

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## CHIEF WALKER'S DOINGS

TUSCON, Arizona, Jan. 29, 1897.

Not long after the settlement of Parowan, Walker came with his band one Sunday about meeting time and was invited with Ammon to the stand. He spoke a while in Utah dialect, which Ammon, his brother, interpreted, but at the close he made a very strange request, almost as a command. He said he had heard the Mormons could dance very well, and he wanted to see it. And as he was going away soon he wanted the congregation to go outside and dance for his men, and to go at once.

As it was thought best to humor him, the meeting soon closed and all went outside, selected a level place on the sandy ground and danced several cotillions. It was a hot summer day, the ground was very dusty, clouds of dust arose, which, as it settled on perspiring faces and hands, was anything but ornamental. As Walker and his men did not seem much impressed, our dancers redoubled their agility and displayed their best steps. Suddenly Walker stopped it; said we were like papooses and did not know how to dance, and that those who had told him the Mormons could do so had lied. He would show us how to dance.

As we stepped to one side crestfallen and disgraced, about sixty warriors formed a perfectly accurate circle, facing inwards, and a couple of old men began clapping their hands and singing "A-yah! a-yah! a-yah! a-yah!" in a monotonous chant in which all the dancers joined, singing and stepping with the most perfect union. At first they circled slowly to the left for a few minutes; then at a given signal all circled in the other direction, changing thus time after time for about half an hour; and all without the slightest jar or break in the time. Having ceased he said to us, "Don't dance like little children any more; you have seen how men dance; learn to dance like Utahs and then you will not be ashamed." In truth we were filled with amazement at the perfection of movement and time in their dancing. It seemed the movement of a machine rather than that of sixty separate individuals, with a perfect unity of motion which I have never seen equalled.

Some years later, Walker, with a party of his band, lay near Parowan awaiting the return from southern California of a war party he had sent to steal horses. His men at length arrived, but with only about three hundred horses. They said they had taken about twelve hundred head; had traveled with them three days and nights without stopping to camp, and then, thinking they were safe from pursuit had stopped to rest themselves and their horses. Suddenly they found their Mexican pursuers upon them, and in the fight and confusion which ensued the Mexicans recaptured most of their animals, the Utes escaping with difficulty with the few they retained.

Words would feebly express Walker's fury. His whole frame shook and his eyes fairly shot fire. He called the unlucky raiders squaws—not men—not warriors—only papooses! He would take away their guns—they should have only bows and arrows and go with the little boys! To be overtaken at all was

a disgrace, but to be caught asleep! They all ought to be shot! Didn't know enough to steal horses and get away with them! He himself would go and show them how to steal horses, but he would take men with him, not boys! They should remain with the squaws, old men and papooses until he got back!

With great difficulty and after many hours of persuasion, Col. W. H. Dame finally dissuaded him from his purpose, but Walker felt that the professional honor of his tribe had suffered greatly. Thus, although southern Californians never knew it, the Mormons in Utah saved them from heavy loss of stock and perhaps life.

One thing more relative to this famous chief. Upon his return once from a raid upon the Colorado river Indians I met him one day in Parowan, and being well known to him he stopped me in the street and showed me two pieces of metal, asking me if they were money; adding that if they were, he knew where there was a plenty more. He had found them in a cave near the Colorado river. I examined them very carefully being much astonished at what I saw. 'One weighed, as I thought, a little more than an ounce; the other about half as much. They were unmistakably metallic, though discolored by time, and resembled bronze, but when I took my knife to scrape and expose their true color he would not permit me, and hastily and carefully put them away. They were covered with clearly formed hieroglyphics, not cut into the surface, but standing up in bold relief, all things indicating that the metal had been melted and cast in a mould.

I believed then and do now that they were money of the ancient Nephites, carried into the cave where they were found by some hunted Nephite who fled there for refuge at the time of their last mournful and tragic retreat northward before their Lamanitish foes, a retreat which ended only at the hill Cumorah. Many times since then I have wished that I had realized more fully the worth of those ancient works of art; for even if not old coins they were of great value as curiosities—mementoes of an ancient race whose remains today puzzle the antiquaries of all the Gentile world.

J. H. MARTINEAU.

## MORMONS IN KENTUCKY.

MT. EDEN, Kentucky,  
January 13th, 1897.

I inclose you a clipping from the Interior journal, published at Stanford, Lincoln county, Kentucky. The writer, Dr. J. T. Bohon, has been a good friend to the Elders laboring in that county. I enjoyed his unbounded hospitality for two nights during my recent visit to that county. Following is the clipping in part:

"Elder Charles A. Cobbly and David J. Blake, Latter-day Saints, more readily and generally recognized as Mormons, dropped into our community last Wednesday with a determination to, if possible, convince this people of a very patent fact that even our favored state is yet a field of great promise to the 'home missionary philanthropists and

doctrinal propagandists." As courteous and refined gentlemen they show up to the full measure of your complimentary mention a few months ago, and as religious doctrinaires are not amendable to a charge of heresy by any orthodox persuasion unless the holier than thou sects. These gentlemen proclaim a Gospel as found in the accredited King James translation of the Bible and preach the salvation taught in Acts 2:38: "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." They insist on immersion as the proper mode of baptism, and yet there are professed followers of the meek and lowly Nazarine who evidently feel that it would be a desecration of their sanctuaries to permit these gentlemen a promulgation of that doctrine from their pulpits. Of course there is nothing of denominational bigotry abroad in this enlightened age and favored land. Moreover, these evangelists travel afoot, without purse or scrip, and preach a salvation without money and without price, pursuing the unprecedented practice of leaving a community without knocking the dust off their feet, without invectives of anathema maranatha, and strangest of all, without passing around a hat for material tribute to the laborers in the vineyard whom all their predecessors have persuaded us are worthy their hire. The modest Mormon Elder of today deserves credit of having rescued the term philanthropy from the long list of empty sounds as applied to ordinary, every day, practical phariseism or Christianity (?) The above part of this article was lain aside to open a local paper of a wealthy, enlightened blue grass county, which fosters rich churches of every popular denomination in the state. A correspondent at a popular and populous border town reported, "The Mormons struck our town last week but could get no place to preach in." In an adjoining column is a report of the county's Bible society's annual meeting, in which their colporteur, regularly employed and salaried, reported 1,447 families visited and one out of every seven found without Bible or Testament. I'll bet my supply of fresh sausage that that society has active members who would not resent the charge that their solicitude in the matter of raising funds for foreign missions is responsible for their worst attacks of insomnia. Was it Bobby Burns who perpetrated the exclamation, "Ob! wad sym power the giftie gie us!" etc., etc., etc?"

We encounter a great deal of prejudice and opposition in our labors and when we find a friend like the writer of this piece we appreciate and wish to cultivate his friendship.

We now have Elders laboring in several blue grass counties. Generally they are meeting with success in obtaining churches and school houses to preach in. The proverbial hospitality of the Kentuckians is extended unto them without stint.

The winter so far has been a very mild one. Today we have a light snow, but quite warm.

Two of our ablest Elders started to walk to Owensboro this morning. There they will take the train for their mountain home. Elder Truman E. Allred has been laboring in the Kentucky conference during the past thirty-one months. Elder F. D. Richardson has