A "BATTALION BOY."

Personal Reminiscences of Jesse B. Martin.

Correspondence of the News.

SUTRO, March 29, 1894.—Thinking a short account of my travels with the Battalion Saints might be welcome to the readers of your interesting paper, I submit the following and if you will think it worthy of publication, you are welcome.

My father's name was Hiram C. Martin, my mother's, Matilda Butler, daughter of Mark Butler, who was the father of Jacob G. Butler, of Nephi. I was born on the 11th day of April, 1835, in Harrison county, state of Virginia. It is now called West Virginia.

The first Gospel sermon I heard preached by an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was in May, 1847; the Elder's name was Lorenzo D. Barnes. He was preaching in the woods near the banks of the west fork of the Monongahela river. I received a testimony that day that Joseph was a true Prophet of God, and that testimony has remained with me from that day to this. My father emigrated to Caldwell county, Missouri, in 1838, and arrived near Far West some time in September, I think.

Soon after our arrival in the county David Patten led a company of the Caldwell militia against a mob led by Rogers. Brother Patten fell wounded in that battle and was brought to Stephen Winchester's, where he died about Daybreak at night. I was standing by his bed when he died. The last words I remember hearing him say were, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul." I did not see Joseph Smith in Missouri; he was betrayed by Colonel Hinkle into the hands of the mob and carried away before I saw him. I used a boy about 12 years old, my mother and myself in the thick brush, to keep us out of the hands of the mob, who were carrying boys off to make them tell where their fathers were secreted. I left the state of Missouri the following March. My father took a poor family to the Mississippi river before he took his own family.

The first time I saw the Prophet Joseph was at a conference near Quincy, Illinois. When he came to speak there was a halo of light around his head. I knew then that he was a Prophet. After Joseph moved to Nauvoo, I visited him at his house to see the records of Abraham. He took much pains to show me the records. The last time I saw Joseph alive was a short time before he went to Carthage. He reviewed the Legion, riding his sorrel horse. The next time I saw him was in his house at Nauvoo after his assassination at Carthage. I left Nauvoo on the 9th of February, 1846, driving one of George A. Smith's teams; went to the camp at the Sutes at Sugar Creek. I was traveling during the winter and spring through snow and mud, with the poor suffering much with cold and wet, at length arriving at the banks of the Missouri river, where I, with five hundred of the camp of Israel, enlisted to fight the Mexicans. The most of us were marched to Lower California and on the 16th of July, 1847, we were mustered out of service at Los Angeles. Then we traveled north to Sutter's Fort, some forty of us stopped and worked for Sutter two weeks, while building a saw mill in the mountains; the gold was discovered. We worked in the mines washing gold for a short time. Quite a company came to Salt Lake valley in September, 1848. President Young had a boat prepared for us on the 6th of October (1848); it was a happy time for us after the hardships of our travels from the Missouri river to the Pacific Ocean and back to Salt Lake valley.

JESSE B. MARTIN.

FAIR CLARA.

A Prosperous Town and a Contented People in Style.

ST. GEORGE, March 28, 1894.

Editor Deseret News:

Perhaps you have never heard of the pretty and industrious town Bank Clara. It is situated about five miles a little south of west from the city of St. George, Washington county, Utah. Its residents are naturally proud of their town, and one of them tells me he believes it is one of the prettiest places in Utah. He also gives me the following: Spring has come and makes everything look pleasing and beautiful. Most all the fruit trees, except pear and apple, are in blossom; fall grain is about five or six inches, spring grain two or three inches and beets about three inches high. All these give the place a very pretty appearance. Leaves are beginning to come forth from our shade trees, such as cottonwood, poplar and mulberry. There is but one weeping willow tree in the place, which John Gear owns.

The people of Clara suffered many hardships from want of feed, clothing, etc., when they first came to settle this country. My parents lived in a cellar dug in the ground, with a willow and mud roof, which they thought was very good at that time. They have suffered from a flood which washed away the whole settlement save one house, standing at present about one mile above the present location.

The population of Clara is small, numbering about 225 souls, yet it has a very good showing. There are five tabernacles belonging to the Swiss and German mission, namely, Theodore Gist, Hermann Hafen, William Tobler, Edward Friedel, Henry Dutzeel. They are a young and inexperienced band, and they are meeting with good success. Clara has a good record in regard to moderation and tithing. The people fulfill their tithes and up to date they have paid their tithing and requirements. We have no drunkards on the main Clara and very few men who swear. We have no card or dice, no Sunday School, no dance with the universal company. He is home now, at old age.

I have been informed that a very terrible accident occurred in Seattle (Hiro—) (excuse us we are stretching the west side of our body). Was it received in Utah?

The people are enjoying splendid health at present. Hodges Gear was considerable sickened in Mesquite but now is quite recovering from cause in the other side of the world.

The people of Clara are taking of building a new meeting house, which they need, because the old one will hold the people more longer. Our town is a-a-a-