

did not stop the house burning, but we stopped it ourselves, under the direction of the Sheriff of the County.

The moment that was done, General Harden, mounted on a white horse, backed up and accompanied by other dignitaries of the State came into Nauvoo with four hundred men. What was said to us by these worthies? They said, that in consequence of the combination against us throughout the State, the Governor did not feel at liberty to do anything for us; so we were abandoned to the rage of unprincipled men.

They then informed us they had come to search for some men that were missing, and formed a square around the Temple, also around the stables of the Nauvoo house, but more particularly around the Masonic Hall, the basement story of which contained a quantity of wine. General Hardin, and others of his band, went into the stables where a horse had just been bled, and concluded a man had been killed there, but fortunately the horse was there to answer for the blood. The General and his Staff then pierced with their swords the heaps of manure, thinking, I presume, that if they pricked a dead man, he would *squeal*. I thought they acted a little simple, for they might have presumed that if anybody had been killed, they would have been thrown in the Mississippi, which was not more than ten rods from the stables.

This was all that was done to punish the house burners; and the State authorities said they could do nothing for us; hence the only alternative was to leave, as nine counties of the State had concluded in Convention, that we must leave or be exterminated. The fact is, this was the very conclusion we had already come to, ourselves, in a Council a few days before. Yet it was thought proper not to reveal the secret of our intention to flee to the mountains; but as a kind

of put off, it was communicated in the strictest confidence to General Hardin, who promised never to tell of it, that we intended to settle Vancouver's Island. This report, however, was industriously circulated, as we anticipated it would be.

The persecution was blazing on every hand, and the reputable authorities "could do nothing for us;" which was equal to saying, "Hold on, and let us run our daggers into you."

The first companies which left, in consequence of those persecutions, were obliged to start in the dead of winter, in the beginning of February, 1846. Many of the companies crossed the Mississippi, with their wagons, on the ice, and the rest in flatboats, and winding their way through a new and trackless country, making a road of nearly four hundred miles in length, stopped to winter on the right bank of the Missouri, where they built quite a town, called Winter Quarters.

Finding that our numbers in Nauvoo were reduced to a mere handful, the mob, numbering some 1,800 armed men, supplied with scientific engineers, and good artillery, attacked the remaining few, who were chiefly lame, blind, widows, fatherless children, and those too poor to get away. There were not one hundred able bodied men to stand against this superior force in defense of the helpless; this is called the battle of Nauvoo, and was fought in September. They cannonaded the citizens of Nauvoo, and finally, after three days' fighting, and being forced to retreat three times, they succeeded in driving them over the river.

What was the result of all this? In April, 1847, we started from Winter Quarters, with a hundred and forty-three men (instead of 1,000) as Pioneers. We were "few," and I was going to say "far between," but we were close together. We set out, and made a new road to this valley,