A History of the life of Joseph Smith Jr., written by Joseph Smith, [ca. summer 1832]; handwriting of <u>Frederick G.</u> <u>Williams</u> and JS; in <u>JS Letterbook 1</u>, JS Collection, CHL.

6 May–June 1832

On the 6^{\pm} of may I gave the parting hand to the brethren in <u>Independence</u>, and in company with Brothers <u>Rigdon</u> and <u>[Newel K.]</u> Whitney, commenced a return to <u>Kirtland</u>, by stage, to <u>St Louis</u>; from thence to Vincennes, Indiana; and from thence to New Albany, near the falls of Ohio River. Before we arrived at the latter place the horses became frightened, and while going at full speed, <u>Bishop Whitney</u> attempted to jump out of the coach, but having his coat fast, caught his foot in the wheel and had his leg & foot broken in several places; <at the same time I jumped out unhurt> and we put up at Mr Porter's public house, in <u>Greenville</u>, for four weeks, while <u>Elder Rigdon</u> went directly forward to <u>Kirtland</u>.

During all this time, <u>Bro Whitney</u> lost not a meal of victuals or a night's sleep; and Dr. Porter, (our landlord's brother,) who attended him, said it was "a [p. 214] dam'd pity we had not got some Mormon there, they can set broken bones or do any thing else,"—

I tarried with <u>brother Whitney</u>, and administered to him till he was able to be moved. While at this place I frequently walked out in the woods, where I saw several fresh graves; and one day when I rose from the dinner-table, I walked directly to the door and commenced vomiting most profusely; I raised large quantities of blood and poisonous matter, and so great were the muscular contortions of my system that my jaw was dislocated in a few moments; this I succeeded in replacing with my own hands, and made my way to <u>Brother Whitney</u>, (who was on the bed) as speedily as possible, he laid his hands on me and administered in the name of the Lord, and I was healed in an instant, although the effect of the poison had been so powerful, as to cause much of my the hair to become loosened from my head. Thanks be to my heavenly father for his interference in my behalf at this critical moment, in the name of Jesus Christ; Amen. [HC 1:271]

Brother Whitney had not had his foot moved of from the bed for near four weeks when I went into his room after a walk in the grove, and told him if <u>he would agree</u> to start for home in the morning, we would take a wagon to the river about four miles, and there would be a ferry boat in waiting which would take us quickly across, where we would find a hack which would take us directly to the landing, where we should find a boat in waiting, and we will be going up the River before 10 o'clock and have a prosperous journey home. He took courage and told me he would go. We started the next morning and found every thing as I had told him, for we were passing rapidly up the river before 10 o clock, and landing at Wellsville, took stage coach to <u>Chardon</u>, from thence in a wagon to <u>Kirtland</u> where we arrived some time in June &> I found my wife as before mentioned.