

not have gone any farther that season had it not been for this opportunity.

When the news came that our brethren who were left in Nauvoo were all driven across the Mississippi river at the point of the bayonet, by the mob, and were in a deplorable condition, a call was made for volunteers to take teams and wagons to go back and aid them. Many responded to the call. I took two teams and brought three families up to the camp of Israel, and then began to fix for winter quarters. I had traveled three times across Iowa. A company called Pioneers was organized to leave early in the spring. They started in April. The main body of the camp was organized in companies of hundreds, fifties and tens, and counseled to start as soon as the grass grew for feed. I was organized in the fifty of which Peregrine Sessions was captain. I was placed in the second ten as captain. In my ten were Father John Smith, John L. Smith, Thomas Callister and Silas and Jesse Smith. We left our winter quarters in May, 1847. There being a good deal of rain the ground became very soft and it was with great difficulty we could move our loaded wagons.

We traveled for over four months and reached the Salt Lake Basin, as it was then called, September 16th, 1847, rejoicing that we had got out of the reach of the mob. I came to Nauvoo in 1844 with three thousand dollars in money and when I arrived in the valley I had only 25 cents left. We were all on the same footing and union and the spirit of the Lord was with us. We went to work and put up houses in Spanish style with flat roofs, but the roofs were a failure; they would not keep the rain out.

Next came another trip of a thousand miles across a vast desert. There was a company fitted up to go to California by the middle route. Father John Smith called on me and asked if I was going with the company. I told him I had talked of it but had given up the idea, as I thought it was too much of an undertaking; he said cattle could be bought cheap and said if I would go they would send a recommendation signed by the High Council—that they would be responsible for our acts in whatever cattle we purchased. We fitted out with thirty-five days' of provision as that was thought plenty for the trip, but we were forty-six days on the way. We started the middle of November and got to the first ranch in California the 1st of January. We were nearly out of provisions and had been on half rations. We ate horse and mule flesh, a hawk and a wolf, which was the worst of all. Our outfit consisted of eighteen men. The rancher, a Frenchman named Redon, sent out twenty head of horses to help us into his ranch. 19th two of our men had started ahead from the Mohave. One of them became nearly insane and wanted to turn back, but the other prevailed on him to go on and they got to the ranch and gave notice of our situation.

We soon left for Williams's ranch, ten miles below, what is now called San Bernardino. After we had been there some time we commenced to negotiate with Williams for one or two hundred head of his cattle. His price

was six dollars per head for cows and calves. It looked rather dark to him to trust men who had been driven out from the United States and were in a place a thousand miles from civilization. At this juncture we saw Capt. Jesse D. Hunter, and he loaned me two hundred dollars, and I was to pay this amount to his family in Salt Lake in cows at a fair value, which I did. By paying this two hundred and giving our note of one thousand dollars we got two hundred cows and calves. The next thing was to get them across the desert. Two hundred and fifty miles stretch without water, and three from twenty-five to thirty-five miles each with no feed, and sharp gravelly ground to pass over. It took him and his boys to manage them.

We engaged six Indians to help drive the stock. They stayed with us until we got to Salt Lake. We had got out in the Caboon pass on our back trip when I enquired if any had any potatoes along. No one had and did not know where to get any. One of the Indians said he knew where there were some, but they were small—thirty-five miles distant. I fitted pack animals, took the Indian for a guide and struck on a bee line across the country. We got to a ranch owned by an American, who received us very kindly. I told him I was after some potatoes for seed. He asked where I was going to take them to plant. I told him to the Salt Lake basin. "I'll let you have the potatoes," said he, "but you are fooling yourself. You had better leave your potatoes here. You can't raise any crop there, for I have been there trapping for many a year."

I got between three and four bushels, and the next question was how I could pack them so they would keep from spoiling in going across the desert. I was inspired to use a rawhide that we had just taken from a small creature and cut it in half and make two sacks. This I did and filled them while the hides were green, and when dry they had shrunk so the potatoes were so compact that they would not shake, and they got through all sound. This is what seeded Utah with potatoes. I had about a bushel that I could not get in these rawhide sacks and gave them to the brethren. There was but one of them ever got a sound potato through.

Then we got over on the Mohave, about fifty miles from the ranch, forty-five of our cows got away and went back. We sent to Williams; he did not want to gather them again and endorsed that amount on the note. I have no language to describe the toil, labor and hardship that it took to get those cattle across deserts. When I think of it now it makes me shudder.

I got back the 10th of May, and was offered \$100 for one bushel of my potatoes. I refused and said I wanted to have 25 or 30 men plant them. Some who got eight potatoes raised one bushel and a half from them.

While I was gone on this mission Brother John Evrets and wife, who crossed the plains with me as one of my family, sowed five acres to wheat north of City Creek and we raised only twenty-one bushels. We had to pull the meet of it by hand. It was the only way we could save it. We knew nothing about irrigation then. We put in ten acres of wheat and corn and a patch of potatoes out on

Mill Creek, and the crickets destroyed all the wheat except that we saved six bushels. As for the potatoes, the crickets had eaten the tops off to the ground. Aaron and Lorin Farr proposed to take up the roots and plant them down on the side of the creek where they could keep the crickets off and give me one half of what they could raise. They did so and raised a number of bushels. Having our crops destroyed by the crickets caused a good deal of suffering those two years.

I was one of the minute men commanded by Colonel Wm. Kimball to guard against and subdue the Indians, and was out on several excursions; at one time we were out three months. I went with the late President John Taylor to New York City to assist in publishing the paper called *The Mormon*. This was in the year 1854. I went to Utah valley on an exploring tour with Jesse W. Fox and others, and to the Los Vegas, New Mexico, in 1856. I was called in 1861 to go to Dixie, which was the last but not the least. I have spent thirty-two years on this mission. Since I joined this Church I have owned and lived in sixteen different houses and reared nearly thirty children, the youngest three years old.

ELIJAH K. FULLER.

TWO INTERESTING MEETINGS.

IDAHO FALLS, Idaho,
April 24th, 1894.

By courtesy of the officers of Bling-ham county, together with the citizens of Blackfoot, an invitation was given to the presidency of this State to hold meetings at Blackfoot, placing the court house at their disposal. As a consequence of this two meetings were held there last Sunday.

The large room of the court house was crowded with a very respectable congregation, some of the Saints from the surrounding wards having gathered there with the presidency of the State. At 10 o'clock the meeting was called to order by President T. E. Ricks and prayer was offered by Bishop Cannon, of Pocatello. President Ricks then addressed the congregation; he said that he was pleased to meet with the people of Blackfoot for the purpose of giving them our views on religion; that there was no prophecy of any private interpretation, but that holy men of old wrote and spoke as they were moved upon by the Holy Ghost; but men had changed the laws and the ordinances. He bore his testimony to the divine mission of Joseph Smith, now he in answer to prayer was visited by the Father and the Son, how the Priesthood was conferred upon him, giving him authority to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the children of men. The speaker closed by reading the Articles of Faith.

Elder Steele then made a few remarks, testifying that there were hundreds of men that knew that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, and all might find out the truth of the doctrines he taught by complying with the ordinances of the Gospel the same as he had done.

Benediction by Bishop Liljenquist. Two o'clock p. m. meeting called to order by President Ricks; prayer by