

Saturday morning, 23rd July, came to the Sac village, and waited for Captain Joe to arrive with his party.

Sunday, 24th, staid at the Sacs, waiting for my pilot, who was sick and lame in one knee, so that he could not travel.

Monday, 25th. This morning at Wapamuneto's, staid until noon of Tuesday, 26th; then Neotamah, my guide, came, and we started off immediately for Missouri: staid on the prairie all night.

Wednesday, 27th, traveled until noon, baited our horses, no water, we had nothing to eat; continued our journey, it rained all the afternoon, staid all night on the prairie—lay in the wet grass.

Thursday, 28th, started on our journey this morning early. Saw in the forenoon a flock of elk. The Indian went up the hollow to shoot one, while I held the horses out of sight of the elk; he crawled in the grass some fifty or sixty rods, and snapped four times at them, when they were laying down, he could not get his gun off; the elk run off a rifle shot and looked at him; he broke his gun to pieces on the ground, and threw it away down the hill, and came back to me swearing mad. Went on until 3 o'clock, then baited our horses and prepared for a shower that was apparently nigh at hand; we went until sundown, then pitched our tent in the grass; and such rain and thunder and lightning I never before witnessed; lay all night in the rain, our tent blew over.

Friday, 29th July, we dried our things by the fire, and then went on about 25 miles, came to a village of the Pottawatamies about sunset, found nobody at home; went into the house of my guide, his wife was dead, and his son and wife gone to the north on a buffalo hunt; we made a fire and got something to eat: late in the night there came four Indians and one old squaw, they brought some jerked venison and some half boiled corn.

Saturday morning, 30th July, we were sent for to the chief's house; we went, the Indians, squaws and children came from every quarter to see the man that had come with Neotamah. Breakfast was ready for us as soon as we came in: this was the first time that I ever eat at a wigwam, amongst little and great, when the victuals relished as it did at this time, but this is easily accounted for, hunger will make any thing that is eatable taste good. Staid all day at the chief's house; my rifle seemed to be the great wonder amongst all, Indians and squaws; it went the rounds from one to another, as if it had been one of the seven wonders of the world. This Indian town stands on the creek called the Pottawatamie Tour-se-paa; this creek is from three to eight rods wide and deep, and often overflows its banks: its length is 60 miles, and it empties into the Missouri river 30 miles from Pottawatamie town.

Sunday, 31st. Nothing this day transpired, worth mentioning. About 3 o'clock p.m., a delegate from the Pottawatamie tribe returned from Iowa river, where he met in council with two of the Sioux and one Winnebago; (he said the distance from the Pottawatamies to Galena is 500 miles.)

Monday, 1st August, 1843. This day I spent in looking up the creek for a mill seat and found one, and two beds of iron ore.

Tuesday, 2nd. This morning the chief of the warriors brought me two catfish, and left them in the wigwam where I staid; I cooked half of one of them, and it eat very good. The Indians all are very kind to me, more so than I could expect. This tribe is somewhat scattered through the timber up and down the creek, but the main village or town stands on an eminence that overlooks the whole of the rest of the Indian habitations. It appears to be a healthy habitation, the water is good, and the climate wholesome, some considerable timber, though no very good sawing timber, except basswood, black walnut, some cottonwood. This tribe have been here for six years, from Rock river.

The Pottawatamies this side of the Missouri river, they say, will number 2,000 men, women, and children; 34 miles from this Pottawatamie town to the Council Bluffs, 200 miles south lies Fort Leavenworth, and about the same distance south east lies Far West; 400 miles north is a buffalo country, where the Pottawatamies hunt and catch buffalo.

Wednesday, August 3rd. Council met at 2 o'clock: they own five millions of acres of land: last annuities the number was fifteen hundred and fifty two souls. Council arose at sunset, when the decision was made that Neotamah should conduct me back again to the agency in Iowa, on the nearest and most convenient route; the head chief was to conduct me home, but in council a messenger arrived, and brought news that the superintendent of the annuities had arrived at the garrison Leavenworth, and the middle of August he would visit the chiefs at Council Bluffs to pay them their money; he said he was very sorry that he could not conduct me to Nauvoo, he wanted to see the place and the people. The interpreter appeared very friendly indeed, and regretted much that he could not go with me home, but said he would visit Nauvoo in the spring, as early as the weather and streams of water would permit.

Thursday, 4th. This morning I discovered a little dissatisfaction in some, which began to cause a division that the same Indian that conducted me to their nation should conduct me back again. The Pawnees on the head of the Big Platte, 150 miles from Council Bluffs; the Sacs, 600 men, came against the Pawnees, 160; they fought from daylight until noon, killed sixty Sioux and about sixty two of the Pawnees; the missionary went upon the bluff and saw the battle; they offered no abuse to the whites; this battle was fought about the 7th of July, 1843.

Friday, 5th. Nothing of note passed.

Saturday, 6th. This day I took dinner with

a friend who had just come from the buffalo hunt; his daughter cooked a johnnycake and got some tea, had sugar a plenty, and buffalo meat. This for the first time that I had seen any corn meal was pounded in a mortar, and the finest sorted-out and baked; but the manner in which it was wet up and shortened, was a caution to the hogs, but this all passed over very well. I have no reason to complain, for they did the best they knew how. Severe hunger made all things relish well, that was eatable for dogs.

Sunday, 7th. Went down the creek to make some arrangements about returning home; saw some new Indians, and had to go and dine with them; then after dinner went up to town, and staid all night.

Monday, 8th. Went about eight or ten miles after wild honey, found two trees, got the honey and returned home by dark the same day.

Tuesday, 9th. This morning had breakfast of honey and buffalo meat cried and smoked; then, in about one hour and a half corn boiled and elk bones broth was served up; this was a great dish amongst the Lamanites, but not so good a dish for me as I have seen in past days in my own land and amongst my own people.

On the 8th inst. a great feast was held at the Black chief's, called the buffalo feast, or after the buffalo hunt was over, and all returned in safety, and their labors crowned with abundant success. An address was delivered by the chief speaker, because the chief was very ill. This address or sermon was lengthy, and delivered in great oratorical style. At the ending of the last sentence the congregation responded a loud amen; then they commenced eating, as the feast was prepared already. After the feast the singers commenced to sing, and sung three songs; the dancers commenced at a loud whoop from the war chief. After dancing was passed off, the priest offered up a prayer to the Great Spirit for giving them good hunting. The congregation then dispersed.

Wednesday, 10th. Another feast was prepared for the lower town, who were absent at the first feast; this last feast held all night, or the dance continued all night.

Thursday, 11th. I went to the lower town and visited them; they also were very friendly. This town is situated on the east bank of the river about three miles below the middle town, and the middle town about one mile below the upper town; the head chief lives in the middle town, and one chief in each of the other towns.

Friday, 12th. All was still and quiet, nothing going on worthy of notice, all busy about their employment. The old men were lying on their couches and smoking their pipes, the old women were making sacks to gather their corn and beans, and potatoes. The young women were making rush mats to sleep on, and weaving wampum belts for the warriors. The young men were constantly riding from town to town, visiting and playing cards and gambling continually, after the return from their buffalo hunt, which lasted fourteen days.

When a hunter rides out for elk, or deer, and returns with the spoils, he rides to the door of his wigwam, where he finds his wife sitting at work, and a kettle of corn and beans, and a little buffalo meat or bones broken or elk meat, all ready for him; if not quite done, she steps to the next door and returns with his wooden bowl and ladle full. The Indian throws off at the door his meat, in a great hurry, unharnesses his horse, lies down on some skins or blankets, and eats his food prepared for him, enough for four white men.

The meat is left in charge with the squaw; he has no more care of it; he has done his part in getting the meat, and bringing it to his house. The squaws then prepare and dry or smoke the meat: this they call jerking the meat, so that it will not hurt. Meat prepared this way is dried in the blood, and will keep year after year, if not eaten before. Nothing of notice occurred through the day.

I spent the forenoon in the town; in the afternoon I went to see the Indian who was appointed by the council to conduct me home; he was gone to the lower town on a drunken frolic; I stayed until he came home, which was a little before sunset. I then returned to my place of lodging; soon after I had got to bed or laid down upon my blanket, I heard the beating of a drum. An Indian came in, or came to the door, and said that we must all attend the feast or dance: at an instant each one caught a bowl and ladle, and ran for the place of gathering. I went with the crowd (though not equipped) I had no bowl nor ladle, but was made welcome as though I was an Indian with the rest; a place was prepared for me to sit or lie down as I chose, and as they all lay down I lay down with the rest between two large warriors, who soon commenced smoking their pipes; the music was continually playing. After smoking was past, the war chief began to dance, and was followed by his braves, with a hideous yell as each fell into the dance. They passed round the room some three or four times, and then they were joined by the squaws: they all and each one performed their part well that was assigned them, from the least to the greatest, and I think better time kept by those that danced I never saw before. All was solemn and silent as though they were going to be burnt at the stake, except when the chief gave the whoop they all answered with a yell that would reach the very heavens. This dance continued about one hour, while the supper was preparing: they then all took supper, and after supper commenced dancing again as usual. This performance lasted until about 3 o'clock in the morning, when all went quietly to their homes.

The next morning the chief sent for me to take breakfast with him; I immediately went; the two little girls were cooking, frying flour

pancakes. The chief's wife was busily engaged, attending on her sick child in a small booth built for that purpose out at the door. These cakes above mentioned, fried by those little girls, were just scorched a little on either side and the middle was dough; as it was, those cakes and sweetened water was a good breakfast.

Saturday morning, 13th. This morning the chief told me that in consequence of being used in the manner that I was, in coming to visit them, they had come to the conclusion that they would not let the same Indian go back with me that came with me, and that they had selected in the first council; but after more investigation, they concluded to make a new selection of men that would be more respectable, and could do honor to their nation, and have authority to act for the tribe, and it would be satisfactory to the whole nation, as the nation was much displeased with the conduct of Neotamah, and in council gave him a severe flogging, and said that he was not fit to go anywhere amongst the whites. They seemed to express much regret and feeling of sorrow that I had received such treatment from one that pretended to be a friend and an honorable man of the Pottawatamies, for they consider themselves honorable men.

While I now write, I have seven of the most honorable in the tribe around me. The head chief and his counselors; one of them is aged, his head is silvered o'er with age; many a cold and wintry frost has made his locks to shake with chill. While in his prime, none could endure more fatigue, none whose constitution was stronger than his; but now he says he is soon to go and shake hands with the great Shaminyto (that is, God) that made him, and had given him strength to hunt, and in war to fight his enemies. Here the old man would shew the wounds received in battle, in fighting for his nation, his wife and little ones. He said he never had fought, but on the defensive: ninety eight years, as high as he can remember, he has seen, and now he said he wants to know how the Mormons worship the great Shaminyto different from what he did, (if the best way) he wanted to get into it before he went his journey to see the great Shaminyto.

Sunday, 14th. There is no day known amongst these Indians. Every day is alike unto them; they have no day of the month, neither day of the week. All things move on one day after another; they count their months by moons, and twelve moons make a year: they can tell how many years they have lived in the west, and most of them can tell how old they are, &c.

Monday, 15th. This morning the Indians have arrived from Missouri, and brought an interpreter, and one to go to the east, or to the Mississippi, to conduct me home and to see the big chief. Council is to sit at 9 o'clock this morning, but in consequence of the head chief's child to be buried this morning, council will be called immediately after dinner. The afternoon was spent in business matters, writing, preparing for the journey to Nauvoo.

Tuesday, 16th. This morning I went to see a squaw that was bit last night by a rattlesnake twice upon the top of her left foot. She was in great pain all night, her foot and leg very much swollen. In the afternoon the Indians all met for worship and to prepare for drawing the blankets and money. They were as merry as bees in a hive, old and young, from the grey head to the suckling on a board; they held their meeting until 1 o'clock in the morning. Danced and prayed, and preached some.

Wednesday, 17th. They commenced again the worship about sunrise, dressed in the richest and best style possible, except some few who were employed in cooking for the rest. Here I will notice, that the most profound silence and good order that I ever saw in any congregation whatever, small or great, was observed. All that is wanting to make them the happiest people in the world is the gospel, a perfect knowledge of it, and to feel its power, their sectarian creeds and ceremonies would go to the moles and bats soon. Although they labor with as much energy of body and mind, and have as much zeal as the Shaking Quakers; yet it is heathen worship, like all other sectarian societies. Their idea of the Supreme Being is much more consistent than many of the holy enlightened sectarians; for the Indians believe in the Great Shaminyto as having body and parts like unto a man.

Thursday, 18th. This morning we started for Nauvoo; a long and tedious journey to perform lay before us. We had no compass to steer our course by; the sun rising in the morning was our principal guide. Our course was due east; this course we intended to follow as near as we could.

The place we left, (Belle Vue) or Mosquito creek, is in the same latitude of Nauvoo; therefore, on our return our course must be east, and this direction we followed until we came to the Keosauqua, on the Des Moines river. We traveled fifteen miles unto another Indian village, staid all night, and in the morning a council was called, and we staid all day.

Friday, 19th. At this village we got some provisions cooked, and the chief's brother was sent as a delegate from this band. Our company now consisted of four Indians, one squaw, one interpreter and myself, seven in number. The interpreter was a white man, half English and half French, formerly from Canada; and, since the last war, has lived with the Pottawatamies; married a squaw, sister to the chief, where we now are. We came to the conclusion to stay all day on Friday, because two of our horses went back to where we first started.

Saturday, 20th of August, left this village at 10 o'clock, traveled all day until dark, encamped on the battle ground where the Sioux and Pottawatamies and sixteen of the Oneidas

fought. I took up one of their blankets to ride on. We started the next morning as soon as it was light enough to see to follow the trail.

Sunday, 21st. Came to the Naama river or creek at 12 o'clock, stopped and took dinner on a high bank; on this stream on either side is a quantity of timber; where we crossed is a beautiful mill seat, &c. Traveled until dark, and encamped in the weeds all night.

Monday, 22nd. We started at day break; went until 12 o'clock, stopped on the east bank of White Breast creek and took dinner. Here we found plenty of red plums, though not fully ripe, but my comrades dined heartily upon them. This was a good hit for me; when we came to eat dinner, they could eat but little. By this means I made out to get nearly enough to satisfy hunger, for I had eat nothing since the night before. We passed on until we came to English creek; staid all night.

Tuesday, 23d. Started about sunrise without breakfast, traveled until 2 o'clock, crossed the Des Moines river at Eddyville; there I bought a loaf of wheat bread, a loaf of sweet cake and an apple pie, and went up on the side hill to the Indian Spring, and there we all took dinner, and this was a dinner indeed, good enough for the king. I thought the best that I ever ate in my life; but being so extremely hungry, it was delicious, &c. Came 10 miles, staid all night at Mosquito creek; got two ears of green corn a-piece and roasted them.

Wednesday, 24th. This morning we started at daylight, then 10 miles from the old agency of the Sacs and Fox. We traveled 25 miles beyond the agency, which made 35 miles; then encamped for the night; here we bought some bacon and half a loaf of warm wheat bread.

Thursday, 25th. This morning some rain and lowry. We took a bite, and then started for Nauvoo city; traveled until sunset, then camped in the woods about 12 miles from Nauvoo; we killed one grey squirrel, and eat a little dry buffalo meat, and lay down in the rain all night.

In the morning we got a few potatoes and boiled them; I killed two grey squirrels, and the squaw burned off the hair and boiled them; this we had for breakfast.

Friday, 26th. We traveled all day in the rain, and at night reached the Mississippi river, and encamped on the bank above the potter house.

I have seen much delightful country, but the prospect for bee hunting is not as good as I could wish.

[N.B. The names of places and distances were procured from the Indians, and are not accurate.]

The Quorum of the Twelve met with the Saints in the Columbian Hall, Grand street, New York, in Conference. Meeting opened by prayer. President Young arose, and addressed the meeting in an interesting manner, upon the subject of the gathering, the building of the Nauvoo House and Temple. He spoke of the priesthood, and said that it was a perfect system of government.

In the afternoon the conference re-assembled, and Elder Kimball spoke in parables—gather in the wheat and the tares, thrash the wheat, and the mill will blow away the chaff. He said an elder could get a people together, and could get them to receive the work, if he did not whip the sects so much. He compared such elders to a shepherd who would call up a buck and a flock of sheep, and hand them a little salt; and just as they begin to eat, hit him with a club across the head, and the sheep will run away.

Elder Geo. A. Smith followed and bore testimony of the work; spoke of the elders spending their time in speaking about mysteries, and speculating upon things behind the veil, which they did not understand; advised them to wait till God revealed hidden mysteries to them, before they undertook to preach them to the people. "The conduct of some elders puts me in mind of an anecdote of a wealthy farmer, to whom a man applied to be hired. The farmer asked him if he was good at telling a lie, for he wanted a man who could invent a strait-forward lie; the man replied that he was not much of a hand at fabricating lies, but he was tolerably dexterous at putting a good face on a lie after it was told. The farmer consented to take him on trial, and soon after, in paying a visit to a young lady, he took his new servant with him; and in the course of his visit he told her a story of a very large cheese house which he had, and of the gigantic cheeses which he made, and which took several yoke of oxen with immense lever power to press. She being inclined to doubt his statement, took the opportunity, in the temporary absence of the farmer, to ask his servant man if it was true. 'Well, ma'am,' said he, 'I don't know; my master never suffered me to go into his cheese house; but I do know this, that he has a grist mill of four run of stones, which is propelled by the whey which runs from that cheese house.' Elder Smith counseled the elders to be wise enough to let such things alone, and talk about the whey which runs from the cheese house; or in other words, the good things of the kingdom which we have received, and do understand, and wait patiently until the Lord takes off the veil of darkness. He spoke of the collegiate education he received from President Joseph Smith, which was to preach short sermons, and make short prayers, which had done him much good in life.

Prest. B. Young said the scriptures had been mystified to that degree, that the greatest divines of the day are as ignorant as the dumb ass concerning the things of God; comparatively they don't know their right hand from their left. We are trying to reverse the scriptures, and to make them so simple that the people can understand them. Place a man in this room who is ignorant of science, and take every thing out that we can see, and then ask