

three brethren, who had volunteered to overtake the teams, and recruit our necessities. Stephen H. Goddard, James Brooks and Henry Lee left camp at 9 p. m. and after walking all night overtook the wagons at sunrise, where they had camped at the first crossing of Sweetwater.

May 18—During the past twelve days our experience varied but little from that which preceded it, excepting several miles of heavy sand which proved a severe tax upon our physical powers. This day found us at the station of Porter Rockwell and company, who kindly presented us with an antelope. Here we stayed through the day, and camped for the night, being much refreshed in our spirits by the hearty welcome of our brethren. After supper, all the camp were called together, and we were addressed by David Wilkin followed by the singing of several songs and prayer.

May 19—Learning that the mail from Salt Lake City was expected, we awaited its arrival, about 9 o'clock a. m. and with it came George A. Smith, Dr. Bernhisel, Truman O. Angell, William Hennefer, Doc. Woodward, Charley Woodward etc., After refreshments, George A. Smith addressed the missionaries in his usual happy style. Meeting so many of our friends in this lonely place, 500 miles from home, was very exhilarating to our spirits, and inspired us with renewed courage in ascending the Black Hills which lay immediately before us, on the summit of which there were thunderings and lightning all around us but providentially we were preserved unhurt.

Another day's travel brought us to Laramie, a strong military fort, and where Captain Branch obtained a supply of provisions for the camp, on very reasonable terms. Two days later John Wakely and David Wilkin killed an antelope for the benefit of the company. The day following Gabriel Huntsman was the lucky marksman with like success, all of which was highly relished in connection with dry bread and crackers.

On the 28th we came to a large band of Sioux Indians of near sixty lodges; they were very friendly, and after treating with them for buffalo meat and moccasins, we gave them a letter of recommendation to future travelers. We soon saw a man in the distance approaching us on horseback and when he beheld our singular looking hand cart train, which in his eyes looked terrible as an army with banners, he turned the head of his mule and rode quickly back to his train, ordered his herdsman at once to gather up his cattle, load every weapon of defense to meet a formidable foe that was close at hand. But when he found us to be a band of peaceable men, the feelings of the Missouri captain can be better imagined than expressed.

By this time, having walked near 800 miles, blistered feet and toes, and sore shin bones were experienced by some, though the general health of the company was good. We began to meet, almost daily, emigrant trains bound for California.

On the 1st of June Ebenezer Richardson saw seven and succeeded in killing two buffalo, the only ones seen on our journey; five carts were emptied and about a dozen men repaired to the dead carcasses, which were soon cut up and hauled to our camping places, affording

about thirty pounds of meat to each of the twenty-six carts.

A few more days' travel brought us to several newly formed settlements. The first one, on the east side of Loup Fork river was Beaver, where Elder Martingale presided. Before reaching here, the company having run entirely out of flour, Brother Joseph W. Young and Harvey Pierce went ahead of the company to Beaver settlement and every loaf of bread that could be got was gathered up and immediately dispatched by ox teams to meet our company. By the time we met we were just hungry enough to relish as a sweet morsel the bread, which was cut up and handed round to seventy men squatting on the ground in a circle. We can recommend hunger as a fine relishing sauce to dry bread (from experience). Reaching Beaver settlement, after sharing their hospitality, between thirty and forty, composed of English and American families, met together, held an impromptu meeting, with short addresses by Brothers Herriman, Wilkin, Galley and Joseph W. Young and singing a few songs.

After bidding adieu to our warm-hearted friends, we hastened on toward the completion of our hand cart journey, passing by locations laid out for large settlements. The first one, where three or four log cabins were partly built, was to be called Cleveland. The next one, where twenty cabins were counted, was Columbus. Besides these many splendid farms and cabins in different locations indicated the existence of large and populous settlements in the near future.

June 10—Arose at 4; after singing prayers and breakfast, and leaving camp at twenty minutes to seven, we had the pleasure of arriving on our camp ground in Florence at ten minutes to 10 o'clock, having been exactly forty-eight days since we left Salt Lake City, and having accomplished a journey of 1032 miles.

After the greeting of many friends whom we found here, and their generous entertainment, in the evening our organization was dissolved, and it was also decided that our hand carts, bedding and utensils should be disposed of by public auction, which was done from the door step of Alexander Pyper's warehouse, myself being the auctioneer. After resting two or three days we began to scatter to our various fields of labor, as missionaries to preach the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

The above is written and published for the benefit of the posterity of the seventy Elders whose experience is partially portrayed while crossing the plains 36 years ago. It is also intended to hold up and perpetuate an important historical fact for the benefit of the thousands and tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints who have either emigrated or been born here since that time. Seymour B. Young (now President of the first seven Presidents of Seventies) was the youngest man in our company. While our mode of travel, for a wise purpose, was suggested by the Prophet of God, Brigham Young, it might seem hard to undertake it as ministers of the Gospel; yet I presume no missionaries ever crossed the plains with a more cheerful and uncomplaining spirit than did these 70 hand cart Missionaries. The spirit and power of God sustained us day by day, and many

were the striking providences of our Heavenly Father displayed in our behalf. While it presents a striking contrast to the present easy and rapid mode of travel by railroad, it is only in strict keeping with other developments made manifest during the past thirty-six years.

Knowing that many of the company have since passed away, and anxious to find out how many are still living, I shall be pleased to receive a postal card from all such, with the names also of those whom they know to be dead.

GEORGE GODDARD.
No. 1 Goddard's Court, E. second South St., Salt Lake City.

OUR STOCKHOLM LETTER.

STOCKHOLM, May 15, 1893.—[Special.] It has been said that Oscar, the present king of Sweden and Norway, is the most educated monarch of Europe—a gentleman from "top to bottom" and generally well liked by other crowned heads and by his own people. But now there exists a Norwegian author, named Arne Garborg, and he tells a very different story, and a remarkable one at the same time. I do not share his opinion in every respect, but I must concede that what he says contains a good deal of truth. Mr. Garborg expresses himself very freely in the *Verdens Gang*, the organ of the extreme Left, on the position of the king of Sweden. "The position of King Oscar is as difficult as it could be," he says, "for he is homeless and rootless in Sweden, as well as Norway. He has no foundation to stand on, nothing to fall back on in either country, and the Swedish gentlemen do not even respect the necessary 'royal dignity.' They follow him on his trips to Norway in order to see that he may not in some unguarded moment prove himself more loyal to Norway than to Sweden. 'If the king had been of Swedish descent he might have maintained a greater independence, and he would have done so, for it is of no benefit to his dynasty to become unpopular in either kingdom. If his house had descended from an old Swedish family and had been identified with the history of the people, with its great and dear memories, it would not have been so much risk for him to subject himself to a short spell of unpopularity by a proper regard for the position and rights of Norway. In that case his house could not have been torn down by a small storm. But now he knows that he is a foreigner in Sweden. His name does not arouse the enthusiasm of the people; there is no halo of tradition to bind the dynasty to the country, and he knows that the Swedish noblemen only a little over eight years ago bounced a king, who was infinitely more closely identified with Sweden than the Bernadottes can be."

"Another point is that his house is so young. In aristocratic society this is a weak point. He is surrounded by a national nobility, which is much older, much 'nobler' than he is, and which makes the most of this advantage—the whole world knows that the Swedish king is only the great grandson of a lawyer. Nor is the Bernadotte family held in very great esteem by the other royal houses of Europe on account of its recent origin. In their eyes the Bernadottes are and will be nothing but upstarts, and long, indeed, will it take them to forget that they owe their