JACOB HAMBLIN

A Narrative of His Personal Experience, as a Frontiersman, Missionary to the Indians *and* Explorer

DISCLOSING

Interpositions of Providence, Severe Privations, Perilous Situations and Remarkable Escapes

FIFTH BOOK OF

The Faith-Promoting Series

BY

JAMES A. LITTLE

Designed for the Instruction and Encouragement of Young Latter-day Saints

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When the Moquis saw the food they thanked the Great Father that he had pitied us and sent us food. Prayer and thanksgiving was the daily custom in our company; but to see these Indians who are looked upon as barbarians, so humble and childlike in their reverence to the Great Father, seems worthy of special notice.

A man who came with Brother Fuller told me, after supper, that he had heard that one of my sons had been killed at Santa Clara, by the caving in of a bank of earth, and he thought it was Lyman. That night I had a dream or vision, in which I learned that it was Duane instead of Lyman, and I told the brethren so in the morning.

Three days afterwards we arrived at the settlements on the Rio Virgin. The brethren in these settlements furnished us with fresh animals and an abundant supply of food. We found a wide difference between feasting and fasting.

Soon after arriving home, Brother Wm. B. Maxwell and I took our three Moquis friends to Salt Lake City. The people on the way were very kind and hospitable. Arriving there, all possible pains were taken to instruct these men concerning our people, and to show them that which would gratify their curiosity, and increase their knowledge. They said they had been told that their forefathers had the arts of reading, writing, making books, etc.

We took them to a Welshman who understood the ancient Welsh language. He said he could not detect anything in their language that would warrant a belief that they were of Welsh descent.

As Lehi had promised his son Joseph that all his seed should not be destroyed, it was in the mind of the brethren who reflected upon this subject, that in the Moquis people this promise was fulfilled.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Moquis Visitors taken Home—Singular Presentiment of my Indian Boy—The Route South of St. George taken the Second Time—Cataract Canyon—The Lost Moquis and the Medicine Man—Meeting with the Brethren who had been left at the Moquis Towns—Exploration about the San Francisco Mountains—Return Home—Great Suffering with Thirst—My Indian Boy Dead and Buried as he had Predicted he Would be.

We left St. George to take the Moquis visitors home on the 18th of March, 1863. The party consisted of six white men and our Moquis friends. As I was leaving home my Indian boy, Albert, met me, and I remarked to him that the peach trees had begun to bloom, and it would be warmer than it had been.

He replied, "Yes, and I shall bloom in another place before you get back. I shall be on my mission!" (He doubtless referred to a vision which he had of preaching to a multitude of his people.")

Said, I "What do you mean by that?"

He replied "That I shall be dead and buried when you get back."

We again took the route leading south from St. George. When we went out on this route the fall previous, we had expected to return the same way, and had cached our boat and some supplies on the south side of the river.

On arriving at the river we constructed a raft of dry timber, on which two men crossed over to obtain the boat. It was in good condition, but our supplies were ruined.

On the south side we looked around for a better crossing, as we had been requested to do, and found one five miles higher up the river, and also a good way of getting to and from the river. This is now called Pierce's Ferry.

HPS198

We were here overtaken by Mr. Lewis Greeley, a nephew of Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune*. As he wished to accompany us, Brother Snow sent a man with him to the river.

We took our former trail as far as Seep Springs, the last water before crossing the three days' desert. The second and third days we found two camps, which, judging from the remains of camp kettles, pack saddles, etc., had doubtless been broken up, probably by the Apaches. We thought they were the camps of miners.

At the last camp there were five animals with Spanish brands. The Moquis desired to take them along, and after some consultation we consented for them to do so.

At Seep Springs we found a small band of Piutes, who had run off a party of Cohoneenes.

As we had intended to explore as much as practicable, after consulting with these Piutes and our Moquis friends, we concluded to take a trail to the left of our former route. This would take us down into Cataract Canyon, which heads near the foot of the San Francisco Peaks.

We followed down a side canyon all day, leading our animals most of the time on account of the narrow and precipitous character of the trail. At night we camped without water.

About 10 o'clock the next day we came in sight of the Main, or Cataract Canyon. This was still far down in the earth below, and the stream running along its bottom appeared like a bright silver thread glittering in the sun.

In coming to this point we, at one time, traveled about three miles continuously on a trail made with considerable labor in the side of shale rock. I do not remember of a place in this distance where we could have turned our animals around to return, had we wished to do so. We afterwards learned that this part of the trail was considered by the people who lived in the canyon, as their strongest point of defense in that direction.

We traveled a very circuitous and still difficult trail, until four o'clock in the afternoon, before we arrived at the water we had seen six hours before. We found the stream to be about fifteen yards in width, with an average depth of over a foot.

It was rapid and clear,and skirted with cottonwood timber, growing on rich bottom land.

The bottom of Cataract Canyon, Lieut. Ives informes us,in his "Explorations of the Colorado," is 2,775 feet below the general level of the plateau above. We judged the sides of the canyon where we were to be one-half of this distance in perpendicular height.

The first people that we met had been informed of our approach by one of our Moquis companions, whom we had sent ahead of us. While we were talking to them others arrived from lower down the stream, who inquired rather sharply why we were there. They were soon satisfied with our explanations.

We were soon engaged in interesting conversation. They had heard of me and my travels, and appeared pleased to see me. They desired that I would not lead any one into their hiding place, and particularly a stranger, without their consent.

They told us that the horses we had picked up belonged to the Walapies, and if we would leave them they would return them to the owners before we came back. We remained with this people one day. In going out we traveled up the main canyon.

Not long previously these people had been attacked in their stronghold by a band of Indians from the southeast. They showed us a narrow pass where they had met them and killed seven of their number.

About three miles above where we first struck the stream, it boils from the bottom of the canyon, in a large, beautiful

HPS199

spring. We found no water above this. About nine miles up the canyon above the water, we turned into a left-hand side canyon, through which it was about two miles to the country above.

The trail up this canyon was very steep and difficult. The trail we came in on, and this one, are said to be the only means of getting in and out of the Cataract Canyon. From what we could learn from the Indians, we supposed the distance from the stream to where the creek empties into the Colorado to be about eighteen miles.

Through some misunderstanding, two of our Moquis friends had continued up the main canyon. We made a dry camp that night. The Moquis man who remained with us was a religious leader among his people. He became very anxious about his companions for he said they would find no water. He went through some religious ceremonies for their safe return.

In the night they arrived in camp. They had discovered their mistake and returned until they found our trail. We had a little water left to relieve their thirst.

I should have before stated that these Moquis never send out any of their people in the public interest, without sending one of their religious teachers with them. The position of these religious men is probably a traditional remnant of the pure priesthood held by their fathers.

This man who was with us, carried a small sack in which were some consecrated meal, wool, cotton and eagles' feathers. To this sack was attached a stick, which he took out each morning, and, after looking at the sun, made a mark upon it, thus keeping a memorandum of the number of days we had spent on our journey.

Our route was considerably to the north of the one we had traveled when on our former trip. The day after leaving Cataract Canyon, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we came to a cross trail made by wild animals. Following it a few hundred

yards into the head of a canyon, we found a pool of good water.

This was the 7th of April. We traveled two days without water for our animals, and camped where we could see the water of the Little Colorado, but it was in a deep gulch, out of our reach. The next day we traveled thirteen miles up the river bank, and camped by the water.

The night of the 11th we were about twelve miles from a Moquis town. Our Moquis companions wished to go home; and did so, while we camped until morning.

They informed the three brethren who had remained in the Moquis towns during the winter, of our approach, and the following morning these brethren met us about two miles out. They rejoiced much in seeing us, and hearing from their families and friends at home. We remained two days with our Moquis friends.

Taking Brothers Haskell, Hatch and McConnell with us, on Tuesday, the 15th of April, we started for the San Francisco Mountain, which was about ninety miles to the southwest. We aimed to strike the Beal road, which runs on the south side of the mountain.

On the 20th of April we got into the foot hills on the north side of the mountain, where we found plenty of timber, grass, and snow for water. Game was abundant, and we had no trouble to kill what we needed. The same day Mr. Greeley discovered a pond of clear, cold water, several acres in extent, in the crater of a volcanic peak.

Monday, the 21st of April, we spent in exploring in different directions. We discovered a wagon road, which proved to be the one laid out by Captain Beal. We had traveled around on the north side of the mountain, and struck this road six miles west of Lareox Spring.

On the 22nd we killed two antelopes, and dried the meat preparatory for starting home.

HP5200

On the 24th we started for home. We traveled west on the Beal road, until the 28th, when we left it and traveled across the desert where Lieut. Ives and party suffered from thirst.

We directed our course for Seep Springs spoken of in the account of our outward trip, as our last camp before going into Cataract Canyon.

I was fifty six hours without any water. Brother Jehiel McConnel was so far gone that he could only whisper. Both men and animals suffered severely. From Seep Springs we directed our course for the crossing of the Colorado, south of St. George.

The third day from Seep Springs we traveled into the night and got off our trail. We tied up some of our animals and hobbled others to wait for daylight.

During the night what we at first supposed to be the hooting of an owl, attracted our attention. After listening a little while we concluded that the hooting was counterfeit; that the Indians were around us and we had better look after our animals.

I followed a trail a few hundred yards by moonlight, and discovered the track of two Indians. Suffice it to say, we lost ten animals out of eighteen.

Assisted by some Piutes, we made an effort next day to recover them, but failing, on the 6th of May we continued our journey. Five of our animals we packed, which left but three to ride. As there were ten men in the company, we traveled mostly on foot.

We afterwards learned that the Cataract Canyon Indians had not returned the Walapies' horses as they had agreed to, and the Walapies made that an excuse for stealing ours.

When we arrived at the river our feet were badly blistered. We had learned to appreciate the value of the animals we had lost.

Between the ferry and St. George, one day, in the Grand Wash, our animals becoming dry, a mule smelt of the ground and pawed. We concluded that it smelt water under the ground. We dug down about three feet, and found plenty. There has been water there ever since, and it is called White Spring.

We arrived in St. George on the 13th of May, 1863. We had been absent fifty-six days. We had explored a practicable, though difficult route, for a wagon from St. George to the Little Colorado, had visited the Moquis towns, and explored some of the country around the San Francisco Mountain.

I found on my return home that my Indian boy, Albert, was dead and buried, as he had predicted he would be when I left home.

I supposed his age to be about ten years when he came to live with me; he had been with me twelve years, making him twenty-two years old when he died. For a number of years he had charge of my sheep, horses and cattle, and they had increased and prospered in his hands.

Some time before his death he had a vision, in which he saw himself preaching the gospel to a multitude of his people. He believed that this vision would be realized in the world of spirits. He referred to this when he said that he should die before my return home, and be on his mission.

He was a faithful Latter-day Saint; believed he had a great work to do among his people; had many dreams and visions, and had received his blessings in the house of the Lord.

HP5201

CHAPTER XIV.

Change in the Spirit of the Indians—Some Insight into their Privations and Trials—They Threaten Hostilities—Difficulties with them Settled—A Kind, Peaceful Policy the Best—Visit to the Moquis Towns—The People are Invited to Live with the Saints—Their Objections to Removing—Hostile Attitude of the Navajoes—Return Home—Suffering with Thirst—A Providential Supply of Water—Dr. Whitmore Killed by Indians—Severe Sickness—Healed in Answer to Prayer.

At this time a considerable change had taken place in the spirit and feelings of the Indians of Southern Utah, since the settlement of the country in 1861-62. Up to that time, our visits among them and our long talks around their camp fires, had kept up a friendly feeling in their hearts.

After the settlement of St. George, the labors of the Indian missionaries, from force of circumstances, became more extended and varied, and the feelings of the Indians towards the Saints became more indifferent, and their propensity to raid and steal returned.

The great numbers of animals brought into the country by the settlers, soon devoured most of the vegetation that had produced nutritious seeds, on which the Indians had been accustomed to subsist. When, at the proper season of the year, the natives resorted to these places to gather seeds, they found they had been destroyed by cattle. With, perhaps, their children crying for food, only the poor consolation was left them of gathering around their camp fires and talking over their grievances.

Those who have caused these troubles have not realized the situation. I have many times been sorely grieved to see the Indians with their little ones, glaring upon a table spread with food, and trying to get our people to understand their circumstances, without being able to do so. Lank hunger and other influences have caused them to commit many depredations.

When our people have retaliated, the unoffending have almost invariably been the ones to suffer. Generally those that have done the stealing have been on the alert, and have got out of the way, while those who have desired to be friends, from the want of understanding on the part of our people, have been the sufferers. This has driven those who were before well disposed, to desperation.

The Navajoes and other Indians east of the Colorado River have taken advantage of these circumstances to raid upon the settlements, and drive off many hundreds of cattle and valuable horses and mules.

In 1864 I visited the Indians east of St. George, accompanied by Brother George Adair. They had gathered between St. George and Harrisburg, for the purpose of carrying out their threat to destroy some of the settlements the first favorable opportunity.

I was asked how many men I wanted to go with me on my contemplated visit. I replied only one, and that I did not want any arms, not even a knife, in sight.

When we arrived in their camp I asked them to come together, and bring their women and children, and all hear what we had to say. They had prepared for hostilities by secreting their women and children, as is their custom.

By talking with them, a better influence came over them, and the spirit of peace triumphed over irritation and a sense of wrong.

About seventy-five miles west of St. George, a band of Piutes had confederated with a band of Indians that had been driven out of California, and they threatened the settlements of Meadow Creek, Clover Valley, and Shoal Creek. Brother Andrew Gibbons accompanied me on a visit to these Indians. It was summer and they had left their corn fields to dry up, and

HP5202

gone to the mountains. Our people had manifested as much hostility as the Indians, having killed two of their number.

We sent out word for all to come in and see us. We made a feast by killing an ox, and, in a general talk, they told over their grievances. They said that they felt justified in what they had done, and also in what they intended to do.

I could not blame them, viewing matters from their standpoint. In the talk I rather justified them in what they expected to do, but told them that in the end it would be worse for them to carry out their plans than to drop them, and smoke the pipe of peace. That the grass upon which the seeds had grown which served them for food was all eaten up, and from that time would be; but if they would be friendly, they could get more food by gleaning our fields than they had before we came into their country.

The talk lasted for hours. The difficulty was settled and we returned home.

Early in 1865, the Navajoes stole a few horses from Kanab. I was requested to go over the Colorado, and, if practicable, have a talk with them, and recover the stolen horses. I was also to have a talk with the Moquis, and invite them to move over into our country.

We did not succeed in recovering the stolen horses. We were informed by the Moquis that the old Navajo chief, the friendly Spaneshanks, had been discarded by his band, that his son had succeeded him as chief, and that he was disposed to raid at any favorable opportunity.

For these reasons we thought it would be useless and perhaps dangerous to go into their country. We had a meeting in the Oriba village, with the principal men of that place and one of the largest of the Moquis towns. It was an interesting interview.

We told them we did not expect to visit them much more where they were, and we wished them to move over the river

into our country, live with us, and build cities and villages the same as other people.

They again told us that they could not leave their present locations until the three prophets who had led them into their country should appear among them again, and tell them what to do. They predicted that our people would yet move into the country south of them, and would travel with wagons up the Little Colorado.

Aside from their traditions against moving across the great river, they could not see the utility of going over to live with us when we would yet move into their country. They were quite anxious that we should not be angry with them, as they desired that we should be friends, and thought that we might sometimes visit them.

On our return home we were disappointed in not finding water in two places where we had always found a supply on former trips. At the second place we camped for the night. On account of thirst our animals were very uneasy, and we tied them up and guarded them until morning.

The nearest water to us was ten miles distant, over a sandy desert, and directly out of our way; that is, we would have to travel twenty miles to get water, and again reach our trail for home. It was nearly two days' travel on our way home to water, and both men and animals were already greatly distressed.

I ascended a hill near the camp, and earnestly asked the Lord in my heart what I should do under our difficult circumstances. While thus engaged I looked towards the Colorado, which was about forty miles distant, and saw a small cloud, apparently about the size of a man's hat. It rapidly increased, and it did not appear to me more than half-an-hour before we were enveloped in a heavy snow-storm. The snow melted and ran into the cavities of the rocks, until there was an abundance of water.

HP5203

When we started on our journey we found the ground dry in less than a mile and a half from our camp.

I thanked the Lord that He had sent us relief in our great need, but there were those in the company who did not appear to see the hand of the Lord in it.

In the autumn of 1865, Dr. Whitmore and I made a trip to Los Vegas Springs and the Colorado River. We visited the Cottonwood Island Indians and the Mohaves.

In the winter after our return, Dr. Whitmore and his herder, young McIntyre, were killed near Pipe Spring, about fifty-five miles east of St. George, by the Navajoes, who also drove off their sheep and some cattle.

I started out after them with a company, was taken sick, and turned back to go home.

I stopped over night on the road in a deserted house, without food, bedding or fire. Having an opportunity, I sent word to my family about my condition. I got into the town of Washington, twelve miles east of Santa Clara, and could go no farther.

In a day or two my wife, Louise, arrived with a team and took me home. My health was very poor for about a year. At one time my friends thought that I was dying. At first I told them that I was willing that it should be so, for I had only been in their way for nearly a year; but my little children were crying around me, and the question came into my mind: What will they do if I am taken away? I could not bear the thought of leaving my family in so helpless a condition.

I then asked God, the Eternal Father, in the name of His Son Jesus Christ, to spare my life long on the earth, and I would labor for the building up of His kingdom.

I afterwards felt a desire for food, and asked for something to eat. I was told that I had eaten nothing for two days. Some boiled beef and tea were brought me; I thought I had never before eaten anything that tasted so good. From that time I slowly recovered.

CHAPTER XV.

Travels Among the Indians—Watching the Frontiers—Trip to the Moquis Towns—Great Raid of the Navajoes—A Good Opportunity Lost of Recovering Stolen Stock—Skirmishes with Raiders—A Peaceable Agreement with the Navajoes Desirable—Visit of President Young to Kanab.

In the spring and summer of 1867, I was called upon to visit the bands of Indians to the east of the settlements on the Rio Virgen, and farther north. A number of settlements had been deserted on the Sevier River, and it was desirable that the temper of the Indians should be so modified that they could be re-established.

I went east seventy-five miles, to the present location of Kanab. After gathering around me some of the Indians, and planting some corn and vegetables, I crossed over the rim of the basin, north, and traveled down the valley of the Sevier.

I sought out places where the Indians were gathered in the largest numbers. I had many long talks with them, which seemed to have a good effect. Although some of the bands were considered quite hostile and dangerous to visit, I felt that I was laboring for good, and had nothing to fear.

In the fall of 1867, as soon as the water in the Colorado was low enough for the Navajoes to ford it, I kept close watch of the eastern frontiers of Southern Utah. I met with quite a number of young Piutes when I first went into the country. They said they had dreamed that I was coming out into their country, and they proposed to assist me in watching the frontiers. They proved to be quite useful in watching the passes, and waylaid and shot several raiders.

HP5204

The season of 1868 was spent in a similar manner to that of 1867, in visiting the Indians in south-eastern Utah, and cultivating peace among them.

In October, 1869, I was requested to make another trip to the Moquis towns, to talk with the people, and learn, if possible, whether there were other Indians besides the Navajoes raiding on our borders.

I started with a company of forty men, twenty of the brethren, and twenty Piutes. We crossed the Colorado where Lee's Ferry now is. Our luggage went over on rafts made of floatwood, fastened together by withes.

On arriving at the Moquis towns, I thought some of the people received us rather coldly. My old acquaintances told me that the Navajoes intended to make another raid on our people in a short time. I felt like returning to our settlements immediately.

When we left the towns, I felt much impressed to take the old Ute trail, and cross the river thirty miles above where we crossed going out. Some of the company objected to this, and made much of the difficulties of the crossing.

When we came to where a trail led to each of the crossings, I told the company that I did not know why, but I was satisfied that it was our duty to go home by the old Ute trail. I was much surprised to find that more than a half of the brethren had made up their minds not to go that way. I told them if I knew anything about the mind and will of the Lord, it was for us to go that way.

The Piutes, to a man, were willing to go the way I desired. The brethren took the lower trail, and on we went. I remarked to them that our trip to the Moquis was a failure. When we arrived home, we learned that the Navajoes had been into the settlements north of where our people had guarded, and driven off twelve or fifteen hundred head of animals, among them many valuable horses and mules.

I afterwards learned from the Piutes, that if the company had taken the Ute trail, we would have met the raiders with all these valuable animals on the open plains, after they had crossed the river. I felt vexed that I did not take the Piutes with me, and save this valuable lot of stock for our people.

I slept out many cold nights in the winter of 1869-70, watching and guarding with the Piutes. One Navajo was shot when two or three hundred yards ahead of his company, which was driving out a small band of horses. The raiders were much frightened, threw down their luggage and wanted the Piutes to let them go home. The Piutes consented to let the Navajoes go if they would leave what they had. They gladly accepted the terms. This took place in the Pahreah Pass, about twenty miles east of Kanab.

The Navajo that was shot was only wounded. I followed his trail the next day, to see what had become of him. I found where he had been picked up by his friends and carried two or three miles. Near him was another camp of raiders, resting.

One of the Piutes who was with me at the time, and had been told in a dream to go with me, shot two of this company, scalped one of them, and said that the other had sandy hair, and he dare not scalp him, for he seemed too much like a white man.

At another time, when Captain James Andrus, with a company of men from St. George was with us, a few animals passed us in the night. We supposed there were three Navajoes with them.

We followed them one day. By taking a circuitous route we came within range of them unobserved. Some of the company fired before the others were ready. Two of the raiders fell; the others, quick as thought, drove the horses upon a sharp point of rocks, where they took shelter in such a way that they could guard their horses without exposing themselves.

We endeavored to approach them to advantage, but with-

HP5205

out success. I was fired at several times, as also were several of the other brethren. Once, as I was secreted behind a cedar tree, a Navajo crawled up behind a sand drift, fired at me, and the bullet just missed my head.

Finding that the Indians had the advantage of us, we left them, only getting one of the horses. The Navajoes secured ten horses and lost three of their men.

Captain Andrus and company returned to St. George, and left Brothers John Mangum, Hyrum Judd, Jehiel McConnell, my son Lyman, myself and the Piutes to watch the frontiers, as we had done through the winter.

The winter of 1869-70 was one of great hardship for the few brethren who, with the Piutes, watched the frontier. They suffered with the cold, and passed many sleepless nights. We crossed the Buckskin, or Kibab, Mountain several times, with the snow in some places waist deep.

This Navajo war caused me many serious reflections. I felt that there was a better way to settle matters, and I made up my mind to go and see the Navajoes, and have a talk with them as soon as circumstances would permit.

In the spring of 1870, President Brigham Young, his counselor, George A. Smith, Apostle Erastus Snow and other leading men of the Church, came to Kanab, accompanied by twenty men as a guard.

As we had been notified of this visit, we had things in as good order as possible. The Piutes, seventy in number, washed off the dirt and paint which usually besmeared their persons, and put on a fair appearance for Indians.

President Young at first objected to sending out the animals of the company to feed under an Indian guard but afterwards consented to do so. He expressed himself well satisfied with my labors and policy on the frontiers.

I told him that I desired to visit the Navajoes, and have a talk with them; that there had been a number of raiders killed,

and I never saw a Navajoe's bones on the ground, the flesh having been eaten off by wolves and vultures, but what I felt sorrow for the necessity of such things; that I always abhorred the shedding of blood, and desired to obtain peace in some better way.

When President Young arrived at Toquerville, on his return journey, he sent me a letter of instructions, directing me to do all I could to prevent the shedding of blood; not to let the Indians have any firearms or ammunition if I thought they would use them for killing miners or other travelers; and, if it were possible, he wished the people to get along without the killing of any more Navajoes.

CHAPTER XVI.

Visits Among Utah Indians—Meet Major Powell—Employed to Accompany him—Council with the Shi-Vwits—Major Powell's Description of it.

I determined to do all I could in the summer of 1870 to establish good feelings among the Indians in the neighborhood of our people, on the west side of the Colorado, that they might be disposed to favor us instead of our enemies. I determined to neglect no opportunity of visiting the Navajoes, and endeavoring to get a good understanding with them.

I visited the Red Lake Utes, spent some time at Fish Lake, east of Parowan, and visited the Indians along the Sevier. I had many long talks with them, and believe I accomplished much good, in inspiring them with the spirit of peace.

I met Professor J. W. Powell, who stated that he had descended the Colorado River the previous year, and that the Indians in the neighborhood of Mount Trumbull, south-west of Kanab, had killed three of his men. He wished to visit them,

HP5206

and prevent the repetition of a similar calamity the next season; for he desired to descend the river with a company to explore the Grand Canyon.

He wished to employ some one who understood Indian character, and spoke their dialect, to go with him, and President Young had recommended me as a suitable person. He offered me liberal terms, and, as I was desirous of seeing the same Indians myself, a satisfactory arrangement was soon made.

We left Kanab for Mount Trumbull in September, 1870, and took two Kanab Indians with us. We arrived at our destination the third day, and selected a good camp ground by a spring of water.

We found some natives gathering cactus fruit, which grew there in great abundance. I requested them to bring in some of the party who took a part in the killing of Mr. Powell's men the previous year.

Some twelve or fifteen Indians got together the following day, and we called a council to have a good peace talk.

I commenced by explaining to the Indians Professor Powell's business. I endeavored to get them to understand that he did not visit their country for any purpose that would work any evil to them; that he was not hunting gold, silver or other metals; that he would be along the river next season with a party of men, and if they found any of them away from the river in the hills, they must be their friends, and show them places where there was water, if necessary.

They answered that some of their friends from the other side of the river crossed on a raft and told them that Powell's men were miners, and that miners on their side of the river abused their women.

They advised them to kill the three white men who had gone back from the river, for if they found any mines in their

country, it would bring great evil among them. The three men were then followed, and killed when asleep.

The Indians further stated that they believed what I told them, and, had they been correctly informed about the men, they would not have killed them.

They said Ka-pu-rats could travel and sleep in their country unmolested, and they would show him and his men the watering places.

Ka-pu-rats, in the Piute language, means one arm cut off. Major Powell had lost an arm in the late war between the Northern and Southern States.

I think that a part of Major Powell's description of this affair in his "Explorations of the Colorado River," would not be out of place here:

"This evening, the Shi-vwits, for whom we have sent, come in, and, after supper, we hold a long council. A blazing fire is built, and around this we sit—the Indians living here, the Shivwits, Jacob Hamblin and myself. This man, Hamblin, speaks their language well, and has a great influence over all the Indians in the regions round about. He is a silent, reserved man, and when he speaks, it is in a slow, quiet way, that inspires great awe. His talk is so low that they must listen attentively to hear, and they sit around him in deathlike silence. When he finishes a measured sentence, the chief repeats it, and they all give a solemn grunt. * * * *

"Mr. Hamblin fell into conversation with one of the men, and held him until the others had left, and then learned more of the particulars of the death of the three men. They came upon the Indian village almost starved, and exhausted with fatigue. They were supplied with food, and put on their way to the settlements. Shortly after they had left, an Indian from the east side of the Colorado arrived at their village, and told them about a number of miners having killed a squaw in a drunken brawl, and no doubt these were the men. No person

HP5207

had ever come down the canyon; that was impossible; they were trying to hide their guilt. In this way he worked them into a great rage. They followed, surrounded the men in ambush, and filled them full of arrows.

"That night I slept in peace, although these murderers of my men, and their friends, the U-in-ka-rets, were sleeping not five hundred yards away. While we were gone to the canyon, the pack-train and supplies, enough to make an Indian rich beyond his wildest dreams, were all left in their charge, and were all safe; not even a lump of sugar was pilfered by the children."

After this council with the Indians, Major Powell gave me charge of the commissary stores and pack-train, and directed me to explore the country east, north and south. This afforded me an excellent opportunity to carry out my mission to the Lamanites.

I had many interesting talks with them. I labored to have them understand that there was an overruling Providence that had much to do with the affairs of men; that God was not pleased with the shedding of blood, and they must stop killing men, women and children, and try and be at peace with all men.

These teachings did not appear to have much influence at the time, but afterwards they yielded much good fruit.

CHAPTER XVII.

Journey to Fort Defiance—Interesting Visit Among the Moquis Towns—Arrival at Fort Defiance—General Council of the Chiefs of the Navajo Nation—Great Peace Talk—Return Home—Treaty of Peace in one of the Moquis Towns—Stolen Sheep Recovered for a Navajo.

In the autumn of 1871, Major Powell concluded to go east, by way of Fort Defiance, and desired me to accompany him.

As this appeared to be an opening for the much-desired peace talk with the Navajo Indians, I readily accepted the invitation.

We started for Fort Defiance in October. Three men who were strangers to me, accompanied us, and Brothers Ammon M. Tenney, Ashton Nebeker, Nathan Terry and Elijah Potter; also Frank, a Kibab Indian.

We packed lumber on mules over the Kibab, or Buckskin Mountain, to the crossing of the Colorado, now known as Lee's Ferry. With this we constructed a small boat, in which we conveyed our luggage across. Our animals crossed over by swimming.

We traveled at nights most of the way, to preserve our animals from the Indians. We visited all the Moquis towns, seven in number, and had much interesting talk with the people. Professor Powell took much interest in their festivals, dances, religious ceremonies and manner of living.

Arriving at Fort Defiance, Major Powell rendered me much assistance in bringing about peace with the Navajoes. About six thousand of them were gathered there to receive their annuities.

All the chiefs of the nation were requested to meet in council. All the principal chiefs but one, and all the subchiefs but two were there. Captain Bennett, Indian agent, his interpreter, and Brother Ammon M. Tenney were also there.

Major Powell led the way by introducing me to the council as a representative of the people who lived on the west side of the Colorado River, called "Mormons." He stated that he had lived and traveled with these people, and, by acquaintance, had formed a very favorable opinion of them. He said that they were an industrious people, who paid their quota of taxes in common with other citizens of the United States, from which the Navajoes were paid their annuites.

At the close of his introductory remarks, I arose and spoke

HP5208

about an hour. I stated that the object of my visit was to have a talk with them, and endeavor to bring about a better understanding between them and my people the "Mormons," and establish peace and friendship.

I explained to them some of the evils of the war which had commenced by killing two men and driving off their stock: that while they had taken from us many horses and mules, they had lost twenty or thirty of their men. That our young men had wanted to come over into their country and kill and drive them, but had been told to stay at home until all other means for obtaining peace had been tried and had failed.

I told them I had been acquainted, more or less, with the Indians on their side of the great river for many years, and I found that the Moquis were obliged to watch their stock, or the Navajoes would steal it; and the Navajoes were under the same necessity. Neither party could trust their sheep out of sight, through fear that they would never see them again. They dare not send their flocks out into the mountains where grass was abundant, and the result was, that they ate poor meat, and many times not enough of that.

Continuing, I said: "If you will reflect on your affairs, you will see that this is very bad policy, and that it would be much better to be at peace with your neighbors and with all men. I see much grass and many watering places on each side of the river. If we would live at peace with each other, we could take advantage of all the land, grass and water, and become rich or have all we need. Our horses and sheep would be fat. We could sleep in peace, awake in the morning and find our property safe. You cannot but see that this would be the better way.

"I hope you will listen to this talk. What shall I tell my people, the 'Mormons' when I return home? That we may expect to live in peace, live as friends, and trade with one another? Or shall we look for you to come prowling around our weak settlements, like wolves at night? I hope we may live in peace

in time to come. I have now gray hairs on my head, and from my boyhood I have been on the frontiers, doing all I could to preserve peace between white men and Indians.

"I despise this killing, the shedding of blood. I hope you will stop this, and come and visit, and trade with our people. We would like to hear what you have got to say before we go home."

I took my seat, I noticed the tears start in the eyes of Barbenceta, the Spanish name of the principal chief of the Navajoes.

He slowly approached, and put his arms around me, saying: "My friend and brother, I will do all I can to bring about what you have advised. We will not give all our answer now. Many of the Navajoes are here. We will talk to them tonight, and will see you on your way home."

The principal chiefs spent much of the night talking with their people. Captain Bennett, the agent, and a U. S. army officer, said that I could not have talked better to bring about peace with the Navajoes. He manifested much good feeling, and furnished us liberally with supplies for our journey home.

This council was held on the 2nd of November, 1871. The blessings of the Lord were over us in our efforts for peace.

This was probably the first time that the chiefs of the Navajo nation ever heard a gospel discourse adapted to their circumstances; as well as the first time that they had heard, from the lips of a white man, a speech that carried with it the spirit and power of a heartfelt friendship. The hearts of many of them were open to reciprocate it.

We spent three days at Fort Defiance, endeavoring to create a good influence, and in getting our supplies ready. Brother A. M. Tenney, being able to converse in Spanish, accomplished much good.

On our way home we called at a Moquis town. There we met the principal chief of the Navajoes, those chiefs who were

HP5209

not at Fort Defiance, and some minor chiefs who did not consider themselves as belonging to the United States agency at Fort Defiance.

We met in a room belonging to the principal man of the village. The Navajoes, through their chief, told us that they had not come to talk any different from what was said at Fort Defiance, but to confirm what was said there. They never had heard better talk. They had a great desire to have what was said carried out.

They said, "We have some bad men among us, but, if some do wrong, the wise ones must not act foolishly, like children, but let it be settled according to the spirit of your talk at Fort Defiance.

"Here is Hastele (one of the principal chiefs); I wish you to take a good look at him, so you will not be mistaken in the man. He never lies or steals. He is a truthful man; we wish all difficult matters settled before him. He lives on the frontier, nearest to the river; you can find him by inquiry."

The peace treaty talk here closed by the Navajoes saying, "We hope we may be able to eat at one table, warm by one fire, smoke one pipe, and sleep under one blanket."

One of them gave me a note from the United States agent, stating that the bearer wished me to try and recover some sheep that were stolen from him, and were in one of the Moquis towns; and that two attempts had been made to recover them, which had failed.

We lay down to sleep about midnight, and were on our way at early dawn to the town, a few miles distant, where the Navajoes said we should find the sheep.

Arriving at the residence of the man having the sheep, I found him to be a former acquaintance of mine. He appeared in a surly mood. We talked to him for some time, but could get no answer.

I then said, "You are the first man I traded with twelve

or thirteen years ago. You told me then that before your father died, he took you in his arms, and told you that you would live to see white men come from the west—good men, men of peace; and that it would be but a short time after they came until you could sleep in peace, eat in peace, and have peace in all things. You told me that you believed we were the men your father meant, and I hope you will not prevent peace coming into your country for the sake of a few sheep."

"Well," said he, "I will not; I will give up the sheep."

They were counted out, and the Navajo offered us one or two to eat on our way home. We told him we could get along without taking any of his sheep; he had but few, and would want them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Moquis Indians Destroy many Navajoes—An Oriba and his Wife Accompany us Home—Peace Talk with the Piutes—A Dream and its Fulfillment—Tuba's Prayer—Choog, the Indian Prophet—His Prediction—Fatal Fire in Kanab.

We were told by the Moquis that when the Navajoes were at war with the United States, they were taken advantage of in their scattered condition by the Moquis, who hunted out the worst of the thieves among them, and killed them off. For this purpose the Moquis were furnished with guns and ammunition.

One man told me that he had hunted up and killed eight Navajoes single handed.

I was also informed that the Moquis decoyed thirty-five of them into one of their villages, by promising them protection, and then disarmed them, and threw them off a high rock between two of their towns. I went to the place indicated, and found a number of skeletons and some remains of blankets. This was done during the winter previous to our visit.

HP5210

The Navajoes have evidently been the plunderers of the Moquis for generations, and the latter have retaliated whenever they have had an opportunity. Peace between these tribes would be a great blessing to both.

This trip and its influences appears to have been a turning-point—the commencement of a great practical change for the better in the lives of these tribes. The Lord's time for a change had evidently come.

Wishing to do all I could to give strength to a peaceful policy, I invited Tuba, a man of good report among his people, to take with him his wife, Pulaskanimki, to go home with me; get acquainted with the spirit and policy of our people, and become a truthful representative of them among his people.

I promised to pay him for what labor he might perform, and bring him home the next autumn.

After counseling with their friends, he and his wife accepted my invitation.

When we arrived on the cliffs before crossing the Colorado, the Piutes living in the Navajo country, came to me and said as they had taken a part with the Navajoes in raiding on our people, they desired to have a good peace talk. They were about thirty in number.

After an interesting council, we commenced to descend the difficult cliff to the crossing of the river. While doing so, Brother Nathan Terry said he had a dream the night before, and that it had been on his mind all day, and he believed it meant something. In the dream he saw the company riding along the trail, when he heard the report of a gun. He looked around, and saw one of the company fall to the ground, and he thought he went and put the person on his horse, and they continued their journey.

After descending the cliff, I was some distance in the rear of the company, when suddenly, what appeared like a flash of lightning came over me. It was with great difficulty that I

could breathe. Not being able to help myself, I partly fell to the ground.

I lay there some time, when one of the Kanab Indians who was with us came along, saw my situation, and hurried on to the camp.

Brother Terry came back to me after dark. He administered to me in the name of the Lord, when the death-like grip that seemed to have fastened on my lungs let go its hold, and I could again breathe naturally.

On coming to the bank of the river the following day, Tuba, the Oriba, looked rather sorrowful, and told me that his people once lived on the other side of this river, and their fathers had told them they never would go west of the river again to live. Said he, "I am now going on a visit to see my friends. I have worshiped the Father of us all in the way you believe to be right; now I wish you would do as the Hopees" (their name for themselves) "think is right before we cross."

I assented. He then took his medicine bag from under his shirt, and offered me a little of its contents. I offered my left hand to take it; he requested me to take it in my right. He then knelt with his face to the east, and asked the Great Father of all to preserve us in crossing the river. He said that he and his wife had left many friends at home, and if they never lived to return, their friends would weep much. He prayed for pity upon his friends, the "Mormons," that none of them might drown in crossing; and that all the animals we had with us might be spared, for we needed them all, and to preserve unto us all our food and clothing, that we need not suffer hunger nor cold on our journey.

He then arose to his feet. We scattered the ingredients from the medicine bag into the air, on to the land and into the water of the river.

To me, the whole ceremony seemed humble and reverential. I felt that the Father has regard to such petitions. The scat-

HP5211

tering of the ingredients from the medicine bag I understood to be intended as a propitiary sacrifice.

After this ceremony we drove our animals into the river, and they all swam safely to the opposite shore. In a short time ourselves and effects were safely over. Tuba then thanked the Great Father that he had heard and answered our prayer.

Arriving at Kanab, we found all well. Everybody appeared to feel thankful for the success of our mission and the prospects of peace. The Kanab Indians also congratulated us on our success.

Some of the Piutes from the east side of the river accompanied us home. They spent much of the night in talking over events that had taken place during the previous three years. They said they had not visited each other much during that time.

Choog, the Kibab chief of the Piutes, after learning all the particulars from the Indians who went with us, came to me and said, "Now the Indians east of the river have all made peace, the evil spirits will have no place to stop over there. They have followed you here. The destroyer will enter into the wind, fire and water, and do you all the mischief he can. Wherever he can get a chance to work he will go."

At the close of his remarks I smiled. Noticing it, he said with considerable warmth, "You are a wise, good man, and know more than I do; but I know that what I have told you will come to pass."

The third night after this conversation with the Kibab chief, the night of the 14th of December, a house in Kanab, in which resided the family of Brother Levi Stewart, took fire, from some unknown cause. The room in which the fire originated had but one entrance, and in it were stored some combustible materials. The houses were of logs, built in fort form, and the people and their effects were much crowded together.

At the time the fire broke out, people were generally

asleep, and six of the family of Brother Stewart were asleep in the room where the fire originated.

Before they could be rescued, a can of oil took fire, and the room was in a moment enveloped in an intense flame, which burst out from the only entrance, The shrieks of those in the fire, and the odor of their roasting bodies; the luried glare of the fire in the darkness of night; the intense anxiety and sorrow depicted on the countenances of the father and husband, brothers, sisters and neighbors, made up a scene that can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

There were several other fires and accidents in the settlements of Southren Utah, soon after the fire in Kanab, which indicated that the Indian chief was prompted by the spirit of prophecy.

Some people call the Indians superstitious. I admit the fact, but do not think that they are more so than many who call themselves civilized. There are few people who have not received superstitious traditions from their fathers. The more intelligent part of the Indians believe in one Great Father of all; also in evil influences, and in revelation and prophecy; and in many of their religious rites and ideas, I think they are quite as consistent as the Christian sects of the day.

CHAPTER XIX.

Visit of Tuba and his Wife to the Washington Factory and Flouring Mill—Many Navajoes Come to Trade with our People—Take Tuba and his Wife Home—More about the Death of Young George A. Smith—Saints Called to Settle in Arizona—They Become Discouraged and Return to Utah—Navajoes Murdered in Grass Valley —War Imminent—Sent to Settle the Difficulty—My Friends Alarmed—Two Miners Accompany me—Indians Call a Council.

A few days after I arrived home from Fort Defiance, I went on a visit to St. George, and other settlements. I took Tuba

HP5212