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A good book is like a good name—better than riches.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

*Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual
Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church
of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*

VOLUME SEVENTEEN

Published by the General Board Y. M. M. I. A.

“What you young people want, is a magazine that will make a book to be bound and kept, with something in it worth keeping.”—*Prest. John Taylor.*

Edited by Joseph F. Smith and Edward H. Anderson
Heber J. Grant, Manager, Moroni Snow, Assistant Manager

1914

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Adams, John Q.....	826	Marshall, George M.....	544
Alder, Lydia D.....	159, 365	McClellan, C. E.....	440
Anderson, George Ed.....	122	McCullough, R. Verne.....	927
Anderson, Joseph F.....	48, 160, 230, 305, 462, 581, 652, 910, 1048	Merrill, H. R.....	711, 938, 1073
Arnold, Edwin.....	156	Mitton, Sarah E.....	859
Baggarley, Maud.....	470, 627, 934, 980, 1121	Murdock, David L.....	642
Ballantyne, Joseph.....	768	Nelson, Joseph V.....	815
Barker, F. E.....	788, 971, 1102	Nelson, N. L.....	613
Belmont, C. M.....	199	Nesbit, W. D.....	841
Bennion, Milton.....	244	Nibley, Preston.....	102, 429
Brimhall, George H.....	15, 137, 967	Olva, Lilaine.....	831
Brookbank, Thomas W.....	189, 366, 471, 623, 881, 972, 1061, 1147	Osmond, Alfred.....	259, 360, 809
Burdette, R. J.....	351	Parker, Aubrey.....	211
Cannon, Lewis T.....	793	Parkinson, George D.....	557
Cartland, Ethel Wadsworth.....	237	Parratt, D. W.....	672
Cook, Mabel.....	856	Pearson, Sarah E. Hawley.....	926, 1055
Cosgrave, Luke.....	976	Peay, Ida Stewart.....	194
Cummings, D. W.....	16, 445	Peery, Joseph S.....	1029, 1064
Duffin, James G.....	1003	Penrose, Pres. C. W.....	168, 479, 705
Erickson, Elias W.....	58	Peterson, E. G.....	849
Evans, John Henry.....	218, 354, 547	Porter, Elizabeth Cannon.....	931
Fox, Ruth May.....	192	Pratt, Parley P.....	157
Frost, Grace Ingles.....	543, 1058	Quinney, Joseph.....	832
Funk, A. Magdalene.....	852	Richards, Claude.....	380, 413, 536, 646, 860
Gates, Susa Young.....	100, 226	Riis, Jacob A.....	869
Gardiner, William.....	199	Roberts, B. H.....	734
Grant, Heber J.....	777, 1175	Robertson, Grace Zenor.....	1056
Haddock, Lon J.....	937	Russel, John E.....	1069
Hale, Heber Q.....	523	Saxe, John G.....	427
Halls, William.....	107, 436, 810	Smith, Pres. Joseph F.....	77, 168, 263, 476, 679, 675, 802, 1074, 1095
Harris, Frank S.....	97, 196, 1122	Smith, Joseph F., Jr.....	253, 590, 725
Harrison, H. R.....	791	Snow, Lee A.....	74
Hewlett, Frank J.....	459, 507	Snow, William T.....	533
Hogenson, J. C.....	55, 475, 643, 1059	Spencer, Josephine.....	141, 352
Hoggan, Lella Marler.....	1010, 1152	Startup, George A.....	977
Howard, Mary W.....	865	Steele, F. C.....	236, 411, 513, 920
Huntington, Dimick B.....	1110	Stephens, Evan.....	157, 760
Iverson, Gustave A.....	638	Stewart, Robert.....	222
Iverson, Minnie.....	299, 564	Talmage, James E.....	172, 256, 283, 407, 503, 712, 807, 917, 940, 1008, 1108
Ivins, Anthony W.....	44	Tanner, Dr. Jos. M.....	541, 621, 789, 1067, 1120
Ivins, H. G.....	118	Taylor, Alma O.....	455, 528, 667
Jenkins, Laura Moench.....	611	Thomas, C. J.....	1030
Jensen, Nephi.....	552	Townsend, Joseph Longking.....	304, 461, 651, 724, 919, 1047
Keeler, Joseph B.....	738	Turner, Nancy Byrd.....	506
Kelly, Mary F.....	1030	Ursenbach, O. F.....	370
Kimball, Solomon F.....	3, 108, 201, 287	Webb, Robert C.....	313, 565, 901, 1040, 1130
Kirby, George D.....	228, 805	Whittier, John Greenleaf.....	127
Kirkham, Oscar A.....	488	Widtsoe, John A.....	805
Kleinman, Bertha A.....	767	Wilcox, Ella Wheeler.....	453
Lambourne, Alfred.....	56, 101, 188, 371, 439, 517, 637, 825, 899, 1039	Wilkinson, Eunice.....	100
Langlois, D. R.....	383	Wilson, Clifford.....	1126
Langton, W. S.....	1139	Wilson, President Woodrow.....	281
Lapish, Mrs. Hannah Settle.....	662	World, Beulah M.....	935
Larsen, Louis W.....	527	Young, John R.....	247
Lee, Arthur.....	817	Young, Rev. J. W.....	751, 1097
Lincoln, Abraham.....	281		
Lund, Pres. Anthon H.....	168, 479		
Lyman, Albert R.....	32, 128, 212, 300, 417, 518, 628, 842		

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XVII.

NOVEMBER, 1913

No. 1

Belated Emigrants of 1856

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL

I

The year 1856, throughout this intermountain region, has often been referred to as the year of calamities, and well might it be so termed, judging it by the condition in which the Latter-day Saints found themselves during that time. The trouble was caused principally by drouth, and by the grasshopper famine of 1855, with the severe winter that followed. Stock on the range died by the thousands, and when the spring of 1856 made its appearance, the people were left in straits nothing short of desperate.

Up to this time most of the Church emigration from Europe came *via* New Orleans, and up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. Here the emigrants purchased ox-teams to take them to the Valley across the plains.

The presidency of the Church, knowing that hundreds of European emigrants were anxious to gather to Zion that season, sent, in substance, the following communication to Apostle Franklin D. Richards, who at that time was presiding over the British mission:

"In regards to foreign emigrants for another year, have them take the northern route through New York and Chicago, and land at Iowa City, the western terminus of the Rock Island railroad. There they will be provided with handcarts on which to haul their provisions and clothing. We will send experienced men to that point with instructions to aid them in every way possible; and let the Saints who intend to emigrate to Utah the coming season understand that they are expected to walk, and draw their carts across the plains. Sufficient teams will be furnished to haul the aged, infirm and those who are unable to walk. A few good cows will be sent along to furnish milk, and some beef cattle for the people to kill along the road. Now have them gird up their loins and come while the way is open."

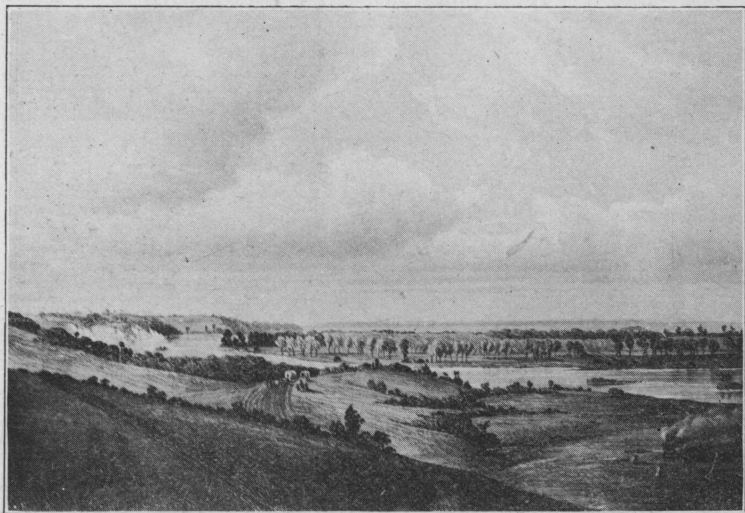
As soon as this document reached the British shores, it was published in the *Millennial Star* of February 23, 1856, and sent



A HAND-CART COMPANY
From a painting by Samuel Jeppsen, Provo, owned by S. S. Jones.

broadcast among the Later-day Saints of the European mission. This news spread like wildfire, causing a great stir among those who in the past were unable to pay their expenses to Zion. They could scarcely wait for the day of departure to come. In less than eight months from the time that epistle reached its destination, not less than 750 pilgrim Saints pulled their dust-covered carts through the streets of Salt Lake City to the tune of "Merrily on the way we go until we reach the Valley."

There were other Latter-day Saints in Europe who were just as anxious to gather to Zion that season as those who had gone before, and this spirit had taken such a hold upon them that they left their various occupations before arrangements could be made for their transportation. The result was that many of them



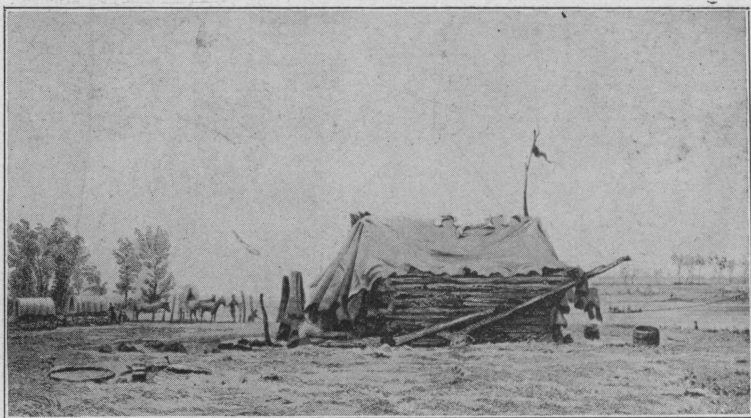
VIEW OF THE MISSOURI RIVER AND COUNCIL BLUFFS
From "Liverpool Route."

either had to go to the poorhouse that winter or run the risk of a late journey across the plains. They joyfully chose the latter course, and President Richards, seeing no better way out of the difficulty directed matters to that end.

On the 3rd of May the ship *Thornton* sailed from Liverpool with 764 Latter-day Saints on board, and twenty-two days later the *Horizon* left the same port with 856 more, making in all 1,620 souls. The former company arrived at Iowa City, June 26, and those who sailed on the *Horizon* reached there twelve days later. Here they were met by the experienced men whom the authorities of the Church had sent to take charge.

By this time the season was well advanced, and much work had to be accomplished before the 1,620 emigrants would be able to continue on their way. It was necessary to construct more than two hundred and fifty carts, make dozens of tents, buy hundreds of cattle, to say nothing of other important matters that must be looked after.

Brother Chauncey G. Webb, who superintended the making of carts, was unable to purchase suitable timber for that purpose, but did the very best he could under the circumstances. He called to his aid every available mechanic in camp to help crowd the work through, while the women folks were busily engaged in making tents. William H. Kimball and George D. Grant were working diligently buying cattle, while Apostle Erastus Snow,



LOUP FORK FERRY
From "Liverpool Route."

Daniel Spencer and other Church officials were engaged looking after the spiritual condition of the Saints.

After several weeks had been spent in getting things ready, what is known in Church history as "the belated emigrants of 1856," were organized, according to figures compiled by Assistant Church Historian Andrew Jenson, into companies as follows: Captain James G. Willie's company, consisting of 500 souls, 120 carts, 5 wagons, 24 oxen, 45 beef cattle and cows; Captain Edward Martin's company, 575 souls, 146 carts, 7 wagons, 30 oxen, 50 beef cattle, and cows; Captain William B. Hodgett's wagon train, 185 souls, 33 wagons, 187 oxen, beef cattle and cows; Captain John A. Hunt's wagon train, 200 souls, 50 wagons, 297 oxen, beef cattle and cows.

On the morning of July 15, Captain Willie's company bade farewell to the good people of Camp Iowa, and started on their



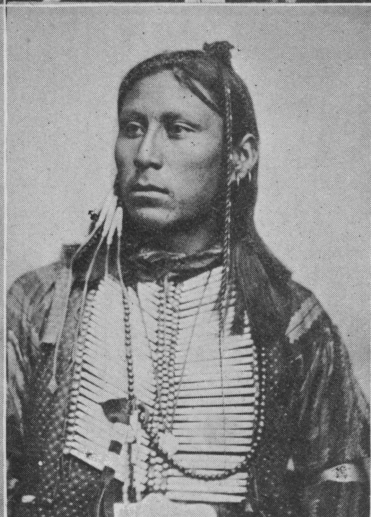
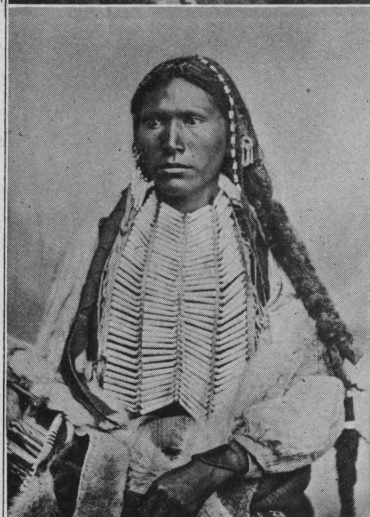
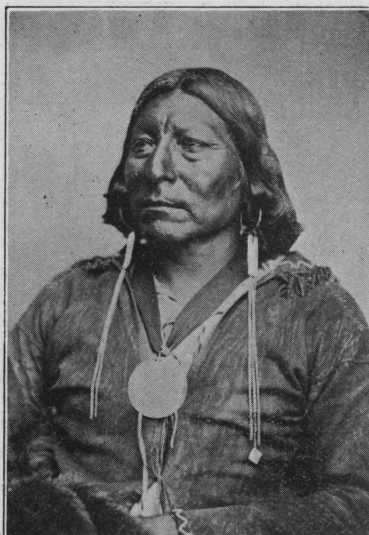
CAMP AT WOOD RIVER
From "Liverpool Route."

thirteen-hundred-mile journey to the West. On the 28th, they were followed by the Martin company. About the first of August the wagon trains rolled out, making in all 1,550 souls, 95 wagons, 266 carts, 633 oxen, beef cattle and cows, all bound for the City of Great Salt Lake.

The country for two hundred miles ahead was beautiful beyond description, and the roads in condition nothing short of perfect. Game was everywhere plentiful, and the finny tribe filled every stream. Grass was waist deep in places, and the wild flowers in full bloom. Groves of timber dotted the land, and delicious fruits hung on every bush. Honey could be bought for a song, and milk was had for the asking. There was no place on earth where the birds sang sweeter. All nature seemed to smile.

While the late pilgrims, a God-fearing people,
Were pushing their way through the rich prairie land,
Every inducement that 'postates could conjure
Was offered fair maidens to win heart and hand.

While the four belated companies were passing through that beautiful country, the anti-"Mormons" along the route did everything possible to induce the daughters of Zion to remain with them, and the temptation was so great that a number of the girls accepted their offers. With this exception, and the death of one man, the journey from Iowa City to Council Bluffs was nothing more than a pleasure trip. Several days were spent at Florence, Nebraska, mending carts, taking on new supplies, and getting



INDIANS OF THE PLAINS

YELLOW BEAR
An Arapahoe Chief.
MA-NIM-IC
A Cheyenne Chief.

LITTLE RAVEN
An Arapahoe Chief.
WHIRLWIND
A Cheyenne Chief.

ready for the remainder of one of the most remarkable journeys that was ever recorded in the annals of history.

On the morning of August 17, the Willie company made another start, and eight days later was followed by the Martin company. On the 2nd of September the Hodgett and Hunt trains pulled out, all headed for the west. They made light drives the first few days to get everything in good working order, and to make any little changes that were necessary. If all went well with them they would reach the Salt Lake Valley before snow fell; and if not, there was no telling what would happen.

During the afternoon of August 29th, the Willie company came suddenly upon a band of redskins which gave the emigrants quite a scare, as the Indians were on the warpath that season, killing men, women and children all along the route. As good luck would have it, they proved to be of a friendly nature, and it was quite a treat for the old country people to behold the real live redman in his natural state. After purchasing some buffalo meat and a number of trinkets from them, the company pushed on.

They had not gone far when they came to the place where the members of the Babbitt party were massacred by Indians, a few days before. A Mrs. Wilson was taken captive by Indians after they had beaten out her child's brains and murdered the remainder of the company. Colonel Babbitt was not with his party when this trouble occurred, but was killed by the Cheyennes, soon after. As soon as the Willie company gathered up the mutilated dead and buried them, they quickly moved on with feelings better imagined than described.

Just before daylight on the morning of September 4, the redskins ran off all of Captain Willie's beef cattle, which afterwards proved to be nothing short of a calamity, as their food supply had already commenced to run short. Several days later they met Henry Banichter, who gave a thrilling account of the massacre of the Margetts' party, who were on their way from Salt Lake to Europe. The Indians took Mrs. Thomas Margetts captive, after killing her husband, child and traveling companions. Mr. Banichter was the only one of the party that escaped. Thomas Margetts was a brother to Philip Margetts, the veteran actor.

When the Willie company reached a point about three hundred miles west of Florence, they barely escaped being trampled under foot by a herd of frightened buffalo that came rushing in behind them at breakneck speed. The roads by this time were somewhat rough, and much rawhide had to be used on the rickety carts to keep them from falling to pieces. Some of the axles wore through before the journey was half ended, causing much trouble and delay all along the road.



THE HAND-CART MISSIONARIES OF 1856.

The original of this rare portrait belongs to Major Richard W. Young. It needs only a glance to tell that the men are a group of stalwarts. The picture was taken in England, in 1855, when the men composing the group were filling missions in Great Britain. The occasion of their coming together was to arrange a plan for dispatching emigrants from the Missouri river to the Salt Lake valley by hand-cart trains. All are now dead. The names of the eighteen men in the group are: Top row, left to right: Edmund Ellsworth, Joseph A. Young, William H. Kimball, George D. Grant, James Ferguson, James A. Little, Philemon Merrill. Second row: Edmund Bunker, Chauncey G. Webb, Franklin D. Richards, Daniel Spencer, Captain Dan Jones, Edward Martin. Third row: James Bond, Spicer Crandall, W. C. Dunbar, James Ross, and Daniel D. McArthur.

A short sketch of each, taken in part from an old copy of the *Deseret News*, will be interesting:

Edmund Ellsworth married Elizabeth, the oldest daughter of President Brigham Young. He assisted in the management of his father-in-law's business, and built the first flour mill in Soda Springs. He settled finally in Idaho.

Joseph A. Young, a son of President Brigham Young, was the well-known railroad pioneer and lumberman, and the first superintendent of the Utah Central Railway, the stretch of road between Salt Lake and Ogden, now a part of the Oregon Short Line system. He is the father of Major Richard W. Young.

William H. Kimball is well-known in Utah history as an Indian scout and typical pioneer. He lived in Coalville and Summit county for many years, and died December 29, 1907.

George D. Grant, one of the Prophet Joseph Smith's bodyguard, was a brother of Jedediah M. Grant, and was a fearless and faithful defender of the people during the Indian troubles and the Echo Canyon war.

James Ferguson was a writer and actor, and one of the most brilliant of the pioneer figures of those times. He was the father of Mrs. David Keith, Mrs. Kate Burton, James X. Ferguson, Barlow Ferguson and Ferg Ferguson.

James A. Little was a nephew of President Brigham Young, and a brother of Feramorz Little. He assisted largely in the preparation of the "Compendium," in connection with Franklin D. Richards, and wrote the history of Jacob Hamblin, the Indian scout and interpreter. Mr. Little later moved to Mexico and died there, Sept. 10, 1908.

Col. Philemon Merrill was in the Crooked River battle at which David Patten was slain. Col. Merrill was shot through the body, but was healed through the administration of the elders. He spent the latter part of his life in Utah and traveled much in the settlements relating his experiences to the young people.

Edward Bunker moved to the south in the early Utah days, founding Bunkerville.

Chauncey G. Webb was the father of Ann Eliza Webb, and a leading citizen of Utah.

Franklin D. Richards, the beloved apostle, whose history is well-known to all the Saints, presided over the British mission at the time this portrait was taken. As a frontispiece of the ERA, we present a photograph of the venerable apostle as he was known to the younger generation before his death, on December 9, 1899.

Daniel Spencer was one of the educated and strong figures in those days, and was the President of the Salt Lake stake of Zion when he died, in 1868. Among his large family of children are Claudius V., John D., Mark, Henry W., Samuel G., and Josephine Spencer.

Captain Dan Jones, a noted seaman, opened up a large part of the Wales mission, and died many years ago.

Edward Martin was one of the pioneer photographers of the state, having a gallery between First and Second South streets on Main street, Salt Lake City. He was well known in the local militia for many years.

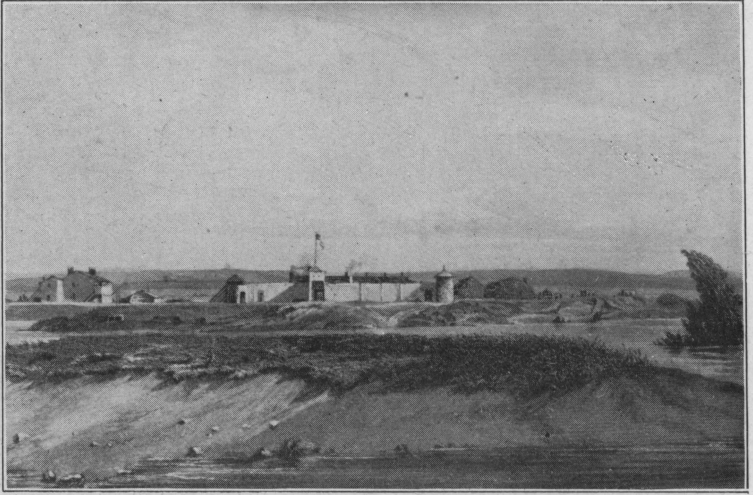
James Bond died in the early 60's. He was a printer with the Deseret News in pioneer days.

Spicer Crandall established a flour mill in Springville, and the picture here given is said to be the only one ever taken of this patriarch.

W. C. Dunbar, well-known actor and singer, whose name is a part of the theatrical history of Utah, died in the Twentieth ward, Salt Lake City.

James Ross was famous in early days for his ability to quote the scriptures. He was called the "Walking Bible." He was gifted with a good memory and with eloquence, though a self-educated man.

Daniel D. McArthur had a notable career as police officer in Nauvoo. He filled two missions to the British Isles, and was a captain of No. 2 handcart company, and major of commissary, and colonel in the Salt Lake militia. He was a deacon, seventy, high priest, bishop, president of a stake, a patriarch in the Church, and died in St. George, June 3, 1908.



FORT LARAMIE
From "Liverpool Route."

On the 12th, North Bluff Creek, 613 miles west of Iowa City, was reached, and about this time the company's provisions had run so low that Captain Willie was compelled to cut the rations to fifteen ounces for men, thirteen for women, nine for children, and five for infants. Just before dusk there arrived in camp Elders Franklin D. Richards, George D. Grant, William H. Kimball, Joseph A. Young, Cyrus H. Wheelock, Chauncey G. Webb, James Ferguson, John D. T. McAllister, William C. Dunbar, Nathan H. Felt, John Van Cott and Dan Jones, all returning missionaries from Europe, who left the river after getting the last "Mormon" emigrant company of the season started on its way.

The missionaries were very much depressed in spirits over the condition in which they found the Willie company, and they promised to push on to the Valley as rapidly as possible and make the authorities there acquainted with the facts, then return to their relief with the first party that left Salt Lake. The next morning, after giving the Saints many words of encouragement, and singing them several rousing songs, the Richards' party drove on.

On the 15th, several Arapahoe Indians were met, who gave a detailed account of an attack made by the Sioux on a large emigrant train some distance ahead, killing quite a number of them. It caused the hand-cart people to wonder how it was that the Indians had been so merciful with them, while other emigrants were being slaughtered on all sides. They could not help but believe that the Lord had softened the redman's heart in their behalf.

During the night of the 17th, the first frost of the season was experienced. The next day Ellen Cartwell was bitten by a



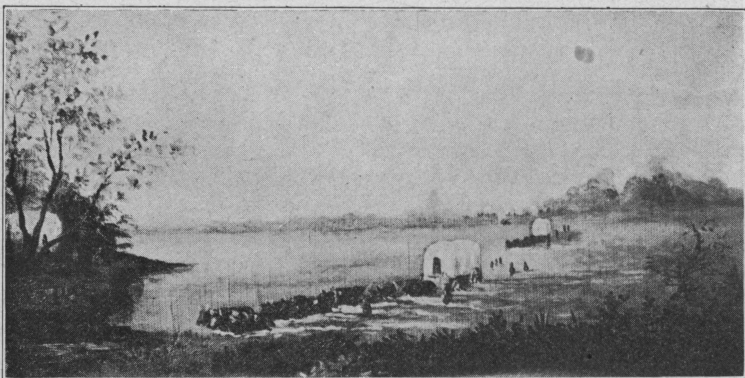
A HAND-CART COMPANY

From a painting by Dan Weggeland, owned by Prest. Joseph F. Smith.

large rattlesnake, but not fatally injured. That evening a Sister Stewart was lost, and found just in time to save her from being devoured by a pack of hungry wolves.

The company reached Fort Laramie on the 30th, where they found plenty of buffalo robes, and what provisions could be secured for them that had been purchased by the Richards' party. The next day they met Apostle Parley P. Pratt at the head of a company of missionaries, on their way east. They camped together that night, and Elder Pratt delivered a powerful address on the subject of the gathering. The next morning they bade him farewell for the last time, as he was killed some time after.

On the 12th of October, Captain Willie cut the rations of his company to ten ounces for men, nine for women, six for children and three for infants. On the 14th another reduction was made, and on the 19th the last ounce of flour in camp was doled out to the hungry emigrants. That evening the first snow of the season



FORDING THE UPPER CROSSING OF NORTH PLATTE
From a painting by George M. Ottinger.

made its appearance, and by morning it was about eighteen inches deep on the level.

On the 9th of September the Hunt and Hodgett companies were ferried across Loup Fork, and six days later crossed Wood River. On October 2 they forded the Platte, thirty miles east of Chimney Rock. During the afternoon of the 7th a number of their teams stampeded, and a Sister Stewart was killed during the runaway. They reached Fort Laramie on the 9th, and on the 19th arrived at the upper crossing of the North Platte. The Hodgett company doubled teams that afternoon and forded the river. The next morning the snow was so deep that they were unable to travel.

The Martin company's experience up to this time was similar

to that of the Willie company, except that they had not lost their beef cattle. During the afternoon of the 19th they arrived at the last crossing of North Platte, and rested for a short time, as they had been drawing their carts through heavy sand all day. The river at this point was wide, the current strong, the water deep, and the bottom covered with rocks. The weather was threatening, and a piercing wind was blowing from the north. After a late dinner, they crossed over, and before they had fairly reached the other side, the storm that had overtaken the Willie company at the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater broke over them in all its fury, the result of which was terrible.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Why I Am

The aim of my existence is that I may have more joy
Than sorrow, in the sum of life,—build more than I destroy;
That I may seek and find the truth, and in the search be glad;
Be much more moved by love of good than by the fear of bad;

To freedom gain, and ne'er forget that others, too, have rights—
That mine "turn in" where theirs begin, no matter what's my
might;

To keep proportioned, and to grow in head, and hand, and heart—
To put in practice what I know to be the better part;

To let the spirit have its share of culture every hour,
And keep the passions in the place of servants to will-power;
To be submissive to the will of those I should obey,
Yet be a gallant leader, still, of others—on my way;

Outgrow the power to love a lie, or any other wrong,
By sacrificing for the Truth and helping Right along;
To be effect, and then be cause, of light, and love, and life;
To learn, obey, and then make laws,—*enjoy eternal life*;

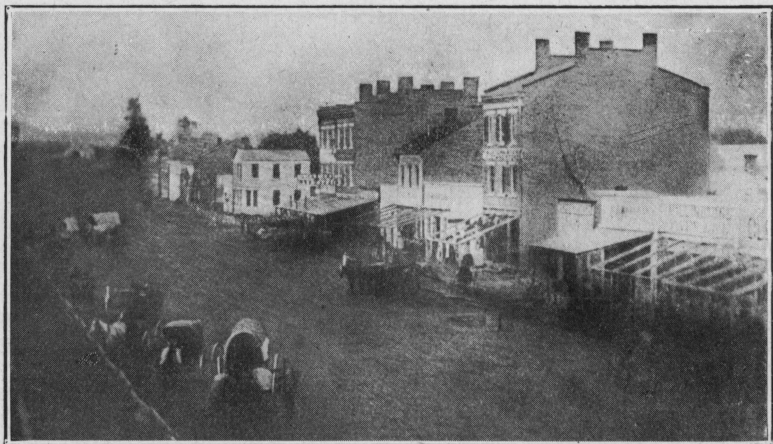
To go the road that God has gone, who once was mortal man
Of perfect type; if I am such a one, become a God I can.
And why not?—if man is His child, and a brother to His Son,
The Man-God, Jesus, who on earth showed how the race was won,

And says to me: "Be ye like *Me*, do ye as I have done,
Be one with Me, as I and He, My Father, God, are one?"
If God had not intended that I Divine might be,
Why, then, confer the image of Divinity on me?

Thus making my appearance clear a necessary fraud,
A being in His likeness here that never can be God?

PROVO, UTAH

GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.



IOWA CITY
From an old, rare photograph

Belated Emigrants of 1856

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL

II

After traveling thirteen hundred miles in a little less than thirty-nine days, Franklin D. Richards' party reached Salt Lake City, October 4, 1856, having been absent from home about three years. Before they had fairly time to wash the dust from their sunburnt faces, they reported to President Brigham Young the precarious condition in which they found the Willie company when they passed them on the plains, three weeks before, on their journey from Iowa City to the Great Salt Lake Valley.

As soon as these facts leaked out, the news spread like wildfire, and when the Monday conference convened, President Young said:

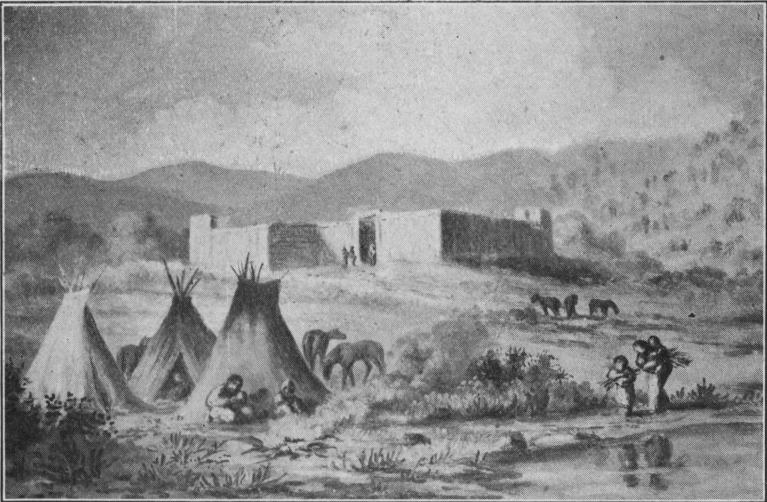
"There are a number of our people on the plains who have started to come to Zion with handcarts, and they need help. We want twenty teams by tomorrow morning to go to their relief. It will be necessary to send two experienced men with each wagon. I will furnish three teams loaded with provisions, and send good men with them, and Brother Heber C. Kimball will do the same. If there are any brethren present who have suitable outfits for such a journey they will please make it known at once, so we will know what to depend upon."

President Young then adjourned conference until 10 o'clock the next morning, so as to give all a chance to help get things ready.

Such a spirit of brotherly love as was shown forth by the Latter-day Saints on that occasion was perhaps never before wit-

nessed in a religious community. It seemed that every man, woman and child within the limits of Salt Lake was alive to the situation. While the men were going in every direction gathering up supplies, the women were making quilts, mending underwear, knitting mittens, darning socks, patching trousers, and even taking clothes from their own backs to send to the shivering pilgrims hundreds of miles out on the plains.

The evening before the start was made, the twenty-seven young men who composed the relief party were called together by the authorities of the Church and given their final instructions, after which all of them received blessings that fairly made

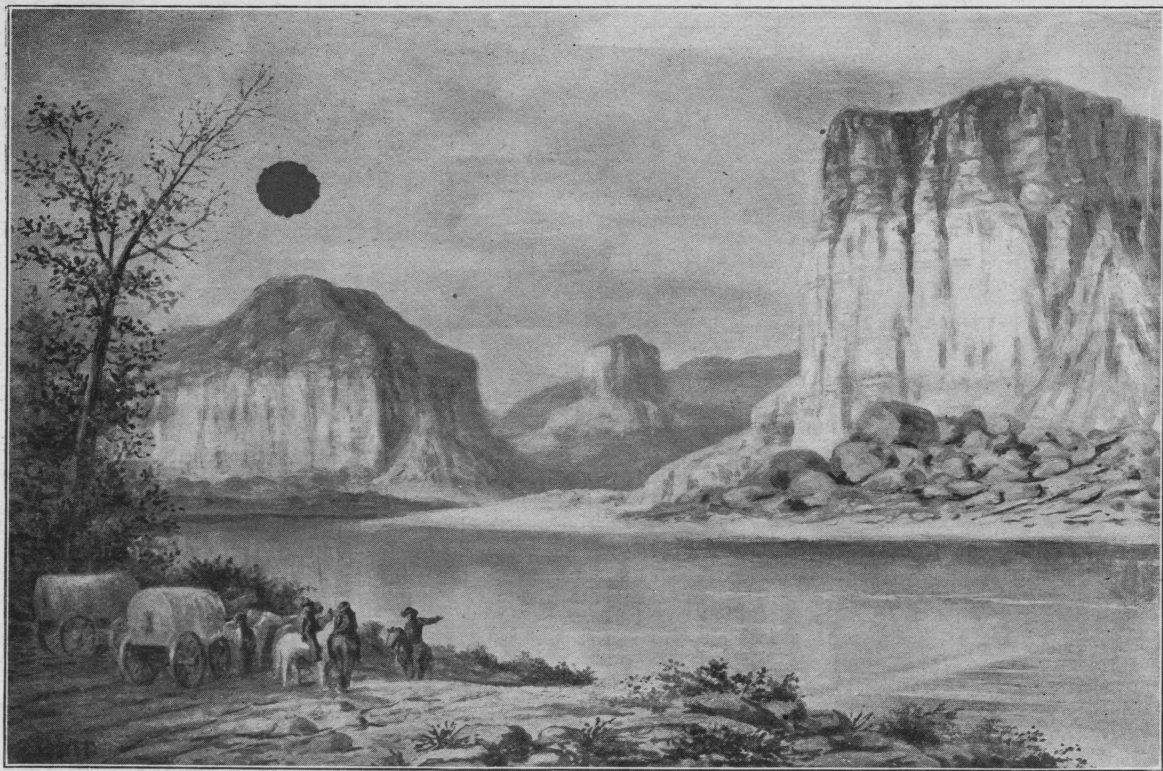


OLD FORT BRIDGER AS IT LOOKED IN PIONEER DAYS

From a sketch by George M. Ottinger

them quake. After an affectionate parting, the ^{boys} returned to their homes for a good night's rest.

About 9 o'clock next morning, sixteen first-class four-mule teams were seen wending their way towards Emigration Canyon, headed for the east. They were under the supervision of such men as George D. Grant, William H. Kimball, Joseph A. Young, Cyrus H. Wheelock, James Furguson and Chauncey G. Webb. With them were such noted scouts as Robert T. Burton, Charles F. Decker, Benjamin Hampton, Heber P. Kimball, Harvey H. Cluff, Thomas Alexander, Reddick N. Allred, Ira Nebeker, Thomas Ricks, Edward Peck, William Broomhead, Abel Garr, C. Allen Huntington, George W. Grant, David P. Kimball, Stephen Taylor, Joel Parish, Charles Grey, Amos Fairbanks, Daniel W. Jones and Thomas Bankhead.



THE RELIEF PARTY CROSSED GREEN RIVER AT THIS POINT, IN 1856
From a sketch by George M. Ottinger



ASCENDING SOUTH PASS, GOING EAST
From a sketch by George M. Ottinger

The first night out they camped at the foot of Big Mountain, and by unanimous vote George D. Grant was elected captain of the company, and William H. Kimball and Robert T. Burton his assistants, Cyrus H. Wheelock, chaplain, and Charles F. Decker, guide.

At daylight next morning they continued on their way, driving as far as possible each day, not even stopping for the noon hour. Stormy weather soon set in, making the roads well-nigh impassable. Fort Bridger was reached on the 12th, but not a word from the emigrants had reached that place. Three days later they arrived at Green River, and still no word from them.

By this time the boys became somewhat alarmed, as they were expecting to meet the Willie company in the neighborhood of Fort Bridger, and here they were fifty-eight miles beyond. When last heard from, the Martin company was more than one hundred miles in the rear of the Willie company, and the wagon trains still behind them.

After discussing matters from various standpoints, Joseph A. Young and Cyrus H. Wheelock were sent ahead to let the emigrants know that relief was at hand, and to urge them to push on towards the Valley, as rapidly as possible, no matter what the sacrifice might be. There were more than 1,500 pilgrims to be rescued, and sixteen loads of provisions divided among such a number would not last many days.

Before the expressmen were fairly out of sight, their companions were again moving. They were anxious to cross the divide between the Wind River and Green River Mountains before the threatening storms overtook them. They fully realized

what it meant for hundreds of worn-out emigrants to be caught in the early storms of a severe winter, hundreds of miles out in the wilderness, without food and shelter.

After traveling thirty-five or forty miles in a northeasterly direction, winter broke in upon them in all its fury. It snowed for three days and nights almost incessantly, with a cold wind constantly blowing from the north. The roads became so blocked with snow that the boys were compelled to double teams before they were able to reach the summit of the Continental Divide. Reddick N. Allred's team was so run down that he was unable to continue the journey. The snow was so deep at South Pass that the best teams in the outfit could hardly draw their loads on a down-hill pull.

On the evening of the 20th, they turned down to a sheltered

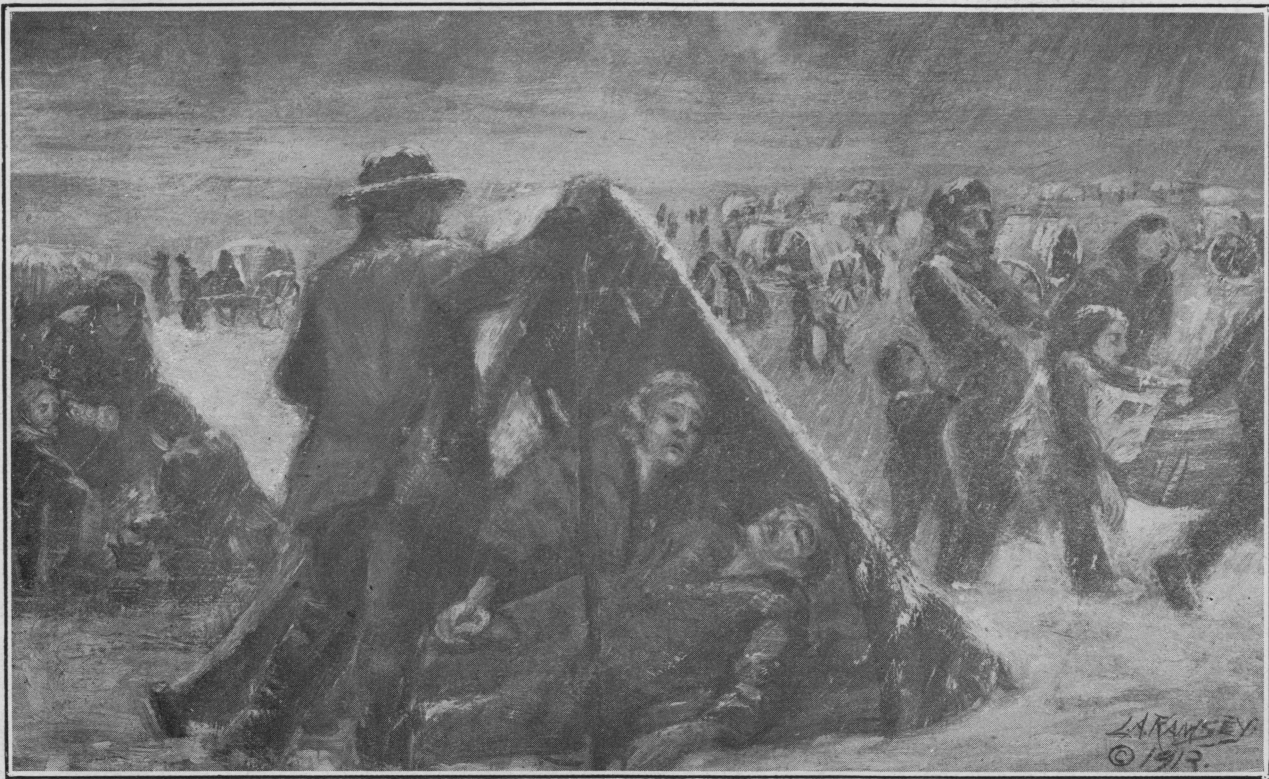


SEEKING FOR HELP

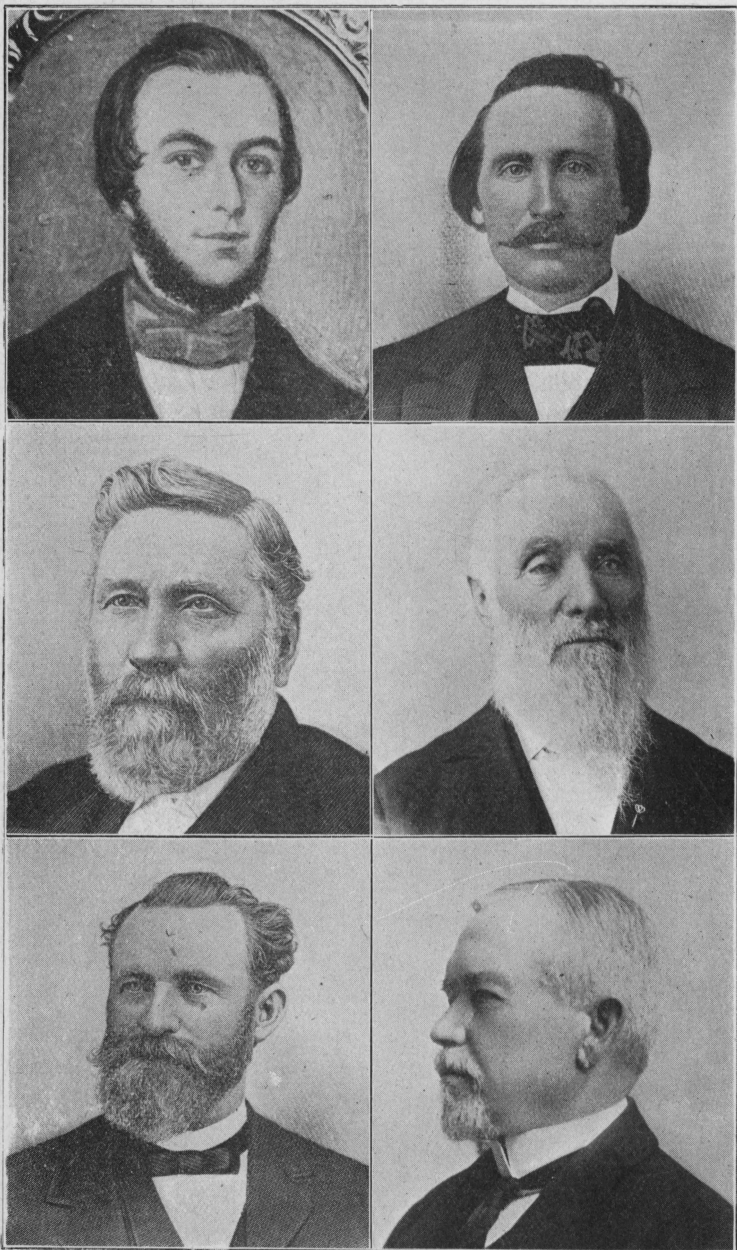
From a sketch by George M. Ottinger

place on the Sweetwater, and camped for the night, for men and animals were completely exhausted. Just as they were located, here came Captain Willie and Joseph B. Elder, on two worn-out mules, with news that their company, east of Rocky Ridge, was in a freezing, starving condition, and would perish unless immediate relief was given.

The boys soon hitched their teams again and continued on their way as long as their animals could stand it. At daylight the next morning another start was made, and they continued going until the Willie camp was reached. Before they had time to alight from their wagons they witnessed sights that were



CONDITION OF THE HANDCART COMPANY WHEN FOUND BY THE RELIEF PARTY
From a painting by L. A. Ramsey (Copyright, 1913)



MEMBERS OF THE RELIEF PARTY

Top row: William H. Kimball, James Furguson; second row: Thomas E. Ricks, Reddick N. Allred; bottom row: Harvey H. Cluff, and Benjamin Hampton.

enough to move the hardest heart. These poor unfortunates, numbering a little less than five hundred, were caught in a place where there was neither wood nor shelter. They had not had anything to eat for forty-eight hours, and were literally freezing and starving to death.

The Salt Lake boys were soon mounted on harnessed mules, with axes in hand, and in a short time dragged from the distant hills several cords of wood to the Willie camp below. Bonfires were soon made, and the cooking began in earnest, every available person taking a hand. *This was kept up until every member of the Willie company had enough to eat and to spare.* Soon there was an improvement in camp, but the relief came too late for some, and nine deaths occurred that night.

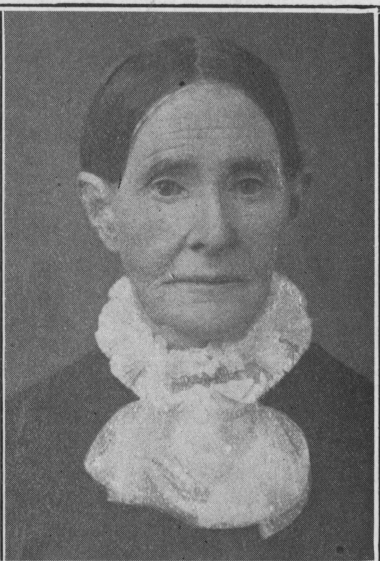
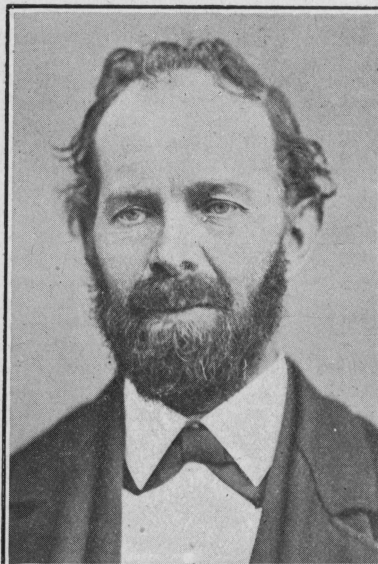
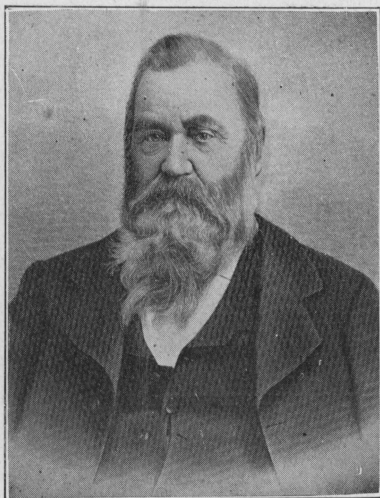
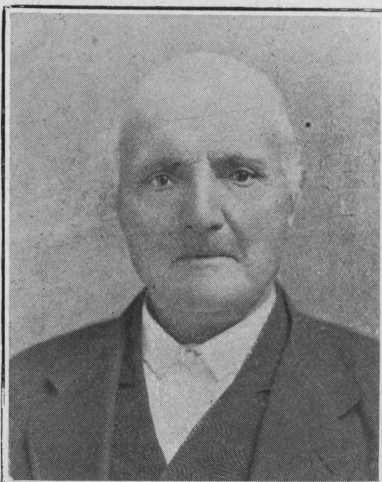
This is what Brother John Chislett, a member of that ill-fated company, had to say about that portion of the journey:

"We traveled on in misery and sorrow, day after day, sometimes going quite a distance, and at other times we were only able to walk a few miles. We were finally overtaken by a snowstorm which the fierce winds blew furiously about our ears, but we dare not stop, as we had sixteen miles to make that day in order to reach wood and water.

"As we were resting at noon, a light wagon from the west drove into camp, and its occupants were Joseph A. Young and Cyrus H. Wheelock. Messengers more welcome than these young men were to us never came from the courts of glory. After encouraging us all they could, they drove on to convey the glad tidings to the members of the Martin company which, it was feared, were even worse off than we. As they went from our midst many a hearty 'God bless you' followed them.

"Just as the sun was sinking behind the distant cliffs west of our camp, several covered wagons were seen coming towards us. The news spread through the camp like wildfire, and all who were able turned out en masse. Shouts of joy rent the air, strong men wept, and children danced with gladness. As the brethren entered our camp the sisters fell upon them and deluged them with their tears and kisses. Our rescuers were so overcome that they could hardly speak, but in choking silence attempted to repress the emotions that evidently mastered them. Soon, however, the feeling was somewhat abated, and such a shaking of hands, such words of comfort, and such invocations of God's blessings were never before witnessed. Among the brethren who came to our rescue were Elders William H. Kimball and George D. Grant. They had remained in the Valley but two days before starting back to our relief. May God ever bless them for their generous, unselfish kindness, and their manly fortitude. How nobly, how faithfully, how bravely they worked to bring us to the Zion of our God."

The next morning, agreeable to plans adopted by the relief party, at a meeting held the evening before, Captain George D. Grant, with seventeen men and nine teams, pushed on to the relief of the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies, taking most of the provisions with him, while William H. Kimball, with the remainder of the outfit, started back to Salt Lake in charge of the



MEMBERS OF THE WILLIE COMPANY

Top row: Captain James Y. Willie, Assistant Captain Millen M. Atwood; bottom row:
Joseph B. Elder and Margaret D. Cowan.

Willie company. It was late in the day before Elder Kimball got the handcart people started, as they were in such a weakened condition. About forty of their number had already perished, and others were dying.

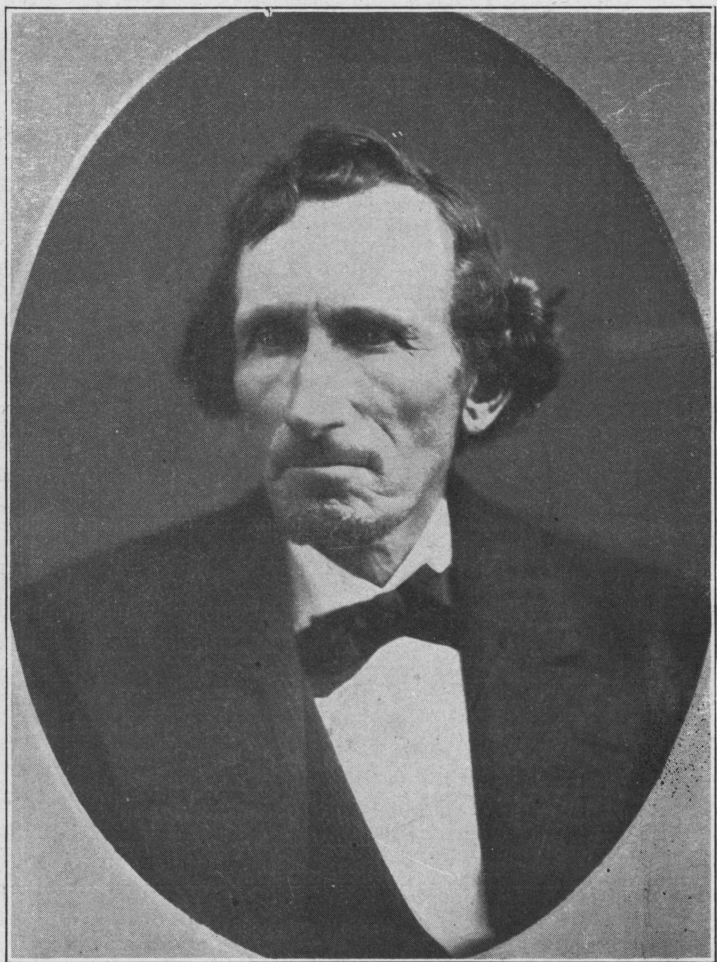
While crossing Rocky Ridge, many of the Saints frosted their hands, feet and faces, the weather was so extremely cold. The next morning they pushed on as rapidly as possible, as they were anxious to get the benefit of the newly-broken road, before the drifting snow filled it; but were sadly disappointed, as a fearful blizzard raged throughout the whole day. They were nearly out of provisions again, and had to travel at least twenty miles before they could renew their supplies. This was the most disastrous day of the journey, and fifteen of their number died that day.

On the 24th, after a hard day's climb, they reached South Pass, where flour and plenty of wood, at the Allred camp, were found. The next day they met five Valley teams, but it was deemed advisable to have them go to the relief of the Martin company, which was at least one hundred miles in the rear. These wagons had made a well-beaten track which proved of much benefit to the handcart folks, enabling them to reach Green River by the last of the month. The next day they met seven teams from Fort Supply, and three from Salt Lake. From there on they met teams every day, but most of them went to the relief of the other parties.

When they arrived at Fort Bridger, on the 2nd of November, they were filled with joy to find about fifty teams that had been sent from the settlements, north and south of Salt Lake, to haul them the remainder of the way. Up to this time about one-sixth of their number had died, since leaving Iowa City, on the morning of July 15.

About noon on the 9th of November, William H. Kimball halted his sixty wagon loads of suffering humanity in front of the Old Tithing Office building, where Hotel Utah now stands. The company was greeted by hundreds of Salt Lake citizens who were anxiously awaiting their coming. The scene that followed would be hard to describe. In less than an hour from the time that ill-fated company reached its destination, every man, woman and child that belonged to it, was being tenderly cared for in a manner that brought tears of joy to their bloodshot eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



CAPTAIN GEORGE E. GRANT

Belated Emigrants of 1856

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL

III

[Albert McCann, Smithfield, Utah, corrects an error in a name which appeared on page 12, of this volume of the ERA, in the article, "Belated Emigrants of 1856." He writes, November 18, 1913:

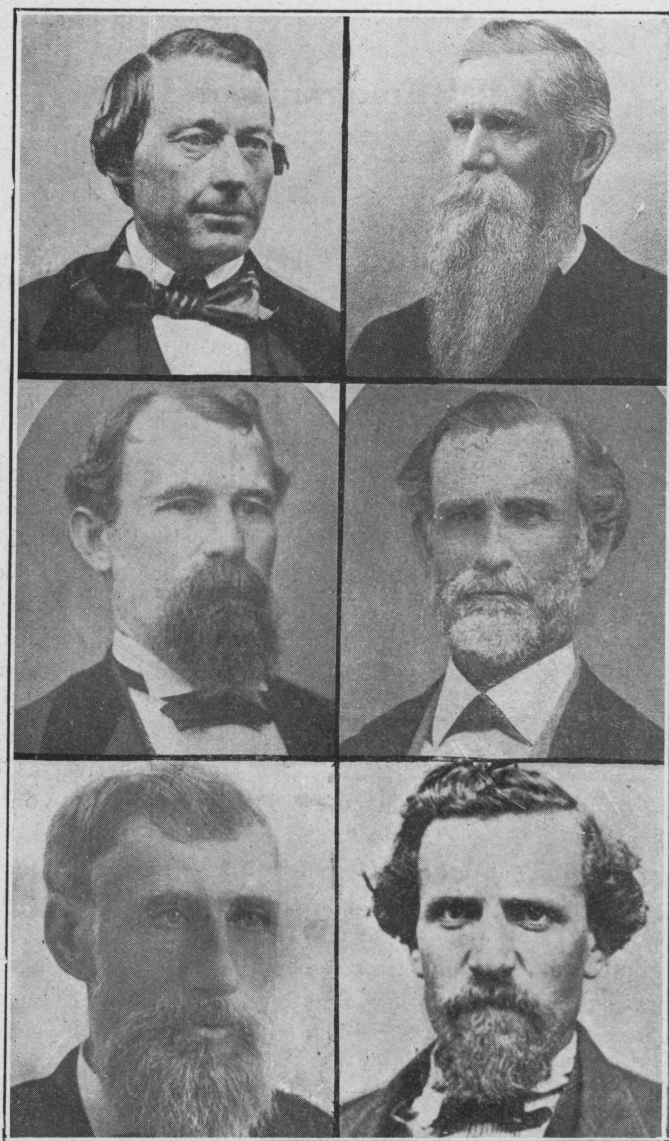
"In the November ERA, in the article entitled, 'Belated Emigrants of 1856,' the name of Ellen Cartwell is misspelled. It should be Ellen Cantwell. If convenient to correct this in the next number I would appreciate it very much. I was much interested in the article, as my mother was one of the company, and, unfortunately, the one bitten by the snake."—EDITORS.]

On the morning of October 22, 1856, fifteen members of the relief party, under the leadership of Captain George D. Grant, bade farewell to the hand cart folks, at Rocky Ridge, and proceeded on their journey to the east. After four days' hard driving, they arrived at Devil's Gate, sore, stiff, and disappointed. Here they found Joseph A. Young and Cyrus H. Wheelock, the expressmen sent on ahead from Green River, to let the emigrants know relief was coming. Brothers Young and Wheelock, having received no word from the belated companies, deemed it wise to remain there until their companions should arrive, as their food supply was nearly exhausted, and their animals worn out.

Sunday, 26th, was a day of rest in very deed, a good, necessary thing for both men and beasts. After traveling more than three hundred miles, in a little less than nineteen days, over almost impassable roads, the boys were so completely exhausted that Captain Grant was compelled to call a halt. The day was spent in fasting and prayer, and in preparing themselves to receive the mind and will of the Lord in relation to their future movements.

Early the next morning, Captain Grant sent Joseph A. Young and Abel Garr to locate the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies, while the remainder of the party were engaged in repairing wagons, mending harness, doctoring mules, nursing chilblains, and getting ready for the mountain of work that lay before them.

The boys felt no particular uneasiness concerning the Willie company, as it was in good hands and had the South Pass pro-

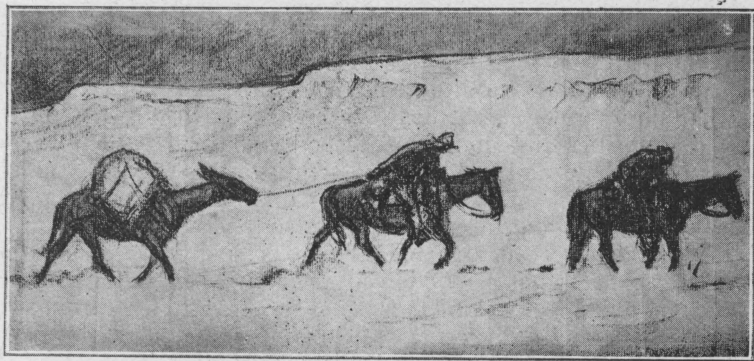


GROUP OF RESCUERS

Top, left to right: Cyrus H. Wheelock, Robert T. Burton; middle: Heber P. Kimball, Chauncey G. Webb; bottom: Ira Nebeker, and Wm. Broomhead.

visions to draw from until other arrangements could be made; but they felt alarmed concerning the other companies that had not been heard from since they were passed on the plains by the Richards' party, more than six weeks before.

What a tremendous responsibility rested upon the shoulders of these young men, and what a picture of discouragement was here presented! Here they were, three hundred and thirteen miles from home, hemmed in on all sides by the drifting snows of an early winter, with instructions from President Brigham Young not to return until every emigrant on the plains was accounted for. They had already endured hardships greater than the ordinary individual could endure; but it was a matter of small moment compared with the work yet to be accomplished. Many



JOSEPH A. YOUNG AND ABEL GARR,
Couriers sent to locate the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt Companies
(From a sketch by Mahonri M. Young.)

trying experiences the boys had passed through during the early-day settlement of Utah, but their burden, on this occasion, seemed greater to them than they could bear.

After waiting several days the faithful expressmen made their appearance with looks that indicated hard service. After warming their benumbed limbs and eating a lunch, they made in substance the following report:

"The first night out our animals wandered into the hills with a herd of buffalo, and it was nearly noon the next day before we were able to overtake them. After several hours' hard riding, we spied a man's track in the snow, some distance ahead. Urging our horses on, we soon came to the Martin camp, which was

about two miles from where the road leaves North Platte for the Sweetwater. A few hundred yards beyond was the Hodgett wagon train. Neither company had made a move since the 20th of October, on account of sickness, death and the deep snow.

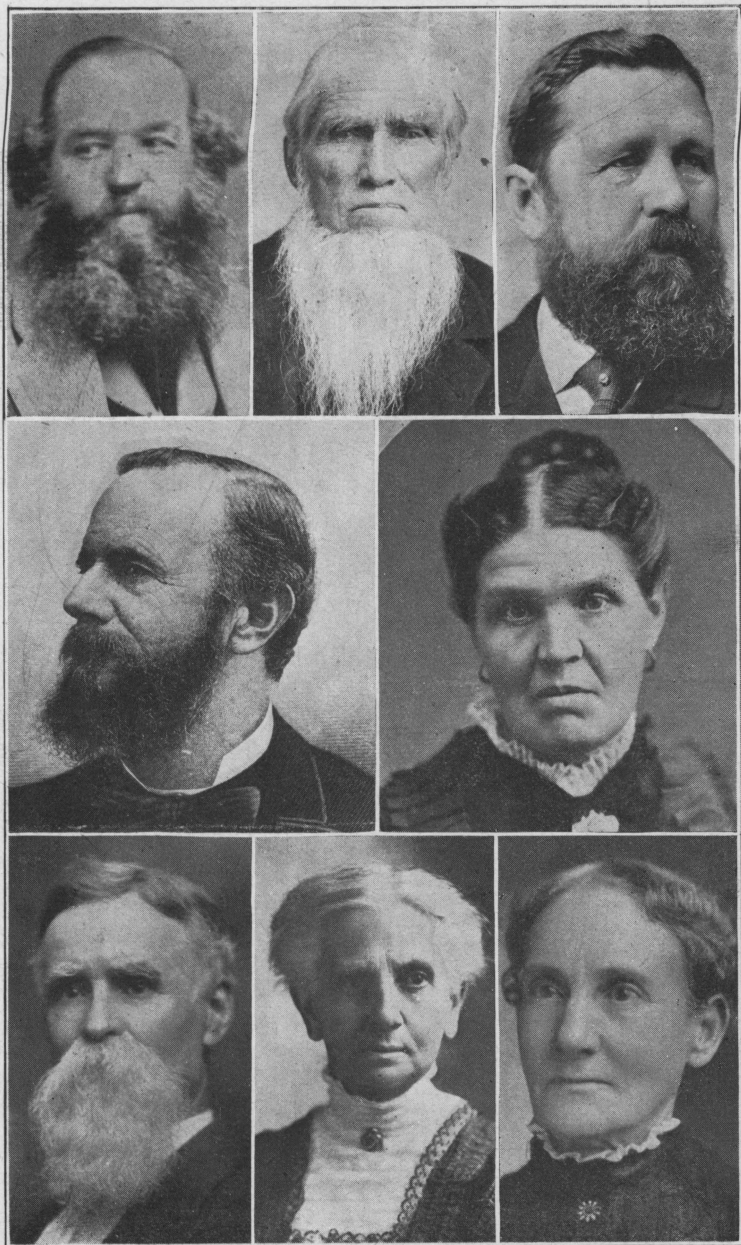
"We found the Martin company in a deplorable condition, they having lost fifty-six of their number since crossing the North Platte, nine days before. Their provisions were nearly gone, and their clothing almost worn out. Most of their bedding had been left behind, as they were unable to haul it, on account of their weakened condition. We advised them to move on, every day, just as far as they could, as that was the only possible show they had to escape death.

"The next morning, we rode over to the Hunt camp, twelve miles further on, and found them almost out of provisions, and their cattle dying for want of food. The majority of them had become so discouraged that they knew not what to do. We explained to them how impossible it was for us to give them substantial aid, as we had but nine loads of provisions left, which amounted to very little where there were so many to feed. We urged them to move on towards the Valley, every day, no matter what the sacrifice might be. We gave them to understand that the authorities at Salt Lake City had no idea that they were so far from home, and had made no arrangements to meet such conditions. The clouds were gathering for another storm, and just as we were leaving, it commenced to snow quite hard.

"When we overtook the Martin company, we found them strung out for miles. Old men were tugging at loaded carts, women pulling sick husbands, children struggling through the deep snow, and so it went. They camped that night in a place where there was neither wood nor shelter, and the weather was bitter cold. Several deaths occurred that night, and others were dying. When we left this morning, they were at Greasewood Springs, about thirty miles away, and just getting ready for another start."

As soon as these facts were made known to Captain Grant, he ordered his men to hitch up their teams at once, and go to their relief. The next day, the boys were busily engaged in helping the struggling emigrants through the deep snow; and by noon, the third day, the Martin company was safely landed at Devil's Gate. Two days later the Hodgett company arrived.

The following notes from Captain Hunt's journal will explain why the wagon trains were not "on the move" from October 19 to 28, when they were so nearly out of provisions and upwards of four hundred miles from home. They give also a brief account of their journey from North Platte to Devil's Gate:



MEMBERS OF THE MARTIN COMPANY

Top: Captain Edward Martin, Assistant Captain Daniel Tyler, Thomas Dobson; center:
 Samuel S. Jones, Alice Walsh Strong; bottom, John Walsh, Alicia Read
 Arnold, and Annie Hicks Free.

"October 20—The snow, which is about eight inches deep, has completely stopped us from traveling.

"Wednesday, 22—Forded North Platte by doubling teams, and cut down trees for cattle to browse on.

"Thursday, 23—Weather very cold, and several cattle died.

"Friday, 24—More trees cut down for cattle to feed on. One ox died, and others not able to stand.

"Saturday, 25—Wind drifting snow, and ground bare in places, so that cattle are getting some feed.

"Sunday, 26—Slight thaw, and cattle looking better.

"Monday, 27—Snow still melting.

"Tuesday, 28—Weather very cold.

"Wednesday, 29—Joseph A. Young and two other brethren arrived from the west. Continued our journey, at 2 p. m., and traveled three miles. Left one wagon behind.

"Thursday, 30—Traveled seven miles.

"Friday, 31—Remained in camp all day.

"November 1—Traveled twelve miles and were overtaken by another storm. Met Cyrus H. Wheelock and William Broomhead, sent to learn our condition.

"Sunday, 2—Moved on fourteen miles, and cut down willows for cattle to browse on.

"Wednesday, 3—Traveled eleven miles, and left fifteen cattle behind.

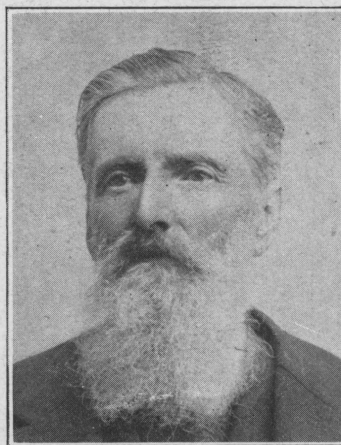
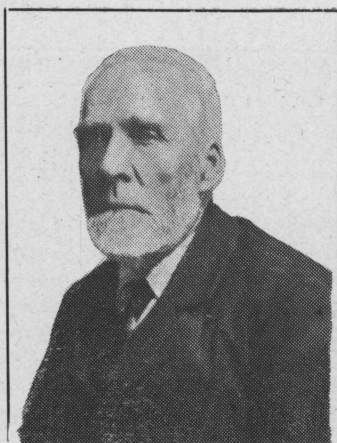
"Thursday, 4—Traveled twelve miles. Found some grass along bank of creek, and brethren scraped snow off, so cattle could get at it.

"Wednesday, 5—Traveled ten miles, and reached Devil's Gate about 8 p. m. A meeting was called, and the speakers were George D. Grant, Cyrus H. Wheelock and Robert T. Burton. Captain Grant informed the emigrants that all baggage would be left at Devil's Gate, except that which was absolutely necessary to take along, and about half of the wagons. All voted to sustain Captain Grant in carrying out this important movement, and be thankful to get to the Valley with our lives."

During the next twenty-four hours, confusion reigned supreme around Devil's Gate. Cattle bellowing, mules braying, men shouting, women weeping, and children crying, could be heard in every direction. Wagons, hand carts, horses, cattle, mules, mess kits, bedding, baggage, and every variety of article one could imagine, were scattered around in one confused mass. Whatever was done had to be done quickly, as the food supply was nearly exhausted, and there were no signs of help, until word could be sent to the Church authorities who were more than three hun-



HAND CART COMPANY FACING A BLIZZARD NEAR DEVIL'S GATE
(From a sketch by George M. Ottinger.)



MEMBERS OF THE JOHN A. HUNT COMPANY

Left to right: Captain John A. Hunt, Margaret Whitehead Young; bottom: Abel Garr, Joseph Angell Young.

Captain John A. Hunt was born in Gibson county, Tennessee, May 16, 1830. He became acquainted with the great "Mormon" Prophet, Joseph Smith, in 1840, and three years later joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In 1850, he came to Utah, and filled many prominent positions during the remainder of his active and useful life. He was loved and respected by all who knew him, and died at his home in St. Charles, Idaho, January 23, 1913, in which place he presided as bishop for twenty-eight years.

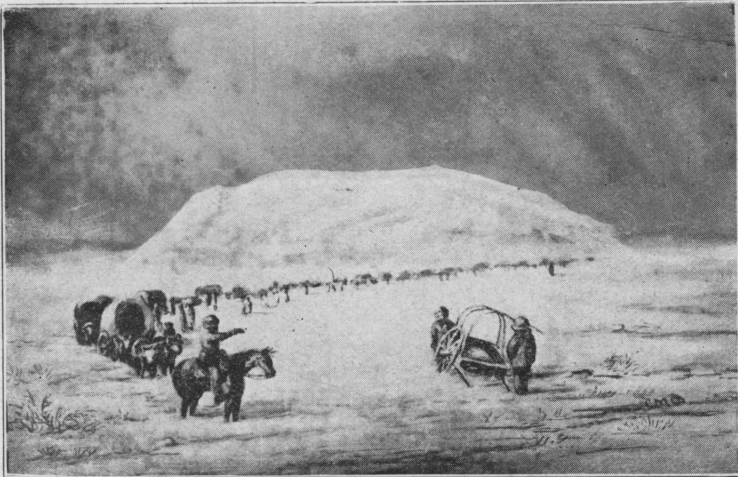
Joseph Angell Young and Abel Garr were sent with the relief party, by President Young, with a good outfit, their special mission being to carry all important messages. When sent from Devil's Gate to North Platte, to locate the three belated companies, Joseph A. Young, on arriving at Captain Hunt's camp, again met Margaret Whitehead, whom he first became acquainted with in England, (daughter of Richard Whitehead and wife, who were among the earliest members of the Church in England), and whom he married, in February, 1857. She was born in Blackburn, England, January 1, 1838. She is the mother of Major Richard W. Young, and is now living in the Twentieth ward, Salt Lake City.

Abel Garr was a prominent scout in early days, and had charge of the Church herds on Antelope Island. He later removed to Millville, Cache county, where he died, and where members of his family now reside.

dred miles away. The boys of the relief party were so crowded with work that they scarcely knew which way to turn.

On the morning of November 3, Captain Grant sent by couriers the following dispatch to President Brigham Young:

"There is not much use for me to attempt to give a description of these people; for this you will learn from your son, Joseph, and from Brother Garr, who are the bearers of this message. You can imagine between five and six hundred men, women and children, worn down by drawing carts through mud and snow, fainting by the wayside, children crying with cold, their limbs stiffened, their feet bleeding, and some of them bare to the frost. The sight is too much for the stoutest of us, but we go on doing



WAGON TRAIN NEAR INDEPENDENCE ROCK, ON THE SWEETWATER
(From a sketch by G. M. Ottinger.)

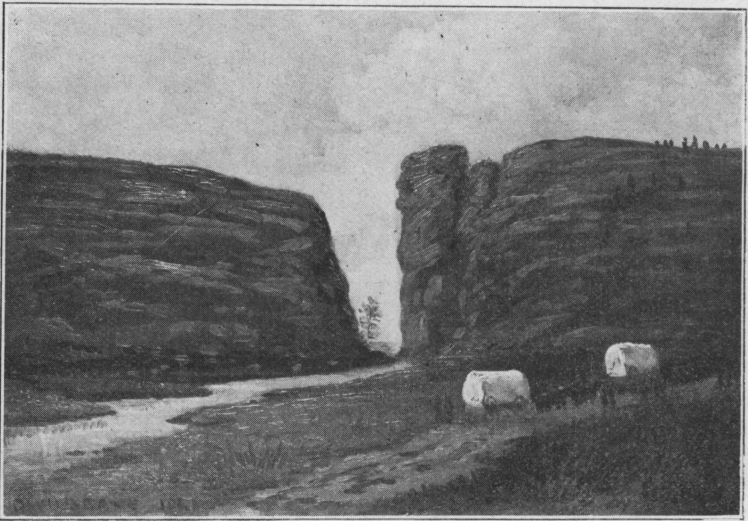
our duty, not doubting, nor despairing. Our party is too small to be much of a help. The assistance we give is only a drop in the bucket, as it were, in comparison to what is needed. I believe that not more than one-third of the Martin company will be able to walk any further. You may think this extravagant, but, nevertheless, it is true. Some of the emigrants have good courage, but a great many of them are like children, and do not realize what is before them.

"I have never felt so much interest in any mission that I have ever before been called to perform, and all of the boys who came with me feel the same. We have prayed without ceasing, and the blessings of the Lord have been with us. Brother Charles

F. Decker, who has traveled this road forty-nine times, declares that he never before saw so much snow on the Sweetwater as there is at the present time.

"Brother Hunt's company is two days back on the road, and Cyrus H. Wheelock and some of the other brethren are with him. We will try to move towards the Valley every day, even if we have to shovel snow to do it, the Lord being our helper. I have never before seen such energy and faith among the boys as is manifested on this trip."

There has been so much said about Devil's Gate and its surroundings, in connection with the belated emigrants of 1856, that a brief description of this historic old landmark may be of interest



DEVIL'S GATE, 1860

(From an oil painting by George M. Ottinger.)

to the readers of the IMPROVEMENT ERA: The fort at Devil's Gate was built in 1852, by mountaineers, and used by them as a trading post, until the government, some years later, had them vacate it, on account of Indian troubles. The owners, later on, received from the war department an indemnity of \$8,000 for the loss they sustained. It remained unoccupied from that time until the belated emigrant companies of 1856 took possession.

The perpendicular walls of Devil's Gate, as shown in the illustration, are about four hundred feet above the river, which

has in ages past cut its way through the granite walls, forming a chasm nearly nine hundred feet in length, and one hundred and fifty feet wide. The bed of the river, at this point, is filled with huge fragments of rocks that have fallen from above.

The mountain scenery along the Sweetwater Valley is picturesque and beautiful beyond description. The valley is from five to ten miles in width, and bounded on the north and south by mountain peaks, ragged summits, and rocky ridges, varying from twelve hundred to twenty hundred feet in height. Those on the south are the highest, and are well timbered, while those on the north are bare, with the exception of a few scattering cedars.

The river hugs the hills along the north side of the valley, and its general course is to the east. Its average width is about sixty feet, and its depth not far from four feet. The main branch of this serpentine stream heads near the low pass, between the Wind River and the Green River mountains, and the distance from there to Devil's Gate is about eighty miles. This place, called South Pass, separates the waters of the Atlantic ocean from those of the Pacific, and the altitude is a little more than seven thousand feet above sea level.

After ten days' hard riding over almost impassable roads, Joseph A. Young and Abel Garr arrived at Salt Lake City, sore, stiff and worn out. They immediately delivered to President Brigham Young their important message, after which they enjoyed a needed rest.

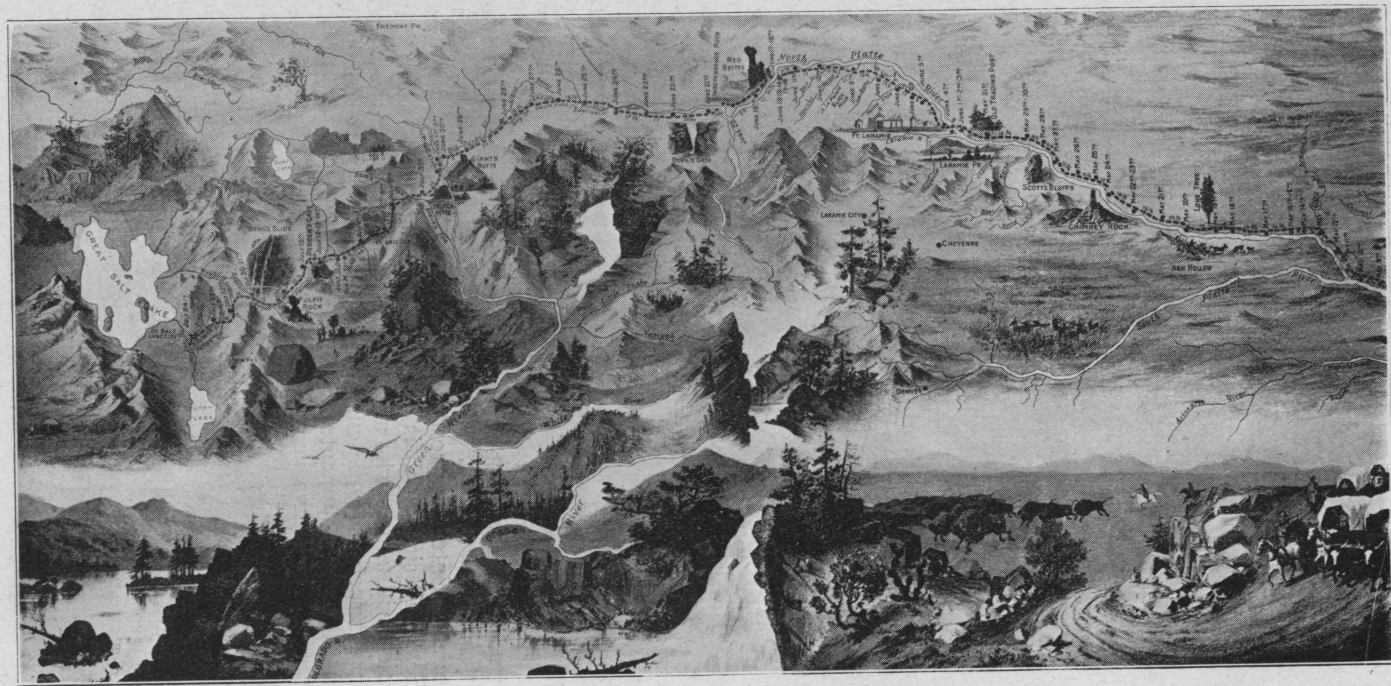
(TO BE CONTINUED)

To Baby

Baby fingers, pink and white;
Also eyes so sweetly bright,
And the tresses of your hair
Are what men call golden fair;
Little dimpled, smiling face,
Promiseful of maiden grace!

But, O baby, why grow old
When the world is hard and cold?
Soothe and kiss me in gray hairs,
Be my baby all the years.

AUBREY PARKER.



ROUTE TRAVELED BY THE BELATED EMIGRANTS
(From a sketch by Lee Greene Richards)

Belated Emigrants of 1856

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL

IV

To describe conditions surrounding the old fort at Devil's Gate during the first few days of November, 1856, would be a difficult task. About twenty-five out of the nine hundred emigrants who had arrived there since the 2d of the month, had already perished, and others were lying at the point of death. Their food supply was nearly exhausted, and there were no signs of help. The snow was eighteen inches deep on the level, and the weather intensely cold. Feed was scarce, and cattle were dying by the score. Wood was almost out of the question, and the more feeble among the Saints were literally freezing to death. Unless immediate steps were taken to relieve the situation, all would perish together.

Captain Grant, thoroughly conversant with these facts, ordered his men to make a start for the west in charge of the Martin company even if they accomplished no more than to find a better camping ground where wood and feed could be secured in greater abundance. Those of the handcart people who were unable to walk were crowded into the overloaded wagons, and a start was made; the balance of the company hobbling along behind with their carts as best they could.

When the boys came to the first crossing of the Sweetwater west of Devil's Gate, they found the stream full of floating ice, making it dangerous to cross, on account of the strong current. However, the teams went over in safety and continued on their way until they came to a sheltered place, afterwards called "Martin's Hollow." Here they camped for the night and, after burying a number of Saints who had died during the day, busied themselves in getting ready to receive the remainder of the company who were expected at any moment.

When the people who were drawing carts came to the brink of this treacherous stream, they refused to go any further, realizing what it meant to do so, as the water in places was almost waist deep, and the river more than a hundred feet wide by actual measurement. To cross that mountain torrent under such conditions to them meant nothing short of suicide, as it will be remembered that nearly one-sixth of their number had already perished from the effects of crossing North Platte, eighteen days before. They believed that no earthly power could bring them

through that place alive, and reasoned that if they had to die it was useless to add to their suffering by the perpetration of such a rash act as crossing the river here. They had walked hundreds of miles over an almost trackless plain, pulling carts as they went, and after making such tremendous sacrifices for the cause of truth, to lay down their lives in such a dreadful manner was awful to contemplate. They became alarmed, and cried mightily unto the Lord for help, but received no answer. All the warring elements of nature appeared to be against them, and the spirit of death itself seemed to be in the very air.

After they had given up in despair, after all hopes had vanished, after every apparent avenue of escape seemed closed, three eighteen-year-old boys belonging to the relief party came to the rescue, and to the astonishment of all who saw, carried nearly every member of that illfated handcart company across the snow-bound stream. The strain was so terrible, and the exposure so great, that in later years all the boys died from the effects of it. When President Brigham Young heard of this heroic act, he wept like a child, and later declared publicly, "that act alone will ensure C. Allen Huntington, George W. Grant and David P. Kimball an everlasting salvation in the Celestial Kingdom of God, worlds without end."

On the morning of November 6, Captain Grant had the rooms in the old fort, at Devil's Gate, cleaned out, and during the next three days about forty loads of baggage were stored in them. The remainder of the wagons were banked, just back of the building, where they remained until spring. These eighty-three loads of baggage belonged to that year's emigration which Captains Hunt and Hodgett had contracted to haul across the plains.

During the afternoon of the 9th, the best oxen belonging to the two trans were hitched to the forty empty wagons, and as soon as the emigrants and their belongings were loaded into them, another start for the valley was made. They reached Martin's Hollow that evening and camped for the night. Three of the relief party, and seventeen of the wagon train teamsters remained at Devil's Gate in charge of the baggage left there. The provisions that could be spared, and all the cattle that were unable to travel, were left for them to subsist upon until other arrangements could be made.

The next morning the Hodgett and Hunt train picked up all emigrants who were unable to walk, and continued on their way, the balance of the three companies following along behind. This ended the pulling of carts for that season, the wagon train having taken their place.

On the evening of the 11th, the food supply was found to be nearly exhausted, and no signs of relief in sight. A half dozen



C. ALLEN HUNTINGTON, GEORGE W. GRANT AND DAVID P. KIMBALL
HELPING THE MARTIN COMPANY ACROSS THE SWEETWATER
(From a sketch by George M. Ottinger)

or more deaths were occurring daily, and the strongest emigrants in camp were fast becoming discouraged. The snow was badly drifted, and the weather bitter cold. Not a word from the Valley had reached the ears of Captain Grant since the company of rescuers left there thirty-six days before, and unless substantial aid reached them within the next few days, that region of country would become a veritable grave-yard.

Just before sundown, a dark something in the distance, was seen working its way through the deep snow. It was thought to be a wild beast of some kind. At first but little attention was paid to it, but as it drew nearer, all eyes were turned in that direction. It finally took the form of a man, and two animals, which caused a general sensation throughout the camp. Everybody by this time was on the tiptoe of expectancy and in a few moments their surprise was complete when the chief scout of all scouts, Ephraim K. Hanks, came limping into camp with two horses loaded with buffalo meat.

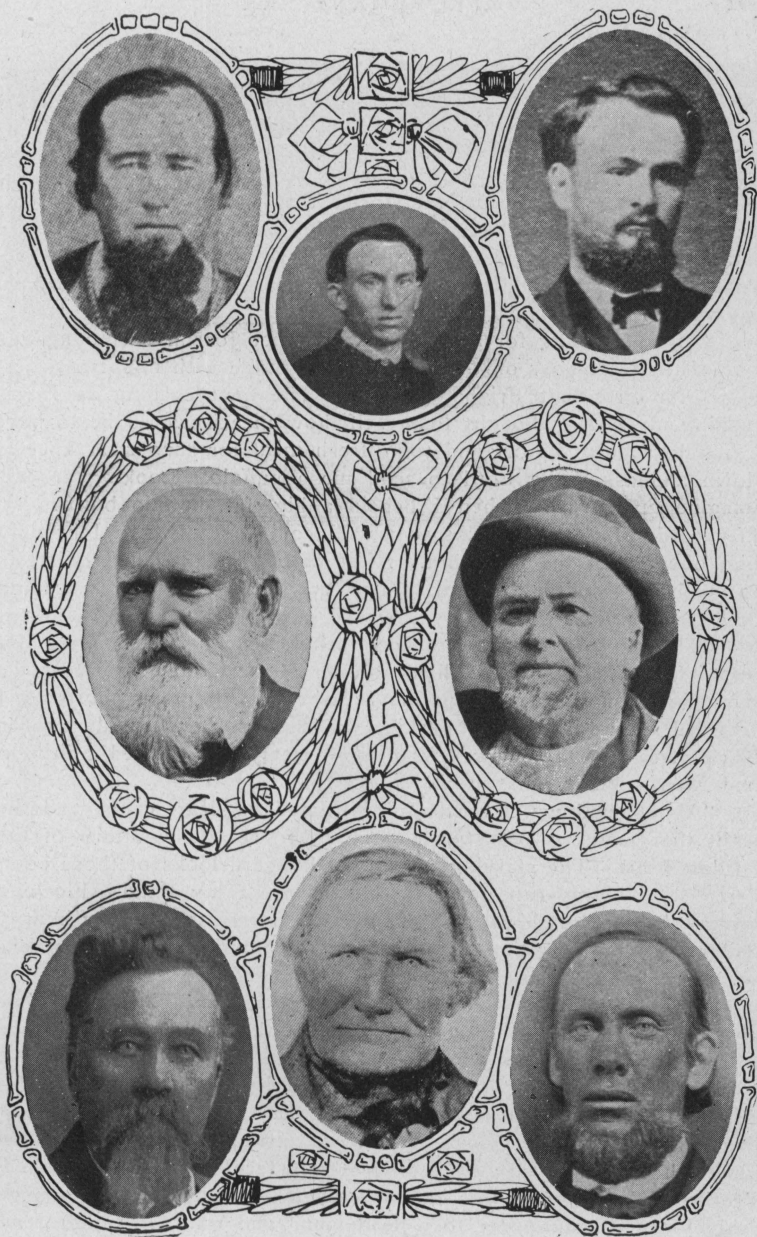
In substance the following is the story told by Elder Hanks and verified in many instances by those who were well acquainted with most of the circumstances:

"I was down to Provo on a fishing expedition, and felt impressed to go to Salt Lake, but for what reason I knew not. On my way there, I stopped over night with Gurney Brown at Draper. Being somewhat fatigued after the hard day's journey, I retired to rest early, and as I lay wide awake in my bed, I heard a voice calling me by name and then saying: "The handcart people are in trouble, and you are wanted; will you go and help them?" I turned instantly in the direction from whence the voice came, and beheld an ordinary-sized man in the room. Without any hesitation I answered, 'Yes, I will go.' I then turned over to go to sleep, but had slept only a few minutes when the voice called a second time, repeating almost the same words as on the first occasion. My answer was the same as before. This was repeated the third time.

"When I got up the next morning, I said to Brother Brown, 'The handcart people are in trouble, and I have promised to go out and help them.'

"After breakfast I hastened on to Salt Lake and arrived there on the Saturday preceding the Sunday on which the call was made for volunteers to go and help the last handcart company in. When some of the brethren responded by saying that they would be ready to start in a few days, I spoke out at once, saying, 'I am ready now.'

"The next day I was wending my way eastward over the mountains with a light wagon, all by myself. About ten miles east of Green river, I met quite a number of teams that had been sent to the relief of the belated companies but had turned back on account of the deep snow. Those in charge had come to the conclusion that



GROUP OF RESCUERS

Top row: C. Allen Huntington, George W. Grant and David P. Kimball. Middle row: Ephraim K. Hanks and Charles F. Decker. Bottom row: Stephen H. Taylor, Amos Fairbanks, and Edward Peck.

the emigrants as well as the twenty-seven heroes who had gone to their relief, had all perished, and they did not propose to risk their lives by going any further.

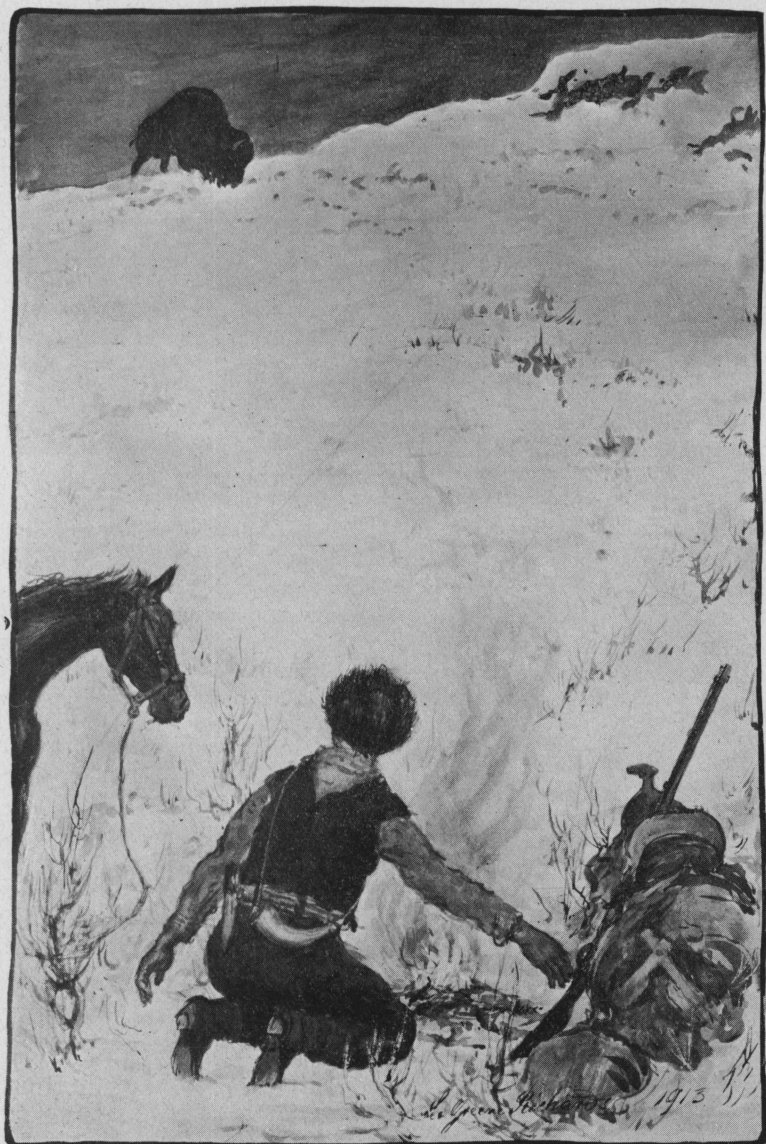
"I helped myself to such things as I was in need of, and continued on my way. Just before I reached South Pass, I was overtaken by one of the worst storms that I ever witnessed. Near the summit, I came to a wagon partly loaded with provisions in charge of Redick N. Allred. After enjoying a needed rest, I secured from him a saddled horse and pack animal, and continued on my way in snow almost to my waist.

"After traveling for a day or two, I met Joseph A. Young and one of the Garr boys on their way to Salt Lake with important messages for President Brigham Young. The next evening as I was making my bed, I thought to myself, how nice it would be to have a buffalo robe to lie on, and some fresh meat for supper. I kneeled down and asked the Lord to send me a buffalo. Looking around, imagine my surprise when I beheld a big, fat, buffalo bull within fifty yards of my camp. As soon as I could get my gun I brought him down with the first shot. After eating tongue and tenderloin to my heart's content, I went to sleep while my horses were loading up on sagebrush.

"The next day I reached Ice Spring Bench, about sixty miles west of Devil's Gate, and killed another big, fat, buffalo. I cut the meat into long, thin, strips, and lashed it onto my horses. I traveled on until towards evening when I spied in the distance a black streak in the snow. As I drew nearer, it seemed to move, and then I knew what it was.

"About sundown, I reached the illfated handcart camp, and the sight that met my eyes was enough to rouse the emotions of the hardest heart. The starving forms and haggard looks of those poor, dejected creatures can never be blotted from my mind. Flocking around me, one would say, 'Please give me some meat for my hungry children.' Shivering urchins with tears streaming down their cheeks would cry out, 'Please, mister, give me some,' and so it went. In less than ten minutes the meat was all gone, and in a short time everybody was eating bison with a relish that did ones eyes good to behold.

"During the evening, a woman passed by the fire where I was sitting and seemed to be in great trouble. Out of curiosity I followed her to Daniel Tyler's tent, some distance away. She asked him if he would please come and administer to her sick husband. Brother Tyler accompanied her, and when he looked at the man he said, 'I cannot administer to a dead man,' and returned to his tent, as he was almost sick himself. I went over to the campfire where Captain Grant and Heber P. Kimball were sitting, and asked them if they would assist me for a few moments, which they consented to do. We washed the man from head to foot with warm water,



BUFFALO SENT TO ELDER EPHRAIM HANKS IN ANSWER TO PRAYER
(From a sketch by Lee Greene Richards)

and then administered to him. During the administration I commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to breathe and live. The effect was almost instantaneous, and he immediately sat up in bed and sang a song. His wife was so overjoyed that she ran through the camp crying, 'My husband was dead, but the man who brought the meat has healed him.'

"This event caused a general sensation throughout camp, and many drooping spirits took fresh courage from that very moment. After that the most of my time was spent in looking after the sick and afflicted. Some days I anointed and administered to as many as one or two hundred and in scores of instances they were healed almost instantly.

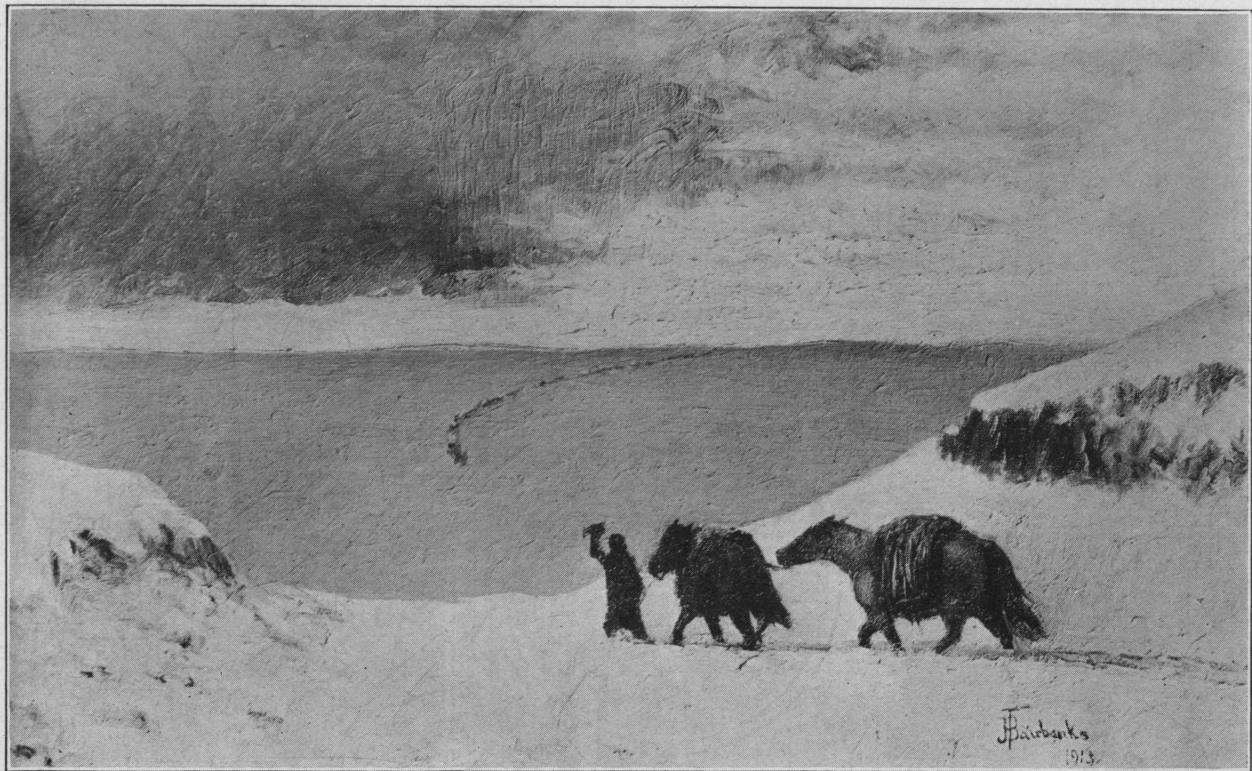
"Notwithstanding these wonderful manifestations of God's power, many of the Saints lost their limbs either whole or in part. Many I washed with warm water and castile soap until the frozen parts would fall off, after which I would sever the shreds of flesh from the remaining portions of their limbs with my scissors. Some lost toes, some fingers, and others whole hands and feet. One woman lost both of her lower limbs to her knees.

"As the company moved on from day to day, I would leave the road with my pack animals and hunt game. On these trips I killed many buffaloes, and distributed the meat among the hungry Saints. The most remarkable thing about it was that I had traveled that road more than fifty times, and never before saw so many buffaloes in that part of the country. There was not a member of the party but what believed that the Lord had sent them to us in answer to prayer."

On the 17th, the emigrants were filled with delight when they met William H. Kimball at the head of another relief party. It will be remembered that Elder Kimball took charge of the Willie company, at Rocky Ridge, on the morning of October 22, and remained with it until it reached the Valley on the 9th of November. After remaining in Salt Lake one day, he started back with several light wagons loaded with provisions, clothing and medicines. Brothers James Furguson, Hosea Stout and Joseph Simmons, were among those who came with him.

The company reached South Pass on the 18th, after facing a terrible snow storm all day. There was considerable wailing among those of the emigrants who were compelled to walk, as their feet, by this time, were in a dreadful condition. From there on, they met teams almost every day and soon had wagons enough to carry them all.

On November 30, the four hundred and thirteen survivors of the Martin company reached Salt Lake, and the emigrants that belonging to the Hunt and Hodgett wagon trains, came straggling along until the middle of the next month. Nearly all the



FPH. HANKS TO THE RESCUE
(From a sketch by J. B. Fairbanks)



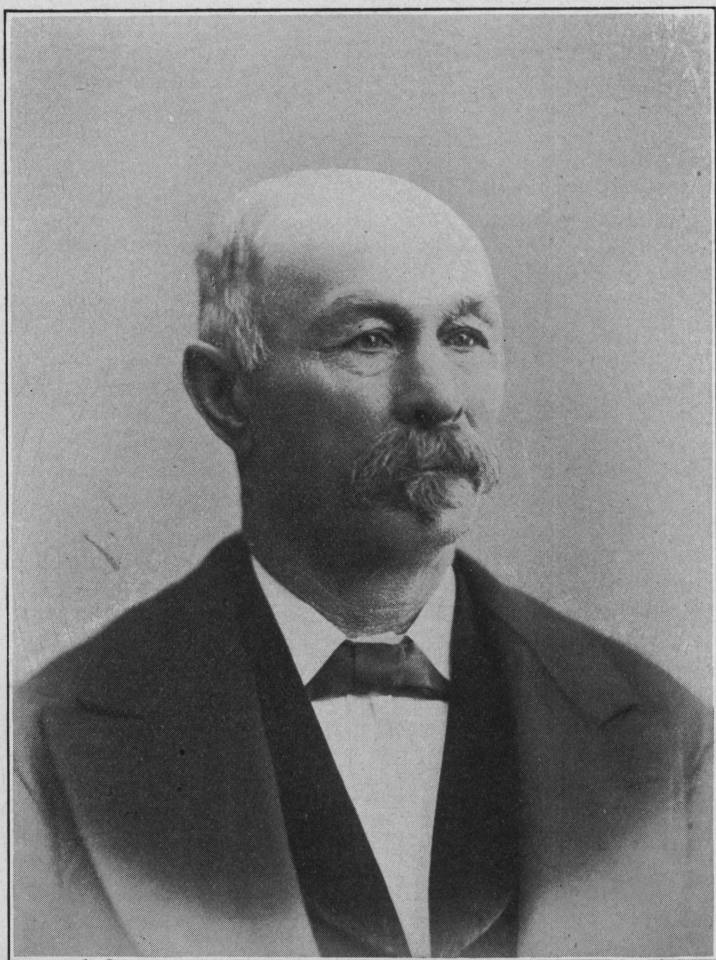
MEMBERS OF THE HODGETT AND HUNT COMPANIES

Top row: James M. Stewart, George Sinnett, George May. Middle row: James E. Steele, and Elizabeth Ann Player Raleigh. Bottom row: Emily Player Raleigh, Barnard White and Elizabeth White Stewart



MEMBERS OF THE MARTIN AND WILLIE COMPANIES

Top row: John Chislett, Marian Stockdale Chislett, and Emily H. Woodmansee.
 Middle row: Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson Kingsford, and Isaac J. Wardle.
 Bottom row: Thomas Porritt, John Cooper and Alfred Gadd.



WILLIAM HENRY KIMBALL

Son of Heber C. and Vilate M. Kimball, was born in Mendon, Monroe county, New York, April 10, 1825. He was one of the most successful Indian scouts this western country has ever known, and was loved and respected by all who knew him. He died December 29, 1907, at the ripe age of eighty-two. At his funeral, which was held at the Coalville stake house, the large room was packed with old-time Indian scouts and pioneers who came from far and near to get a farewell look at their brave leader who had on many occasions directed them against the savage foe.

cattle that were taken from Devil's Gate, perished before they reached Fort Bridger.

Probably no greater act of heroism was ever recorded in the annals of history than that performed by the twenty-seven young men who, on the morning of October 7, 1856, went from the city of the Great Salt Lake to the relief of the 1,550 belated emigrants, who were caught in the early snows of a severe winter, hundreds of miles from human habitation, without food and without shelter. By their indefatigable labors these brave mountain boys were instruments in the hands of the Lord in saving 1,300 of that number. Had it not been for their heroic efforts, not enough emigrants would have been left to tell the dreadful tale.

[In the preparation of this series of articles for the ERA, the writer acknowledges with thanks valuable aid and information received from the authors of the following works, and from surviving members of the handcart companies, and the relief party:

Original records at the Church Historian's office, "The Contributor," "Orson Pratt's Journal," "William G. Young's Journal," "The Liverpool Route," "Forty Years among the Indians;" "Whitney's History of Utah;" "The Pioneer Book of Utah;" Assistant Church Historian Andrew Jensen; Thomas Dobson, Andrew Smith, Samuel S. Jones, and other living members of the Martin and Willie companies; Mrs. Elizabeth Raleigh, Mrs. Margaret Whitehead Young, and other surviving members of the Hodgett and Hunt companies; Harvey H. Cluff, Stephen H. Taylor and Benjamin Hampton, surviving members of the relief party.

The use of original paintings and sketches from the following artists: George M. Ottinger, Lee Greene Richards, L. A. Ramsey, Mahonri M. Young, Dan Weggeland, J. B. Fairbanks, and Samuel Jepperson; and courtesies in the loan of rare paintings and portraits from President Joseph F. Smith, Richard W. Young, and many others.—S. F. K.]

Rosa

There's a brighter gleam in the morning beam,
On meadow, hill, and plain,
And a blither note from the blue-bird's throat
That sings in sun or rain.
For Rosa, dear Rosa, is coming home again,
For Rosa, our Rosa, is coming home again.

How my heart doth beat as the carriage fleet
Comes swiftly up the land,
Now it draweth near. "She is here, yes, here!"
With lovely smiles again.
For Rosa, dear Rosa, at home, at home again,
For Rosa, dear Rosa, at home, at home again.

MINNIE IVERSON.