

MUD PIES.

Behind the house a play ground
For the little children lies;
And there they are noisy and busy
Making mud pies.

I sit at an open window
Watching their serious play,
And smile at the deep illusion
Of all they say.

For one insists that her way
Is better than all the rest;
But others, who do much like her,
Call their way best.

And my mind from the scene before me,
Goes out to the world of men;
To the things that are, and ever
Shall be again.

Till I wonder, if angels viewing
The marvelous ways of earth—
The schemes and the anxious efforts—
Ne'er feel mirth.

If, when we struggle and travail,
And deem ourselves most wise,
They smile not, and call us children
Making mud pies.

Among the Navajos.

JACOB HAMLIN AND PIOCHE
PROSPECTORS IN A TIGHT
PLACE.

MOWEABEE,
Mohave Co., Arizona,
Feb. 5, 1874.

Editor Record:—My last to you consisted of a few lines, nastily scratched, last Christmas morning, at the settlement on the Pahreah river, at the same time enclosing a sample of the cotton raised there. From that point to the ferry across the Colorado, at the mouth of the Pahreah river, by the trail we traveled, is about forty miles; but by the wagon road is much further. However, when the snow is not so deep as the present season, there is no difficulty in traveling from Kanab across the Buckskin, or more properly speaking, the Kitah mountains, direct to the ferry, a distance of about ninety miles, precluding the necessity of taking the round-about route that we did. There is a good ferry-boat, capable of taking two wagons and teams across at once. The river, at the present low stage of water, is about three hundred yards wide, but in July, when the water is high, it is a raging torrent, over a mile wide, bearing on its bosom immense quantities of drift wood from the mountains (which it piles up in places along the banks forty and fifty feet high) and is represented as a sublime spectacle, an assertion that I can well believe. The great canyon of the Colorado commences a few miles below here, and I am told that sometimes, in time of floods, the back-water, from the narrow canyon being unable to carry it off fast enough, submerges the country wherever the banks are low for many miles. From the ferry we traveled leisurely to this point, sixty-three miles, and should have been far from here weeks, ago but for the occurrences I am about to relate.

On the 15th of January, we were in the very act of packing the horses, preparatory to a start, when an Indian arrived, who proved to be Tubay, the chief of the Moquis Indians, a friendly tribe who live in this part of the country. I should have mentioned that this is the residence of John D. Lee, a man against whom I was deeply prejudiced, on account of his presumed connection with the terrible Mountain Meadow massacre, an imputation, however, he utterly denies. I found him on acquaintance to be a very agreeable gentleman. Mr. Lee speaks the Indian language well, and through him we soon learned the cause of the chief's visit. A Navahoe chief who had received favors from Mr. Lee, and was well disposed towards him, had arrived at Tubay's lodge that morning (having ridden all night) to get him to go and tell Mr. Lee that three Navahoe Indians had been killed and one wounded by Mormons, a few days before, in an affray in the neighborhood of Grass Valley, on the north fork of the Sevier river; that the wounded Indian had arrived at his camp the night before, and was now actively engaged in striving to rouse the Navahoës to war—that the young men were clamoring for revenge—and to warn him that he would probably be attacked within four days, and to prepare for defense. Here was a dilemma. No possibility of obtaining assistance nearer than 150 miles; Mrs. Lee and five children, and a helpless old

man named Winburn, disabled by a lame foot, who had not risen from his bed for four months. After a brief consultation we sent a letter to Fort Defiance, announcing the condition of affairs, Tubay agreeing to forward it forthwith by one of his Indians, and Mr. Lee and his eldest boy started for Kanab to bring assistance. As soon as he was gone we placed the house in the best state of defense we could, and awaited the issue. On the third day a Piute Indian, sent by the Navahoës, arrived. After a long talk, Mrs. Lee acting as interpreter, we gathered that the young men of the tribe were at first determined on war, but that the chiefs were opposed to it, for the present, at least, and that they desired to await the arrival of Jacob Hamlin, who has acted as the representative of Brigham Young in all negotiations of importance with the Indians for the past twenty years, and learn what settlement of the affair he was willing to make. This was favorable, as two of the slain Indians were sons of one of the chiefs. He wound up his remarks by inquiring if, in case the Navahoës did come here, we would purchase peace by giving up the old man Winburn to torture, in which case they would abstain from further hostilities. With difficulty repressing our strong desire to shoot him on the spot, we declined the offer, and charging him with a message to the chiefs of the nation that as soon as Hamlin arrived we would apprise them of his advent, we let him depart. Matters remained in statu quo until the 29th inst., when Messrs. Lee, Hamlin and Smitheon, a son-in-law of the former, and his wife arrived, the advance guard of a party from Kanab, now on the road. We communicated to Mr. Hamlin the message from the Navahoe Chiefs, and merely pausing to take some refreshments, he started at once for the nearest Moquis village, eight miles distant, to send a messenger to them, to notify them of his arrival, and request their presence, my brother and myself accompanying him. We reached there about sundown, and found, to our extreme disappointment, that all the Indians had gone to a big dance at the Oriba villages, sixty miles distant, with the exception of one lame Piute. We remained there that night, and the next morning started for the Oriba villages, taking Huck-a-bur, the lame Indian, who is a good interpreter, along with us.

We had not rode over fifteen miles when we met the Piute who had acted as the Navahoe envoy on the former occasion. He said he was going to see if Hamlin had arrived, and expressed great delight at seeing him, saying that the Indians were extremely anxious to see him, and urging him to go back with him to the camp of the nearest Navahoe chief, which he said was not more than fifteen miles distant, and talk the matter over there. After consultation, being anxious to lose no time, we consented, and after riding some twenty-five miles, instead of fifteen, we reached the Navahoe camp, which consisted of only two lodges. A tall, powerful Indian, on whose head the snows of many Winters had rested, welcomed us with impressiveness, and an embrace like the hug of a grizzly bear, and invited us to enter. The lodge, wick-up, which was substantially built of heavy cedar logs about fifteen feet long, was circular in form, like the skin lodges of the Indians of the plains, with an opening near the top to give vent to the smoke, and being covered with bark and dirt, was very warm and comfortable, which was none the less agreeable to our party, that it had been snowing hard all the afternoon. There were three Navahoës and three squaws, one of the latter a very pretty girl, and the two Piutes.

After a friendly smoke, they furnished us a good and substantial supper of broiled and boiled goat's flesh and corn meal mush, the squaws grinding the meal in the old-fashioned way, between two stones. Then the talk commenced. Hamlin, be it remembered, though perfectly familiar with the Piute tongue, knows nothing, or very little of the Navahoe language, so the services of our Huck-a-bur were called into requisition. The chief we came to see, I forgot to mention, was not there, but was only, so they said, distant a few miles. As we were anxious to get back, we got the Navahoe to dispatch the Piute that night to him so that he might be there early in the

morning, and the business be closed that day. After his departure the talk went on. The Navahoës present expressed themselves anxious that the affair should be settled without further bloodshed, and that that was the wish of the principal men of the tribe. They said the Navahoës had long known Hamlin, and they believed he would do what was right. Everything looked promising, and after smoking innumerable cigarettes with our savage friends, we retired to rest on a pile of buffalo skins and Navahoe blankets, worth a horse apiece, and slept soundly and well. The next morning the Indians gave us an excellent breakfast, and we passed the morning sauntering about, examining such articles of Indian manufacture as were new to us, and endeavoring to wile away the time till the arrival of the chief.

A little before noon twelve Navahoe braves, armed with bows and arrows and rifles, rode up on a gallop, and dismounting, entered the lodge without shaking hands and called, in an insolent tone of voice, for tobacco. We gave them some, and after smoking awhile, they threw everything out of the lodge, saying there were more Navahoës coming, enough to fill the lodge. Sure enough, there soon rode up some more Navahoës, making nineteen in all, but still no chief. To our inquiry as to his whereabouts, they replied he was gone to Fort Defiance. We took our seats, completely filling the lodge, and all hands smoked in silence for some time. Then the Indian whose lodge we occupied commenced talking, and spoke with only an occasional momentary interruption from the others for about an hour. After him five or six others talked in rapid succession, and from their earnest tones and impassioned gestures, so different from the usual manner of Indians, we could see they were much excited. We could not, of course, understand much of what they said, but could gather enough to know that the temper they were in boded no good to us. One old scoundrel, of brawny frame and hair as white as snow, talked in a stentorian voice, and his frequent use of the gestures of drawing his hand across his throat, looked particularly ominous. In about an hour more they ceased speaking, and after a pause, told their interpreter to talk. He rose slowly and walking across the lodge, seated himself by Hamlin. He was a Piute, a slave of the Navahoës, and as they have the unpleasant habit of sometimes killing their interpreters when they don't interpret to suit them, and as what he was about to reveal was not calculated to render us very amiable, I could excuse the tremor that shook him in every limb. He finally commenced in a low tone, to speak to the following effect: The Navahoës believed that all Hamlin had said the night before was a lie, that they thought he was of the parties to the killing, and with the exception of three, our host and two others of the old Indians, had given their voice for death. Most of them were of the opinion that it was best not to kill my brother and myself, as we were Americans, but to make us witness the torture of Hamlin, and then send us back on foot. As we were not likely to desert a comrade at such a time, this was but small comfort. Hamlin behaved with admirable coolness—not a muscle in his face quivered, not a feature changed—as he communicated to us, in his usual tone of voice, what we then fully believed to be the death warrant of us all. When the interpreter ceased, he, in the same even tone and collected manner, commenced his reply. He reminded the Indians of his long acquaintance with their tribe, of the many negotiations he had conducted between his people and theirs, and his many dealings with them in the years gone by, and challenged them to prove that he had ever deceived them—ever spoken with a forked tongue. He drew a map of the country on the ground, and showed them the impossibility of his having been a participant in the affray. To their insolent query, "imme-cotch navaggi?" (ain't you afraid) he replied with admirable presence of mind, "Why should we be afraid of our friends? Are not the Navahoës our friends, and we theirs? Else why did we place ourselves in your power?" He spoke for a long time, and though frequently and rudely interrupted, his patience and nerve never gave way, and when he ceased, it was apparent that his reasoning had not been without effect in their stubborn

bosoms. But the good influence was of short duration. A young Indian, who we afterwards learned was a son of the Chief, and brother of two of the slain Indians, addressed the assembled warriors, and we could see that the tide was turning fearfully against us. He wound up his impassioned harangue by springing to his feet, and pointing to an Indian who had not yet spoken, called to him to come forward. The Indian came and knelt before him, when, with one hand he took back his buckskin hunting shirt, revealing the mark of a recent bullet wound, and with the other pointed to the fire, uttering, or rather hissing a few emphatic words, which we afterwards learned were a demand for instant death by fire. The effect was electric. The sight of the wounded brave roused their passions to the utmost fury, and as we glanced round the savage circle, our hands involuntarily tightened their grasp on our six-shooters, for it seemed that our hour had come. Had we shown a symptom of fear we were lost; but we sat perfectly quiet and kept a wary eye on the foe. It was a thrilling scene. The erect, proud athletic form of the young chief, as he stood pointing his finger to the wound in the kneeling figure before him—the circle of crouching forms—their dusky and painted faces animated by every passion that hatred and ferocity could inspire, and their glittering eyes fixed, with one malignant impulse, upon us—the whole partially illuminated by the fitful gleam of the firelight (for by this time it was dark), formed a picture not easily to be forgotten. The suspense was broken by the Navahoe, our host, who once again raised his voice in our behalf, and after a stormy discussion, Hamlin finally compelled them to acknowledge that he had been their friend; that he had never lied to them, and that he was worthy of belief now. The strain was over, and we breathed freely once more. We smoked the pipe, or rather the cigarette, of peace, and a roasted goat being shortly produced, we fell to with a will, and gnawed ribs together as amicably as if it had not been just previously their benevolent intention to roast us instead of the goat. By this time it was past midnight, the discussion having been prolonged for eleven hours. I never was so tired in my life. Eleven hours in a partially recumbent position, cramped for room, with every nerve strained to its utmost tension, and momentarily expecting a conflict, which must be to the death, is tolerably hard work. After supper it was arranged by Hamlin that we should go home in the morning, and await the arrival of the chief, for whom they promised to dispatch a trusty messenger. We slept by turns till morning broke, when we bid our amiable friends good bye, and started for the Moweabee, where we arrived about eight o'clock in the evening, to the great joy of Boyd and Pattie, who had given us up as lost. This was five days ago and to-day the Navahoe chief arrived, and after a long discussion agreed to settle the matter for a certain number of cattle and horses, but their demands are so exorbitant that I am sure that they will never be complied with. Mr. Hamlin leaves to-morrow morning for St. George, to lay the matter before Brigham Young, and he is to meet the chiefs here again, with the answer to their demands, in twenty-five days from to-day. By the way, we learned from the Navahoës to-day, that two parties from Pioche, who met at this point some time last December, and left here together, had a fight with the Elk Mountain Utes, on their way to San Juan, and that one of their number was killed and one wounded. I don't know any of them, but the names of four of them were G. W. McClure, Sailor Jack, E. L. Gobin and Bacon Moody. We also learned that Tate, McGinniss and a man called the "Commodore," all from Pioche, who left here some weeks ago, obtained guides from the Navahoës, and reached San Juan in safety. We shall leave here tomorrow morning to explore a region of country about 150 miles from here, of which we have heard favorable accounts, and shall, if we are not scalped and roasted, be back at this point in the course of a month or six weeks. We shall probably, in the course of the trip, visit the village of the Oribas, a people who build three-story houses of stone, and whose greatest term of reproach to one another is that

he is a *lazy* man. If we do, and the present does not wear out the patience of your readers, it may form the subject of another letter. John Pattie, John D. Boyd and my brother are well, and we all fully expect to strike another Comstock, or at least a Raymond and Ely, before we return here.

In conclusion, I wish to give my testimony to the bearing of Mr. Hamlin during the trying scene I have endeavored to depict. No braver man ever lived. J.E.S.
—Pioche Record.

Correspondence.

Down in the Coal Mines.

61 GREAT FREEMAN ST.,
NOTTINGHAM,
6th Feb., 1874.

MY DEAR FATHER:—Derbyshire presents a decidedly pleasant contrast to the plains of Lincolnshire, that I wrote you of in my last letter—hills and valleys, streams of water, rivers and bridges, manufacture and mining, are found abundantly, the characteristics of the people being somewhat different, and the accent entirely so.

The pronunciation differs throughout all England, each "county brogue" being distinguishable by a studious and attentive person.

I was never more pleased with the Fine Arts and Natural scenery, or anything I have seen abroad, than I was with my descent and visitation of the Minton Coal Mine near Dudley.

We first examined the "continuous chain railroad," over which the coal is carried down into the valley to the canal wharf, the loaded trucks, running under the chain, supplying the power to draw the empty ones up the incline. Thus, on a mile of double rail, hundreds of trucks can be constantly in use, requiring only a "brakesman" at each end, and two "hookers-on" to perform the whole work of shipping coal from the mine to the canal boats. A powerful engine is used to hoist the coal, there being two shafts and the fly wheel chain, working to lower in one, and hoist in the other, alternately.

We descended 280 yards in twenty-nine seconds. Such a sensation I never before felt. First it seemed as if the "lift" had dropt from under us, and left us "floating." After a few seconds the feeling seemed to be "upwards and onwards," when lo, we found ourselves at the bottom of a coal mine, and were led into the main tunnels, two in number, running nearly parallel, and perhaps eighty-five yards apart, being connected by numbers of minor tunnels, from which coal has been extracted. The vein runs horizontally and is thirty feet thick and designated as the thick vein. So, as far as it is explored, for a distance of eight by twenty-five miles, a shaft sunk 280 yards will carry one to the bottom of a thirty foot vein of excellent coal. Inclines are observed and a similar chain railroad is used to convey the trucks of coal to the shaft and the empty ones to the rear. Where this is not convenient, horse power is used. I am told horses are now in the pit that have never seen the glorious light of day, "being coal miners by birth." The design of a good collier is to run his main tunnels to the extent of his claim, and leaving pillars for supports he works back to the shaft, cutting the connecting tunnels close together, leaving what are called "ribs" between them for supports. The capacity of the Minton mine, with two hundred hands, is three hundred tons per day.

I tried to learn all about the ventilation, but though our guide tried to explain about the "furnace" and "doors" and "currents," &c., I am afraid I shall have to go down another mine to get a thorough understanding of it.

I was informed that the first vein of coal found in the "Black country" is eighty yards below the surface, being a bright bituminous coal, six to seven feet thick, called "Brooch." The next is the "Thick" vein, and below that eight or ten yards is the vein, five feet thick, called "Heathen." Between the first and second veins quantities of iron rock and fire clay are found.

The coal and iron district around Dudley, called the "Black country," covers an area of 150 square miles, and at night within that radius the heavens are lighted with blast furnaces and fires, and chimneys and fly wheels are seen for