

**NAUVOO REMEMBERED:  
HELEN MAR WHITNEY REMINISCENCES  
(PART TWO)  
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Helen Mar Whitney was an ordinary woman who lived in an extraordinary period of time. Her parents, Heber C. Kimball and Vilate Murray Kimball, were early converts to Mormonism. Later, Heber C. Kimball was called as a member of the original Quorum of Twelve Apostles in the LDS Church in 1835.

When the Latter-day Saints were expelled from their Missouri settlements in 1838-1839, they found political asylum in Iowa and Illinois. Following Joseph Smith's escape from imprisonment in Missouri, he established a new gathering place of the Saints in Hancock County. The principle settlement, Nauvoo, was built on the banks of the Mississippi River.

Between 1839 and 1846, Nauvoo grew tremendously, as Mormons from Great Britain, Canada, and the United States gathered together to build a "Temple City."

The story of Nauvoo has been told through the lenses of political, intellectual, and institutional histories. Recently, however, there has been an increased interest in women's studies and what historians call "social" history. This interest in ordinary people is facilitated by the written documents from Nauvoo preserved in diaries, letters, and reminiscences.

Helen Mar Whitney's reminiscences add to our understanding and appreciation of Old Mormon Nauvoo. She published her story in a series of articles printed in Salt Lake City beginning in 1880. She continued her reminiscence by telling several stories about family life without her father, Heber C. Kimball. He had left Nauvoo, with several other Church Apostles, for a mission to England in 1839.<sup>1</sup>

The following amusing incident happened the winter that Sister Pratt was living with us. One Saturday evening she left a plate of large sweet cakes, or buns, upon her table by the

cupboard when she retired, and in the morning the plate being found empty caused quite an excitement; we thought maybe they had been taken to pa or some of his brethren, who might be in want, as in Elijah's case; but Sister Pratt, being more practical than religious, thought it more probable that they had been stolen by a rat than taken by a raven, and so made a search by having one of the planks of the floor taken up, and sure enough there we discovered the buns stowed away one upon the other, as neatly as if done by human hands.

The next fall, Sister Pratt having been provided with a house, Sisters Laura and Abigail Pitkin came to live with us, and remained until their house was built. They were among the Saints who were driven from Jackson Co., Missouri, and passed through all the trials in Far West, and were driven out of that State into Illinois. They supported themselves by working at the tailor's trade. Were natives of New England; and like many of the Saints they had sacrificed wealth and worldly honors for the pure Gospel of Christ. They had been carefully trained and educated in all that was necessary to make them good and useful citizens. When they obeyed the Gospel they had a supply of linen of their own spinning and weaving, for bedding, wearing apparel, etc., sufficient to last them their lifetime; some of it was of the finest texture that could be woven in the loom. When Aunt Laura, as we called her, died she had a few articles left, which were sent by her request to her brother's children living north of this city.

They were living in Quincy when my father started upon his mission, and being prostrated with chills and fever he staid most of the time while there at their house, and they bestowed

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every possible kindness upon him and his brethren. They were always doing good and trying to stimulate others to faithfulness and good works; were refined, gentle and affable to every one, as well as dauntless and unflinching in the cause of truth. They were also among the aged and infirm who were driven by brute force across the Mississippi river into Iowa. Sister Abigail had been an invalid for years, and she sank under all her accumulated sufferings, and was buried on the west side of the Mississippi. I remember the kind teachings and exhortations which I received from them in the midst of our trials and privations, they appeared cheerful even in their afflictions, and would talk upon the bright side; they taught me the principles of patience and forbearance---virtues which I was rather deficient in---and also to exercise faith in God. Their sympathies were often exercised in my behalf---being blessed with an elder brother whose happiness seemed never so complete as when tormenting his only sister, patience and forbearance were frequently put to the test; but if he thought any one else was trying to impose upon her, he was ready to fight. Although father had left us so sick and in poor circumstances, we had seldom been under the necessity of calling upon the Bishop; the second year we were in need of some assistance---winter was on us and I being shoeless, Aunt Laura asked me if I had not better go to the Lord and make Him acquainted with our condition, and she felt sure that He would move upon the heart of Bishop Vinson Knight, and I would get some new shoes. I heeded her counsel, and in a few days accompanied my mother and William to see the Bishop, who was living in Upper Commerce, where the storehouse of the Lord was kept. We found him remarkably kind, and our wants were all supplied; he was sometimes rather gruff in his manners, being harassed by his many cares and had considerable to try his patience. In a few years from that time the two sisters became members of our family, and Aunt Laura, who came with us to this valley, often reminded me of this circumstance, particularly if she saw me troubled in temporal matters, she would ask if I had lost my faith in prayer.<sup>2</sup>

Helen Mar Whitney continued her story in the 1 August 1881 issue of the *Women's Exponent*.

The second winter after my father left us we were once more in the enjoyment of health. William and I attended school taught in a room belonging to Brother Winchester by Justin Johnson brother to Mrs. Marinda Hyde, who was living in our neighborhood. The next summer William went to live with an old friend, Dr. F. G. Williams, in Upper Commerce and by this means was able to clothe himself and help mother. While living there a circus came through and he knowing that I had never seen one came up to take me with him, but found me very sick, as I had been again attacked with chills and fever and was so delirious that I knew nothing about his coming. I mention this circumstance to show how long a time we were afflicted with this disease, after a short recovery we would be again taken with a relapse. Those who were strong enough wore it out in time, but many died because they were previously worn out and had not sufficient vitality to battle with this and other diseases brought on by suffering and privation and they died martyrs to the truth.

In the mean time the Apostles were performing a mighty work in Europe and many of the Saints had come to Zion with songs of rejoicing bringing welcome messages from the absent ones, as well as many little gifts presented them by the Saints in England. This seemed to lessen the distance between us and to make the weeks and months pass more swiftly and our bodily afflictions were less tedious to bear. Brother William Clayton and his wife's family, the Moons, were among them and also Thomas Walmsley and wife and many more who came over were among my father's first converts. They had powerful testimonies to bear, one of them I will mention.

When my father first visited Mr. Walmsley he found his wife sick of consumption, and had been for several years and was reduced to a mere skeleton; and was given up to die, by the doctors. My father after preaching the Gospel to her, promised her in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ if she would believe, repent and be baptized, she should be healed. She was carried to the water and after her baptism she began to mend, and at her confirmation she was blest, and her disease rebuked, when she immediately

recovered and in less than one week she was attending to her household duties. I have heard her bear testimony to this miracle many times. They are now living in Bear Lake Valley, Oneida Co., Idaho. When they came to Nauvoo they found us sick and they administered to our comfort. Among those who came over were "well to do" people, and they had assisted some of the poor Saints to Zion. The majority of them were of the poor and meek of the earth, but none the less to show their love they desired to give some little token, if it was but a toy, and would insist upon the brethren taking them to the children. All who knew my father, heard him speak of his little girl and many and various were the things sent me, numerous handkerchiefs were among them, which generally had Queen Vic., as she was commonly called, and Prince Albert printed on them; her Majesty having lately been crowned Queen of Great Britain.

I also received a variety of pretty little china dishes and a box of wooden ones as well as china dolls; but during the time my father was absent his little girl had grown to be a large one and by her seniors was considered entirely too old to play with them and pride forbade that I should do what they thought improper so I gave many away retaining only the useful and those suitable for ornaments, but after I had laid aside my own dolls, etc., and childish enjoyments I remember the pleasure I took in making and dressing them for others younger than myself. I sometimes think it a mistaken idea in American mothers to want their daughters to become sedate and womanly before they have fairly reached their teens. We can never be young but once in this life and I like children to enjoy themselves while they can for they will grow old soon enough.

I will mention a little incident that happened the summer previous to my father's return. The Prophet and two or three brethren had called at our house to hear a letter read from father, and when they rose to leave, Joseph, who stood by the bureau, where a couple of china dolls were standing upon two large salt cellars, which had also been sent from England to my mother, while he was talking took one up to look at; but in replacing it sat it upon one side, when it fell,

breaking the head off; he merely remarked: "As that has fallen, so shall the heathen gods fall." I stood there a silent observer, unable to understand or appreciate the prophetic words, but thought them a rather weak apology for breaking my doll's head off. My mother afterwards mended it, and though like most of us it shows signs of age, and that it has passed through many ordeals, yet I have kept it, with two or three other little tokens which I received from England, and they serve as reminders of scenes "some forty years ago."

My brother William and I received each a beautifully bound Book of Mormon from Uncle Brigham Young, with our names printed upon the back in gilt letters, and father sent the same to Brigham Young's daughters, Elizabeth and Vilate. I have read mine through by course more times than any book I ever saw, and each time it has proved more interesting; I was never more deeply fascinated by a novel than I have been with the Book of Mormon. There is but one fault which I find with it--the print is so fine that many times I have been forced to stop reading it; and this, I believe, prevents many from reading it who otherwise would, as some who are not of our faith but are friendly to this people, have mentioned this to me, and said it was the only reason why they did not read it. This I think is a great pity.

The following historical items are interesting and ought to be known by our sons and daughters, and by the world, who think we are a low, ignorant, degraded people, because our enemies say we are, forsooth. "The charter for the city of Nauvoo, including charters for the Nauvoo Legion and the University of the city of Nauvoo, was signed by Governor Thomas Carlin on the 16th of December, 1840, and took effect from the 1st of February. \* \* \* The 24th section empowered the City Council to establish within the limits of the city an institution for the teaching of the arts, sciences, and learned professions, to be called the 'University of the City of Nauvoo.' The 25th invested it with power to organize the inhabitants of the city, subject to military duty, into a body of independent military men, to be called the 'Nauvoo Legion.' The Legion was to perform the same amount of

military duty as was then or thereafter might be, required of the regular militia of the State, and was at the disposal of the Mayor in executing the laws and ordinances of the city corporation, and the laws of the State and of the United States, and was entitled to its proportion of the public arms. The Legion was exempt from all other military duty." This act was considered a very liberal one, and the Prophet said: "I concocted it for the salvation of the Church, and on principles so broad that every honest man might dwell secure under its protective influence, without distinction of sect or party." After laying this foundation for the gathering of the Saints, the First Presidency and the Twelve Apostles exhorted those who had capital to establish manufactories in the city, that employment might be given to the poor and the laboring classes as they arrived; and the Prophet, with Sidney Rigdon and Hyrum Smith, issued a proclamation inviting the wealthy to remove to Nauvoo and neighborhood, and establish and build up manufactories and to purchase and cultivate farms, that a permanent inheritance might be secured and the way prepared for the poor Saints who were desirous of gathering to Zion. An early ordinance passed by the corporation provided that "all religious sects and denominations should have free toleration and equal privileges within the city, and that any person ridiculing or abusing another on account of his religious belief should on conviction thereof before the Mayor or Municipal Court, be fined in any sum not exceeding \$500, or imprisoned not exceeding six months.

On the 3d of February ordinances were passed organizing the Nauvoo Legion and the University," and one was passed regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors, with a view to prevent the introduction of drunkenness into the city. "On the 10th of March the State Legislature passed 'An act to incorporate the Nauvoo Agricultural and Manufacturing Association in the county of Hancock.'

Those who say that the "Mormons" came out from civilization of their own accord and desire, to indulge in wickedness, idleness and degradation, should read and try to understand the truth concerning us. We never thought of withdraw-

ing from the world until they compelled us to. We never desired to leave our homes and the graves of our loved ones to seek a desolate, barren and secluded spot like this. No; we desired to dwell in peace with the world and to benefit all mankind. But they would not let us live with them and enjoy the same liberty and rights which they were permitted to enjoy with us in our beautiful city; but we were driven away from them in a free country, and we endured suffering from fatigue, cold and hunger, and passed through heartrending scenes which no pen can describe, to seek a resting place beyond the Rocky Mountains upon Mexican soil, because we loved our religion more than we did our homes or our lives. We have proved how we loved it and our husbands and children, and would to God that every good man and woman could see the door which is open for their deliverance, more especially the "downtrodden women" of the world. Now we are blessed with homes of our own and an abundance of God's mercies, we invite our good sisters to come here and to put aside prejudice and open their eyes and ears and understand that the women of this Church "are the true Sisters of Charity," for they have no desire but to benefit the human family, although the course which is taken towards us is calculated to tear open the old wounds, reminding us of the bitter wrongs which have never been redressed; but we know what a cup of bitterness awaits those who have persecuted and slain the innocent, and the worst feeling I cherish towards any one of them is pity, because "they know not what they do."<sup>3</sup>

Helen Mar Whitney often quoted from her father's journal and from family letters. In this way, she not only preserved her own story of the events from her youth in Nauvoo, but preserved important documents from the period. In the 15 August 1881 issue of the *Women's Exponent*, she begins by quoting from a letter her mother wrote in 1841. These letters act as a window into the daily life of the people who settled in Nauvoo.

Lately in looking over some of my old letters I found one written by my mother to her stepmother who previous to marrying my Grandpa, we had learned to call by the endearing name of Aunt Fanny. She was then living in the Town of Winchester Scott Co. Ill. She had got this far on

her journey from Kirtland to Missouri when she heard of the Saints being driven out. Grandpa left her there to go back in company with my father to pay a visit to his children in the state of New York where he died soon after. The letter contains items that may prove interesting to some of the old time Saints particularly so to Bro. Evan Greene and his wife Susan whom she speaks of; his mother as well as Aunt Fanny were sisters to President Brigham Young. It was a daughter of Bro. Evan Greene's who first edited our WOMAN'S EXPONENT. This letter is dated "Nauvoo Feb. 16th, 1841. "Dear Mother,---I am glad to hear from you once more that you are yet alive and as comfortable as what you are. We had anticipated much pleasure in having a visit from you this winter but in this have been disappointed. I still hope that you will come the first opportunity. I have spent this day at Bro. John P. Greene's; his children were all at home and I had a good visit with them; but there is a vacancy there, that never can be filled. I have not been there before, since the day that dear Sister Greene was buried. I regretted that you could not have come before she died, it would have been such a satisfaction to her and you too, but do not cast any reflections upon yourself about it for I'm sure that you would have come had it been in your power. Sister Greene and I had many a good visit together since we came to Commerce; although her health was so poor, yet I would sit down by her bedside and we would take sweet counsel together. We often wished that you were here with us. She has now gone to rest and we have nothing to regret but the loss of her society which is very great. She had everything for her comfort that she could have had, if Brother Greene had been worth thousands and you know he is one of the best nurses in the world. Her children were all as kind as they could be, especially Rhoda; she merits praise from every beholder. I never saw such unceasing care and tenderness as she manifested for her mother during her whole sickness.

I shall not be particular to write all the news as Evan and Susan can tell you more than I can write. \* \* \* I have not had any news from Victor since receiving those letters which I shall forward to you by Evan. I have perused them with great satisfaction and feel perfectly recon-

ciled and thankful that father was there instead of here---If he had died here, perhaps the children would have cast reflections upon us for fetching him to this sickly country; so I feel that it is all for the best. As for myself and family we enjoy comfortable health this winter. I received a letter from Heber last week bearing date of Dec. 12th, he and Brigham and the rest of the brethren were usually well, with the exception of George A. Smith, his lungs are so affected that he raises blood; he is not able to preach. The work is still rolling forth in mighty power and persecution increasing as the work advances. Heber says if things continue as they have for a short time past, they shall be driven from the land---Joseph has been afraid of it by the spirit and has written for them to come home in the spring. He says they will make their escape and that is all.

I have many anxious feelings about them but try to commit them into the hands of the Lord and look forward with anticipation to the time when we shall meet and rejoice together. We have many things to cheer and gladden our hearts while sojourning in this vale of tears. The Lord is again revealing his will to the Church through his servant Joseph; there has been a very lengthy revelation given of late concerning the building up of this place; also concerning all the different Quorums in the Church. The Lord says there has been a day of calling and now cometh a day of choosing---I understand that the revelation is to be read at the April Conference. I hope that you will be here. I must now close as I have promised Helen one page to write you.

Yours affectionately, Vilate Kimball.

On the 6th of April 1841 the corner-stones of the Nauvoo Temple were laid which I had the privilege of witnessing,---it was a day the Saints had anxiously looked for and was ushered in by peals of artillery calling together the Nauvoo Legion consisting of fourteen companies and two volunteer companies of militia from Iowa. The military were first reviewed by Lieutenant General Joseph Smith then the procession was formed, and marched to the Temple grounds in the following order, which I copy. Lieut. General Smith, Brig. Generals Law and Smith, aides-

de-camp and conspicuous strangers, general staff; 2nd, Cohort (infantry) ladies eight abreast, gentlemen eight abreast, 1st Cohort (cavalry.)

The oration was delivered by President Rigdon. The S. E., corner was laid by the First Presidency; the S. W., by President Don C. Smith and his Counselors of the High Priest Quorum; the N. W., by the High Council representing the Twelve Apostles who were in Great Britain; and the N. E. corner by the Bishops. The vast assembly then separated, the whole having passed off in harmony and no contention or discord having appeared." A great many strangers from other parts were present on this occasion and all lost sight of their prejudices and entered into the enjoyment of it with the Saints.

On the 1st day of July my father with President Young and Brother John Taylor arrived home from their mission; the families of the latter who were left in Montrose sick, were then living in Nauvoo on the Flat enjoying a more comfortable degree of health. My brother, who was still living at the landing was the first to meet and embrace my father. The Prophet and many more were there ready to greet and welcome them home again, Joseph would have them go home with him to dinner and William hastened home to tell us the same; we thought this almost an unkindness for it seemed so long a time to us who were waiting and watching with impatience to see him but soon we discovered a company of horsemen coming with all speed and when my mother saw them she made a hasty retreat behind the door to hide her confusion, where in a moment after father found her overwhelmed in tears. Joseph it seemed had ordered several horses to be saddled while they were eating and by the time dinner was served, which was a hasty one, the horses were at the door and he with Brother Hyrum and three or four brethren accompanied my father home. My mother felt the presence of others at such a time almost an intrusion but Brother Joseph seemed unwilling to part with my father; and from that time kept the Twelve in Council early and late, and she sometimes felt nearly jealous of him but never dreamed that he was during those times revealing to them the principles of Celestial

Marriage and that her trials and sacrifices which she had flattered herself were nearly over, had scarcely begun, and they little realized the meaning of his words when he said "he was rolling off the kingdom from his own shoulders on to the shoulders of the Twelve.

A few days after their return to Nauvoo the Prophet's Brother Don Carlos Smith died, and being an officer in the Legion as well as a Free Mason he was buried with Masonic and Military rites. Those of the Masonic fraternity marched next to the family to the grave which was in a little grove at the foot of the hill south west of the Temple. My mother's baby being too sick for her to leave I went in her stead and marched with my father in the Masonic procession; and may I be pardoned for saying it, but when he gave me his arm as we started from home that Sabbath morn I felt justly proud of the honor of walking with so fine a looking gentleman as was my father and not only that, but knowing that his constant humility and faithfulness to his duty, had won for him the love and confidence of the Prophet and all who knew him. Besides the sorrowing family of Bro. Don Carlos he had a host of sincere mourners and I felt deeply impressed by the grand and imposing ceremonies that I witnessed that day. The Legion and a large procession of citizens formed near the Temple, and as they marched in slow and solemn order to the house of the dead the Martial Band with muffled drum beat to the notes of a dead march.

The following from Sister E. R. Snow's Poem describes the scene.

I gazed upon the grand procession, till  
It disappear'd amid the dwellings which  
Stand thickly cluster'd near the river's edge.  
I listened! all was still the music notes  
No longer sounded on the pensive breeze:  
But hark! the notes awaken'd, and I saw  
The mighty host returning with the same  
Slow, melancholy tread! A hearse was borne  
Along with solemn yet bold martial pomp,  
That plainly signified a MIGHTY ONE.  
One of no ordinary rank, had fallen!

\* \* \* \* \*

In nature's temple with no other wall  
Than the horizon, and no other arch

Than the broad canopy of heaven; shaded  
 With clust'ring boughs whose foliage waves  
 around,  
 Is rais'd an alter to the living God.  
 There the procession march'd; it halted there.  
 And in the front of weeping relatives,  
 The hearse of him was plac'd who there in life  
 Had been a fervent constant worshiper.

His arms and armor on his coffin lay,  
 And other swords than his lay crossing there,  
 His brother officers, who form'd with him  
 The noblest military staff our fair  
 Columbia has to boast, were seated by,  
 In shining armor clad.

In the morning I remember that the sky had  
 looked somewhat threatening but it cleared away  
 until near the close of the service, dark clouds  
 began to gather over the city and as the proces-  
 sion was again forming to follow his remains to  
 their last resting place, the rain fell in torrents  
 but this did not prevent us from standing by his  
 grave while his brethren, one by one, deposited  
 therein a green bough, as a last tribute of respect  
 to one, whose life had been free from blemish,  
 and whom Zion deeply mourned.<sup>4</sup>

As missionaries returned to Nauvoo, especially  
 the Twelve from their long trip to England, they found  
 a thriving city being built. The growing Mormon gathering  
 place attracted visitors, including politicians, religious  
 leaders and the curious. Mormons had been making front  
 page news for sometime. Joseph Smith, the Latter-day  
 Saints, and Nauvoo continued to peak the interest of the  
 American population as evident from the newspaper story  
 Helen Mar Whitney's quotes in this installment of her  
 recollections of Nauvoo.

A great change had been wrought during the  
 time that the Twelve had been absent from  
 Nauvoo---My father writing from there in July  
 1841 described the appearance of the city at that  
 time---He says, "You know there were not more  
 than thirty buildings in the city when we left  
 about two years ago; but at this time there are  
 about 1200, and hundreds of others in progress,  
 which will be finished soon. On Friday last  
 seventy Saints came to Nauvoo, led by Lorenzo  
 Barnes, from Chester County, Pennsylvania, in  
 wagons, living by the way. On the next day a

company came in wagons, from Canada, all in  
 good spirits, and in two or three days after, they  
 all obtained places to live in. They are coming  
 in from all parts of the vast continent daily and  
 hourly, and the work is spreading in all of this  
 land and calls for preaching in all parts. You  
 will recollect when we built our houses in the  
 woods there was not a house within a half a mile  
 of us, now the place, wild as it was at that time,  
 is converted into a thickly populated village.

The following account which was printed in  
 a St. Louis paper will show the thriving condi-  
 tion of the city in 1842. "The population of  
 Nauvoo is between 8000 and 9000, and of course  
 the largest town in the State of Illinois. How  
 long the Latter-day Saints will hold together  
 and exhibit their present aspect it is not for us to  
 say. At this moment they present the appear-  
 ance of an enterprising, industrious, sober and  
 thrifty population, such a population indeed, as  
 in the respects just mentioned, have no rivals  
 east, and we rather guess not even west of the  
 Mississippi." Before the close of 1842 the popu-  
 lation numbered about 15,000 and scarcely three  
 years had elapsed since the Saints came there so  
 nearly destitute of every worldly thing, and by  
 their industry in spite of sickness and the many  
 obstacles which they had to contend with, they  
 had accomplished more than any other commu-  
 nity had done in the same amount of time, but  
 notwithstanding all these signs of industry, tem-  
 perance and virtue the same spirit of jealousy  
 and persecution which had been manifested to-  
 wards them in Ohio, and Missouri was imbibed  
 by a portion of the people of Illinois, and many  
 false reports were circulated by them to injure  
 the Saints, but often they had the opposite effect  
 and enlisted the sympathies of many honorable  
 people, and occasionally persons who visited  
 our city would be so agreeably surprised that  
 they would publish accounts which contradicted  
 the false reports. The following one which was  
 written by a Methodist Minister who visited  
 Nauvoo in the Spring of 1843 gives such a fair  
 description of our city and people as they were,  
 that I would like to see it reprinted for the  
 benefit of those who listen to all the rumors that  
 are started about the "Mormons" and believe  
 that they have sunk so much lower in the mire of  
 corruption, since coming to Utah---He says---

"At length the city burst upon my sight and how sadly was I disappointed; instead of seeing a few miserable log cabins and mud houses which I expected to find, I was surprised to see one of the most romantic places that I had visited in the west. The buildings, though many of them were small and of wood, yet bore the marks of neatness, which I have not seen equalled in this country. The far spread plain at the bottom of the hill was dotted over with the habitations of men with such majestic profusion, that I was almost willing to believe myself mistaken; and instead of being in Nauvoo, of Illinois, among Mormons that I was in Italy at the city of Leghorn (which the location of Nauvoo resembles very much), and among eccentric Italians. I gazed for some time with fond admiration upon the plains below. Here and there arose a tall majestic brick house, speaking loudly of the genius, and untiring labors of the inhabitants, who have snatched the place from the clutches of obscurity, and wrested it from the bonds of disease; and in two or three short years rescued it from a dreary waste to transform it into one of the first cities of the west. The hill upon which I stood was covered over with the dwellings of men, and amid them was seen to rise the hewn stone and already accomplished work of the temple, which is now raised 15 or 20 ft. above the level of the ground. The few trees that were permitted to stand were now in full foliage, and were scattered with a sort of fantastic irregularity over the slope of the hill." This grove that he mentioned was where the Saints met upon the Sabbath day to worship or to hold their public meetings. He continues---"I passed on into the more active parts of the city, looking into every street and lane to observe all that was passing. I found all the people engaged in some useful and healthy employment. The place was alive with business, much more so than any place I have visited since the hard times commenced. I sought in vain for anything that bore the mark of immorality; but was both astonished and highly pleased at my ill success. I could see no loungers about the streets, nor any drunkards, about the taverns. I did not meet with those distorted features of ruffians, or with the ill-bred or impudent, I heard not an oath in the place, I saw not a gloomy countenance; all were peaceful, polite, and industrious. I conversed with many leading

men, and found them social and well-informed, hospitable and generous. I saw nothing but order and regulation in the society. Where then, I exclaimed, is all this startling proof of the utter profligacy of Nauvoo? Where in the name of God, is the immorality charged upon the citizens of it; and what dreadful out-breaking crimes have given men the license to depreciate this place as much as they do? Where is the gang of marauders, horse thieves and ruffians, the drunkards and vicious men of Nauvoo? Where are the horrid forms of human beings distorted with hellish rage and maddened ire? Where are the dark and diabolical superstitions? Where are those specimens of credulity and ignorance? Where are those damning doctrines of demons? Where in fine is this slough, this sink of iniquity of which I have heard so much? Surely not in Nauvoo! They must have got the wrong place, or willfully lied about it. I could but blush with disappointed shame for my friends who had so misinformed me, and very soon made up my mind, like the Queen of Sheba, not to believe any reports of enemies but to always like her, go and see for myself." Here is the testimony of another gentile who saw it at that time. In a letter he says, "Look and see what they have done at Nauvoo, during the comparative short time they have been there. If they are enabled to proceed as they have commenced their town ere long will become a mighty city. I do not believe there is another people in existence who could have made such improvement in the same length of time under the same circumstances."

I wish there were more honorable men, who when they come among us could see one side as well as the other, and had sufficient moral courage when they go away to publish the hear. I do wish the Elders would stop it and take a mild course, and preach the Gospel as they have been commanded of the Lord, and advised by Brother Joseph and the Twelve. \* I shall leave next week if Brigham comes. I want to go ahead and do what we can in order to get through before cold weather comes on. \* \* I have heard Brother Joseph is again clear from his enemies. I wish they could let him alone. \* \*

It seems sometimes as though I could not be absent from my friends and those I so dearly



love, but this will not do. I must labor for my Father in order that he may provide a home not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens. \* For this I am willing to suffer privation, and to wear myself out, and to lay down my life, should it be necessary to do so. My mind has been very fruitful in the things of God most of the time since I left you in Quincy, till I was taken sick. My whole soul is bound up in the cause of Christ, and my prayer is daily that I may be a savior of men and a comfort to the human family; but I see, when I have done the best I can, that I am a poor imperfect creature. I wish that I had more wisdom, more light, more patience and more religion, and every thing that is good and calculated to make my friends happy, both in time and in eternity. \* O, that little babe, kiss him for me, and the rest of our dear children, and tell them to write me how they get along. \* I want you to read this to Sarah and Sister Billings, who I hold as one of my bosom friends. A friend in these days is more precious than gold, and I esteem her as a mother in Israel, and she has my prayers and blessing. We are in a critical place but be of good cheer, my dear friends, for I esteem you as such in every sense of the word, and may the Lord bless you with peace forever and ever, amen.”<sup>5</sup>

The year 1843 was a notable one for the Latter-day Saints in Nauvoo. The distinct doctrines of Mormonism were being preached and the construction of the Nauvoo Temple was at the center of a community effort to build a “Temple City” on the banks of the Mississippi River. Political problems continued to plague the Saints as their prophet leader was threaten with arrest on several occasion. In this installment, Helen Mar Whitney recalls some of Joseph Smith’s teachings in Nauvoo and the experience of a group of Native American Indian’s visit to the city.

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

I remember the morning that Joseph and family left the city to visit his sister-in-law near Dixon, in Lee County, he called in as he was

passing, to bid us good bye, and the first news that we heard was the unlawful arrest made by Missourians, intending to drag him off into that state, but their brutal conduct roused the indignation of the people at Dixon, and by a writ of habeas corpus, served by his friends, he was placed under the arm of the law. The news spread so rapidly, that a company of horsemen, numbering 175, started the same evening under the command of Generals’ Wm. Law and Charles C. Rich. The officers from Missouri had laid their plans to kidnap Joseph while on the journey, but his brethren guarded him too closely, and they arrived home in safety June 30th, where they were met on the outskirts by a great multitude of the Saints, who, with Wm. Pitts Brass Band, and loud cheers and firing of artillery, escorted him to the mansion.

A meeting had been previously appointed at 5 o’clock the same day, in the grove west of the Temple, where he delivered a speech, which can be duly appreciated at this present time.

“I meet you with a heart full of gratitude to Almighty God, and I presume you all feel the same. I hardly know how to express my feelings. I feel as strong as a giant. I pulled sticks with the men coming along, and I pulled up with one hand the strongest man that could be found. Then two men tried, but they could not pull me up. And I continued to pull, mentally, until I pulled Missouri to Nauvoo. \* \* \* It is not so much my object to tell my afflictions, and trials, and troubles, as to speak of the writ of habeas corpus, so that the minds of all may be corrected. It has been asserted by the great and wise men, lawyers, and others, that our municipal powers and legal tribunals are not to be sanctioned by the authorities of the State; and accordingly they want to make it lawful to drag away innocent men from their families and friends, and have them put to death by ungodly men for their religion. Relative to our city charter, courts, rights of habeas corpus, etc., I wish you to know and publish that we have all power; and if any man from this time forth says anything to the contrary, cast it into his teeth.

“There is a secret in this. If there is not power in our charter and courts, then there is not power

in the State of Illinois, nor in the Congress or Constitution of the United States; for the United States gives unto Illinois her constitution or charter, and Illinois gave unto Nauvoo her charter, ceding unto us our vested rights, which she has no right nor power to take from us. All the power there was in Illinois she gave to Nauvoo. I want you to hear and learn, O, Israel, this day, what is for the happiness and peace of this city and people. If our enemies are determined to oppress us and deprive us of our constitutional rights and privileges as they have done, and if the authorities that are on the earth will not sustain us in our rights, nor give us that protection which the laws and constitution of the United States, and of this State, guaranteed to us; then we will claim them from a higher power---from heaven---yea, from God Almighty. Before I will bear this unhallowed persecution any longer, before I will be dragged away again, among my enemies for trial, I will spill the last drop of blood in my veins. To bear it any longer would be a sin.

“It did my soul good to see your feelings and love manifested towards me. I thank God that I have the honor to lead so virtuous and honest a people; to be your leader and lawyer, as was Moses to the children of Israel. Hosannah to Almighty God, who has delivered us thus from out of the seven troubles. I commend you to his grace, and may the blessings of heaven rest upon you, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.”

He was proven to be innocent and was once more freed from the Missourians; but they were determined not to give up, and pretended that the authorities of Nauvoo had rescued a prisoner from justice, but confident that his friends would resist every attempt on their part to arrest him, Gov. Reynolds, of Missouri, applied to Gov. Ford, of Illinois, requesting him to compel our people to deliver up the Prophet, by calling out a force of militia for this purpose, which request Gov. Ford politely refused to grant.

Our city was occasionally visited by Lamanites and a deputation of Pottawatamie chiefs were in the city waiting to see Joseph when he returned from Dixon, and as soon as consistent after the trial was over he received them.

After being assured that all present were friends to Joseph, their orator arose and said: (it being interpreted;) “We as a people have long been distressed and oppressed. We have been driven from our lands many times. we have been wasted away by wars, until there are but few of us left. The white man has hated us and shed our blood, until it has appeared as though there would soon be no Indian left. We have talked with the Great Spirit, and the Great Spirit has talked with us. We have asked the Great Spirit to save us and let us live, and the Great Spirit has told us that he has raised up a great Prophet chief, and friend, who would do us great good and tell us what to do; and the Great Spirit has told us that you are the man (pointing to the Prophet.) We have now come a great way to see you and hear your words, and to have you tell us what to do. Our horses have become poor traveling, and we are hungry. We will now wait and hear your words.”

Joseph was considerably affected, so much so that he wept. He said in return: “I have heard your words. They are true! The Great Spirit has told you the truth. I am your friend and brother, and I wish to do you good. Your fathers were once a great people. They worshiped the Great Spirit. The Great Spirit did them good. He was their friend, but they left the Great Spirit and would not hear his words nor keep them. The Great Spirit left them, and they began to kill one another, and they have been poor and afflicted until now.

“The Great Spirit has given me a book, and told me that you will soon be blessed again. The Great Spirit will soon begin to talk with you and your children.”

Raising the Book of Mormon, he said, “This is the book which your fathers made. I wrote upon it. This tells me what you will have to do. I now want you to begin to pray to the Great Spirit. I want you to make peace with one another, and do not kill white men; it is not good, but ask the Great Spirit for what you want. And it will not be long before the Great Spirit will bless you, and you will cultivate the earth, and build good houses like white men. We will give you something to eat and to take home with you.”

The Prophet had an ox killed for them, and some horses were also prepared for them. They remembered the kindness of Joseph and his people, and when driven from our homes they made us welcome upon their land, where we were obliged to make our Winter Quarters.

We have certainly seen the fulfillment of the Prophet's words concerning the red man, cultivating the earth and building houses, as well as other predictions, and are satisfied that all will be fulfilled.

The following is from an address delivered by the Prophet, at the grove, on Sunday, [June 8], 1844.

"The Saints can testify whether I am willing to lay down my life for my brethren. If it has been demonstrated that I have been willing to die for a 'Mormon,' I am bold to declare that before heaven, that I am just as ready to die in defending the rights of a Presbyterian, a Baptist, or a good man of any other denomination, for the same principle which would trample upon the rights of the Roman Catholics, or of any other denomination that may be unpopular and too weak to defend itself.

"It is the love of liberty which inspires my soul---civil and religious liberty to the whole of the human race. Love of liberty was diffused into my soul by my grandfathers, while they dangled me on their knees. One of the grand fundamental principles of 'Mormonism' is to receive truth, let it come whence it may. If I esteem mankind to be in error, shall I bear them down? No. I will lift them up, and in their own way too, if I cannot persuade them my way is better; and I will not seek to compel any man to believe as I do, only by the force of reasoning, for truth will cut its own way."

On the following Sabbath he preached, and I presume that hundreds are still living who will recollect these incidents. He said: "Let me be resurrected with the Saints, whether I ascend to heaven, or descend to hell; we will turn the devils out of doors and make a heaven of it. Where this people are, there is good society.

What do we care where we are, if the society be good?"

At another time he said, "I defy all the world to destroy the work of God; and I prophesy they never will have power to kill me till my work is accomplished, and I am ready to die. \* \* \* I proclaim in the name of the Lord God Almighty, that I will fellowship nothing in the Church but virtue, integrity and uprightness."

That same spirit which governed the Prophet and his people then, controls and keeps them together to-day; and let our enemies continue to persecute and threaten as they may, they cannot hinder freedom of thought, nor prevent our making for ourselves a paradise on earth, nor from securing our passport to heaven; no matter where our lot may be cast, we can all make one for ourselves, and as Joseph said, "defy all the world to help it" or "to destroy the work of God," or any of his servants until their "work is accomplished," then they, like Joseph, will be "ready to die."

The Missourians, with all their cruelties and whippings, could not crush out nor subdue that spirit, nor make a "Mormon" feel that he was conquered, and this was what made them so angry.

Our circumstances, since then, have reversed; through the goodness of our Heavenly Father we have gained a foot hold in these mountains, and can now sit "under our own vine and fig tree;" and shall "hold the fort," God helping us.<sup>6</sup>

In the next issue of the *Women's Exponent*, Helen Mar Whitney recalls her father's effort to help complete another important building project in the city--the Nauvoo House.<sup>7</sup> Intended to be a hotel for visitors, the Nauvoo House was part of the enormous building effort to make Nauvoo a city in every sense of the word. In this installment, she also recalls one of the converts to the Church who made her way to Illinois from England.

One member of our household I have omitted to mention, a young lady (a native of the East Indies) who obeyed the Gospel in England, and emigrated with a company of Saints to Nauvoo. Her mother was an East India lady of rank and

her father a distinguished English officer. Her name was Eliza Monroe---an only child, who had been accustomed to having wealth and slaves at her command, until after she had reached her teens, and her mother was taken from her by death, when her father returned to England, taking her with him, and in a few years married a proud English lady. Eliza was what might be called one of nature's noble ladies; she was a brunette, slender and full of grace and refinement, with none of the proud and haughty airs of an aristocrat, which is assumed by so many whom dame Fortune has raised from the lower ranks, as if afraid of not being recognized as such, but which is a positive and unmistakable sign of ignorance and arrogance. She was never happy with her stepmother; their natures and customs were so opposite to each other; there was no sympathy between them. she was constantly criticised as well as reproved for being too condescending to inferiors, and too familiar with the servants, because she would go among them and treat them with courtesy, as she had been accustomed to do in her native land. When her ears were saluted with the everlasting Gospel she received and obeyed its mandates, and she had no misgivings nor regrets at leaving her home in England, and following the Saints to America. She was poor and penniless, and had no knowledge of any kind of housework, and feeling her inability to pay her way, she was unwilling to sit idle, and would ask the privilege of helping about the house; but her help was only a hindrance, and father seeing how she felt, bethought himself of his History, which he asked her to copy. This pleased her, as she could write a fine hand, besides it being an agreeable employment. He admired her about the house, because she was so quiet and lady-like, and spoke of it repeatedly---that he would not know of her presence if he did not see her, a compliment seldom paid to a lady. I still have a neck-ribbon which she presented me, made by the natives, from the bark of a tree in India which they call a silk tree. After a little time she took a school of young ladies, near my own age and taught during the summer; when she was unfortunate enough to marry a shiftless young man, who came from England, and was incapable of providing for her. Soon after he denied the faith, and in the time of our trouble, left for St.

Louis. While stopping at Winter Quarters, some of the brethren being sent down to St. Louis to purchase goods, she wrote and sent by them some little tokens of remembrance to my mother and myself. She was still strong in the faith but in poor circumstances.

Among a package of my father's papers lately found, was the following letter of commendation, received from the Prophet, and signed by his hand June 1843, which will explain the object of his mission East.

"To all Saints and honorable men of the earth greeting: Dear brethren and friends: I, Joseph Smith a servant of the Lord, and Trustee-in-trust for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, do hereby certify that the Bearer Hereof, Heber C. Kimball, an Elder and one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, has deposited with me his bond and security, to my full satisfaction, according to the resolution of the Conference held in this city, on the 6th day of April last. He therefore is recommended to all Saints and honorable people, as a legal agent to collect funds for the purpose of building the Nauvoo House, and Temple of the Lord, confident that he will honor this high trust, as well as ardently fulfil his commission as a messenger of peace and salvation, as one of the Lord's noblemen---I can fervently say, may the Lord clear his way before him, and bless him, and bless those that obey his teachings, whenever there are ears to hear and hearts to feel.

He is in the language of the Hebrews (Haurang-yeesh-rau-ale). The friend of Israel, and worthy to be received and entertained as a man of God: Yea, he has, as had the ancient Apostles (O logos o Kalos) the good word, even the good word that leadeth unto eternal life. Laus Deus. Praise God. Wherefore, brethren and friends, while you have the assurance of the integrity, fidelity, and ability of this servant of the living God, trusting that your hearts and energies will be enlivened, and deeply engaged in the building of these houses, directed by revelation for the salvation of all Saints: and that you will not rest where you are, until all things are prepared before you, and you are gathered home with the

rest of Israel, to meet your God,---I feel strong in the belief, and have a growing expectation, that you will not withhold any means in your power that can be used to accomplish this glorious work. Finally as one that greatly desires the salvation of man, let me remind you all to strive with a godly zeal, for virtue, holiness and the commandments of the Lord. Be good, be wise, be just, be liberal; and above all be charitable always, abounding in good works. And may health, peace and the love of God our Father, and the grace of Jesus Christ our Lord be and abide with you all, is the sincere prayer of your devoted brother and friend in the everlasting Gospel,

Joseph Smith

City of Nauvoo, June 1st. 1843.

(The Hebrew I have omitted giving only the interpretation.)

The following I gathered from my father's journal:

"Pittsburg, July 28th, 1843. Last evening Elders B. Young, George A. Smith, and W. Woodruff, came to our meeting as Elder Page was preaching. I must say that I was glad to see them, as Elder O. Pratt and myself have been in this city nearly four weeks waiting for them. I thank my Father in heaven that I have the privilege of hearing from my dear brothers and sisters and family; received three letters, one from my wife, one from my son William, and one from Helen. How precious to hear from my dear family whom I love and prize above all things here on earth, but I leave all for Christ's sake and the Gospel."

During the summer we had (as was usual) much sickness in the city. My mother and babe, and all the rest of us were sick in the early part of the season. From a letter received from my father, dated Philadelphia Aug. 13th, I gather the following.

"On the 10th I went to the Post Office, and found a letter, which gave me joy mixed with sorrow, because you have been sick, and you are so poor; O that I had you with me, to sooth your task and make your burdens lighter. Your letter was written on the 19th of July. You said that little babe had been sick and all the rest of the

children; I am sorry, but hope they are all well now. O, my God, bless them and let their lives be precious in thy sight, is my prayer all the day long; and my desire is to make all happy and to have a pure heart before God, but I am frail and a poor weak man, and I need your prayers. I know that I have them and you are all remembered when I bow before my Father. \* \* \* \*"

Helen Mar Whitney's story reveals the "underside" of Mormon history in significant ways. In the 15 November 1881 issue of the *Women's Exponent*, she tells us about the social activities of the young people in Nauvoo--the balls, parties, and plays that helped the early Saints divert their minds and bodies from the hard work of building a city on the Illinois frontier.

Among the many pleasing incidents within my recollection, was the sight of a large Flatboat loaded with English Saints, who were obliged to leave the steamer at Keokuck, in consequence of low water. They were singing the sweet songs of Zion, as they came up the river at the close of the day, and landed near the Prophet's house, where stood scores of the Saints; also many outsiders had gathered there, and Joseph too, who welcomed them to Zion.

At another time the "Maid of Iowa," in command of Capt. Dan Jones, brought a company of two hundred and fifty Saints from New Orleans, who, after unlooked for circumstances, causing a tedious journey of five weeks, arrived safely at Nauvoo, where Joseph and hundreds of the Saints were on the shore waiting to greet them with a warm and hearty welcome. A short but interesting account of their eventful voyage was given by Sister Priscilla M. Staines, in the "Women of Mormondom." She was one of the passengers and happened to be an instrument in the hands of Providence to give the alarm of fire, or the boat would soon have been in flames. This was at Memphis, Tenn. Some villain placed a half consumed cigar under a straw mattress, and other bedding that had been laid out of the ladies cabin to air.

They were mobbed and insulted at nearly every place where they stopped, by the citizens along the river. They were not persecuted for polygamy---it was not upon those grounds that

mobs collected and threw "stones through the cabin windows, smashing the glass and sash, and jeopardizing the lives of the passengers," for they had not heard of polygamy being practised by the "Mormons," but they were treated more barbarously than foreign emigrants are treated to-day. So we know that Polygamy is only an excuse, and a most flimsy one too. This was their first experience in America, our boasted land of liberty---a refuge and home for the oppressed of all nations. Mobbing peaceful emigrants for nothing else, only that they were "Mormons."

During the winter of 1843, there were plenty of parties and balls, and many were held at the Mansion. The last one that I attended there that winter, was on Christmas Eve. Some of the young gentlemen got up a series of dancing parties, to be held at the Mansion once a week. My brother William put his name down before asking father's permission, and when questioned about it made him believe that he must pay the money for himself and lady, whether he went or not, and that he could not honorably withdraw from it. He carried the day, but I had to stay at home, as my father had been warned by the Prophet to keep his daughter away from there, because of the blacklegs and certain ones of questionable character who attended there. His wife Emma had become the ruling spirit, and money had become her God. I did not betray William, but I felt quite sore over it, and thought it a very unkind act in father to allow him to go and enjoy the dance unrestrained with others of my companions, and fetter me down, for no girl loved dancing better than I did, and I really felt that it was too much to bear. It made the dull school still more dull, and like a wild bird I longed for the freedom that was denied me; and thought myself a much abused child, and that it was pardonable if I did murmur. I imagined that my happiness was all over, and brooded over the sad memories of sweet departed joys and all manner of future woes, which (by the by) were of short duration, my bump of hope being too large to admit of my remaining long under the clouds; besides my father was very kind and indulgent in other ways, and always took me with him, when mother could not go, and it was not a very long time before I became satisfied

that I was blessed in being under the control of so good and wise a parent, who had taken counsel and thus saved me from evils, which some others in their youth and inexperience, were exposed to, though they thought no evil. Yet the busy tongue of scandal did not spare them.

A moral may be drawn from this truthful story. "Children obey thy parents," etc. And also, "Have regard to thy name; for that shall continue with you above a thousand great treasures of gold." "A good life hath but few days; but a good name endureth forever."

The first New Year's eve after the Prophet moved into the Mansion, our choir, under the leadership of Stephen Goddard, to which I became a member some time previous, gave them a serenade.

We met at our usual place of practice, on the hill near the Temple, and although the night was unfavorable, being dark and rainy, we, nothing daunted, started out between twelve and one o'clock, we struck up and sang the New Year's hymn. The inmates were highly gratified, and the Prophet came out and invited us to come in; but being late we declined. After singing one or two Anthems he pronounced his blessing upon the orchestra and choir, which repaid the brethren and sisters for all their trouble.

William Cahoon, John Pack, Stephen Hale and wives, William Pitt, William Clayton, Jacob Hutchinson, James Standing and many more, too numerous to mention, were members of the choir, and most of the brethren belonged to William Pitt's Brass Band. We enjoyed together many happy seasons, though of short duration.

Our Music Hall was built one block east of the Temple, but was not finished till after the death of the Prophet. Previous to that we held an occasional concert in the Masonic Hall, which, according to history, was considered "the most substantial and best finished Masonic Temple in the Western States."

We were not wanting for amusements, even in the midst of some of the most trying scenes;

the Latter-day Saints seldom drooped or pined for their "Leeks and Onions," but adapted themselves to circumstances with an excellent grace.

Our first dramatic entertainments were given in the Nauvoo Masonic Hall---in the spring of 1844, under the direction of Thomas A. Lyne and George J. Adams---the latter claiming Heber C. Kimball as his father in the Gospel, took up his abode with us whenever he came to our city; was there during the summer of 1843, at which time, my father being absent upon a mission, made it rather hard for my mother to get along, as I went to school and she was obliged to hire a woman to do the work, her own health being very poor and her baby sick, which he did not seem to realize as he never offered any recompense. In the spring of 1844, during the dramatic season, he with his wife and sister staid with us, but my father was at home which made quite a difference. I was just at the age to enjoy such amusements, which made time pass very agreeably. Miss Adams was a fine young lady and very gifted as an actress, in fact was quite a star, though a new beginner like all the rest, with the exception of Lyne, he spent much of his time at our house, as they were old friends, and he was a "Mormon." Mrs. Adams was a dignified and quite a distinguished looking woman, and made a fine appearance upon the stage, but she played only one night--took the part of the Countess in the "Orphan of Geneva," and thought herself so disguised that no one would recognise her, but when she found that she was known she could not be prevailed upon to go on again, and as the play was to be repeated the next night, they were in a terrible dilemma, not knowing what to do as we had returned home, and it was then near midnight. One of them proposed my taking the part, (Adams or Lyne), and the women and all set in flattering and teasing me to take it. But I was a timid girl of fifteen and frightfully bashful, and the idea of taking so dignified a part was to my mind utterly absurd; having only been upon the stage in two plays, first as one of the virgins in "Pizarro" and another simple part, but all my excuses were useless and I was fairly pressed into service. Adams said encouragingly, "I'll help you out," and as Lyne was leaving he said, "Now study the part over good to night, and then retire and sleep

on it, and you'll nearly know it in the morning;" which direction I followed, and having a quick memory was able to repeat every word at the rehearsal, but when before an audience I was so frightened that I remembered very little; my wits nearly deserted me, but Adams was true to his promise and by his readiness assisted me to recover from my confusion. Though he was never up in his own part, he was never at a loss for a substitute in every emergency, but which was anything but pleasing to those who depended upon him for their cue. He was a very good actor; and J. Hatch, a young Lawyer--uncle to Pres. Abram Hatch of Heber city, was also good as well as Amasa Lyman and W. H. Folsom, and others. But no part in "Pizarro" was better played than was the Priest, by Brigham Young. There was some good acting done--some so life-like, that at times nearly the whole audience would be affected to tears. Joseph did not try to hide his feelings, but was seen to weep a number of times. Among our best comedians was Hiram B. Clawson, who I think, was the youngest of the boys, that was forty years ago; and the scenes have been changing till but a few are now left who took part in the first dramatic entertainments held in our beautiful city in 1845.

On the 11th of May following, my brother Wm. H. and Mary Davenport, were joined in wedlock, by father at the house of Winsor P. Lyons, and on the 13th he brought her home to live with us.

On the 17th, a national convention was held, Joseph being candidate for the Presidency. A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested by the people, which was not confined to our cities, but according to history, twenty-seven states were represented." My father and others of the Apostles were appointed to go East to electioneer for General Joseph Smith.<sup>9</sup>

Helen Mar Whitney's reminiscences are valuable and important. Not only do they provided a much needed balance to the history of the Latter-day Saints from the perspective of a young woman who lived in Nauvoo, but they contain valuable information about people and places who might not merit a footnote in a broader academic history of Nauvoo. (To be continued)

## NOTES

1. James B. Allen, Ronald K. Esplin, and David J. Whittaker, *Men with a Mission, 1837-1844: The Quorum of the Twelve Apostles in the British Isles* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1992).

2. *Woman's Exponent* 9 (15 July 1881).

3. *Woman's Exponent* 10 (1 August 1881).

4. *Woman's Exponent* 10 (15 August 1881).

5. *Woman's Exponent* 10 (1 September 1881).

6. *Woman's Exponent* 11 (1 October 1882).

7. See Richard Neitzel Holzapfel, "The Nauvoo House," *Mormon Heritage Magazine* 1 (December 1994):43-45; "The Nauvoo House, Part II," *Mormon Heritage Magazine* 1 (March/April 1995):43-45.

8. *Woman's Exponent* 11 (15 October 1882).

9. *Woman's Exponent* 11 (15 November 1882).