

given to the old folks, distinctions of creed, race and color will be obliterated this time. All old people, able to take care of themselves away from home, will be embraced in the hospitality of the occasion. Further details will be given to the public as the same are matured.

LUCERN IN THE SOUTH.

SALT LAKE CITY,
June 3, 1897.

In a letter from my son, Elder Jos. W. Musser, in the Southern States Mission office, Chattanooga, Tenn., he writes:

"I have just returned from a visit to the Elders and Saints of the South Carolina conference. Met them at Society Hill, S. C. Had a most refreshing time with the Saints in conference assembled. Elder Kimball being indisposed, requested me to attend.

"I mail you a few stalks of alfalfa, as fine a growth as I have seen at home. This sample from the farm of Mr. J. C. Wallace at Society Hill. The seed was sent to him by Elder Nephi Tarbet of Smithfield, Utah. It was sown in August, 1896.

"From the seed I planted in north-western Alabama two years ago a nice stand was secured.

"There can be little doubt but that alfalfa will do well in the Southern states. Mr. Wallace thinks that there is no such hay as alfalfa as a general provender.

"All is moving nicely here. Weather good. Farmers encouraged. Elders working with great zeal. Elder Kimball, our president, is somewhat better this morning. We expect his rapid recovery."

I will add that I have urged several Elders, including my son, to take small packages of alfalfa seed with them to distribute among the farmers they meet on their missions, and with this end in view I showed Mr. Nagakar, the erudite Hindu (who at the World's Fair, Chicago, represented the advanced Hindoos of India and who afterwards visited this city and delivered several lectures,) the alfalfa fields south of the city and furnished him with several pounds of the seed (with directions and data as to its propagation and value) for cultivation at Bombay, where I feel certain, from my personal knowledge of the soil, it will find all the conditions requisite for its rapid growth and permanent introduction into all parts of British India, which is my belief and hope.

A. MILTON MUSSER.

ANOTHER BATTALION BOY.

VIRGIN, Utah, May 17, 1897.

Hon. Spencer Clawson, Chairman Pioneer Jubilee Commission:

Dear Sir—Seeing in the papers some letters from Mormon Battalion boys, giving an account of themselves, I thought a few items of my experience might be acceptable. I was born July 15th, 1824, and in 1843 went with my father to Nauvoo, we having joined the Church in Tennessee.

I have heard the Prophet Joseph Smith preach many times and was at the jail a few days after the Prophet and his brother Hyrum were killed.

The people of Carthage had all left the town but the jailor and his wife.

I was at the meeting and heard the Prophet Brigham preach, when he was clothed in the mantle of Joseph.

When the exodus from Nauvoo began I was with the first company that crossed the Mississippi river on the ice in February. While at Mount Pisgah, President Young called for a few men to fit themselves out to go as a guard for the Pioneers.

I supplied myself with horse and saddle, rifle and ammunition and was all ready to start with the company of Pioneers from Council Bluffs when I heard that the United States had called for 500 of the Mormons to march to California to take that country. So I enlisted, went to Ft. Leavenworth, got my fit out, and marched with the rest of the Battalion to the Pacific Coast. The story of that eventful march has often been told, and there is no reason for me to repeat it. I was one of the first of the Battalion to see the Great Pacific ocean in January, 1847. After serving "Uncle Sam" one year and eight or nine months, I got an honorable discharge and came to Utah.

Since the first settlement of Dixie I have resided at Virgin City, mine being the first family to settle on the Virgin river. I raised the first grapes and peaches here and am father of the first white child born in this part of Utah.

Since I have been a member of the Church I have helped to build five temples, done some work in two of them, helped to build up three settlements and assisted in putting about fifty dams in the Virgin river.

I am the father of eleven children and grandfather of sixteen.

Although I haven't the honor of being one of the Pioneers, you can see that had not Providence directed it otherwise I would have been one of the first to behold the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

A. J. WORKMAN.

A PIONEER IN CALIFORNIA.

SANTA ANA, Cal.,
May 23, 1897.

Spencer Clawson:

I crossed the Plains from Missouri river to Salt Lake Valley in 1847 with my mother, Magdalena Moesser, and was the oldest of five children, my father, Frederick H. Moesser, having apostatized in Nauvoo, coming no farther; I was born in Pittsburg, Alleghany Co., Pennsylvania, going from Pennsylvania to Ohio, then to Missouri, then to Nauvoo in 1838 or 1839, to the best of my recollection. I was well acquainted with Joseph and Hyrum Smith. I saw them when laid out, after being killed at Carthage, in the old Mansion House in Nauvoo. I crossed the Mississippi in July, 1846, coming west and stopping at Winter Quarters, fall and winter of same year, sharing all the hardships of that winter and next spring.

I started west for the Great Salt Lake Valley about the 4th of June, 1847, and arrived in Salt Lake Valley, September 24, 1847, traveling in Peregrine Session's 50. Daniel Spencer was captain of our 100 and Bishop Sheets captain of 10 and, I think, I passed through most, if not all, of the

trying times of the early Pioneers, breaking the virgin soil, killing grasshoppers and big black crickets, and fighting Indians, and between times, trying to raise enough to keep soul and body together for another year.

After having Winter Quarters we came to Loop Fork, stopped there about three weeks, organizing for the journey across the Plains, when we again took up the line of march northward. Talk about hard times! I drove two yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows across the Plains for one pound of flour a day and boarded myself, and getting a little over 100 pounds for my summer's work; as it took us at that time about thirteen and a half months to make the trip. But in the spring of 1848, I did some better, for I got a pound of flour a day and grub thrown in, for driving three yoke of oxen, breaking prairie, which I considered doing very well, as flour was worth a dollar a pound.

The winter of 1847 and spring of 1848, was the most trying one of life, as we had very little to eat, and scarcely any clothes to keep us warm, wearing moccasins in the ice and snow, and digging roots and eating greens, and every part of the cattle that we had to kill even to their hides. That is hard to believe, but I have done it. We fought crickets and grasshoppers to save what little we had in the ground, so we could live another year. In 1849 when the great gold excitement was at its height, everything changed; plenty of money and everything in the way of wagons, tools, bacon, flour, sugar, etc., were cheap. Way, I have seen good, new wagons sell for \$10, Kentucky rifles, pouch and powder horn for \$1.50 and so on.

I was in every Indian war in early times; the Black Hawk war, the Tin-tic war, and so on. I lived to see Salt Lake City grow from a desert plain to a fine city and the valleys to blossom as the rose until now you can have all that any other community enjoys.

There is one thing I forgot to mention and that is that in traveling along the Platte river we frequently detailed men to go ahead of our wagons and drive the buffalo out of the way so we could pass along the road, for I do believe that I have seen 100,000 at one time. Along about the middle of the day they would come down to the river to urinate and then lay down, but now the buffalo, oh where is he?

I think I am an Indian war veteran as well as a Pioneer. I am now living in Santa Ana, Orange county, Cal., the land of sunshine and flowers, but always have a friendly feeling for the people of Utah, its beautiful valleys and mountains and clear running mountain streams.

Respectfully,
J. H. MOESSER.

A PIONEER'S LIFE.

Chairman Clawson of the Semi-Centennial commission received the following most interesting letter this morning from James Baker of Dixon, Wyoming under date of May 19, which shows the writer to be a Pioneer of Pioneers:

Spencer Clawson:

Sir—Your letter and blanks are at