

exchanged it for other logs and obtained four lots in addition to the Fort, on the south side, commencing on the north side of the east gate; then Brother Callister's, then Annt Mary Smith's and her two boys. The high altitude of the Salt Lake valley, and the presence of snow capped mountains within twenty miles distance, caused us to think the winter must be severe.

On October 6th my father was sustained as President of this Stake of Zion by unanimous vote. In November a few men were selected to go to California across the southern route with a pack of animals to buy a few cows, some seeds, potatoes, etc. In December much of the winter weather was very pleasant, though some days a heavy coat seemed absolutely necessary for comfort.

At the commencement of winter we cut our rations down as low as possible, killing some of our fattest cattle to help along, and they were so poor that they were unsaleable except upon compulsion. In February, 1848, I made a trip to Weber river and bought a couple of cows from Capt. Brown, who had purchased Mr. Goodyear's ranch and stock. This was one of the coldest trips of my life, though I met with no special damage except frosted ears and fingers. In March, 1848, I was constrained to acknowledge that our provisions had lasted longer than that of many others have done. One incident I will relate. Brother John Hansen came to our place on Mill Creek and said to my wife, "I am starving." She went to our last flour barrel and scraped out with a spoon what she could and made him a bowl of porridge, which he relished very much and was exceeding thankful for. He then took his violin and played for us for some time, he being a skillful performer. The beautiful music seemed to inspire us and we spent one of our happy afternoons together. Towards night my wife turned to the barrel and suddenly called to me, asking where I had obtained the new supply of flour. My reply was: "I know of none." Then she said "Come and see," and we examined the empty barrel that was, and there saw there were several cupfuls more flour. This increase in our provisions we plainly beheld several times before our crops ripened.

In April, 1848, we commenced ploughing as soon as the frost was out of the ground. Some of our seeds were planted too early and did not come up. We put up four pole cabins, two on each side of a corner of a square. John W. Hess's and mine fronted south, Thomas Callister's and Aunt Mary Smith and her two boys' fronted west. We chinked and mud-plastered the cracks so they were very comfortable. We built a shade in the corner of the square and covered it with the boughs of the willow and cottonwood. Our place was six miles from Salt Lake City fort.

In May the men sent to California returned, having been quite successful. They brought one hundred cows, a few potatoes, and a few bushels of seed wheat. My father got eight small potatoes from which he raised one bushel, which we took great care of for seed. In June our corn came on finely. I will relate an incident which occurred about planting time. We were all busy ploughing and planting, when we saw our neighbors passing rapidly towards the city. Upon inquiry we learned it was

reported the Indians had been fighting and some of them were killed, and they had become excited and were raiding the country and killing all before them. After several had passed from the south, one of our near neighbors seeing we were not excited flew into quite a passion and said "You can stay and be killed if you want to," but I will save my life and my new boots, which he had just received. He pulled on his boots, emptied about a peck of seed corn into a freshly turned furrow and kicked a little dirt over it; unhitched his horses from the plough and jumped on one of them with the empty corn pail on his arm, and rode city-wards on a gallop.

Upon returning to our corner, where five or six men and boys had assembled, one remarked that our neighbor on Cottonwood had been killed. I asked how he knew? He said by report. I said "I do not believe it, and we will see before we run." I saddled our best horse and rode over to Cottonwood. Upon finding our friend planting in his garden, I soon returned, and asked, "Boys what say you?" All replied "You say." My answer was made quickly: "I will stay and take care of what we have." All agreed upon this point. Some of our timid women folk proposed that a team be put on a wagon and our youngest man start with them for the fort. This was done and it took considerable persuading to get cousin Jesse N. Smith to drive the team. Our nearest neighbor, Brother Higbee, and wife hitched their horse to a buggy and called their son John H. Higbee (about seventeen years of age) to accompany them. He replied: "No! No! never will I forsake my comrades and run and leave them and save my own paltry life;" and go he would not. The outcome proved that the Indians had been fighting among themselves. Some of them were killed and the rest of them were fleeing toward Salt Lake fort, making hideous howls for their dead as they strung along the trail for miles, one following another.

With the cows we had we got all the milk, butter and cheese we needed. My wife rode on horseback to the fort, nearly every day taking father and mother fresh milk and butter. The corn we had planted was coming up nicely and growing very fast, when suddenly there appeared among the rows a large, clumsy black cricket which seemed to devour every green thing with which it came in contact. We spent days and days whisking them off our corn with bunches of willows tied together, slaying them by the thousands. This we continued to do from daylight till dark; and early in the morning were up and at it again until it was too dark to see or until all had become well worn out, and some were very much discouraged. Some were also inclined to murmur and scatter seeds of dissension, a few going so far as to declare that they awaited only the least opportunity or show to leave for the Eastern States, California or Oregon. This kind of talk caused me much reflection and I frequently found myself in a shady dell near our home pouring out my heart to our Heavenly Father and asking what to do."

Early one morning as I passed the corner of our cabins, field-wards, I heard a sound as of a furious wind, I was walking slowly with bowed head, and raising my eyes saw the sky filled with white birds, which came from the west and settled upon our fields, cover-

ing every foot of the ground apparently for miles. I turned to the house and grasped my gun when some one said, "The birds are taking what is left." I crept near the rows of corn to watch their movements. They were so much engaged that they scarcely noticed me. I approached within a few feet and saw they touched no green thing, but seemed intent on trying which could gorge the greatest number of crickets. I noted that they picked up every one and that when they were full they turned and vomited them in heaps of a pint or so and very often more than a quart, going over the ground two or three times. This warfare was continued until not a live cricket could be found. As I turned to the house I met my brethren with their guns, and in the fullness of my joy I cried out: "God's birds have been sent and have saved us!" Our green corn soon came along, with vegetables, such as onions, beets, green peas, etc., of which we had a fair supply.

In July we harvested our wheat and felt thankful that we had enough to reach another harvest. We felt that we had done our best and that our Father had truly favored us. In August and September the emigrating companies commenced to arrive; we were somewhat disappointed that Brother George A's family did not come. He was called to preside over the Saints at the Bluffs. The companies arriving contained about 800 wagons. On the 6th of October, 1848, at a general conference of the Church, father was released from the Stake presidency, his constant care and anxiety having worn him down very much.

JOHN L. SMITH.

#### NORA CLYDE WOTHERSPOON.

I am requested to ask you to insert the following notice of Nora Clyde, the beloved daughter of James and Nora Wotherspoon, who died at the parents' residence in this city, July 1st, 1894. She had for some time previous been afflicted with a complication of diseases, whooping cough and pneumonia. All that could possibly be done for her was done to preserve her from the grasp of death, but all efforts were vain, for on the above named date she succumbed to the destroyer. She was a bright, intelligent child and her doting parents hoped for a happy future for her. She was their eldest child. Her age was 9 years, 11 months and 1 day. She was a member of the Sabbath school and of the Primary association, and was much beloved by all who knew her.

The funeral services were held at the family residence July 3. The attendance was large, and earnest words of comfort and sympathy were spoken by those who addressed the assembly. The bereaved parents, who are widely known, have the sympathy of this whole community.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH HALL.

OGDEN, U. T., July 13, 1894.

*Millennial Star*, please copy.

According to the Mount Pleasant *Pyramid*, L. J. Jordan took a load of wool from graded sheep down to the Provo woolen mills last week to have made into cloth. The wool was from his French ewes and averaged twelve pounds to the sheep. Mr. Jordan clipped some bucks this spring that sheared twenty pounds of wool apiece.