

## The World of Joseph Fielding: Chapter 29

### The Miracle of the Quail Saves the Poor in Montrose



C. C. Christensen painted this scene of the poor catching quail by the Mississippi River after their forced evacuation.

The miracle of the quail in Montrose, Iowa, just across the river from Nauvoo in the fall of 1846 was recorded in the journals of many saints. Some reported that the quail flocked for almost three weeks, providing breakfast, lunch and dinner for the desperate saints who lived in the abandoned homes of those in Montrose who had accumulated the means to follow Brigham Young west.

Thirty-year-old Charles Lambert had been asked to remain behind as part of a rear-guard to protect the poor as they left Nauvoo. Some of the cannon Joseph

Fielding had mentioned were improvised from old steamboat shafts pulled from the Mississippi River. They had been lifted onto the running gear of wagons and moved into place on the hill of the temple to defend the city.<sup>1</sup> Land mines built from nails, and iron scraps in barrels filled with gunpowder were buried in strategic points.<sup>2</sup> Charles was part of a force of one hundred and fifty who tried to stave off the mob as families fled across the Mississippi in mid-September. With a baby less than a year old, his wife Mary Alice, just seventeen, remained behind with Charles and her three younger siblings, including Leonora, now age six, although the family left Nauvoo once a treaty was signed on September 16<sup>th</sup>.

Young David, just eight years old, later remembered:

We stayed there until after the fight. The mob gave us until ten o'clock the next morning to get out and we got out. We crossed the river the next day, hiring a man to take our wagon and what few personal effects we had down the river. The next morning Brother Lambert took me with him back to Nauvoo while he settled some business, and there we met a platoon of the mob. They asked him if his name was Charles Lambert and told him they had business with him. They led him down into the river and baptized him in the name of the Temple, in the name of the Lord, and everything else they could think of, baptizing him twelve times. He still had on his wet clothes, but we went up into the town to find a man that had been owing us some money, and he turned out a yoke of cattle on this account. We called the team "Chance" and "Lucky" because we got them by chance and it was right lucky we did. We got together several animals--a bull, five oxen, and a cow.<sup>3</sup>

The poor huddled on both sides of the Mississippi with the sick and elderly, widows and orphans. Several flatboats crossed the river, carrying their fragile passengers who now had no choice but to leave. As the poor crossed the river, the rear-guard came up behind them. As they stood on the banks of the river outside Montrose, they listened to the "mobocrats celebrating the desecration

of the temple with whoops and shrieks, beating drums and ringing the bell.”<sup>4</sup>

These poor saints waited in Montrose as teams were sent from the Iowa camps farther west, and the quail sustained them, a miracle which encouraged all of the pioneers stretched across Iowa.



The pioneers were forced to build their own 300-mile road between Nauvoo and Winter Quarters. Once settled, the Missouri River was often used as a means to return to the States.

Caravans of thousands of saints stretched across Iowa, some stopping to rest in established camps before moving on. Joseph Fielding wrote about the massive group as it moved across the state:

The Camp traveled slowly, the road being bad and Weather rough and cold, sometimes having to put 8 or 10 yoke of Oxen to a Wagon till they came to what they called Garden Grove, about [150] Miles from Nauvoo, where they commenced ploughing and planting; and after staying there a While the greater Part of them moved on, a Distance of [200] Miles, where they arrived in time to put in other Crops, some of which came to Perfection, but some did not. They fenced in a large Field, having Grand River as a Fence on the West Side; this Place they called Pisgah. Both of these Places seem to have been very sickly and have proved to be the Home of many of the Saints; many of them are there mingled with the Dust.

Before they had time to reap the fruit of their Labours, the main Part of the Camp again moved westward till they crossed the Missouri River, about 3 miles, from which they encamped and went to work at getting Hay for the winter, and in the Fall of the Year they had moved onto the Bank of the River. They had been compelled to barter their Property, Horses, Harnesses, Beds and Clothing, etc, to the Missourians for Provisions, and made great Sacrifices. Brother Samuel Bent was left as President in Garden Grove and Brother Charles C. Rich in Pisgah, but during the Summer the former was called home, having

done his Work, I believe, to the satisfaction of all the Saints. He had long been President of the High Council, and the Latter [Brother Rich] was General of the Nauvoo Legion; a Man of unblemished Character.<sup>5</sup>

John Taylor wrote:

To tell in detail the story of that journey from Nauvoo to Council Bluffs—how the Saints struggled on through trackless prairies converted into vast bogs by the spring thaws and rain and sleet which seemed to fall continuously; how the bleak winds from the pitiless northwest were more cruel than the sharpest frosts; how the young and strong left the main companies to go into Missouri and districts in Iowa remove from their line of march to exchange household furniture for corn or flour’ how those who had merely enough provisions for themselves—no one had a surplus—divided with those who had none.”<sup>6</sup>

### **Pioneers Reach the Missouri River in June, 1846**

By mid-summer the emigration companies were settling into what they would soon call Winter Quarters, not far from where a long-standing trading post had been in existence since the time of Lewis and Clark’s expedition which stopped there in 1804. The pioneers had not landed on Mars.

Native American fur traders, many with Canadian-French backgrounds, frequently traversed the Iowa and Nebraska territories. The Missouri River, stretching from its headwaters in modern-day Montana to the Mississippi River, flowed through this area. With the Mississippi River considered to be the western boundary of the United States, the Missouri River was the easiest route to the gateway of St. Louis which provided access for the fur traders to the Gulf of Mexico, but even overland routes took merchandise to the Atlantic. Fort Leavenworth was just one hundred and seventy-five miles down river from Winter Quarters.

Peter Sarpey, of French-American descent, was a prominent agent who established trading posts in the Iowa and Nebraska Territories, ultimately becoming the source of the name for Iowa’s Sarpey County. He built a ferry across the Missouri River for pioneers heading to Oregon. He also ferried and supplied the Mormon pioneers upon their arrival until they built their own ferry with docks on each bank of the river.

The apostles read Eastern newspapers at Sarpey’s post, and he directed their mail to Nauvoo and farther east. Mr. Sarpey also became a valuable source of information and contacts for Brigham Young concerning the forts and trading posts overland to the west, such as Fort Bridger and Fort Laramie. Through Peter Sarpey’s influence, the pioneers were able to meet men who might help them, such as Jim Bridger and other western traders, and gain information about what was ahead.



Peter Sarpey became a great friend and asset to Brigham Young.

Once settled into Winter Quarters across the Missouri River, many of the pioneers bypassed the prices of the trading post and sent their own companies back to St. Louis via the Missouri River for supplies.

Winter Quarters became a thriving community on the western frontier of the United States, with the Missouri River as the major supply route. Apostle Orson Hyde would remain in Winter Quarters for several years, supervising the saints as they arrived and departed. Some, such as the



The Elk Horn outfitting station was about 15 miles west of Winter Quarters. The pioneers began their 1000-mile journey to the Great Basin from this point.

These wagons were filled with goods, particularly cotton during the Civil War years, and were bartered at the Missouri River. The drivers, often teenagers, such as sixteen-year-old Walter Grover,<sup>8</sup> would then return to Utah with immigrants newly arrived from the British Isles and England.

In later years, pioneers such as the Driver family would arrive at the outfitting station via trains from the east coast through Canada, Detroit, and then by steamships on the Ohio and Missouri Rivers. The route to Salt Lake City became so well-traveled in both directions that news of who was leaving Winter Quarters in a particular season reached families in Utah. Particularly those in the northern Utah counties often met their loved ones on the trail with fresh wagons, bypassing the entrance through Emigration Canyon into Salt Lake City, taking them directly to their new homes in the valleys north.<sup>9</sup>

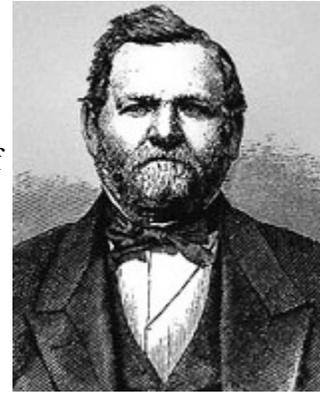
In 2001 a beautiful temple was dedicated by Gordon B. Hinckley in the area formerly known as Winter Quarters, acknowledging the trials and sacrifices these early pioneers made in this area.



President Hinckley dedicated this beautiful temple in 2001 at the site of the Winter Quarters encampment.

John Taylor, who arrived at Winter Quarters on the 17<sup>th</sup> of June, was:

. . . busily engaged with his brethren in raising a company of pioneers to go to the Rocky Mountains that season in advance of the main body of the people. He was going as one of



After another mission, Orson Hyde would lead the Saints in Winter Quarters.

Bird families, stayed at Elder Hyde's request for three years in order to operate a mill which provided the pioneers with cloth.

Supplies for the one thousand mile journey to the Great Basin were brought to the Elk Horn outfitting station just fifteen miles west of the Missouri River.<sup>7</sup>

After the pioneers were firmly established in Utah, they sent wagons back to the Elk Horn outfitting

station. These wagons were filled with goods, particularly cotton during the Civil War years, and were bartered at the Missouri River. The drivers, often teenagers, such as sixteen-year-old Walter Grover,<sup>8</sup> would then return to Utah with immigrants newly arrived from the British Isles and England.

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. . . busily engaged with his brethren in raising a company of pioneers to go to the Rocky Mountains that season in advance of the main body of the people. He was going as one of

this company and began putting his wagons in order.”<sup>10</sup>

Elder Pratt wrote:

There we encamped for several weeks; opened a trade with upper Missouri, exchanging wagons, horses, harness and various articles of furniture, cash, etc., for provisions, oxen, cows, etc. In the meantime we built a ferry boat, fixed landings, made dugways, etc., and commenced ferrying over the Missouri. The ferry ran night and day for a long time, and still could not complete the crossing of the camps till late in the season.<sup>11</sup>

### **Request for a Battalion; Three Apostles Return to England**

The plan to send a vanguard company to the Rocky Mountains was put on hold when Captain James Allen of the United States Army approached Brigham Young at Winter Quarters and asked for a battalion of five hundred soldiers to march to California as part of the country’s war for northern Mexican territories.

While Church leaders worked to gather the five hundred volunteers, which would bring cash and much needed goodwill to the Church, John Taylor was sent back to England to relieve Reuben Hedlock as the British mission president. Sadly, he had apostatized and never returned to the States.



Lieutenant Captain James Allen

During this period, early British missionary John Snider and others were sent back to Nauvoo in another attempt to sell Church properties to raise money for the Saints stretched across Iowa.<sup>12</sup> John had become a close associate of Joseph Smith’s after his early return from his mission in 1838 and had proved himself to be trustworthy. In 1842 he had served a second mission to England, returning home later that year with one hundred and fifty converts on the ship *Henry*.<sup>13</sup>

John Taylor, Parley P. Pratt and Orson Hyde left their families in Winter Quarters and traveled by boat down the Missouri River with some Presbyterian ministers who were returning to St. Joseph, Missouri after preaching to the Native Americans. In St. Joseph, the apostles purchased the boat from the ministers and then rowed to Fort Leavenworth which was forty miles farther south along the Missouri River. There they met with the departing battalion members who had just received their pay. The soldiers contributed to the apostles’ mission to England, but wished the balance, several thousand dollars, to be given to their families. Knowing the need for cash in Winter Quarters, Elder Pratt was chosen to leave Orson and John who continued on to England while he took the cash back to Winter Quarters. He joined his two associates in Manchester a few months later.<sup>14</sup>

### **Joseph Fielding, Mary Fielding Smith and Mercy Fielding Thompson Cross Iowa**

In early fall of 1846, Joseph, his sisters and their families left the Sugar Creek camp and began the three hundred mile trek west to Winter Quarters.

[Leaving behind trustees in Nauvoo], we (my sisters and myself) started on the Way to the Camp of the Saints, having 9 Wagons, 6 of them Sister Smith's, 1 Sister Thompson's, and 2 of my own. In Sis. Smith's Family there were 8 Men, 5 Women, besides one Sister that came with her 4 Children; Sister Thompson, one little girl; in my Family, 2 Men, 2 Women and 5 Children; and we had together besides our Teams, 21 loose Cattle, as Cows, etc., 43 Sheep, but the Sheep soon began to diminish. We found it difficult to keep them in Sight; some times we have had to seek them 2 or 3 Days, which hindered in traveling by so much.

Much of the Road at the first was through the Woods and thick underbrush was on each Side of the Road, and it was difficult to drive our Cattle. Some of the Brethren lost a good many on the Way, but with great care we did not lose any but a young Calf or 2. At Bonapart we bought Flour, etc., which was the last Market we found.

Soon after we left this Place, about 40 Miles on the Way, Brother E. Clifford, one of Sister Smith's Men, accidentally shot off his Thumb, and we had to send for a Doctor to take it off. Sister Smith labored hard, and her Men were slothful. She might cook for and serve them, and then gather together the Cattle while they stood by the Fire, but J. Lawson was a blessing to her; he was very diligent.<sup>15</sup>

James Lawson had become a close enough friend to the family that he had been adopted by Mary Fielding Smith in the Nauvoo Temple, and it appears that her trust in him was justified.

Joseph continued to write about their journey as they reached Garden Grove and then Pisgah:

But we got on our Way as well as could be expected, Sister Smith and Sister Thompson often several Miles a Day, driving the Cattle. My Women had each a young Child, and they in general managed the Team of Horses that they rode with. Before we got to journey's end, the Weather became cold and the Nights frosty, so that the Grass was killed, and as our corn was spent and our Horses began to fail; one of mine became lame in her Shoulder so as to disable her for Work, and it was so much the harder on the Cattle and the other horse. We came within 10 or 12 Miles of Garden Grove, the first Camp, passed through Pisgah, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Camp. It is by no means a handsome or a healthy Place. Many of the Saints had died there, and the People there look pale and sickly. Much of the Corn planted there was too late to ripen. We tried to buy some Corn, but no one had any to sell; but Brother Charles C. Rich gave Sister Smith a Bushel or 2 of green Corn and some Pumpkins; of these we all shared. Sister Thompson was very liberal.

The Winter Quarters camp was more than a hundred miles from the last major camp of Pisgah. Joseph wrote about their arrival there:

As we came within about 20 miles of the Camp, we found Brethren who had settled in choice Spots for Water, Wood and feed for Cattle. They generally tried to discourage us from coming on [to Winter Quarters]. They said it was sickly in the Camp, that there was no Wood but what they fetched several Miles, the Indians were killing the Cattle, some said 2, some 7, and the last Report was 15 in a Day. We found the fact was that many of

these Men had some Property and did not wish to go to the Camp, and of course, were willing to believe or raise an evil Report to justify themselves for not going to the Camp. Some thought we had better go and find out the Truth about it before we took our Stuff over, but we felt no desire to stop short of the Camp; we had seen such things before. We crossed the [Missouri] River and came to the camp.<sup>16</sup>

### **Joseph, Mary and Mercy Arrive in Winter Quarters in Late 1846**

The term Winter Quarters derives from European battle practices, with which the Saints were very familiar, as Napoleon had died only twenty-five years earlier. Armies would camp during the winter, which was typically not a season for fighting, recognizing the difficulties for their armies and respecting their enemies in a long-standing tradition. Army commanders generally left their soldiers and returned to their homes through the winters to recuperate and spend time with their families. These winter camps, or Winter Quarters, were where the soldiers would mend their boots and clothing, repair their arms, and prepare for the upcoming spring battles.

Brigham Young had intended to spend the year of 1846 traveling to the Great Basin, but the poverty of the people, the long lines of camps stretched out three hundred miles across Iowa, plus the removal of five hundred strong men for the battalion were three insurmountable factors which forced the consideration of a Winter Quarters for the Camp of Israel.

Elder Kimball received word that the Fielding siblings were approaching the camp. Joseph wrote:

Brother H. C. Kimball kindly sent a young Man to drive up the Cattle, and had them put into his own yard. It was dark before we got to the Camp. The Light of the Camp of the Saints as we saw the Lights at a Distance was very interesting. It reminded us of Israel of old in the Wilderness. This was not long after the Saints removed to the River. There were but a few houses; nearly all were in their Tents upon about a square half Mile.

Joseph continued to write about their arrival:

We were conducted to Brother Kimball's; stopped by his house for the Night, and the next Day he took us to the Place reserved for us, where we also pitched our Tents. And the next thing was to obtain Food for our Cattle; our Horses especially had become feeble, and we were too late to cut Hay. The grass was killed by the Frost, & Sis. Smith was advised to send them to an Island some 8 Miles off the Camp, and we took them all there but one which had strayed off a short distance, and was found dead in the Creek where she had got mired, and when we went to see the others, we found 2 of them in the same Case, one of my Sister's and one of mine, so we brought them home and bought Hay for them.<sup>17</sup>

Joseph Fielding and his sister Mary left Winter Quarters on two different occasions to procure supplies in St. Joseph, Missouri, about one hundred and thirty miles south of Winter Quarters along the Missouri River. On one trip, rather than travel by barge on the river, they took two wagons, with Joseph driving one and Mary's son, eight-year-old Joseph F. driving the other. Young Joseph would later tell this account:

[We] purchased corn and had it ground at Savannah. We also went for the purpose of obtaining provisions and clothing for the family for the coming winter, and for the journey across the plains the following spring. . . The weather was unpropitious, the roads were bad, and it rained a great deal during the journey, so that the trip was a very hard, trying and unpleasant one. At St. Joseph we purchased our groceries and dry goods, and at Savannah we laid in our store of flour, meal and corn, bacon and other provisions.

On their return, they camped near the river, and later that evening some cattlemen, returning from St. Joseph, camped on the other side of the river. Joseph Fielding felt it best to let the cattle graze that night in their yokes to ensure they wouldn't mingle with the other cattle. However, in the morning their cattle were gone. Young Joseph F. later said:

Uncle Fielding and I spent all the morning, well nigh until noon, hunting for them, but to no avail. . . . Tramping through [the] grass and through the woods and over the bluff, we were soaked to the skin, fatigued, disheartened and almost exhausted. In this pitiable plight I was the first to return to our wagons, and as I approached I saw my mother kneeling down in prayer. I halted for a moment and then drew gently near enough to hear her pleading with the Lord not to suffer us to be left in this helpless condition, but to lead us to recover our lost team, that we might continue our travels in safety. When she arose from her knees I was standing nearby. The first expression I caught upon her face was a lovely smile, which discouraged as I was, gave me renewed hope and an assurance I had not felt before. A few moments later Uncle Joseph Fielding came to the camp, wet with the dews, faint, fatigued and thoroughly disheartened. His first words were: 'Well, Mary, the cattle are gone!' Mother replied in a voice which fairly rang with cheerfulness, 'Never mind; your breakfast has been waiting for hours, and now, while you and Joseph are eating, I will just take a walk and see if I can find the cattle.'

My uncle held up his hands in blank astonishment, and if the Missouri River had suddenly turned to run up stream, neither of us could have been much more surprised. . . . She started towards the river. Before she was out of speaking distance the man in charge of the herd of beef cattle rode up from the opposite side of the creek and called out: 'Madam, I saw your oxen over in that direction this morning about daybreak,' pointing in the opposite direction from that in which mother was going. We heard plainly what he said, but mother went right on, and did not even turn her head to look at him. . . . My mother continued straight down the little stream of water until she stood almost on the bank of the river, and then she beckoned to us. . . . Like John, who outran the other disciple to the sepulcher, I outran my uncle and came first to the spot where my mother stood. There I saw our oxen fastened to a clump of willows. . . perfectly concealed from view. We were not long in releasing them from bondage and getting back to our camp, where the other cattle had been fastened to the wagon wheels all the morning, and we were soon on our way home rejoicing.<sup>18</sup>

Joseph F. Smith later spoke about this experience:

It was one of the first practical and positive demonstrations of the efficacy of prayer I had ever witnessed. It made an indelible impression upon my mind, and has been a source of

comfort, assurance and guidance to me throughout all of my life.<sup>19</sup>

Young Joseph F. Smith wrote of another incident which happened outside Winter Quarters. He and some friends, one named Thomas Burdick, were on horseback. Joseph F. rode on a borrowed horse to take some cattle to the men guarding the herd two miles away. During the day, while the cattle grazed, the boys amused themselves with their horses, running short races and jumping ditches. One of these friends wandered off to collect acorns. Joseph F. said, "All of a sudden a gang of Indians, stripped to the breach-clout, painted and daubed and on horseback, came charging at full speed. . . towards us." Thomas, on his horse, raced toward Winter Quarters, calling out the alarm. Joseph F. continued:

My first impression. . . was to save the cattle from being driven off, for in a most incredible short time, I thought of going to the valley, of our dependence upon our cattle, and the horror of being compelled to remain at Winter Quarters. I suited the action to the thought, and at full speed dashed out to head the cattle and if possible turn them towards home. I reached the van of the herd just as the greater number of Indians did. Two Indians passed me, in pursuit of Thomas. I wheeled my horse in almost one bound and shouted at the cattle, which, mingled with the whoops of the Indians and the sudden rush of a dozen horses, frightened the cattle and started them on the keen run . . . in the direction of home.

As I wheeled, I saw the first Indian I met, whom I shall never forget. He was a tall, thin man, riding a light roan horse, very fleet; he had his hair daubed up with stiff white clay. He leaped from his horse and caught Thomas Burdick's, then he jumped on his horse again and started back in the direction he had come. While this was going on the whole gang surrounded me, trying to head me off, but they did not succeed until I reached the head of the spring, with the whole herd under full stampede ahead of me. . . . Here my horse was turned around . . . and down the stream I went at full speed till I reached a point opposite the hill, where other Indians had concentrated and I was met at this point by this number of Indians who had crossed the stream to head me off. This turned my horse, and once more I got the lead in the direction of home.

Joseph tried to outrun them, but his horse became winded. He was overtaken. He continued:

One Indian rode up on the left side and one on the right side of me, and each took me by an arm and leg and lifted me from my horse; they then slacked their speed until my horse ran from under me, then they chucked me down with great violence to the ground. Several horses from behind jumped over me, but did not hurt me.

At that point, men walking toward the hay field heard Thomas Burdick's alarm. Holding their pitchforks in the air, they frightened the Native Americans, who raced away. Young Joseph and his friend Thomas walked back to the settlement, where they saw their leaders in the bowery discussing the attack. Joseph wrote, "My folks were glad to see me, you may be sure." Joseph and Thomas were given fresh horses and led the men in the direction of the missing cattle. Unbeknownst to this rescue party, the third friend who had left to hunt acorns found the cattle, was concerned that no one was watching them, and herded them back to Winter Quarters. The

horse Joseph had been riding was never recovered, but all the other animals were found safe.<sup>20</sup>

## **Chapter 29 Endnotes Pages 454-463:**

1. Cannon Family Historical Treasury, pages 144-145. "Charles Lambert took a prominent part in the city's defense, helping to manipulate one of the cannons that he and others had improvised from an old steamboat shaft and mounted upon a part of the running gear of a wagon." In *Search of Living Water*, pages 89-90. "A couple of rusted steamboat shafts pulled from the Mississippi River were converted into six makeshift cannons and mounted behind barricades on the north side of Mulholland facing the Carthage forces. All but two exploded or misfired." Nauvoo: A Place of Peace, page 606, The Nauvoo militia had "six pieces of artillery, four of them newly made of steamboat shafts." Ryan Saltzgeber, a historical archaeologist involved with the excavation of Provo's first tabernacle in 2012 but who had also excavated in Nauvoo, told me during a conversation during the summer of 2015 that it is believed some of the shafts used as cannons came from a steamship once owned by Robert E. Lee. One of Lee's first assignments for the U. S. Government was to explore the Des Moines rapids in 1837 along the Des Moines River. This river flows into the Mississippi River about twenty-five miles below Nauvoo. Joseph and Hyrum Smith and three other principals bought the steamship from Robert E. Lee in 1840, but it subsequently sank, its parts later being used for salvage as the Mormons fled Nauvoo. See "Joseph Smith, Robert E. Lee, and the wreck of the Nauvoo," *Deseret News*, August 20, 2008, easily found online.

2. Nauvoo: A Place of Peace, pages 608-609.

3. History of David H. Cannon from a presentation given during a meeting with the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers in St. George, 19 February, 1922.

4. In *Search of Living Water*, page 92.

5. Joseph Fielding Diary, pages 139, 140. Charles C. Rich, who would be ordained an apostle in 1849, took sixteen-year old Emeline Grover, the daughter of Thomas Grover, as a plural wife upon the recommendation of his other two wives. However, she crossed the plains with her father and did not live with Brother Rich until they arrived in Utah. Joseph Fielding left blank spaces for the distance of the camps from Nauvoo. I have done my best to fill them in. John Taylor said that Camp Pisgah was 160 miles from Nauvoo, but other sources indicate it was closer to 200 miles.

6. Life of John Taylor, page 170.

7. The river is called the Elkhorn. In their journals, the pioneers are consistent in referring to the outfitting post as the Elk Horn.

8. In my mind, the pioneer world met the modern world with Walter Grover, my mother's grandfather, the son of Thomas Grover. My mother knew him, loved him and spoke of him often.

9. I have already written biographies of my Driver, Grover and Bird ancestors and have learned a tremendous amount reading hundreds of accounts of the pioneers and their crossings. The first lengthy biography I wrote was of my Burton ancestors. The widowed Isabella Burton was met by her two sons who had already emigrated to Utah from England. Isabella had fallen and broken her leg, and her sons, Robert and William met her and their siblings at Fort Laramie and took them to Farmington. The people in Utah could read of who was on the plains in the *Deseret News*, which was published weekly. Often those with no family in Utah were met upon their arrival at Emigration Square by old friends and in some cases even by relatives they didn't know were in Utah. These stories have been heartwarming and lovely, bringing me to tears in some cases. They demonstrate the kindness and empathy of those who knew and understood the difficult journey the traveler had just undertaken.

10. Life of John Taylor, pages 171-172.

11. Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt, page 308. Elder Pratt states they reached Winter Quarters in July, but John Taylor and Heber C. Kimball stated it was June.
12. This bit of information about John Snider came from a short biography attached to his file in Family Tree: K2HF-H3M.
13. The Life of John Snider, by Alta Clement Willis.
14. Life of John Taylor, page 175-176. Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt, page 312.
15. Joseph Fielding Diary, pages 142-143.
16. Joseph Fielding Diary, page 143.
17. Joseph Fielding Diary, page 144.
18. Life of Joseph F. Smith, pages 132-133.
19. Life of Joseph F. Smith, pages 133-134.
20. Life of Joseph F. Smith, pages 135-137.