

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.

PLUNDERED BY INDIANS.

In September 1850, a large party of mounted men under the command of General H. S. Eldredge arrived at Farmington where the writer then resided, about 11 o'clock p. m. They came from Salt Lake City and other places near by, and were on their way north to the rescue of settlers living in what was known as Brown's settlement—now Ogden. An express brought word to Salt Lake City that men had been killed and houses plundered and burned, and that unless help could speedily come the settlers were in danger of extermination. More men being called for, I, with others in Farmington got ready as quickly as possible taking nothing but horse, saddle, a single blanket, a rifle and powder and bullets—no provisions, tents or baggage of any kind—and started on about midnight. Arriving at Brown's settlement just before sunrise we found the settlers from the scattered farms gathered at Captain Brown's place with such few things as they had taken from their homes in their flight, and all in great alarm. A white man, U. V. Stewart, had killed White Cloud, a big chief of some northern tribe, for taking some green corn in his lot. The Indians in revenge had killed one white man—another narrowly escaping death—had plundered and burned some houses and had gone, taking nearly all the horses of the settlement.

Stopping only for a hasty meal we pushed on in pursuit, hoping to recover the horses stolen, but the Indians had too much the start, and we could not overtake them. Their trail was plainly marked by the plunder they threw away to lighten their loads. The pursuit was finally abandoned at the crossing of Bear river, north.

On the return march Lieutenant James Ferguson put us through the drill morning and evening; Captain Burton also putting us through our paces. On the morning of the day we expected to reach Brown's, Nelson S. Hollingshead was sent on in advance to have provision made for us upon our arrival, while the detachment came on more leisurely, marching in columns of two's and strung out nearly half a mile, chatting, telling stories and singing songs.

Peter Nebeker was regaling Lot Smith, Harlan McBride, myself and others with a song at the extreme rear when we suddenly saw the head of the column strike out on the run, and word came back along the line to prepare for business. Those in advance, on coming to the brow of a slight ridge saw our messenger about a mile ahead of us pursued by a party of fifteen or twenty mounted men, and he running his horse for dear life. Of course we wanted to save our comrade, and raced at the top of our speed to overtake his pursuers. However, when they saw us pursuing them they turned aside towards Ogden hole canyon and were soon out of sight.

After an exciting race of a couple of miles and halting to breathe our animals, we found ourselves in a sorry plight. We had not tightened our saddle girths when the chase began, and as a consequence many had lost their saddle blan-

kets, some had lost all their bullets, others had spilled their powder from their powder horns, and one man had lost his holster pistol in the two mile run. Lot Smith saw the pistol lying in the road and was reaching down to pick it up while his horse was in full run—a feat he and many Utah boys could do—when some one's horse struck his, nearly overthrowing both Lot and his horse. So he left the pistol lying there, as I saw, passing by after him.

The men pursuing Hollingshead proved to be a scouting party under a Lieutenant Green, who thought to give our messenger a good scare—and they did. The whole party were court martialed that evening, and sentenced to be reprimanded,—Lieutenant Green to be severely reprimanded. But the penalty inflicted did not seem to trouble them much. That night a tall finished the events of the day, but as I was on duty guarding about fifty squaws and papooses Lieutenant Green had captured during our absence north, and which were penned up in a big cattle corral, I did not dance. The squaws were of the friendly Indians who lived near by.

Reaching Salt Lake City we were complimented upon our efficient service and dismissed to our homes. In truth our service was most timely, for had we not come as we did to the rescue of the settlement there might have been a bloody massacre, the Indians being enraged by the murder of their great chief White Cloud,—an act which resulted in the death of an innocent white man, the loss of many horses, the plunder and destruction of dwellings and loss of time of hundreds of men amounting in all to many thousand dollars.

The story of this disturbance, with a few changes dependent upon local circumstances, will apply to many others which occurred during the twenty-five following years. When all was in perfect peace, apparently, a sudden alarm would call for quick and energetic action to which the settlers instantly responded. Volunteers expected no pay for time spent, nor waited for tents, baggage wagons or supplies of provisions, but often started out without any rations whatever, except perhaps a little dry bread tied behind the saddle or rolled up in the single blanket he carried. Time was an all important factor in such cases, for if the Indians had much start it was nearly impossible to overtake them. When we were in pursuit much time was frequently lost in trying to follow their trail, which they were very skillful in concealing; and unless a party could keep on their trail, pursuit had to be abandoned. Often they would march in single file, each Indian stepping exactly in the track of his leader, and one or two Indians in the rear would place an ox hoof, carried for the purpose, over the tracks made by the men, making it appear that cattle had passed that way but no Indians. In rocky ground they stepped from stone to stone for long distances, thus leaving no trail at all; and hours were sometimes lost in finding their route again.

In such a school many whites became expert trailers, and could follow swiftly on the trail of an Indian where an inexperienced eye could not perceive the slightest indication of a footstep. A

blade of grass broken or bent,—a gravel stone displaced,—a twig freshly broken, were all fresh signs, to the experienced scout, whose perceptions had become by continual necessity wonderfully acute.

J. H. MARTINEAU.

LUCSON, June 4th, 1896.

PACIFIC STATES MISSION.

CHILDS and Wests Branch, Near Lima, Montana, July 2nd, 1896.

ELDER F. D. RICHARDS:

Elder M. F. Cowley and myself, realizing the interest you take, and the good will you have for the various missions, both at home and abroad, I take pleasure of reporting the opening up of a mission in the Pacific States of Montana, Washington, Oregon and northern Idaho.

Now we wish to say that just prior to the martyrdom of our loved Prophet, who realized that his hour had come, he called the Twelve Apostles together in the upper room of the brick store just a little north of the prophet's mansion, where he endowed the Twelve, and then and there charged them, saying, upon you my fellow apostles, I place the responsibility of preaching the Gospel to all nations and people, and I charge you that you see to it. There were a few others thus favored with this endowment, and only two of them now are living who are witnesses of those precious and most choice blessings bestowed as a pattern of what followed in the Nauvoo Temple and others since built. The two mentioned are President Wilford Woodruff and Sister Bathsheba Smith. All the rest of those favored ones are dead, that received the first endowments at the hands and direction of the prophet, who received the order from Heaven. It became necessary that the twelve the second quorum in the Church should be endowed with power from on high, before the martyrdom of the prophet, consequently, the prophet realizing and by command of God, placed upon this quorum power and authority to carry on the great work entrusted to him by the heavens.

Hence after these endowments, Joseph said at a meeting held on the east end of the Nauvoo Temple, before the walls thereof were completed, (and Edward Stevenson is one of the witnesses.) "I now see the time I have long desired to see, I am free now to go where I choose, to Europe or elsewhere, for the Gospel tree is planted and rooted, never more to be rooted up. There are those under the sound of my voice who are prepared to take the work and carry it on, let me go where I please."

Elder Stevenson was then only young, a single man, but the power of his words so deeply impressed him that it was engraven as with an iron pen, and in the rock forever. Only a short period of time elapsed before the prophet found a martyr's grave.

Sidney Rigdon set up his claims as a guardian, with Emma Smith at his back, soon followed by J. J. Strang, A. Cutler, Lyman Wight, Gladden Bishop, the Laws, Hedrick, Bickertonites and many other lies—but Brigham was the president of the original twelve apostles, the quorum who were endowed and charged by the prophet of God, who took his coat saying, "I shake from my shoulders the responsibility of the Gospel message upon you my fellow twelve apostles." When Sidney Rigdon set up