

in the country. Four men were sent from each camp to hunt cattle. Twelve head were killed, seven by the men of company B. The meat I thought sweeter than the states beef. The cattle were of Mexican stock. As we were short of salt, orders were to "jerk" the fresh meat. My health was so poor I could hardly travel. Having a little ginger I made tea and drank it. On the 4th we had orders to be ready to march by 1 p.m. I was detailed to lead a pack mule, and notwithstanding we only marched about eight miles, I was so weak that I could not keep up with the command. I fell to the rear and was obliged to lie down several times before reaching camp. That evening the colonel gave orders that next morning the guards must shoulder their knapsacks and blankets. He was told that some of the companies had their private wagons to carry their blankets and knapsacks. He said he didn't "care a d—; they should carry their knapsacks and blankets."

On the 5th four young bulls were killed, brought to camp and dressed. During that day's march we saw about 4,000 wild cattle. On the 7th we laid by to await the return of the guides who had gone ahead to pioneer our way. Late in the evening they came in and reported the next water thirty miles. The next morning, before taking up the line of march, we buried Brother Elisha Smith. He had been sick for several days. We made a brush heap over his grave and burned it to hide him from Indians and wild beasts. That evening we camped without water.

From this time on my health began to improve. On the following day we reached the San Pedro river about noon, where we halted for refreshments. Bands of wild horses, wild cattle and antelope were seen. A few of the latter were killed. On the 10th we camped near some old vacated adobe buildings on the banks of the San Pedro. There the boys caught lots of fine fish. The next day while marching down the river a number of wild cattle became frightened and charged upon our ranks goring two mules to death, while some of the men were badly wounded by their horns. They were fired at when ten of them fell. They were mostly bulls.

On the 13th at noon the colonel halted to await the return of the guides who as usual were ahead to look out the route. They soon returned and reported that the next water was twenty miles distant on a trail leading to a garrison fifty or sixty miles distant. They had met with a party of Mexicans from whom they learned there were 200 regulars and two cannon at the garrison and that they had been watching our movements for several days. At 3 p.m. the colonel called out the battalion on parade using up the afternoon in the drill. The next morning at 7 o'clock we took up the line of march for the garrison, determined to overcome every obstacle, as the guides asserted that to go in any other direction would be more than a hundred miles out of our way, over hills and mountains almost impassable.

We had made but a short march, when we passed a Mexican distillery

where liquor was being made from roots of the mescal. Some of the boys tasted the whisky, they pronounced it poor stuff.

Marching two miles farther the colonel took two Mexican prisoners and confined them under guard as spies. The next morning they were liberated and by sunrise we were on the march with loaded muskets, as it was said we would not be allowed to pass the garrison without resistance on their part. About the middle of the afternoon we arrived at Tucson where the garrison was. We passed through the town and camped a mile away unmolested. On our approach the soldiers and most of the inhabitants had fled, taking pretty much all the public property, with the exception of two thousand bushels of wheat. Of this the colonel took what he needed for present use. Tucson was nothing but a Mexican outpost against Indians.

At night I was placed on horse guard half a mile away from camp. About midnight I was startled at the sudden beating of drums. Every moment I expected to hear the roar of firearms believing the Mexicans were on us sure. Soon everything quieted down. On going to camp next morning I learned that two of our picket guards had orders if they saw anything in the shape of danger to fire an alarm and run into camp. This they had done when the whole army was called to arms. Lines were formed ready for action, but no enemy making an appearance, all retired to their tents and passed the night in sweet repose, with the exception of those who had eaten too freely of boiled wheat and had the diarrhea.

It was refreshing to behold green patches of wheat and fruit trees and to see swine and fowls running about. The finest quinces I had ever seen or slace, were here. There were three or four little mills for grinding grain that went by donkey power, the upper stone revolving just as fast as Mr. Donkey pleased to walk.

On the 18th we left Tucson, continuing our march down a creek in a northerly direction. After going a few miles, orders were to water the teams and fill our canteens, as the guides said the next water was forty miles distant. We hauled until 9 at night. Early the next morning we were on the march toward a high peak. In shape it resembled a cow's horn sticking up; the guides called it "The Great Horn," said near the mountain was water for the men but none for the teams. The weather was extremely warm for the season. Men were dry and canteens empty, and on arriving at the water orders were given not to use a cup but to take it by "word of mouth." At once the whole army was either lying or kneeling down drinking from the little mud puddles. Somehow or other it brought to my mind Gideon and his men, especially his three hundred that lapped water with their tongues as recorded in Judges, 7th chapter.

H. W. BIGLER.

#### LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

130 BARRACK STREET,  
Glasgow, Scotland, June 2, 1894.

We will forego the preliminaries so common to the amateur correspondent by offering as an apology for our pre-

sumption that we think there are many among the host of readers of your invaluable paper who cherish a warm spot in their hearts for the land of their birth and the home of their childhood, and who have an abiding interest in the progress of the great latter-day work both at home and in this little green spot in the ocean. To those we would say that there is a steady, onward progress of the work in this the Scottish conference. The nine Elders laboring under the direction of Elder S. P. Drany, president of the conference, are working unitedly for the spread of the principles of righteousness. And their efforts are crowned with a degree of success. While the hardy Scotchman has been ever accredited with having a mind and will of his own, which is decidedly a national characteristic, yet he also has the courage of his convictions; and when convinced that he has not "chosen the better part," he has the stamina to come come out boldly and face the opposition and oppression with an unflinching determination not met with in every land. It is an old saying, "If a Scotchman fall in the river, always go up stream to find him," the inference being that he is too contrary to float with the current but rather choosing to stem the tide. In our travels we find many who are still stemming the tide of popular opinion, all faithful members in whom the Gospel spark burns as brightly as when first implanted there, which in some cases is more than a quarter of a century ago; who are never faltering in their testimonies as to the divinity of the mission of our martyred Prophet and the efficacy of the Gospel plan to which they have yielded obedience, and have proven the scripture "if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

We meet the same complaint here that greeted our ears in every city, county, town and shire that we have visited in England and Scotland, and that is that returning Elders will not keep their promises to write. How often is it the case that Elders come and fill a good honorable mission; work hard to scatter seeds of kindness, and disseminate the principles of righteousness with all the power they are blessed with; who have partaken freely of the hospitalities of both Saints and strangers; who have made friends and admirers among those where they were called to labor, when they were starting for that "land over there," have said, if not always by word, at least by implication, "Oh, yes; I will write to my good kind friends over here as soon as I get home." But weeks run into months, and months add themselves together and no tidings comes from him whom the people had learned to honor and respect; and by thus failing to keep their promise, or if not a promise, to perform the common civilities to those left behind, who have a right to expect a token of respect and gratitude from him who has placed himself under obligations for kindnesses received while here, but apparently forgotten, in too many cases, as soon as he is released to return home it is often the case that he destroys much of the influence he might have had for good; and entails a hardship