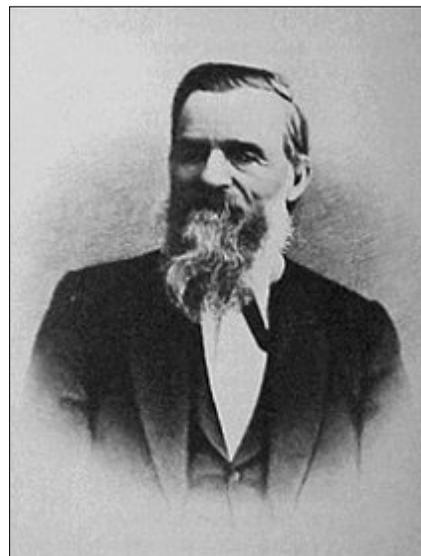


The Autobiography of
Anson Call

1810 – 1890

I was born in 1810, May 13, state of Vermont, Franklin County, town Fletcher, son of Cyril and Sally Call. Cyril was the son of Joseph; Joseph was the son of John. Cyril was born in Woodstock, Windsor County, Vermont, June 29, 1785; Joseph was born in Oxford, Worcester County [Massachusetts?], 1745. My mother was the daughter of Christopher Tiffany who emigrated from Germany.



My parents were born in the state of Vermont. My father removed to the state of Ohio when I was seven years of age, Geauga County. I was sent to school in early life but after removing to Ohio, there were but little opportunities for schools owing to the newness of the country. My father's family, including myself, suffered much from sickness. We came to reduced circumstances in consequence. My father raised a large family of children. The eldest was Harvey, then Anson, Salmon, died at 1-1/2 years old, Samantha, Fanny, Lucina, Josiah, Mary, Lanora, Rosaline, Sarah, Mallissa, Omer, Homer.

I was married in the year 1833, October 3, Geauga County, town of Madison, Ohio, to Mary Flint, the daughter of Rufus and Hannah Flint. Rufus was the son of Silas. Hannah was the daughter of Eleazer Haws. My wife was born in Vermont, Orange County, town of Braintree in the year 1812, March 27. Her brothers and sisters were Electi (who married Daniel D. Robinson), Rufus (who married Olive Holman), Ebenezer (who married Sarah Dubois), Hannah (who married Joseph Oldbrook [Holbrook]), Frederick (who married Fanny Buck); my wife was the youngest of the family.

My father-in-law was a wealthy farmer who removed from Vermont but settled his children there except Hannah and Mary. He purchased a valuable farm in Madison (Ohio), willed the same to my wife and Hannah and died about three years after our marriage. In consequence of our joining the Latter-day Saints previous to his death he altered his will, and Hannah and Mary he disinherited.

I owned a farm in the same town, settled upon it the spring following my marriage. Anson Vasco was born July 9, 1834. Soon after this I made an addition to my farm of 30 acres, and prospered well in my business during the year. Mary Vashti was born March 27, 1836.

My father joined the Church of Latter-day Saints in 1831. My father and family belonged to the Methodist Church. He was baptized by John Murdock. Elders frequently preached in our town, Brigham Young, John P. Greene, Almon W. Babbitt and others.

Their preaching created much excitement in our town but had little effect for nearly three years. It was a constant annoyance to my feelings. I became dissatisfied with all denominations and myself. In the elders' passing through our country, they frequently stopped at my house, and in discussing with them the principles of the gospel, they would cuff me about like an old pair of boots. I came to the conclusion that the reason for my being handled so easily was because I did not understand the Bible and the Book of Mormon.

I resolved to prepare myself for the conflict by investigating the two books. I accordingly furnished myself with the Book of Mormon. I then commenced the Book of Mormon and the Bible, compared the two and read my Bible from Genesis right through, praying and searching diligently for six months. When I finished the two books I became a firm believer in the Book of Mormon. I was then taught by the spirit to obey the principles of the gospel. My feelings were not known by any but my wife. I was proud and haughty and to obey the gospel was worse than death. I labored under those feelings for three months, becoming at times almost insane.

To be called a Mormon, I thought, was more than I could endure. I lamented that my lot was cast in this dispensation. My dreams and my meditations made me miserable. I at last

covenanted before the Lord that if he would give me confidence to face the world in Mormonism, I would be baptized for the remission of my sins; before I arose from my knees the horrors of my mind were cleared; I feared no man, no set of men.

The next day I went to the Methodist meeting and declared unto them the truth of Mormonism. I told them I should obey it as soon as I could get to Kirtland. I accordingly went immediately there and was baptized by William Smith, Joseph's brother. My wife accompanied me. I was confirmed in the Kirtland Temple by David Whitmer. I immediately returned to Madison and was then prepared to tell my Methodist brethren many things they were strangers to. I improved every opportunity in their meetings, class meetings not excepted. There were my brothers, my mother and my schoolmates. I was much desirous that they should obey the gospel with me.

Almon Babbitt soon commenced preaching in our town. He approved of the course I was taking and said before many months I should have them with me. Within three months, he raised a branch of 20 members which consisted mostly of the Methodists, including my wife and father's family, my mother excepted. After this was accomplished, I sold a part of my farm and removed to Kirtland. I remained there until we received general orders to go to Missouri.

Maroni was born in Kirtland, February 6, 1838. On March 20, the same year, I started for Missouri in company with my father and brother Harvey. We journeyed to Wellsville on the Ohio River. I left my family to journey up with Almon Babbitt and others. The next summer I went to prepare a place for them and others. At Wellsville, I fell in company with Asael Smith and wife, Joseph Smith's uncle and aunt, and George Ghee [Gee] and wife. We went to Missouri on board a steamboat together. We had a pleasant trip with the exception of some delays.

While passing up the Missouri River there was a gentleman who came to our room and said that he had learned there were Mormons on the boat. Brother Smith spoke: "Yes, we are Mormons. . . ." The gentleman said, "Where are you going?" "To Far West, sir," was the reply. The man then remarked, "I am sorry to see so respectable a looking company journeying to that place." Brother Smith said, "Why so?" He replied, "Because you will be driven from there before

six months." "By whom?" "By the Missourians, gentlemen," said he. My father spoke and said, "Are there not human beings in that country as well as others?" He said, "Gentlemen, I presume you are not aware of the gentleman you are talking to." The reply was, "A Missourian, I presume." The gentleman again spoke, "Yes, gentlemen, I am Colonel Wilson of Jackson County. I was one of the principal actors in driving the Mormons from that county and expect to be soon engaged in driving them from Caldwell County." (And he accordingly was.)

He advised us to stop in some other place, for if we went to Far West we were surely to be butchered. We told him we were no better than our brethren and if they died, we were willing to die with them. "Gentlemen," he said, "you appear to be very determined in your minds. Mormonism must and shall be put down." He read to us a letter which he had just received from Newell, which consisted of a bundle of falsehoods concerning our people in Kirtland. "Thrice as false, Joe's career must and shall be stopped." He then started for the door. I then remarked, "If you will stop a moment or two, I will tell you the way it can be done, for there is but one way of accomplishing it." "What is that, Sir?" he said. I answered, "Dethrone the Almighty and Joe's career is ended and never until then." He left us very abruptly.

We soon landed at Jefferson City. I went off the boat in connection with other passengers. Wilson then gave me an introduction to about a dozen of the Jackson County boys, Governor Boggs included. He told them I was a Mormon going to Caldwell County. They then said, "Ha, ha," with a sneer.

We landed at Jack's Landing, from whence we journeyed on foot to Far West, 40 miles, leaving Asael Smith and wife, George Ghee [Gee] and wife at the landing. We then met with our brethren at Far West, with some of whom we were acquainted. We shortly commenced looking for farming land in Caldwell County. We accordingly purchased 80 acres at \$4.00 per acre and 40 acres at \$8.00 per acre. We were not able to purchase a suitable quantity of land to accommodate all of those that we wanted land for. My father started back to forward the families and counselled me to purchase a tract of land where it could be obtained cheaper. I accordingly purchased a large tract of land owned by two Missourians, O'Niel and Culp, at the three forks of the Grand River, the title preemption (1,000 acres.)

I have forgotten to say that shortly after I joined the Church, I was administered to for my stammering of speech from which I was relieved. I was also ordained an elder and preached the gospel to my old companions and schoolmates in the section of country round about. After moving to Kirtland, I was ordained to the quorum of the seventies in February 1836 by Zera Pulsipher and Henry Herriman.

I rented a farm in company with George Ghee [Gee] at Ray County and planted 40 acres of corn. The tract of land I had purchased contained 30 acres of improvement and I planted 15 acres of that in corn. After celebrating the 4th of July at Far West, on the 5th I started back to meet my family. I met them 25 miles west of the Mississippi River in company with Alwin Babbitt [Almon W. Babbitt], John Schnider [Snyder] and others. I found them well but much fatigued from their long tedious journey. Also, my wife's sister, Hannah Flint, was with my family.

I travelled with the same company and my family to Far West. After resting about one week at Far West, I proceeded to the three forks of the Grand River to my farm in company with Phineas Young, John Schnider, Joel Terrill and some others. I immediately commenced preparing for my father's family and others, purchasing stock and employing men for cutting hay.

In the month of September [1838], I received a visit from Joseph, Hyrum and Sidney Rigdon. Joseph stated that he had come to visit us on a special errand. It was on the Sabbath; the day of his arrival the brethren were congregated at my house for the purpose of meeting in connection with a number of Missourians. After meeting was out he told me he wished to see the brethren together, on which he availed himself of the opportunity of slipping off into the cornfield with about 12 of the brethren. He then stated to us we must leave for there were going to be difficulties. We inquired of him from what source. He said it was not for him to say; the message he had received was for us to leave and go to Far West or Adam-ondi-Ahman. We unanimously agreed to do so. We then inquired whether it was necessary for us to go forthwith or whether we could stay and save our crops and sell our farms. He said you need not sell your

farms and he presumed we should have time to get away, but how much time he knew not. They then immediately left us after the dinner.

The next day we counselled together to know what course to take and when to start. We were very anxious to save our crops and we concluded we would do so if we could. It was agreed on by the brethren that I should travel through Daviess, Caldwell and Ray counties and see if there was any stir among the people; by doing so we thought we could ascertain what time we could allow ourselves for leaving. I accordingly started the next day and discovered no excitement among the people. We therefore concluded we could give ourselves sufficient time to secure our crops. After doing so we decided we could take a spree at bee hunting.

After a seven days' hunt, we loaded our wagons with honey and returned home, finding all peace and since we had done so well, we decided to take another. The weather was stormy and we accomplished but little. We concluded we would return home and go to Adam-ondi-Ahman with our families. We found the whole country in arms on our return, between us and Adam-ondi-Ahman and Far West. Neal Gillium had a company of mobbers placed to prevent the Mormons from going to and from either place. We were watched by day and night to see that we did not leave the country. They sought to kill Phineas Young. He hid himself in a bunch of corn stalks. I carried him food and water for four days, and we became uneasy and dissatisfied with our situation. We could not get any intelligence from the Missouriians as to what was going on in the county. They told us that if we stayed we should not be harmed, but that if we attempted to go away, it would be death.

Phineas and myself concluded we would make the attempt. After all was still in the evening, we started out to work ourselves by Neal Gillium's company. We were 30 miles from Adam-ondi-Ahman and 40 miles from Far West. We succeeded in getting to Adam-ondi-Ahman about daylight the next morning. There we learned of Bogard battle, the difficulty at Gallatin. The brethren were all in at Far West and Adam-ondi-Ahman that could get in. No help could be obtained to assist us. We accordingly, the next night, made our way to our families.

We found the Missourians much agitated about my absence. They demanded of me to know where I had been. I told them I did not know it was any of their business. They said, "We suppose you have been to Adam-on-di-Ahman." I told them I had. They said, "We suppose you can tell us what is going on there." I told them I would tell them as much as they had told me. They became very angry and abused my family and threatened us with sudden death if we attempted to leave.

We made as much preparation through the day for leaving as possible. After dark, I placed a wagon and four-horse team before my door. Phineas Young and wife, Jackson and wife, my wife and her sister loaded a portion of their clothing and bedding in the wagon. My brother Harvey and self and six other of the brethren immediately started for Adam-on-di-Ahman. Previous to our starting, two Missourians came and said they would show us the devil before we got far.

We left most of our property, with the exception of our clothing, upon the farm. The night being dark, we took a prairie route that the mob did not calculate we would, so they did not find us. The next day at 12 o'clock, we landed safely at Adam-on-di-Ahman. Here we found our brethren, some living in tents, some few in houses, but the most of them with but little to cover themselves. I commenced searching for a location for my family. I selected an oak tree top. After clearing away the brush, spreading some blankets on the limbs and building a fire in front, we then found ourselves comfortably situated for the times.

I then went to the horse mill with some corn to get some meal for supper. After supper we were all called together at general orders and received instructions from Lyman Wight and Reynolds Cahoon. They said that in consequence of the much fatigue the brethren had had, we might all go to our lodgings with the exception of 25 men whom they had selected. They said they had been expecting an attack from the mob for the last three days and we must load our arms and lay them under our heads and not take off our clothes. If the bugle sounded, we might consider that the mob was upon us and all hands were immediately to rally at that place.

About one o'clock the next morning, the bugle sounded; there was the running of horses, the hollering, "Turn out, turn out, the mob is upon us." The brethren immediately rallied. The women dressed themselves and children and prepared for the conflict. We immediately rushed, as we supposed, toward our enemies, but we found it to be a company of brethren from Far West. We then learned that Far West was surrendered and that the presidency was given up in the hands of the mob. We were informed that we would be called upon to surrender about ten o'clock in the morning.

Presently, Colonel Parks made his appearance with 500 armed men. Forming a hollow square, they ordered, "Within one hour every man is to be within the square with all his arms and ammunition." This, we learned, was the order of Brother Joseph. We accordingly obeyed the order. After our surrender, General Parks left 200 men to guard us from those that he said would injure us, but those he left were the worst men in all the land. He gave us ten days to leave the country. The general gave me a passport to Far West that we might travel and not be killed, to-wit: I permit Anson Call to remove to Far West and from thence out of the state. Signed General Parks.

While tarrying at Adam-ondi-Ahman, two of the guards came to the tree top where my family and I were sitting, eating our dinner and asked me some questions. He said I was a damned liar and said he would shoot me. He cocked his gun and put it to my face. My family screamed, and he lowered his gun and rode off. The second night after the surrender, the snow fell about six inches deep. I then started with my family to Far West. My children nearly froze to death. One of them froze his fingers so that he lost a part of his nails. His name was Maroni. After riding to Far West, the weather continued severely cold so that many of the mob were obliged to leave. They killed our cattle, stole our horses, burned our houses, constantly killing and abusing all that they met with, insulted our women and murdered some of our children.

We were not permitted to leave Far West, only to get our firewood. We had not the privilege of hunting our cattle and horses, yet we were told that we had to immediately leave the state. We were deprived of holding meetings of any kind. Joseph Smith, Sr. and Brigham Young were our principal counsellors. We received two or three epistles from Joseph who was

at that time in Liberty Jail, Clay County. Some few times in the course of the winter, we slyly congregated ourselves in a schoolhouse about two miles from Far West to receive instructions from Joseph and others.

On the 23rd of December [1838], I went to Ray County unbeknownst to the guard and mob who were around us to make sale of the corn I had raised which was 30 acres and two-thirds of it mine. The next day I was taken by ten men and an old Negro. They took me into the back part of a store and ordered me to disarm myself. I told them I had no arms about my person. They said I was a damned liar for the Mormons always carried arms. They ordered me to take the things out of my pockets and lay them in a chair. I refused. They threatened me and flourished their knives about me and said if I did not do it they would take my life. I accordingly removed everything out of my pockets. They said, "Turn your pockets wrong side outwards." I did so. They then ordered me to put my things back into my pockets. I accordingly did so. They then told me to draw my coat. I did it. They then said, "He carries his arms at his back," and they examined me until they became satisfied I had no arms about me. They then commenced tantalizing and saying I was a damned Mormon and was in the Bogard Battle. Each of them had a rifle which they set up against the house. They set themselves down and went to whittling with butcher knives.

One of them by the name of James Ogle said that he had suffered by the Mormons and that I had to atone for it. He said they had felt my back and they would see it bare before morning and I would feel hickory upon it. He then commenced beating me with the flat hand in the face. He then said he would not abuse a man that was not armed. He threw his butcher knife at my feet and told me to pick it up and fight. I told him I did not wish to fight. He said I had to fight or die. He then picked up the knife and put it to my hand and told me to take it. I discovered all the rest of them had their knives in their hands. I refused to take it and leaned up against the side of the house. I then said in my heart, "Oh Lord, preserve me or they will take my life." I immediately became satisfied that I would be delivered from their hands. He thrust a knife within an inch of my breast and said he would rip my guts out. He then struck me repeatedly between my eyes with the back of his knife. He tantalized me in this manner for over

two hours and struck me in the face with the back of the knife and his flat hand about 50 times. He said it was getting near night and we must make a finish of the business.

They then took me into the street and said they would serve me as they served a Mormon the other day, strip me and tie me to a hickory and leave me until morning. While they were making arrangements to accomplish this deed, a grocery keeper was looking out of the window at us. I told him I wanted a bottle of liquor, for I wished to treat the company, on which he handed me a bottle and tumbler through the window.

We were arranged in a double file. I stood in front between the two forward men. I stepped a step or two out of rank and took the bottle. I drank them a toast and told them they were men after my own heart, the bravest set of men I had ever met with and before we went any further with the business I was going to drink with them and wished them to be merry, for tomorrow was Christmas and we must prepare ourselves for it. I handed the bottle to my right-hand man who fired off his gun and set it up against the grocery store and took the bottle. Every man set his gun up against the grocery also. He then poured the liquor into the tumbler and I discovered every man's eyes were fixed on it. I then sprang into the hazel brush which was within three or four rods of where we stood. (This was a little town situated in Ray County called Fredericksburg, a new place just commenced in the woods; it was surrounded with hazel and hickory brush.) They then pursued me and hollered, "Catch him, damn him, catch him." I squatted in the brush and they passed by me. They went one way and I went another. My legs served me well for five miles and probably saved my back from being severely lacerated.

My course was towards Far West. I came to a family of Missourians where I had preached a number of times the summer before. The mistress of the house belonged to the Church. I went into the house and they discovered I was badly bruised which created some excitement at first. I related to them some of the circumstances that had taken place. The man of the house stated that he dared not have me stay, for they would burn his house and destroy him. I told him that I would leave, but he said I must stop and get some supper. While I was eating the lady told him that I had better stay, that it was dark and cold and it would be impossible for me to find my way across the prairie to Far West which was about 20 miles

away. She said I could lay down in the back room with my clothes on and leave the back door open. They would not be able to get to the house without the dogs notifying me of their approach and then I could pass through the back door into the cornfield and not be discovered by them. He accordingly consented. I got a good night's rest and the kind sister prepared me a breakfast before daylight.

By daylight I found myself out of the neighborhood and on the road to Far West. About 11 o'clock I reached home Christmas Day [1838]. My wife then prepared me a dinner of parched corn. She said that in consequence of my absence, we had missed our turn of grinding in the horse mill. Nothing further happened during the day worth mentioning.

What to do I knew not. I had to leave the state soon and my animals were all gone but one. Most of the animals that were owned by the brethren were stolen. Some were saved by tying them with a lock chain around a tree and locking them up.

I then counselled with Father Smith and Brigham Young concerning my going to the three forks of Grand River to try to obtain some property there so that I could leave the state. They gave it as their opinion that I had better not go for I probably would fare worse than I did in Ray County. I, being anxious to obtain something to make out a team, accordingly mounted the horse I had left and started. I arrived at my farm on New Year's Day [1839] and discovered that a man by the name of George Washington O'Neil had it in possession. I passed by to a family about two miles off by the name of Day who had removed from the eastern states but a few weeks before I was driven away. This family took no part with the mob. I found the lady at home. She commenced giving me a history concerning my property.

She said if O'Neil and Culp knew that I was in the place they would shoot me for they had gotten nearly all I had left, and Henderson and others would be willing to help them. I had sold quite a number of the citizens store goods and was to wait until Christmas for pay. She said she had frequently heard them say that if I came there, they would pay me in the way that the Mormons ought to be paid.

O'Neil and Culp came into the house while we were conversing. They demanded of me my reasons for being there. I told them I was attending to my own business. They said I had no business in that country, and if I got away alive, I should be damned smart. I told them there was time enough to be afraid when I saw danger and that I considered myself a white man and went and came as I pleased. They said they would as soon kill me as kill a dog and there would be no more notice taken of it. This I very well understood. They told me they supposed I had come to get my property. I told them I had. They told me there was none for me. After repeated threatenings, I became satisfied that it was in vain to think of obtaining anything. I started for my horse which was hitched at the yard fence about five rods from the door. They followed me.

O'Neil picked up the end of a hoop pole. Mr. Day had been hooping a barrel and left some pieces. O'Neil struck me upon the head and nearly brought me to the ground. I looked for a club, but there was none in sight. He repeated the blows and my having on my head a thick woolen cloth cap saved my skull. Mrs. Day threw the door open and hollered, "Murder!" The knife that hung by his side deterred me from clutching him. I started for the door. He then hit me in the face and repeated the blows two or three times before I reached it. The house, standing about two feet from the ground . . . I clenched the door post when he gave me a blow over the eye, the scar of which I carry to this day. I sprang into the house and clutched the fire shovel. Mrs. Day shut the door that I should neither go out nor they come in. They then ran past the window.

She said, "They have gone after their guns," at which I mounted my horse and started for Far West as fast as I could consistently ride. My head and face soon commenced swelling on which I washed them and made up my mind that I would not let anybody know what had happened to me from the fact that Father Smith and Brigham had told me not to go.

I arrived home about 11 o'clock at night and went to bed without making a light in the house. I thought I would not let my wife know what had happened to me. In the morning I sprang out of bed and I instantly found myself lying on the floor on the other side of the house. My wife screamed and wanted to know what was the matter. I then returned to bed and found myself under the necessity of telling her what had happened, but sought to keep it from my

family. Father Smith soon found it out and came to see me, telling me it would do me good but he was glad they didn't kill me. In a few days I was around and attending to my business.

On the 15th of January [1839], Lyman Cowdery came to my house and inquired after me, telling my wife he wished to see me that evening and he should like to meet me at W. W. Phelps. I accordingly met with him there and David Whitmer, William McLellan, Burr Riggs, (Riggs and) a number of other apostates. Mr. Cowdery stated that he had come from the Ohio to see me on some special business. He said that I had taken his brother Oliver and David with a warrant for stealing my goods somewhere between Wellsville on the Ohio River and that place and that he had come to settle with me. He said he knew the cause of my taking them because Joe had told me to and I was not particularly to blame. W. W. Phelps frequently remarked in the conversation, "damned tall oath" and other similar expressions.

Cowdery said he had been acquainted with me a number of years in the Ohio and he did not consider that I was to blame, for I had to do as Joe told me, "but he is now where he will not lead anybody into difficulty again. Justice will soon overtake him."

"And now, Anson, you are young, inexperienced in law, and I am sorry to find you in this fix. This has caused my brother and Mr. Whitmer much difficulty. You swore to that which is not true; the goods you swore were yours. I have a bill in my pocket of the purchase of them in Cincinnati. Notwithstanding all this, I feel disposed to show you leniency. I will propose two ways of settling this; you can take your choice. I sympathize much with you. In the first place, I will show you the law upon this point. A crime of this kind would be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary, not less than three years and the payment of all damages sustained which would not be less than 2,000 dollars. This is what you are subject to. Now I will propose another way. If you will go to the court with me at Richmond tomorrow and state that you did this because Joe told you so, that will then settle the matter and let the blame rest where it ought to."

He then asked me if I had made up my mind which to do. I told him that I had. I then arose and told him that I was prepared to prove what I had sworn to by Vincin [Vinson] Knight,

who helped me select the goods from a store in the Ohio, and I should have done it at the sitting of the court at Liberty if a Mormon had been permitted to have been there, and I wished him to understand that when I took an oath that I only was responsible and he might take the course that he thought proper. I then left the room and have not heard from him since.

Shortly after this, a mare that was taken from me by the mob returned home to my great surprise, which made me out a team and about the middle of February we took up our line of march for Illinois. The weather was cold and severe, with snow to the depth of one foot. The first night our wagon tipped over into the creek; the second day we had to cross a long prairie and were not able to reach the settlement. It was a very cold and blustering night. We raised the wagon tongue, put some clothes over it, placing our beds underneath. We found campfires and tent poles already stuck nearly all the way after this. We found the Missourians universally unwilling to receive us into their homes.

We arrived at Palmyra, Missouri, the third day of March [1839]. There I found my father and his family and cousin Orvis Call and family. Here I stopped with my family and my father and I went into Illinois to hunt a place for our families. My father rented a farm in Hancock County, five miles east of Warsaw. I took a subcontract for some railroad. We then immediately returned to our families and started with our families for Illinois. We travelled upon the west side of the Mississippi to Warsaw. The road was almost entirely new and it was with great difficulty that we got through. We chose this route on account of the number of families waiting upon the ferry boat.

We arrived at our destination the 25th of April [1839]. I soon commenced hiring the brethren to work upon the railroad. I hired none but the brethren. I kept from 12 to 14 during the season. I paid my men 20 dollars per month, and I made very little more than those I hired. About the middle of May, I was one day travelling to Warsaw when to my great surprise I met Brothers Joseph and Hyrum. I asked him when and how he had made his escape from Missouri. He said, "I am in a great hurry, for my enemies are pursuing me. I will say in short to you, the prayers of the brethren brought me here." He then inquired of me where I lived. He said, "In about a week I will be at your house; then I will relate the whole matter to you." He passed on

in great haste. I was filled with great joy to see our Prophet after more than six months, suffering by chains and dungeons, once more in the enjoyment of liberty.

He came to my house about the appointed time, had his dinner and spent the principal part of the afternoon in conversation. Hyrum, Sidney Rigdon, and Vincent Knight were with him. He related to us some of the circumstances of his escape from Missouri. He also stated that he had purchased a tract of land in Commerce, a place for the Saints to gather to, now called Nauvoo. In the course of the summer, my wife had a very severe sickness, chills and fever, from which she would probably have died had it not been for her being healed by the laying on of the hands.

On the 15th of October [1839] my wife and myself with our youngest child journeyed to the Ohio to visit Mother Flint, leaving the two children and Hannah Flint with them. She had a very severe sickness in our absence. I spent most of the winter in Ohio, preaching in company with Lester Brooks. We returned in the spring in company with Chester Loveland and family and Jeremiah Willy. We arrived home on the 14th of April [1840]. Chester Loveland and myself rented a farm in Carthage where we spent the summer and raised a good crop of corn. We worked for the Carthaginians and supported our families. I preached to them a few times in the courthouse but they were very religious and did not wish to inquire much about Mormonism.

This Autobiography of Anson Call is published as he wrote it and as it has been preserved through family members.