

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for this Paper
BIGLER'S BIOGRAPHY.

ST. GEORGE, July 2, 1894.—On that march in December, 1846, we traveled until late in the night, when we arrived at some small holes of water though not enough for the army. A halt was made to camp there. The guides were ahead with orders that if water was found they should fire a gun and build a fire as a signal. As we began to unharness the teams and pitch tents we heard the report of a gun and saw a light. We moved on, but when we arrived at the fire there was no water and we found ourselves worse off than before. Why this false signal was given I never learned. Men and mules gave out and were left all along the wayside in little squads.

In company with one of my mess mates, Jesse B. Martin, and others we took our canteens and went back in search of water. As good luck had it we found a nice hole with perhaps eight or ten gallons of water. By the time we got back to camp it was nearly daylight. At an early hour we were on the march. It seemed almost impossible for the teams to move the cumbersome wagons, and no wonder, for they had not had a drop of water nor a spear of grass since leaving Tucson. The country was bare of grass, the soil was composed of sand and clay packed together firmly, having a hard, smooth surface reflecting light and heat. That morning two mules were found dead and it was said they perished for want of water. We had marched only a short distance when we were met by Mr. Weaver, the head guide, with the glad tidings that he had found plenty of water and grass only a mile or two ahead. We were now within eight or ten miles of the Gila river.

On Monday, December 21st, I was detailed by the officer of the day to be the colonel's orderly, and on going to his tent to report myself ready for duty I found him feeding his mule with wheat he had brought from Tucson. There was another mule that seemed to share with the colonel's whether or no, the colonel had driven it away several times, but no sooner was his back turned, than up came the mule for another morsel of wheat until the colonel would endure it no longer. Turning to me he said, "Load your gun and I will shoot that — mule," and walked into his tent. I noticed that the animal did not have the U. S. brand, and I knew it belonged to one of our men. I resolved not to cause the mule to be killed. Taking from my cartridge box a cartridge, with my teeth I tore off the bullet end and put it into my pocket. I then emptied the powder into my musket and ramed the loose paper on top. By this time the mule was back for more wheat, when out came the colonel. Walking up to me he seized my musket and ran up within ten feet of the mule, broad side, and fired. The moment he saw that the mule was not hurt, he dropped the musket and with an oath he said, "You did not load that gun right," and walked into his tent amid the laughter of his bugler and teamster, who saw the trick. How I escaped being punished

for disobeying orders I do not know. It may be that my great ignorance saved me.

Arriving at the Gila we were met by Pima Indians, who came out by hundreds. The chief seemed pleased to see us. He said the Mexicans had been to see him and wanted him and his men to join them and give us battle, promising the Indians all the spoil; but he told them his men should not fight—that they never shed the blood of a white man, and for that reason he was not afraid of our army, and did not believe we would hurt them. He also said he had no objections to the army passing through their towns. The colonel bought of the Pima chief one hundred bushels of corn to feed teams.

On the 23rd of December we camped in a Pima village, where the colonel bought a beef off the Indians. We saw a number of cattle and a great many horses, mules and donkeys, also poultry. The Pimas raise cotton and make it into cloth for blankets and breech clouts. The chief said they believed God gave them their lands and they worked for their living; that they did not steal, nor rob, nor kill and plunder like other Indians. They were all the finest looking Indians I have ever seen. They brought to camp large quantities of corn, beans, meal and pumpkins to trade for clothes, buttons, beads, needles and thread, etc. Money they refused, saying it was of no use to them.

On the 28th of December the colonel dispatched two guides with a few men to California for fresh mules and beef cattle, with orders to meet us as soon as possible. On the first of January, 1847, we met and camped near some Mexican families who were moving to Chihuahua. They said they met General Kearney eighteen days before near Pueblo, California. At this camp the colonel ordered two wagons unloaded and their boxes put into the Gila river and loaded with provisions. This we did not like and had forebodings it would not prove a success. The boats were sent down the river with men to manage them, with instructions to haul in every afternoon and camp with the command.

On the morning of the 2nd in hunting up our mules we found four dead. It was believed they had killed themselves by drinking alkali water. The colonel had given orders to water the stock only when the bugle sounded for that purpose. He had forgotten to have them watered. There was a pond of salt water in their range, and it was supposed they killed themselves by drinking of it. On the evening of the 6th the boats arrived minus the provisions. The boats had run aground, part of the load was put ashore and the balance left on a sand bar in the middle of the river. A corporal and a few men and mules were sent up after the provisions.

That evening the provisions on hand were weighed and found to be only enough for nine days at half rations. This was to last us twelve days, to the first settlement in California. On the ninth we reached the crossing of the Colorado river, and the next day commenced to ferry our baggage over the river on wagon boxes, continuing all night. Two mules were drowned. One

of our corporals had charge of one of the boats near the west shore. The current was swift and the boat drifting quickly down stream, the colonel standing on the bank giving orders: "On the other side, on the other side, ON THE OTHER SIDE, I SAY!" The boat still floated down the river. At last the colonel took off his hat and swung it and with a bow and an oath said: "When you get down the Gulf, give my respects to the people."

H. W. BIGLER.

YOUNG ALLRED'S DEATH.

The NEWS acknowledges the receipt of several communications giving particulars of the lamentable accident to J. B. Allred, a telegraphic account of which appeared in our issue of Monday, the 9th. These give details of the sad event, some of which have not been published. Following is one of the communications, which is substantially the same as the others:

SPRING CITY, July 10th, 1894.

Please give place in your valuable paper for the following items regarding the lamentable accident which resulted in the death of John Byron, son of Reuben W. Allred, Jr., and Clara A. Robinson Allred.

The young man would have been 18 years old the 10th of next October. He was herding sheep for Heber Jepson, in the east mountain. They went out together with the sheep on Friday last, and he was last seen about 10 o'clock. When he was missed Jepson began hunting, and on Saturday he got another man to help, but without success, and on Sunday he sent word to Spring City.

The father, with fifteen or twenty men, started about 1 o'clock p. m. They scattered out into small parties, one of which, with the herder, went to where the young man's tracks had been seen on the side of a clay bluff, just above a ledge of rocks, and they felt sure that he had lost his footing, and finding nothing to cling to, had gone over the precipice. They then went around to the bottom and climbed up about 100 feet, where they found him caught by one foot in the rocks. He was lying on his face, head down, about three or four hundred feet from the top. No doubt he was instantly killed.

The boys packed him on a horse ten or twelve miles by placing him in the saddle and one on behind to hold him on, until they met a wagon that had been expressed for. They arrived home on Monday morning, where they found a host of friends awaiting them, for that was certainly a sleepless night in Spring City. The family was completely overcome with grief, for that was the first death out of ten children.

The deceased was a faithful Deacon and an honest, truthful and dutiful son, highly esteemed by his comrades. The funeral at 1 o'clock Monday afternoon was largely attended, and comforting words were spoken by a number of Elders. The Bishop praised the deceased for his punctual attendance with his quorum and Elder Bunnell said he had been his Teacher for many years and always found him right. About forty vehicles followed him to his last resting place, and Bishop