

his immediate release by General Wilson? In the afternoon of the day after Brother William's visit to the prisoner and the prayer meeting at night, General Wilson ordered the prisoner brought to his tent and the guard to be for the present dismissed. He then told the prisoner that he felt a strange indescribable interest and love for him; wanted to know where he was born, how he came to be there, where his relatives were and many more such items; offered to adopt him and make him one of the richest men in Missouri if he would accept a pass and an escort to his own home or residence. Benjamin told the general that he had father, mother, brothers and sisters, and would rather go to them than anywhere else on earth. The general did not blame him for that, but seemed to love him all the more for his affection and love of home; said he would fix a way by which he could get home, but he must do just as he told him, for the soldiers must not know where he was, or what had become of him.

This filled the prisoner with apprehensions for the safety of life if any soldier should find him. The general then called his aide-de-camp and ordered him to write a pass for the young man to go where he pleased; and then instructed the aide to conduct him safely to any place in town he wanted to go, with a caution that no soldier should see them, and that he must leave the town before night. My father's house was just out of sight of other houses in the woods and there the aide left him.

His story was soon told; what he had done and must do, immediately. He hurriedly partook of food. Mother found him a few matches and, with a little corn bread, he started through the woods to Far West, distant 25 miles. No blanket or extra article of clothing was to be had. In the same suit of clothes in which he had sat day and night for ten cold, stormy November days, he sallied out just before night to go as far and fast as he could from those that would kill him on sight.

At ten or eleven o'clock that night he came to a house, knocked, and the door was opened by a man who inquired what he wanted. He said he wanted a place to lie down and sleep and rest—he was cold and tired. The man pushed the door wide open and told him to look in. He saw no place on the floor where he could even stand. Every foot of space was covered with men, women and children, in best clothing and shape to pass the night—pilgrims fleeing from their homes, by order of Governor Boggs, and seeking a home beyond the Mississippi.

The man said there was another house in the same timber a mile or so further on, where there would be plenty of room. The boy, sadly and slowly, wandered in the snow and cold until he came to a house, and on calling found it to be the same one he had left an hour or two before. The man, who kept fires while the others slept, was moved with pity for the young wanderer, and showed him the way to the next house, where he was made welcome, but was too cold, tired and hungry to sleep much.

At dawn he must march on, facing a severe wind—keeping away from the road—across the bleak prairies. Most of the day he traveled backward, being unable to face so fierce a wind in his light clothing. Once in the night he had tried to make a fire without success, and used up all his matches, and now in the day time the wind grew more fierce, and with only a small piece of corn bread the whole day, he grew faint, and a little after noon he began to feel that he must perish, the cold was so intense, the wind so severe, and the snow so deep. He came

to a very low place in the prairie where there was a piece of very tall grass as if it were a swampy place in summer. He wished for a match to set that grass on fire so he could warm himself. With the wish he intuitively put his finger in his pocket to feel for a match without a hope to find one, but to his surprise there was one, with which he started a fire on the grass and thus got warmed to life and hope, and to this day he believes that match saved his life.

In all that day he traveled only twelve miles, but reached Far West, where he found friends and relatives. But he must not stop long there—must get beyond Missouri, so he and Arthur Millken, who was wounded at Crooked Creek and was also under the ban, put their fortunes and misfortunes together and started for Fort Leavenworth, Indian Territory, which they reached in safety afoot, avoiding all roads and settlements.

In 1839, while my father and all his family were sick in Nauvoo, Benjamin came to our house and became our nurse for a short time. But there were so many sick in the settlement, that he went from house to house helping the most needy and afflicted.

In the midst of his good labors among the sick he was prostrated with chills and fever. He had suffered with that disease for a time when he received a letter from some of his family at Springfield, Ill., saying that his mother was very sick, and advising him to come as soon as possible as her recovery was doubtful. His mother was the joy and stay of the family, and Benjamin was ready to undertake almost an impossibility to see his dearly beloved parent once more—his love for her, his faith and his will power, so far overcame the disease that he prepared hastily for the journey of over 100 miles on horseback, and at the last farewell he went to the Prophet with a ten dollar bill, all the money he had, from which he asked him to take one dollar for his titling. Joseph made the change and laid in his hand nine dollars—instantly he struck the hand upward and scattered the money over the floor. That was one of his acts of cheerfulness which he often indulged in with those he was familiar with. Instead of going after the money Benjamin, just like another boy, jumped right at Joseph for a retailing scuffle, forgetful of his weak condition. About the second exertion of his strength he nearly fainted, which reminded him that he was a little more than a boy in the hands of that mighty man, for Joseph was a powerful man physically as well as mentally.

When Benjamin left the house Joseph went with him as far as the gate, where they stopped for a formal parting, at which Joseph, placing his hands upon his head, poured out his soul in blessings upon him. One item can not be forgotten—he said that God should send with him an angel that should keep him from destruction and should never leave him. It is sufficient for me to add without going into details, that on two occasions upon that journey he was saved from death in a manner that was evidence of the presence and interposition of that angel.

From 1839 he was gone two and a half years on an Eastern mission, and on his return settled at Ramus or Macedonia, and there became legal agent and business partner of the Prophet Joseph Smith and as trustee under him for Macedonia, to use his name in deeds, bonds and business transactions in general.

Benjamin was a member of the council of fifty organized by the Prophet, who married two of his sisters as his plural wives. After the death of the Prophet Joseph he was called by

President Brigham Young to take charge of the Mansion House hotel, which he did until the vacating of Nauvoo by the Saints in 1846. He received his endowments in the Temple at Nauvoo; he came to Utah, in 1848, in Willard Richards's company; settled in the Sixteenth ward, Salt Lake City; was a member of the provisional government and of the first Legislature assembled in Utah, as representative from Salt Lake county; was captain of the first organized and uniformed militia company in the Territory. He holds a full sized "sheep skin" with Judge Kinney's name attached as chief justice of Utah, entitling him to plead law in any court in the Territory, but he preferred the life of the Pioneer and colonist in all that the term implies, and his home is now in Mesa City, Arizona.

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

IS THE RACE DECAYING?

On the 13th inst., Dr. J. H. Kellogg of Battle Creek, Michigan, read a paper before the Philanthropic convention in session there, upon the subject: "Are we a dying race?" He said in part:

Notwithstanding our marvelous accumulations of wealth and wisdom, we are certainly going down physically toward race extinction. This assertion will doubtless appear in the highest degree reckless, and perhaps absurd, in the face of the well known fact that the length of the average human life has been doubled in the last two centuries. But vital statistics are not the true measure of constitutional vigor of the race. The true measure is the number of individuals per thousand or million who attain great age.

Sanitariums pride themselves on having saved millions of lives and the credit claimed is justly due. Nevertheless we must not see in this great increase in the average length of human life an indication that by continuation of the same method human longevity may be indefinitely or even greatly increased. It is high time that society gave more serious attention to the great class of bankrupts by heredity, from which springs the greater share of crimes and criminals, cranks, lunatics, fanatics and imbeciles.

The remedy to be found is the cultivation of private hygiene. More attention must be given to the training of the individual; men and women must be made to see that the prevalent conditions of our modern civilization are unnatural and tend to the deterioration of the vital powers and the development of diseases. So long as man regards his body as a harp of pleasure to be played upon while its strings can be made to respond, so long will he continue to travel down the hill of physical decadence and degeneration, in spite of quarantine laws and the most minute sanitary regulations.

There is much practical truth in the foregoing: The tendencies of modern civilization are extremely detrimental to health and longevity, and are rapidly becoming more so. It is, therefore, a matter of serious doubt whether medical science will be able to cope with those tendencies with sufficient success to maintain, to say nothing of increasing, the present average of longevity. Private hygiene and personal habits of diet, work and pleasure demand the consideration of every member of modern civilized society, or the race must become shorter lived. But by conforming to nature's laws perfectly, the age of man may be made the age of a tree.

C. C. Theilan, aged 50 years, committed suicide Saturday evening at Santa Ana, Cal., by shooting himself in the head. He had been in bad health