

## FAMED FAR WEST.

Description of Crooked River Battle Ground.—Other Matters of Interest.

FAR WEST, Caldwell Co.,  
Missouri, Sept. 15, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

Having given you some jottings by the way side up to Richmond, Missouri, we resumed our journey on the 14th inst., taking train at 6:27 a. m. on the St. Joseph, St. Louis and Santa Fe Railroad, twenty miles to Lawson, north from Richmond, where we were compelled to draw on our already taxed patience, and await the tardy arrival of the railway coach, as a change of train was necessary to convey us to Crooked River Battle ground, Bogard's battle field by which title it is so readily known in these parts.

It was over two hours, which seemed to us much longer, before we could leave this insignificant town. However, we felt much better and not half so cross after a square breakfast. We proceeded to the station and at 9:30 were delighted to hear the scream of the locomotive and the call of "All aboard!" for Almira, six miles north-east, where we safely arrived on the well-named Crooked River, two miles from the fated spot we have heard so much about.

During our twenty-six miles ride today, we have had a variety of scenery, and passed over sacred land, beautiful to behold, and very fertile. Why should it not be so, when we realize that we are in what was Eden and its vicinity and surroundings? And are on our way to visit the land where our father Adam dwelt, in Adam-ondi-Ahman, when he was driven out of the Garden of Eden, which is Jackson County, Missouri, and Adam-ondi-Ahman is situated northeast about eighty miles from the Garden of Eden. Who is able to even imagine the depth of thought and pleasure it affords us to know we are permitted and are worthy to live in this momentous day of Gospel dispensation; in a day in which God has fulfilled his promises as found recorded in our text, which was read by us on the sacred temple lot, in Independence, Jackson County, Missouri. It was as follows: "And the angel which spoke to me (said the Prophet Zecharia second chapter, 2:5) who said, 'Jerusalem speak to this young man, saying, Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls,' etc. The visitation of an angel has created much prejudice throughout the world, and we are about to visit some of the results and consequences of it.

Securing a guide, we at once began our journey. Mr. J. M. Trout guided us through the woods, where we found many trees laden with nuts and wild fruits, until we came near old Field Ford, on Crooked River, known hereabouts as Bogard's battle ground. Being somewhat weary and thirsty, for the heat is much more oppressive in this lower altitude even at the same degree than in our higher rarified mountain air. Missouri Butter-milk and corn bread made our lunch while sitting on a log near a cabin, and in full sight of the scene and conflict of Nov. 23, 1838, nearly 50 years ago. After reviewing the grounds and ford we dined with Mr. J. L. Thompson, one fourth of a mile south on the river bluff. He with his two sons well knew the grounds and had often picked up bullets and seen trees marked with these missiles. Also a Mr. Absalom McDonald, who owns the land, and has cut some of the timber therefrom and is now 72 years of age, rode his horse down to the ground and marked out Bogard's camp, 200 yards from Old Field crossing—Bogard's ford—and now known as the McDonald ford. Two large trees stand as memorials in the line of the old camp, one a very large Burr oak, alive, and the other one already dead. It was about 200 yards east of the river to the line of camp, and a bank ran parallel between the river and camp with heavy timber in the background.

It was with solemn and peculiar feelings that we traced those grounds, especially as we continued up the old road to the rather steep hill where stood the picket guard, Mr. John Lockard, who killed Brother Obanion, Mr. Absalom McDonald pointed out the very spot, saying Mr. John Lockard told him that he shot Mr. Obanion just below this elevated and very slightly point. As the men were going down the old road only one of the two guards fired, and both ran for camp, about a quarter of a mile distant. Still further up the road in an old field stands Mr. Field's double two-story house, 30 by 18 feet, built of hewed logs. It looks very lonely and in a state of decay. It has been abandoned for the past ten years, and with the surrounding fields looks forsaken. One of the party said that he had killed three hedge hogs recently in the old house. It was back of this old house where Captain Farnot had divided his forces into three divisions and marched on to the ford, where the conflict occurred, just as the day was dawning, giving the enemy every advantage, as they were looking towards the light and had the bank to serve as a breastwork, yet soon were routed and plunged into the river and scattered.

Many are the rumors as to the cause of this conflict. It is well authenticated that Mr. Bogard's company was burning "Mormon" houses, killing stock, and had already taken three prisoners. Such scenes are very un-

pleasant to contemplate and it is even not consoling to review the grounds.

Far West having been turned into a plow field, there is no railroad communication to that point, much to our inconvenience. We therefore resolved to walk the distance, about sixteen miles, and we were delighted with the rolling prairies mingled with timber land. On Prairie Ridge an Ohio farmer as well as many others on our way, beset us to purchase land and farms, taking us, as we supposed, for land speculators. We had offers of excellent land for from \$10 to \$50 per acre, all through Caldwell County. Our Ohio man explained that he had 240 and a half acres mostly cultivated, with an excellent dwelling house, barn, well of good water, line fences, etc., and indeed his place looked very tempting and desirable. Indeed the land in the whole county is most delightful and rich. "Well," said he, "\$38 per acre, or \$6,072 will take it all." He was very anxious to sell.

Mr. Jacob D. Whitmer, who has the best farm and improvements, embracing the very best portion of old Far West City, including the Temple block, would like to sell out for \$50 per acre, and it is remarkable to see the spirit of selling out. The whole people, so far as we could learn, felt as though they had no desire to live in the country. Elder Stevenson pointed out a portion of the Whitmer field which his widowed mother was compelled to leave unsold; also a parcel of timber land on Goose Creek within one mile of Far West where Governor Lucas's mob camped 50 years ago. Many, very many, can point out old homesteads, until very little of the county will remain with a government title, and those now in possession would be puzzled to show a clear chain of title from the government. Perhaps this is one great cause for the Mania of selling out this once very desirable land.

What a contrast in the price of real estate where the "Mormons" now reside, as compared with this Eden! One corner lot in Salt Lake city which has been transformed from a barren sage brush desert would sell for sufficient to purchase the whole of Far West city plot as it now stands; a city of weeds and grass.

Far West was laid out in 1836, and consisted of the south west quarter of section 11, southeast quarter of section 10, northeast quarter of section 16, northwest quarter of section 14, all in township 36, range 20, containing 640 acres. The blocks were 396 feet square, four main streets 132 feet wide, all other streets 82½ feet in width. Six hundred and forty acres at Mr. Whitmer's highest figure \$50 per acre would amount to \$32,000. A certain party refused \$82,000 for his corner lot in Salt Lake City.

We dare say that a similar state of affairs exists at Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois.

It is a fact that wherever the "Mormons" go, even in the desert, 1000 miles out into the wilderness, as the ancient Prophets have foretold, they make the solitary place glad and the desert to blossom as the rose.

One old barn is all the building which remains of the original town of Far West excepting a portion of Joseph Smith's old frame house which has been removed. We crossed Goose Creek, one mile south of Far West. Shoal Creek is one mile north on the Adam-ondi-Ahman road, and both streams unite one and a half miles northeast of Far West. We found the Temple excavation west of Mr. Whitmer's house, tracing each corner stone distinctly except the northwest, which was rather difficult to find.

We sat upon the corner stone at the southeast corner of the Temple site and wrote some and offered prayers. The dimensions are 80 by 110 feet. The lot is fenced in by itself, containing three acres.

We took dinner with Mr. J. Whitmer, after which he took a good fleet team and conveyed us seven miles to Kingston, the county seat, on our way to Haun's Mill.

We have been treated well and have met with kindness on every hand. Many Ohio people have built up comfortable homes and improved some parts of the country, but are not satisfied with their homes.

EDWARD STEVENSON,  
ANDREW JENSEN,  
J. S. BLACK.

Mr. Van Rensselaer—Do you go to Europe this summer, Miss Manhattan? Miss Manhattan—It is uncertain. Papa has not yet made up his mind as to whether he shall fall or not this spring. If he falls, we shall go. If he doesn't we must be contented with Long Branch or Cape May. My own impression is that he will not fall this year, but hold over until next spring. By that plan we would make a great deal more, and we could stay abroad two or three years.

Scene—Dictation class at school. Teacher: "Now, Johnny, look at this. Is that the way to spell window? W-i-d-o-w." Johnny: "No, sir." Teacher: "What is the difference between window and widow?" Johnny: "You can see through the one but not through the other."

Returned Democratic Delegate—Bill, here's a campaign badge.

Rural Democrat—What fur kind of a durn thing do you call it?

"It's a real bandana handkerchief." "Well, you can keep it. I'll vote the democrat ticket all right, but I ain't got no use for a hankecher, b'gosh."

## HALF A CENTURY SINCE.

Reflections on the Past at Far West—Description of the Scene of the Haun's Mill Massacre.

GALLATIN, Daviess Co., Mo.,  
September 16, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

DEAR BROTHER.—While sitting on the corner stone of the future Far West Temple yesterday and reflecting upon the scenes which took place on that memorable spot fifty years ago, it was moved, seconded and carried unanimously by all present (the number being three Elders from Zion) that we continue to importune at the throne of grace that the Lord will remember the waste places of Zion and permit his Saints to erect the contemplated temple at Far West in the near future, and also build a city and organize a Stake of Zion there. In walking over the excavation made for the temple our minds naturally reverted back to July 3, 1837, when the ground was first broken and to July 4, 1838, (a little more than fifty years ago) when the corner stones were laid with grand ceremonies under the direction of the Prophet Joseph. We also remembered the secret conference held on the temple ground early on the morning of April 26, 1839, when our veteran President, Apostle Willford Woodruff and the late George A. Smith were ordained to their high and holy callings of the Lord Jesus Christ. In standing upon the prominence a little south of the temple overlooking the Goose Creek country southward, we imagined seeing the haughty General Samuel D. Lucas emerging from the timber with his mob-militia and form in line of battle before the now extinct town. We imagined seeing the Prophet of God with his brethren betrayed into the hands of the enemy, and hearing the oaths and cursings of the mobbers as the prisoners entered their ranks like lambs given away to be devoured by wolves. We walked to the brow of the hill where it is supposed the brethren formed in line of battle endeavoring to make a brave stand in defending their homes, wives and children, their rights and sacred honor, against a foe which outnumbered them ten to one. O, how lonesome we felt when we contemplated the sad scene. Then turning our faces northward looking over what was once the public square of Far West we thought of General Clark's infamous speech, of our brethren being compelled to stack their arms and become prisoners of war and finally to see their town pillaged, their cattle shot down, and in some instances witness their wives and daughters defiled by demons in the shape of human beings. But the spirit whispered: "Be calm, Vengeance is mine," said the Lord, "I will repay." And we felt to say that the wrongs of Far West are not forgotten by the Righteous Judge of all.

From Far West the Haun's Mill site was next on our traveling programme, and as the distance to it was nearly twenty-two miles the way the road now run, and no railway connects it, we found it necessary to hire a team in Kingston, the county seat of Caldwell, and travel to the little village of Catawba, in Fairview Township, where we put up for the night.

Early this morning we set out on foot northward toward Shoal Creek. After walking about a mile and a half we turned aside to the house of Mr. James G. Mackey, who proved to be a good-hearted old Kentuckian, for as soon as we had asked him to direct us to the old Haun's Mill site, he took in the situation at once and volunteered to accompany us to the spot. Says he: "Gentlemen I believe in equal rights. I have been oppressed and imposed upon myself, and I know how it is, and I never did approve of the way your people were treated in this country." He took us through the woods and fields direct to the old mill site, and where "Mormontown," as the Missourians called the now extinct town, was situated on a road on the left bank or north side of Shoal Creek. This stream is the largest in Caldwell County, and is about three rods wide where the mill stood. At present there is but a very little water in it, but judging from the high water marks everywhere visible on its banks, and the narrow strips of low-lands on the north side we should judge it capable of rising at least twenty feet during the rainy season. As a remnant of the old mill dam there are still five large pieces of timber left in the middle of the creek. On the south bank the mill dam originally rested upon a solid ledge of rock, upon which we stood. The mill stood on the opposite bank. We found no difficulty in crossing the creek dry-shod, and after doing so we began to search for the old well into which the bodies of nineteen of our brethren were thrown after being cruelly murdered by the mob on the day of the massacre, October 30, 1838. By the assistance of a neighbor we soon found the place, which is designated by an old millstone, formerly belonging to Jacob Haun's mill. This was placed there last fall by Mr. Fuller, of Adair County, Mo., a son of Josiah Fuller, one of the brethren killed at the massacre. This Mr. Fuller came to hunt his father's resting place, being accompanied by a Mr. Charles Ross, of Cowgill, Caldwell Co., who assisted in burying the bodies, or at least in filling up the well some time after the massacre took place. Mr. Ross knew where the place was, but in order to be sure he and Mr. Fuller dug down a few feet until they came to

the rockwork of the well, and thus being satisfied that it was the right place, they moved the old mill stone, which had been lying for forty-nine years near the old millsite, and placed it edgewise on the memorable grave. We made a thorough survey of the premises and found the well to be just ninety-four yards northwest of the old mill dam, near four young elm trees, overgrown with wild grapevines. We also took particular notice of a high bank of yellow clay on the south side of the creek, immediately below the mill site. Hence, if the few remaining timbers of the old dam in course of time should entirely disappear, this landmark could easily determine the exact location.

Mr. Mackey also showed us the spot where, in the time of the massacre the old blacksmith shop stood, in which so many of our brethren were outcared in the most merciless manner, and the place where Mr. Rogers literally "killed" pieces Thomas McBride the old Revolutionary soldier, with a corn cut. Our guides also pointed out the direction from which the mob came, where they first opened fire as they approached the little settlement from the north, and where the defenceless women and children fled up the opposite bank of the stream. "How long, O Lord, holy and true, before thou wilt avenge our blood upon those who dwell upon the earth." The grounds on the north side of Shoal Creek where the settlement stood is now owned by a Mr. John B. Lallan, who lives about a quarter of a mile northwest from the mill site. The only building standing on or near the old townsite is a small frame house, once owned by the above named Charles Ross, of Cowgill. The geographical or exact location of the Haun's Mill massacre is "the west half of the northeast quarter of Section 17, Township 56, Range 26." The municipal name of the township is Fairview, and the millsite is about two miles north of Catawba, eight and a half miles northeast of Braymer, on the St. Louis, Milwaukee and Chicago Railway, and eight miles southwest of Breckenridge on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway. While examining the surroundings a number of men came around apparently willing to render us such aid as we might need. They all condemned the outrage perpetrated upon the Mormons at the time of the massacre, and the way the Saints were deprived of their homes and lands. One gentleman even went so far as to say that if we wished to look up old titles to the lands vacated by the Mormons and now in possession of others by virtue of imperfect titles he would give us all the information he could, "for," said he, "the Mormons have been unjustly dealt with, and I would like to see them have their rights." We informed him that we had not come for purposes of that kind as our people have left their case in the hands of God, who in due season no doubt would deal out justice to all; but we thanked him nevertheless for his good feelings toward us. Nearly all who participated in the massacre are now dead, or have moved away, so that their whereabouts, if alive, are not known. Some of the murderers have died in disgrace and shame, haunted by their consciences until their last hours. Others have boasted of their dastardly deeds, until they have been smitten with sickness and misery, in the midst of which they would curse God and die.

Mr. Nehemiah Comstock, one of the leaders of the mob who committed the murders expired years ago in Livingston County a good-for-nothing drunkard. His mother was also a drunkard and died a pauper and in the midst of misery in a Kentucky poorhouse. We will not forget to state that the region around Shoal Creek, where Haun's Mill stood, is much heavier timbered than it was fifty years ago, and a fine grove of locust trees now covers the site of old "Mormon Town." A resident of Kingston, who yesterday pointed out to us a number of farms once owned by the Saints said, that in going through Caldwell County, he could always distinguish the old Mormon homesteads from all others. We asked him to describe to us the difference between Mormon farms and others. "Well," said he nearly every one of the "Mormons" planted locust trees around their buildings which was something the Missourians never thought of doing, and these have now grown and spread, until there are locust groves nearly on every farm where the "Mormons" resided.

After offering our prayers by the rude tombstone and making the proper entries in our memorandum books we left the fatal spot on Shoal Creek and traveled partly by team and partly on foot to Breckenridge, a fine little town in the northeast corner of Caldwell County. From there we took train for Chillicothe, Livingston County, and thence to Gallatin, Daviess Co., where we arrived about sundown today. Tomorrow we expect to visit Adam-ondi-Ahman.

ANDREW JENSEN,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

A dispatch from Rawlins, Wyoming, to the Cheyenne Leader, of Sunday morning says that the murderer of S. Morris Wain and Charles Livingston Strong was arrested at Lander Saturday by Arthur Sparhawk, sheriff of Fremont County. He has been identified beyond all question, as the property in his possession told the story. The prisoner claims that he is from Sundance.

## NEWS NOTES.

Items Gathered from Various Sources.

Moscow (I. T.) Sept. 23.—The door and planing mill of W. D. Robbins was destroyed by fire at 4 o'clock this afternoon. It is supposed that the origin of the fire was a hot box on the top of the building. Loss, \$10,000; insured for \$4,000. The property was in litigation when burned.

Winnemucca, (Nev.) Sept. 22.—News has been received of the killing of James Isaacs by D. I. Shirk, at Stein Mountain, over one hundred miles northwest from here, in Grant County, Or. They had a dispute about land, when Shirk, used a Henry rifle, shooting Isaacs. Both were stockmen.

Port Townsend (W. T.), Sept. 23.—The little four-year-old son of Captain Smith of the British bark *Pakistan*, lumber-laden for Melbourne, accidentally fell overboard as the vessel was passing Cape Flattery, last Saturday, and was drowned. The father jumped after his child and was nearly drowned before being rescued.

Port Townsend, W. T., Sept. 20.—News has just been received that a daughter of Charles Heller, aged four years, residing in Quillacene Valley, was burned to death last week. Her clothes ignited from the hearth. The father was absent from home, and no one was in the house when the accident happened. The child was frightfully burned about the limbs and neck, and died after two days of suffering.

Aspen, Colo., Sept. 18.—John Mahoney was killed in the Silver Bell mine late last night. He and another man were at work at the bottom of the shaft, which is 85 feet deep. They had some shots ready to put off and Mahoney started up the bucket, intending to send the bucket back after his partner. When about 50 feet up he fell. The cause of his falling is not known. His legs were broken and it was found that he was internally injured. He lingered in great agony until 7 o'clock this morning, when he died. Deceased was 27 years old.

San Marcial, N. M., Sept. 18.—Last night Patrick Carmody, Desideria Jopola and Remaldo Gonzales, three prisoners under sentence of death for murder, escaped from the Socorro County jail. The three men were confined in the same cell. The escape was effected by filing the bars and then digging through the wall. Their escape reawakens interest in the most celebrated murder case in the criminal annals of the Territory and likewise recalls one of the most atrocious crimes in the history of New Mexico. The murder, of which the three men were equally guilty, was committed in this city early in the fall of 1882, the unfortunate victim being an old gray-haired man named Wm. Wiggins.

Nogales, A. T., Sept. 20.—Further particulars from the disaster at the San Geronimo mine, in Sonora, which occurred on Monday last, state that Superintendent Melle was killed outright. His death did not result from a cave of the mine, as first supposed, but from a cave-in of the ground beneath the office. Melle had just gone into the office to arrange for paying of the men employed in the mine and mill at the time, and the men were standing about on the outside of the office, when the ground suddenly gave way, precipitating the office and superintendent into old workings several hundred feet below the surface. The employees standing in the vicinity of the office all managed to escape. After considerable labor the remains of Melle were taken from the subterranean ruins and prepared for shipment to this place, where the funeral will take place.

Lamar, Colorado, Sept. 18.—The people of Richfield, Kansas, Boston, Springfield, Vilas, Minneapolis and Carris, in this State, are taking steps to organize 200 troopers to go into the neutral strip and retake the stolen horses and other property and capture the thieves. Their principal object will be to get the thieves. They are said to be fortified in Squaw Canon, and persons who have seen the place say that it is a natural fortification, and that it will be hard to dislodge the men who have taken refuge there. There is a feeling of insecurity all along the border, and the people say they will no longer stand the depredations of the thieves. There have been a half-dozen armed parties of settlers in the strip looking for stolen property, but in each case the attempt was fruitless, and the people of the various towns have now determined by a united effort to break up the outlaws and regain their property.

## Malad Stake Conference.

The conference of Malad Stake of Zion, held at Malad City on the 15th and 16th insts., was a most interesting one. Besides the Stake officials there were present on the occasion Apostle Lorenzo Snow, President Seymour B. Young and Stake Counselor M. F. Cowley of Oneds Stake.

The ward reports were duly read and the Stake totals given; after which the above named brethren spoke on the law of tithing and the building of Church academies, in an instructive and interesting manner. A good feeling prevailed and the sweet music rendered by the Malad choir filled the hearts of all with gladness.

WM. ANTHONY, Clerk.