

banks of the Salmon, watching Long Tom spearing fish. Old Izaak Walton was surely not a warmer enthusiast, nor a greater expert at his favorite employment than this noble son of the forest, and though the skies of England may be warmer, the streams that Izaak haunted could not have been clearer, nor their banks greener than the Salmon. Neither were the skies bluer, the zephyrs fresher, or the heart of the celebrated angler more lofty in its appreciation of nature than was the heart of the "untutored savage" as he wandered along the green bank of his favorite stream. Each unerring dash with his spear resulted in a struggle and the successful capture of a fine salmon, and in a very short time Long Tom was the proud possessor of a dozen fish, each weighing from thirty-five to forty pounds. To illustrate the struggle between man and fish, Elder Day relates how another Indian, less strong and expert than Long Tom, arrived in the field, and in spearing a salmon of about thirty-five pounds was overcome by the struggles of the fish and violently drawn into the river. "How did he extricate himself from the struggle?" was asked, "Oh," was the reply, "they are almost like fish themselves; he came out all right, tightly clinging to the fishing pole and successfully captured his victim."

At one time the Indians erected their lodges close to the little fort. In a short time they were severely attacked by small-pox. After passing through a heavy siege of this, they suddenly departed in the night, leaving their lodges, but no word or message. Soon a rumor spread that a squaw had died of the dread disease, and was left unburied in one of the lodges. Here was a dilemma. Who would volunteer to go and bury the dead and clear away the infected lodge? Most of the company declared their own lives too valuable for such a risk, but three of the brethren, Elder Day, Richard Margetts and James Walker, volunteered to do the much needed work. It was carried out successfully and no small-pox ever broke out in the camp.

Spring opened with the blue skies, bracing atmosphere, bird song and roaring rivers of this beautiful northern clime. The seeds and grain were to be planted for the support of the missionaries and the five or six women and accompanying children who formed the society of the fort. Elder Day cleared some willows off a sunny slope on the bank of the Salmon. The land was rich, irrigation would be easy, and with a taste for gardening already cultivated by experience, joyful anticipation was reaching ahead to a time when the mellow autumn should reward the cheerful planting with a luscious harvest. The seeds were planted unsparingly, the early summer was advancing and the beautiful green things, so rich with promise, were watched with that loving interest known only to the gardener who loves his work. Who does not know all earthly things are but fleeting and uncertain? Even beneficent Nature is often thwarted in her generous designs. In this case the eager, watchful missionary was startled one warm summer morning to find that busy, voracious destroyer, the grasshopper, hard at work on the little plants. Every effort was made to save

the crops, but without success, and before night they were totally destroyed. By the second sunset there was not a green spear in all the fields that had been so verdant but forty-eight hours before.

In the meantime another fort had been added to the old one for grain stacks and stock and a small grist mill had been built.

The crops having been lost, and provisions beginning to show signs of approaching exhaustion, it was deemed advisable to send a committee of about ten men to Salt Lake to obtain fresh supplies. President Smith placed papers in the hands of Elder Day, authorizing him to canvass the settlements of northern Utah for a supply of provisions for the mission, and then gave him permission to remain at his home in Salt Lake until he could make an outfit of his own with which to return.

This was a close time for the missionaries. Elder Day had no breakfast before starting, for his meal had run out and he had not the heart to touch the little there was in the fort among those who were to remain. But men will not see their companions suffer if there can be found relief, and the company shared the little that was theirs with him. On the third day they met a mountaineer, who, discovering their half starved condition, directed them to Fort Hall, where he had cached a sack of flour. After obtaining this they were no longer in need. Fort Hall had formerly been the trading post of the Henderson Bay Fur Company, but was now deserted.

During Elder Day's stay in Salt Lake, according to President Smith's permission, he was one of a party with Brigham Young which visited Big Cottonwood Lake, on an excursion, in July, 1857. While there an express arrived informing the President of the approach of Johnston's army. The news did not shock the people as might be supposed. They were unconscious of offense to the government, and the peace of an innocent mind is not easily disturbed. Nevertheless, the wisdom was seen of concentrating the meager strength of the people and of collecting into a firmer body the little settlements that were scattered and defenseless. Elder Smith returned to Fort Lemhi in the fall of the same year, 1857, found that the people had raised bountiful harvests, and had divided the farms among themselves which had hitherto been held in common. There was a mountaineer named Powell who had lived with the Indians—a tough whose aim in life, if he had any, was toward low and sordid ends. On hearing of the approach of soldiers to destroy the "Mormons" he persuaded the Indians to believe that they might as well take advantage of the situation and steal the stock belonging to the fort. In some manner this design was suspected and communicated on February 24th, 1858, to Elder Day, who in turn communicated to President Smith his reasons for believing that the Indians were becoming disaffected. One man, George McBride, standing beside the President, laughed scornfully at the idea of trouble with the Indians, but Brother Day adhered to his belief. On the next day, February 25th, 1858, while engaged in repairing a house, he noticed

that the Indians were moving suspiciously toward the cattle. He immediately gave the alarm. President Smith and two other men had taken their teams and gone to the mountains. Others had taken advantage of the fine, sunny day and had gone to haul up hay that had been stacked in the field during the summer. Only nine remained to snatch their arms and start in pursuit of the marauding savages. As they approached them, McBride, being on horseback, made a dash toward the herd. An Indian's bullet whizzed through the air and he lay a corpse upon the plain. The Indians lost no time in securing his scalp. By this time the missionaries had discovered that the few savages who were driving the cattle away were not all with whom they would have to cope. Rocky Kay, the fine, commanding chief, who looked almost like a giant, was dashing here and dashing there, giving his commands in stentorian tones, and discharging his gun in the direction of the men who sometimes heard the whizzing of the bullets in unpleasant proximity, and to the amazement of the little band they found themselves surrounded by stationed companies of Indians on every hand. It was estimated by President Smith, an eye witness, that the number of Indians surrounding the nine men was from three to four hundred. With the killing of McBride, the finding of an unconscious herdsman who had been shot, stripped to the waist and left for dead, and the full comprehension of the perilous situation, the men lost courage and a panic ensued. All began to run in different directions. One young man, who had previously boasted of his valor in Indian troubles in California, was the worst frightened of the lot. Elder Day comprehended the danger at once and called loudly, imploring the men to take courage, remain in a solid little phalanx, appoint a captain and obey his orders. They rallied immediately, appointed Wm. Taylor (now of Harmony, Washington County) captain, and then beat a retreat toward the fort. This was no easy matter, for the enemy was between them and the fort, which lay to the south. But they pressed forward solidly and bravely, leveling their guns at the Indians as they approached them. The latter would whirl away to avoid the threatening fire, and station themselves farther, when the same tactics would be repeated. Soon the Indians, tired of harassing the men, started off in the direction of the stock. These they secured, and the missionaries lost 185 cattle and thirty head of horses.

I should have mentioned that during the threatened panic, before the men organized, an Indian rode swiftly toward Elder Day, banging to his horse with one arm and one foot, concealing his body behind his horse (a custom of some Indians in times of danger) quickly alighted, knelt at a short distance and took deliberate aim at Elder Day. The latter looked calmly down the barrel of the gun without making any movement. For some unaccountable reason the Indian jumped up, mounted his horse and dashed off without firing his gun.

When the party arrived at the fort, carrying along the wounded herdsman, the first one they met was President Smith, standing at the gate with an