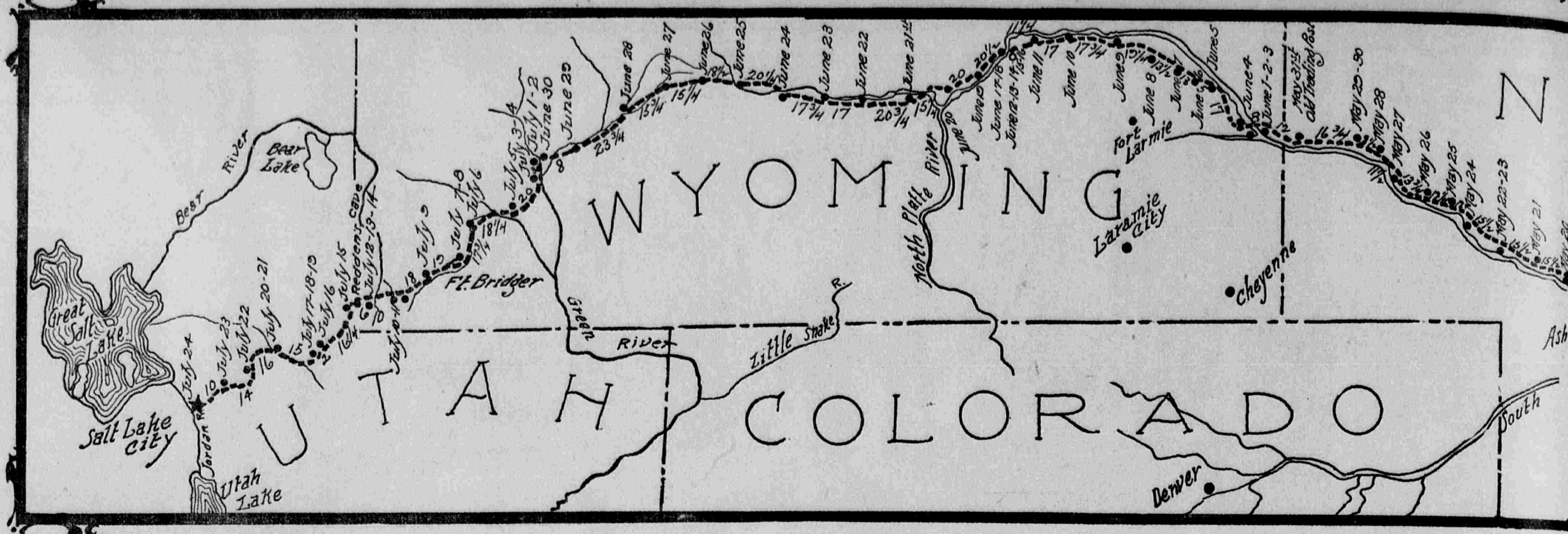


Weary Path Trodden by Intrepid Band,



By diligent inquiry from all sources where the information was obtainable and by advertisements spread broadcast all over the west, the Deseret News has sought to obtain the names of the surviving members of the original band of pioneers who entered the Salt Lake valley July 24, 1847, with Pres. Brigham Young. Up to this date, only 10 have been located, and it is believed that the list is an accurate one. Interviews with these veterans, and sketches of their career, compiled by correspondents of this paper during the past week, are presented herewith. Their names are:

Andrew P. Shumway of Franklin, Idaho.
Thomas P. Cloward of Payson, Utah.
Isaac Perry Decker of Haden, Idaho.
Ozro Eastman of Idaho Falls, Idaho.
Conrad Kleinman of St. George, Utah.
William C. A. Smoot of Sugar House, Utah.
Horace Thornton of Mantt, Utah.
William P. Vance of Lund, Nevada.
Lorenzo Sobieski Young, Huntington, Utah.
James Wesley Stewart, Cokeville, Wyoming.

ANDREW P. SHUMWAY OF FRANKLIN, IDAHO.

ANDREW P. SHUMWAY resides in Franklin, Oneida county, Idaho; he is the oldest son of Charles Shumway and was born in Millbury, Worcester county, Mass., in the year 1833; he came to Nauvoo in 1841, and was baptized by Heber C. Kimball in the baptismal font there when 9 years old. He left Nauvoo on the first boat that crossed the Mississippi river on the start for the west and traveled with the leading teams all the way across the plains and into the valley; he was then 14 years of age, and in 1849, with his father, he went into Sanpete valley and assisted in forming the settlement of Mantt, remaining there until 1852, when the Shumway family moved to Payson. In 1854 he removed to South Cottonwood and in 1859 went to Mendon, Cache valley, and was the first to break ground there for settlement; when the Mendon ward was organized he was ordained bishop and long presided over the ward; he continued his residence in Mendon until 1874 when he came to Franklin where he has resided ever since. In the meantime he has filled two missions to England, first in 1856, returning upon the call of the presidency of the Church at the time of the Johnston army episode; he went on a second mission to England in 1869 and returned 1871. Mr. Shumway is

still hale and hearty, having lived a temperate and industrious life and having raised an honorable family of 11 children, five boys and six girls; he is now in his seventy-fifth year and says he is preparing for one more mission that from which no traveler returns; he is, however, putting off this mission just as long as possible as he is happy in his present associations and conditions.

HORACE THORNTON IS 85 YEARS OLD.

HORACE THORNTON, son of Ezra and Harriet Goodrich Thornton, was born May 7, 1822, in Hinsdale, Cattaugus county, New York. He was baptized in April, 1836, by Lyman Wright; ordained a seventy in 1845 and became a member of the Twenty-ninth quorum. He was ordained a president of the Sixty-ninth quorum of seventy February 13, 1865, by Erastus Snow, and was president of the high priests' quorum of Sanpete stake for a number of years. He moved to Far West, Missouri, in the spring of 1836, and located in Nauvoo in 1839. He was married to Elizabeth Wimmer Thornton in 1851 at what was called Weber fort, now Ogden, by Capt. James Brown. He was a resident of Springfield for 10 years from 1852 to 1862 and from there he was called to Parowan where the family resided for 19 years. During his stay there he was engaged part of his time running a grist mill for George A. Smith. He was one of Orson Pratt's vanguard of 42 men which preceded the main body of the pioneers into the Salt Lake valley. He is at present a temple worker in Mantt, but is getting quite feeble and is not at present enjoying the best of health.

THOMAS P. CLOWARD LIVES AT PAYSON.

THOMAS P. CLOWARD was born in Chester county, Pa., on Dec. 10, 1823, and became a member of the Church in the year 1842; having a desire to unite with the main body of the Church, he moved to Nauvoo early in the spring of 1844, and was there at the time of the assassination of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. Mr. Cloward became acquainted with the prophet and served under him in the Nauvoo Legion until his martyrdom, and during this short period became very much impressed with the prophet's honesty and integrity. He takes a pleasure whenever opportunity affords in testifying to the divine calling of Joseph Smith. March 25, 1847, Mr. Cloward was married to Mary Pake and was called to go west with the first band of pioneers, who arrived in Salt Lake valley July 24, 1847. He assisted in raising our nation's

making while young, found his occupation valuable to the new settlers, and he holds the honor of having made the first pair of shoes in Salt Lake City. In 1852 he became a resident of Provo,

and there assisted in building a fort to protect the people from the Indians. He served in the Walker war under Gen. Conover; he was married to Mary A. Gardner Sept. 1, 1853, and moved to

Payson in 1861, where he has since resided. He served in the Black Hawk Indian war under Gen. William McClellan, and was always to the front in defending the homes of the people from

emblem of liberty, the Stars and Stripes, the same day, for although driven from home by mobs under the guise of law, he never felt disloyal to the flag and Constitution of the United States.

Mr. Cloward having learned shoe-

attacks. He was also one of the prime movers in the construction of the Salem canal, which cost in the neighborhood of \$45,000, and made possible one of the richest fields in the western country; he has also been identified in many ways with the building up of this section of the country, and although in his eighty-fourth year, hale and hearty, enjoys life and is a blessing to his numerous posterity.

W. C. A. SMOOT LAST MAN INTO VALLEY.

W. C. A. SMOOT—"I was the last member of the pioneer band to enter Salt Lake valley, and I expect to be the last one to leave it." Thus remarked William C. A. Smoot, hale, hearty and well eighty, a few days ago. In explanation of the first part of his statement, the veteran continued: "When the straggling fragments of the pioneer band were in the mountains immediately east of their destination, animals belonging to Horace K. Whitney and myself strayed away. While we were hunting them, the rear portion of the company moved on. This was an unusual occurrence, as it had been

the custom from the beginning of the journey not to break camp during the absence of even one man. But the end of the trip was all but in sight, and there was no longer need of the strict rule of counting every nose before the daily start was made.

"Mr. Whitney and I found our horses, but not in time to avoid being the last two to emerge from Emigration canyon. I was behind my companion, therefore was the solitary rear guard. As to my saying that I shall be the last one to leave, of course that may not be true, but I am quite confident that I am one of three survivors of the original band. I have kept pretty close track of the pioneer veterans during the last few years, and so far as I know, William P. Vance and Ozro Eastman are the only ones living besides myself, and of Mr. Eastman I am not quite so certain. Of course I am not considering Isaac Perry Decker and Lorenzo Sobieski Young, both of whom are yet alive. They were both small boys at the time of the exodus, and were not numbered among the 14 that actually comprised the pioneer band.

"I speak of 14, that being the number that left the Elkhorn on April 14, 1847. Only 143 men are recorded as having reached Salt Lake valley. One man started, but through sickness was compelled to return to Winter Quarters, and that man was Ellis Eames. He was what we called in those days a 'fiddler,' and he was a good one, too. While he was with us, his old viola did much to enliven the camp, that is, one of the camps. You know there were two grand divisions, one headed by President Brigham Young and the other by Heber C. Kimball. In He-

BOYHOOD REMINISCENCES OF ABANDONMENT OF NAUVOO.

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

ABOUT the middle of February 1846, I stood as a boy on the bank of the Mississippi river at Nauvoo, Illinois, and anxiously gazed at a long train of wagons crossing the river from Nauvoo to Montrose, upon the ice. This train was led by Presidents Young and Kimball and others of the Twelve.

It was the virtual abandonment of the city of Nauvoo by the Latter-day Saints, it being the commencement of the emigration of our people from that place and from the State of Illinois. There were left only the poor and helpless who did not possess the means to accompany the Twelve, and a few who failed through lack of faith to gather to the west.

At that time there was no definite plan as to the future destiny of the people. There had been vague ideas afloat of Oregon, of Vancouver and of "upper California" as probable places of refuge. The only guide was the more or less undefined plans of the Prophet Joseph Smith of migrating to the west in the midst of the Rocky Mountains.

One circumstance which impressed this scene upon my mind was the fact that my brother John, now the Presiding Patriarch of the Church, but then a boy about 13 years of age, was in the company that crossed the Mississippi on the ice, and I wondered if I should see him again. My widowed mother and the rest of her family, being unable to join this company, were compelled to remain behind. Many of the saints, unable to procure outfits to accompany the westward migration, sought refuge in Iowa and Missouri, some of them going to St. Louis and other cities. Among these were some members of my father's family.

In September of the same year the City of Nauvoo was besieged by the mob who compelled the few remaining saints to flee for their lives. We procured a large flat boat and hastily removed from our home our provisions and clothing into it and towed it across the river landing a short distance below Montrose where we made our camp, with no other shelter than the shade of the trees. Here the family was compelled to remain during the bombardment of the city and its capture by the mob. We could distinctly hear the rattle of the musketry and the booming of the cannon, and for my own part I was in momentary fear, however groundless, of the missiles from the cannon alighting in our camp. Meantime my mother left us in this unsheltered condition to effect the sale of some property for the purpose of raising means to provide an outfit for our emigration to the west. As soon as this could be accomplished she returned and with the help of her brother, Joseph Fielding and others attached to the family, we commenced our journey in pursuit of the camp of Israel, following their trail. At the little town of Bonaparte, in Iowa, we received the word of the surrender of Nauvoo to the mob.

It was at the beginning of this journey that I commenced my career as a teamster. A little past seven years of age I commenced the driving of an ox team across the rolling prairies of Iowa and was so successful that I reached the Missouri river without a single accident or mishap to my team or wagon. It being somewhat late in the fall when we reached Winter Quarters, now Florence, Nebraska, and winter approaching, we made all haste to build log cabins for the shelter of the family while we should remain there. Our cabins were built of cottonwood poles with brush and dirt roofs and ground floors. The walls of these shanties were chinked with pieces of wood that had been hewed to fit the crevices and these then daubed with mud or clay and made fair specimens of the dwellings of nearly all our neighbors. As in all subsequent encampments of the emigrating saints, the camp was laid out with a view to fortifying as much as possible against the attacks of Indians or marauders. For this purpose a stockade was built to protect the camp. The policy of President Young and his people always was to be friendly with the Indians and to observe in our treatment of them absolutely the golden rule. Thus were the saints able to get along peacefully by respecting their rights so that the Indians who had long been accustomed to regard white men as their natural enemies, on becoming acquainted with us, learned to regard us as their friends and were as a rule friendly to us.

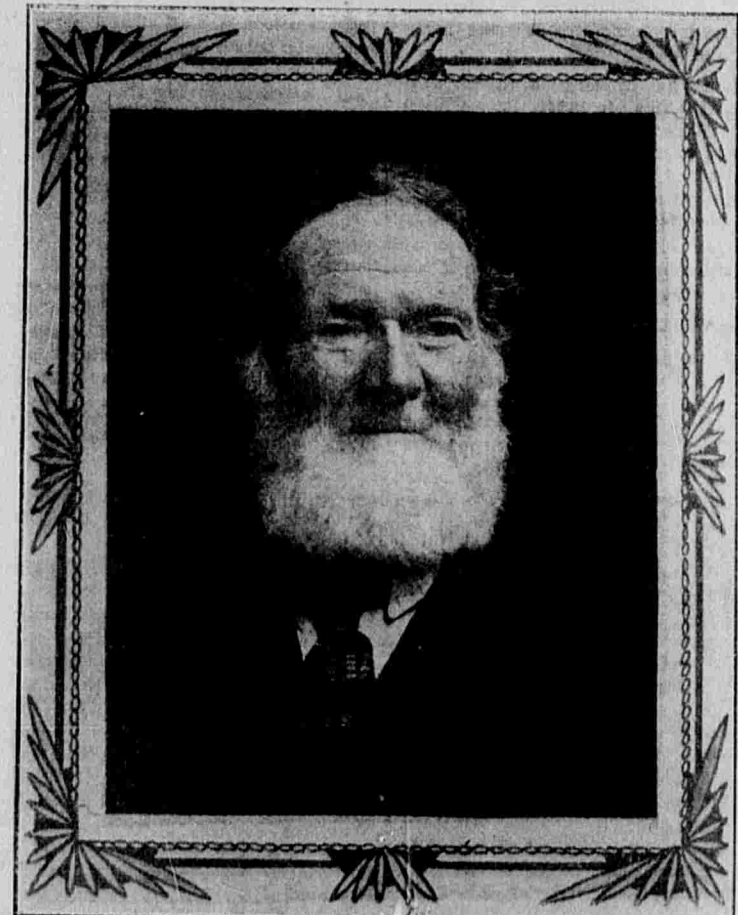
My occupation during our sojourn at Winter Quarters, was that of a herd boy, although I took part as opportunity permitted in the cultivation of the soil and the raising of a crop of corn during the summer of 1847. George Mills, a member of the family, accompanied the first pioneer expedition from Winter Quarters to the Salt Lake valley, and later in the summer of 1847, Aunt Mercy R. Thompson with her daughter, also James Lawson and Margaret Bryson, who were also connected with the family, left with a company of saints to follow the pioneers, and reached Salt Lake valley in the fall of 1847.

In the spring of 1848, we broke camp at Winter Quarters and started westward under the most adverse and trying circumstances. During the winter of 1846-47 we lost most of our horses by starvation and want of shelter, which greatly diminished our means of travel. On starting out we had to couple two wagons together and draw them with one team, uncoupling them at every hill we had to pull up, taking one wagon at a time, then recoupling them again till the next hill was reached. In this way we arrived at the camp at Elkhorn where the organization of the various companies was effected for the forward journey. It is sufficient to say that "Widow" Smith, by her indomitable energy and perseverance secured more teams, the details of which can not be told here, and was prepared to "roll out" with President Heber C. Kimball's company early in June, 1848. She was attached to Captain Cornelius P. Lot's Fifty of that company. The companies being organized in "hundreds" "fifties" and "tens."

We left our camp at the Elkhorn in June, 1848. To attempt a description of the journey across the plains would be too great a task for a short memoir of this kind. It will be enough to say that all the hardships, toil and fatigue incident to the journey were met with fortitude and resignation. We were happy in the thought that, one day, we would reach a place of safety and of rest, where we would be free from the violence of mobs and persecutions of enemies.

I had the honor of driving a four-ox team on a heavy loaded wagon from Winter Quarters to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, catching the first glimpse of the valley from the top of the "Big Mountain" on the 22nd day of September, 1848, and reaching the Fort on what is known as the Old Fort block, or Pioneer Square, on the following day. This being Saturday we had the pleasure of cleaning up for the Sabbath day's rest, and my mother and her family attended a meeting held in the Bowery in the Old Fort, where we listened to discourses by Presidents Young, Kimball and others of the authorities of the Church, experiencing at the same time a degree of relief, freedom and happiness that we had not known for several years.

ONE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE MORMON BATTALION.



ZADOK KNAFF JUDD.

AMONG the few survivors of the Mormon battalion is Zadok Knapp Judd, whose picture is here reproduced. He served the full year of enlistment, from July 16, 1846, to July 16, 1847, and participated in the entire march from the Missouri river to Southern California, a distance of more than 2,000 miles. The veteran lacks but three months of being 80 years of age, having been born Oct. 15, 1827. His birthplace was in the District of Johnston, upper Canada.

After being mustered from the service of the United States, Mr. Judd came to Utah, arriving here in the latter part of 1848. Four years later he married Mary Minerva Dart, and 14 children blessed the union, seven still surviving. For the last 25 years the family has resided at Kanab, in Kane county.

Mr. Judd relates many interesting occurrences of the long and tedious march. When, at Santa Fe, the rations reduced from 15 to 16 ounces per day for each soldier, the men felt that their lot was hard, but when four ounces a day were taken off until but four ounces was the portion of each, it seemed that absolute starvation would overtake them. For, he remembered, the men were walking, and that, too, through the burning sands of New Mexico and Arizona.

When but three days travel from a Mexican town that lay well to the south of their line of march, Col. Cooke decided to repair thither in quest of forage. So he proceeded to the southward, but ere long, through the mistake of a Mexican guide, found that he was on the wrong road and was bearing in a direction that would not take him to the town. But he would not double on his tracks, declaring that he was "going to California" in the quickest possible time.

It was well for Col. Cooke and his Mormon soldiers that he did not go to the Mexican town, for there had gathered Mexican troops from far and near, anticipating that the hungry battalion would pay the place a visit to replenish their supply of food. The tired and worn out Americans would most probably have been wiped out of existence had an encounter occurred with their fresh and well prepared foes.

At Tucson, the inhabitants of the town and the soldiers stationed there fled at the approach of Col. Cooke's command, all except the aged and infirm, who were not able to run. Sufficient food was obtained to give the starving men an all around good meal. During the night an alarm was given by the outposts that soldiers were coming. "Beat that drum" commanded Col. Cooke. "I can't," declared the person addressed. "Then beat that tin," thundered the swearing officer. The alarm proved to be a false one, much to the relief of the sleepy and tired battalion boys.

Invitation Issued to President McKinley To Attend the Pioneer Jubilee.

TO the President: Your Excellency, we are come, a special commission, in behalf of and in the name of the people of Utah—indeed of the whole Intermountain country—to invite and to urge your excellency to visit our state.

"It will be 50 years on the 24th day of next July since the first band of pioneers entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Naked, almost, and almost in despair, they blazed the weary trail from the Missouri river to the shores of our Dead Sea, only to be saluted on their arrival by the desert. Such a journey made to find a home amid such desolation was never before undertaken.

"For years therefore their yoke-mates were poverty and hardship, their lot unceasing and poorly requited toil.

"Uncomplainingly they bore up against their iron fortune, slowly acre by acre was reclaimed from the waste until flowers and fruit took the place of the garments of sage which clothed the desert.

"Strong men and delicate women thus wore out their lives. The dreams of youth were repressed; they put aside their youthful hopes; if songs were in their souls, they were never sung.

"From the regular path they trod, one by one, fell out, until now only a remnant of the band remains. Upon the sacred graves of those Pioneers, on lands enriched by their tears, our state's foundations have been laid.

"In July, in honor of those who still live and of the memories of those who have died, a jubilee is to be given, a Te Deum sung.

"Then the story will be told of how the frown of desolation was chased away; how the smiles of civilization were warmed into natural channels, giving life to the soil; how the desert relented at last and smiles grew on its savage face through flowers and golden harvests; how at the miners' summons, the sterile mountains opened their adamant doors and brought forth their jewels, until Utah became one of the first of mining states; how in the west, temples to religion, to education, to order and to law were reared; how the toiler while subduing the wilderness subdued at the same time their own prejudices, until when statehood came, it was greeted by people as loving, as loyal, as true and as devoted to our institutions as ever lived.

"Will you not, Mr. President, accept the invitation of the whole people of Utah and the west?

"Will you not come and listen and swell the acclamations of our Jubilee?

"We promise you all courtesy, all hospitality; we pledge, moreover, that welcomes shall be everywhere—in the sunlight, in the sparkle of the waters on the great inland sea, in the flowers, in the eyes and in the words of our people, and we believe the visit will add to your pride in native land and intensify your determination to serve with all faithfulness this great nation, and, if possible, to give new majesty to her flag.

"We have the honor to be, Your Excellency,

"Your most obedient servants,

"GEORGE Q. CANNON,

"GEORGE W. BARTCH,

"P. H. LANNAN,

"FRANK J. CANNON,

"JOSEPH L. RAWLINS,

"WILLIAM H. KING.

"Salt Lake City, Utah, April 30, 1897."