Journal of Thales H Haskell, edited by Juanita Brooks

I thought it was an Indian. Went to bed. Had not fairly got to sleep when 2 Indians came to camp. Said there was plenty of water at their camp a short distance to the right of the trail. They lay down awhile but soon got so cold that they got up and went to their own camp.

Monday 7th—Commenced packing at daylight. Soon discovered another Piute coming. He led out and we followed about a mile and a half to water where some four or five of them were camped. We traded for some antelope meat and took breakfast. Remained in camp and let the animals rest. bro Young traded his gun for a pony and blanket with an Indian. bro Shelton went a hunting and discovered some ancient ruins[8] which consisted of two stone walls some 3 or 4 miles long and 15 feet high in some places. They were not far from camp. All hands but the cook went to see them. They looked as though they might once have enclosed a street but now only a decaying mass of rocks in the middle of a desert. We went back to camp meditating—who could have built those walls and who once lived there were questions none could answer. Plenty of water in a rock basin good, and plenty of wood at this place.

Tuesday 8th—One Indian volunteered to go with us. Took breakfast, packed up, and started. Traveled 18 miles and camped at Kootsen tooeep. Indians said that we had better keep a good lookout for our animals as we were in the Navijoe country. So we drove them up onto a rocky bench surrounded on all sides by steep presipices and only one place to get up. Here we stood guard. Plenty of wood and water. Feed scarce.

Wednesday 9th—Got up, took breakfast, and started. Guide went ahead to the Oribe village [Arizona] to tell them that we were coming. We traveled 25 miles and camped about a mile from a small spring and the Oriba gardens. Good feed but not much wood at this place.

Thursday 10th—Traveled 5 miles and arrived at the Oriba village. The Indians were friendly and offered us a room to camp in but as we wanted to kill the beef we went down the rocks about a half a mile to a pool of water and camped. Killed the ox. Prepared some of the meat for drying and spread it upon some high rocks out of the way of the dogs and wolves. Took supper after which we got up the horses and moved up into town and occupied the room before mentioned. Tied up our animals and stowed ourselves away for the night.

Friday 11th—Got an Indian to herd the animals and all except brs Hamblin and Young went down to finish cutting up the meat.

[8]Near the trail from the Colorado River across the Shato Plateau and Black Mesa, Arizona, to the village of Oraibi, ruined villages and farmlands mark sites once occupied by ancient Pueblo tribes. The particular ruins mentioned by Haskell seem not to have been described by archaeologists.

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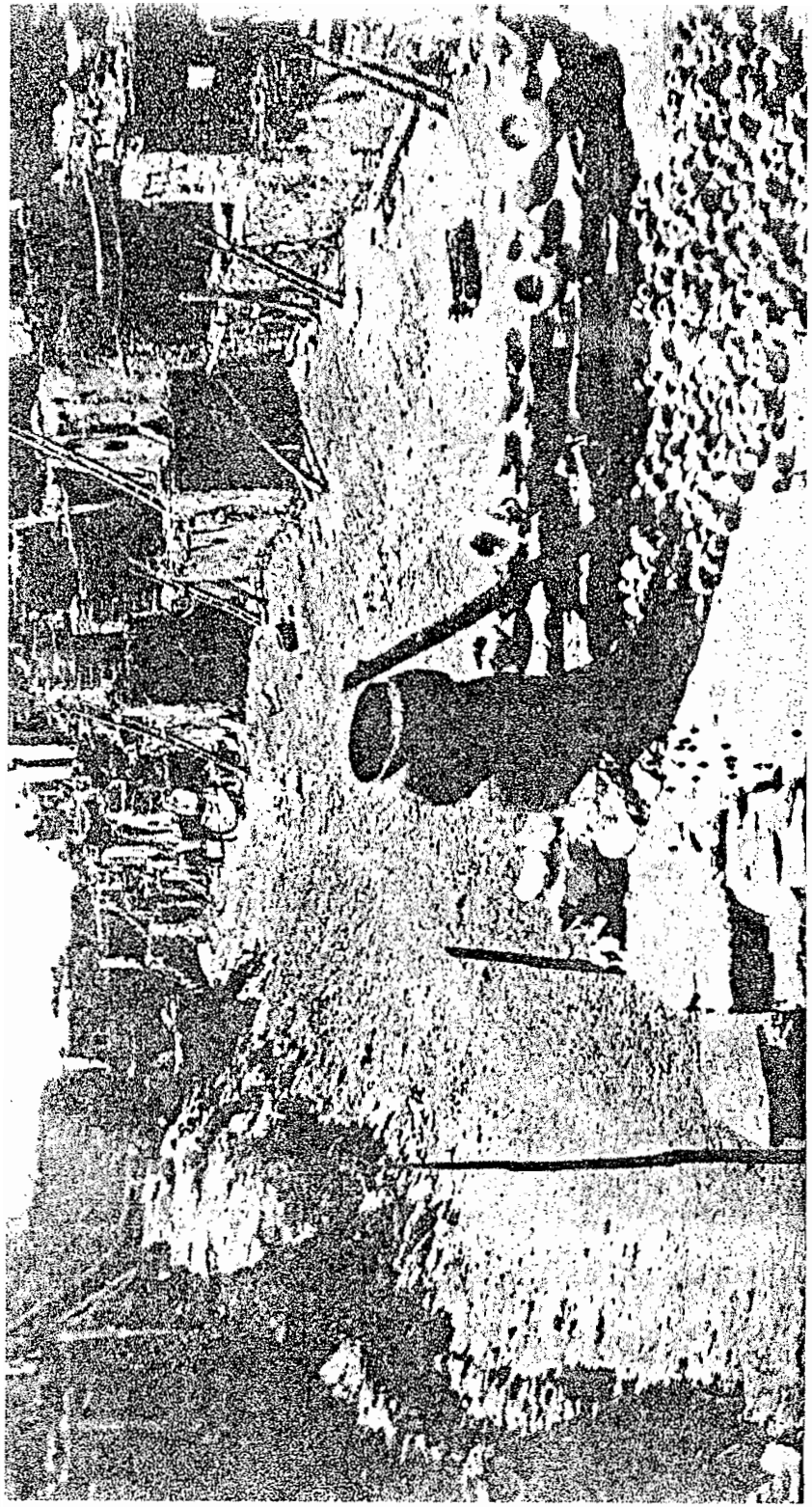

EASTERN COURT OF ORAIBI

Courtesy Department of Library and Archives, Phoenix, Arizona.

'E OF THALES HASKELL'S MISSION—Said to be the longest continually inhabited village in the United States. Peaches and other fruit may be the roof in the foreground. Note that not a single modern stovepipe or glass window was in use when this photograph was taken (1921), and not a door buildings to main plaza. All entrances were made by climbing on ladders.

Went back to camp and found brs Hamblin and Young surrounded by something less than a thousand Indians trading. Got the Indians thind out a little and took dinner, after which br Hamblin said he would like to talk to me a few minutes. He said that I had been among the Indians so much that he hated to ask me but if I was willing he would like me to stay with bro Shelton one year among those Indians. I told him that I was willing to stay and do the best I could.

Saturday 12th—Bros Hamblin, Young, Crosby, Knell & Pierce started to the Moquitch [Hopi] vilage leaving bros. Shelton and myself at this place. After they had gone we concluded to try to find a more [illegible] room to live in, as the one we are now in is cold and disagreeable. We obtained permission of an Indian by the name of Thuringwa to sleep in his workshop which is under ground and a very warm place though smoky and crowded with Indians.

Sunday 13th—Our quarters in the shop being so smoky and crowded with Indians that we could not cook we went to Thuringwa and got him to understand that we would like to have a little room by ourselves to live in. After counseling with his wife and another Indian they concluded to let us have one of the following description—it is about 12 feet long and 8 feet wide and 4 feet high with a hole in the top just large enough for a common sized man to force himself through. They helpt us clean it out after which we made a ladder to answer the place of a pair of stairs. We now moved in such things as we needed for present use and stored the rest in one of Thuringwas rooms. In making the ladder we ript open a cottonwood pole. This seemed to attrack the attention of the natives and they gathered around in large numbers and had great remarks to make.

Monday 14th—The day being warm and pleasant I got up on top of the hut and wrote a letter home.

Tuesday 15th—This morning as we were eating breakfast br Hamblin and company returned from the Moquitches. They had 4 animals packed with wood for us. As we were unpacking I saw by the looks that something had gone wrong. I asked them if they had bad luck. They said that some Indians had stolen brother Crosbys saddle, revolver, and knife, and several other things belonging to the rest of the boys. I have learned that it was a Navajoe that got them. They unsaddled, got an Indian boy to herd the horses and spent the day with us. In the evening the Indians said that there would be a company of American soldiers here in the morning. br Hamblin concluded to have the boys start out at daylight and he would stay and see if they come.

Wednesday 16—The boys started as soon as it was light enough to see to pack. br. Hamblin remained with us. He spent

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the day trading for peak[6] [peek], dried peaches, &c. In the evening we took his horse and went after the meat which we had spread on some high rocks about half a mile from the village to dry. I do not think that a piece was missing, though every Indian in the village must have known where it was. We brought it up and packed it away in the house of our old friend.

Thursday 17th—It proved to be a false report about the troops. br Hamblin was about starting when he discovered that his bridle was missing so I let him take mine and promised to keep a good lookout for his among the Oribes. He now bid br Shelton adieu and started. I went about a half mile with him. He gave me a tent to trade for provisions and we shook hands and parted. Slowly and sorrowfully I wended my way back to the village. Such a feeling of utter loneliness I never experienced before, for search the wide world over I do not believe a more bleak, lonesome, heart sickening place could be found on the earth where human beings dwell. And here we are, Bro Shelton and me, with strange Indians who talk a strange language, situated far from the busy haunts of men. Who but Mormons would do it? Who but Mormons could do it? Make up their minds to stay here a year!

Friday 18th—Spread out the meat to dry as it is not sufficiently cured. Most of the Indians are hunting rabbits.

Saturday 19—This morning one of Aripenes sons and another Ute arrived and took breakfast with us. They said that Aripene [Utah Indian Chief, brother and successor to Chief Walker] and several of his band would be here in a few days and that they had come ahead to tell the Moquis and the Navihoes to come and trade. Br Shelton made a bedtick and we went down on the sand and filled it with weeds and bean vines.

Sunday 20th—We washed our bodies, changed clothes and spent the day soberly. In the evening we learned that Aripene had arrived and camped at the spring about 4 miles back from here.

Monday 21—This morning we went to see Aripene. Found that gentleman seated in his lodge looking as grave and important as possible. After giving us a systematic tounge lashing for telling the Piutes that he stole their children, he wound up by pulling out a piece of tobacco and ofering us a smoke which we excepted with pleasure, having been without several days. We smoked and chatted with him some time when he got in an uncommon

[6]This is a Hopi Indian corn bread. It is quite similar to Mexican tortillas. For this the blue corn is preferred. The Indians burn the limbs, stems and leaves of a small bush or herb that grows in their country. Then the ashes are boiled in water with the corn meal until they have a thick porridge or mush which in turn is spread very thin on a hot rock to cook into a hard cake not much more than an eighth of an inch thick. The bread is cooked in large sheets and is blue in color. There is another bush which makes a red peek, but the blue is preferred both because of its color and its flavor.—William R. Palmer, Cedar City, Utah.

good humor and when we left gave us some coffee and two plugs of tobacco. We packed home some wood, took supper and went to bed.

Tuesday 22—Took breakfast and went after a load of wood some eight miles from the village. Got 3 or 4 cottonwood stumps and undertook to pack them on my back, but the rope cut my shoulders so that I had to invent a new plan, which was to put half of it in front. After considerable puffing and blowing got home with it. I think the Oribes have a harder way of getting wood than the people of Salt Lake. Found Shelton filing a saw for an Indian.

Wednesday 23rd. Went for another packload of wood. br Shelton is quite unwell. The Indians are hunting rabbits which are rather scarce in this country.

Thursday 24th—Strong wind from the west. Indications of snow. I split wood while Shelton makes a larder [ladder?] for an Indian for which he received some dried peaches. The Indians appear friendly to us.

Friday 25th—Several Navijoes in town today. br Shelton invited them to come and get dinner with us after which he had a long talk with them and gave the one that professed to be chief a shirt and they left apparently feeling well towards us.

Saturday 26th—Br Shelton and myself went down to old Thuringwas shop to see the Indian dance as this was a day set apart for that business. Old Thuringwa took a serious kind of a smoke. Then a lot of peek and dried peaches was brought in. The Indians now stood up and formed a half circle around the food and danced while old Thur drummed. Shortly he hit the drum a hard lick, droped it, and all hands piched into the provision. We spent the day and part of the night seeing them dance.

Sunday 27th—We feasted with old Thur on peek, hominy, beef soup, sweet mush and red pepper after which we wrote letters to send by Aripene. I started to take them to his camp. Met an Indian who told me that he was gone. The Oribes say that a Mormon came to Aripenes camp this morning and that he left immediately. Who he could have been and on what kind of an errand is a mystery to us. We are trading everything we can spare for provision.

Monday 28—Took breakfast in our hut. Several days ago I took our shirts and garments to old Thurs wife to wash as she understood that branch of business. They was brought home in due time in a sad condition. She had merely rinsed them out in dirty water and they were if possible several shades blacker than when we took them. I pact water and br Shelton rewashed them not having a very exalted opinion of the Oribe ladies. In the evening we spent an hour or 2 with old Thur. He said the Oribes will never learn to read and write.

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Tuesday 29—Cloudy, appearance of storms. Helpt br Shelton make a powder-horn for an Indian. br Shelton thinks old Thuringwah is geting a bad spirit. br Shelton is quite unwell and has been for several days.

Wednesday 30th—While we were eating breakfast an Indian came in and invited us to go down to a shop called Wicoluppi and card for them. br Shelton went and I not being acquainted with that branch of business took a walk around town. After a while met Shelton and remarked that I thought the Indians acted rather distant. He said he thought so too. In the evening I traded a piese of rawhide to a Naviho for a mountain sheep skin; spent the evening singing songs and trying to enjoy ourselves.

December, 1859

Thursday, December 1st—This being fast day I fasted. In the afternoon old Thur and an Indian from the Moquis village visited us. They took dinner with us and we talked to them about farming, mills &c which seemed to please them very much. In the evening A Navijoe came and passed the evening with us. Said that his tribe were not on very good terms with the Americans. Said that it was a Navijoe that stole br Hamblins shoes, br Crosbys sadle, revolver, &c when they [were?] at the Moquis.

Friday 2nd—A warm pleasant day. Went on top of the hut and wrote Journal. The Indians trouble us a great deal as they want to see everything we have at least a dozen times a day. We have cut up our bed tick and are trying to trade it for beans, meal, dried peaches &c. They are the hardest customers to trade with I ever saw. They often want a shirt for a quart or so of beans. We sometimes get all out of patience trying to trade with them. Concluded to quit trading for a few days to see if we cannot get better trades as we are anxious to get enough provisions to live on independent of them.

Saturday 3d—This morning two Navijoes came and wanted to trade. I traded one a piece of rawhide for a quarter of mutton. One had a fancy blanket which br Shelton wanted to trade for but he wanted a gun for it so they could not agree. Spent the day writing up back Journal.

Sunday 4th—This morning we talked of the propriety of giving the Indian who we call Alma something to induce him to learn the deseret alphabet. For some cause or other he has refused to receive instruction. I commenced writing as usual on top of the hut but br Shelton proposed that we make a trip to the Moquis village some 10 miles from this place to see a man who talks spanish. I agreed and we left our hut in charge of old Thur and started. As we were starting we met a Navijoe who we did not like the

looks of. Went some 2 or 3 miles—did not feel right. Came back. It is reported here that the Navijoes are fighting the troops.

Monday 5th—Snowing and blowing so that it is almost impossible to get from one house to another. Spent the day trying to keep warm.

Tuesday 6th—Cold but clear. A Navijoe arrived and reported that the Navijoes had killed six Americans but they are such liars that we do not know when to believe them.

Wednesday 7th—I visited nearly all the shops in town learning the language and geting [acquainted?] with the Indians.

Thursday 8th—Spent the day writing up back Journal. Several Navijoes passed by today driving a band of horses.

Friday 9th—An Oriba having borrowed our axe a few days ago brought it home with the handle broke and the edge badly bruised. He gave me a small stick to make another. Spent the day tinkering with the axe and learning the language.

Saturday 10th—Today br Shelton and myself fernished meat and the Indians peek and we feasted with them. As we sat down we told them to wait till we returned thanks after which we told them that the Mormons always thanked their Father in heaven before eating. In the evening 2 Navijoes came to our hut and put up for the night. One was an old gray headed fellow who understood the Ute language. Said that he heard that there was 2 Mormons living with the Oribes and he had traveled 4 sleeps to see us. Was uncommon hungry for tobacco &c said his name was Spanishyank and that he was not much of a friend to the Americans as he had been to their fort and they would not give him any presents because he was a friend to the Mormons. I do not know whether he was lying or not but I did not like his appearance and concluded he was gasing as to get presents from us. I told him that we were out of tobacco and had nothing to give him & that we were stopping here to learn the Oriba language and wished to be friends to all the Indians in the country. We got them some mush for supper. The old gent said he would talk good for us to his people and would like the Mormons to come and trade with them next summer. I told him maybe they would.

Sunday 11th—The 2 Navijoes spent the night in our hut. Traded some in the morning with the Oribes and [illegible]. I visited around among the Indians a while. came back, and assisted br Shelton in geting supper which consisted of a boiled tongue and some flour cakes which we consider a great luxury in this region.

Monday 12th—Spent part of the day in the workshops of the Indians seeing them spin and weave. It looks curious to see naked Indians spinning and weaving so patiently from morning till night when all the neighboring tribes get their living by hunting, fighting, stealing, &c. Come home, stript off. and put in my

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time awhile in the highly respectable and exciting sport of louse hunting—succeeded in capturing several. We find it impossible to keep clear of them. Took dinner and supper with the natives.

Tuesday 13th—Took breakfast with an Indian, put in an axe handle, split wood awhile, took supper at home.

Wednesday 14th—Spent part of the day writing and spliting wood. Furnished our portion of grub and attended another feast.

Thursday 15th—I did not feel very well, spent part of the day reading the book of covenants [L.D.S. *Doctrine and Covenants*], some Navijoes came with meat to trade for aminition. br Shelton bought a quarter of mutton.

Friday 16th—Washing day. br Shelton washed our shirts and garments while I packed water and kept up a fire. In the afternoon I showed an Indian about making a larder [ladder? The word is often spelled thus by Haskell]. 2 Navijoes were in town today one of which stole a roll of red cloth from a squaw, got on his horse, and put out. The squaw raised a yell when Tewbi (a tall noble looking Oriba) suddenly took the other ones horse from him, mounted, and took after the thief. He soon overtook the thief, and twisted the cloth from his hands, and came back tearing, much to my satisfaction for the Navijoes consider themselves uncommon smart.

Saturday 17th—I went after a load of wood which I got by bruising to pieces cedar stumps and packing them home on my back some 2 or 3 miles. When I got home I took some meat and went down into a shop called the Wecoluppi where br Shelton and myself ate with the natives. This way of doing seemed to have a good influence with them so we did not mind nastiness.

Sunday 18th—Cold cloudy windy day, heat some water, had a good wash and changed my clothes. In the evening the Indians painted and rigged themselves out with rattle boxes which consist of gord and turtle shells, the turtle shells they have tied to the right leg just below the knee. These shells have sheeps hoofs so attached to them that every time the person steps in dancing they rattle scandilous. The gords they have in their hands. They sang and danced sometime, trying as they said to raise a snow storm as they thought the earth was geting dry.

Monday 19th—Cloudy and snowing some. The Indians seem to have succeeded in their operation this time. This morning I traded an old shirt to a Navijoe for the hind quarter and ribs of a sheep, tried to trade a piece of cloth for some more but did not succeed. Commenced to make a pair of garments, some Indian having stolen my old ones. In the evening they had another feast and a dance. br Shelton and myself spectators.

Tuesday 20th—Took breakfast with an Indian. br Shelton traded some aminition for some salt. I worked some on my garments then went down into a shop to see the Indians who were pre-

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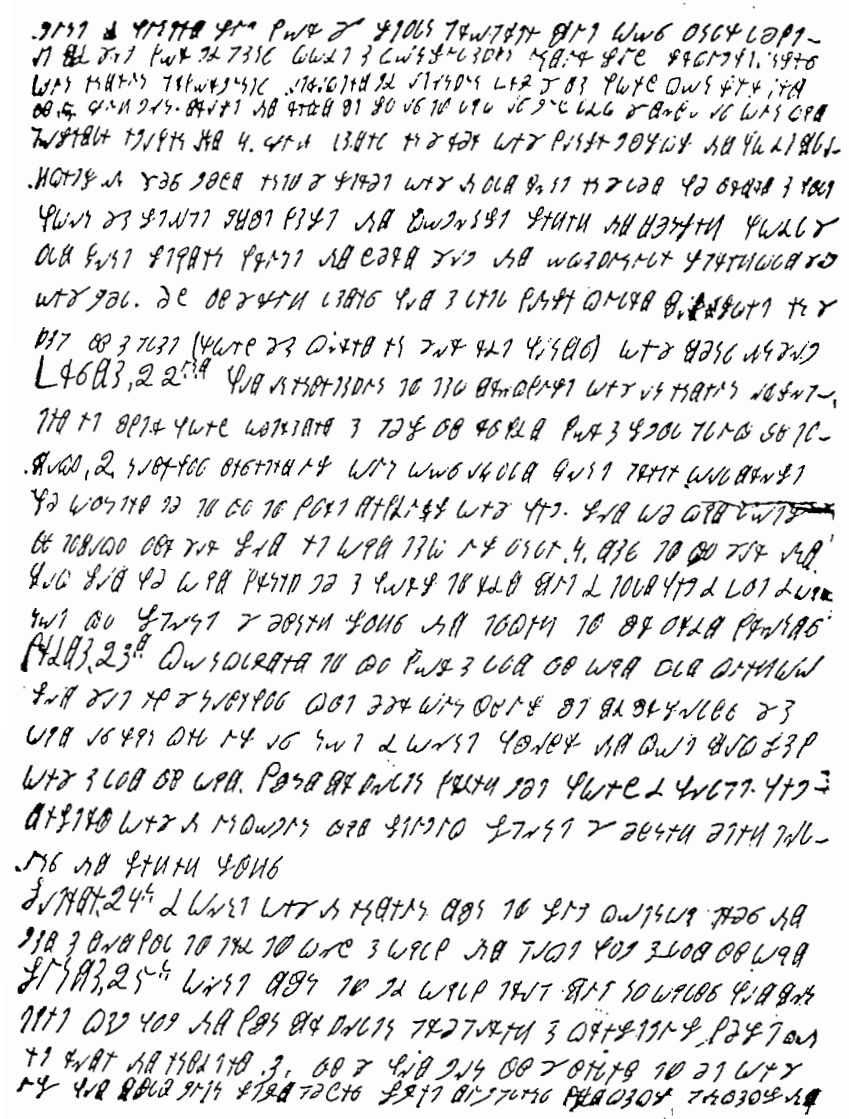

PAGE FROM THALES HASKELL'S JOURNAL
(December 21-25, 1859)
Written in the Deseret Alphabet

paring for a big dance. We fixed the hut as safe as we could and thought we spend the night with them and see the performance. I staid until along in the evening a while when I began to feel rather uneasy about leaving our hut too long as there were several Navijoes in the village so I came home and went to bed. br Shelton staid all night and has a full discription of the performance. He tells me that they went through some very misterious operation which was this: four Indians came in. 3 seated themselves and one went to diging the dirt away from around a rock about 2 feet wide and three feet long which formed part of the floor. This he raised then dug down about 5 inches and raised another smaller than the first, then they threw in some feathers and sprinkled in some meal. They then replaced the rocks with great gravity and went out. None were allowed to see into the hole except the said four; it seems a strange performance.

Wednesday 21st—Got up and found that the Indians had raked us down in our absence the evening before. Straid, stolen and missing: 2 buckskins, 1 can of powder, 1 powder horn and pouch, 1 shirt, 1 pair garments, 1 pair of socks, 1 book, and all of br Sheltons pens. We think it is some of the Navijoes that has played this trick on us as there are a great many prowling about who take great delight in stealing and all kinds of deviltry. I hunted some time for the lost property but was only laughed at by them for my pains, which was not much consolation under existing circumstances. One Indian performance atracted my attention through the day which consisted of 5 young men dressed and rigged out so as to imitate (as near as one could possibly imagine) the old Nick himself, and 4 young ladies in the rear with many fancy masks and white blankets on. They marched into the street led by an old gent. Old gent orders a halt. They stop, about face, and commence dancing[7] and singing which looks anything but earthly, each of the squaws caried a basket of beans in their right hand.

Thursday 22nd—Had an invitation to take breakfast with an Indian. Excepted it of course after which we traded a piece of raw hide for a plug of tobaco. 2 Navijos visited us. One was an old man pretty well dresst. He wanted me to go to Fort Defiance [Arizona] with him, said we could go there in four days, said we could get lots of tobaco over there, said he would furnish me a horse to ride, but I told him I thought I would not go. Spent the evening singing songs and talking to our Oriba friends.

Friday 23rd—Concluded to go for a load of wood. Old Thur said if the Navijoes caught either one of us out alone that they would as soon scalp us as not. I went however and got back safe with a load of wood. Found br Shelton frying meat which I helpt

[7]Bean dance. One of the many (there are more than 400 known), Katchina or ceremonial dances which the Hopi Indians still practice.

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him devour with an uncommon apetite. Spent the evening eating melons and singing songs.

Saturday 24th—I went with an Indian down to some cottonwood trees and made a dead fall to catch a wolf and packed home a load of wood.

Sunday 25th—Went down to the wolf trap but had caught no wolf. Came home. Found br Shelton preparing Christmas dinner. Got it ready and invited three of the head men of the village to eat with us. Had boiled mutton, stewed peaches, suet dumplings, pancakes, and peek. After dinner we smoked then sung a hymn and had some conversation with our Indian friends. They apeared to enjoy themselves very much. In the afternoon we saw another Indian performance which took place in second story of old Thurs house. 15 or 20 young bucks naked to the breechclout went up there while the old woman and her two girls stood by and dashed cold water over them. They went into the back part of the house and got melons and other nicknacks which they threw down to the crowd below, yelling at the same time scandilous.

Monday 26th—Made a pair of bullet moles out of sand rock and run some balls for my yauger. Appearance of snow.

Tuesday 27th—Got some leather off my saddle and half soled my shoes. Visited the Indians. Slight snow fell during the day.

Wednesday 28th—Snow fell 3 or 4 inches during the night. Spent most of the day in the hut, it being very cold.

Thursday 29th—I sit on top of the hut sewing while br Shelton works below at his fiddle. Pleasant day.

Friday 30th—Finished my garments [L.D.S. garments] and felt lonesome.

Saturday 31st—Spent the day in the shop with the Indians, it being the day before New Years got to thinking about home and got the blues scandilous.

January, 1860

Sunday, Jan. 1st, 1860—Furnished our own meat and took breakfast with an Indian one of the head men of the village. Went out under a ledge of rocks, stript off, and took a wash in the snow from head to foot. Not quite as comfortable as a tub of warm soap suds. Still it does very well. Took dinner in the shop with the Indians feasting on peek and little wads of dough done up in corn shucks to my hearts content. Took supper with the same Indian with whom we took breakfast. Had mush, peek. hulled corn, and meat. Thus we spent New Years.

Monday 2nd—Br Shelton is sick with a pain in his side. Washed my shirt and garments. Went in the evening to a Theatrical performance of the natives.

Tuesday 3rd—Went and fixed my wolf trap and brought back a load of wood. Shelton having got his fiddle done, we spent

the evening in diferent shops playing the fiddle and singing to the Indians much to their amusement as they had never seen a fiddle before.

Wednesday 4th—went down to my trap, no wolf, crows had stolen the bait. Got a load of wood and came home. Found br Shelton kniting in one of the shops. The Indians were painting masks which are made in the shape of stove pipe hats. These they draw over the head and face and have holes cut for seeing and breathing. In the evening the performance came off. br Shelton and myself were very much interested to see them. They sung and danced beating time with a drum. Some acted the Apache and some the Naviho. There were several Navijoes in the village so we took turns and walked up to our hut occasionaly to see that they did not steal anything. They however proved too sharp for us and stole our last bit of flour and our axe. They appear to understand the slight hand operation to perfection as far as stealing is concerned.

Thursday 5th. Got up in the morning and got some of the Oribes to help us and hunted through all the Navijo luggage there was in town for stolen property, could not find it. Concluded to give up house keeping and live with the Oribes as we did not feel disposed to stand guard over what few things we had all the time with a revolver. So we divided our meat and beans and stuff and Shelton went to live in one family and me with another. We thought by adopting this plan we could learn the language faster. I took up my lodgings with old Thuringwah and at meal times dip my fingers into the same dish with 6 or 8 natives and I can say that a fellow requires a good apetite to fill himself in this manner, though a few days fasting will accomplish the purpose.

Friday 6th—My landlord requested me to make another wolf trap or dead fall near his sheep coral so I work most of the day on that; attended another dance in the evening in which br Shelton joined.

Saturday 7th—Spent the day in the shop pounding rawhide for mocason soles. br Shelton and a couple of Indians are preparing for an antelope hunt.

Sunday 8th—Br Shelton started this morning afoot with one horse to pack their provisions and blankets. As it was Sunday I went out among the rocks and meditated on my present condition and future prospects. Came back and went to another dance where the Indians came down the larder head first. They were naked except the breech clout. They yelled and danced and sung and drumed and hopt about till out of breath and reeking with presperation then went back up the larder feet foremost, which they seemed to consider quite an exploit.

Monday 9th—Spent the day working in the shop called the Wekolupi working with the Indians and learning the language.

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Tuesday 10th—Made an awl out of a nail and for want of something better to do repaired my saddle.

Wednesday 11th—Snow fell about an inch during the night. Very cold day. Stayed at the Werohipy. Br Shelton arived about sundown from his hunt. Did not kill anything.

Thursday 12th—Made a bridle. Took a walk around to the diferent shops. Went into one place where they were making and painting little wooden images about 6 inches long. Some of these as near as I could learn were considered gods to prosper them in hunting antelope, others to make it snow and rain, others to oversee the grinding of corn meal &c, but they consider the sun or some great spirit who dwells therein the supreme being who rules everything and these images are only inferior beings after all. Had one fellow who wanted to know if the Mormon women had whiskers like mine. I politely informed him they did not.

Friday 13—Went out among the rocks and took another wash in the snow. Came back. Learned several Indian words, took a walk a mile or 2 to give me an apetite.

Saturday 14th—Mended my clothes. Found it quite a trick for one not acquainted with the business.

Sunday 15th—Spent the day reading, learning the language, &c.

Monday 16th—Washed out my shirt and garments, then amused myself gazing at 4 Indians who came round with masks on and Jaws attached to them about a foot long with 2 rows of savage looking teeth. They went from house to house howling and snaping their long teeth, stamping and ratling their turtle shells. The inhabitants of each house gave them some provision. Learned from a Moquis that the Navijoes intended to kill us the first good chance they got, said we had better not be caught out of the village alone or they would scalp us sure. Said he had come on purpose to tell us. Several Navajoes are now in the village. They offer to shake hands and beg hard for tobaco. I tell them that we do not shake hands nor smoke with those who steal from us. This makes them wrathy but we do not ask nor expect any odds from them. The Oribes say that they will talk friendly and steal or kill a person at the same time. The Oribes seem thus far to be the true friends to us.

Tuesday 17th—Feasting and dancing all day among the natives. Repaired my gun, feasted with my friends and saw their dance, &c.

Wednesday 18th—Run bullets. Washed and changed clothes. Spent the evening in the shop.

Thursday 19th—While eating breakfast my landlord gave me a lecture about going too far from the village alone. advized me if I wished to preserve my hair to stay in town with him. General turn out of all hands hunting wolves. They return about noon with a wolf.

Friday 20th—Helped the Indians repair their workshop. They discovered that I could outlift any of them so they gave me all the heavy lifting to do and gave me the interesting name of, Konesoke (bear claws).

Saturday 21st—Spent the day in the shop. Some of the Indians are spining, some weaving, mending their mocasins &c.

Sunday 22nd—Made me a book and copied Journal. Got tired of staying in the village all the time and take a walk. Did not see any Navijoes. The Indians all over town are planting beans in earthen dishes which they keep in their cellars or shops.

Monday 23rd—Rained during the night and pretty much all day. Spent the day pounding rawhide.

Tuesday, 24th—Cold, cloudy, windy and gloomy. I can truly say that as a general thing this is the best people I ever saw, but it is such a lonesome country that it makes it a heart sickening place to stay.

Wednesday 25th—The Indians are striping cane the stalks of which they fix up to the side of the shop to hold the plaster. Snow fell about an inch during the night. br Shelton is very sick today, tried everything he could think of to cure himself but nothing seemed to do him any good. He requested me to administer to him which I did to the best of my understanding and his faith was such that he arose onto his feet and said he had not felt so well since he arrived here.

Thursday 26th—Pleasant morning. Took breakfast with br Shelton at his lodgings. Had corn bread and soup made from the meat of a panther.

Friday 27th—Feast day had peek, stewed peaches, boiled mutton and sweet mush for breakfast. Spent the day reading, writing, studying the language &c.

Saturday 28th—Another wolf hunt today. Br Shelton and myself join the crowd to see the sport. Two wolves were killed when all hands returned. Got back about noon. Dined on peek, parched corn and raw onions.

Sunday 29th—Got up, washed, took a run over the rocks about a mile. Tended secret prayer which I have done pretty much every day since I have been here. Took dinner in the Wecolupy on peek, parched corn meal, rock salt, and cold water. Took a walk and came back feeling lonesome.

Monday 30th—Cold and cloudy. Spent the day in the shop with the Indians who are at work as usual.

Tuesday 31st—Spent the day writing and whitling in the shop. After dinner I jumped the stick awhile for the amusement of the Indians. Then got an Indian to make a pare of leasig string out of yarn for which I gave him a pair of bullet moles. In the evening had a long talk with the Indians about the Mormons.

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February, 1860

Feb. 1st—Spent the day writing. In the evening Br Shelton and myself being hard up for amusement serenaded the town, he playing his fiddle and me singing.

Thursday 2nd—Went with br Shelton and an Indian to get a stick of timber to make a spining wheel which we sawed out of a cottonwood log and the Indians packed it home for us. Got back tired and hungry. Dined on peek and parched corn. Could not help thinking how I would relish some warm biscuit and a cup of coffee. Spent the afternoon resting.

Friday 3d—Split out stick for a wheel but concluded it would not do. Spent the day writing and studying the language.

Saturday 4th—Spent the day wishing the Piutes would bring us some letters or some kind of news from home.

Sunday 5th—Cold and winday. Indians making images and other trinkets for a big performance. Spent the day reading and over the rocks.

Monday 6th—The Indians commenced operations at day light —dancing and howling, beautiful drest in all the fancy riging that their wild nature and ingenuity can invent. They kept up their amusements throughout the day and all night. Br Shelton kept up a light for them part of the night for which he received sundry presents in the provision line such as boild corn, boild dough done up in corn shucks &c.

Tuesday 7th—Feast day. It is customary on this day to go from house to house eating a bit of soup and sweet mush at each place till you can hold no more. I have eaten at 5 different places this morning and do not at present feel very hungry. Br Shelton & me talked of the propriety of going out some 30 or 40 miles to a creek to make arrangements for putting in a small crop in the spring. In the evening had a long talk with an Indian telling him about our manners and customs which seemed to please him very much. Took a smoke on the subject and went to bed.

Wednesday 8th—Traded a pair of mocasin soles for a ten cent plug of tobaco. Felt quite proud of it as that article is scarce in this benighted region. Had an invitation to go over to the Shomopavies to make larders which I readily excepted being hard up for something to do. Went and set up all night at a dance. Was treated well.

Thursday 9th—Feast day at this village. Filled myself as before on sweet mush. Indian performance all day. Several Moquitches arived riding gumies.

Friday 10th—Made one larder which was all the timber the Indian could raise. Feasted on soup and mush. Started back just before sundown. Shelton went to the Moquitches village.

Saturday 11th—Washed, changed my clothes and made a larder.

Sunday 12th—Made a larder. Spent the rest of the day in the shop.

Monday 13th—Went over to the Suponerlow Village.

Tuesday 14th—Came back.

Wednesday 15th—Fixed a gun lock for an Indian.

Thursday 16th—Snowing like mischief. Spent the day reading and studying the language.

Friday 17th—Still snowing. The Indians are pushing snow into the holes in the rocks to preserve water. I had a wash in the snow.

Saturday 18th—Several Piutes came in to trade for blankets and provisions. I traded for a piece of buckskin and made me a whip lash.

Sunday 19th—Piutes still in town. They invited me to go to their camp but I did not go. Learned today that the Oribes 6 years ago used to have a White Chief of their own tribe. They speak of him as being a very good man.

Monday 20th—Cold wind from the north. We today cut out some letters of leather to see if we could not learn young Indians their use but it seemed impossible. We took some ancient hieroglyphics from a cedar stick and copied them off on to paper. Chief gave me a fancy knife.

Tuesday 21st—Lots of Piutes in town today. Had a long talk with the Chief. He showed very friendly disposition.

Wednesday 22nd—A cold northerneaster. Tryed in vain to learn the Indians the misteries of the Deseret Alphabet.

Thursday 23rd—Spent the day writing and to the Piutes. Br Shelton is trying to learn some to write.

Friday 24th—Felt low spirited all day. Went out and prayed and tried to find out the will of the Lord concerning us as it seemed that we was not wanted here through the summer.

Saturday 25th—Made up our minds to start home if we could get a couple of Indians to go with us. Went to a race. Tried to trade for a pony.

Sunday 26th—Went out and prayed together. Felt well. In the evening had a talk with our friend Tuby.

Monday 27th—Wrote back Journal. Excitement between Oribes and Piutes. Had an invitation to talk to them. Discovered that they were about equally to blame. Told them that it was better to live in peace with one another which they seemed to believe. Made a larder.

Tuesday 28th—I was pretty near sick. Went out to a hole in the rocks and took a good wash.

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March, 1860

March 1st—Unwell all day. Windy weather.

Tuesday 2nd—Navihoes in town. My friend Tuby traded a robe and Buckskin for a pony with one of them and made me a present of it. I prevailed on him to except my gun, rather against his will however. He said when he made his friend a present he did not wish anything in return.

Wednesday 3rd—Got ready to go to the Movincapy [Moencopi].

Thursday 4th—Started. Went 15 miles. Camped.

Friday 5th—Traveled 18 miles and arrived at the Movincapy. This is a small stream where the Oribes raise cotton[8] and they recommended it to us as a good place to build a mill and for the Mormons to make a small settlement.

Saturday 6th—Went exploring. Did not find a very good prospect.

Sunday 7th—Started back to the village.

Monday 8th—Arrived and made preparations to start home.

Tuesday 9th—Made a start about noon. Oribes cautioned us to beware of Navihoes and be shure to hold on to our lariets when we camped till we got out of the country. Traveled till after dark. Camped, talked over our condition and as we had no fire arms except an ancient shooter concluded to trust providence and take the chances. Hobbled our ponys. Made a big fire and went to bed and slept sound and I will say that we never saw a human being till we got to the Rio Virgin.

Wednesday 10th—Arrived at Kootsen tooeep. Camped 5 miles this side.

Thursday 11th—Nooned at flat rock, no water. Camped between that place and rock basin. br Shelton lost his steel for making fire.

Friday 12th—Struck fire with the old pistol and took dinner at rock basin. Camped between that place and cottonwood.

Saturday 13th—Arrived at cottonwood. Rested. Started again. Camped on this side.

Sunday 14th—Arrived at the Colerado found the river low and crossed. Felt to return thanks to our Father in heaven, for we realized His kindness unto us continually.

Monday 15th—Traveled a short distance. Camped between the Colerado and saleratus creek.

Tuesday 16th—Baited our ponies near honey comb rock. Camped on the bench.

[8]The culture of cotton in this isolated region was also mentioned by Cardenas in 1540. Scientific investigations show this cotton to be a distinct species from the cotton ordinarily cultivated today. It is raised in small amounts especially to be woven into cloth for ceremonial dancing costumes.

Wednesday 17th—Crossed the rocky mountain, camp between that and Novascotia.

Thursday 18th—Arrived at Jacob's pool.

Friday 19th—Went on to the top of the buckskin mountain. Camped.

Saturday 20th—Made our way through the snow to the west side of the mountain.

Sunday 21st—Arrived at Pipe Springs just after dark and camped for the night.

Monday 22nd—Rested and traveled some distance. Camped on the flat this side of Pipe Springs.

Tuesday 23rd—Tried our luck on a new trail. Got lost, wandered among the rocks some time. Found our old trail and arrived at rock cannon.

Wednesday 24th—Arrived at Washington. Put up with John D. Lee where we were well treated.

Thursday 25th—Went over to the Clara where we were welcomed by our old friends and associates.

26th—Attended Meeting and gave a short history of our Mission. Br Jacob Hamblin requested all who felt that we had done our duty to raise their right hand, and I believe that every hand was raised.

27th—Went in company with Frank Hamblin & Ham Crow to Pinto Creek. Found my family all well.

The journal concludes with this account, evidently written several years later.

In the fall of 1860 the Navajo Indians in the southern part of Utah and northern Arizona became very hostile, fighting and robbing white travelers in numerous places while on their way. A party of eight men and an Indian guide were called to go and talk peace with them, trade and be friendly with them. Our men found these Indians to be a very saucy bunch. They refused to talk peace or trade. The Indian guide told our men it was time to move on, as these Indians were very angry. After they had eaten lunch each man went to bring his horses to drink at the spring close by their camp. George A. Smith's[9] mare took fright and ran off over a ridge not far away. George A. leisurely got on another horse and went for his runaway mare. He had gone too long, so the Captain called for volunteers to go and see if he was all right. T. H. Haskell was first to volunteer. He with another man went and found George A. had been fatally wounded, and his horse was roaming around with the saddle on. They hurriedly

[9]Son of Apostle George A. Smith, founder of St. George, Utah.

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got help and did all that was possible for him. These lines were composed by Haskel describing that terrible tragedy:

In the Navajo Country far, far, from our friends
We were camped on a bluff by the side of a band
Of Navajo robbers, right fresh from the plain
Where American soldiers their brothers had slain
We gave them some presents and tried to make peace
Told them we were friends of the Indian race
They offered to trade, but told us that we
Must saddle our horses tomorrow and flee.

We numbered but nine, and could not contend
With a force of two hundred desperate men
To abandon our purpose all thought it was best
To quietly obey their savage request
About two o'clock we thought we would bring
Our horses and let them drink at the spring
When a mare, by an evil spirit possessed
Broke away from the band and ran off with the rest.

Young George caught a horse, got leisurely on
And quietly went for the mare that was gone.
He had not gone far before he was met
By five or six of the treacherous set
Who robbed him, then shot him, and when he was killed
Devilishly laughed at the blood they had spilled
At this very instant a hideous yell
Burst from the throats of these demons of Hell.

The Redskins at camp now down the hill dash
Each one to his horse plies the tortuous lash
In a moment they vanished, then on every hill
With dare devil horsemen the country was filled.
Now what shall we do. Young George must be found
And if he's not dead must attend to his wound.
Shortly we find him, Great God it is true
With bullets and arrows he's pierced through and through.

[The following letter, written by Marion G. Shelton, companion of Thales Haskell, is very interesting in the light of this journal, especially with regard to the Deseret Alphabet. Shelton evidently kept a journal also, but I have not as yet located it.—J.B.]

"Journal History," Nov. 30, 1859

Oribe Village
Nov. 30, 1859

George A. Smith
Dear Brother:

As brother Hamblin starts for home tomorrow I embrace the opportunity of writing a few lines to let you know how we progress.

We arrived here on the 10th inst., I told Brother Hamblin that this was as far as I would go. He agreed with me and left Brother Haskell and I here to prepare winter quarters, while he, with four men, proceeded to the Moquis and Moshaminel villages.

He returned yesterday morning with the brethren, not having met with success in trading and having had some things stolen. It appears that the U.S. have been giving spades, hoes, etc., and they think it unnecessary to trade for them.

Last night we heard that the troops would be here today, so Bro. Hamblin started four men with the animals to go on 40 miles, while he remains with us today. (This is to save the animals in case the troops should come.)

Brother Hamblin has left Bro. Haskell here in charge of the portion of the mission. I employ my time in studying the language, and in instructing them in the Deseret Alphabet. I find that I acquire the language very readily, and those to whom I have given lessons have taken right hold to the alphabet and several of them know the first six characters, and we can hear them hollowing the sounds throughout the village. They have some peculiarities in their tongue that I never have heard in any other. You will please tell the President that I have had to introduce another character which I sincerely hope will meet with his approval. It is simply, "I," a straight mark.

There are many things that I could write, but it is very impleasant [sic] writing on the top of these houses with the sand flying over everything.

Bro. Hamblin leaves a lot of things with Bro. Haskell for them to trade. These people need spinning wheels and looms very much, and a small horse Mill would be an advantage to them. They lay out a great deal of labor

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in grinding their corn on a stone. They twist their yarn on a stick with their fingers and weave blankets with a few strings and a stick. You would have to see it to understand it.

These Indians are very anxious to have us stay and have furnished a little house to live in. They have stolen nothing of us as yet, but they must see everything. If the soldiers come here I expect that they will endeavor to either send or take us away, but I am bent on staying until my mission is fulfilled, which I think will take till next fall.

If they come here, we have concluded to tell what we are here for, and let them rip.

Give my love to the family, and clerks and oblige me by handing the enclosed as directed with my regards, and believe me,

Your brother in Christ,
Marion J. Shelton

I desire your prayers and faith that I may accomplish the will of him who sent me.

M. J. S.
H. B. Y.

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