

Incidents in the Life of George Washington Hill

Ogden City, January 2, 1878

The writer of this narrative, George Washington Hill, was born on Federal Creek, Ames Township, Athens County, Ohio, March 5, 1822, of poor but honest parents. My father, Richard Hill, being a mechanic and working at his trade of stone and brick mason, caused him to ramble about a good deal.

At the early age of four years, I was sent to school. My first teacher was a woman by the name of Betsy Bebes, to whom I went my first quarter in the town of Athens, Ohio, where I succeeded so well that I went nearly through the old-fashioned Webster spelling book. My parents were Methodists of the strictest order, my father being a class leader in the Methodist Church. The ministers always stopped at our house as they passed around on their circuits, and me, being rather a forward for a little boy, they made a great deal of me and took a great deal of pains in teaching me the doctrines of the Methodist Church. In this way I was raised strictly a Methodist, although I never joined their church.

At the age of six my father moved to Sandusky City in hopes of finding steadier employment and better pay. But with better wages came heavier expenses, and having to associate with all kinds of people, he became addicted to drinking and spending his means in that way, and seeing no prospect of bettering his condition, we finally moved back to Athens County, the place we lived where I was born. Here he bought a farm and thought to settle down and stop rambling, but he was not really satisfied as this was a very poor country — hilly, rough, broken country — and poor land. Consequently on the return of my Uncle William Hill, Father's brother from Galena, Illinois, with glorifying accounts of the Illinois country, my father got the Illinois fever and it carried him off to Illinois for a short time. We remained in Paris, Edgar County, but in the fall we moved out into Coles County on the Little Embarras River in as beautiful a country as I ever saw and bought a farm.

We now imagined ourselves at home. We had as beautiful a place as I ever saw, one-half good timber and the other half as good prairie land as ever laid out of doors. In the spring we set in to making brick with a will, thinking that we had got to the right place at last, but with the commencement of summer came the chills and fever and we were all down with it, insomuch that we were unable to make but two small kilns of brick of fifty thousand each in the whole season. We were in this condition when my Uncle William came along and advised us to go out to Sangamon County, assuring us we would be healthier.

So Father took his advice and broke up again and moved to Sangamon County. Here he bought another farm of one hundred and sixty acres in the timber of Sangamon River, ten miles east of Springfield. Here, as soon as spring opened, we went to work and put in about forty acres of corn and some other crops and then turned our attention to the brick yard. As usual everything seemed to prosper with us until summer again came, when all hands came down with the fever and ague. As usual Mother came down with it so bad that it seemed as if she would die.

Anyhow, Father now declared he would leave the prairie country for good, so we packed up our traps and started back for the state of Ohio, leaving two kilns of brick of one hundred thousand each standing in the kiln untouched. Some forty acres of corn was left standing in the field uncared for, besides a good deal of other stuff, none of the family being able to drive the team but myself, and I was shaking with the ague every day.

In this way we traveled along until we reached the Wabash country. By this time Mother was so bad that Father thought if he continued traveling, he would lose her, so he concluded to stop for her to recruit, but she continued in her bed until cold weather when he decided to stay all winter.

During the winter we all got our healths good and Father, thinking it would not be very sickly in the timbered country along the tributaries of the Wabash, went into Clark County, Illinois, and bought another farm. We stayed in this neighborhood until I was about twenty years of age, but still were not satisfied. My oldest brother had married a young lady by the name of Rhoda Wheeler and had moved in the fall of 1841 to the southwest of Missouri. He continued to write back what a good place it was when I really think he was only homesick and was not able to get back. Finally, in the spring of 1842, Father took it in his head to move out there, so we sold out for what we could get. In the month of June we started for the new county, where it was represented people could not get sick. But of all the moves we ever made, this was the worst move we ever did make, for it was a very poor barren, rocky, hilly, rough country, and it was certainly the sickliest county I was ever in. We had not been here but a short time until the sickness commenced. People here would take congestive chills; some would die in the first chill; most would die in the second, and I never knew of but one person that lived over the third and that was myself, but I presume I was as near my last and there, with that complaint, as ever I was in my life. I believe today that the only thing that saved my life was that I had not done the work yet that I had come to do. It was the chills left me in such a fix I was unable to do anything all winter. It seemed that it had split my breast bone in two and it would not unite until the warm weather in the spring. Still, we remained here until the summer when Father took ague. He became so impatient that we broke up at once and started back east, determined to get out of so much sickness, but in this we were foiled as in many other things, for we had only gone about 60 miles until Father got so bad that I refused to go farther until he would get better, for I knew if we continued to travel, he would die.

Accordingly, we stopped in Dallas County to wait for his health to get better. Finally we rented two farms and stopped. It seemed that there was something in my destiny or something else that would not permit me to return to the east, for every time we would start and try to go east, sickness or something else would compel us to stop, so that I concluded to give it up and try and become reconciled to the west, let what would transpire, and thought that I would settle down for a time at least. One of these farms was designed for Father and the other for myself. It was here that I became acquainted with an estimable young lady by the name of Cynthia Stewart, and having bought a farm for myself with a house upon it, I began to cast about me for a partner to put into the house to keep it for me, and thinking that I had found, in Miss Stewart, my partner for life. I proposed to her. Her answer was that she was a Mormon and that I did not want to marry a Mormon. I told her I thought Mormons were as other people. I believed Joseph Smith to be an imposter, but for all that, I thought just as much of Mormons as anybody else. She gave me "The Voice of Warning" by Parley P. Pratt to take home with me and read and then see whether I would think the same.

I took the book to read, not thinking to find in it anything that would be of interest to me. I was always a great hand at reading and had always had a practice of reading all kinds of books that I could get a hold of, but what was my astonishment to find that it claimed a perfect organization of the Church of Christ with Apostles, prophets and all other appendages that belonged to the church Anciently. And that, I fully believed, it would take to constitute the Church of Christ in any age. When I found that they made such bold pretensions and claimed that the church was organized with all the gifts and blessings as was the church anciently, I became so interested in the book that I read it over and over again and wondered if I really was living in a day when the gospel was again restored to the earth.

I pondered the matter over in my heart, the spirit all the time bearing witness to me that the work was true. I resolved in my heart that I would go and see for myself. I had always, from a child, wished that it had been my lot to live when there were apostles, prophets and teachers upon the earth; when there were men upon the earth that did commune with the heavens; that could obtain the word of the Lord for man; and when I learned that the Mormons claimed to be that people, I determined to investigate it for myself. If I found on investigation that they really held the Priesthood, that the angel had already visited the earth, I determined to cast my lot with them.

But what should I do now? If I told her that I loved her and that I believed in Mormonism, she would say, "You're a deceiver; you pretend to believe in Mormonism just to get a Mormon girl for a wife." So I concluded that I would tell her that the book was well written and that it contained good doctrine and so on and pass it off in that way, and that I would conceal my feeling from her, but I was not allowed to deceive her for any length of time, for in a short time a circumstance occurred that compelled me to show my true colors.

Sometime before this, there had a Campbellite preacher come into the neighborhood and commenced preaching, and we had attended his meetings regularly every Sunday for this fact, that we had nowhere else to go. The preacher construed our regular attendance into conviction and had made his brags that he was going to catch that young Hill; that I attended so regularly and paid such good attention that he was sure that I was converted. When I heard of Gordon's bragging, it worked up my feelings a little. If treating him with respect, as I had always been taught to treat all denominations, would be taken for conversion, it rather riled my feelings. Still, I attended his meetings, and on the following Sunday between meetings, I was seated at the table looking over the Testament when he came over and took a seat beside me and tapped me on the shoulder. "That's right," he said to me. "Study the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."

We continued in this strain until I became a little vexed with him. Still, I was a little afraid of him, for I thought that a mere boy, and unpracticed as I was, could not think of what I wanted to say, and he would have the advantage of me. But his simple foolish talk finally overcame my fears and I concluded to ask him a question that I know he dare not answer without equivocating. Says I, "Mister, allow me to ask you one question."

Says he, "A thousand, if you wish."

Says I, "One will do and that is, when you were preaching today you quoted the Savior's charge to His disciples when He said to them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned! ... and there you stopped. Now the question is, why did not you go on and quote the charge in full? ... and these signs shall follow them that believe, and so on, in order that when we found believers, those that had the Gospel of Christ, that we might know, for in these signs there was a test that we might know beyond the possibility of a doubt when we would find true believers, for the Savior declared emphatically that these signs should follow them that believed. He declared them to be true in two separate and distinct sentences. This I would not allow." This brought on an argument.

He became so excited that he took the floor and walked the floor and talked the whole time insofar that I could not get a word in edgewise. This, I told him, was not fair, that if he wanted to argue the case with me, that half of the time belonged to me, and on account of my bashfulness I suggested that we retire to the mill to ourselves where we would not expose our ignorance. Here I found out that he was as afraid of me as I was of him, for he took me up in a moment and we retired at once. Here we had our argument to ourselves, as we supposed, and I used him up insomuch that he acknowledged to me that these blessings were not in the church

and that they really were not the Church of Christ, but said that it was the opinion of their head men that they would finally come to the standard and would finally have those gifts and blessings in their church, but said they did not exist on the earth.

On looking at his watch he found that we had argued so long that it was already twenty minutes late, so we were obliged to stop after his acknowledging me to be in the right. When we opened the door to come out, lo and behold, his whole congregation was there. They had been eavesdropping us and overhearing his acknowledgements which so disconcerted him that he did not know what to do. They formed a circle around us and marched us to the house in the center. When about halfway to the house he made one of the most foolish remarks that I had ever heard. Says he, "Mr. Hill, there is one passage in scripture that very few people understand."

"Aye," says I. "What is that?"

Says he, "It is the two witnesses spoken of by John."

Says I, "What of them?"

Says he, "They are simply the Old and New Testament." Says he, "The Almighty never did nor ever will give any other witness to man."

Says I, "Mister Gordon, is or ever will the Old and New Testament live and prophesy in the streets of Jerusalem for three years, do many wonderful works, even to call fire down from heaven in the sight of men, visit the earth with plagues as often as they will, and finally their enemies overcome them and kill them and their dead bodies lay in the streets for three days when the spirit of life would return into them and they would stand upon their feet and would ascent up into heaven in the sight of men?"

Says he, "What is that?"

I repeated it over to him. Says he, "Mister Hill, I must see you again." Says he, "Meet me here next Sunday and we will have this matter out in public."

Says I, "All right, Mr. Gordon, I will meet you."

Well, he went into the house and called the meeting to order, sang and tried to pray but could not. He got up and undertook to preach but could not think of anything to say, and in a very few minutes he dismissed the meeting.

I now thought I had surely got myself into it, but determined not to back down. I went and prayed in secret to my Father in Heaven for assistance and that He would not desert me in the time of need, and I would defend His cause well. I went to work all the week taking notes and preparing myself for the encounter that I thought was sure to come off on the next Sunday. Having prepared myself as well as I could, I repaired on Sunday to the place where I supposed I was to meet the champion. But lo and behold, he never came, although he had been preaching there every Sunday all summer and had baptized about fifty. He deserted his flock and his cause rather than meet the truth, although in the hands of a mere boy.

This debate served two purposes: one was it served to strengthen me in the truth and to strengthen me in my determination to gather with the Saints, for, thought I, if the truth is so potent that in the hands of a mere boy it can subdue their veterans, it is something worth striving for. And the other, it had revealed my true position so that it was no longer worthwhile for me to try to conceal my convictions.

So I resolved to marry and gather with the Church. Although my father had recommended Miss Stewart very highly to me in the first place, yet when he learned that they were Mormons, he did everything he could to discourage me by telling me all manner of tales that they were accused of as a church, although his prejudice against them was all caused by hearsay and lies from their enemies, as he had no acquaintance with them whatever.

I determined at once to make the sacrifice. Accordingly, I commenced to lay my plans, and believing it to be the best to go up to Nauvoo for instructions, I made my calculations accordingly and appointed a day to start. But it seemed that was not the thing to do for before the day came I would shake as hard with the ague that I would put off the time to start until another day. This was repeated three times, when I came to the conclusion that it was not for the best for me to go to Nauvoo that fall, and so gave it up until spring. In the meantime I learned of the exodus from Nauvoo into the wilderness somewhere, but where? I did not know.

This determined me to sell at any price and accompany the Church at all hazards. My mother-in-law also requested me to take charge of her affairs and dispose of her property as well as my own, and bring her and her family of nine children along with me. This was rather more than I had bargained for. I preferred if the boys would come along and take charge of their own affairs. I would render them all the assistance in my power, but they refused, saying they would not assume one particle of the responsibility of bringing such a family into the wilderness to starve, but if I would assume the responsibility, and take charge of the affairs, they would assist. I finally consented, thinking I would undertake any hardship rather than to leave my mother-in-law behind when she was so anxious to come.

So I went to work and sold out our possessions for what I could get, which was a mere trifle — not one-fourth of what they were worth — settled up all her business as well as my own, and in June, 1846 bade adieu to home and friends by the ties of nature, and launched forth into the wide world with a large family to see to and very little means to see to them with, but placing my trust in God. Like Abraham of old, I started forth to a strange land. I knew not where, but determined to find the Church of Christ and identify myself with it, to cast my lot with theirs, come weal or woe. It did not matter with me for I knew I was right. I did not care what country I got to if I was able to find the Church.

We took our course for Warsaw, thinking that by the time we had crossed the Osage River, we should be able to learn the whereabouts of the Church. In this we were disappointed, for we could not learn anything definite about them, only that they had left Nauvoo for the wilderness. I knew they were north of us somewhere, so I determined to steer north until we would strike their trail, and I knew that once on their trail, we could follow them up. So we turned our course for Boonsville, crossed the Missouri River at that place, still getting no tidings of the Mormons. We passed on up by the way of Keiteville (Keytesville, Charlton County). Sometimes we would hear they were up in Davies County, sometimes that they were already out on the plains. getting so many reports, and no two of them alike, we hardly knew what course to pursue.

I was musing on these different reports as we were traveling along in a big plain road when we came to where there was a dim road turned off to the right, like an old wood road that did not look like as though there had been a wagon on it for a year. But I did not want to travel the course we were going, now we had got across the Grand River. I felt all of a sudden as soon as we crossed the river that I wanted to go more to the right, and as soon as my eye caught sight of this road, the spirit seemed to say, "Take that road." I turned my team into it and went right along without asking anybody where it went or how far it was to the end of it. After I had taken this road I was satisfied again with our course.

The same evening the little one-horse wagon my mother-in-law rode in broke down, every spoke in on hind wheel breaking. "We now seemed to be in a fix. There was no blacksmith nor wagon shop in twenty miles of us that I knew of, but I thought there had to be a first time to do anything, and although I had never done anything of the kind, I knew we could not stop there to hunt for somebody that knew how to do such work. So away I went to a field that happened to be about a mile away and got a rail out of a fence and went to work with a dull axe, a dull hand saw and a dull drawing knife, which was all the tools we had, filled the wheel, put on the tire and started on in one day, thinking I had done very well in my first attempt at wagon making. Although I had seen nicer jobs done, still it answered our purpose very well. I had this job to do twice that summer, but after I had performed my first feat, I did not mind it, for I thought I was getting to be quite a wagon maker.

After following this old road some forty or fifty miles, it brought us to Kelsey's mills. Here we got the first correct information that we had at all about the Mormons. We learned that they had established a resting place about eighty miles from here they called Pisgah. We learned also that it was the council to exchange our horses for oxen as they would travel better on grass than horses. This suited me and seemed to be good council, so we stopped here one week trading our horses for cattle.

Here were the first Mormon elders that I had ever seen. Their names were Thomas Workman and Samuel Brannon. They went with me all around the country and were of good service to me, assisting me to trade. Resting here for a week was also of great benefit to my wife as her health had been very poor for some time.

After having finished our trading, resting one week, and obtaining supplies, we resumed our journey. A few days brought us to Pisgah. This was a place that President Young had prepared for a resting place for the poor that could not prosecute the journey. It was a nice-looking place situated on Grand River (probably Soldier River now). Here I rented a long house for a short time, but did not feel satisfied. Here I found the heads of the Church had gone to the Missouri River. I wanted to get near to where the heads of the Church were, thinking I would get more information than I would back in the rear, and that I did not like Grand River for winter.

Accordingly, in a few days I took James W. Stewart with me and went on to the Missouri River. Here I found an uncle to my wife, William Stewart, with whom we stopped a day and then returned to Pisgah in time to be at the confinement of my wife on the twenty-second of August, 1846. My oldest son was born at Mount Pisgah, then Pottawattamie County in the state of Iowa.

In about two weeks after this event, I took the teams and went back to Kelsey's Mills after provisions I had bought and left there as we came out. I was gone between two and three weeks on this trip. When I returned, I found my wife and child well, as well as the rest of the family. During my absence, one of my neighbors had killed two of my cows, quite a loss to me as we were where I could not replace them. I brought him before Charles C. Rich, who was there to preside, but was told plainly that, as I did not belong to the Church, that my testimony could not be taken against one who did belong to the Church. This seemed rather hard for me to bear, as if I could not tell the truth before being baptized. Still I passed over it as well as I could.

About the first of October, we hitched up and rolled out for the Missouri River and selected a place for wintering on the Booyou River (probably the Boyer River) on account of the joint rushes that grew there in abundance and kept green all winter. Stock do well on joint rushes. Here I had my last cow stolen and had one mare and colt drowned in the Booyou River.

Here we had a very hard winter and were very poorly prepared for it. We had a very hard time. I built a small log house with a chimney, made of sods cut out with a spade. We were very

poorly clad, poorly fed, poorly housed, and I think it the most severe winter I ever experienced. It seemed as if the adversary was determined to leave no stone unturned that would discourage me or that would hinder me in the prosecution of the journey or the accomplishing of the purpose for which I had set out, but I had endeavored to count the cost before starting, and I had determined to go through it if I had to go alone and on foot with nothing, realizing that the Savior's words were just as true when he said, "He that will not leave father and mother, houses and lands, wives and children, is not worthy of me." And when He said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." So the exertions of the adversary were all wasted on me. They never served to discourage me in the least. They had but one effect on me, and that was to make me weep, when alone, that circumstances were so hard with me that I could not provide any better for those who were dependent on me during this winter.

We had a good many councils as to how we should provide for the journey in the spring. We had neither money, nor teams and provisions sufficient for the journey, and how to obtain them was the great consideration with us. My wife's mother had an old negro woman slave who wanted the boys, some of them, to take off to Missouri and sell her, as she had become dissatisfied and did not want to go any farther, but they refused. It was finally decided that I should do this job.

Finally I consented to take her and do the best I could with her, so I got one of the boys to go with me as far as Council Point where I sold her to Captain Whitehead for fifty dollars in cash, two yoke of cattle and one wagon. The wagon, oxen and cows I had to drive to Missouri after. I sent every cent of the money home with the boy that went with me lest I should be obliged to spend some of it for something to eat. And away I went after the cows and oxen, and this was a severe job, as I had two cows to drive loose and the oxen and wagon, this giving me plenty of exercise. In fact, it kept me running nearly all the time. The snow was pretty deep and the wind came howling down the Missouri Bottoms, driving the snow in my face for four of the coldest successive days that I had ever experienced.

I finally arrived home with my cows, oxen and wagon without injury except that I had frozen my ears, but I thought I got off well at that. My wife's mother was well pleased with what I had done and promised me one of the cows, but I never realized the promise.

We remained in this place until the middle of February when I concluded to move over into Winter Quarters and get to work preparing for the journey the following summer. We were now busy fitting up the pioneers. I now tried to get my oldest brother-in-law to remain and bring on his mother and brothers and sisters and let me go with the pioneers, but he absolutely refused. He said he would have nothing to do with bringing that great family of children into the wilderness to starve to death but offered to go with the pioneers himself if I would remain and bring on the family. To this I finally gave my consent and went to work and fitted my own team and wagon. In company with my wife's uncle, William Stewart, we got our team and outfit fitted up according to the requirements and started them off with the pioneers about the middle of April, 1847.

I now turned my attention towards getting ready for following with the families. This involved another trip to Missouri, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles and back, making some two hundred and fifty miles. With ox teams that had to travel over one thousand miles with heavy loads and without roads to travel on, there was only one thing that made me venture to start from the Missouri River in 1847, and that was the health of my wife. She had taken the scurvy in the winter superinduced by our living as we did without vegetables. And as soon as the weather began to get warmer in the spring, she got worse instead of better and came very near dying. In fact, I had no hopes for her but to get on the road traveling as soon as possible, thinking a change of scenery, a change of air, and a change of water might be beneficial to her. I was determined to try it, let the consequences be what they might. I knew that we did

not have money enough to get a decent outfit to go with, but I would have preferred to have started with my gun only and to have taken my chance as an Indian rather than to have remained in that inhospitable region with the scurvy taking the people off by the hundreds as it was doing.

Accordingly, I took what money we had, and taking G. R. Stewart with me to drive one of the teams, away we went to Missouri to get an outfit which consisted of three hundred and fifty pounds of corn to each one in the family. This was to do us some eighteen months and would leave us at least one thousand miles from where we could procure fresh supplies in case we did not raise anything the next year. You may think this a very hazardous undertaking. We, we thought so too, but the stakes were terrible we had to play.

Shortly after my return I was baptized by Benjamin S. Clapp at Winter Quarters, now Florence. This was in the first part of June. We now hastened our departure from Winter Quarters, glad to get from that inhospitable place with life even, for we did not think we should have had even that if we had remained much longer. We made our way as best we could to the Elkhorn River to the place where we would be organized for the journey. Here we had to make a raft of logs to be ferried over the river. I assisted to ferry the whole of the companies, consisting of some five hundred and sixty wagons, over this river on a log raft, accomplishing this feat without accident of any note. We were here organized into A. C. Smoot's hundred, Major Russell's fifty and Samuel Turnbow's 10.

We had got fairly started on the journey. It was amusing to see us with our oxen, cows and two-year olds all yoked up, and in some instances the yearlings, as we thought that even yearlings could pull something, following the tracks the pioneers had made through the illimitable prairie, going we knew not where, but determined to seek an asylum where Christian charity would never come, notwithstanding our destitute condition. We left, indeed, without a regret. For some five hundred miles we traveled in on body as much a possible for protection against Indians that swarmed in thousands over the plains. As soon as we had got fairly under way I was appointed hunter for the company. This increased my labors a great deal, for whenever we were in camp I was off with my gun trying to obtain meat for the fifty. And sometimes while traveling I would leave my wife, although she was hardly able to sit up, to drive the team of four yoke of cattle, and take my gun and travel for miles away from the track to procure meat. In this way I have killed deer and hung them on my shoulders and carried them for as much as four miles without laying them down. And always, as soon as camp was formed in the evening, in the place of resting myself from the labors of the day, I would take my gun and go and try for meat. In this way I managed to keep meat for the family all the way and for the company the most of the time.

I well remember the day that I saw the first antelope and the first buffalo. We had just started when the wagon G. R. Stewart was driving broke and the company had to stop and put up the blacksmith shop to repair it. The Captain came to see me and said we would not get started any more that day and wanted me to go hunting. There were several that wanted to go, as we expected to go a good ways. It was decided that we should go horseback. I rode a mule belonging to my wife's uncle, William Stewart. Well, when we had got a good ways out we found an antelope, and some of the boys, having heard that to raise a red handkerchief that they would come to you, accordingly Albert Dewey pulled out his ramrod and tied his handkerchief on it and went riding around on the smooth prairie trying to coax the antelope up to him, when in reality if he had seen the antelope before it saw him and had secreted himself where the antelope could not have seen him, and then have hoisted something, the antelope might have come nigh enough to him to see what it was to enable him to have shot it, but as it was, his riding around on the smooth prairie in plain sight, only made the antelope run so much faster away from him, but as he ran from Brother Dewey, he did not notice well enough where he was, for he came running by me at full speed within about one hundred and fifty yards of me. Now this was entirely too

nigh me for an animal to attempt to pass me in safety. I brought up my gun and knocked him down at once.

Just at this time we saw two buffalo come over a hill some two miles away with General Charles C. Rich and Doctor Richardson in full chase after them. So I hastened and reloaded my gun and left my antelope lying where he fell and joined in the chase after the buffalo, but my mule would not run worth a cent. I continued to urge him, and it seemed like the more I urged him the farther I got behind. We had taken up a small hollow thinking to intercept the buffalo at the crossing of this hollow, as their course was quartering toward us. Well, in about one mile running I was left one hundred yards behind. I had begun to think that mules were not much on the run, but as the buffalo were crossing the hollow, the foremost of the horsemen were within about one hundred yard to them and when the mule saw the buffalo come bounding down the hill he became wonderfully excited, and now it was that he showed us what a mule could do at running, and although he fell so much behind while I was whipping and spurring him with all my might, when he saw the buffalo he let out at such a rate that I do not think we went more than two hundred yards until he brought me alongside of the horses, jumping, it seemed to me, as high as my head every jump, and so stiff legged that just as I was passing the first horseman, one stirrup broke. "This bothered me considerably, but just as he was nearing Doctor Richardson, he fired on the buffalo. His horse fetched a skip to one side and he lit flat on his back. Seeing the Doctor shoot and fall almost by his side excited him still more, and he jumped so furiously that my other stirrup strap broke. This almost unhorsed me, and seeing where my stirrup fell I thought to stop and get it, but he carried me so far before I could get him stopped that I could not find it, so I straddled him and joined the chase. But I had hindered so much time looking for the stirrup that they had both of the buffalo down before I got to them. The boys loaded their horses with meat of the buffalo, but I preferred antelope, so I went back to where I had killed the antelope and put him on my mule and started for camp. I also killed the largest and fattest badger that I almost ever saw and carried him to camp, thinking that he was good to eat. Now we had got so far from the camp that it was just midnight when we got to camp. This was my first day with buffalo and antelope and the first badger I had ever seen.

In about two or three more day's travel we got into buffalo country where we could see them by the thousands. We would now see them all around us as far as the eye could reach, as thick as you would generally see a cow herd. We had now to guard against their stampeding our stock.

We continued our journey in this way on the north side of Platte River until we got opposite what is now called Ofalon's Bluffs on South Platte. Here Jedediah Grant's cattle got stampeded and he lost about sixty head. We stopped here for a few days trying to find his stock. I went over to South Platte in company with A. O. Smoot, Samuel Turnbow, George B. Wallace and Peter Nebaker, hunting for the stock belong to brother Grant's company. In running the buffalo along the South Platte there was a buffalo cow who broke one of her forelegs in jumping down the bank. This crippled her, so that we concluded to drive her to camp and butcher her, but when we went into the river to drive her out she only drove at us. We continued driving until she drove us clear across the river which was about two miles wide, but when she got to the bank she refused to go up, so we threw two lariats on her and undertook to pull her up, but she was too good at holding back. I then went into the river and took my butcher knife and would prod her in the rump, thinking to make her go up that way, but it was no go. Finally Brother Smoot took a bit of a run and jumped straddle her, thinking to ride her up the bank, but she had kicked so when I was prodding her that she was just as wet as water would make her, which made her so slick he never made any stop on her, but landed head foremost in the river. She concluded that she had rather go up the bank alone than to be ridden up, so up she went charging.

The boys now spread apart with their lariats and held her while I came up the bank and got my gun and shot her as a beef. While we were dressing her, there came the most singular

looking animal that we had ever seen. Brother Smoot requested me to kill it. I took out my gun just as it came to the river and commenced to drink. I shot him. When he dropped dead into the river he sank like a rock, and with all the hunting we could do we could not find him, so that we never knew what he was. He looked like a wolf with long, shaggy hair and was white, but what he was we never knew.

While some of the boys were dragging our buffalo, the rest of us were chasing the buffalo and found a steer that had been left by Oregon emigrants, I suppose on account of lameness, as he was quite lame. We drove him to camp with us and brought him to the valley with us, but we got none of the lost cattle. After searching for the stampeded stock until it was considered in vain to search longer, we continued our journey.

We arrive opposite Scott's Bluff (now Scottsbluff) on Saturday night, and as we always laid by on Sunday to let our animals rest, some of us boys concluded to cross the river and ascend the bluffs. Accordingly several of us went and ascended them to the top, finding some mountain sheep on the top of the bluffs. We chased them, thinking that we could make them jump off of the cliffs and kill themselves, but we found out that they could ascend or descent precipitous rocks better than we could. In fact, they would skip up and down cliffs that seemed to be almost perpendicular.

On coming down off of these bluffs, I heard a call from one of the members of our party who was hanging from the edge of a cliff. When descending this precipice, he had happened to look down and seeing the distance so great below him, he became excited and had stuck his fingers in a crack of the rock and held on for dear life, continuing to look below him. He could not control his nerves, but was trembling like an aspen leaf when I got to him. And seeing the condition he was in, I took him in my arms and carried him by force to a place of safety, thus saving him from falling several hundred feet and dashing himself to pieces. I then remained with him until he arrived safely at the bottom of the bluffs.

We continued our journey on the north side of the river until we came to the mouth of Laramie, for here we crossed over on the south side near old Fort John, near where Fort Laramie now stands. About five miles above here at a grove of white ash, we camped and laid by for about a week to burn tar, there being plenty of pitch pine here. We also needed rest. From here we went on to Horse Shoe, about forty miles. Here we laid by one day for the women to wash.

We were now fairly well into the Black Hills and in full view of Laramie Peak. This was such a novel sight to me that I proposed to Captain Turnbow that we should go to the top of the peak and kill some mountain sheep, which were supposed to abound there. He accepted the proposal, and away we went, supposing it to be about ten or twelve miles when in reality it was about forty miles. We went about twelve miles and the peak look just as far off as it did. We got discouraged about going to it and returned the same day as we thought when we started.

Here we came across an old buffalo bull, and Turnbow proposed that I should crawl as close to him as I could and shoot him, and we would load ourselves with meat and return. So I crawled up within three rods of him, as he was feeding away from me, but he would not turn around so as to give me a fair shot at him. So I peeled away at his flank, crawling forward. At the crack of a gun he jumped and kicked and ran; in a short distance he entered the brush out of sight. Turnbow came up laughing and we followed his track a little ways into the brush when I saw him walking along with his head down, very sick, so I shot him again. He ran off a very little ways and stopped and laid down, too sick to go farther.

Turnbow now proposed to shoot him in the head, saying he had heard it said that a bullet would not penetrate a buffalo's head, and he was going to try it and see for himself. So he went up within about one rod of the old bull, as he was lying there with his tongue out, and raised his

gun, when the old bull began to struggle to get up. Turnbow thought he was gone sure; he jerked his hat and ran as hard as I ever saw a man run until he got to some cottonwood trees about forty yards off before he looked behind him, thinking the old bull was right at his heels, while I was laughing almost fit to split my sides to see him run, as there was no danger, for the old bull hardly got to his feet when he fell dead, before Turnbow was half way to the trees. When he saw the old bull was dead he came back laughing, saying he was going to have his shot anyhow. So he went about to where he was before and peeled away, the bullet going into his head the same as any other beef.

We went to work and skinned a part of him and cut off about one hundred and fifty pounds of the meat. I objected to taking so much, telling him he would give out and we would have to leave it after carrying it a good way, but he declared he knew he could carry it to camp. So we strung it on a pole between us and started for camp, but he soon got tired and we would have to lay it down and rest, then we would start on again with the whole of it in place of throwing a part of it away so as to make it light enough so that we could carry it. In this way we continued carrying and resting until we go about half way to camp when he declared he could not carry it any farther. So he proposed we should hang it up in a tree and go to camp and come after it in the morning with horses. Finally I agreed, so I climbed a tree and hung it up and we went to camp.

That night the Indians stole every horse in camp but seven head. We knew it was folly to pursue them on foot, so we gave them up and proceed on our journey. Having had experience enough the day before in carrying on foot, we left our meat to hang and dry and did not go for it so that we had our tramp to Laramie for nothing.

In this way we traveled until we had come out of the hills onto the Platte again. As we were coming along one evening just before camping time we saw three bears on the other side of the river near by a thicket of brush. Smoot, the captain, called to me to get ready and go with him and kill them. Accordingly I got my gun which was empty and loaded it with a double charge, as I knew it would stand it, and took my pistol — a single barrel — in case I got into a close fight, and went with him. By the time we got started there were three more boys who had got ready and also went with us. Their names were Charles Chipman, George Peacock and Lorin Roundy.

Well, by the time we got across the river the bear had gone into the bush so that we could not see them, but we had three large dogs with us which we put on their tracks and into the brush they ran, but when they got to the bear they were so astonished they would not even bark at them. When we got pretty well up to the brush, Smoot charged right up, thinking, I suppose, to get the first shot, but when he saw the bear he was about like the dogs. He was so excited he forgot he had any gun but hollered. "Here she is boys, come and shot her quick." Accordingly we ran as fast as we could right up to the brush, but when we got there the brush was high enough that we could not see them on foot. Just as this time the old bear noticed Smoot on his horse and she paid no attention to the dogs, but came for us with a vengeance. This excited Smoot the more and he hollered, "Take care boys, run — here she comes. She is a fifteen hundreder," and turning his horse he laid whip and away he went with a vengeance.

This so alarmed the boys that they all turned and ran as fast as they could, leaving the bear and me to settle our little differences as best we could. In the moment of their running by me and leaving me to fight it out alone, I thought of Daniel Boone's companions running and leaving him alone in like circumstances when attacked by a panther. But I thought I was equal to the emergency and knowing my gun and myself also, I brought my gun to my face and ran backwards from the brush to try and get far enough from the brush to give me a chance to shoot. The old bear, in the meantime was not fooling away her time, for I had not got more than twenty feet from the brush until she made her appearance. when she saw me she was filled with rage

and she came for me with all the vengeance that she had in her, blowing and whistling so that you might have heard her a half a mile at least. But there was so time to lose, so quick as thought I brought my gun on her and fired, striking her in the sticking (?) place and coming out through her kidney, knocking her a complete somersault with her head from me.

I immediately reloaded, turning the powder into my gun out of the powder horn while I was getting a bullet out of my mouth where I had placed them to be ready for a load quick, for I expected a fight. I had not started from camp after them calculating to run from them when I saw them.

After I had killed this one, which proved to be an old she-grizzly with her teeth all worn off, I looked to see what had become of my companions. I They were just turning around some large trees about fifty yards from me when they saw the bear down and that I was master of the field. They came running back as fast as they had run away, but I was reloaded and ready for another before they got back to me.

WE then got the dogs after the young ones; the dogs would fight these. They all three turned loose on one but they could not stop him. he would travel along as fast as a man could walk with all three dogs doing their best on him. I went up to him while the dogs and he were fighting and ran my knife through him, killing him instantly. The other one fled and got across the river and almost the whole company ran after him. Of all the dogs in camp there was but one that would fight him, and could not do much with him. Then a man by the name of Armstrong got to him and putting his gun close to the bear's head, he fired, missing him. He then turned the butt of his gun and struck the bear over the head, breaking the gun into two pieces, but not hurting the bear any. This brought him to his senses. There was another fellow that ran up to the bear and did the same way and missed him. Not taking time to bring any ammunition with them and not having any more guns, they had no other resource but to throw rocks at it. Finally Major Russel, the captain of the fifty, hit him on the nose with a rock and knocked him down and he laid there until he ran up ;and cut his throat. Thus ended the first bear fight I was ever in.

We now proceeded slowly. Our teams were getting worn out with heavy loads and no roads. We traveled slowly until we got to the pacific Springs. Here we met the First Presidency returning from Salt Lake Valley. Here our hearts were made glad by their rehearsing to us that they had found a good country at Salt Lake Valley, counselled us on our arrival in Salt Lake Valley to weigh out our provisions and ration ourselves so as to make it hold out until time for harvest.

From here to Fort Bridger game was scarce, but little could be got while travelling. At the Springs, six miles west of Bridger, I left the wagons and went on foot and alone to Bear River to try and kill some meat to do us into the valley. I made Bear River a little after dark, and the next morning started on a hunt in the hills, hoping to kill several antelope that day, as I expected the wagons to get there that night. I soon had a very fat antelope down and another large buck came running up to see what the noise was. I blazed away at him, thinking I had him sure, but the tube and cylinder blew out of my gun and I do not suppose the bullet went half way to him. My hunt was now played out. After my leaving my wife for two days I got but one antelope. Still, I thought it would never do to give it up, so I took another gun to try it the next day while the train was on the move.

I started out in the morning, but I had not gone more than two or three miles before I came on a mule and mare that had been left there by the Battalion boys a couple of months before. They were as wild as if they had never seen anybody in their lives. I tried a good while to get the better of them, to catch them, but finding my efforts unavailing, I undertook to craze the mare, thinking by so doing I should get them both. So I blazed away down came the mare. I ran up to her and

slipped a bridle on her, taking the bridle off the horse I was riding and letting it go on the prairie. The one I rode ran off with the wild mule. I gave the bridle to Brother Chipman who was with me to hold, telling him to get something and stop up the bullet hole so as to stop up the blood while I went after the one that had run away. It took a good while to catch my horse. I was gone over an hour. In the meantime, Chipman thought the mare bled so fast that she would bleed to death anyhow, so he took the bridle off her and turned her loose. I She got up and went off down by the train just as I was getting back and fell down dead. I then gave up the mule and came ahead.

When we got over into Echo Canyon we met James W. Stewart with my oxen that I had sent out with the pioneers, to help us over the mountains. this was timely help, and it enabled me to cross the mountains a great deal easier than we otherwise would have done.

In East Canyon I came very near having an accident that would have been quite serious. My oxen refused to take a crossing straight. They crowded me onto the haw side and ran the wagon up on the bank so far they came very near upsetting my wagon. I was obliged to run around to the off side and take the wagon on my back and hold it until we could drive down to the creek. My wagon was loaded with provisions which, if it had tipped over into the creek, would almost have ruined us, but we got over safely and arrived where Salt Lake City now stands, on the eighteenth day of September, 1847.

We had now got to our journey's end. As soon as we could after we had got to our camping ground so that we could do it, we went to work and weighed out our provisions. I We found that we had a little over three — fourths of a pound of corn a day to the head.

Having accomplished all I had agreed to do, and that was to see my wife's mother to her journey's end in safety, we now separated and each went to ourselves. It had occupied my time and had caused me a great deal of hard work in taking the responsibility of her family and bringing them through, but once having given my word, I was determined to accomplish it and although I was as tough as men ever get to be. I was well nigh worn out. In fact, I had been judged to be forty-five years old before I got to the valley although I was but twenty-five.

I now went to work and got out logs and built a log house in the fort and prepared for the winter. 4 During this winter the Indians stole a great deal of our stock. They got the last I had, which set me entirely afoot. Neither was there any chance to get a knew supply for work. We were all poor together. The first winter was very light; in fact, there was ploughing and sewing done all winter. In the spring of 1848 I went out on Mill Creek six miles south. Here I managed to get in about ten acres of corn, but just as my corn was up nicely, the crickets came down in swarms from the mountains and in one day's time destroyed my whole crop, and where they ate it never grew again. They would suck all the virtue out of the roots.

I then took ten acres to attend on shares, but the nights were so cold that it would not grow worth a cent and there was not any that ripened fit to eat. Still, we had to eat it, soft, mush, half-rotten as it was.

In the fall I got to work for Van Vott and got about twenty bushels of him, but it was all of a piece, no sound corn in it. In fact, I almost came to the conclusion that we would have to import our seed corn. It seemed that we never could get any ripe enough for seed. It rained a very little — not enough to spoil the salt in the lake, so but what it could be got all winter, but to say that we passed the first two years in destitute circumstances does not express the situation. But I believe today that notwithstanding we had to suffer so much for even the commonest necessities of life, that the first immigration were the best satisfied and grumbled the least of any immigration that has ever come to Utah. We were all poor alike, we were all hungry alike, and we were all naked alike and could each sympathize with each other.

Well in this condition we passed the first years in the valley, the spring of forty-nine being the hardest I ever experienced. I After we had eaten all the flour and corn meal and shorts that could be got we would sift the bran through a sieve and eat it and when we could get no more to sift we would eat the siftings, and after all this, I passed some six weeks without the taste of bread of any kind and worked hard every day. In fact one day I walked twenty-five miles and cut and split and racked up with the hearts all to the sun, one hundred and fifty fence rails, twelve feet long and all of a large size, for twenty pounds of shorts, for Jacob Gates, and then when I went for my shorts he only gave me seventeen pounds.

Well, in this way we passed along and although I had money in my pocket it would not buy bread. I remember just as harvest was coming on my wife went to a meeting after a very scanty breakfast one Sunday morning, leaving absolutely nothing at home to eat. On our return she was so faint she wanted to go home at noon but I said no, I wanted to stay till the afternoon meeting and then I would get something to eat. So we stayed. After meeting she went home alone and I went to an emigrant camp that was camped up by the Hot Springs and bought some flour and coffee and away I went trudging home feeling larger that I should have done if my load had been of gold. My wife went to work and cooked some pancakes and made a cup of coffee, but she was so weak that she could not eat but very little, but from this time we had plenty.

Now we began to realize the fulfillment of the prophecy of Heber C. Kimball's mad the fall before. When President Young and Brother Kimball and others arrived with our second emigration the people were in a very destitute condition. Heber came out on the stand and prophecies in the name of Israel's God that in less than twelve months everything we needed in the provision, grocery and dry goods line would be bought in the streets of Salt Lake cheaper than it would cost in S. Louis. He said himself, afterwards, He was scared for he did not know how such a prophecy could be fulfilled,, but said that he said it before he knew what he was saying. But it was now being fulfilled, for the emigrants came flocking in by thousands loaded so heavy they did not know, but now they were in a hurry to get to the gold mines before the gold was all got, and they would pay fabulous prices for ponies and would sell anything they could for just what they could get. In some instances they would give a new wagon and three or four yoke of cattle and outfit for a pony that one month before could have been for twenty-five dollars. It was just as heber said it would be — ready-made clothing, calicos, domestics, flour, bacon, powder lead and almost everything that we wanted, sold at less than St. Louis' prices. And then they brought the money along for us to buy their goods and gave it to us for a few ponies, a little garden sauce, butter and milk and so on, so that by the time the emigration was over, the majority of the people were quite comfortable and Heber's prophecy had been fulfilled to the fullest extent.

In Sept. 1849, I received a letter from Father and brothers in Missouri of a tone that made me believe that if I were to go back that fall I should be able to bring them into the Church. I went to see Pres. Young and told him what news I had from home and asked him what he thought I had better do. He counselled me to go back with a company of missionaries that would be going immediately after conference, so I set to work to get ready to go. The family of my wife's mother proffering me one-third of their estate that was left if I would get the remainder and bring it to them. This of itself was no consideration, as the whole amount was only about sixteen hundred dollars, but considering the prospects of getting my father's family out, I concluded to make the venture.

Accordingly, I moved my family up to Weber River to my wife's mother's and hired them to take care of them until my return, furnishing them nearly as much provisions aa they used and paying G.R. Steward one yoke of cattle on my return, besides cutting ten acres of wheat for them. October the tenth was the day appointed to start. On the ninth at sunset I started from Weber with a pack on my back of about thirty pounds to walk to Session's settlement, a distance of thirty

miles. Arriving at Session's settlement in the latter part of the night, I crawled into the wagon we were going in and slept rather than to disturb them at night.

The next day we started, but the rest of the company did not start until the fifteenth. I went to Fort Bridger and waited for the company to come, when we proceeded on our journey from this point. I stood guard every night, the night being divided into three watches, standing my own guard, Kinkade;s and elder Taylor;s. I walked all the way. I do not suppose I rode five miles the whole distance from Salt Lake to the Missouri River, and cooked for the mess and gained about fifteen pounds on the road.

Just beyond Sweet Water River we met the mail. They had been robbed by the Crow Indians three times the day before, the last time the Indians taking everything they had, even making them strip off their shirts and exchange with them. We divided with them what we could in clothing and provisions and sent them on their way rejoicing.

These Crows, five hundred strong, were down on a war party to fight the Sioux. Finding the sioux were not out too strong, for them, they sent home for five hundred more men and were waiting for their arrival to go on to meet the sioux.

When we got down to Platte River Canyon, we stopped at noon at the lower end of the canyon. Just as we were sitting down to dinner, the cheyennes, about two hundred strong made a charge on us. Jedediah Grant, who was sergeant of the guard, instantly took command. Dinner was left on the ground; every man ran to arms. The horses were brought in and tied up and a line was formed before the Indians got to us. The Indians evidently intended to run right over us; they were well mounted and armed, their guns cocked. Those that had bows had their hands full of arrows. Several had swords. They were drawn. They came on in splendid style, about twelve abreast, and made about as handsome a sight as one would wish to look at. Still, one does not see a more dangerous sight often in a lifetime. Every man made his horse do his best, for they saw our movements and they knew that if we beat them into position it was going to make it costly to them, if they succeeded at all in charging and getting our boxes and goods. They came on at full speed until when they were in about two or three rods of our line. Every man's gun was to his face. When so many hollow things were looking them square in the face and no signs of any faltering by the holders of them, it was more than they could stand, and they stopped then and there. In fact, the stop was so sudden and unlooked for by them in the next lines that they piled up there in the worst confused mass you ever saw, some twenty or thirty being thrown from their horses. A good many came very near being run over and they got into a regular quarrel amongst themselves. They made three attempts to pass around our lines, but were met every time with arms presented, when they finally desisted.

Finally, after being kept in this position by them for an hour or two, Jedediah called for five of the smallest to retire from the lines and harness up all the teams and put everything in the wagons for a start. When this was done he called for every teamster to go to his team and start out, and as the first team passed the line for three men to fall in beside the team with arms on the shoulders and march by the side of the team, and to do the same throughout. We did so and when the Indians saw our move, about one half of them turned about and left as mad as they could well be. The rest went along with us quite a distance, to all appearances, really friendly.

That night we camped on Horse Shoe close by the side of the sioux camp, about one thousand strong. These and the Cheyennes, about two thousand, were both coming to fight the crows. The Crows came about midnight and stole some ten head of their horses and about twenty head from the Cheyennes. Just as it was daylight there was a perfect roar of small arms, every Indian discharging his gun to load afresh for the fight which came off that day back in the hills. The Crows took this method of stealing their horses to draw the Sioux and cheyennes onto the ground where they wanted to fight, where they had an ambush laid for them.

We traveled that day down below the Fort Laramie kilns and camped with two Government teamsters. I saw that we were going to be short of provisions before we got through, so we inquired of these teamsters what the chance would be for us to get supplies at the fort. They said that there was plenty there that the Government had sent out on purpose for destitute emigrants, but assured us we could not get anything for they had known a good many to apply for them but were invariably refused. We told them that we would get all we wanted in answer to prayer. They said if we did, they would be Mormons.

Accordingly, when prayer time came the chaplain was requested to say our condition before the father and ask him to soften the heart of the Major commanding so that he would supply our wants. k the chaplain did so. I After prayer they said that they had never seen anything done that way, but if our prayers were answered, they would be Mormons.

The next day when we arrived at the fort we called on the Major and made our wants known to him. His reply was, "Yes, gentlemen, you can have all you want at the wholesale price, at Fort Leavenworth prices, without anything for freight even."

So we got everything we needed in answer to our prayer, but I have never seen the teamsters since I saw them at the fort. They kept watch to see if we got everything, swearing that it beat their time, but that was all there was of them.

The first night below Laramie it rained all night, making it bad traveling, but when we went to cross over from Ash Hollow we found it had snowed there some ten or twelve inches deep and froze so hard that it would almost bear up the horses and mules, giving us a very hard day. But when we got to South Platte there was no ice in the river, which was very low, but the sand was so soft that when we had gone about one fourth of a mile into the river, our teams all gave out and we were obliged to get out and push at the wagons before the teams could start again. We divided up and took one third of them at a time and helped them across and then returned for one more third. Here we had to make three round trips in the river about knee deep, which took us over an hour in ice cold water. Elder John Taylor had crossed on horseback and made up a rousing fire on the bank out of buffalo chips, as that was all the wood he had. But we never stopped to try to warm, but took to our heels and ran four or five miles to where we camped.

The snow met us at Plum Creek about three hundred miles from the Missouri River. From here we had snow about two feet deep, but fortune favored us again, for the wind had blown the snow all out of the road. But we had to chop cottonwood trees for nearly all the way for our horses to feed on the bark, as the snow was so deep they could get no grass. At Fort Carney they furnished us what we wanted.

We arrived at the Missouri River on December the twelfth, driving forty miles that day without breakfast. Here we found the ice running so thick that boats could not cross, So we laid by one day, held a meeting, and voted to cross the next day, on Monday, and I was appointed one of the committee to go up and find the best place. We crossed at the ferry on a strip of ice not over one hundred yards wide, in the current, with our horses and wagons where it was open water twenty four hours before. We pulled our wagons with ropes, and when the wheels would cut through the ice, as many did, I would step up and take hold of the point of the hub and lift it out and the rest of the boys would pull it along. We got two horses into the river but we would choke them and make them rise and pull them out and go on. We had been over the river about one hour when the river cleared itself of ice, but we were over as we voted we would be, on the bridge that Father prepared for us.

now we made our way to Kaneshville where I tarried one week with the brethren before starting on. I bade the brethren goodbye and started on foot and going for the southwest

Missouri, about five hundred miles, where I arrived between Christmas and New Year's, finding my folks all well except my father who was barely able to get about. All were overjoyed to see me, but Father had a sever attack of congestive chills the April previous and had never got over it. Indeed, it seemed that he had just lived to see me before he could die. Early in February he appointed the following Sunday for me to baptize him, he being the first one that called for baptism. k But on Saturday night he was violently attacked with fever from which he never recovered, and died on the following Saturday night, full in the faith without the privilege of baptism.

I know prosecuted my suit in court for the money I had come after; this caused me a great deal of traveling. I went once to Jefferson City to meet Joseph Toronto, who was going to Italy on a mission with Elder Lorenzo Snow. But, I accomplished all I went for; I got my money all right, baptized my oldest brother and wife and brought my mother and family and my oldest brother and family also. We spent the most of the winter travelling and as soon as spring opened, were ready for a start.

On my return trip I had found that all my old acquaintances had turned enemies to me because of their suspicions that I had got to be a Mormon, for I had not told any of them that I had joined the Church. There is one incident I will relate.

On my way to court I stayed overnight with a man by the name of Noah Bray, my brother Richard being with me. That night I dreamed that the opposition was very strong against me, and that one J. A. J. Lee, one of the judges had offered to bribe the court for one hundred dollars so that I need have no more expenses. In consequences of my refusing to bribe him, he turned enemy to me and was trying to do all he could against me. I dreamed just what to do and also what would take place in the court room the next day.

In the morning when I got up I told Bray he had got to go to court that day as he was one of the judges, but he not being on that term of the court, and fixing to get off to California, but I told him if he did not I should send after him, for I was going to rule some of the judges off the bench and was going to put him in their place. He said I could not do it. I told him I could. I them told him what I had seen the night before and that I was going to be governed by it that day to the letter.

So he went with us and everything transpired just exactly as I told him before we started. Even old Mike Randleman, the blacksmith, I dreamed, same into the court room at the head of a mob with his sleeves rolled up to his shoulders and pinned up, and that when he came, that I stepped back into the court room and adjusted my revolver and came out, and then they left. Well, old Mike came just as I had seen him and stepped past the clerk and picked up a large green persimmon club that stood in the corner. I immediately stepped back and adjusted my revolver, and just as I was returning the clerk took the club from old Mike and showed it to the court, told them the Court House had been broken open a few nights before and that club was left, told Mike that was his club and that Mike could not have it. The crowd then began to disperse and everything was done just as I had seen it the night before. This beat Noah Bray's time and he acknowledged that it beat anything he had ever seen.

I stopped one night at Harden Payne's where I believe there was an attempt made to poison me, when something said plainly to me not to eat supper. Well, I was so used to this thing I took the warning and refused to eat after the victuals were on the table and the coffee was poured out. Whereupon the old lady got up from the table and took the cup of coffee that was poured out at my place and threw it out doors before my face. This entirely convinced me that I was right and that the monitor had given me timely warning

Well as soon as spring opened up we started. Nothing of an unusual occurrence took place until we got to Fort Carney. The cholera had set in a day or two back at Big Blue, but when we got to Platte river the Cholera had increased to much that folks began to get frightened, when before I knew what I was saying I told them not to be afraid of the cholera, that if they would do as I told them, they should pass through it and not have a symptom of it in my camp This they agreed to do in a moment.

It was now my turn to get scared. I made the promise without knowing what I did. I now had to center all The faith I had in the Almighty. I knew he was able to keep us out of disease if we were faithful, and having without knowing how I came to do it I knew I was under the influence of the spirit or I never would dared to have made such a promise no more than a sectarian preacher dare to promise the Holy Ghost, for he knows he has no authority to do so. So I took it that Father wanted to show his power, that they might receive strength, for they were very weak.

So we came right along for over three hundred miles where they were sick and dying around us all the times without one of my company having even a bowel complaint.

When we got to the old california crossing of South Platte it was very high. Teams were swimming. I told the captain I would not cross there , that I could find a crossing just a little above where we could cross dry. So I took his horse and found a crossing where the water did not tough the wagon box. I then piloted them all over, crossing the river nine times that day, but when I had got the company all over without accident or getting anything wet, the captain called upon the company to furnish some teams and drivers to go back and bring my two wagons across at one trip, but notwithstanding I had been the means of their all crossing in safety without one man or woman even getting their feet wet, they all, without exception, refused to cross that river again to assist me to get across, I thanked them very kindly and told them that in my greatest extremity I could not accept of the assistance of any such a company; neither could I afford to travel with them any farther and that they could go their own way the rest of the journey and I should help myself. I had ferried the whole company over the Big Blue, working the whole day on the kraft, as there was not a man in the whole company that had ever seen a wagon on a raft and knew no more about steering a kraft than a newborn babe, and had rendered them the assistance that I had that day, and not one in the whole company had the manhood to return the compliment, even to make one trip to assist me. I got well nigh out of patience with them, but the captain declared he was ashamed of such ingratitude and took his teams, contrary to my wish, and went back with me after my wagons and brought me over safely at one trip. We then drove out to the spring and camped.

The next day we drove to Ash Hollow. The next morning I got up my teams early before the company was ready and bade them goodbye and rolled out of their company for good.

I then made the best of my way for home, but at Independence Rock my youngest brother took the mountain fever. Here we laid for eight days, during which time there came a man by the name of Brown that had a difficulty in his company and had got turned out of his company. He wanted to get to drive team from there to Salt Lake for his board, so I took him in and let him drive my team and left the wagons in care of my eldest brother and started from there alone on horseback to come on home in order to get in, if possible before the celebration of the 24th.

At the head of Sweetwater I fell in with Charles Decker and Ralph Frink, who had gone back in the same company the fall before. We were mutually glad to meet each other — me because I was entirely alone and they because they did not have a mouthful of anything to eat. Well, I divided grub with them, and ky the time we reached Green River my grub was all gone. Here I bought what grub I thought would do us

home, but when we reached Echo Canyon our grub was out again. Here we ate the last we had, about half a breakfast, and started for Salt Lake.

I found the Weber River pretty high, sometimes swimming my horse. I undertook to go over a point of mountain to avoid a very bad crossing, Here my mare fell and rolled down the mountain about yards and lodged with her back under a log that was fast at the roots and her heels up the mountain in such a way that I could not extricate her, and I was obliged to chop the log in two with my butcher knife, as I had nothing else. This hindered a good deal of time and when I got her at liberty, I found that she was seriously injured. However, I started on, but at the next crossing the river had enlarged its channel when high and filled in next the bank with quicksand, and as soon as my mare struck this she mired up to her belly the first plunge she made, and every exertion she made after sank her deeper into the mire. Here I labored until nearly sunset trying to extricate her, but of no avail, for every move I made to get her out only sank deeper in the mire. So I finally gave her up and started on foot with a heavy pack on my back. I went on until dark, turned in by the side of a large rock, and slept until morning, but it was so very bushy in the canyon — no trail — the brush in many places so very thick it seemed almost impossible to get through, so I thought I would try the mountain, knowing that Weber and Ogden Rivers were not far apart where they came into the valley. I thought the top of the mountain would be smooth and clear of brush, so up I went, toiling until I got near the top, when to my surprise, I found it was only a succession of mountains and canyons and altogether impracticable to follow the top of the mountains, and also I could see down into Weber Valley, a nice, open country, clear of brush, and that I was almost to it when I ascended the mountain. So I retraced my steps, taking me about half a day to go to the top of the mountain and down ;again, and gaining not more than 3 or 4 miles.

I now struck out in earnest, but about noon there came a tremendous rain that hindered me for a couple of hours or more so that night overtook me again up in the head of Weber Canyon, above Devil's gate. Here I laid down and slept by the side of a rock again. As soon as daylight came I started on and reached home about noon, making the third day without anything to eat and two days with a pack upon my back that would weigh close to one hundred pounds, especially after the rain the second day.

I found my family that I had not heard from since I left them in the previous October all well and very glad to see me, for they had heard how the cholera had raged on the plains and had been very uneasy about me. I had accomplished all I went to do, just as president Young told me I would, for I had obtained the means I went after and had succeeded in bringing my father's family into the Church — all but my brother John — and had brought them home with me, and although the cholera raged so fiercely on the plains we all come through it without one of my company having a symptom of it, my promise being fulfilled to the very letter.

I have always believed that the angels of God accompanied me across the plains and guarded me from accidents and disease, and when I was coming down Weber Canyon alone with my pack on my back, every once in a while there would come the most cheerful influence over me and i do not know how many times I caught myself turning around to speak to my companion when I knew that I was entirely alone. Neither in the whole three days did I ever once feel the pangs of hunger and fatigue, and my strength kept up seemingly as good as ever.

There is one singular circumstance that took place that I will here relate. I had a man with us ky the name of Banton that, stop where we would, he would go fishing and he would scarcely ever fail to catch a mess of fish. If it was only a brook, he would have fish. Anyhow, while on Little Blue he caught a fine string of very large, fine fish, and when I saw them it seemed to me I never wanted anything so bad in my life, so I tried every way possible to get one of them, but he absolutely refused to let me have even one of them, After laboring with him for a good while to no purpose, offering him any price he had mind to ask, I seemed to become

enraged at him and spoke right out to him and told him if he did not let me have one at least of his fish, he should not catch another fish for three hundred miles. This seemed to enrage him and he asked if there were no fish in Platte River. I told him "yes" but he should not catch one in Platte River nor any of its tributaries. "Well" said he, "You shall not have one now at any price," and I was not able to buy one of them. "But" said he, "When we get over to Platte River I will go and catch a mess and give them to you" at which I replied, "If you catch a fish in Platte River or any of its tributaries, you can call me a liar," and we parted.

Well, as I was leaving my wagons on Sweetwater to come home, who should I meet but Benton. Said he, as soon as the first salutations were over, "Mister Hill, are there any fish in this river?" I told him there were plenty. Said he, "I wish you would let me go and catch a mess, for I never was so hungry for fish in my life." I asked him if he caught any in the Black Hills. He said no, that he could see them in Deer Creek almost as thick as they could swim, but the moment he would throw in his hook they would every one run away as fast as they could, and he had not had a bite of fish since we were at Little Blue, and he never was so hungry for fish in his life, and he would be very much obliged if I would allow him to go catch some. At the same time I declared that if he were ever allowed to catch fish again as he used to, he would never refuse a man fish as he had me. I told him that he might go in the morning and catch what he wanted for all of me, for I should not hinder him. He seemed to be delighted, but I never saw him afterwards, so I do not know whether he got any in the morning or not, but in all our travels until this occurrence took place we would never stop at any little branch or creek of any size, even where you would think there would not be even a minnow hardly, but what we would go and catch a good mess of fish. Still in all that distance he never got a bit, just as I told him he should not.

Having arrived at home where I could rest and recruit myself again after a long and hazardous journey, I remained as quiet as circumstances would admit of. I now cast about to see where I should locate. Finally I selected a location about one mile south of the present site of Ogden City, and a tract of land surveyed of fifty three acres, and went to work to build upon it. While engaged in building, there was an even transpired common in new countries, thickly peopled as this was with wild indians.

There was an Indian chief named Tar-ra-Kee that had made a practice of stealing corn from a man named Urban Stewart. One day Tar-ra-kee was in Urban's house and Urban told him that if he stole anymore of his corn he would kill him. He said he was going to move away the next day. Well, about midnight that same night here comes Tar-ra-kee to steal more corn. I suppose he wanted some to take along with him. Urban heard him shucking his corn so he got up, took his gun and went out and shot him, sure enough killing him right there. It was now time for Urban to get scared, so he took his children and ran the best he could and came right over to my mother-in-law's house for safety. The Indians gathered up immediately and started on the warpath. Coming across three men going out after stock, they gave chase. Two made good their escape but one by the name of Campbell was overtaken and killed. In the meantime, Little soldier took Urban's track and followed him direct to our house where he was secreted, but we told him we knew nothing of him. Still he was not satisfied. However, he gave us until nine o'clock next day to get him and give him up.

It was now getting time for us to take the warpath so we sent to Salt Lake for men and when the Indians came in the morning to see if we were going to give up Urban, they found over one hundred men there waiting for them. I promptly took them prisoners and started after the others that had fled after killing Campbell. We followed them about twenty-five miles when we found they had scattered in every direction, so we returned. They were still not satisfied for early in the next spring they commenced stealing our horses and cattle, so we took the warpath again and followed them some fifty miles, catching up with their camp, but they had taken to the mountains. We caught one, however, and killed him and recovered a portion of the horses they had stolen.

We followed this up by another campaign of ten days, but they had run far enough that we did not overtake them, but they now gave it up and peace was restored again.

Things continued in this way until the spring of 1855, when at the April Conference I was called to take a mission to the house of Israel. This took all I could do to raise an outfit for myself, but realizing that the call was from God, I accepted it in good faith and went to work with a will to prepare for it. This took everything I could raise to fit myself out and a very poor outfit it was that I had, Still, I made the best I could of it and started early in May.

This mission lasted for three years. There were many things transpired upon this mission that are worthy of note, but I shall only mention a few of them.

None of us knew the language of the people we were sent to, since I had learned a little of the language the winter before, it fell to me lot to do all the talking pretty much that was done, and also I had accepted the mission in good faith and did not want to return with a blank record, so turned in with a will to try to get the language, realizing that unless I could talk with them, my labors would not amount to much. I had faith in God that he would assist me if I would do my duty on my part. This I determined to do and it had been sealed upon my head that I should see them in the distance and should know them and that they would come to me by the hundreds, but little did I think that this was going to come literally to pass as soon as it did, for the first Indians we saw were at Fort Hall on Snake River. I went right to work on my missionary labors.

We were encamped on the Portneuf River about five miles from the Fort. We had just encamped when, on looking over to Fort Hall, I discovered some Indians coming directly towards us, when it seemed to me that I knew them, and I told the boys who were with me that there came some of my children and that I was going to baptize them. This created some merriment among the boys, but on they came, arriving at our camp. They got off their horse and shook hands with us and stopped with us when I went to talking to them as well as I could, telling them who we were and what our business was.

The next day we moved on up to the ferry, the Indians accompanying us, when on coming into camp the President called upon me to preach to them, which I did as well as I could which was very poor indeed. When they called for baptism, I took them to the river and baptized them, in fulfillment of my prediction that I had made when I first saw them in the distance. This was my first Indian baptism.

We then proceeded on our journey to the Salmon River where we made a location. As we were going from Snake to Salmon River, we met the Bannock Chief and he accompanied us to our destination and stopped with us until the fishing season was over when he went on his accustomed buffalo hunt.

As we approached the Salmon river the Chief and myself made a treaty between ourselves, each agreeing what we would do to preserve peace and friendship between us, the chief telling me that Father, meaning the Great Spirit, had told him that the white men were coming to his country and he must meet them and welcome them to his country, and he must hear them and maintain friendly relations with them. He wanted now to make a treaty that would be lasting. We each agreed that in case anything should arise between us, that is my people and his, that was not right, no difference of what nature, whether serious or not, that we were not to take the matter in our own hands and avenge our own cause, but were to refer it to the respectful chiefs and arbitrate our difficulties in case they should arise, instead of avenging our own cause. This was the chief's own proposition. This struck me as a wise course to pursue as we were amongst a race of savages with who difficulty was liable to arise at any time.

When we reached our destination we went to work and built a fort. Shortly after our arrival the chief came to me and wanted me to take some men and teams and get some large timbers for a fish trap, telling me there would be fish, plenty for them and us both, and if I would get the large timbers they would make the wicket work and we could all fish together. This suited the president, so he sent some men with me and we got out the large timbers while they were making the wicket work.

When the trap was finished the chief told me to come early the next morning, for the fish were already there and Indians were hungry. Accordingly I went up to the trap as soon as it was light, taking brother B. F. Cummings with me, as he had requested me to call him when I went.

When we got there were about fifty Indians waiting on the bank of the river for me to come. The chief chided me for being late, saying the Indians were very hungry and were not allowed to catch anything until I had caught the first fish; then they could catch, but not before. So the chief and I fixed our hooks and stepped out on the platform, the chief waiting for me to catch the first before he was allowed to catch any. I had a large pole about 12 feet long for my fish pole with a hook about four inches across and socket to run my pole into with a piece of lariat tied to my hook in such a manner as to allow my hook to pull off of my pole and then the fish would hang by the lariat and could not break my pole.

The bull pen, as I called it, was full of fish, some of them three to four feet in length. When I got ready there were four large ones swimming close to me, so I made a grab at one and caught him in the side, but he was so large and heavy and I jerked so hard that I tore him for very nigh a foot. My hook came out so suddenly that the end of my pole caught an Indian that was standing behind me right by the side of his nose and knocked him down as dead, to all appearance, as if a cannon ball had struck him. In the excitement I did not know I had hit anything, but as I was fixing my hook to try again the chief said to me, "Look at that Indian you have killed." I looked and saw him lying there sure enough. I asked the chief what killed him; he said I hit him in the eye. I went and examined him and saw I had hit him by the side of the nose. I felt of his pulse but he had none, so I went to work chafing him but seemingly to no purpose for some time. Finally he came to and I went back to my fishing, but Brother Cummings was very uneasy and kept insisting that we must go, but I would not go until I had caught five. Brother Cummings declared he would not help to carry more than two and when I quit fishing and got a pole to hang them on he would not allow but two to be put on the pole, he was in such a hurry to get away for fear of the Indians.

So I gave three that I had caught to the chief and left my hook with him for him to fish with as it was better than his, and told the chief when the Indian got smart (well) enough to tell him to come up and I would make him some presents as I did not want to hurt him and did not want him to feel bad. He said he should not feel bad, that he had no business behind me, that I had no eyes in the back of my head.

In three or four days after this the Indian came to see me and I gave him some presents, and the Indians being about to start to the buffalo country, I advised him to stay with us, telling him that I would take care of him until he would get well, that I was afraid that if he went to the buffalo country that so much traveling on horseback would kill him, as the bones were all broken clear through his head. But he thought he could stand it, but he could not, and died in a few days out. This was almost one of my first adventures, but the Indians never had any ill feelings towards me about it, not in the least degree, knowing it was purely accidental.

We had a great many Nez Perces visit us that summer, and they all took quite a liking to me. There was one in particular named Clark, a half-breed son of Clark of Clark and Lewis Journal, with bright red hair, blue eyes, and as thin skin as you would see on any man. He always called me his Little Brother because I was the same complexion he was and he was a little older.

He would always come and stay with me when they would be there and take all the pains imaginable with me to teach me the Nez Perce language. I made wonderful progress in the language while they would be with me.

Quite late in the fall the Indians began to come in for winter quarters. There was one came in that had a very sick little girl. The Indians that I had baptized on the way out told him that we administered to the sick, anointing them and praying over them, so he came after me to go and administer to her. I told him we did not make a practice of administering to people that did not belong to the Church, and if we went and administered to her and she got well we would expect him to be baptized. He said that was a bargain.

So I took Brothers Cummings and Moore and went out to their camp and administered to the child who was burning up, as it were, with fever, and before we took our hands off of her head, the sweat broke out in great drops all over her face and she was well at once.

The following Sunday there was quite a crowd of Indians at our meeting and after we got through the President called on me to preach to the Indians, which I tried to do in my weak way, telling them that if they believed, that we would baptize them if they wanted it, when they all cried out, "I do" "I do!" all over the crowd. So we went to the water and I baptized fifty-six.

When I had baptized the men, as is the custom with Indians for the men to all take the lead, the water being very cold, the President said to me I had better come out and let someone else baptize the women. I came out and told them that one of the brethren would baptize the rest. They refused to come, saying if I did not baptize them they would not be baptized. At this I told them to come along and I would baptize them, which I did.

This raised a jealousy and envy against me amongst the brethren which continued to grow as long as the mission continued, for although they would not try to learn to talk or do anything with the Lamanites, still when they came to me and demanded baptism at my hands and I would go to the water and attend to it, they would say, "Ho, there is nobody here that can baptize the Indians but George," when in truth, the Indians would not go to any of them for baptism nor be baptized by them. In fact, when the old Chief Tiar-en-do, or Mog as he was called by white man, came for baptism, the President said that he would baptize the Indians that day. It was all that I could do to get them to let him baptize them. Says they, "We want you to baptize us." I told them they were chiefs and it was good for them to be baptized by our chief. It was very hard work for them to give up, but by hard persuasion they finally consented and were baptized by him. In this mission I baptized some one hundred eight or ten, but this envy and jealousy continued to grow and increase, and while I was improving every opportunity for getting their language and paying the Indians to stop with me and teach me, and at the same time offering all the boys to come to me and I would teach them all I had learned free gratis, and that I would be glad to do so, they would not take advantage of the offer and the spirit of jealousy continued throughout the mission.

Just before his death 16 January 1850, Richard Hill called his family around him and said, "I am going to leave you, I will never get out of this bed, but before I die I wish to say to you that the message George has brought is true. I want you all to go with him to the mountains and join your lot with that people."

In March 1850, the company consisting of the mother, Sarah Strait Hill; Return Richard Hill and wife, Rhoda, with their children Cathrine, Sarah, Newton and Frank; John Strait Hill and William James Hill led by George Washington Hill, came to the valley.

Endowment House was dedicated 25 October, 1852. George W. Hill and Cynthia were among the first couples to go there. While they were away Grandmother Hill died, 15 Oct. 1852.

They built a house close to theirs on the farm for Sarah Strait Hill — probably 1850 or 51 George Richard used to go in to see her often.

In the spring of 1853 plans were laid for G. W. Hill's adobe home, consisting of three rooms below and two rooms above. So much work hauling wall that it was 1854 before house was completed, Richard, a mason, doing that part of the work, took sick and died 14 November, 1853.