

DIARY OF ARZA ERASTUS HINCKLEY:

My ancestors landed on Cape Cod May 1634 from Kent [England]. Samuel and Sarah Hinckley with their four children. Their son Thomas became the first governor of the Plimoth Colonie. My grandmother and grandfather were born in Vermont St., as well as my father and mother. I was born in Canada West, Aug. 15, 1826.

My father died Sept. 1831. He gave me to my grandfather Arza Judd to raise who joined the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the summer of /36. Left Canada in the fall of /37 just in time to escape the Patriotic war. Moved to the state of Missouri in /38. I was baptized on the way Aug 15. Was in Duet Co. in time of the battle there. Was in Far West, Caldwell at the time of the surrender when the mob brought all the men saints in a hollow square and one by one at the point of the bayonet was requested to leave the Mormons & go and live and do as they did - or sign over their property and leave the state forthwith or be shot down.

During this time I with other boys was allowed to go outside of the guard around the town to drive the cows. We moved to Ill. St. Lived in Bloomfield through the year of 1839 - in the Springfield or on round prairie five miles east of Springfield. Lived there 2 years. I tended 25 acres of corn the first year and 35 the next year. These years and on until 1845 I was the main support of my mother's parents. Moved to Nauvoo in 1842. Herd Joseph Smith preach many times. His preaching was all inspiring.

In the spring of '45 commenced to work on the temple as was suggested or counseled to work to complete it and prepare to go west. And come around to the starting point Independence Missouri. Went to Springfield in the fall to make an outfit for the west but it was concluded to have grandparents to stay with Uncle Ira. So my brother Ira and I left Springfield a foot for Nauvoo and from Nauvoo I came west as far as Mount Pisgee with Joel Ricks. From there I drove three yoke of oxen & two wagons to Council Bluffs loaded with church property.

Helped a few days in building the ferry boat then took a team, some harnesses & feather bed, belonging to Wm Claytin, down to Missouri & exchanged them for provisions. W.C. brother-in-law accompanied me. When we returned I took a place on the east bank of the Missouri River to help load wagons on the boat until the enlistment of the Mormon Battalion. When on the 16 of July I enlisted in Co. B. I had then traveled in that year 825 miles, a short time on very short rations. When we left Pres. Young said to us, Go my brethren and be faithful saints and soldiers and you shall return to the bosom of the church & friends. But the way we kept the council was a sin, that is by some. The Capt. of Co. C. and first Lut. of Co. B. came near drawing swords the first night over the camp grounds. We went to Ft. Leavenworth, 200 miles, where we received our guns and equipment, and our clothing for the year, \$42 money. The major part of the money we sent back to the folks left on the roadside and went destitute ourselves from there to Santa Fe 1000 miles surviving the trials and hardships of a long march.

We crossed 60 miles of desert without water the same days that they cannonaded by the mob our lame and sick that we left behind in Nauvoo. Our history is given in the history of the batalion except some transactions. I stood the journey well until we left Santa Fe when I took sick with the Mountain fever [pages 5-8 lost. Page 9 continues, with his batalion record, in the middle of a sentence].

her head down as clost to the ground as I could get having made her safe from bite or strike & she could not get away. I picked up the saddle blanket in one hand, put the other on the roppe on her neck. Then the war commenced. Spent all her fury kicking in the air whilst my blows landed in her flank. Now this lasted until we ware both tired but she cried out braying. I went then without another blow and put on the saddle and pack, then I said that I could set down on her heels & she would not kick me so they had the joke on me (as) I had the mule to pack for the rest of the journey. I mention this as it was my only battle I had in the army except once with the creepers.

As a spesamon of our condition we ware in, in the clothing line, I forgot to state that we drew what was due us of our wages as we went west & we sent our money back to camp of the saints so that when we crossed the mountain divide between Arkansaw and Rio Grande River 10,000 feet high we went up a canyon 12 miles long - the snow 2 to 4 ft deep on a very cold day 20 Dec. All the clothes I had on was a wool hat, hickory shirt, blue drilling pants, a pair of shoes and socks. We found our shoes, socks and feet frozen together in some instances. We landed in Pueblo on the 22 of Dec. 2,925 miles for me in 1846.

We spent winter in camp hunting, having little or nothing to do. The first labor I done was to make a pair of buckskin pants - tanned the hides the old style in soft soap. I cut them out, soad them up with buckskin whang. I got them wet which made them a complete fit and as after recrate I weighed 126 pounds, My mucles was the biggest at the joints, I was a living skeleton.