



Mary Gibbs Sigelow
1809 - 1888

I can first remember when the baby brother next younger than myself was born, and I was brought home from my grand mother's house. I was born 26 of June 1809 in York State, and my brother Linus was born in December 1811, so that I was two and a half years old. When I came home, I saw my mother on the bed, and I was told I had a little brother. I was pleased to see him. There was a doctor there whose name was Hodgekiss. The nurse, Mrs. Barnes, was a widow woman. There was a red sauce in the porringer on the fire. I ran to the fire and wanted some of the cranberry sauce, but the nurse said it was for sick folks, that it was for mother. I said I was sick too and wanted the sauce. The doctor called me to him and said if I was sick I must have help, and put something in my mouth that made it smart; then I spit it out.

The next I remember was in the next spring when my father took me out to the maple trees, and I saw him pour out the sugar water or sap from the trough underneath the maple trees and boil it into sugar.

The next summer in warm weather I went to school. I do not remember the teacher's name. It seemed a great ways through the thick woods, but my father told me that it was only a quarter of a mile. I went past my grandmothers, who used to give me a piece of bread and butter or a piece of pie as I stopped to see her on my way to school. At this school I learned by ABC's. I went to school awhile in the summer but after some time I got a childish notion to take my mother's loom rod and walked along a large fallen hemlock tree. As I walked along up the big trunk, I tried to reach the ground with the loom rod, and falling, I broke my left arm. The same doctor set my arm. Father told me not to cry any more and he would give me a large lump of maple sugar, so I ceased crying and moaned only, so that I might have the sugar.

I carried my arm in a sling for a long time and could not go to school. After staying at home a while, I began going to school again. While on my way there I saw a porcupine. It was dead, but it frightened me. About the same time some wolves chased a calf in the night. I heard it bawl as the wolves were eating its hindquarters. It frightened me to hear the calf bawl and to see the men and boys with torches driving the wolves away; but the calf was so badly injured that they had to kill it.

The next day I cried and didn't want to go to school as the road was lonely and I had no one with me. I then was three years old. But mother was so anxious that her darling girls should be educated that insisted on my going, and taking a little switch, she followed me and switched me as I went to school crying.

After that one day my father had business that took him past the schoolhouse and I was happy to go with him, but the next day I cried again because I had to go along. But my Grandmother Gibbs always comforted me with pie, cucumbers and bread and butter, so I continued to go to school through the summer. Before I was four years old I began to read in Baker.

The next I remember was my father's brother-in-law coming to move us on a raft down the Ohio River. Uncle Clark took us on a sleigh and when I was sleepy he threatened me that he would leave me under a bridge; and I would wake up through fear of being left. Late in the night we arrived at this house. This was in the spring that I was four years old.

One day while I was there, my Aunt Annor Gibbs Clark was sweeping. I sat still. At length she spoke. "Mary, it is not good manners to sit still while one is sweeping. You should be lady like and get up and move your chair into a clean place." I did so.

The next that I recollect is that we were prepared to go on to this big lumber raft down the Ohio River. We went on below Pittsburg and sixteen miles below Marietta on the river. There was a large hole in the middle of the raft, and my little cousin, Naomi Clark, a year and a half younger than myself, fell into this hole. Her father caught her by the clothes and saved her from drowning. There was great rejoicing and my aunt wept tears of joy over her little girl.

My next remembrance is when I was five years old. I went to school where there were no woods to go through, which rejoiced me much. Here there was plenty of fruit. Pawpaws grew on the bank of the river, and spice wood tea was had for breakfast, while peaches, apple and plums contributed to our comfort.

The spring before I was seven, the Ohio River raised above its banks and father took us in a canoe. He shoved the canoe into the door of the house and floated us out of the house, and from out flooded home to Mr. Priests, on higher ground. We stayed there until the water went down so that we could go back into our house.

While there at Mr. Priests, I had four lessons a day. Two reading and two spelling lessons and a chapter in the Testament. I could read much better than Hetty Priest, a little girl my age. Mother said to me "Ain't you glad that I made you go to school for you read much better than Hetty. If her mother had made her go to school she would have known how to read good too."

Fall came and my dear brother Linus died. I was so lonesome then. He died with the bilious fever. He was sick about three weeks, and died in the afternoon. I used to drive the cow to the pasture in the morning and go and get her at night. When I heard the bars fall at night I thought, my dear, darling brother is gone and I am left to mourn. I was so lonesome. I went to school through the winter, and it troubles me to keep my mind on my studies for I was thinking, thinking about my brother,

and wishing he was with me to go to school.

My father continued to work at this trade of coopering - making barrels at \$1.25 a barrel. Then we moved to Lawrence County in the state of Illinois. Father entered some land, built him a log cabin, and worked at this trade to gain money to pay for the land that he had entered.

The first winter that we lived there Father used to go out in the morning with his gun and almost always when we were out of meat, he killed a deer, but if we had meat, he killed none. He bought potatoes and we had has, and felt comfortable on potatoes and venison and corn bread. Milk and butter we had none. We had no well, and the water froze up in the winter, and we melted snow for home use and drove our stock a long way to a creek for water, about a mile or a mile and a half away. We had a yoke of cattle, a cow and a calf. The ice in the creek was frozen so hard that it was difficult to break it, so father got Brother Hardisty of the Baptist persuasion to come and find water. Mr. Hardisty came, took a hazel forked stick in his hands, and walking along the stick turned. He told father that he must dig there and he would find water at twenty feet deep, and eight feet would be through rock. Father dug in that spot, found water and the eight feet of rock was a wall to the well, which is still in use on the old homestead.

My grandfather, Truman Gibbs, was brought to stay with my father, Benjamin Gibbs. He came from New York State to the state of Illinois. He was an old man and I remember his baldhead encircled with a fringe of white hair. He had the rheumatism. I had to wait on him. Father and Mother were born in Connecticut. Grandpa and Grandma, and Father and Mother, I think, were born in Litchfield, Connecticut. Grandpa was six feet high in his naked feet and was a strong, robust man. He was in the Revolutionary War. He was drafted three years and enlisted four years. My Grandpa's brother had a fight with a wild wounded deer, which stamped and hook him as long as he stirred, so to save his life he lay still until the deer left him, supposing he was dead and went out of sight. This my Grandfather told me. Grandfather died on the 10th of March when I was ten years old.

My father continued to work on at his trade, and I worked in the garden and raised cotton. This we ginned by a hand gin and mother and I carded and spun it. When at length we wanted weaving done, mother went to a neighbors four miles away from home, wove a piece, to get a chance to get our woven, and then wove hers, leaving me at eleven years old to keep house, take care of my sister and brother and water the stock.

In the spring before I was ten years old my youngest brother was born. I felt then I was well paid for waiting so long as I had. I had the privilege of naming him Daniel after the prophet of old. He was so good that I was no more lonesome for my dead brother.

My mother went away for four weeks at one time to this Sister Baptists, and then came home for a short visit to me and then went away to weave again. I had all to do, taking care of my brother a year and a half old, watering the stock all winter, for father did not chore, cooking breakfast before daylight, dinner at twelve. Cooked corn bread in a skillet by the fire, boiled venison and potatoes for dinner. Father built the fire in the cabin where there was no floor. My father had prayers regularly, morning and evening. I dipped the tallow candles, and the wick. I was two days washing. My Uncle's folks lived three quarters of a mile away. Sometimes my Aunt Annor Clark came up and encourages me, telling me I was doing well.

Used to go to meetings in summer four miles away once a month. Every other month we had Baptist meetings at Uncles Clarks. All were very zealous, kept the Sabbath, doing no work unless necessary.

Next summer we went on with our garden. I was twelve. My sister helped me. Father bought two cows and mother made cheese. We had wild plums and crab apples, and father bought honey, and we made preserves – a keg full of each.

When I was thirteen, Nahum Bigelow, my future husband came to see us and I got acquainted with him. He was thirty-seven. My parents sent me to school. Nahum took me on a horse behind him and went that day to a village to school in another county. I was away three months to this school. I boarded with Brother Levi Joy, the schoolteacher, and his wife, and paid my board by spinning nights and mornings to make three days work. She was a Methodist and he was a Baptist. He had a son Jesse.

In the spring my father came and took me home. I was happy to go home and see my folks again.

The summer that I was fifteen, I was taken sick with the chills and fever, whooping cough and scarlet fever, and couldn't do much. Father took the whooping cough the second time, having had it when a boy of sixteen. This was the first spell of sickness since I had the long siege of bilious fever, which I had in the Ohio State. Nahum came once a month to visit us.

The next summer a woman from the Eastern States came preaching repentance. She had been a Baptist but she left her husband and came to preach repentance. She was a tall woman. Said she was sent of the Lord to preach repentance, saying that the new of the resurrection of the Savior was sent by and woman and so also she was told to preach repentance and nothing also to this people. She was a powerful preacher. After she went away a man and his wife came from Kentucky. This woman had a similar mission to perform, preaching repentance. She was a middle-age woman as was the first. She came to visit relatives and to preach. She went home and died shortly after, saying her mission was done.

Nahum continued to visit me from time to time and when I was nearly sixteen,

proffered marriage, asking my parents.
He then boarded at Uncle Clark's and worked at his perpetual motion machine.
He was very ingenious.

Uncle Henry Bigelow, his oldest brother, owned some land in Shelby County,
joining Lawrence County.

Nahum and one of my uncles bought up cattle, and drove cattle, but didn't make
anything by it, but lost.

While my uncle and Nahum were away I was at home making my wedding dress in
the fall. I carded and spun the cotton and my mother and I wove it in an 800 or so
reed, very fine. It looked beautiful. I then bleached it a pure white. I made it plain
with no flounces. It was woven so that half way to my knees it was corded and
raised in diamonds. The cords were picked up with an awl, ten threads between
every cord.

Sister and I raised the cotton and picked it out of the beautiful white balls. I then
ginned it in a hand gin, feeding the cotton and turning the handle. I had picked the
long, beautiful first-ripe cotton. The waist of my wedding dress was plain with a
band around it, common straight sleeves just large enough to be comfortable. I had
a bobbinet ruffle in the neck of the dress.

I was preparing to keep house. I had home made shoes that my father made for me.

We were married in December at my father's house, on a Sabbath day. My Uncle
Clark, who was a Baptist Elder, married us.

Nahum was dressed in homemade cloth blue jeans. We had just a common supper.
Uncle, Aunt and family were the company. We had chicken boiled, pot pie, all kinds
of fruit that was wild. Crab apple preserves, cheese, butter, biscuits and light bread.
No dance at any time. It was a good social evening. Retired to bed at the usual time.

Next day my husband made a log stable for his horses. He had one span of horses
and I had a cow and a calf given me by my parents. I had a feather bed that I had
picked from the geese.

My uncle moved into Morgan County and lost his second daughter. She took opium
and didn't know, thinking it was pills. It threw her into fits and filled her.

I dreamed a few days before she died that we went to Sunday School and she took
up with a beautiful young man. I could not persuade her to come home, but she
stayed, and I woke up. I told mother of the dream and she said that she was not
long for this world. The next letter we received said she was dead.

My oldest daughter was born the 15th day of October, 1827, following. It lacked two days of ten months after I was married. We lived in father's house. Hyrum was my next born the 20th of May 1829. Lucy was born October 3, 1830.

We moved from there into Coles County, Illinois, 40 miles away, where Lucy and Asa were born. We lived in a hewed log cabin, a puncheon floor, not sawed boards, but split from big trees and hewed off. Here I was comfortable. We had sheep, oxen, cows and horses and were very comfortable.

At one time when my husband was trimming the limbs off a tree he had cut down, in stooping through the limbs, he caught his foot in one of them, which threw him head long violently to the ground. In dropping his ax and throwing out his hands to save himself, he fell upon his ax, cutting a deep gash on his left wrist, severing the main artery to the hand and also the cords of the two little fingers.

Went and visited my parents every year when my health admitted of it.

Lavina was born the 24th of March.

We had sugar trees and made some sugar in the spring. We raised our own hay, wheat, corn, potatoes and melons. We had a great many chickens in the fall and laid up 100 pounds of butter. We had a good cold springhouse made of logs, which was just as cold as ice.

When Sariah was a baby, the first Mormon Elders visited us - Brother Coombs, Dibbins and David Gamett. I believed it right off and obeyed it in the spring. Sariah was about six weeks old. We began to prepare to move on to the Missouri, but instead of going to Missouri we made preparations and moved to Nauvoo, as the Saints were driven out of Missouri.

We moved to Nauvoo in the fall of 1843. We went to Brother Matthew's and then down by the levee. Bought land and began to farm. We were all taken sick, had a terrible sickness - fever and ague. We lived there through the massacre and I had a son born on the 4th of July, a week after the Prophet was slain. We called his name Joseph Smith Bigelow. He lived nine months and sixteen days and died.

The fall after he was born, at conference time, I was taken very, very sick. All were very sick. We had sickness from the time we lived there until we left. While I was so very sick and was given up by everybody, and was thought to be dying even by myself, I sent to the field for my husband to come and put down the dates of the births of my children. He came in haste and taking the Record Book put down the names and dates of some whose record had not been made.

Then afterwards I had a vision. The Savior came to me and told me that I would get well. What about my baby, I asked, for he was also very sick. He answered me - your babe is in mine own hands. With it I will do as seemeth me good. He then told

me again that I would get well, for I had a work to do. Again I asked about my baby and received the same answer. The third time he promised me that I would get well, and again I asked about my baby, and again he gave me the same answer.

The baby got well and fat. This was in the fall. I got well also. But then the baby was so loveable in the spring it took the water on the brain and died suddenly. The same spirit rested on me as it did when I had the vision. I dedicated him to the Lord, and I never shed a tear until I had been to the grave and came back. When we came back into the house, Daniel stepped into the house first and clasping his hands said, "Oh my little Dafie is gone, is gone. He was too little to speak plain. Whereupon we burst into tears and lamentations. My sympathy was aroused, although I felt resigned to the will of the Lord, feeling it was alright.

My little Liola had the black canker, which took his under jawbone out and five teeth. I went the same summer to see my parents. Liola died while I was gone. He was so bad that the neighbors came in and sat up with him, and were also there after he died. He had spasms. When I came back I felt lonesome indeed. We had our blessings by President Young.

The next fall after the mob commenced to mob and burn houses, we were advised to move into Nauvoo from Camp Creek. We took all the honey we could and everything that we could, leaving the corn in the field. We took our cows, our horses and wagon and oxen and wagon and went into Nauvoo. We afterwards gathered corn and squash.

We were in Nauvoo at the October conference held in the Temple in 1845. Brother Young spoke that now the excitement and mobbing was allayed for the brethren to go back and secure their crops.

My husband was not well when we moved back. He had the chills. We were among the first that moved back and being on a public road, the mob noticed us. On Monday evening, after dark a posse of the mob came. They came and knocked on the door. Father was on the bed with a chill. The man said that he had orders to notify us to leave immediately. Father asked him, leaning on his elbow, "By what authority do you order peaceable citizens to leave?" He stuttered, "By orders of the Governor and other officers." "It is not likely," Father said, "that the Governor will be giving orders for peaceable citizens to leave their homes." What is your name? Where do you live?" Father asked.

He stuttered, "I live, live, all over – everywhere. I was from Carthage yesterday." They made a big noise out doors and voices called, "Come out, don't be jawing with no woman" as I had told him that I wasn't going to go. If I wasn't a Mormon they wouldn't order me out. If you want to murder us, take us all out and leave us all together. A young man that had been to school with one of my boys came in and said that they had not come to parley with the women and wanted to know if we were going to leave immediately. He spoke in a mad, save and determined manner.

Father said, "No, we are not going." Then he said, "If you are not going, you will be tumbled out and burnt up.." Voices outdoors then said, "Stick a brand of fire in the house and that will start them." He started for the fireplace and I started for him with the shovel or tongs. They called him out for another consultation. He came in again a second time, just inside of the door and said, "We will give you until Thursday night to leave or you will be tumbled out and burned up." They then rode off.

The next morning we started Hyrum off to Nauvoo to let President Young and Cot Markham know of the threats of the mob. While Hyrum made the statement about the mob, President Young sat with his head in his hands and then rose up and said, "If the mob came to burn my house I would defend it to the last. Go home and tell your father to make an affidavit and have it sworn to, and then send it to Carthage to Major Warren. He is stationed at Carthage to prevent mob violence, so it is right for your father to send a written statement to him, and if he won't do anything, come to Nauvoo and you shall have all the help that you need. Joseph Young gave a pistol to Hyrum and told him to give it to his father to defend himself.

Hyrum came home. Edgar Gimsley, who was his companion, went with him to Carthage. They went across the bottoms fourteen miles nearly to Carthage, staying all night, and in the morning rode into Carthage and got there about ten o'clock. He rode up to the Court House yard and went into the house and asked for Major Warren. He called him out to the back door of the Court House and handed him the paper. He said because of court being in session and having sent some troops to Lima he couldn't spare any troops, but could spare some the next day. Hyrum answered, "Next day the mob will have the house burned and leave us without a home." He next inquired where he lived. Hyrum told him on the road between Laharpe and five miles from Pontusic. He noted it down.

Hyrum went back to the horses and his companion. He felt very despondent and foreboding and anxious, so he wheeled on his heel and went back to Major Warren and said, "The mob will very likely be there tonight and if you could spare but four men, it will probably keep the mob from burning our house." He studied a moment but said he could spare none. Hyrum and his companion mounted their horses and started immediately for Nauvoo. Then Major Warren, about one o'clock, had a consultation with Captain Morgan who said, "That is more important than all there is here to do. We have been notified and there may be trouble there." Consequently, he sent a Lieutenant and three men who went around to Laharpe and came to our house. It was a long way around to LaHarpe, perhaps 24 or 25 miles, which brought them to our house about nine o'clock.

Hyrum and companion arrived at Nauvoo between sundown and dark and rode up by the Temple to the little guardhouse west of it. Hyrum jumped off his horse and inquired for Colonel Markham. One answered, "I don't know where he is." What do you want of Colonel Markham, where do you live, where do you come from, was asked at once.

“I live at Camp Creek, but am now from Carthage. We went there to tell Major Warren about the mob threatening to burn our house, and he couldn’t send anybody and we were told to come here and Colonel Markham would send all the help that was needed.”

Then he gave Hyrum to understand that Colonel Markham and posse had gone up to Pontusic on a little steamboat landing on the Mississippi river and not seeing anything going on returned that night to Nauvoo. As Hyrum had had no dinner and the horses had had nothing to eat, he went down to President Young’s and had supper, fed the animals and started home. He arrived home about 1 o’clock.

When the troops were within a mile of our house they got a jack Mormon, Mr. Dickson, to pilot them. Asked first for Squire Logan and then for Mr. Bigelow. He was friendly and came to the yard saying, “they live in here,” and then turned back.

When Mary Jane and I saw someone coming, I said, “Here they come!” Mary Jane came running in and said, “Four are coming and I don’t think Hyrum is with them.” Father was in bed with his nightcap on.

One of them outside said, “You stay her and I will go and see.” Father said, “That’s not Hyrum”, took his gun, expecting the mob and went to the door. One stepped to the door asking, “Does Mr. Bigelow live here?” “Yes, that’s my name, answered he, “What do you want?” “Let me in and I’ll tell you,” said the outsider. “In the name of common sense, what do you want,” asked Father. “What’s the use to be so particular,” said the one on the outside. Then my husband, as he was pushing his way in, shot off his pistol and shot him in the left breast. And as he turned he said, “Boys come to my assistance, I’m shot.” Then he shot him again in the right side and cut his sword belt.

The men cried out, “We are from Carthage, we came to protect you” and then one caught his foot in the stirrup and fell. One came running and fell over the sawhorse. Father said, “Why didn’t you tell me so before, I wouldn’t have shot you any sooner than I would my wife or children.” Father had let go of the door and had challenged him three times, and pulling the pistol had shot him in the left breast. And as the man turned and spoke, he took the gun and shot him the second time, because he did not tell his business, as he ought to have done. When the candle was lit, the Lieutenant came up to the table and unbuttoned his coat and said, “I came to protect you and see how you’ve hurt me.” “Why didn’t you tell me,” Father said, “I wouldn’t have shot you anymore than I would my wife or one of my children.” His coat was thickly padded and was smoking, but the pistol was too near, too much lead and too little powder so that he lived.

He soon became so faint and exhausted that we got him on the bed where he bled profusely. All were alarmed lest he should die. The three men came in and readily understood that it was owing to his stupidity that he was shot. Then Dickson came

back, came into the house and got excited. One of the soldiers was dispatched to Carthage for Dr. Barnes and the Lieutenant's brother. The Lieutenant said, "It is my own fault. I ought to have told him, but I did not think the old man was so smart, so courageous. But I will make an affidavit that whether I live or die, it will clear your father."

The firing of a gun was the signal for the mob to gather and the mob hearing the firing began to come. The arms and saddles were in the house and one man said stretching out his arms, "I will shoot both pistols into the crowd."

Dickson went out the back door and told the mob that the soldiers were there and then the mob rode away and left us in peace, save for our anxiety for the Lieutenant. One of the soldiers had come running in saying, "There's a posse of men gathering around here." He gave orders. Do your duty, Take my pistols. They went out of one door and Dickson went out of the other. Asa was out with the soldiers.

Hyrum sat up with the Lieutenant with me. Father went to bed, as he was sick. The Lieutenant let Hyrum take his \$200 Gold watch to keep him awake. It gave an alarm or played a tune every half hour and was amusing.

I got supper for the men. A little before daylight the doctor came with the Lieutenant's brother. Dr. Barnes talked to Father in a wicked way and said, "Such a man as you should not be at large." But the wounded Lieutenant Everett said when the children felt bad, "Don't feel bad for my statement will clear your father."

The names of the soldiers were Bush and Hedges. The Lieutenant had said to the soldier that had been sent off, "I don't know whether I will die before you come back or not."

A schoolteacher, Mr. Caldwell, came that morning and talked with the doctor and found out the truth, but being bitter against the Mormons, he went away and raised a great excitement against Mr. Bigelow all over the country.

I got breakfast and after breakfast Hyrum hitched up the team, putting in a straw bed and bedding and a buffalo robe, and Mr. Bigelow got in to go off to trial.

The Lieutenant was comfortably fixed in the doctor's carriage and went to Pontusic, where he made out an affidavit that Mr. Bigelow was not to blame, and then took a steamboat to his parent's home in Warsaw. Myself, Mr. Bigelow and Hyrum went down to Pontusic.

One soldier remained with us, knowing that danger threatened Mr. Bigelow. I heard parties passing, looking at Mr. Bigelow laying sick in the wagon and saying, "Let's take him out and flay him alive, this is the old codger that did the deed. Let's take him out and tie a stone around his neck and throw him into the river." The soldier Hedges heard such expressions and said to us, "They intend to get away with

him," but he kept by us and on one interfered. The Lieutenant gave his affidavit to the soldier and we went on to Carthage. I had taken lunch with us and we ate at Pontusic. While going over the prairie, we went by the ashes of a house that had been burned down. It was Leonard Rice's house, in the prairie settlement, and by a place where one of the mob was killed. He was a hostile, savage, wicked fellow. The Lieutenant's brother went with the Lieutenant to his home, and the doctor and carriage was with our cavalcade.

Between daylight and dark we drove into Carthage. My husband and myself were taken to Hamilton's Hotel, and Hyrum went to the barracks and stayed with the soldiers who had a stag dance. We slept upstairs; had a bedroom to ourselves. At 10 o'clock we went to the Court House. They took the pistol and gun and Mr. Bigelow went to be examined. Lawyer Babbit, I think his name was Almon, one of our brethren who was acting attorney for the Mormons, came and whispered to my husband that he could assist him if he needed him in a legal defense. He accepted him thankfully, but there was no trial.

Major Warren showed first the statement that my husband had sent written by himself, and Captain Morgan came next saying that he suggested sending the men, and that four men were sent. Hedges came next and gave a correct and favorable statement of losing their way and arriving at Mr. Bigelow's house late at night and what happened there. The written affidavit of Lieutenant Everett was then read by the clerk. It praised Mr. Bigelow's courage, and praised him as he was sick and old and yet so brave and shrewd, and the mob did come afterwards, and being so favorable, it cleared my husband.

The Judge decided then that according to the testimony he did not consider any need for further action in the case. He said the case ought to be a reminder to the people to be cool and calm, and not to be rash, and then he dismissed the case. Mr. Bigelow was taken in a wagon to the Court House and helped into the room, but was unable to sit up, but a little while there.

After the case was dismissed, we got into the wagon again, and started home. On nearing the house, Mary Jane and Lucy met us telling us that James Porter and another man had told them that our lives were not safe, that the mob was coming to kill us all. We got home a little before night and I was so glad to see my lonesome little children who had been tormented with fear on our account and who were glad that we got home safe and alive. We had some mush for supper.

James Porter who was living on my husband's farm and another man from Musgusto Creek came and told us that the mob was coming to burn the house and had threatened to kill old Bigelow and all his family. We did not feel safe, so one of the boys took Lavinia to Sister Bunsleys, as she coughed so bad, and we hid everything that was valuable and took our bedding and went and made our beds in the corn, near the bean patch where we had pulled up the beans. We took all of the children in bed with us, never undressing them, and having everything dark about

the bed so that the mob wouldn't see us. It was cloudy. I was very sick with the sun pain. My husband administered to me and I felt better.

After prayers, we laid down but had little sleep as we felt like watching. In a very little while we heard firing and whooping at the house and we were glad that we were hid. My husband said, "Lay still and pray, children." We all prayed silently. They yelled and set the bloodhounds on our track but the Lord preserved us from them. We could see them loping around, and heard the mob racing through the cornfield in search of us. The corn was hardly ripe and was not gathered. We got up in the night and moved our bed in the hollow, and then my husband and Hyrum went and leaned on the fence and watched the proceedings. When the mob dispersed, they came back and went to bed. The mob came about 10 p.m. and went away at 3 a.m. They had ranted around until then. We were the only family in Camp Creek that was molested, which we wondered at.

At last daylight came and my husband got up, bidding us to lie quietly until he came back and he would see if the mob was completely gone. The November night was gone and the sun was up before he got back. He found the house still standing, but the windows were broken. The tracks of horses' feet were all around the house. He came back and told us we could get up and come to the house. We went back and my grown daughters commenced picking up the hidden things.

I wanted to get breakfast and sent my fourth child, my second son Asa, to the beautiful large spring that was under the porch by the milk house. The spring ran off into the milk house, where we kept milk and butter pans, churn, etc. Asa went down for water. He brought the water to the house and said he believed the spring was poisoned, as there was a glistening green scum on the water. He poked it away and got another pail full and it was the same. I felt that the child was inspired by God, and as the water stood the scum rose again. I said, "Don't use it, but let it stay until Father comes, and go to another place to a branch for water a half mile away. When Father came back he put some of the water in a bottle to take to Nauvoo, and have Dr. Willard Richards and other analyze it. When it was taken, the doctor said it contained four ounces of arsenic and would have killed ten men.

We got some good water and had joint mush and milk, which we had every meal. The corn meal was made by shaving off the corn with a jointer or plane. The corn was still soft. We washed up the tin cups and spoons.

A man with a broad brow came along who had lost his way and came to our house to inquire the way. When he found out about the mob, the Lieutenant, the poisoning of the spring, he entreated us to move into Nauvoo and told us he would help us all that he could. We harnessed up and put our things into his wagon and our own and started for Nauvoo. We got there safe but were all wet, as it rained all day. We went to an old Dutchman's by the name of Stuedevant.

Hyrum went back to Camp Creek to help get the stock and crops. He boarded at Porters. Sometimes Mr. Bigelow went out, but it was after awhile as he was afraid of being ambushed. About Christmas time, he was poisoned. He had been out once before, but this time my husband, myself and Hyrum went out home to get a grist of corn ground, and not considering it safe for my husband to go near Pontusic on the Queens mill road, he stayed at Porter's home working in the cornfield.

James Porter, who always had breakfast before daylight and always had his children up to breakfast, came over and kindly invited Mr. Bigelow to come to breakfast. He did not wish to go as he had provisions with him and wanted to get his own breakfast at home, but Porter insisted, and begged so and as he had always been friendly, my husband went. No children were visible. They were not up, but were still sleeping. At breakfast he was offered coffee. He felt as if he ought not to take it but drank it. It was poisoned with white vitriol but he felt no effects of it then.

Hyrum stayed and gathered the corn. We took down some squash and Hyrum quit staying at Porters.

When Porter came over in the morning, he wanted to buy some big iron kettles that we scalded pigs in. He was bribed to poison Mr. Bigelow and that was why he kept his children in bed so that they wouldn't get poisoned, and entreated Mr. Bigelow to go to breakfast.

My husband felt queer after breakfast and while going home, I drove the team. That afternoon while fixing a wagon tongue he commenced trembling and turned pale around the mouth. He sat down on the wagon tongue. Hyrum went for an Elder who got Brother Patten, brother to David W. Patten, to come. It was snowing. They came in and sat down and looked at Father. He was screaming with pain. They administered to him; spoke in tongues saying that he would get well.

He had been poisoned by the hand of an enemy. Father vomited up some very green stuff, probably enough to have killed ten men. After Brother Patten had spoken in tongues he said that my husband should get well and go to the Rocky Mountains and establish his family. He stayed about all night. Mr. Bigelow surely got better and was healed. He was sick two or three weeks.

In the fall of 1845, a guard came from Nauvoo and guarded in the settlement. While the guard was there we had to grate corn to cook. The name of the Presiding Elder was Libboons Coons. David Gambett and Father were the counselors (I suppose). Jeremiah was the blacksmith.

This is the last of her history that she gave.

She said regarding her funeral. I don't want this Temple work delayed. Unless the Lord strengthens me I can't stand it long. Wherever I died there let me be buried. Have everything plain. No expensive casket. I don't want black drapery. I want a mountain wood coffin. When I die, whoever has charge conduct the services. Wherever I die, there let me be buried and do not go to the expense of taking me to the city.

Mary Gibbs Bigelow died 19 April 1888 at St. George, Washington, Utah.