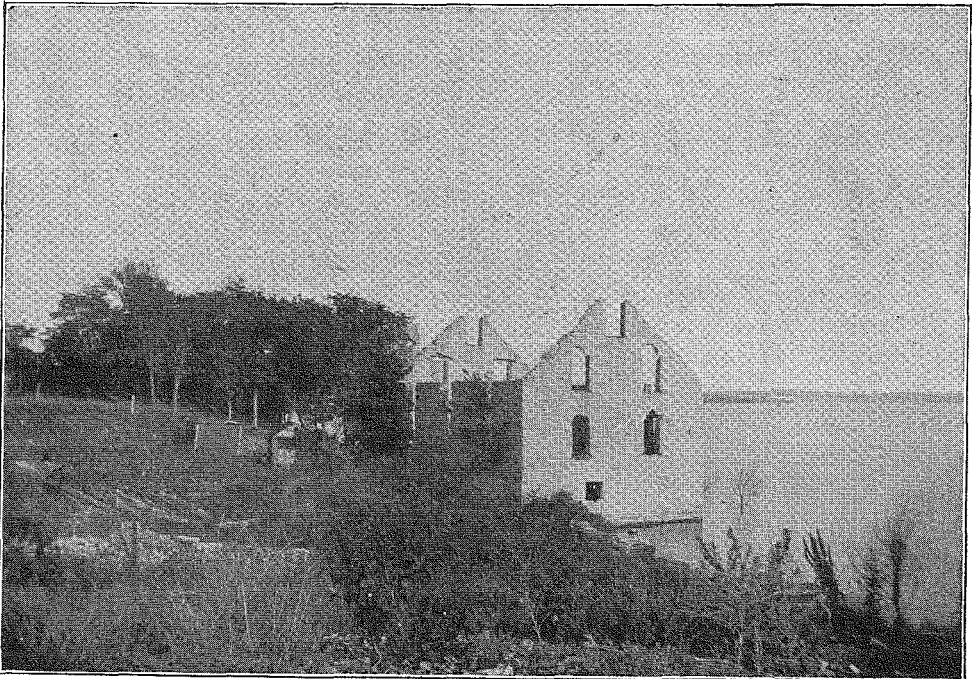
We have been told that before the Mormons had been driven out of Nauvoo there were terrible times of whippings, murder, robbing, and raping of women. I lived right there. I knew none of it. I wish some of these historians would name some of the victims. They can't—there weren't any.

What is their object to slander these innocent people? Wherever an elder of the church of the Latter Day Saints goes he has to answer these charges. He can't, because he was not born when it occurred. I was

living right there when these things were supposed to have happened. What delicious morsels these stories are to those dear Christians who rejoice to think we will all go to hades because we claim to be the only true Church of Jesus Christ, the power of God unto salvation.

FIFTY YEARS A PREACHER

Every fair-minded man or woman will say that the cause of our abuse was priestcraft and politics. For over eighty years I have had to stand the abuse and slander. Fifty years of this time, the best years of my life, I tried to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ without recompense, never received a cent of pay in all my fifty years of service, only been abused, damned, and slandered. I have baptized a good many converts, preached many funeral sermons for different church members. I have preached in Hancock, McDonough counties, and in Iowa, and built up a congregation of 95 at Pilot Grove. I have written this from memory and in a spirit of kindness.



OLD MILL, NAUVOO, ILLINOIS