The Goshute Indians.

Written for the News.

DEAD CREEK, Nevada, 1893.—When Utah was settled, there were found in the wide and in the desert country to the west mountains, the Goshute Indians—an inferior race of Indians at best. Their chief food was the rabbit. Once in a while they killed a deer or antelope. They had nothing but an inferior bow and arrow to kill with. Time and time they gathered in the fall, but they often fell. As a last resort they would gather and cook prickly pears. Their clothing consisted of a cloak made of rabbit skin, woven together with sinews of the deer. These were sewn by male and female alike. Their wickiups were made with willows if they could be had, if not cedar boughs were used. Very little mechanism was displayed. There are now less than one hundred of the tribe all told left of the many thousand that existed when this country was first settled.

Many people have an idea that these Indians exist to a great age. This is erroneous. There are but a few left that we know anything over years ago, and many that were boys then look as old as I do. And they are old—as bones for the winter, and big laid up in us, and but few clothes to wear, privation would naturally make them short lived. They do not take to civilization. But few can talk English so they can be understood. The young men of them will go to work well as the older ones have done. On the whole they are an orderly, quiet lot, and may well be classed as a back number. They have no traditions of their ancestors, like other tribes have. They are an inferior race to look at, most of their heads, and consequently to a low grade degree. In times past they have killed a couple of white men, but always taking no chances themselves.

The first emigrant trains for California passed to the south of the Salt Lake through their country. From these the people had down, some horses and cattle, which they ate at first, and afterwards they kept the horses to ride. They now all have horses.

Many miles south from Deep Creek stands Pilot's Peak, one of the landmarks of the desert. Here we go upon a partly demolished emigrant train. From what we can learn there was a large train of emigrants passed the desert at this place some years ago. Some of them got as far north as Salt Lake, where some of their stock was found. When the news arrived in the East settled, with food and in a fortunate condition, the Indians attacked them, and killed many. The survivors moved on under cover of night to the mountains where they now lie. Quite a long and more terrible stand. From those who have been on the ground recently, I learned that they had built up a rock wall and made a fight. But the convoy was no match for rock so near that the Indians had behind it and they could reach the emigrants without any harm to themselves. All but two boys were killed. These made their way to California.

Some other emigrants some long afterwards and buried those killed. One of these that got away came back a few years ago to find the thirty thousand dollars he had left behind in the cave, and, which he believed to had buried, but he could find nothing of it. The Indians in two got it.

You cannot get a word out of the Indians about the fight. All they will say is that some that were in the fight are all dead, or that it was Goose Creek Indians that did the killing.

The articles were collected from them therefore. They would make tools on the heads of the wheels and the stock was lost. The women would not allow them any to see that their stock was gone. There seemed to be no Indian fighters in that part of the country. One time a party of young men followed them. The Indians dared their women coming, and got into the cedars. The company killed of them, and when well in, the Indians opened fire. The surprise had the effect, and a stampede ensued—every fellow for himself. Just Rich was on a large pale face that would beat you. He kicked and spurred with all his might, while the arrows flew thick and fast. When the boys got beyond the cedars they missed "Joe." Howard Bleecker went back and helped him up. "I think I can now see why Rich's looking for dear old Willie" as" caught up with the rest still passing, he said. "Boys, just think of it my father is perhaps even now praying for the success of these Lamanites." The time was just before breakfast, and the chances were that his father was at prayers.

Much trouble did these Indians give to the Overland mail and express company. In the year 1861, the station situated at Deep Creek canyon half way between Willow Springs and Deep Creek, was burned, and seven men were killed—three Cooper's soldiers and two brothers. The station, of necessity, had to be built close to the hill. The boy was marched close to the stable for the same, and shot down near the stable. The Indians shot arrows with fire upon. That set everything afire, and as the sun came out they were dead. One soldier got on a horse and attempted to escape, but the Indians shot through the body, but lived to get to George Boyd's station at Willow Springs, where he told the story and then died. Boyd with some men went up and found everything burned and the Indians gone. The Indians took his little north team. One Indian by the name of William Riley, who was deaf, was only wounded in foot, he fought them hard, but was overpowered at last. The Indians tied him and threat him on the woodpile and burned him alive. One of the Indians had his foot on, and roasted and ate it, so as to make him brave. Water had to be hauled to the station. The water barrel and the soldiers had gone for water to Deep Creek, and carried their lives. George Boyd hours went with bell of Rory and the rest. The soldiers were afterwards taken to Camp Douglas to exercise the two leaders are living, with one white Indian that had lived previously, as a second wife in road side. Only one grave there now—one mark on the grave to tell who the three have been were, who lost their lives by the cowardly Indians, the Overland station as well as men, and horses and four horses were lost at the sale. There are but few of the Indians left other, and none that will own up to being in the massacre. They will tell you that the dead Indians did the deed. They give as a reason that the soldiers killed a lot of their people and buried in Fort Rucker's ranch on Government Creek, in Skull Valley, previously, which they did. I am living in Rush Valley where then lived. Rush and his company came to Rush Valley and settled down. Some years after the company came to Rush Valley, and found the remains of a little enlargement of Strapper Indians that were camped in the cedars near by. The soldiers only shared one—that was Mrs. Bleecker's young Indian Cap. Rush took her to his home, where I saw her when I went over to see what was going on. She told me that he made her sleep with him and he wanted me to make the same for him. I never left off with Rush and told me that he was looking for a chance that she should tell where the rest of the Indians were. I told her she should. She replied that she knew of no other Indians, only her mother and sister, and that they were hunting, and the old hen knew where their were then. I never will forget the poor woman as I left, crying as she gave her heart was broken. It chanced to transpired that Rush was for sending to let wolves eat her, and then sent her off with her. She was afterwards found with a bullet through her head. I visited the dead Indians camp and found the Indians scattered. I visited the fatter and family of Dunnett. It was a pleasant day, and I was all excited to have one's mount dismounted. Riding for little pappoose in her mount or tied on through the wilds should it meet the desperado. There are many stories about the Indians.

Near the Deep Creek there is a big cliff of rocks on the side of the road where the convoy is seen. Rush was up in a hole where an Indian wounded himself, and when the convoy came along, he shot the driver. Mrs. Bleecker was on the stage at the time and was not molested. The driver handed the lines to Mr. Egan, saying, "Here, Egan, take the lines and drive, while I go down in the hole and die," which he did before they got to Willow Springs. The Indians never left the cabin while men was in such easy mining with another man's wife.

If these Indians continue to increase in the future as they have in the past, we will have to import Emigrants to gather the year round to go to work. We think that these Indians have not Four Hundred among them. Neither have they a motley column in the local newspaper. When a child is about to be born the bed puts up their dirty blankets and the young Squaw lies the baby is born the squaw follows the dog. There is no one about it, there are no neighbors to tell to tell "on us," no nursing for a month. If the child lives it is called "Wash-ee-ee," which could translate the 'ee.' It is strapped on a board and there it goes and there it goes.

These Indians have a terrible fear of other Indians. They seldom go away with their own tribe. They go in the winter days and follow up the sheep herds, and will pull the wool off and shed them that are left. They sometimes will be done. They seldom go to Salt Lake shopping, but when they do they should treat good. They have but little use for women's rights people. The squaw is willing to do the work, and too lazy is willing the country.

"Good bye to" they all will to send.

H. L. Foster.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

J. J. CORNELL.

EXTENSION OF ASSESSMENT.

[illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

[illegible]

THOMAS R. JONES,
Administrator of the estate of [illegible]

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

[illegible]

MARSHAL'S SALE.

[illegible]

MARSHAL'S SALE.

[illegible]

MARSHAL'S SALE.

[illegible]

MARSHAL'S SALE.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the Matter of the Estate of Robert Watson, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the Matter of the Estate of Henry S. Fisher, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

BIDS WANTED.

[illegible]

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

SUMMONS.

[illegible]

SUMMONS.

[illegible]

SUMMONS.

[illegible]

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION.

[illegible]

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE.

[illegible]

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

[illegible]

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

NOTICE OF PETITION FOR ADMEASUREMENT OF DOWER.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Utah Territory.

In the Matter of the Estate of Edward Peck, Deceased.

[illegible]

SUMMONS.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

[illegible]

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

[illegible]

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

[illegible]