

## MEMORIA IN AETERNA.

Twenty-eight years have elapsed since the close of the great civil war, and the bulk of the chief participants in the events of those times who still live have passed into the ranks of venerated age. There has grown up in our fair land a generation whose experience is not marked by the toils, anxieties and sorrows of a terrible internecine conflict. But the memory of those who offered their lives as a sacrifice to perpetuate the Union is reverently cherished, and as the close of each succeeding May, "the month of flowers," comes with its smiles of sunshine and tears of rain, the beautiful ceremonies of Memorial Day arouse tenderest feelings of the living towards the sainted dead. Flowers for their graves, and words of praise and affection, betoken the sympathy and love which exist for those whose presence in mortality is but a memory, whose companionship in immortality is a joyous hope. By a great people this sacred occasion is now made to include all loved ones who rest in the quiet grave, regardless of where or when they crossed the silent river.

Many there are who have fallen on battlefields other than those of the war for the Union, who are entitled to affectionate remembrance because of their heroism and sacrifice in defending the lives and homes of the people against savage and bloodthirsty foes. In this number may be included those who lost their lives in the Black Hawk Indian war in Utah, which followed close upon the suppression of the Rebellion. In that war many Utah people were victims of the red man's deadly fury, and the now fair and flourishing Sanpete Valley and surrounding country was the scene of many sanguinary deeds ere the strife had ceased.

The month of May twenty-seven years ago found the Utah militia engaged in a determined and arduous campaign to compel the Indians to accept terms of peace and cease their murderous incursions into the settlements of the white man, and a few months later their efforts were crowned with success as an effect of the defeat of the Indians at the battle of Thistle Valley. Most of the militia engaged in that battle were young men who still reside in this Territory. The officer who commanded the infantry in the fight was Captain Jesse West of this city. To a News representative he thus narrated the circumstances connected with the engagement:

"In 1866, about the last of May, I was ordered to Sanpete with the fifty men under my command, to aid in protecting the settlers there from the Indians who were then on the warpath. Shortly after my arrival at Moroni I was sent forward with thirty-six men to Thistle Valley. At that time there was a post there, under command of Captain Albert Dewey, who had about twelve cavalrymen. Their camp was located on the south bank of the creek, their wagons being placed in a semi-circle, the ends of which rested on the creek. Most of the horses were herded outside of the camp, in front, when we arrived there.

"That night a sentinel observed what he supposed was an Indian

crawling along the opposite bank of the creek, and fired his musket. After this alarm we all laid in readiness for an attack until daylight. We then made an examination of the ground, and found tracks resembling the prints of a man's knees, and of the thick part of the hand. At first some thought they were bear tracks, but we were soon convinced that they were not, and that there were Indians about. Orders were issued that no one should venture out of camp without permission.

"Everything seemed quiet and safe when, about half-past nine o'clock that morning, June 24, the sharp report of a rifle startled the post. Looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, I saw, about five hundred yards distant and just emerging from the cedars, two of the men from our camp, but not of my command. They were Charles Brown and David Jones. Evidently the former was wounded, as he was being assisted by his companion to walk. Just then, from a short distance in the rear of the two men, five mounted Indians dashed forward, shooting several arrows, some of which struck the wounded man, who fell.

"At this juncture the survivor drew his revolver, and also that of his unfortunate companion, emptied both at the savages, and began to retreat when almost surrounded. The men who were guarding the horses were nearest to where the trouble was, and just as an Indian was about to scalp Brown as he lay dying, one of the guards, a young private named Garr, knelt down, took careful aim, and fired. His shot scattered the Indians, who retreated to the cedars in haste, and the body of Brown was brought into camp. He and Jones had thoughtlessly disregarded orders, and had gone out into the cedars. Suspecting no danger, they were busy picking gum when the shot was fired which cost poor Brown his life. The bullet struck him in the center of the back. I drew one of the Indians' arrows from his shoulder.

"With some others, I went out to bring in the loose horses, which other Indians than those we first saw were endeavoring to drive off. We followed the animals five or six hundred yards, but before we could get all the horses we were called hastily to return to the cover of camp. Looking around, we discovered a body of twenty-three Indians, as was afterwards ascertained by actual count, charging down to cut us off. They came pretty near doing it, too, and it was only by lively work that we saved ourselves.

"The Indians rode to within fifty yards of camp, and delivered their fire, which was vigorously replied to. Time after time their brave young chief tried to get his men to charge down upon the wagons in the face of our fire—a most extraordinary action on the part of an Indian. I can assure you that at this time the excitement was intense, for the battle was at its height. Firing was kept up from both sides and all around. Suddenly a movement was made by the attacking party which seemed to indicate that their leader had been hit by a bullet, and they retired to the cedars. A short time afterwards there was a lull in the firing from the other side, as well as our own. Shooting

was kept up throughout the remainder of the day, and whenever we got a chance at an Indian, we took it. We had to be careful of ourselves, too, for if a man put his head in sight, the nearness to which the bullets would come showed the Indians to be good marksmen. Their weapons were superior to ours, and being in the cedars they had a decided advantage. The militia mostly had short range guns, so that but few men were able to return the fire with any show of effect. Within the camp we had to shield ourselves as best we could behind a rather poor breastwork made under the running-gear of the wagons, with blankets, harness, etc. During the fight that day four horses were killed, and Thomas Suarr, of Salt Lake City, was wounded in the thigh.

"When the engagement first began we realized that the Indians greatly outnumbered our force, and that we were in a bad situation, so a young man named Homer Roberts was dispatched to Mount Pleasant, 18 miles distant, for assistance. Brown was the possessor of a magnificent horse, and we knew that, once beyond the Indian line, they could not overtake him. He got clear, though it was a close shave. At Mount Pleasant he found a body of cavalry which was ordered to Thistle valley, but by some misunderstanding its start was delayed for a time. Word of our situation was taken to Moroni, seven miles farther on, where a body of Salt Lake county men, with some from farther north, were stationed. They were infantry, but a company, including the remainder of my command, started in all possible haste, under Majors Wm. Caspar and Peter Sinclair.

"At the battlefield, the creek or ditch on which the camp was located at that place ran in a straight line, and was rather deep. This the Indians took advantage of, firing up and down along the creek, and effectually preventing any one from getting a supply of water. Thus the men, including Suarr, who was wounded, had to lay in the hot sun, within a few feet of water, unable to obtain a drop to quench their thirst. Toward evening a body of Indians gained a position in a clump of brush on the bank of the creek, nearer to us and at a point where the inside of our camp was exposed to their fire.

"Our position was thus rendered untenable. It was a necessity that the enemy should be driven from his new point of vantage. Those of our men who had rifles were ordered to concentrate their fire on the clump of brush. The muskets which most of the men had would not reach the place with any precision. The riflemen tried, but to no purpose, and we had to do something else or be shot down. Bullets were whistling in dangerous proximity and already lodging within the camp. As a last resort I selected twelve of my men to make a charge over an open space of four hundred yards, in the face of a fire from the Indians' rifles, and dislodge the enemy.

"We knew it was a desperate undertaking, but there was no other chance for us. Sergeant Alexander Burt and Privates George C. Lambert and John Woodbury had just sprang outside of the enclosure, in their start on the hazardous charge, when a body of cav-