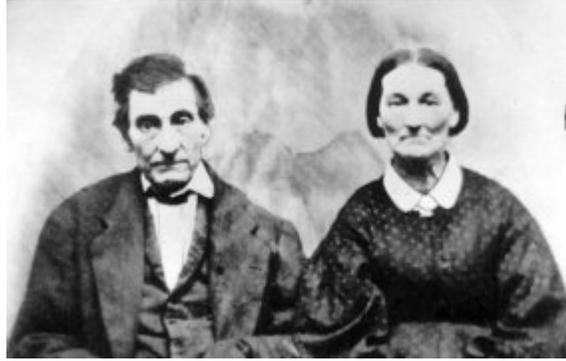


# *Historical Sketch of James HENDRICKS and Drusilla DORRIS*



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Compiler and Editor

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## Forward

The history of Drusilla Dorris Hendricks is a gem among autobiographies of early members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. From her earliest recollection to her final testimony, Drusilla's life is an example to all who would follow the Lord, Jesus Christ.

As Grandma Hendricks' autobiography is available in several versions and has been published multiple times, I here try to identify the various versions and ascertain how close each is to Drusilla's original. I'm grateful to LeAnn Hord for assistance in finding manuscripts, for encouragement, for ideas from her publication of this history, and for obtaining permission to use the C.C.A. Christiansen paintings.

The known versions, whether manuscript or publication:

- Drusilla states that she was nearly sixty-seven years of age when she wrote her autobiography, that her hand shook so badly she could hardly write that she was a poor pens woman, and that she had made an imperfect manuscript. One version of her autobiography states she closed her autobiography with her signature. All this indicates that she, herself, wrote the original manuscript, finishing about 1877. The location of Drusilla's manuscript has remained unknown for so long, it is likely that it has perished.
- About the year 2002 LeAnn Hord gave me a photocopy of a manuscript then in the possession of Mary Hart of the Henry Hendricks Family Organization. This manuscript contains the note, "Copied [sic] by James Roskelley /from the original work/ her Grand Son through her Daughter Rebecca. February 1904. Smithfield Utah}" The manuscript is handwritten (cursive, as I call it) with many spelling errors. It is my theory that this manuscript is the original Roskelley manuscript and that all currently known versions of Drusilla's autobiography are descendents of this manuscript.
- LeAnn Hord published a book in 2002, *History of James and Drusilla Dorris Hendricks* that contains a transcription of the Roskelley manuscript, coupled with the footnotes, etc. that I had published here. LeAnn very kindly gave credit to me several times throughout, while down-playing her own research, transcription, and work. (*History of James and Drusilla Dorris Hendricks*, LeAnn Hord, January, 2002, Mesa, Arizona, pp. 1-42. Prepared for the Henry Hendricks Family Organization. Copy in the possession of Robert Raymond.)
- There is a typescript manuscript in the Church Archives of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It contains the note, "1st copied by James Roskelley, her grandson, from the original work through her daughter Rebecca, February, 1904, Smithfield, Utah. 2nd copied from James Roskelley's copy by Lula Roskelley Mortensen, October, 1930, Smithfield, Utah." Lula (ROSKELLEY) MORTENSEN is the daughter of William Hendricks ROSKELLEY, who is the brother of James ROSKELLEY. ("Reminiscences of Drusilla Dorris Hendricks, 1810-1881," Church Archives, MS 8299, 24 pages.)
- There is a typescript version microfilmed by the Genealogical Society of Utah in 1943. While I've not yet examined this copy, the card catalog entry states, "1st copied by James Roskelley, her grandson, from the original work through her daughter Rebecca, February, 1904, Smithfield, Utah. 2nd copied from James Roskelley's copy by Lula Roskelley Mortensen, October, 1930, Smithfield, Utah." I assume this is the same Mortensen manuscript as MS 8299. (*Historical sketch of James Hendricks and Drusilla Dorris Hendricks*,

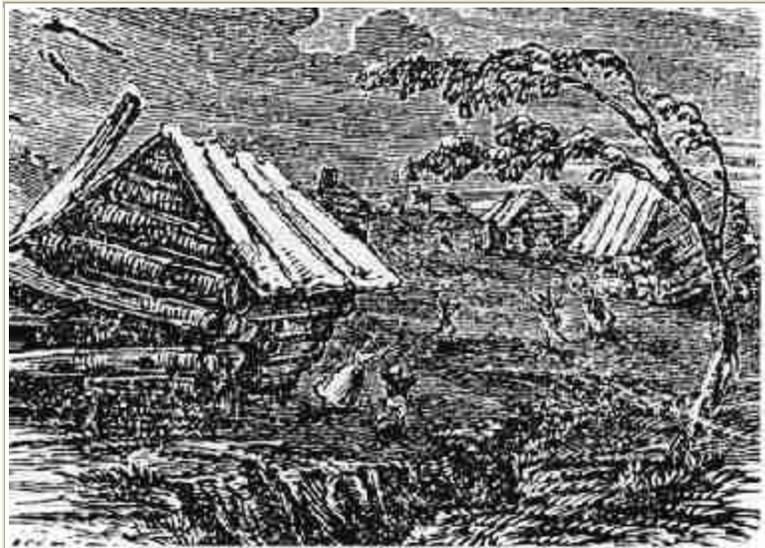
- filmed by Genealogical Society of Utah, 1943, 23 leaves, Family History Library Film 119 Item 4.)
- I think the most widely known version is that published in "the Red Book" (as *Henry Hendricks Genealogy* by Marguerite H. Allen has come to be known.) Allen notes that "some deletions were made by the author from the original autobiography, but it has not been edited otherwise." My guess is that Allen worked from the Mortensen manuscript. It seems to agree with Allen's text, but contains additional material, presumably the portions that Allen deleted. (*Henry Hendricks Genealogy*, Marguerite H. Allen, 1963 (1st edition), pp. 9-31, Family History Library 929.273 H384a or Film 928382 Item 1. 1995 (3rd edition), pp. 27-43.)
  - The Church Archives has a copy of pages 9-63 of the Red Book, filed under manuscript call number MS 123. ("Reminiscences of Drusilla Dorris Hendricks, 1810-," Church Archives, MS 123, 55 typescript pages.)
  - I have another typescript version which I probably received from LeAnn Hord. These version states, "1st copied by James Roskelley, grandson, from the original through her daughter. Rebecca, Feb 4, 1904, Smithfield Utah. / 2nd copies from James Roskelley's copy by Lula Roskelley Martanson Oct 1930 Smithfield Utah / 3rd copies from Lula Mortenson's copy by Thrya Roskelley Berrett Aug 10, 1937 / 4th copy from Thrya Roskelley Berrett July 27, 1940 by Zelda Cordingley. / 5th copies from Zelda Cordingley by James Hendricks, October 10th 1940 / these copies on onion-skin paper are in the possession of Gloria C. Atkinson. / This particular copy is a Xerox, of a Xerox, of the above onion-skin copy made by Gloria's daughter, Hollie C. Bevan"
  - A typescript version in the BYU Library Special Collections, MSS SC2409, includes this note indicating the descent of that manuscript: "Copied by James Roskelley from the original work, Feb. 1904. Grandson through Rebecca. Smithfield, Utah. Copied by Lela H. Johnson, Thanks, Lella. A historical sketch of James and Drucilla [sic] Dorris Hendricks. The great, great grandparents of Arthur LaMont Gifford from Lucinda Leavitt." Lucinda Alice (HENDRICKS) LEAVITT was a granddaughter of Drusilla through Joseph Smith HENDRICKS. She was a 1st cousin of James ROSKELLEY and probably had the opportunity to copy his manuscript. Lella (HALE) JOHNSON was a niece of Lucinda LEAVITT, so she may have copied Lucinda's manuscript. (Lella's mother was Elizabeth Percinda (HENDRICKS) HALE, half-sister of Lucinda LEAVITT.) I'm not certain what role Arthur Lamont Gifford played. Arthur is the son of Sarah Jane (BAINBRIDGE) GIFFORD, daughter of James Wesley BAINBRIDGE. James BAINBRIDGE is another 1st cousin of James ROSKELLEY, and I assume is the grandson that Drusilla raised after her daughter Libbie died. This manuscript seems to be more heavily edited than other surviving versions. (*Historical Sketch of James Hendricks and Drusilla Dorris Hendricks*, BYU Library, MSS SC2409.)
  - There is a version published in *Our Pioneer Heritage*. It has been edited to use modern grammar, spelling, and usage. (*Our Pioneer Heritage*, Kate B. Carter, comp., Vol. 20, 1977, p.242-272. Family History Library 979.2 H2c v. 20 or fiche 6049793.)

The text presented herein is taken from Allen, with additions from the MS 8299 manuscript. **The additions are indicated by this brown color.** I've added chapter divisions, headings, illustrations, photographs, and footnotes, and adjusted paragraph breaks for readability. The text of the final chapter, "Epilog," is from *Heritage*.

## Childhood, Marriage and Family

Drusilla Continues.

The first thing I can recollect was the earth shaking<sup>1</sup> and my eldest brother and wife running with me to my father's house. The next incident I can remember, I was saying Prayer after My Father. I was then about five years of age. He was a praying man. There was much talk concerning Religion. My parents were Baptists, our neighbors were Methodists and Presbyterians, so I heard much contention on religion. I was a child but continued to pray after my Father until I was 6 years of age. Then there were revivals among the different denominations and with them came the Jirks and dancing. My Father became disgusted but read and prayed the more until the king of exercise ceased.



A woodcut portraying the damage of the New Madrid earthquake.

Courtesy State Historical Society of Missouri.

In my seventh year my Father sent me to school six months. I learned to read and write a very little. Then my reading was confined to the Bible and Hymn Book, until I could recite pages of it without looking at the book. In the year 1817 my Father moved a short distance to be nearer his married children but not out of the Country where I was born. Nothing of note happened to me until I was in my 10th year. Then there was some sickness in my Father's family. I was sent on an errand to three or four places and waded a stream of water and took cold. I still had my places of Prayer but dare pray after my Father no longer; I thought him to be a Christian while I was a sinner. And when I went to my Prayers I could say nothing but "Lord have mercy on me and save me from that awful place I have heard so much about."

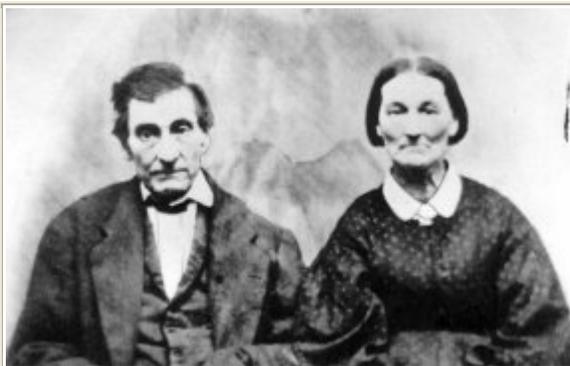
I was taken with a severe pain in my side and for three days and nights they thought I would die. They sent for the Doctor and also my brothers and sisters. The Doctor was a faith Doctor and a minister in the Baptist Church. The pain crossed to the right side and he succeeded in keeping it there. My friends all gave me up except my father and mother. I have heard my Mother tell how she would go before the Lord and bury her face in the dust and beseech him to spare my life. My Father told the same thing and the Doctor prayed in the family. He asked the Lord to spare my life and led me to my parents in their old age. He also asked that I might become a Mother in Israel and do much good in my days, all of which I never forgot.

I lay in great pain, they had to move me in a sheet for I could not move myself. One evening--I think it must have been sunset--my Mother came and asked me how I felt. I was sinking under the load I felt on me and I said, "Oh Mother, raise me up"

and as she raised me up the light and glory of Heaven seemed to fill the house. I shouted and praised God in the Name of Jesus. I quoted scripture from Genesis to Revelations. My pain was gone. I felt as light as a feather. I was so happy. My brothers and sisters came to bid me goodbye. My father came and said "Drusilla, who will deal with you after death?" I said, "God Almighty, but I am not going to die. I want to live to be baptized for the remission of my sins." I saw it as plain as when I heard the Gospel.

I began slowly to recover but my pain settled in my right shoulder and on the 15th of February, 1817, the Doctor took out my collar bone and many pieces of bone came after and I was kept under the influence of medicine for two years. The Doctor called my disease "A white swelling." My system began to be more healthful and I began to be more playful again. My sisters would check me and say "that isn't pretty for Mama's little Christian". I had no idea I was making a profession of religion. I knew I felt happy and I praised the Lord but I was like the Scripture where it says "The wind bloweth where it listeth, but thou canst not tell from whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is everyone that is born of the Spirit". For I saw so many things so far from what the people talked and preached I stood still in amazement.

It was two years I could not work. My parents wanted me to read lest I should forget how. We had no variety of books as we have now, so I had to read the Bible and Hymn book. It looked so strange to me that no one was doing as the Bible told them. When I would read John Revelations, I would ask my Father so many questions, as to when this would be in my day. But he would put me off and say we had no business with these things. I have heard him say to Mother, "What a mind that child has got." I knew by that that he could not answer my questions. My Mother often asked me if I did not want to be baptized into the Baptist Church. She would exhort me to faithfulness and for me not to mind what the girls said when they were teasing me.

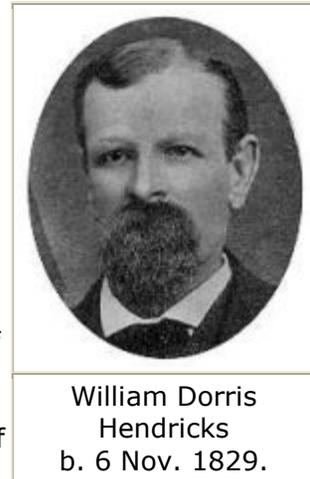


James and Drusilla Hendricks.

The time went on until I was 15 years old. During which time my brothers and sisters were all married and I was left alone with my parents. My mother taught me in all the branches of housewifery that she was capable, for which I always felt thankful. In my 18th year, I was married to James Hendricks. Then I had to leave my parents but oh how hard the parting, for I loved my parents. But the distance was but one mile from my childhood home. We often went to see them. I was married the last day of May, 1827. My first child was born on the 10th day of May 1828. We called her name Elizabeth. It was then my trouble began for I found I was a Mother and the responsibilities of a mother were upon me. My husband came in and found me crying. He then asked if he had neglected me or said or done anything to hurt my feelings. I answered him, "no" but I was a mother and was not capable of doing a Mothers duty. He wept with me and told me that I was better prepared to be Mother than he was to be a Father and do the duties of a Father. We had many serious hours over it and as it appeared to me then, so I found it. No small thing to be a mother.

My health grew bad. One of my husband's brother's wife died. Then my husband traded his interest in the homestead for his brother's land. This was in 1828 and in the year 1829 the great hue and cry came about the State of Missouri. It surely was the garden of Eden. His father, brothers and sisters and brothers-in-law all began to shape their affairs to go to that state. They were determined that we should go with them. I plead with my husband to stay until the death of my parents, which he made up his mind to do as I wished. We had plenty to make us comfortable but stripped ourselves of property to buy the old homestead back again. We then had more land than we could keep in cultivation.

About this time my second child was born and we called his name William Dorris Hendricks. We toiled hard to get the things to make us comfortable and in 1832 we began to feel pretty comfortable and in that year my father died. The property left to my mother was sold at public auction and she came to live with me and we used all our endeavors to make her happy. She often said to me, "Drusilla, do you know you are more comfort to me than all the rest." I asked her why that was, and she answered, "Because you always ask me what I want for breakfast or dinner or how to do any kind of work." I had never thought of that before nor had I thought of the principle of obedience planted within me. It was not to gain my Mother's favor. It was to show the reverence I had for my Mother from a child. She lived with us two and one-half years and was then called home to that God who gave her life, in the year 1834.



Catherine Tabitha Hendricks  
b. 2 Aug. 1832.

My third child (Catherine) was born August 2, 1832 and was two years of age the day my mother was buried.

On the 8th of August, 1834, my husband went to the door, fainted and fell and he was so heavy I could not get him on the bed until nearly night when I sent for a physician. He still grew worse and I sent for another Doctor. He came and worked with him almost four weeks and no one thought he would live. He then began to improve slowly. We had joined the Baptist Church two years before but I was no better satisfied than before. He had been under conviction of sin when he obtained the forgiveness of sin he wanted to be baptized but I found no answer of a good conscience for

me. I felt for weeks I should go crazy, finally I began dreaming and I knew there was a reality in dreams. I had dreams mostly from my childhood up and had seen many of my dreams literally fulfilled when my Mother would call me Joseph the Dreamer.

I will tell some of my dreams I had during the two years I was a Baptist. I read nearly all the time I could spare from my work; I found that none had the Gospel as taught in the New Testament. I was sorely troubled when I dreamed. I saw Jacob's ladder reaching into Heaven, I saw men ascending and descending on it. There was seven steps, it had the appearance of a rainbow, both the steps and uprights. I thought there should be communication between the heavens and earth.

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## NOTES

1. The New Madrid Earthquake of 1811-12 which formed the Reelfoot Lake. [↑](#)

### Conversion to Mormonism

About the time the stars fell<sup>1</sup> I dreamed again. I thought I went out and something drew my attention to the northwest. I saw a little spot filled with compass flowers, and also had the color of the rainbow and there was gathering from all parts of the skies, flowers to this little bunch in the northwest. I stood still and gazed until the whole heavens was full of flowers." I knew not then what it meant but it made me feel happy and I have since seen that it meant the gathering of the saints.

After that I dreamed that I saw the old dragon, the Devil, and he covered the whole Eastern Horizon and his influence was felt over the whole earth, it was awful to look upon.

Soon after I had these dreams the Mormon Elders came to the locality where I had a sister living. She and her husband and my husband's brother heard them there before they came to the settlement where we lived. My husband's brother came to me and wanted me and my sister to go and hear them preach, for said he, "You have read so much that you can catch their errors in the Scriptures." Said he "I never heard men stick so close to the Scriptures in my life, but it is not in accordance with my traditions and I don't want to give up my traditions." I thought then "If I have traditions that are false I want to get rid of them." It seemed to me he wanted to catch them in their words. In a few nights they came close by where we lived to preach. Samuel Hendricks came with his wife and would not take no for an answer. We must go and hear the Mormons preach. He sent and got his large children to stay with my small ones so that I could go and as we went out at the gate I said: "What **went ye out to see. A Reed shaken by the wind,**" and He answered, "Yea a Prophet and much more than a prophet." We went on, the distance was about one mile. And as we went to meeting we saw wagons standing on the hind wheels with the front parts in the air. Poles and tree tops in the same manner. This was new to me, I went unprejudiced.

They sang a song that suited the times and I never forgot the lines. The first stanza follows:

Come O' ye Americans be thankful to God  
For so many blessings and honors bestowed



The Night the Stars Fell.  
1833 Leonid Meteor Storm.  
*Bilderatlas der Sternenwelt*, published in  
1892 by Edmund Weik, University of  
Vienna, Austria.

While so many nations in bondage have laid  
You have had the glorious Gospel to sound for your aid.

The Elder read a chapter and began to explain. I asked myself a question, why I had never seen it that way before, the answer came with the scripture, "How can ye hear without a preacher, and how can he preach except he be sent." Before he got through I believed and went home rejoicing and my brother-in-law was so mad he could not talk decent. I had a sister in the settlement where they first preached. She and her husband followed them up. Before we got home I went to the Elder and asked questions. Among the rest I asked what was the difference in the baptisms with the Baptists and the Latter-day Saints. Says he "I do not know what comparison to make but I will say where I had a little light as a Baptist when I was baptized with the Latter-day Saints it was like a hogshead poured out on a drop. My sister and her husband went home with us. Her husband and mine had nothing to say, they were as mute as mice. We went to bed and I prayed to the Lord to give me a dream. I fell asleep and dreamed we were as the people in the days of John the Baptist. He had baptized the people but when the Saviour came with greater light, if they did not embrace that they fell away into outer darkness, and so it was with us. We had been trying to serve God but those Elders brought the same light Jesus had in the days of John the Baptist and if we did not embrace it we would be in outer darkness.

I asked my husband next morning if I might be baptized. He said he did not want to take the agency of any one. I told him my dream and I quoted many scriptures in support of what they had preached. He went out among the neighbors and when he came back he had all manner of objections. There was another appointment to preach the next, night - we went. I had never seen disorder in church before. When the Elder would point out wicked and what would be their portion, the people would say aloud, "That is you". And when he would point out the righteous they would have nothing to say. I watched every word and every move that passed the Elder, I was so rejoiced for the Bible seemed a new book to me. He had told us what to do to be saved and it was so plain and simple. I never was so happy in my life.

When the meeting closed the people were divided in opinions and some fairly raged. My husband walked up and asked the Elder some questions and he removed all objections from his mind at this time and we went home rejoicing in the Truth. But when morning came things were overhoused and every slander that could be thought of was told to my husband. He came home as full of prejudice as he could be, which caused my heart to ache for I saw the dividing line. The Elders came to our house to talk with him, again they cleared his mind of all the objections he could raise. The Elders told my sister I was ready for Baptism, but my husband would have to have an overwhelming testimony or he would never be baptized. A month passed away and when my husband met with any one who would defame the principles of the Mormons he would defend them and vice versa, when they would defend he would defame.



Tabitha Dorris,  
Drusilla's sister,  
preceeded her in  
baptism by several  
days.

He soon found he could hold the best argument in defense of Mormonism, though he would not let me hear him speak in their favor, for by this time he had said I should not be baptized without his consent and that he would not give consent until he felt different. I knew it was of no use to ask him, I could only go by myself and ask the Lord to enlighten his mind that he might see the truth for if he did not I was undone. The Elders came again and again and removed all his objections, then he would have to take a fresh start. By this time one of my sisters<sup>2</sup> and some of the neighbors were baptized and they bore the same testimony as the Elder concerning the newness of light and the difference of testimony in the Baptist and the Latter-day Saints.

I found I had no enjoyment except with the Saints and I could not bear a separation. I then had three children and my heart felt as though it would surely break. When I went to the Baptist church every one looked down on me as though I had committed the unpardonable sin. They prayed and preached about us going to the Mormon meetings - I had sisters there, they seemed afraid of me. I went to them and tried to show my friendship, but they upbraided me for running after the Mormons. They went on with their meetings and soon became very happy, shouting, shaking hands, and singing, and my husband was one with them. I must say of all folly and foolishness I ever saw, I thought, No wonder it was called Babylon. I could not see one bit of sense to anything they said or done, it was so foolish.

The Bible seemed an unsealed book, I could see fields of light and intelligence in it. I could see if I could not be baptized into the Kingdom of God, I could not be saved for I had been born of the Spirit for surely I could see the Kingdom of God. I went home determined to not lose sight of the light. I searched the Scripture to see if these things were so. The Devil and the people imagined vain things.

There was another baptizing and we had word to go to the water, I said to the hired girl we would go. My husband asked if he should not go along and I told him to do as he pleased. He got his hat and we started. We were a little in advance of him when his nose started to bleed, and he had to stop. I knew it was the condition of his mind that caused his nose to bleed and I was glad to see it and I prayed that it might be for good. We went on and I began to think he had gone back, but he came up while the Elder was talking and took a seat close by me. I watched him and the tears dropped like rain from his eyes. It really made me glad to see him in that condition for I thought then there was hopes of better times. When the baptizing was over we all sat down on the ground, the Elder in the midst, while he preached and explained the scriptures. We all wept but mine was for joy for my husband was melted to tears and was filled with love but he wanted something tangible that he could know for himself. He had said so much, he wanted to be sure before he made a move. The Elder told him to humble himself in mighty prayer and he should have the Testimony that he wanted.

The next night my sister and a Sister Lewis<sup>3</sup> came to stay overnight with us and Sister Lewis and my husband talked "till nearly morning". I do not think he slept any that night. He got up and made a fire and put a couple of chickens in the barrel for me, then slipped away. Sister Lewis fell asleep. My sister and I got up and she went to see my brother-in-law while I got breakfast and waited for my husband for I knew

not where he had gone, but when he came he was preaching and praising God. My sister came back crying and almost broken-hearted. She had been so abused by our brother-in-law. She also had a message for my husband from his brother-in-law. If he offered himself for baptism, they would get two hundred men and tie him and the Elder to trees and give them two hundred lashes each and see if they would stand that for Christ's sake. They were all excited and I could get none of them to eat breakfast. I was calm as the summer's morning and sat down with my children and ate breakfast.

The Elders had appointed another meeting at Bro. John Buttlers<sup>4</sup> which was to be their last meeting in this neighborhood. The people were trying to raise a mob to drive them off. The scriptures were now opened to my husband's view and he called for his clothes to be baptized in. I then asked if I might be baptized and he answered if I wished I could. I was in a hurry for fear something might hinder. We took our clothing and went to meeting, the house and yard was full of people.

At the close of the services the Elder asked if any wished to be baptized to come forward and give him their hand. My husband gave his hand and I followed him. We went to the water and the people all followed. I shall never forget how I felt. The Elder asked if I was willing to serve the Lord to the best of my ability. I answered yes. In March 1835 [12 March 1835]<sup>5</sup> he baptized me according to the pattern laid down by our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ for the Baptism of all those who wished to serve him. I arose to walk in newness of life. That fear of death and Hell was all gone from me and I was a new creature. Such a feeling of calmness pervaded me for months and my husband had the same feelings. No one came to harm the Elders or us, though the Elders went home with us. I never closed my eyes that night for our talk concerning the Ancient Saints presented as it were, panoramic views before my eyes of their persecutions, being cast into prison or into the fiery furnace and how they had to wander in sheeps and goats skins because the world was not worthy of them. I saw if we did not endure the same persecutions we could not have the same blessings. I imagined my husband killed for the testimony he had received; but I rejoiced in the Gospel and because I had made up my mind to serve God to the best of my ability. We were baptized in March, 1835 and confirmed.

Then a branch of the church was organized with 22 members and we had a meeting with the Elders to be instructed before they left us, in regard to our duties. We all felt grieved to part with the Elders whose names were James Emit<sup>6</sup> and Peter Dustin. The privilege was given to any who desired to speak and some spoke in tongues while others interpreted what they said. Others spoke by the Spirit of God in their own tongue and we all praised God for we had all drank of that same Spirit. We loved one another and met together often and had good meetings and it was now that persecutions began with.

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## NOTES

1. The Leonids meteor shower the morning of 13 November 1833 was one of the most spectacular in history. It was witnessed throughout the United States. Parley P. Pratt wrote of the storm, "About 2 o'clock the next morning, we were called up by the cry of signs in the heavens. We arose, and to our great astonishment all the firmament seemed involved in splendid fireworks, as if

- every star in the broad expanse had been hurled from its course, and sent lawless through the wilds of ether. Thousands of bright meteors were shooting through space in every direction, with long trains of light following in their course. This lasted for several hours, and was only closed by the dawn of the rising sun. Every heart was filled with joy at this majestic display of signs and wonders, showing the near approach of the coming of the Son of God." (*Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt*, 1976 ed., p. 103.) ↑
2. Drusilla's sister, Tabitha Dorris, was born 12 Jan 1804. Tabitha married John Thompson Hendricks, James Hendrick's cousin, 25 July 1818. Tabitha was baptized 10 March 1835. Neither she nor her family left Simpson County. Though her husband never converted, three of her 10 children "embraced the faith of their mother." (*The Henry Hendricks and Sara Thompson Family*, Carol H. Cannon, 2nd ed., pp.56-57.) ↑
  3. The Sister Lewis mentioned is probably Joannah Ryon Lewis, wife of Benjamin Franklin Lewis. Benjamin Lewis was baptized by James Emmett in March 1835. Soon afterwards he was ordained an Elder by James Emmett and John Dustin and appointed to preside over the branch of the Church organized in Simpson county at that time. Benjamin was killed at the Hauns Mill Massacre, in Caldwell County, Missouri, on October 30, 1838. Drusilla later notes that Benjamin was the only one to receive a proper burial. Joannah passed away at Nauvoo on 16 Jan. 1846. (*LDS Biographical Encyclopedia*, Andrew Jenson, Vol. 3, p.670; *Heart Throbs of the West*, Kate B. Carter, Vol.5, p.214. *Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah*, p.755. ) ↑
  4. John Butler was born in Simpson County, Kentucky, April 8, 1808. John wrote the following: In 1832 ... I started to a place in the field where I often went to pray. I got about fifty steps from the house. My whole mental powers seemed to be drawn out to God to know the truth, and the true order of his kingdom, and if I could only know what, I would do anything, even to the laying down of my life if necessary. While in the exercise of mind, there was a voice that spoke to me saying, "Stand still and see the salvation of God and that will be truth."

On March, the first day, 1835, when at a Baptist meeting, a word came that two Mormon elders would preach on that evening at my Uncle John Lowe's. I said I would go and hear them.

[After hearing the Mormon elder preach] I was lying on my bed. I traveled back over my past history and was thinking from the first time that I had serious reflections up until the time that the voice spoke to me and told me to stand still and see the salvation of God and that would be truth. And the voice of the same spirit said, "This is truth that you have been hearing, now choose or refuse." ... So while I lay on my bed, I covenanted with my Eternal Father to obey the first choice. I then felt the spirit of God to rest down upon me with this testimony that it was right.

So on the next Monday, the 9th day of March, 1835, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, I was led into the waters of baptism by Elder James Emmett and baptized for the remission of my sins. (*Autobiography of John Lowe Butler I*, typescript, BYU Special Collections, pp. 5-8.) ↑

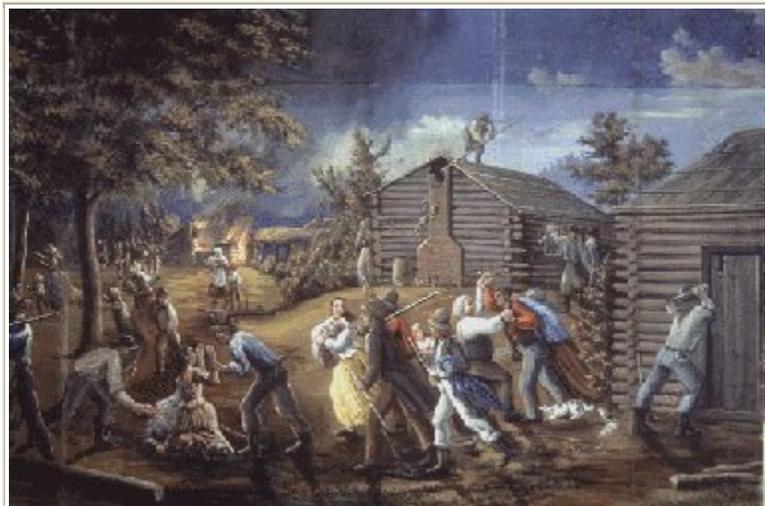
5. "The elders appointed a confirmation meeting to be held at my home on the 12th, Thursday evening. There were nine confirmed and the Holy Ghost was

poured out upon us; five spoke in new tongues, myself being one of the number. The elders continued to preach and baptize until 22 were baptized and they then organized a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, ordained Benjamin Lewis an elder and myself a teacher." (Butler, p.8.)

6. Sadly, Elder James Emmet, the great missionary who baptized James and Drusilla, did not stay true to the faith that he brought to so many others. After the prophet Joseph's death he refused to follow Brigham Young and was disfellowshipped. He eventually left his wife and died in California. (*Our Pioneer Heritage*, Vol. 13, pp. 473-479; John Butler Autobiography, typescript, BYU-S, pp.29-40. Also see *Times and Seasons*, Vol.5, p.639; *History of the Church*, Vol.2, Ch.24, p.326; *History of the Church*, Vol.2, Ch.34, p.482; *History of the Church*, Vol.7, Ch.11, p.135; *Evening and Morning Star*, May 1834 and September 1834; *Messenger and Advocate*, Apr 1837, p.495; *Our Pioneer Heritage*, p. 370.)

## Persecutions

My husband's people, except one brother, were in Jackson County, Mo. where the Saints were driven from, so this brother wrote to Missouri to ascertain the character of the Saints and the answer soon came from the County authorities and a letter signed by over twenty other people pertaining to the character of the Saints and their assertions. We asked for the letters from Missouri that we might read them, then we invited Brother Buttler to our house to hear them read and desired to answer the letters while in



Expulsion from "the First Latter-day Saint Settlement in Missouri," by C.C.A. Christensen.

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our possession. And as they sat down to write, a young man came to get the letters. My husband said he had taken them for the night, but after he had taken them home if there he could get them from there. The man went to the door and said there is a heavy storm coming and wanted my husband to come and see; however he did not go then the man came back and sat down and again asked for the letters. He was then told he could not have them as we had them for the night and would not give them up so he bid us goodnight and left. We thought there must be something up. In a few moments my husband went to the door and sat down on the steps, when here came a boley of rocks hurled at his head<sup>1</sup>. As quick as thought he stepped out into the darkness, to listen to the voices. He damned them and told them if they came again he would be ready for them. They threw some in the dark and then ran; he came in and they finished writing their letters. The letters from Missouri, however, did not prove anything to us.

Next morning everything stood on end, pig-troughs were on top of the gates and every old trumpery stood up on end. The wagon was propped up with the tongue sticking straight in the air and a pile of rocks lay at the gate. We had no weapons of any kind so after breakfast my husband went and bought a gun and gave out the word that he was ready for them.

The mob began to give themselves away a little at a time, until we secured substantial proof against them, then we had them arrested and made them pay for their mischief and during the trial they brought out the fact that the Deacon of the Baptist Church had promised to pay their fine if they were caught; however he refused to do so when they were apprehended and proven guilty.

My husband's brother forbid his family coming out to our house, so we had no society except the few Saints in the Branch of the Church. We went often to worship God and ask Him to guide us in all we did. We were happy though and high and low scoffed at us.

My husband was going on business right by my sister's door so I jumped on the horse behind him and went to see her. I was received very cool (she was next older than me in the family and before this we never met or parted without crying.) She told me to lay off my things and get a chair. After fifteen or twenty minutes silence she began saying, "Drusilla, what in the name of God and our Parents and everything else have you done; what have you done." I said, "Lovinia, what do you mean." Why in going after the Mormons and being baptized by them. I said, they preached the Gospel and I was baptized for the remission of my sins. She said she never wanted to come to our house again without we came out of that devilment and tried to get back into the Baptist Church again. I told her that would never be.

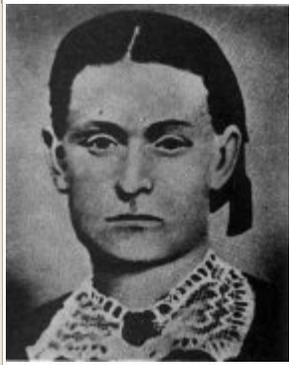
One of the neighbor women came in and began telling what she had heard. I paid no attention to her, when asked some smutty questions, but I never let on as though I heard her as my sister was the only one I wanted to listen to. She told me all she wanted to come to my house for was because Father and Mother were buried there. I said the same parents raised me that raised you. (This raise came to me with the spirit of it; I repeated the words): "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lay, My Grace all sufficient shall be thy supply. The Flames shall not hurt thee, I only design Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine." I felt there was a personage with me and I was not alone. I found I had to serve God for myself and not for another. I had one sister who was baptized before I was and she was persecuted the same as I, so we then stayed at home and minded our own business.

In June we had a terrible storm. The next morning there was a great calm and everything looked as though it was praising God. We were so happy for we did enjoy the spirit of the Gospel. While we were yet at breakfast, my sister and husband's brother's wife came, although she had been forbidden to come to our house. But they had got so much news and lies gathered up they could not stand it any longer and they thought she would have more influence with us than he. (For he has gnashed his teeth in my face once because I believed in the gift of tongues. He asked if I believed any of the branch had the gift of tongues. I answered yes. He then said he would take us before the law for disgracing his children for I was their Aunt and my husband their Uncle and we believed in such nonsense.) She told some of the most notorious lies (that her husband had told her); she was almost broken-hearted. She said she came on purpose to get us out of such devilment. She wanted

us to try and get back in the Baptist Church if we could. She said nothing to me but talked to my husband, as though if he would leave the Mormons, I would be obliged to. She told him if he and my sister Tabitha had wanted a bad name, she would rather we had joined a house of ill fame so we had remained virtuous than to join the Mormons. I said nothing; my husband walked the floor till he thought she had said enough, then he said, "If I was to leave this church with the testimony I have of its truth I should look for nothing but the fiery indignation of God poured out upon me for I know of its truth. She said "Jim, I will venture to stand between you and all judgment that could come upon you if you and Drusa would leave them (the Mormons). Then he bore his testimony in strong terms, it would take something of a different nature to lead us from the truth. My blood ran cold when she said she would stand between us and the judgments of God for I knew she could not answer for her own sins.

She went home as she came, without any encouragement of our leaving the church, what she told us had come through the Baptist church and they were filled with a lying spirit. We talked over our conversation and it only served to open our eyes to the truth. One of our little band came in to stay all night with us. We talked, sang and prayed. Talked of the light of the Gospel and of dreams. I said I wished I could dream something that would come to pass, that would strengthen me in the Gospel in dreams so I went to bed praying that the Lord would give me a dream that would come to pass. I dreamed that the sister that had talked so to us the day before was sick with an awful disease and none were allowed to go to her but her two daughters. I said I would go and see her; I was told I would not be allowed to and it would do me no good to go and her head is as large as a half bushel so you would not know her. I thought I went but went to the back of the house, but was not allowed to go in.

In less than six months I saw this fulfilled to the letter. Her husband took the small-pox and came home and she took the disease and died. I went to the very spot I dreamed of going to so that the wind would blow from me toward the house. My brother came from the city of Nashville to wait on them. He came to the door and told me how she was but said Drusilla go back for you can not see her. Her head is as big as a half bushel and you would not know her. My husband went three times a day to see what they wanted and would take it to them. Neighbors and relations all came to us to hear from them for no one would go within a half mile of their house. My husband's brother became very friendly and talked of going to Missouri with us but when he got out among his friends they soon turned his mind. My husband was security for him for \$500.00 but the worst enemies that the Mormons had in our neighborhood offered themselves as security instead of my husband and we were very glad to be released.



Rebecca Hendricks  
b. 2 Nov. 1835.

My fourth child was born in November 1835 and we called her name Rebecca. We sold out during the winter, settled all our finances ready to start for Missouri in the Spring of 1836. I had four sisters to leave but only one to regret the leaving. She was a Latter-day Saint.

We started on our journey May 1, 1836 in company with Mother Buttler, J. L. Buttler and families, Thompson Kimball and families. We journeyed without much trouble. In Illinois we were under the necessity of buying a yoke of cattle. We stopped at "Knight Prairie". Our men went to a little town and found where they could buy the cattle and they also found some Latter-day Saints. They were as glad as we and they came back with our men and stayed two nights. It was a

brother Clark and wife and a Bro. Lane and wife. We had never met them before but were so glad to see a Latter-day Saint. We sang, prayed and praised God for the light we had received. We had a good time but had to part but in hopes that we should meet again.

We went on until we came to a little river, the name of which I have forgotten, here the fish were so plentiful at times the surface of the water was covered. It was decided to stop and fish and lay in a supply. **The fish were so large they thought best to shoot them. They had good success until the whole camp had a full supply then their guns would not go off. When they would hold them up off the water it would go off but they could catch no fish. My husband said, the Lord is not pleased with them that kill flesh to waste or them that hath no need. I have known him after we reached Missouri to go shooting. He always got what we needed but could get no more.**

**We moved on to what was called Ocaw river. Here we had to stop; the wind was so high the ferry men refused to take us across. We all made ourselves comfortable as we could while laying over. I had been in the habit of using snuff and was just out. I knew it was a disgusting habit and I had heard the Word of Wisdom read, also my husband desired that I discontinue its use. I went quite a way out of camp. I there pled with the Lord to take away the desire for snuff from me and if he would do this, it would be a sign unto me that I would know he had caused the revelation (Word of Wisdom) to be written. I then went back to camp, and forgot that I used snuff for four days after and I never wanted it again. I had often tried to quit but this time the Lord took the desire away from me and gave me a testimony of the truth of the Word of Wisdom.**

We went on our way rejoicing until we reached Clay County, Mo. We soon bought fifty acres of land there and there were six families living on it. We went in the house with a man by the name of Jerome Benson. I put my beds upstairs.

There were a number of Saints in this settlement that had been driven from Jackson County and we had great times in talking of their trials in that County not knowing that the same fate awaited us. It was not a week until my husband's father, brother and wife and sister came to see us. They lived near Independence but had never heard the Gospel and said that they took no part in the driving of the Saints from that County. And now nothing would do but we must go home with them for a visit. The old Gentlemen said that James (my husband) must go, he knew that he would

not be molested. But having told that his youngest son was a Mormon it was not easy to stay the hand of the wicked and ungodly. So we went home with him, partly to satisfy the old gentleman and partly to satisfy our own curiosity to see Independence where the center Stake of Zion should be. My husband also wanted to see the rest of his sisters that were there. After crossing the Missouri River we had an excellent view of the Country.

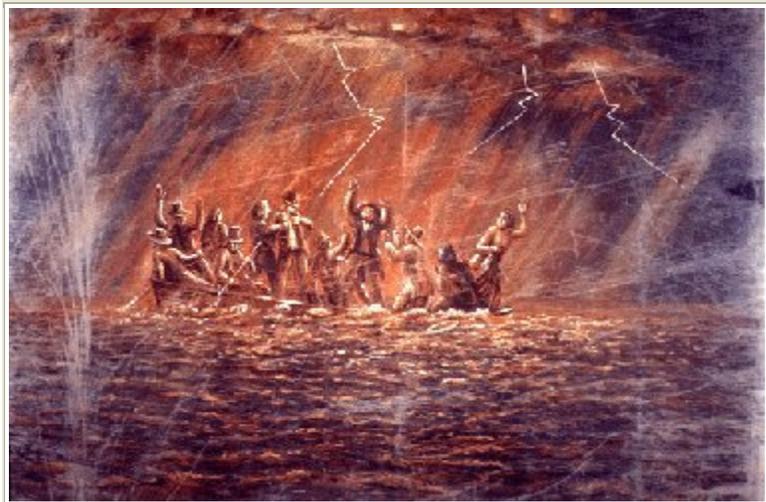


Reverend  
Isaac McCoy

When within about three miles of his father's house the Baptist Minister overtook us and the Old Gentleman had to introduce his youngest son James, and lo and behold it was the [Rev. I. McCoy](#),<sup>2</sup> that old Baptist preacher who was at the head of Jackson County's mob along with Col. Pitcher and he was going to Independence and he would tell the boys to be still and not molest him for his father's sake but he would not wonder if his wagon wheels were sunk in the mill pond so he had better be kind of careful. That made his father and brother feel awful bad but James seemed very cheerful and showed no signs of alarm. They had said that we could not go home in less than a week. He must now go with them up town but they did not stay very long. They found that McCoy was making up a mob to

come that night so they thought that we had best go. His father said he could not stand to see James abused. They got our and their teams ready. They intended to go with us as far as the river and wept nearly all the way, but it gave us an opportunity to explain the Gospel and we did not fail to embrace it. They went on with us until within four miles of our house where they turned back with sorrowful hearts. We reached home all right.

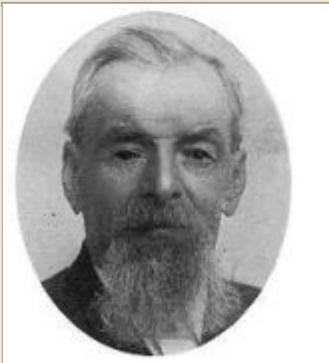
Our wagons, some five or six in number, had stirred up the mob spirit for fear the Mormons would come and take away their place and nation. The mob was gathering within half a mile of where we stopped and the brethren we bought of had bought quite a tract of land and we had paid over money to them and they to the party they had purchased from who was also a Baptist preacher and of course when his flock required him to do anything he had to do it. And they wanted him to rue



"Mobbers on the Missouri River," by C.C.A. Christensen.  
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bargains. He first sent his wife to tell the Brethren they must give up the land for his church was not willing that it should go to the Mormons. The Brethren were not willing to give it up for they had drawn up agreements and made the first payment and had given their notes for the balance and everything was done according to law and now they were to have possession of the land. She made some threat if they did not give up the land willingly then they would be forced to. We found that the mob were still gathering at this place, I cannot remember their names. Our brethren began to gather and get ready to defend themselves. Lyman Wight stood the highest

in the Priesthood of any one there and he was no coward. The next morning after the visit of the Preacher's wife, there were 25 or 30 of the Brethren there with their arms. I noticed they went upstairs and came down without their arms and soon after I had to go upstairs for something and in stepping on my bed I was frightened and on removing some of the clothing found the bed full of guns, pistols and swords. The brethren stayed there for the mob said if they could get Lyman Wight they could get along with the rest of them but would fight about four o'clock p.m. The land man rode up to the fence and four others stopped back four or five rods with broken horse whips in their hands. Eight or ten of the brethren were in the yard. He inquired for the man who had made the purchase of the land; they came out and asked what he wanted. He said he wanted the land he had sold back and was going to have it or he was going to do something terrible if they did not do as he said. He began to make some threats; I was looking out of the window not a rod from them. Lyman jumped over the fence and caught hold of his bridle and in less than half a minute there were 25 or 30 brethren around him and the man wilted which was no surprise for Lyman looked like he would tear him to pieces. He agreed to be rather decent but those four men never came up to the crowd. If the brethren had of known what they had been doing they would not have left a grease spot of them as they had caught one of the brethren alone and whipped him nearly to death and that is what had broken their horse whips and there was the commencement of the compromise in Clay County. We all gave up our land and agreed to go to Caldwell County.



Joseph Smith Hendricks  
b. 23 Mar. 1838.

We were to be let alone there so we were glad to do so and not be mixed up with. Our leading brethren worked day after day to accomplish this move. We were among the first to go and Bro. Emit and family, (the Elder who baptized us) went with us. We soon selected a place, built a cabin and cut hay for we had but little time to prepare for winter. We got about 12 tons of hay stacked very nice. On looking out one evening we saw the prairie on fire and knew it was three miles away but the wind was driving it direct to us. He said he would go and fight against it. I went with him two or three hundred yards but he had not time to light his fire until the fire was upon us. We were forced to run for life. The grass was tall and the flames were high and when we reached the house the flames reached the stacks and burned them up. The house was filled with cinders but we saved it. We now did not know what to do but we found a man who had raised some corn a mile from us who wanted to sell it. My husband gave him \$60.00 for six acres in the field. We gathered and cribbed it, then we were provided for the winter again. I never lived happier in my life. I was always very sickly until now. I had quit taking snuff, tea and coffee and I became healthy and strong. Where before I could not walk half a mile, now I could walk three miles and not tire for we kept the Word of Wisdom. I can bear my testimony to the world. I could run and not be weary, walk and not faint, I received health in my naval and marrow to my bones and hidden treasures of knowledge. I often made myself feel like the old Nephite women while they were traveling in the wilderness for they became strong like unto the men.

We never missed a meeting for we loved the Saints and had confidence in them. We read considerable, mainly the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants; had our children baptized when eight years old and in fact could hardly keep them waiting until they were old enough.

We entered land<sup>3</sup> at the land office, paid our money and began to live as we supposed the Saints would live, to make their own clothing, etc. We bought some sheep and prepared to sustain ourselves but when we were driven we had to do the best we could to keep soul and body together. In the years of 1836 and 1837 we did pretty well and on March 23, 1838 my fifth child was born and we called his name Joseph Smith Hendricks.<sup>4</sup>

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## NOTES

1. "One night as I and another brother were talking over matters together, a half a dozen rocks came whizzing by our heads. So we thought we had better take care of our heads. We then stooped down under the logs, and the rocks went over us. Well, we never said anything about it until a few days after. One John Mitchel told some of his neighbors that he and some more liked to have killed the Mormons the other night, throwing rocks at them; he knew they must have hurt them very bad for he heard the rocks bounce off of them. [John] Lowe, [justice of the peace,] heard of the affair and got on his horse and rode down to John's and says he, 'John, I have heard a bad tale about you and I have come down to see you about it. I heard that you and some more of your companions threw rocks at the Mormons. Now tell me, did you do it, or was you telling a lie? Now tell me.' John hung down his head and said that he did, but he knew that it was wrong and he hoped that he would forgive him and he would do so no more." (*Autobiography of John Lowe Butler I*, typescript, BYU Special Collections, p. 10.) ↗
2. The Indian Removal Act of 1830 designated lands west of the Missouri River as Indian territory. Whites were not allowed to live west of that boundary. As a noted Baptist Missionary to the Indians, the Reverend Isaac McCoy seized the opportunity and arrived in the Westport area with his family on 28 December 1831. (Westport is now part of Kansas City, Missouri.) The area became a "jumping off" place for travel west of the Missouri. And Indians who were removed from the Eastern United States were given money as part of the treaty. McCoy's son, John Calvin McCoy established a two-story log cabin trading post in Westport in 1833. Westport increasingly competed with and then surpassed Independence, Missouri as the preferred jumping off point for western exploration. ([www.westporthistorical.org](http://www.westporthistorical.org) and [www.experiencekc.com](http://www.experiencekc.com), accessed 23 September 2000.) ↗
3. In August of 1836, James Emmett bought 40 acres in section 35 of (Mirabile) township 56, range 29. Nearly a year later two of his converts, John L. Butler and James Hendricks, bought adjoining property. James Hendricks bought two properties in section 35. On 12 June 1837 he entered SE ¼ of NW ¼ and three months later, on 20 September 1837, he added W ½ of NW ¼. On the south of the Hendricks was Hosea Stout's property, and on the west, Lyman Wight. A map showing these properties is included in Appendix B, "[A Map of Far West to Crooked River](#)." ("Mormon Residents of Log Creek Area, Caldwell County, Missouri," [www.farwesthistory.com/rbranch2.htm](http://www.farwesthistory.com/rbranch2.htm), accessed 1 August 2004.) ↗
4. "The mother and baby were critically ill and not expected to live. The Prophet Joseph Smith was in the vicinity and James sent for him. Joseph Smith blessed Drusilla and she was promised health and strength. Taking the baby

in his arms he asked if they had a name for him. Since they had not selected one, the Prophet, with James assisting, blessed the baby and named him Joseph Smith Hendricks. The mother and baby regained their health." (*Henry Hendricks Genealogy*, Marguerite H. Allen, 1995 edition, p. 59.) 📌

## Tragedy at Crooked River

The summer passed until August without any trouble; we had had just three years of peace but the first of August our trouble began over the election. My husband had to stand guard for three months as the mob would gather on the outside settlements. The brethren had to be ready and on hand at the sounding of a bass drum. At three taps on the drum my husband would be on his horse in a moment, be it night or day while I and my children were left to



"The Battle of Crooked River," by C.C.A. Christensen.  
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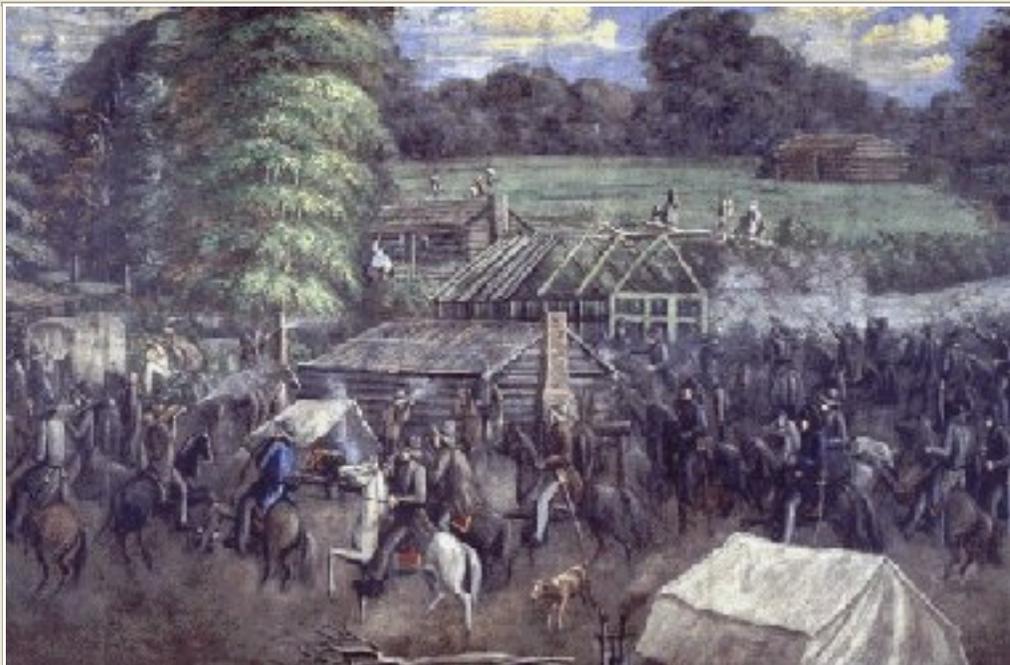
weep for that is what we did, at such times. I was willing for him to go as I always was until he fell in defense of the kingdom of God. Our crops were nearly destroyed while he was on duty, but I gathered in all I could in his absence.

This scene of things continued until Oct. 24, 1838 when the mob gathered on the south of us and sent out the word that they would burn everything they came to and that they already had two of our brethren as prisoners and the prairies were black with smoke. Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, with others of the brethren, came along going upon the high places to try and discover, if possible, what was going on. They came back by the door of our house and stopped for a moment. They thought the mob was burning the grass and outer houses to scare the inhabitants to make them flee so they could rob and plunder them of what they had. We had no chance of taking care of our vegetables so my husband said that we had better make the cabbage into kraut, so we went to work and finished it at 10 o'clock that night. He asked if I would go with him to get a stone to weight the kraut. I walked behind him and watched his form for he always stood erect. The thought came to me that I might never see him so straight and erect again. He got the stone and I still walked behind him watching his form with those same thoughts and feelings on my heart and mind, (that I might never see him like that again). I couldn't tell my feelings if I should try, but I said nothing. We had prayer and went to bed and fell asleep. I dreamed that something had befallen him and I was gathering him in my arms when Bro. C. C. Rich<sup>1</sup> called at the door for him and told him what he wanted.

They had word that the mob was on Crooked River<sup>2</sup> ten miles south of us and was a strong band. He said they had two of our brethren as prisoners and were doing all the damage that lay in their power. I got up and lit a fire for it was cold, while he

brought his horse to the door. I thought he was slower than usual. He told me where they were to meet. I got his overcoat and put his pistols in the pockets, then got his sword and belted it on him. He bid me goodnight and got on his horse and I took his gun from the rack and handed it to him and said, "Don't get shot in the back." I had got used to his going so went to bed and went to sleep. Just about the time he was shot I was aroused from my sleep suddenly and I thought the yard was full of men and they were shooting. I was on my feet before I knew what I was doing. I went to the window at the back of the house but all was still. I was afraid to open the door. I could hear nothing so I ventured to open the door. It was getting light enough so I could see a very little. I went out and around the house and found there was no one there. Then I was worse scared than ever for I thought it was a token to me that they had had a battle. I got the children up and walked the floor and watched the road. I tried to work but could not. I tried to keep still but could not. Finally I saw Bro. Emit<sup>3</sup> coming through the timber. I watched and saw that he did not stop at home but he hollered something about Bro. Hendricks. I could not tell what it was but he was on express to Farwest.

The children soon came over and told me that their father said that Bro. Hendricks was shot. Then I went to the field to give vent to my feelings and while there I saw a man pass through the field on horseback, it looked like he had a great roll of blankets; I went back to the house and found the children all crying. I went to the loom to try and weave to let on to them that I did not believe the report about their father. I could not weave at all; but had not sat there but a few moments when I saw a Mr. T. Snider<sup>4</sup> (he did not belong to the church, but a good man) get off his horse at the gate. (I saw him wipe his eyes, I knew that he was crying.) He came to the door and said, Mr. Hendricks wishes you to come to him. I asked where. He said to the widow Medcalf's<sup>5</sup> and that he had come for me. I asked where and how he was shot and he thought he was shot in the hip.



"Hauns Mill" Massacre, by C.C.A. Christensen.  
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There was a woman in the house that I had taken care of for weeks. I told her to do the best she could with the children and I mounted the horse behind Mr. Snider.

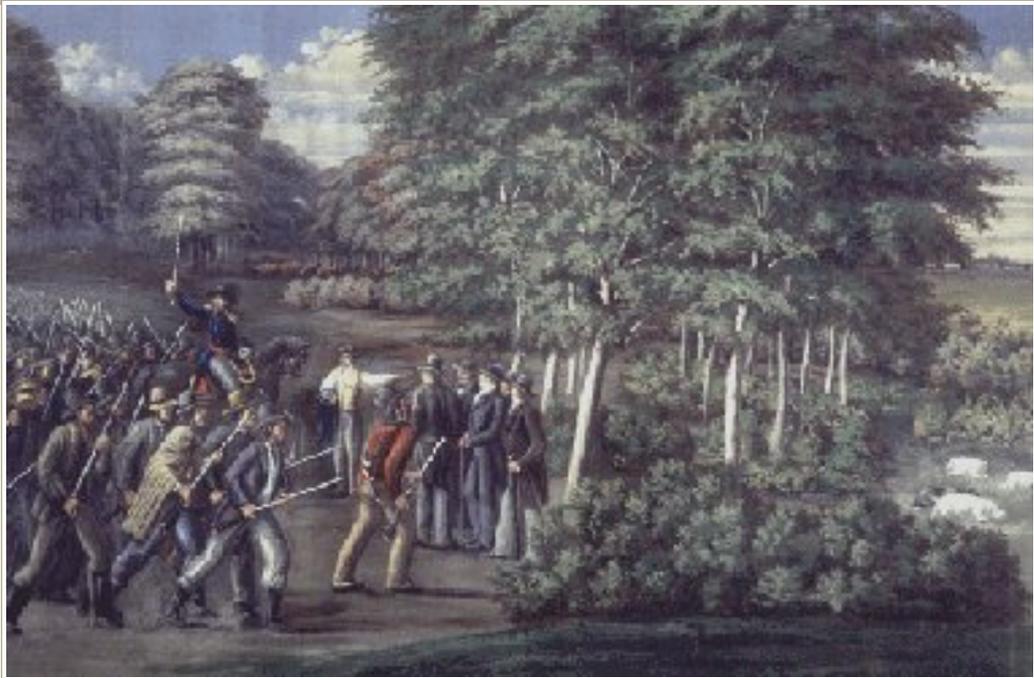
We had four miles to ride and on reaching there we met nine of the brethren that were wounded and they were pale as death. They were just going to get into the wagon to be taken to their homes. I went into the house. Sister Patten had just reached the bed where her husband<sup>6</sup> lay and I heard him say, "Ann don't weep. I have kept the faith and my work is done." My husband lay within three feet of Brother Patten, and I spoke to him. He could speak but could not move any more than if he were dead.<sup>7</sup> I tried to get him to move his feet but he could not. This was Thursday, October 25, 1838, and the next Tuesday was the Battle of Hauns Mill<sup>8</sup> where men and boys were slaughtered and thrown into a dry well 18 or 48 in number, out of which only one (Benjamin Lewis) received a decent burial.

There were three beds in the room where my husband lay - he in one, Brother David Patten in one, and Brother Hodge in the other. Brother Hodge was the one shot in the hip. Brother Obanyon<sup>9</sup> was on the floor begging for a bed and some of the sisters ran and got him one. My husband was shot in the neck where it cut off all feeling of the body. It is of no use for me to try and tell how I felt for that is impossible, but I could not have shed a tear if all had been dead before me. I went to work to try and get my husband warm but could not. I rubbed and steamed him but could get no circulation. He was dead from his neck down.

One of the brethren told me how he fell for he was close to him. After he had fallen one of the brethren asked him which side he was on (for it was not yet light enough to see) and all the answer he made was the watch word "God and Liberty". On hearing this it melted me to tears and I felt better. Then I was told how many of the brethren were wounded and who they were and was shown the weapons used and they bore blood from hilt to point. It makes me chill to think of it.

We stayed here until almost night when one of our neighbors, Brother Winchester<sup>10</sup> and wife, came with a wagon and bed in it and took us to Farwest. The brethren told me if I took him home that the mob would kill him before my eyes. I left my children in care of the man and his wife that I had been taking care of for two months, who had been suffering with fever and ague. But when the army came in they ran and left everything so the children had to go to the neighbors. But a Brother Stanley and wife (who came from the East the day before the battle) gathered up my children and went and stayed with them and took care of things, for which kindness I shall always feel grateful.

We were compelled to stay at Farwest until after the surrender when we went home. The mob had robbed the house of my bedding and in fact everyth



"The Arrest of Mormon Leaders" at the surrender of Far West, by C.C.A. Christensen.

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ing but my beds. My husband could not yet move hand or foot. Then we had to settle our business matters and fix to get out of the State. I went to work and sold what I could and gave our land for money to buy two yoke of cattle. Finally we had to leave everything only what we could put into a little wagon.

About the middle of January, Father Joseph Smith and Father Morley, with five or six others, came and anointed and administered to my husband. They stood him on his feet and he stood by them holding to each arm. He began to work his shoulders. I continued to rub him with strong vinegar and salt and liniments. The brethren were leaving the State as fast as they could. We did not know how we could go until Brother I. Leaney, who was shot and wounded at Hauns Mill, came to see us and said we should not be left behind. He had been shot through and through from both sides, the balls passing through the lungs, but he was miraculously healed. He had twenty seven bullet holes in his shirt. I counted them myself. He only had eleven wounds to be dressed.

The enemy were still on the alert. One night they were hunting the Danites about 9 o'clock. It was very dark, the dog barked as if he was mad. I sat on the side of the bed where my husband lay. I was watching him and nursing my baby. My oldest son, William, said "Mother, the mob is coming". They were swearing at the dog. We had the door fastened; they told us to open the door or they would break it down. I asked who they were. They damned me and said it was none of my business and if I did not open the door they would break it down in one minute so I told the children to open the door. I had a girl staying with us. She and the children were like a flock of chickens when they see a hawk flying around them. These men had false whiskers until they looked awful. One had a large Bowie knife in one hand and a pistol in the other. They came to the bed and told me to get up. I simply told them I was

watching him before they came. They took the candle from the table and turned down the bed clothes and asked what Doctor I had. I told them I had none. They then asked me a great many questions. They told me they wanted to search the house so one gave his pistol to another and took the candle. He told me to get up as he wanted to look under my bed. I moved a very trifle higher upon the bed for I thought of a dream which I had about three months before he was shot. I dreamed that he lay on the bed sick and was almost gone and two men came in to kill him. I told them they would have to kill me first. I thought they could not get me away from him; then they let him alone. But the men I saw in my dream and these of this mob looked as much alike as can be, so I was determined I would not leave him.



During this time, Joseph Smith and five others were imprisoned in Liberty Jail.

"Liberty Jail" , by C.C.A. Christensen.  
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They looked under my bed and said they were looking for Winchester. I told them to go to Illinois if they wanted to find him. They said his wife had been telling them that lie, but they did not

believe it, so I told them when he started. After hunting under the beds and at the back of the house they must go upstairs. I told him where the children got up so he got up but said there was nothing there but meat. I had my meat up there to use on our journey. They finally concluded that Winchester was not there so they came a second time to my husband's bed and turned the clothes down below his breast. I sat still on the side of the bed for I was determined I would not leave him. They made him talk but he was so weak and pale he looked more like he was dead than alive. They turned around and asked me for water. I told them there was the pail and cup by it, that I would not get up. They drank. I had wood in for the night. They sat down by the wood and put powder in their pistols. One said all is ready. Each man put his finger on the trigger of his pistol and said let us walk. I expected when they got back of the curtain they would fire at his head as he was bolstered up, but they stood about one minute and then went out. The mob had often sent me word that they were coming to help the Lord off with him. So I thought they had come for that purpose but I acknowledged the hand of the Lord in it.

Then the Doctor came and wanted to take his case in hand. He said the Doctor was on the side of the mob and he knew he could do him good. He wanted to lift the bone in his neck that pressed the spinal marrow. He came a time or two but I could not engage him. Then he said he would give me a receipt to make a liniment to rub him with to open the pores of the skin. He also gave me some things to put in the liniment. By this time my husband had got so he could stand on his feet without helping him to get on them.

Brother Lainey had secured one yoke of cattle as we thought one yoke would haul all we could get in one wagon that we had. We could then save the money we had to buy our bread and clothing.

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## NOTES

1. It is thought that C. C. Rich was the Hendrick's branch president. ("List of Members of Rich Branch Area on Log Creek," [www.farwesthistory.com/rbranch2.htm](http://www.farwesthistory.com/rbranch2.htm), Mike Riggs, 7 December 2002, as accessed on 26 August 2004.) For another account of the Battle of Crooked River, see Appendix A, "[The Battle of Crooked River](#)," excerpted from Charles C. Rich's history. ⬆
2. See Appendix B, "[A Map of Far West to Crooked River](#)," to see the road from Far West south to Crooked River, and landmarks from Drusilla's account. ⬆
3. See Appendix B, "[A Map of Far West to Crooked River](#)," to see where Brother Emmet lived relative to the Hendricks. ⬆
4. It is thought that "Mr. T. Snider," was Henry Snyder, who owned land in the Log Creek settlement on the road from Far West to Richmond. "His home or one nearby would have been a logical place for the Crooked River company to stop on their way home from the battle." ("Who Was Henry Snider?" [www.farwesthistory.com/snider.htm](http://www.farwesthistory.com/snider.htm), Ron Romig and Mike Riggs, 2 Nov 2003, as accessed on 31 July 2004.) ⬆
5. Widow Medcalf lived in the vicinity of Henry Snyder at Log Creek. ("Return to Far West," [www.farwesthistory.com/return.htm](http://www.farwesthistory.com/return.htm), Ron Romig and Mel Tungate, 6 November 2003, as accessed on 29 September 2004.) ⬆
6. For more information about David Patten's death, see "Patten's Death at Winchester's." ([www.farwesthistory.com/pdeath.htm](http://www.farwesthistory.com/pdeath.htm), Ron Romig and Mel Tungate, 6 November 2003, as accessed on 29 September 2004.) ⬆
7. Bathsheba W. Bigler Smith, a teenager whose family had arrived in Far West just 3 nights earlier, witnessed James' condition after the battle. "I saw Bro. James Hendrik, one of the wounded, as he was being carried home; he was entirely helpless and nearly speechless." ("Bathsheba W. Bigler Smith Autobiography," [www.farwesthistory.com/smithbb.htm](http://www.farwesthistory.com/smithbb.htm), Bathseba W. Bigler Smith, as accessed on 29 September 2004.) ⬆
8. For one account of the Hauns Mill Massacre, see [History of Austin Hammer and Nancy Elston](#). ⬆
9. Patrick O'Banion. ⬆
10. See Appendix B, "[A Map of Far West to Crooked River](#)," to see the location of the neighbor, Brother Winchester. ⬆



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## Penniless in Nauvoo

We started March 17th 1839 for Quincy, Illinois. On the first of April as soon as the brethren found we were there, secured a bottle of oil, consecrated it, and came with Father Joseph Smith at their head, (seven in number) while we were camped out and got him on a chair and anointed and administered to him again, then assisted him to his feet and he walked, between two of them, some thirty yards and back.

We soon got into a room, partly underground and partly on top of the ground. The room was very close and he took sick and I had to lift him at least fifty times a day and in doing so I had to strain every nerve.

We had the cattle which had hauled us here but could not sell them, but could hire them out for a small sum to break prairie, so we hired them. We had one small heifer that the mob did not take that gave us a little milk for twice a day, but in less than two weeks there came a drove of cattle from Missouri and they drove her off with them, so we were like Job of old and my husband was as sore for his blood cankered and he broke in sores all over his body so that you could not put a pin point on him without putting it on a sore, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.

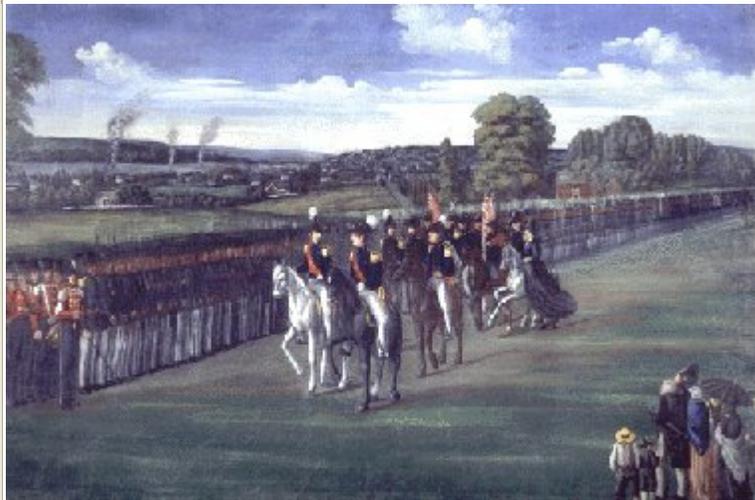
In two weeks we neither had bread or meat so we sent our oldest son, William, three miles out on the prairie to the man who had hired our cattle. We had one spoonful of sugar and one saucer full of corn meal so I made mush of the meal and put the sugar on it and gave it to my children. That was the last of eatables of any kind we had in the house or on the earth. We were in a strange land and among strangers. The conflict began in my mind. "Your folks told you your husband would be killed and are you not sorry you did not listen to them." I said, No I am not. I did what was right if I die I am glad I was baptized, for the remission of my sins for I have an

answer of a good conscience. But after that a third person spoke, it was a still small voice this time saying hold on for the Lord will provide. I said I would for I would trust him and not grumble.

I went to work and washed everything and cleaned the house thoroughly as I said to myself, If I die I will die clean. Along in the afternoon Brother Rubin Alred came. He lived fifteen miles away. He went to the bed where my husband lay and asked him if we had any prospects for bread at all and received the answer that we had none. He asked me for a sack and then went to his wagon and brought in a sack of meal and he also made me a present of a washboard saying you had to leave everything and I felt you were out of bread so I came by the mill to get my grinding done before I came here and it made me late. I thanked him and he started home. In a few moments my son, William, came in with only fifty cents. We thought he would get three dollars as that is what was due us for the hire of our cattle. The man had lost the cattle and wanted the boy to go and find them. I made the best of what we had for I took the money and went down to the river and purchased flour 6 lbs., pork 2 1/2 lbs. and 1/2 bushel of potatoes, so I had quite a supply and we were thankful but could take the honor to ourselves, so we lived sparingly for at least two weeks but when that was gone we were in the same condition again for we had nothing. I felt awful but the same voice that gave me comfort before was there to comfort me again and it said, hold on, the Lord will provide for his Saints. I said if He provided for us this time I should think He owned us for his children. I washed and cleaned as before and was just finishing the doorstep when Brother Alexander Williams came up to my back door with two bushels of meal on his shoulder. I looked up and said Brother Williams, I have just found out how the widows crust and barrel held out through the famine. He asked how. I said just as it was out someone was sent to fill it. He said he was so busy with his crop that he could hardly leave it, but the Spirit strove with him saying Brother Hendricks' family is suffering, so I dropped everything and came by and had it ground lest you would not get it soon enough. I soon baked a cake of the meal and he blessed it and we all partook of it and water. Hunger makes sweet, cakes without sugar.

He told us that he had baptized the man and his wife that he was living with. He was tending the farm and that he should come again. But when he wanted more corn, the man he was working for, whose name was \_\_\_\_\_ Edwards, said to him, "You shall not work for me for corn and take it to the Saints who have been driven and robbed. Tell me where you go and I will go myself." So he came just as we were out. I remarked that the Scriptures said, "In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established and the D. & C. says it is the Lord's duty to look after and provide for his Saints, which has been proven true to me to a demonstration.

My husband could turn on his elbows, turn his feet out of bed and begin to take things in one hand. I began to take in work, some sewing and washing, but mostly washing, for I could make the most at that. And I found that there was more blessing to give than to receive so I made our own living from that time on.



Sister Emma Smith accompanies her husband, Joseph, as he reviews the Nauvoo Legion.

"Joseph Mustering the Nauvoo Legion" by C.C.A. Christensen.

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I paid \$56.00 for house rent and got me two bedsteads, four chairs, five falling leaf tables. Kept one of the tables myself and let Bro. Lewis<sup>1</sup> have one for moving us to Nauvoo, sold two to Sister Emma Smith for provisions. We moved to Nauvoo in March. I had clothing for the summer. The Brethren gave us a lot and threw together a log house<sup>2</sup> and I hired a man to cover it and build a chimney. I and Sister Melinda Lewis<sup>3</sup> chinked and plastered it. I still hired the same man to plow and put in my lot and we raised a good garden. We got along until the next spring when my husband borrowed

money and sent it to the mill and bought flour and sold it, so we lived on the profits. I began to make beer and ginger bread and go out on public days, this showing that necessity is the mother of invention.

**I began to take boarders and** we still had one yoke of cattle so my son, William, took them and hauled rock for the Temple to pay our tithing. He also paid some for others in the same way and they paid us in something we needed. I boarded the carpenters and masons and paid them to put us up a brick house; we bought the brick and paid the money for them. We still continued to keep boarders and had flour to sell, finished our house in 1842, but we had duller times then for persecution began to rage and we had hard times again.

**I began another trade by making gloves and mittens.** I paid a good deal of tithing by making gloves and mittens. I had about thirty pair on hand. I still went washing for bread or molasses for my children. Flour was hard to get. I secured vegetables. I had cabbage and potatoes and turnips. The winter set in early in November and very hard. I had to buy my wood. I had only corn meal for bread and but very little of that and nothing to season our vegetables with and we could not eat them without salt.

I was making a pair of gloves to pay for a load of wood, it was near 10 o'clock at night. My husband asked me to lay aside my work and have prayer. I wanted to finish my gloves for I was almost done. My youngest child asked for a piece of bread and I told him I would give him one when I was through. I was soon ready for prayer and we knelt down and my husband prayed same as usual and when he said Amen, I was so full I could not get off my knees. I began to pray and I told the Lord our situation and what had brought us to it, that I was willing to do all I could to make my family comfortable and could not do so and now if He had anything in store for us to open our way, for we had done all we could. When I was through I felt like I

had poured out my whole soul to him and I knew that we should have something, I had no doubts.

My Joseph said, Mother, you said when you prayed you would give me some bread. I answered him that, He that knoweth how to give good gifts to their children, the same will give good gifts to them.

The second day after, in the afternoon there came a knock at the door and my husband said, Come in. A man came in and putting his hat under his arm said, Mr. Hendricks, you don't know me, my name is Shaw. I know you and your father and brothers and they were all honest men. I have a load of pork at the gate and I have come to sell it to you. My husband said, I have no way of making any money so I cannot take it. He said, I come to let you have it on credit for a time. My husband said he could not go in debt and would not take it. I stood in the door until he drove off. I then went upstairs and humbled myself before the Lord and asked him if he had answered my prayers and sent that man to us in the first place to hedge up his way that he could not sell a pound of his pork and send him back to us, then I would know he sent him in answer to my prayer. Then I felt better again and so went to my work. The next afternoon he came again and said when he came in, "You must take my pork for I have been all over this town and can't sell a pound of it and it is getting so sloppy I can scarce get around. I came from McComb County on purpose to sell to you. I stepped to the bedroom and called my husband to me. I told him to take the pork for the Lord had opened the way for us and if he closed it up the sin would be on him and not on my head. He went and told the man he would take it. It was the best corn fed pork, there was 1100 lbs. of it at \$2.00 per hundred, so he gave his note for \$22.00 payable in twelve months. I went to work, and cut up the pork, saved the sausage meat and rendered up the lard. I took in boarders they got me flour and groceries and we had vegetables so we lived well and got the money to pay for the pork. Who could not see the hand of the Lord in this miracle worked on natural principles.

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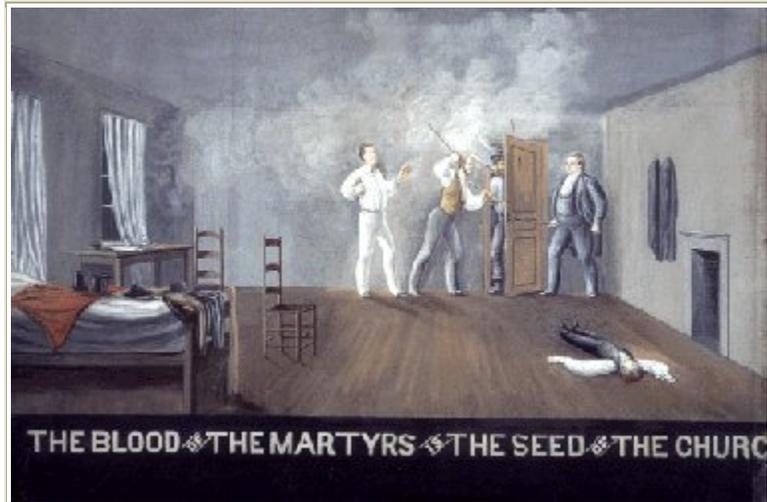
## NOTES

1. Probably Tarlton Lewis, brother of Benjamin Lewis, the Hendrick's first branch president in Kentucky. Benjamin baptized his brother Tarlton on 25 July 1836. (*Our Pioneer Heritage*, Vol. 2, p.535.) ↗
2. "Sunday 19.--The High Council at Nauvoo voted to donate a city lot to Brother James Hendrix, who was shot in Missouri; also voted to build him a house." (*History of the Church*, Vol.4, Ch.4, p.76.) ↗
3. Malinda Lewis was the wife of Tarlton Lewis. (*Our Pioneer Heritage*, Vol. 2, p.535.) ↗

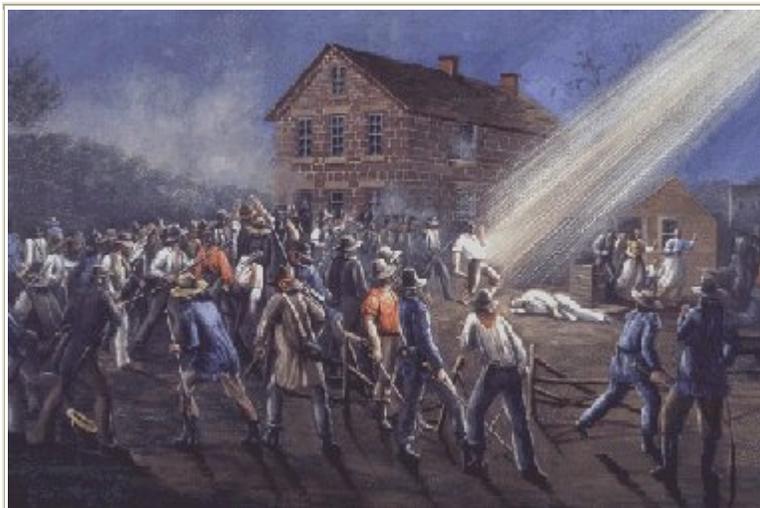
## Martyrdom of Joseph Smith

In the year that the Prophets Joseph and Hyrum Smith were killed, I was forced again to turn to something else as our family needed everything and had nothing. In the Spring before the Prophets were killed, I took a notion to go to St. Louis. I asked some of the brethren what they thought about it and they said they thought I had better stay at home. My family was then living on a half bushel of meal a week and nothing else with it and we had lived that

way for eight weeks. We were destitute of clothing, so I went to Mother Whitney for I knew she had had her endowments and told her what I was thinking of doing and asked her advice. She told me to go and then blessed me. I went home and began to fix to go but I had no money to take me there. On Sunday the boat come up the river and was to go down on Tuesday and I was to be ready. I prayed to the Lord and asked him if it was right that I should go that He would open the way for me to get the money necessary to take me there. On Monday morning a Lawyer who had been owing me for board for eighteen months, (who I thought had left the country) came in and paid me the money, then I had money to pay my way. I took my second daughter with me and we were gone eight weeks and I secured clothing until we were pretty comfortable besides sending home tea, sugar and other comforts.



"Interior of Carthage Jail" by C.C.A. Christensen.  
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"Exterior of Carthage Jail" by C.C.A. Christensen.  
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The Prophets were killed on Thursday, June 27, 1844. I could well bear witness to the feelings of the brethren, who were on missions at that time for my feelings were such that I prayed the Lord to take them from me for it was more than I could stand, then the load was made lighter, according to my prayer, so that I could attend to my business.

Sister Booth and I came home together, we started Friday, June 28. We did not know that the Prophets were killed only by our

feelings until we got out about six miles and met another boat. They hailed each other and then we were told who was killed, saying they had the hour and minute that he was killed. Then from the Captain to the last hand on deck came running to us with the news to see how we felt. We could not have felt worse. When we reached home everything was in mourning.

It was not long before Sidney Rigdon called a meeting in order to present his claims to the Presidency of the Church. Some of the Twelve had returned from their missions and the day the meeting was held and while it was in session, Brigham Young (President of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles) and others, slipped up to the stand and said nothing until Sidney Rigdon was through, he was standing near the center of the audience in a wagon. As the meeting was in the Boursery. Then Pres. Brigham Young began to speak. I jumped up to look and see if it was not Brother Joseph for surely it was his voice and gestures. Every Latter-day Saint could easily see upon whom the priesthood descended for Brigham Young held the keys. Sidney Rigdon led off a few, but where are they now. They have dwindled away in unbelief and have come to naught.

### **Mormon Battalion and Crossing the Plains**

President Brigham Young continued the work on the Temple, gave the Saints their washings and anointings in the House of the Lord and has led them to the



"The Nauvoo Temple" by C.C.A. Christensen.  
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tops of the Mountains. The Government came after us and called for five hundred (500) of our best men to go and fight the Mexicans, in this they thought to prove our loyalty to the government, after driving us from our homes three times in Missouri, breaking three treaties with us, killing our husbands and children, and confiscating our property and taking our land that we had paid money for, to the Government. Thousands of us must go, in the dead of winter, no matter our sufferings, we must

go or be exterminated. Our sufferings cannot be told. Leaving our Prophet and some of our best men in prison, we fled to Illinois and stayed there about seven years. It was there they killed our Prophet and Patriarch and drove us out again.

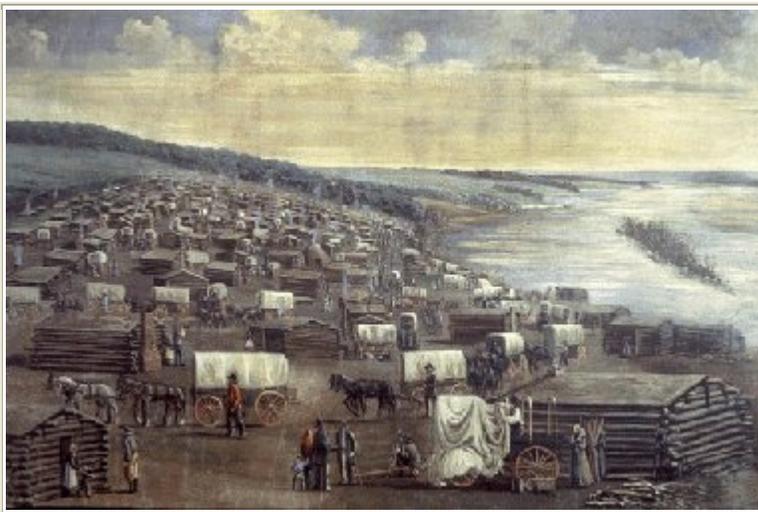
We were on our way to the mountains when the United States Officers came to our camp and told us their business. My oldest son, William, was driving the team. He said they could go to Hell and prove their loyalty there. We had to lift my husband out and in the wagon for he was still suffering from the effects of the wounds received from the hand of the mob in Missouri. The Church authorities began to preach and persuade the brethren to go for they knew if the Batallion was not raised and sent to Mexico, that extermination stood in our pathway at the hands of the U. S. Army. But the hand of the Lord was in it, I have seen it since.

I will relate the circumstances of my son, William D., going in the army which was called the Mormon Batallion. The brethren said the five hundred must be made up in two weeks. They held meetings every day or two to get men inspired to go but my son was all I had to depend on, his father being helpless and Joseph, my other son, being in his ninth year only and my girls not healthy. One would say to me, Is William going. I answered, No, he is not. Then another would ask, Is William going. I answered, No, Why, they said, they would not have their son or husband stay for anything, then I would say, a burned child dreads the fire. But when I was alone, the whispering of the Spirit would say to me: "Are you afraid to trust the God of Israel. Has he not been with you in all your trials. Has He not provided for your wants." Then I would have to acknowledge the hand of God in all His goodness to me. It seemed so cruel in the Government Officials. My fury would come up and I had no language to express my feelings.

I was in a complete struggle but I held back until they had their dance which was held at Sarpee's Point<sup>1</sup>. He went to the dance. Some of the brethren came and asked if we wanted to go to the dance which was five miles from our camp and we said we did. Then he told us to get ready as quick as we could. I and my oldest daughter (Elizabeth) got our shawls and bonnets and went with them. When we reached there the Brass Band was playing the tune of Sweet Home and other tunes that were played on the top of the Temple when they bid it adieu. This overpowered me and I wept, I could not help it. I immediately looked around for my son, William, and finally I saw him up in a tree that had been broken off in a hurricane, with one of his comrades who was going in the batallion. I commenced to cry again as my heart seemed so swollen I thought it would burst. They began dancing and when I saw a brother lead his wife or daughter to dance I could not help weep. So I spent that day in weeping and when evening came we went to our camp. We had no home for we were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

One of the H. C. Kimball's wives went with us. We sat up until near midnight. The girls sang and William played on the Violin, for none of us felt as though we could sleep and it was a long time then before I went to sleep. The Batallion was to be marched off the next morning. I thought the number was made up, this is the last thing I thought before I went to sleep and the first thing when I woke I thought, Well you have got your boy yet, are you not happy. And it seemed like a second person spoke and said, How easy something might happen and you would say Oh, if I had let him go with the Batallion this would not have been.

As soon as it was light William got up and also myself. He said, Mother I will go after the cows and my eyes followed him as he started through the tall heavy grass wet with dew. I thought how easy something might happen for that was a sickly climate. I got ready to get breakfast and when I stepped up on the wagon tongue to get my flour I was asked by the same spirit that had spoken to me before, if I did not want the greatest glory and I answered with my natural voice, Yes, I did. Then how can you get it without making the greatest sacrifice, said the voice. I answered Lord, what lack I yet. Let your son go in the Batallion, said the voice. I said it is too late, they are to be marched off this morning. That spirit then left me with the heart ache. I got breakfast and called the girls and their Father to come to the tent for prayers. William came wet with dew from the grass and we sat down around the board and my husband commenced asking the blessing on our food, when Thomas Williams came shouting at the top of his voice, saying "Turn out men, Turn out, for we do not wish to press you but we lack some men yet in the Batallion." William raised his eyes and looked me in the face. I knew then that he would go as well as I know now that he has been. I could not swallow one bite of breakfast but I waited on the rest thinking I might never have my family all together again. I had no photograph of him but I took one in my mind and said to myself, If I never see you again until the morning of the resurrection I shall know you are my child. My husband took his cane and went to where the drum was beating. I went to milk the cows. Libbie went with Sister Kimball. Catherine went to the brook to wash some towels. I thought the cows would be shelter for me and I knelt down and told the Lord if He wanted my child to take him, only spare his life and let him be restored to me and to the bosom of the church. I felt it was all I could do. Then the voice that talked with me in the morning answered me saying, It shall be done unto you as it was unto Abraham when he offered Isaac on the altar. I don't know whether I milked or not for I felt the Lord had spoken to me.



"Winter Quarters," was three miles northeast of Cutler's Park, which may have been Drusilla's "Settlers Park."  
 "Winter Quarters" by C.C.A. Christensen.

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I ran to the tent but William was not there. I looked to the wagon and found him sitting with his head in his hands and I said, Do you want to go with the Batallion. For if you do I have had a testimony that it is right for you to go. He answered me saying Yes and No. He did not want to go as a pleasure trip but said he "Mother I can do you as much good as I can do by staying for I would have to go to Missouri to get work. Pres. Young said it is for the salvation of this people and I might as well have a hand in it as anyone, and he also said

we will have nothing to fight but some wild beasts. Then I said, "My son, I have held you back but if you want to go I shall hold you no longer so he ran to his father and told him what I had said. His father said we will see Brother Young and they had not gone but a few steps until they met him and said, Here is my boy if he will do, take

him, and Brother Young told the clerk to put down his name and William came running back to me and said, my name is down and I must be at the Point in one hour, so I got his clothes and other notions that he would need. Catherine came from the brook and all the family came to take their leave of him. Catherine gathered him, I waited until I thought he must go, then I broke her hold of him and I kissed him and pushed him off and held her by this time his father had started to go with him and they went out of sight.

I don't think that Abraham felt any worse than we did, I cannot tell the hardships we endured by his going. We were then at Council Bluffs. We crossed the river and camped again at what we called Settlers Park<sup>2</sup> and stayed there until the brethren secured their hay. There was not a wagon in the whole camp, but what had sickness in it and we bore it with the patience of Job.

I dreamed that we would yet see the day that we would be glad that our noses had been held on the grindstone all the day long. William was gone from us fifteen months.

We reached the Valley October 4th, 1847 and William reached there on the 14th of the same month. The night before he came I dreamed that I saw the Temple in Salt Lake Valley and that it was just where it now stands but was finished. The wall towered so high and was so white and so far superior to the Nauvoo Temple that they were not to be compared. The banisters around the top were so large and as white as the driven snow. And Joseph Smith stood by the Banisters dressed in his Priestly garments and held in his hand a fine leg horn hat with a white satin ribbon tied loosely around it. I saw the ring on his finger and it seemed as if I could see him as plain as if I were close to him. I called my husband and children. They came out of the house on the Porch. I said there is Joseph, he laughed and spoke. There was two doves came, one from each side of him down to us and the children said that they would get soiled if they should alight, so they caught them. I thought that kindness from what Joseph said.



"I dreamed that I saw the Temple finished...  
and Joseph Smith"

© Copyright 2001, Robert Raymond.

I awoke and said to myself, what can it mean. It seemed to come to me in a moment that when the Saviour was baptized the Spirit descended on Him in the form of a dove to prove the acceptance of the Lord. My husband and son had laid down their lives for the Kingdom of God. I was then filled with the Spirit of God and rejoiced in tribulation and knew I had joyfully taken the spoiling of my goods, I knew

also that there was a God that watched over us and He would provide.

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## NOTES

1. "After a long and tedious journey, attended with much suffering and want, the 'Camps of Israel' arrived near Council Bluffs on the Missouri River. There the memorable event occurred of enrolling the Mormon Battalion for service in the Mexican war. Most of the camp crossed to the west side of the Missouri River and located at what was called Cutler's Park, on the west side of the river about twelve miles above Sarpee's Point,<sup>30</sup> and on high ground about two miles west of where Winter Quarters was afterwards established.  
<sup>30</sup>Sarpee's (Sarpy's) Point was named after a well-known St. Louis trader, Peter A. Sarpy, who operated for many years along the Missouri River." (James Amasa Little, "Biography of Lorenzo Dow Young," p.76.) 📌
2. I've found no other reference to Settlers Park. Perhaps she referred to Cutler's Park. "On Aug. 1, 1846, an advance company moved onto the west bank of the Missouri River into Indian Territory, which is now Nebraska. They first stayed at Cold Springs Camp, according to information from the Douglas-Sarpy Counties Mormon Trails Association. A few days later, the advance company abandoned the Cold Springs Camp and moved nine miles north to an area that became known as Cutler's Park. Here, as the Middle Mormon Ferry worked long hours bringing the Saints across the Missouri, a tent community was founded. A public square was laid out and elections were held. Alpheus Cutler, for whom the community was named, was elected mayor. As many as 2,500 persons poured into the area. But the community only lasted a little more than a month. Troubles brewed over the giving of benefits to two different Indian tribes [who both claimed] the land. The Saints moved to a new location on a low plain between the river bluffs and the western banks of the Missouri. The new site was called Winter Quarters." (*Church News*, 26 April 1997.) The move to Winter Quarters began 23 September 1846. (*Church News*, 28 September 1996.) 📌

## Penniless in Salt Lake

We were in Salt Lake Valley almost without clothes and but very little bread stuff. My son weighed the bread stuff the next day after he came and said that he wished we were back in the States. I told him I did not wish that, but Father was a God or he would provide for us if we would put our trust in him. We then killed an ox that we might have beef. I got all the tallow I could and it made three candles. William went to work and built us a house in the Fort wall so we made ourselves as comfortable as possible.

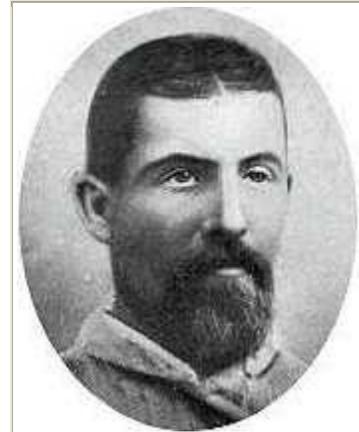
About the middle of the winter my oldest daughter (Elizabeth) was married to a man by the name of Fredrick Bainbridge. When hard times came on and he had to irrigate, he could not stand it so he wanted his wife to go back to the States with him or to California. But she knew too much to do either. He did not think that the Lord required him to stay here without bread or to irrigate and he would not stand it. I told him we would have to stand up to our rack, hay or no hay, and if he could not do it, he would have to start and take himself off, but that he could not take my daughter, so he left.

We had no bread from the middle of May until the middle of July, only what Sister Adeline Benson would save from her rations until she would get enough for a meal for my family, then she would bring it to us and say "have something good." We had plenty of milk and butter and had bought some of the best cheese I ever ate and we had meat nearly all the time, so we were strong to go and fight the crickets.

Rebecca and Joseph, my two youngest children carried a bed-cord one at each end, they would walk in the irrigating ditches and would drag the cord over the heads of the grain, thus knocking the crickets off the grain and my husband with William would go through the corn row by row and we would kill and drive them in so doing we saved six acres of ground out of twenty that was planted and we saved forty bushels of wheat off of eight acres of ground and so we secured our bread by faith and perseverance.

In July we went over our wheat and with knives and scissors cut the ripest heads and spread them on the house tops to dry and when it would shell, we beat it out on blankets, then ground it in hand mills and it made the sweetest bread I ever ate.

The people that drove us out of Missouri and Illinois thought we would starve and come to naught and that we would be out of the U. S. Government, but the Lord did not intend that we should leave our beloved constitution for our Mormon Batallion redeemed the land on which we settled, from Mexico and so we remained under our own Stars and Stripes. The Lord intended to build His house in the tops of the Mountains that all Nations may flow into it. I could take up much time and paper to write these things but it is not my purpose.



**James Wesley  
Bainbridge.**  
Son of Fred Nance Bainbridge and  
Elizabeth Hendricks. Born Oct.  
21, 1848, Salt Lake City.



The Old Bath House.

Photograph by W. H. Hopkins, ca. 1920.

Courtesy Special Collections & Archives, Merrill Library, Utah State University.

The next move we made was to the warm Springs to build a bath house. We built a log house first then a large adobe, then the bath house which contained twelve rooms, six on each side and a large room in front. Then the warm water was to be brought about 1/3 of a mile in pipes and they had to be made of logs bored through the center lengthwise (these were called pump logs) which required considerable labor<sup>1</sup>.

We lived there three years. The important changes that occurred during these three years I will give in short. During these three years we had six marriages, one death and four births and our living to make in keeping boarders in which I was the principal actor. I could not tell the hardships we passed through while we were there. The property belonged to the church and we could not pay the rent but while there we paid \$547.00 rent and never cleared \$50.00, but this never tried my faith in the Gospel, but I learned many lessons.

We built a large adobe house close by, but never moved into it, but sold it. We then bought a small house in which we lived, adding rooms as we could until we were comfortable.

Rebecca's husband went back east and stayed for one year. Wrote good letters. He thought he could live his religion there as well as here and wanted her to go to him or if she desired he would come and fetch her. She wrote him that she would neither go with or without him from the church for in it were all our hopes. Then there were more trials awaiting me for my youngest child Joseph was married in his nineteenth year, leaving me with my little grandson (James W. Bainbridge) to make a living with and this was the third time I was left to make a living with a little boy nine years old. William was nine years old when his father was shot and Joseph was nine years old when William went to the Batallion and James was nine years old when Joseph was married and my husband to dress and undress, still I worked in the garden and wove for a living. The people thought that William supplied us but he did not and when we had dealings it was counted in dollars and cents and we were no detriment to our children.

In 1858 when Johnston's army came in we left our houses and homes again, for we had held up our hands to follow Brigham Young into the wilderness if it was necessary. We went to Springville and waited there to see how things would turn out and the Lord fought our battles and we returned to our homes again. We made good gardens and the Lord blessed every move we made. I still wove, made gloves and rope, and kept boarders for to gain a living, but not without praying much unto the

Lord to open my way and give my faith for this is the way I had to live. We paid our tithing all the time of what we made.

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## NOTES

1. "Wednesday 27 [1850] —The Warm Springs bath-house north of G. S. L. City, was opened with a festival attended by the First Presidency, a number of the Apostles and other leading men; Heber C. Kimball offered the dedicatory prayer." (*Heart Throbs of the West*, Vol.11, p.382.)

"Deseret Bathing House—The inhabitants of Deseret are hereby respectfully informed that the Baths are now open, and printed tickets ready for issuance to accommodate families by the quarter, half year or year. The following are the terms for privilege of the Baths, viz:

For single per quarter \$ .50

Families of from 2 to 4 persons per hour \$1.00

Families of from 5 to 8 persons per hour \$2.00

Families of from 8 to 16 persons per hour \$3.00

Families of from 16 to 24 persons per hour \$3.50

Families to furnish their own towels. Tickets for sale at the Tithing Office and also at the Bath House. March 14, 1851 James Hendricks, Proprietor" (*Heart Throbs of the West*, Vol.11, p.306.)

"Two days before the official settlement of Great Salt Lake City an advanced exploration party of the original Mormon Immigrant Train explored the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Among the unusual features which they noted were great numbers of hot springs issuing from near the base of the mountains. This find was communicated to President Young and henceforth the Warm or Hot Springs became a favored recreation spot, a show place to which distinguished visitors were escorted in pomp.

"From the very first this was a municipal undertaking. In 1848 Daniel Spencer, roadmaster, was authorized to levy a poll and property tax to defray the expense of certain projected public improvements, among which was the erection of a bath house at Warm Springs. The building so constructed consisted of a single chamber about 15 x 30 feet within which was a shallow pool fed directly from the natural spring. In 1865 the original structure was abandoned in favor of a more commodious plunge, south of the first location. At times it has been operated by private lease from the city, but in the main it has been conducted by the city officials as a public enterprise. One of the first services of the Salt Lake Street Railroad was to transport pleasure seekers by mule cars to and from this old resort which was so popular for many years.

"In the early days of 1860 a group of ambitious men, realizing the value of this location, planted a grove of black locust trees that had been raised from seeds carried across the plains by pioneers. While the trees were young they required a great deal of care. When one of them died it was immediately replaced by another. In a few years an even grove of trees was growing with thick orchard-grass beneath. Because of the supposed healing qualities of the

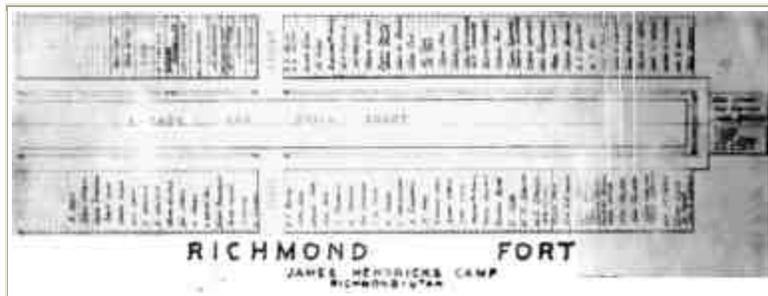
spring water, people came from miles around to go bathing and rest or play in the cool shade of the locust trees. Being situated on the main road that led to the productive northern counties, this little park also became a popular camping place for farmers, teamsters, and pioneers who were now coming into the city from the north." (*Heart Throbs of the West*, Kate B. Carter, Vol.5, pp.81-82.)

"Now known as Wasatch Springs Plunge, and municipally operated. 'Warm springs' have been well known since Mormon entrance into Salt Lake Valley in 1847. A 'Bath House' was opened here in 1850." (Utah Historical Quarterly, Vol. 9, No. 3-4, July, Oct. 1941. Richard Thomas Ackley, "Across the Plains in 1858," p. 228.)

## Cache Valley

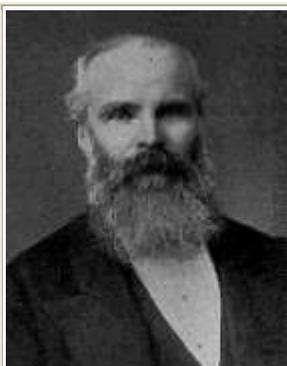
Joseph went to Cache Valley and then wanted us all to go together, so Pres. Brigham Young said for us all to go and stay together. This was in 1860.

My daughter, Rebecca, again married Samuel Roskelley on 22nd of July, 1858 by Pres. Brigham Young in his office in Salt Lake City, Utah. They and William I. Vannoy (who married my daughter Catherine) went with us to Cache Valley and we settled in Richmond.



Richmond Fort

Click on the image to see an expanded, rotated view. Warning! The expanded view is very large and takes a while to download.



Samuel Roskelley.  
Husband of Rebecca  
Hendricks.

In the . . . . . **spring of 1853?** Samuel Roskelley was called to Smithfield and made a Bishop there and presided over that ward in honor for 17 years. About this time my sons and sons-in-law embraced the principle of plural marriage. Then I had a double portion of preaching and praying to do, and I hope the day will come when their trials will be swallowed up in Victory and the principle of Plural Marriage will be honored and husbands will honor their wives and children will honor their parents, for that principle is glorious if carried out according to the commands of God in virtue and righteousness.

We did well until the grass hoppers came and destroyed our crops, then we had to struggle again. Still no woman ever was blessed more than I for my children were all around me except when on business and I have watched over my children as much since they were married as before.

My girls had poor health and if there was any sickness with any of the children, Mother must come. My husband died at Richmond, Cache County, Utah, July 8th, 1870. He was a martyr for the cause of truth. I do not think he ever doubted the truth of the Gospel for one moment. I never heard him murmur nor speak against the authorities of the Church and he always gave good advice to his family. He laid

five months in his last illness. He often wanted the brethren to lay hands on him to ease him from pain but I could not ask the Lord to spare his life any longer for I thought he had suffered long enough.

I and James have lived together ever since. The children have multiplied to quite a number. They are all alive except Libbie, who had married the second time to James Gammell in 1850 and gave birth to a girl. This leaving a boy and a girl whom I raised and now they are both married.

I had five children, sixty-three grandchildren, and twenty-three great grandchildren. Counting our two selves, our five children, our sixty-three grandchildren and twenty-three great grandchildren makes ninety-three (93) and seven deaths out of that number leaves eighty-six now living. We came to Salt Lake in Oct. 4, 1847 and we then numbered seven.

I am nearly sixty-seven years of age and nearly at the close of life and what I have written is not a tithe of my life and what I have passed through, but I can bear my testimony to the truth of what I have written.

The Gospel is true. I have rejoiced in it through all my trials for the Spirit of the Lord has buoyed me up or I should have failed. I am nervous and my hand shakes until I can hardly write. I am also a poor penswoman. I have made a very imperfect manuscript but in my weakness I can do no more.

## **DRUSILLA HENDRICKS - Epilog**

James Hendricks was born June 23, 1808, Franklin, Simpson County, Kentucky. He was the fourth son of Abraham and Charlotte Hinton Hendricks. He married Drusilla Dorris May 31, 1827. She was a daughter of William Dorris and Catherine Frost, born February 8, 1810. Their children were Elizabeth Mahala, William Dorris, Catherine Tabitha, Rebecca, and Joseph Smith.

Although his wife, Drusilla, has furnished us with a comprehensive and most interesting account of their lives after they joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, information she has given concerning the periods of time they lived in Salt Lake City and Richmond, Utah, are sketchy.

Badly wounded in the battle of Crooked River in Missouri, October 25, 1838, and plagued by ill health as a result of this encounter, James kept the faith, responding to the best of his ability to the demands of everyday living and church and civic duties. It is obvious that James was a member in good standing in the Church as he was given and filled responsible positions, one of his early assignments being assistant to the president of the teacher's quorum when the lesser priesthood was organized in the city of Nauvoo, Illinois, March 21, 1841.

A redivision of the old five Salt Lake Fort wards organized in 1849 was made on February 22, 1849, and the nineteen new divisions were announced. Later that same day, according to the *Journal History* of the Church, President Brigham Young met in council with President Heber C. Kimball, the Twelve and others at George B. Wallace's house and bishops for the nineteen wards were named. At this time, all bishops were ordained and set apart with the exception of the bishops of the Fourth,

Fifth, Eleventh and Eighteenth Wards. James Hendricks was named bishop of the Nineteenth Ward. At that time the ward consisted of Latter-day Saints residing in that part of Salt Lake City which is bounded on the north by Fifth North Street, east by the brow of the hill, south by Second North Street and west by First West Street. However, as the population increased in Salt Lake City, the boundaries were extended so that at one time all that part of the city lying between Second North Street and the Davis County line and from Main Street and Arsenal Hill to the Jordan River were included. The Church Historian's Office records that, "The historian is unable to find out positively whether any of the pioneers of Utah built houses or resided in the Nineteenth Ward prior to 1849, it is possible that one or two families became settlers in 1848."

Thomas Bullock was said to have been the first discoverer of the hot springs located north of the temple grounds. In 1848 Daniel Spencer, roadmaster, was authorized to levy a poll and property tax to defray the expense of certain projected public improvements, among which was the erection of a bathhouse at the Warm Springs. The James Hendricks family was there as early as October 1849 aiding, as we read in Drusilla's history, the building of the bathhouse. An entry in the *Journal History* on that date indicates that the foundation for the bathhouse is laid, the brick prepared and the work going forward as fast as tithing and means are available. The building so constructed consisted of a single chamber about 15 x 30 feet within which was a shallow pool fed directly from the natural spring. Susa Young Gates had the following to say concerning the bathhouse:

"In the summer of 1850 a commodious bathhouse was built over the springs, boarding in one inner pool for women, an outer one for men and boys, with several private rooms fitted with wooden bathtubs. The springs are highly medicinal; had been used by the Indians for untold centuries, and their healing virtues are said to be of great value. They also furnished a winter swimming pool with hot baths for all. The bathhouse was dedicated with prayer and religious services on November 27, 1850. The morning service was followed by an afternoon and evening celebration of feasting and dancing, interspersed by songs, fancy dancing and addresses by President Young and his associate brethren.

"In front of this bathhouse was an adobe cottage for the caretaker, and soon an immense dancing hall, also built of substantial adobe, was added, with a roomy dining room equipped with kitchens, all fitted with benches and tables. Public parties and theatrical entertainments were given here, even after the completion of the Social Hall....." It is indicated in the *Journal History* of the Church that this building was probably Salt Lake City's first hotel.

In 1852 the population of the Nineteenth Ward numbered 303 adults and 100 children under eight years of age. Immediately after the organization of the ward, the people met for worship in the bathhouse, which served until a schoolhouse was erected on the northeast corner of Fourth North and Second West streets.

An interesting bit of information concerning the Relief Society is found in Ward records of October 13, 1857, as follows: "A domestic economical institution and afterwards changed to a regular Relief Society organization was introduced February 16, 1857, with Drusilla Hendricks as president."

In addition to his church and family responsibilities, James involved himself in political matters. A ticket for the general election held in the several precincts in Great Salt Lake County Monday, August 7, 1854, indicates that he was running for the office of justice of the peace. In this endeavor he met with success. He was succeeded in his office as bishop in 1856 by Alonzo H. Raleigh.

In 1860 the Hendricks family moved to Richmond, Utah. James lived only ten years after their move to that area. He died July 8, 1870. Drusilla wrote her history shortly after the death of her husband, thus little is known concerning her remaining years. She died at the age of seventy-one (May 20, 1881) in Richmond. She and her husband are buried in the Richmond, Utah, cemetery.

*(Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 20, pp.270-272)*

signed.

## The Battle of Crooked River - Appendix A

By Charles C. Rich

News came to Far West that the Rev. Samuel Bogart, with a mob of 75 men, were committing depredations on Log Creek, destroying property and taking prisoners.

Whereupon Judge Higbee issued an order to raise a force to disperse the mob. A call to arms was sounded about 10 o'clock at night. Capt. D. [David] W. Patten and myself with about forty others volunteered, which number he thought would be sufficient, but as I believed a battle was inevitable I proposed to go

and raise some more men and meet Captain Patten about six miles from Far West: which was agreed to. I rode through the settlements on Goose and Log creeks, and rallied the brethren as I went along. When we met we numbered about seventy-five, and were divided into companies of ten, and then proceeded by the main road, four miles, to near Crooked river, where we left our horses tied to Randolph McDonald's fence, and placed a few men to guard them. Captain Patten divided the party into three companies, taking command of the first himself, I commanded the second company, and James Durfee the third. Apprehending that the mob were encamped at Field's house—Captain Patten took his men and went round to the right of the field, Durfee through the field, and I round to the left. I arrived at the house about five minutes before the other companies, which gave me a little time to reconnoiter the premises, Captain Patten made a short speech, exhorted the brethren to trust on the Lord for victory, then ordered a march to the ford, along the road.



"The Battle of Crooked River," by C.C.A. Christensen.  
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Used by permission.



LDS Landmarks and Settlements in Northern Missouri  
 © Copyright 2001, Robert Raymond.

When near the top of the hill, the words, 'Who comes there,' were heard, and at the same instant the report of a gun; young P. [Pat] O'Banion reeled out of the ranks and fell mortally wounded; whereupon Captain Patten ordered a charge, and rushed down the hill; when within about fifty yards of the clump, we formed a line. Captain Patten's company at the right, my company next, which brought me in the road, brother Patten's company was partly shielded by a club of trees, and brother Durfee's by a thicket of hazel brush.

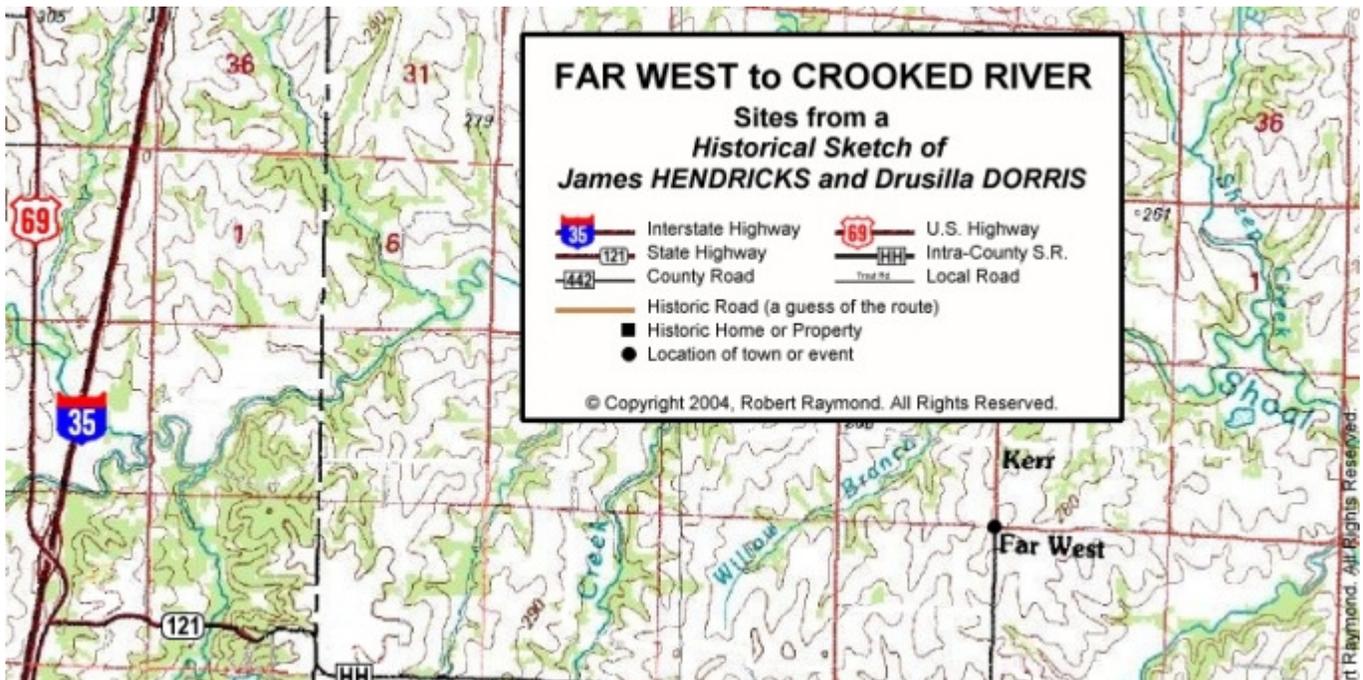
The mob formed under the bank of the creek, below their tents, and fired upon us all their guns, brother [James Hendricks](#) fell wounded near me on my left, and brother Hodges fell wounded on my right. Captain Patten ordered the company to fire, which was obeyed immediately, after which a calm succeeded for a moment. I commenced calling our watch-word, 'God and liberty.' in which all the companies joined. Captain Patten ordered us to charge—the enemy fired a few shots and fled, two lingered behind, Brother Patten pursued one, and I the other; the man that he pursued wheeled and shot him. Brother Patten wore a white blanket coat which made him a conspicuous mark.

The mob left all their animals and camp equipage and dispersed in nearly all directions, and were so completely routed that almost every one of them reported that Bogart's whole company were destroyed and he alone was left to tell the tale.

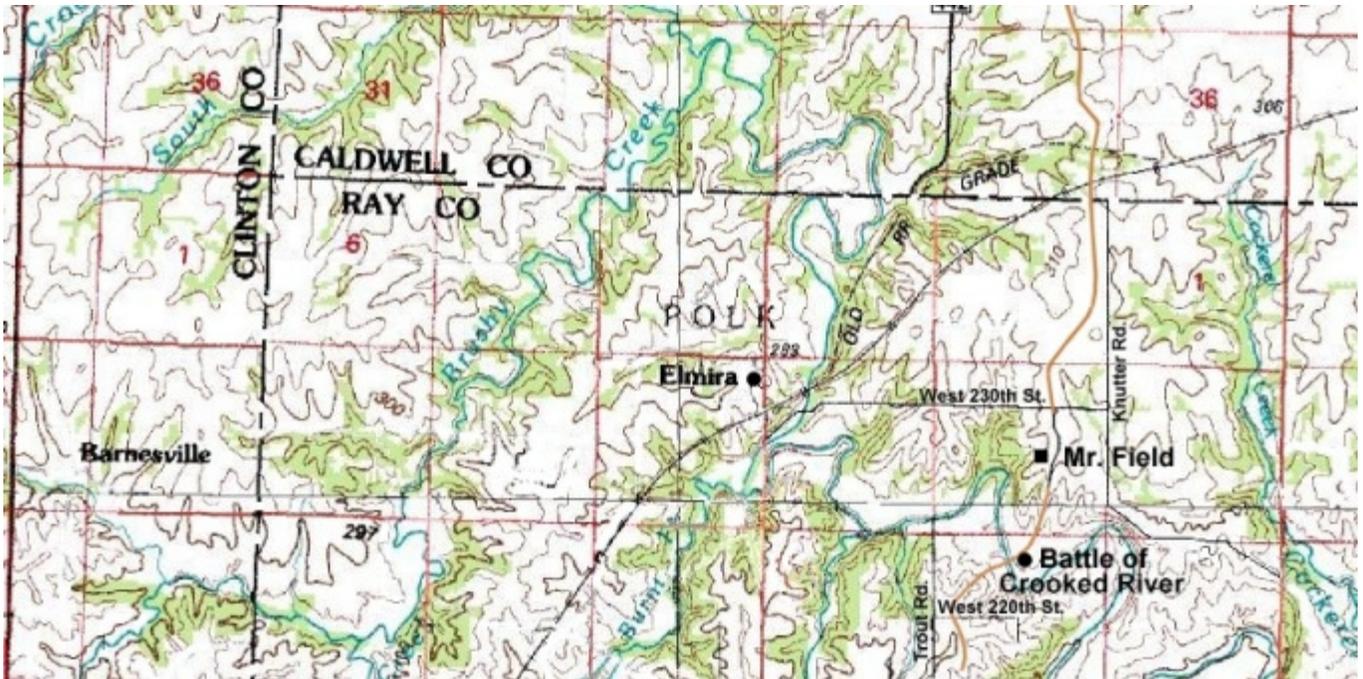
We took three of our brethren whom they had prisoners, one of whom was severely wounded by the mob; we gathered up Captain Patten and the others who were wounded and put them in a wagon, and left for Far West; the sun was not yet risen. After travelling a few miles, brother Patten's sufferings became so great he wished to be left; he and Brother Seeley were then placed upon litters and carried by the brethren. When we arrived near Log creek, we met President Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith, H. C. Kimball and others. At this place Brother [David] Patten became so ill, he was not able to be borne any further, we rested a short time."

Charles Rich Journal in "History," Millennial Star 26 (1864) - p.441.

## A Map of Far West to Crooked River - Appendix B







## NOTES

### BASIC MAP

I based this map upon a 1984 [USGS map](#). I removed most modern landmarks, creating in their place contour lines, section boundaries, county boundaries, and other map features. I left some roads to place historic locations in their modern context.

If you don't understand townships, sections, and lot descriptions, it may be helpful to learn about the rectangular survey system used by the government land office for the sale of public lands. A good basic introduction can be found at "Rectangular Survey System," [www.glorerecords.blm.gov/Visitors/PLSS.asp](http://www.glorerecords.blm.gov/Visitors/PLSS.asp), Bureau of Land Management, as of 28 August 2004.

### LOCATION OF THE BATTLE OF CROOKED RIVER

Several years ago, I read in Oscarson and Kimball's *The Travelers' Guide to Historic Mormon America*, that the exact site of the battle was unknown. Later I found a tantalizing map in Holzapfel and Cottle's *Old Mormon Kirtland and Missouri*, but it was too ambiguous for me to figure out.

Finally, I found a description of the location in a book in the Harold B. Lee Library of Brigham Young University, the *LDS Church History Atlas, Volume 2*, by the Department of Seminaries and Institutes of Religion, p. 148 (BX 8672 .R311). Citing the "Manuscript History, Missouri," the book stated, "CROOKED RIVER BATTLE GROUND / It is in the west half of the northeast quarter of Section 14. Mr. Field's house is 1/2 mile north of the battle ground in Section 11."

Finally, I came across a map by John Hamer on the Far West Cultural Center's website showing the location of the battle. Hamer's map seems to agree with descriptions of the battle, the geography, Holzapfel's map, and the citation from the

Manuscript History (although the battle probably spilled down to the ford in the E ½ of the NW ¼ of Section 14). ("Map of Crooked River Battle," [www.farwesthistory.com/crbmap.htm](http://www.farwesthistory.com/crbmap.htm), map by John Hamer, 7 November 2003, as accessed 13 August 2004.)

Accordingly, I've marked the location of the battle just east of the ford and just inside the W ½ of the NE ¼ of the section. I imagine the battle started a little further up the road and continued down to the ford. This is indeed private property and public roads don't get much closer than ½ mile (judging from the maps). While I've included enough information that you could travel to the spot, please ask permission before entering private property.

### PROPERTY LOCATIONS

The property locations of James Emett, James Hendricks, Stephen Winchester, and Henry Snyder are from "List of Members of Rich Branch Area on Log Creek," [www.farwesthistory.com/rbranch2.htm](http://www.farwesthistory.com/rbranch2.htm), Mike Riggs, 7 December 2002, as accessed on 26 August 2004. I placed squares at the center of lots I suspected the owners to live upon, based upon information in Drusilla's account. But these locations are my conjecture. Having placed squares at the center of these lots, I found most were on the banks of streams. This gave some credence to the locations, as I suppose before indoor running water, one would want to locate near a supply of fresh water.

- I placed the square for **James Hendricks'** house at the center of his first property purchase (SE ¼ of NW ¼ of Mirabile section 35). As you can see, this location was on Tub Creek. Today, it is on the bank of a small reservoir which I believe is known as Simmons Lake. Drusilla alludes to this purchase in chapter 4, "[Persecutions](#)."
- I placed the square for the **James Emett** house on the first lot he bought. That the Hendricks and the Emetts were on adjacent lots is shown in Drusilla's account. She says, "Finally I saw Bro. Emit coming through the timber. I watched and saw that he did not stop at home but he hollered something about Bro. Hendricks. I could not tell what it was but he was on express to Farwest." (Chapter 5, "[Tragedy at Crooked River](#).")
- Drusilla refers to "one of our neighbors, Brother Winchester." (Chapter 5, "[Tragedy at Crooked River](#).") According to [Riggs](#), **Stephen Winchester** built and lived on his property immediately to the west of the Hendricks. I placed the square at the center of the property, although if a spring further to the south feeds Tub Creek, he probably located near it.
- I placed **Henry Snyder's** square at the center of his property on the bank of Log Creek.

### THE ROAD FROM FAR WEST

I wanted to locate the historic road from Far West to the crossing of the Crooked River. I imagine back in horse and buggy days that roads were constrained by different needs than modern roads. Roads needed to be flat; pulling a wagon or buggy up and down hills and through gullies was to be avoided if possible. Bridges were non-existent; river crossings would require good fords. Unlike railroads which required extensive grading to avoid twists and turns, I imagine roads twisted and turned to avoid the expense of grading. I think you'd want to minimize the distance between towns, so roads would run obliquely rather than North/South and East/West.

I looked at a modern map for clues to the historic route and I noticed that current roads follow section, half-section, or quarter-section boundaries, forming a vast checkerboard pattern. I imagine over the years, as modern farming techniques and equipment came into use, farmers consolidated fields by moving oblique roads to the boundaries of their property. What farmer wants his field divided into two by a public road?

Since route D is the main north/south route through the central intersection of old Far West, it seemed the natural place to start my search. Like the Utah towns planned later under the direction of Brigham Young, Far West streets were laid out by Joseph Smith along compass directions. Interestingly, as route D heads south towards Crooked River, it wanders obliquely off quarter-section boundaries. I found these sections met my expectations for the historic route and concluded that route D is the modern descendent of the original road.

As today's route D approaches section 34 of Mirabile township it shifts west to a half-section boundary. South of Mirabile it shifts eastward with two hard right-angle turns to a quarter-section boundary (in section 3 of Rockford township). On the map, I've shown my guess that the historic route probably pursued a straighter line on more level ground.

As it is known the road passed Henry Snyder's house at Log Creek (section 11), and as this is one of route D's non-aligned portions, I believe route D follows the historic road through this section.

In section 14, south of the Snyder's, when the oblique road hits level ground it takes an abrupt S-turn to the west, lining up on the section boundary—probably a farmer's rerouting, I think. From here, route D follows the section boundary south to state road 116. Again, on the map I've shown my guess that the historic route probably wasn't aligned on the boundary, and probably stayed on more level ground.

I then went to the bottom of the map and started working north. I depended on [Hamer's map](#) for the route of the road from the Crooked River ford north nearly to the Caldwell county line. That left just a two mile gap from highway 116 to the Caldwell county line. To fill in this gap, I drew in a route that crossed the minimum number of contour lines. The resulting route was fairly direct and quite level.

I was initially concerned that the route I laid out didn't pass next to the Hendricks' property. In Drusilla's account she says, "I got the children up and walked the floor and watched the road." Then I noticed that my route for the road passes along the high ground between Goose and Tub creeks. Drusilla could have been able to see the road just  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile up a gentle slope. Further, her mention of "Bro. Emit coming through the timber" is consistent with a route that doesn't come directly by their properties.