

Journal
of

Mosiah
Lyman
Hancock

1852 - 1862

PREFACE

The original journal of Mosiah Lyman Hancock is located at the Church Historians Office of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in Salt Lake City, Utah. The original journal is missing the first pages and the last pages, therefore this transcription is not complete.

Mosiah Lyman Hancock also wrote a more lengthy journal (74 pages), which contains some of the same stories that are contained in this journal. A footnote with the page number of that journal references some of those stories to this journal. Some stories in this journal are more detailed and this journal includes some stories that are missing in the other journal.

The original wording and spelling of Mosiah's journal has been preserved, even though there are many misspelled words. Mosiah's vocabulary was quite extensive and included many words which may not be in current usage. If the meaning of a word may be difficult to understand, a word or letter is placed in brackets following the word, or a footnote is added to clarify the meaning. If a word in his original journal is unclear, a question mark in parenthesis follows the word. Mosiah often left off the double letter in many words, such as "puting", and he did not drop the "e" when adding "ing", such as "makeing."

Mosiah used lowercase and capital letters at random. He also wrote in long unbroken sentences, often using little or no punctuation. Many times it was difficult to determine where one sentence ended and where the next one began. He often used dashes and explanation points in the middle of sentences to emphasize something. Therefore, punctuation and paragraphing has been added for clarity. It is hoped that this will assist the reader in making the journal easier to read, yet still retain Mosiah's feelings.

This journal covers the period of his life from 1852 to 1862. A chronology of events has been prepared using both journals, and other reference materials, so the reader has a feeling for the major events in his life that he wrote about. Mosiah was a very righteous man and when called by the Lord, he did not waste any time doing what he was asked to do. Many of us would consider it a hardship to leave our work and families, two months after a child was born, in the middle of the winter, to travel six weeks to see the Indians, only to stay for two weeks, and do this right during Christmas. Mosiah did this with a willing heart. He nearly lost his life in his return home, due to the cold weather, lack of food, and meeting with the fierce Navajo Indians.

I am grateful that I have an ancestor that left a journal for us to read and share some of his faithful experiences.

Dorene H. Smith

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This journal was transcribed by the seven children of Oliver Perry Hancock and Lora Aseneth Lisonbee and the children's spouses. Oliver Perry Hancock is the grandson of Mosiah Lyman Hancock and Clarrisa Reed. The names of Oliver's and Lora's children and spouses are:

Bonnie Hancock Peterson and Marion George Peterson,
Joseph Perry Hancock and Gloria Gunn Hancock,
Delite Hancock Gaddie and Ernest Gaddie,
Dixie Hancock Krauss and Max Krauss,
Carlene Hancock Curtis and Samuel Frederick Curtis,
Dorene Hancock Smith and Jonathan Monroe Smith, and
Lora Sue Hancock Allred and Clyde Verl Allred.

The majority of the transcription took place at the family reunion of the "Hancock Seven" on October 23, 1992, at the Allred home at 2414 Harmes, Port Neches, Texas. Dorene and Jonathan Smith completed the journal and made all the final corrections.

Father had got the consent of the President to stop at Payson.

On the 3rd of August I got a wagon and yoke of oxen of cousin Charles B. Hancock and I started to Manti to get Father. While crossing the Santaquin stream, a shot was fired so close to me as to cause a part of the rim of my hat to lop down. I quickly threw it in the wagon box and stood up in the wagon with my rifle in hand to see whose head I could see. The oxen had taken the hint and ran on towards Nephi, where we arrived in good condition about sundown. The next day I started on but was stopped by the millitary, Pitchforth, I think, who said, I should not travel without an escort. They would be sure to send an escort with Father from Manti. They took charge of me and the team but said I could go to the South and get a load of wood with Thomas Adair, which I done, he having said to me that he would give me 3 1/2 bushel of wheat. I got the wood, sure enough, but no wheat. The next day they again took charge of us. I worked in the field helping to cut wheat.

I was worried about Father. Thinks I, Father may be massacred by the Indians and it will be all my fault listening to the millitary. So I made * up my mind what I would do. So when the sun was down I said, "perhaps I can get a rabbit [if] I goes out to hunt?" When it was dark I started on a dog trot towards Manti. I went as far as where Fountain Green now is and saw a team. I found it was Father and his little family which consisted of Emily and his three little girls, escorted by Bro. Yale. Father was hunting a place to camp when we met. Father said, I must be tired. I said, "I was too tired to sleep." He also said the same. So was Bro. Yale. He also was a true Veteran. So Bro. Yale and Emily and the 3 little girls were the vanguard¹³ and Father and I brought up the rear. We never having wished to take the life of an Indian, the Lord brought us safe through. We traveled all night and rolled into Nephi soon after sunrise and stopped with a wolf! where we was well treated. Of course, there had been some worry to know where the brethren could find my body, but I soon brought it forward and got my team and we were bundled in, and the team being fresh were in Payson by 10 that next evening.

¹³the foremost or leading position

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In those days the ecclesiastical and military were good friends and were not dependent on Babylon¹⁴ and the people prospered. The Bishop Cross let Father live in the Meetinghouse. Father used to preach to the Seventies and worked on the fortification or mud wall. We were pulled around somewhat and father found his way to Spanish Fork. I tried to help him. There was some in Payson who tried to bold it over Father but he in all his endeavors sought to carry out the instructions of the Presidency of the Church and other authorities when there was no conflict with the head. Bishop Cross and Bro McClan did not hurt Father's feelings in any way. Father was always the friend of the Indians and felt their rights should be respected. There was some harranguing at times between the High Priests and Seventies in regard to the powers of each and who was the greatest, and we used to meet in what was called Mass Quorums. There seemed at times some confusion which brought forth the expression from Prest. Young of "the Mass Quorums" of the Seventies. Father tried and with much success to smooth the feelings of all by meeting with the people, and these were his sentiments on one occasion.

¹⁴the world

Hail, to the Saints, when in unison friendship,
They worship the Lord God of Joseph as one;
When Elders and High Priests and Seventies in concert,
Will honor each other, Gods work will roll on.

Chorus

Contend not for power, attend to thy calling,
And be not o'er powered by malice or strife;
For either the Saints must be rising or falling,
There is no standing still in this period of life.

2nd

With all, show respect, unto higher powers,
Attention pay to the commands from on high;
Then he who's Eternal will send forth his blessings,
And Spirit upon us when we will draw nigh.

3rd

What's this world but a stageing prepared for the actors,
For nothing is lasting or durable here; *
Then while we are Pupils we need our instructors,
With patience to teach us and not to[o] severe.

4th

What's this world but a river, a rolling and tumbling,
Through dark misty lands where there's no sun appears;
Where the disaffected and blind all go stumbling,
Till they land in the regions of lasting despairs.

5th

What's this world but an ocean of foul filthy waters,
A rolling it's high mountain waves to the shore;
Where many get ship wrecked, and both sons and
daughters,
Sink far in the deep, and are heard of no more.

6th

Then while we're permit(t)ed to rest for a season,
Where no one is bound, by the laws of the land;
Let us try to improve all our senses and reason,
And ever be one, as the Lord does command.

or peice of bark, or on the hearth.

When we first came to the Valley and got established in the 19th ward, I went a while the winter of 49 and 50 to Bro Aiken, I think about six weeks. To sum it up, my schooling, I went to Margaret Doodle in Nauvoo 1/2 day, and Michael Maheny, 3 days; Council Bluffs and George P. Dykes I did perhaps 30 days; and Bro Akin perhaps 33 days; and the parent school of G SL City 40 days; and Professor O. Pratt perhaps 40 days; 146 1/2 days I think would balance(?) my schooling. I have taught about 23 quarters with fair results.

Abraham Coon borrowed 360 poles off my fence to secure his crop. Some of my poles were two rod[s] long. I never got one of them again. I had plenty of fruit on my orchard.

Father brought one of his girls to us to raise, Emily Malissa. We kept her and done the best we could. On the 12th of Sept 1860, my son Mosiah Lyman Hancock was born. I blessed him the eighth day of his age and when his mother was able to go to the fast meeting, he was blessed by Bishop T. Kesler of the 16th ward. On the 19th of Nov 1860, we received our endowments and Maggie and I were sealed over the altar. There sister Eliza R. Snow gave Margaret counsel to build me up by getting me some wives as I had the look of a nobleman which Margaret agreed to.

While residing in the city I acted as teacher in connection with O. B. Huntington. I worked some for Bro Heber C. Kimbal. On one occasion, while we were walking down towards my place, Lot Huntington rode up and began to quote some curious language. Brother Kimbal says, "Stop Lot, I want to say to you and I tell you to mark it well. If you do not stop takeing the name of the Lord in vain, His protecting power will not be over you as it has hitherto been. For judgment will be put to the line, and when your spirit is cut loose and goes sighing with the wind, you will then know that I have spoken to you by the power of the Holy Spirit." Lot rode on dashing the

rowels²⁵ in his horse, still profaneing and smileing.

But with Bro Kimbal I was almost brought to grief, for on a certain occasion he took hold of me and seemed to try to throw me down sidehold. I came to the conclusion I would stand. He said, "Why don't you throw me?" I said, "I have no wish to throw my Father." (My father once told me that the Prophet Joseph said on a certain occasion that it was no good sign for a man to try to throw a person higher in the priesthood, so I thought to stand.) "That is it," said Bro. K. "Now you are comeing to the business I wish to get at. I am your Father and I want you to be sealed to me. Will you?" "And leave my own father," said I. "Yes, leave him, he has nothing. What can he leave you? He is poor! What has he got? Look at me! See what a good financier I am! My property is between two and three hundred thousand dollars. What can your father do for you?" "I trust in God," said I, "that my Father has taught me those eternal principles that thieves and robbers cannot take from me," said I. He raised his hand and I looked him in the eye, and it was all I could do. Then he put down his hand and said, "But what is your Father good for now? To be sure he has a standing in the church, but he is no financier. What do you think of it now?" Said I, "Did not Christ say 'blessed are the poor,'²⁶ and did he not say of himself, 'the foxes of the earth have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath no place to lay his head?'²⁷ What will you do when you get where he is? Cast him out, I suppose, because of his poverty?" He again raised his hand and I backed off. "Hold on there!" said he, "you need not think that your goodness will save you in the estimation of some unless you can make property. For the day will come that unless a man has got money, he cannot have much position. Therefore, make money, make money honestly, if you can, but be sure and make money." This conversation with us was on what was known as Arsenal Hill, where some of the smart financiers afterwards placed the great Powder Plott. I did not work for him anymore and never went to

²⁵sharp-toothed wheels at the end of spurs

²⁶Matthew 5:3

²⁷Matthew 8:20

we again started July 29th and got to our place Aug 16th.

There was a great deal of high water this season. I had to pay two ferriage bills to cross Provo river, and Spanish Fork spread itself. I found my folks well. There was some lots surveyed on the bench. I got two and we moved on them, carrying our water from the creek near 1/4 of a mile, for the ditch was not begun as yet. So I began to build a stone fence as there was plenty stone on the land on the south side of my lots. We camped. We took as good care of our crops as we could, but there was a great deal of carelessness in relation to each others rights, so that there was but little saved. We all would go into the field and pick cotton, except Margaret, for she done more than she was able. For on the 31st of August 1862, my son Levi W was born. I blessed him on the 8th day. He was also blessed in fast meeting.

In September we moved on the hill so as to be home. Father Elsworth returned from Payson in September, bring[ing] the family, also many fruit trees. He began to fence having John McCleve and Joseph and Eliza, Margaret's brothers and sister. Also Diana and Davisael(?), two children Margaret's mother had born unto him [her]. We all camped together and went in the field together at times, to gather cotton. We had the choicest of mellons which seemed to well supply the place of fruit.

In October the 25th, I received a call to go with Jacob Hamblin to the Moquis Indians. James Lewis, being the presiding High Priest, done all he could to help me to get off. So by the 29 of October I was in St. George with one pack and one riding animal, with 100 lbs flower, some crackers, and other food to last me on my journey. I took the flower from my own store. The people promised to pay me the flower back but not a pound was ever brought to my place, except 13 lbs brought in by Allen Stout. We went to the conference and I was set apart for the mission by Brother Orson Pratt and E. Snow.

We left on the first of November and went south of St. George, traveling down the Grand Wash 81 miles, where we put in our boat in the Colorado River, which here seemed to be turned up edgwise. We

We could see the tops of the San Francisco peaks. Our animals were quite jaded.³⁵ Some of us walked to force them. I was not thirsty anymore. At night again I went off about a quarter of a mile to pray. I felt sorry for the animals and for some of the brethren. There was no danger of Indians. While praying and thanking the Lord for all His blessings, a voice said to me, "Mosiah, men of mighty faith have trod this desert before thee. Yea, holy Prophets." I was truly thankful. I had not tasted of water for three days. I thanked the Lord that He had given me powers of endurance so as not to be dry. This was about 12 o'clock in the night. I was not dry, hungry, thirsty, or tired. All at once I saw something that seemed to look light on the ground, about 50 yards off. I went to the place and found a great many holes in the limestone full of water. There was a great deal of deer signs there. I thanked the Lord and took a drink. I went and placed my hand on Jacob Hamblin and he was awake in an instant. All the camp were in a profound slumber, apparently. We awoke several so as to get the canteens filled before the horses were taken to befoul the water. For there were a few who seemed to have but small regard for the rights or feelings of others.

It was not long before we came to a canyon where there was plenty of snow, where we melted snow in the night and resumed our journey. We would get some fresh meat, antelope sometimes. And on a few occasions the boys indulged quite freely, and at times the fresh meat proved to[o] laxative, which caused some uneasiness to some of the boys through the night, and there was a great cry for pills. Some of the boys heard that I had some. I had let Brother Jacob know that I had just a few, and he, being wise and naturally secretive in his nature, I told him how I obtained them. They were, with the most of the boys in camp, a scarce article. So on a certain occasion, I found another archipelago³⁶ of water tanks, and I saw a great deal of signs³⁷ of the little ground squirrel. So it occurred to me that they were purely vegetable and were far more safe in their nature than the pills of the

³⁵worn-out with fatigue

³⁶a large group of islands

³⁷droppings

homeopathic physicians of that time. So I secured something like a quart and put a little molasses on them and rolled them in flower on the mochila³⁸ of my saddle, where I mixed the bread. For I was cook of the second mess, John Steele being cook of the first. I think I let him into the secret, for he was a good Mormon Mason and some of our boys had more faith in pills than prayers. So some of the brethren began to refer to me as, "I think he has a few left yet that he might spare," to be sure I had only a few for my own use. And I felt they were perfectly safe and reliable, and my compassion was great for some of our dearly beloved brethren, some few of whom were of the praying class, but were not averse to the taking of pills. They, in no case that I knew of, ever proved fatal. I always believed in letting faith and works go together.

In due time we came to the Moquis Villages where we were well received. I found as much difference in those Indians in points of intelligence as among white people. Bro Hamblin told us to mingle with them and be kind and when they wished us to eat with them, to do so, so as not to offend them. So I went among them considerable and they always wanted me to eat with them. They had several kinds of dishes. Some of peaches, some meat, or beans, or corn, etc. They would eat with their fingers placed close together, scoop it out of the pots or dishes with the fingers close together, then throw it in the mouth. They were truly hospitable in their natures. I made me a woden³⁹ spoon and when I would sit down with them, they would always wish me to ask a blessing on the food and motion for me to help myself. I would thrust in my spoon before any fingers got in the dishes. I would not have been so particular if they had been particular to wash themselves. For I do believe in those days that people were a virtuous nation, but they seemed somewhat peculiar in some of their ways.

On a certain occasion I sat at meat with 6 or 7, six or seven of the he ones and a couple of the other sex with hornes. You will hear of this if I do not forget it. But to return to our feast. There might have

³⁸saddle bag

³⁹wooden

been a dozen or fifteen of both sex around the frugal board. Our faces beamed with joy. I had been taking down the names of many articles. I took it by what in those days was termed the Deseret alphabet. We could always get the right pronunciation to their dialect. Some might term it language but I suppose language is that, that can be written, printed, or spoken. Therefore I term it dialect. Of their writing I may touch upon, though I have tried through all my biographical account of my Father and myself to make brevity a point. And as I understand, there has been a committee appointed to examine manuscripts brought forward, I do not suppose in these days, much old fashioned honesty will be appreciated unless a person has money to back it all up. Aside⁴⁰ Christian idea! But to return to our frugal meal. We were all smiling and jovial and with the several dishes of the earth's bounties, we enjoyed ourselves. I had spooned it from the beans Morebus and pronounced them "Lolomi (good), Pass Lolomi (very good), Morebus Lolomi! Peshullah (good peaches), Pass Lolomi, Peshullah, Peshullah; Coquah, (thank you)."

They passed the corn and meat, that was a couple of rabbits of tolerable fair size, which seemed to have the most of the fur off, and I think the entrails had been mostly drawn. All at once my eye caught the bobbing up and down in the fragrant soup, what seemed to me, seven small rabbits that had not reached the fur period, so I fished out with my butcher knife and spoon, a piece off of one of the larger ones, leaving the tender ones to float as they might. I must have forgot to praise the meat, and all at once I began to turn dizzy. I soon found myself outside where there was a mott⁴¹ or squad of the brethren. When I began to heave up that I had eaten, the brethren began to laugh and wanted to know what was the matter, but I kept my own secrets. And as I was no prying nature I did not try to get anything from them. But it seemed to have taken affect all through my system so that I dodged out by myself for a while to get everything settled for a continuation of my visit to that same place. Some of the boys expressed the idea of my having partaken to[o] freely of the tempting

⁴⁰out of one's thoughts or ideas

⁴¹gathering

repasts⁴², and that I ought to give more attention to fasting and prayer. I could realize they judged after the manner of men. I could not help thinking as they stood there in the pride of their strength, that they had been healed by my pills and had not much to boast of. My ills were soon explained by Brother Thales Haskell who gave them to understand that I had been exposed to the cold and the victuals had done me a heap of good. Soon a good old motherly soul fixed me some red pepper tea and I resumed my visit.

In the evenings, Brother Jacob Hamblin, Wm Maxwell, John Steel, Ira Hatch, Gehial McConnell, Thales Haskell and myself were invited down into their council hall where the Bucks hold forth. The hall is a place in the ground about 12 x 30 feet. There had some day been a partition across from the mortices in the cross peice, then a bench or seat all around the room where we sat to listen and see the performance. Brother Hamblin explained to us that they were well pleased with the deportment of us brethren. But as for some others who had been careless in their talk, they did not need their company. For some of the boys had made such expressions as "They are only a lot of damned Inguns." "Such," Jacob said, "they did not want." When we were seated, I made inquirey, "Who brought the timbers here?" "Our Forefathers," was the reply. "Where were they brought from?" "From the mountain yonder, the San Francisco mountains." "How were they brought?" "With oxen." Then I thought of the oxbow and key and some other things I had seen and I felt that white men had been there, perhaps Spaniards.

When the time came for the services to commence, the wise man of the nation, that they called Lehi, arose and talked a little. He looked somewhat ancient, yet sturdy and dignified, easy spoken, keen eyes, and as kind in his demeanor as could be wished. He bid us welcome and expressed a wish that all those present had come for a good purpose. Bro Jacob, in few words gave us a good recommend, whereupon they all nodded an approval. The Bucks stripped and formed a circle. Takeing hold of each others hands, they circled around to the left, keeping time with something that was beat upon

⁴²the food eaten or provided at a meal

with a stick. They raised the left leg so as to bring the left heel on a level with the right knee. They bounced twice on the right toe, and then down quick with the left, and up with the right, in like manner, and so on, singing, the meaning of which is something like this: "Oh! Great Spirit! Send down lots of snow to make the ground wet so that when we put corn or beans or squash or melons or peach or sunflower seed in the ground, it may grow well, so that our wives and children and the poor among us, who do not know how to get these things may not cry because they are hungry," etc. Thus they whirled and enjoyed themselves untill the tum tum quit.

Then they stoped and a figure came forward, arrayed in feathers and some Indian finery, and talked a little to them. Then they tied on their aprons which had on the square and compass. Then after some more ceremony they began to dress in a different style. Some had long robes they had made of cotton, for they raise it themselves (their robes came to their ancles). One had a robe of wildcat skin and one of mountain lion. They stood in a circle and put the aprons on the outside of the robes, in front. And after a little more wise counsel from the wise man, they secured their bundles and resumed their ordinary outfit and returned home.

They entered their council hall down a ladder through a hole in the roof, the cross peices being tied or bound to two poles by skin thongs. I went down in the field while there and picked up some dry beans. I brought home some choice peach stones. They would have dried peaches strung around their rooms on strings of cotton of their own make. They would pack their corn in rows along the wall crossways, so as to make a rick⁴³ along the wall the length of the room, and pack row after row until a room was filled. Their houses were of stone and well plastered with a very good cement for people in their condition of life. I saw many little children around but I never heard a child cry, to my recollection, among the Moquis.

The openings or entrance to their houses were from the top of the first story. They would climb a ladder onto the first story and then go

⁴³stack

down below where their stone stoves used to be kept. Their stoves were so arraigned⁴⁴ that where the fire was put in, the blaze would strike a pot and boil it. Then the blaze would ascend to one a little higher, and so on untill the whole row would boil.

Then still higher was a place where they cooked or baked the peake or bread. The women who baked it would have a dish with the material for the bread in a thin batter, as you might mix it for pancakes. Only the Moquis pan was a flat stone from 12 x 16 inches to 15 x 20 inches. And the ladies who manipulated the bakeing apparatus were so dextrous in their manouvers, it was truly surprising to see them grab a handfull of the porridge and sling it forward and backward, then forward again so quick as to puzzle the eye to keep watch; then jerk the sheet of bread off the stone, so that it did seem to me as if not more than four seconds intervened between the grabbing of the soup and the sheet of peake being laid out in a snug pile.

Indeed! I would be pleased to see some of the dudes of the opposite sex as smart as those ladies. But the most of them now days depend on their mothers while they spin street yarns around with Gentiles, and things of low degree. And as the prophet Isaiah said, "the Lord discovered their secret parts, yea they have been discovered to the lowest villians of the devils type." Disease, all manner of ills of the worst order has taken possession of many. Then they must be examined by some prominent physician, more prominent than eminent, able to kill in nine cases out of ten, and scarcely a cure. They have learned to kill scientificaly, but not much cure, to take the lives of people for the sake of experiment. And by the time they have experimented sufficient to give them an eternal damnation, they are ready to bite the dust! Sometimes the doctors give up the sick as incurable, then some people turn to the Lord! Sometimes a true servant of the Lord is sent for, to administer to the sick. He goes forth in humility. The healing power of God is upon and with him! And the Lord heals that sick person. If there has been a prominent physician there within six months, in nine cases out of ten, he gets the credit instead of the real healer. Old Israel, at times, used to bend out

⁴⁴(arranged)

to be on good terms with the Heathen Nations around them. "Great is Baal. These be thy Gods, Oh Israel, that brought thee out of bondage." So many in these latter-days who pretend to be of Israelite extraction, cry out to be popular with the spirit of Babylon or Satan, "Great is so and so, great! Is Republicanism great? Is Democracy great? Are the Populists?" Some say these are the big things. Oh Israel! that has worked thy salvation and thy exaltation in these latter times. Yes, let us be in fashion and praise the devil's imps⁴⁵ because it is fashionable to do so. Let us try and pick out the worst wolves in all the land to herd the sheep, especialy those who have been death and destruction to Utah's best crop.

But to return to the Moquis, they would stack up great piles of the thin paperlike peake or bread and tie it up in great rolls for their journeys, or to et at home. They had to be saveing of their wood. Also some of them had to carry their wood on their back a distance of twelve miles.

The road up to the villages was well fortified with breastworks from which arrows could be shot to good advantage against an enemy who might try to come up the passes. There is conciderable Spanish words used among this people. They are a sturdy race of people and at time were very particular to not mix with any other people.

Writing of marrying puts me in mind of their courting. When a young Indian wishes to secure a girl, he goes to see her and if she is favorable to his suit,⁴⁶ he goes to work to make her a present. He spins and puts in some cotton warp⁴⁷ in a loom of primitive style, some cotton warp, white and clean of his own raising. Then he goes to work and spins wool for warp and goes to his loom whic[h] consists of a cross piece of wood, a small rod on top with a cross bar on the bottom suspended by the warp. This is hung up so as to be upright in its position. After spinning his spindle full of yarn, he squats on his haunches and tucks his bedding in the warp and beats it down tight

⁴⁵a small demon

⁴⁶the act of courting a woman

⁴⁷strands of yarn to run lengthwise

with a peice of stick. Then he goes on from day to day untill the blanket is complete. When he takes it to the girl of his choice, the friends are called to the feast. The blanket is pure and white and serves for the top sheet the first night. In the morning, if the signs of purity are there, that blanket is carefully done up and laid away for the time when that body is to be laid away. Her friends are all gathered around and her virtues are applauded by the exhibitions of the signs of purity by her posterity. If, on the other hand there is nothing to witness in her favor, she is sent home.

The way they spin is this; the young fellow will get an arrow wood or straight stick and bring it to a point. It is generally about eighteen inches long. He makes a round whirr⁴⁸ and gets a hole through the centre, then drives the spindle far enough. Then he takes his cotton or wool in his hands fastened to the spindle in his right hand. He gets it about the right size and places the end of his fingers on the handle of the spindle, runs it along his thigh, and from his finger ends to his wrist. Then grabs the spindle and sets it in an upright position on his thigh while it spins and chaws⁴⁹ up the thread. Thus he goes on till his work is finished.

I would like to see the male dudes of today as faithful to their tasks and as true to virtue as the young Indians are. They will make a living on the desert, yea, where the things they call young white men would starve. And it has been when men have been called on missions to go among the Indians or build up new countries, they have come bellowing back, expecting father and mother and other relatives to meet them with a sugar teat for them to suck the rest of their lives. They come back to this bable⁵⁰ of nonsense to raise the voice in great adulations⁵¹ of the great Baal, to let their sons and daughters whirl in the giddy waltz of fashion and nonsense, untill the devil's looking glass is brought to their view and the imperfections of God's

⁴⁸to move to make a vibrating sound

⁴⁹chews

⁵⁰(babble) chatter

⁵¹excessive praise or flattery

servants are magnified, untill light is darkness to them.

The Moquis girls, as they begin to come to puberty, begin to look after their hair. They comb it with a bunch of sharp pointed grass, then let it grow long. And as they get up to their full size, or nearly so, they part their hair in the middle, then twist their hair on each side of the head as hard as horns and as long as a common Texas oxhorn. Then they can stare the men in the face as much as to say, "Come, I am ready for you." But when they are married, their horns are not seen the first morning after marriage, their horns being a sign of virginity. After that the hair lays or is combed back and falls on or lays along down the back.

They are a hardworking set of people. Some of them would till from three to four acres of land with a sharp stick, raiseing good crops. They take good care of their sheep. They build a stone wall enclosing sufficient ground for the flock they wish to be penned. The wall is from ten to twelve feet high. Then they take brush and lay it crossways on the wall so the ends project over about one foot. They have a ladder which they set up against the wall on the inside of the pen. They have a hole or door, perhaps three feet high and eighteen inches wide, where they drive the sheep for the night, then go in the pen with the sheep, set up a flat stone that fits tight against the door, then lean another stone against that (it is strongly secured at the bottom). Then climb up the ladder and draw it up, place it on the outside, descend, and take it home where it belongs. And when the time comes for the family to retire for the night, the ladder is drawn up. If any of the men are away, the ladder is let down to them on their return home.

The Navajos have always been the inveterate⁵² enemy of the Moquis. About the time of our coming here, two Navajos killed a sheep where an Ariba⁵³ boy they called Li (he afterwards was called lightning on account of his swiftness or speed in running); the Indians killed a sheep and threw it on a horse and started to go off, but Li killed them both.

⁵²habitual, obstinate

⁵³name of an Indian village

The Navajos made a demand for the boy but the people would not give him up. There was some stir on this account when we arrived upon the scene. When these Indians do fight they go at it in earnest.

The Moquis once lived in the basin of the Great Salt Lake and had a king and a part of the people went south and identified themselves with the people of Mexico. And the remainder kept their place in the Great Basin on this side of the Colorado River. And the king was very kind to the neighboring nations or tribes around, and used to make feasts for them, when on a certain time a feast was given to the tribes around. When all at once there was treachery, and the king and the most of the people were killed. There were about two hundred of the Moquis men that escaped with some women, and they crossed the Colorado River and fortified the oldest town of Hualapai, pronounced Walapi. From that sprang the seven villages. We made the Ariba town our camping place.

Brother Jacob said he thought of leaveing three of our men with the Moquis and asked me what I thought of it. I told him I felt it would be the right thing. He said he liked to counsel with me because I was trying to keep the Word of Wisdom. So after we had again prayed, we returned to the village.

While among those large peach trees, we could not help wondering who planted them, and on returning I inquired. The answer came, "Our fathers." They were the largest fruit trees I ever saw. They grew on the sand ridge on the north side of the ridge without water. The peach, being a native of America, I thought that some of the ancestors of the Moquis race must certainly have known something of horticulture, to be able to send down to this semi barbarious race, a peach of such noble blood, and the choicest beans, butter and wax, of all colors and varieties.

We had told the people of our factories in our country, and as we were going to leave three of our brethren at the Ariba village, the wise man gave consent for three of his men to go with us to see if our way of

making cloth and blankets was truly better than theirs. So our dusky⁵⁴ friends and ourselves started. We left Thales Haskell, Ira Hatch, and Gehiel McConnel behind. Thales had been served that way before and smiled over the news. Ira was used to the business and did not seem to care. Brother McConnel was a sturdy saint also, who took things naturally like an easy fitting shoe. And we could realize that we had left there on the altar of the kingdom, three of our noblest of Isaih's, while faithful Jacob and some more of humble mien,⁵⁵ bent our course through those sandy windings towards the land and home of God's choice.

My boots had given out, being old when I started, so that the bottoms of my feet came to the ground, and my right foot having frozen, so that three of the nails came off. Not having an overcoat, it seemed awkward at times when the wind took a notion to whistle cold. When we passed the place where young George A Smith was killed, our feelings can better be imagined than described. While at the villages, I had traded my boot tops into a pair of moccasins as near as I could manipulate them. Still my feet felt cold, but I kept up a cheerful appearance for I had no desire to be looked upon as a target of discouragement. I was about to cast an astrological figure, or draw a horoscope, but my feelings misgave me. My Father some years since, had commanded me to let it alone and seek earnestly the God of Daniel, which he said was ahead of all these. Indeed, had it not been for the wise council of my Father, no doubt I might have been in worse condition than now.

We could realize that now we were in the country where the Navajos held sway.⁵⁶ Our provisions were getting low. Also some of the boys grumbled some for the prospect of nothing but corn. Says Jacob, "Boys, you will find it a hard matter to starve on raw corn." Even Jacob and I were eating each a nubbin of raw corn as we walked along. That night, the second day's travel from the village, we

⁵⁴dark skin

⁵⁵expression or appearance

⁵⁶dominion or control

camped in good feed.

My horse got what seemed the botts.⁵⁷ I killed a crow which we stuffed down the horse, which seemed to help him. In the morning, just before breakfast, one of the brethren felt in my bundle and felt two crackers and he grumbled about it. They were two that I saved out of three that Bro Haskell gave me the day before, and I tryed to make things go as far as possible. In the morning I packed up my horse, putting my gun in the pack. I sent the horse on while I stayed to help finish up the pack. I then started on to overtake my horse. Not finding him, I dismounted from my mare and threw the reins over the horn of the saddle and let her go while I went back to the camp ground on foot, about two miles. I there saw a Navajo standing by his horse looking south while our company were going northwest. I again thought, surely the horse must be ahead. So I ran on till I overtook Jacob and told him I had lost my horse and pack. He told me he thought it not worthwhile to bother with it. I said, "Do you give it as counsel or as your own private opinion?" "My own opinion," said he. I told him I thought I could get it. He said, "Do you need any help?" I said, "I guess not." I knew the boys had enough. I ran back as fast as I could untill I came to our vacant camp. It was then about one o'clock when I got there, not an Indian to be seen anywhere. I hunted here and there till I struck my horses track. The sun was about down. I found him above the camp ground of last night with the pack on undisturbed. I soon tightened the pack again and started on driving him on in front. I tried to make him keep out of my way. I soon saw two Indians running, quartering to my right. They seemed to be determined to get to the pass in front, about two miles ahead. All at once I cast my eyes to the left and saw four others running to cut me off on the other side. Of course, we had the trail and the snow was about a foot deep, so I could realize if the horse would keep out of my way, we would be at the pass as soon as they, or perhaps sooner. I took out my butcher knife and pricked his ham. He sent me back a little, but I ran and soon caught him by the tail and by this time...⁵⁸

⁵⁷the parasitic larva of a botfly

⁵⁸See other journal for end of story, p. 42